

The Throne Room (Through Juan's Eyes)

And then, as Juan's final letter fades into silence, the vision deepens.

What was once spoken now unfolded through images and symbols, as if the truth itself demanded to be seen as well as heard. This is no golden throne of conquest. Through Juan's eyes, power is redefined--not as domination but as dignity, presence, and clarity. What unfolds is not fantasy but a re-centering of what holiness might look like when stripped of empire.

After the last letter was sent,
after the ink dried and the hope burned bright,
I looked.

And there it was.

A door.

Open, not in the wall of my cell, but
in the sky of my soul.

And the voice, the one like thunder, like
breaking steel, called again.

It said:

“Come up here.
Let me show you how the empire looks from above.”

And in a blink,
I was no longer caged.
Not in the flesh.
Not in fear.
Not in any illusion.

I saw a throne.
Not made of marble.
Not etched with flags. A living throne,
radiating light that pulsed like a heartbeat

Around it:
a rainbow of glory and honor, colors
no prison could ever fade.

Twenty-four elders sat around it.

Not pastors.

Nor priests.

Not emperors

Nor kings,

Just men and women aged, wise, and watching.

Each wore white.

Each laid down their crown when truth moved.

From the throne came lightning,

Not to destroy but to illuminate.

Voices.

Like thunder.

They rumble of every injustice ever whispered into a pillow.

And before it, seven torches burning.

The fullness of spirit.

The fullness of seeing.

Before the throne,

a sea, but not of

water.

It was glass.

Still.

Clear.

Nothing to hide behind.

And in the midst of the throne,

not guards.

Not angels with swords.

But beings that see all.

One looked like a bear with power that roars
for justice.

One is like a draft horse with strength that
does not break.

“Holy, holy, holy--
is the One who was, who is, and who is coming.”

One is like a man, embodying humanity,
flawed and still sacred.
One is like an eagle with a vision that rises
beyond seeing.

They never stopped crying out:
And they were not worshiping out of fear.
They were chanting.
Over and over.
Saying:

“To what is real.
What has always been real.
What will always be real.”

And when they gave glory, the
elders did not clap.
They did not nod.
They fell.
Removed their crowns.

Because in the presence of something so pure, titles
mean nothing.

They cried:
“You alone are worthy.
Not because of conquest.
But because you made everything, and everything
still responds to your voice.”