

Who are these clothed in white robes?

They are mothers and fathers, grandparents, husbands and wives, sons and daughters. They are Asian, Latin American, European, African, and all points in between. Some were famous. Some were virtually unknown. Some were successful. Some were failures by the world’s standards. But all have one thing in common; one thing that connects them eternally: Jesus, the Lamb of God, is their Savior, Lord, and King. For this reason, they are rightly called “saints.”

This section of the book of Revelation is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful in all the Bible. Here is the result of Jesus’ perfect life, sacrificial death, and transforming resurrection. The result is a countless collection of people, made holy by God. They’re wearing the white robes he provided. They are worshipping God, and at the same time He is tenderly serving them. The wonderful fruit of Jesus’ labor is brought to harvest. His people live with Him in Paradise Restored.

Who are these clothed in white robes? The storytellers of our culture suggest that in this life the saints are easy to spot. Their good deeds make it obvious. But the storytellers also tell us that being a saint is boring or silly or hypocritical. Why would you want to be one? Don’t you want to have fun—the storytellers ask.

But what does God have to say about saints? Well, one thing’s for sure. According to God’s Word, being a saint is not a matter achieving a record of personal perfection. If that were the case, there wouldn’t be any. The picture the Bible paints of people like Adam, Abraham, Moses, David, Peter and Paul is not flattering. Scripture unflinchingly puts their sins out there for the world to see. Imagine if your life was an open book in that same way.

So again, who are these in white robes, and how did they become saints? These are the ones coming out of the great tribulation. They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They have made it through the tragedies of this torn-up world, and they have been cleansed. They have been purified. Their robes have been soaked in the blood of Jesus, making them holy. Jesus’ holiness was wrapped around them at their baptism. It is the garment they wear into eternity. You see, a saint is someone who trusts in Jesus alone for

access to heaven. That's it. A saint is someone who knows that sin has disqualified them—yet they believe that Jesus earned the prize and shares it as a true gift. A saint is someone who knows that there would be no white robe or multitude or living water or wiping away of tears if it were not for Jesus.

Who are these saints? A young girl once had a great answer to that question.

She went to a church in which there were colorful, detailed stained-glass windows. Those windows depicted the activities of people like Mary and Joseph and the disciples, and one day she was looking at those figures in the windows on a particularly sunny day. Out of the blue, she said to her father, who was with her, "Dad, I think I know what a saint is."

"Oh yeah?" her father replied, a little surprised. "What is saint?"

"A saint is someone who lets the Light shine through."

Who are these saints? They are people who let the light of Christ shine through. Who do you see in John's Revelation multitude? I'll tell you who I see. People who had struggles and hurts, flaws and quirks, strengths and gifts. People pulled out of the devil's hands by Christ, the champion. People like you and me, sharing in Jesus' victory.

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