

MARANATHA: I'M COMING SOON
MESSAGE 8 OF 12

HEAVEN'S MANSIONS

"In my Father's house are many mansions... I go to prepare a place for you."

John 14:2-3

A story of the city of God.

Pastor Dickson E. Wasake shaweleroad.com/maranatha

Introduction

Some of you come to this message tired. Some of you are hunted. Some of you are grieving. Some of you have almost let go. I am praying this message gives you not only knowledge, but hope. I am praying that the Father of Lights will open a window in heaven and let the light from Zion, the city of God, fall on our faces. May He also remind us where we are going. In the name of Jesus, who has gone to prepare a place for us, I have prayed. Amen.

THE SERIES

My name is Dickson Wasake, a slave of God.

On the 4th of December, 2025, the Lord commanded me to preach a series of 12 messages on the return of our Lord Jesus Christ. The title of the series is "Maranatha: I'm Coming Soon" and this is [Message 8 of the series](#)

And tonight, to every weary heart watching, wherever you are: will you listen to what the Spirit is saying to the churches?



THE LONG ROAD

For many months now in these series, we have walked a hard road together.

We have watched the Antichrist rise.

We have heard the trumpet sound.

We have seen the saints hunted, and the mark demanded.

We have stood at Armageddon—and seen the sky tear open, and the King ride out.

We have looked into the fire, and upon the great white throne.

These are heavy things.

Glorious—but heavy.

And tonight, I want to place something in your weary hands.

Not another beast.

Not another battle.

Tonight—a home.



THE CAVE

I want to begin tonight not in a palace,
but in a cave.

Somewhere in the hills, the wind is cold.
A man is hiding.
He has lost his home.
He has lost his name.
He may soon lose his life.

The Bible remembers him.
Hebrews 11 tells of the faithful —

“...They were stoned. They were sawn apart... They wandered in deserts, mountains, caves, and the holes of the earth.” (Hebrews 11:37–38)

And then heaven pauses to say one thing about them:
“Of whom the world was not worthy.”

Hear it.
The world threw them out.
Heaven called them treasures.

But listen—
Can you hear him, there in the dark?
The hunted one, speaking to his own soul:

*I have seen the Beast—and I did not bow.
I have heard the lie—and I did not believe it.
They have taken everything: my home, my name, my friends.
The battle raged... and still I am here, in the cold.
But I remember a word.
He said He was going to prepare a place.
He said He would come again.
So I will hold on—for one more night.
For my Builder is God... and my city is coming.*

Do you hear it?
He was looking at something his persecutors could not see.
He was looking for a city.

Hebrews 11:10,

“For he looked for the city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”



STRANGERS, LOOKING FOR HOME

The Faithful saints of old knew a secret.
This world was not their home.
They confessed that they were ‘strangers and pilgrims on the earth.’
Pilgrims.
Just passing through.

Their hearts were set on ‘a better country—that is, a heavenly one.’

And listen to how heaven answers such faith:

“Therefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God, for he has prepared a city for them.” (Hebrews 11:16)

Do you hear it?

God is not ashamed of the man in the cave.

God has built him a city.



THE PROMISE

And into every cave...

into every prison...

into every hospital room and every hidden church...

the Lord still speaks the tenderest words in all the Bible.

The night before the cross, Jesus turned to frightened men and said:

John 14:1–3 (NKJV),

Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there you may be also.

Friend—

the old translators gave us a beautiful word.

Mansions.

Rooms. Homes. Dwellings.

A place with your name on the door.

And notice who is preparing it.

The carpenter of Nazareth.

The same hands that were pierced with nails...

are building rooms in glory.

‘I go to prepare a place for you.

And I will come again, and receive you to myself,

that where I am, there you may be also.’

There is the whole hope of the gospel in one breath:

where He is—we will be.



THE CITY

And what is that place like?

John was given one look.

Revelation 21:2–4

“I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride beautifully dressed for her husband. 3 And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, ‘Look! God’s dwelling place is now among the people, and he will dwell with them. They will be his people, and God himself will be with them and be their God. 4 ‘He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death[a] or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.’”

Think of it, friend.

The man in the cave wept in the dark—

and God kept every tear.

And one day, with His own hand,

God Himself will wipe the last one away.

In that city there is no cold.

Its foundations are jewels.

Its gates are pearl.

Its street is gold.

And it has no sun—

‘for the very glory of God is its light, and its lamp is the Lamb.’

No night there.

No locked doors—for the gates are never shut.

And best of all—

‘they will see his face.’

The exiles come home.

The pilgrims arrive.

The wanderer walks through the gate.

And the God who felt so far away in the cave...

is now the light he lives in, forever.



THE CAVE IS FOR THE NIGHT

So whoever you are tonight—

if you are in a cave of your own...

a cave of sickness, of loss, of loneliness, of fear...

lift up your eyes.

The affliction is real. But hear the Word:

“Our light affliction, which is for the moment, works for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.” (2 Corinthians 4:17)

Light. For the moment.
Weighed against a city that never ends.

‘The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which will be revealed.’ (Romans 8:18)

The cave is for the night.
The city is forever.

THE GATE

The city has a gate.
And I must tell you honestly—not everyone walks through it.
“Nothing impure will ever enter it, nor will anyone who does what is shameful or deceitful, but only those whose names are written in the Lamb’s book of life.”

The gate is a Person.
His name is Jesus.
And tonight, the gate still stands open.
The invitation still stands.
Whoever will—may come.

So do not build your whole life on a world that is passing away.
Do not sink your hope into a house that will not last.
Set your heart on the city whose builder and maker is God.

If your name is in the book—then lift up your head.
The best is not behind you.
The best is a city, and a face, and a home,
and it is coming.

Pray this with me, wherever you are:

*“Lord Jesus,
I am weary, and this world is not my home.
Tonight I set my hope on You.
Prepare a place for me, and keep my name in Your book.
When my cave is dark, be my light.
And bring me home to the city of God.
I will wait. I will hope. I will watch.
Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen.”*

Friend—
lift up your heads.

www.shaweleroad.com

Our redemption—our home—draws near.
The cave is only for the night.
And in the morning...
there is a city.

MARANATHA!