

Heaven

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As we vacationed this week by the beach and strolled around the town of Seaside, I explained to my husband that "If heaven doesn't look like Seaside, I'm going to be really ticked off when I get there."

Not missing a beat, he responded, "Really? What makes you think you're getting into heaven?"

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If we were any other place, at that moment - but heaven - I'm sure I would have told him exactly what I thought. But in heaven...I let it slide.

For those who have never been to heaven, let me give you a first-hand glimpse of what's in store for you.

First off, the sandy white beaches go on forever and ever. And the ocean is so blue you can't tell the ocean from the sky. The center of heaven looks a lot like Nantucket with perfectly identical pastel cottages on cobble stone streets. Every cottage has a porch and every porch has a swing. The people of heaven (we'll call them Angels) ride bicycles to their favorite little bistro, artisan studio or perfectly divine bakery. And the Angels wear shorts and flip flops every day of their fabulous lives. Of course, there is shopping in heaven and well, let's just say...I'm sure God, himself, hand-picked the fantastic finds!

"I am meant to live here," I gushed to my husband. "These are my people!"

"Are you kidding me? Your people? We've been married over 15 years and I've never seen you ride a bike. Can you even ride one?"

Once again, I let it go...because in heaven...turns out...I'm a much nicer person.

And so it went ...all week. We spent the mornings at the beach, perused the local artist's studios in the afternoons and dined with our family and friends, in quaint little seaside restaurants, each evening.

It was perfect.

But there is a surprising thing about this heaven on earth, turns out at the end of the week, if you want to stay longer, the Angels charge it to your card.

So on Saturday morning as Becky and I packed up (come on, do you really think I'd go to heaven without her?), we wondered what it would take to become permanent residents of heaven.

"Maybe we can win the lottery. Let's buy two tickets before we leave. But you have to promise to split it - if your ticket wins - ok?" she said.

"Split it? You know I hate to share. But if I win, I'll buy a house in Seaside and you can stay at a reduced rate. How does that sound?"

"A reduced rate??? Brody is right - you like it here so much - because Seaside is quite likely the only heaven you'll ever know."

They're probably right...but if, by chance, I do make it to heaven...and it doesn't look like Seaside - God is going to have some explaining to do!

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