

## Millennial Missions Stories

*Imaginary Stories—taking place in the future time of the “Millennium” when Jesus Christ rules all with love and justice, and the Earth is made pleasant again.*

# Topic 1—Plenty of Food

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Topic 1: Famines and lack of food for the poor—sufficient food

- **Story 1--The Sad Old World**

Masha and her two little brothers, bodies weakened from hunger, returned home from the market. It was clear that the prices of food these days was going to affect them all in a devastating way. With hardly a small pot of beans they were able to buy—that was for the family to share for that week, there was a general wave of depression setting in.

The baby began to cry. Mother wished he would nurse, but due to weakness from malnutrition, he could barely do something so vigorous. Because the times he tried before had left him still weak and hungry. Without good food to eat, Mother couldn't produce natural feed for this crying little child.

A series of drought, locusts, flooding, and the pressure to trade whatever good food their country did manage to grow with other countries to get money, made the bit of food that was left for the general population be a very expensive.

It wasn't that all the world had suffered. There were plenty of places that had food in abundance. They could have set up a system to bring more goods to the countries that had less. But instead, they chose to throw out food as it went bad. Transporting the goods would cost them funds—funds they wanted to reserve for nation building plans and security measures.

On the family's shelf there was an array of all sorts of gods and items they worshiped, or thought they were supposed to believe in. If there ever was a time of need, from someone above to hear their cries it was now. Yet all that they did—even using hard saved funds to pay for ritual worshiping ceremonies—was met with silence, other than the rumble of very empty stomachs.

One day father came back from the market. He brought with him a small white piece of paper someone had given to him. On it, among other things it said, “He that cometh to Me shall never hunger.” It sounded good. The father read this tract several times over. It was worth a try. They had tried everything else, why not this God called “Jesus” and see what good could come of it.

His hungry family knelt to pray that night, this time to the one that the tract said would help them through these times of hunger. They prayed the prayer on the piece of paper and chose to believe all that it said. They knew there was much more to learn and much more they wondered about, but they already were feeling a ray of hope, and for some reason, after praying to accept Jesus Christ in their heart to give them satisfaction of spirit, their bodies felt satisfied too when they went to sleep.

The next day the father had an urge to move away from their sitting room all the other items and reminders of the religious worship they had done up until then. They hadn't helped, and he wanted nothing of them any more. The shelf and everywhere was cleared away, and instead the tract was placed for each of them to read together each day.

That day when mother came home from selling her wares, she had a big smile on her face. She looked radiant in a way that made all her family run to her to find what had happened. All she could say was, “He talked to me! To

me!” she had had a special experience with Jesus while she attempted to feed her little one under the shade of a tree. A voice called and said, “I fill the hungry with good things. I will take care of you and your baby.”

Right when she heard this voice, yet saw no one around, her milk began to pour in. That was the first satisfying meal the baby had enjoyed in quite some time.

That evening the family met to eat their meagre food, they read the beloved tract and prayed and talk to Jesus. Then before going to sleep the oldest boy got a sudden urge to take a handful of their beans and soak them in water in a separate place. If the family agreed the next morning, he was going to plant them in a small place he thought they might grow. They didn’t have a yard or land to grow food on, but this little corner could have potted plants placed there. It was worth a try.

This plan worked, and nearly magically the beans grew and grew, quickly, and the amount of food they produced was many, many times over what had been planted. The boy kept up his little miniature garden, doing this part to help his family.

In the mean time, whenever they went to use the little supply of beans for their meal times, it seemed the level of the food rarely went lower. How this happened, they didn’t know. All they knew was that they were very grateful. Then a soon a relative visiting took pity on them in their situation and helped sponsor a large amount of food for them.

Along with the food he brought something else, far more valuable. He gave them a New Testament Bible! This now took a prominent place in the house and was read by all, each day. The more they read the “Bread of life” the more food they seemed to get, or if not, they felt satisfied anyway. When they did feel hungry, they knew what to do—to spend more time reading God’s Word.

One day they read the words of Jesus that said, “Give and it shall be given unto you.”

“Do you think there is something we are meant to do about it?” the father asked the gathered family.

“I hardly think we have anything we can spare to give,” the mother said. “But I so want to do just as Jesus says.”

The father heartily agreed and when to get a cardboard box. He placed it in the centre of the room and said,

“In here we will place what we want to give to Jesus—but giving to some else in need.”

Mother took a portion of the food that their relative had brought.

Father added some coins he had earned that day fixing shoes.

The boy took a bag and dug up one of his plants along with some dirt, for someone to grow their own bit of food. An older sister placed in the box one of her scarves. She had two; she could share one. A girl who had just learned to write said, “I don’t have anything, but I am going to write out the words on the tract, so they can learn about Jesus too,” and went to work doing so.

The family sang a song of joy, and went merrily down the road a few blocks. They knew a family what was just as struggling as they were, though most likely a lot hungrier, as they didn’t yet know Jesus.

They knocked on the door, and placed the package of love into the hands of the mother who answered.

“Be sure to read this paper,” said the young girl. “It will help you the most. It’s like a food that doesn’t to away, but fills up your heart.”

Curious the family thanked them and shut the door.

They knew it wouldn't be long before things got better for them as well, even if the country was suffering a food shortage. The "Bread of life" would be in their home.

- **Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world**

Linda, a young mother and her two children Ben and Amanda, laughed as they walked to the nearby village to visit their friends, Mr and Mrs Woodshire and their children. The sky was bright, but the sun wasn't too hot. It was the perfect climate for helping abundant food to grow. Her husband would be gone for a week, as he was travelling to a distant village to trade his carved bowls and wooden cutlery and cooking utensils that he made, in return for candles, lantern oil, and honey. The mother and her children took this chance to visit.

Linda didn't need to pack a lunch for the trip, as she knew food would be well supplied along the way.

"Now that King Jesus rules the world and has full control," she told her children, "He makes sure there is more than enough food for all. Bushes with good edible berries are sure to greet us; fruit trees and veggie patches we find here and there growing wildly! It's so easy now."

She smiled. Her children, thankfully, didn't know what it was like to be really hungry, so hungry that the body and mind stop growing and functioning well, and one nearly loses their life. Linda, their mother had been one of those children who grew up where food was hard to come by—that was in the old world.

Linda told her children, "Sometimes people from other nations would bring us food aid to help us out. We always enjoyed those times. If only we had had the tools for farming and the land available for us, as well as the wonderful weather that we now enjoy, we could have had more of what we needed. But life was hard then, and not everyone survived the food shortages. I did, thanks to the dear missionaries and willing volunteers who brought us food from time to time when we lacked even the basics."

Just then her children spotted a guava tree with ripe and sweet fruits. They climbed up and picked a few to eat as they carried on with their leisurely walk. "Here mother," Amanda handed one to her mother, "I got this for you!"

"Thank you darling, this is delicious," Linda exclaimed.

When at last they arrived, their friends warmly greeted them. "It's so great to see you all again! Really, you must come here much more often. We love having you over," Mrs. Woodshire said while embracing each one.

The children then ran outside to play with their friends—Nanny and Tim; they played hide-and-seek among the tall corn stocks, and picked pea pods to nibble on while they chatted.

"I can't believe how nice the garden grows now!" Mrs. Woodshire expressed. "Our good Lord as seen to it that no weeds choke the plants. The soil has seemed to spring back to full health again, and is bursting with all the necessary nutrients for healthy and large growth of food.

Mr. Woodshire added,

"Over there you see the grain crops growing heartily. No longer do we have to worry about a hail storm ruining our food supply, nor pests eating up all that we worked hard to grow for our families. Life and working is now a joy. We can take things at a more relaxing pace; we do what we can each day to provide the necessities of life and a bit more to share with others, and then we still have time to relax and enjoy things, get creative and play with our children."

Just then the four children came running in to show something they found while digging in the dirt.

"What's this?" Ben asked.

“Ha! Bless your heart dear laddie, why that’s a coin from the old world. A reminder of the blessed life your parents can now lead,” Linda replied, then explained. “In the old world that was what everyone had to have—I don’t really know why. It seems more like a game now when looking back at those dark and dismal times. If you didn’t have that, and many more like that—or the paper version of it—you were made to think you couldn’t have what you needed. When that corrupt sort of sport began to take over rural areas and country life, all of a sudden there were poor people without their needs. And then there were others who selfishly tried to take more than they needed. Our King Jesus has banned all that foolishness and sorrow and sees to it that we all have sufficient, and He also tells us to each do our part to see that our neighbours and friends and those around us have enough as well.”

Ben looked puzzled, he could hardly imagine a society where grown-ups, rather than working to make others happy and enjoying life, instead all tried to have some little pieces of metal or paper. It seems so strange; lower than childish. At least he thought he had more sense than that. So off the children were to play once again, seeing what old world items they might discover next—something to laugh about.

Linda asked Mrs. Woodshire, “What do you do with all the surplus of food that your garden easily produces? I also have plenty for the needs of my family, and wish to make it available for others whose trades are different and who might appreciate the fresh produce.”

Mrs. Woodshire thought if the two of them put their minds to it, a good plan could be reached, and began to say,

“You know, Linda, my dear friend Heather is a marvellous weaver and seamstress; she has very clever hands and skill. Just look at this robe here that she made for me. I don’t have half the skill as she does, so she gave this to me for my birthday. There are others, too, like her that best use their time to make the goods and provisions that we need but that we lack the skill for making ourselves; or those whose time is taken doing other tasks, like those that ferry folks across the lake in their sailboat. I’m sure they would be more than happy to receive a supply of home-grown nourishment from those of us with time and opportunity to cultivate certain special produce, and in return would be happy to help meet the needs of our families with the trades they are good at.”

“That is a delightful idea!” Linda replied, remembering how her girl had wished for a new dress, as she was beginning to outgrow her favourite one. “Ben and Amanda could help me to pick a basket of food for Heather, each week, and perhaps she would oblige us with creating the clothes needed. I suppose I have enough to give fresh food to Joseph who has a wonderfully flourishing cotton and linen plantation, in return for the materials that Heather will need to create the clothing. The loving ways of our King Jesus makes life a joy. Each day we share love and friendship makes life worth living.”

While the ladies were chatting, Mr. Woodshire had gone to prepare the ponies and horses for a pleasant ride around the area in the afternoon sunlight.

When he had called them all in he announced his fun surprise, “How would you all like to go for a ride over to the lake and have an early picnic dinner there?”

“Hooray!” the children chorused.

The youngest ones, Amanda and Tim, who still needed to learn how to ride, shared a big horse with each with their mothers. Nanny and Ben who were more skilled at it got to ride a small pony each. Mr. Woodshire loaded on his horse the bags that carried the picnic dinner, drinking water, and some light blankets to sit on. The three horses and two ponies trotted off down some pathways, over a gentle hill, across a small bridge over the duck pond, through a forest, and at last to the picturesque lake.

There they skipped rocks on the water’s surface, fed the birds some bread and seeds, and waded out in the water watching the silvery fish swimming around their legs. They sat on the blankets under the willow trees and enjoyed their homemade simple feast.

“I love that I no longer have to go shopping for supper, like I used to in the old world. I’ve learned so much and can make nearly everything I need—and I know the food is good!” Mrs. Woodshire expressed.

Linda looked at everything and nodded.

The pickles were made from the garden-grown cucumbers and dill, and homemade apple vinegar, along with salt her husband had brought back with him from a trip to the coast months before. The flat bread was from ground up seeds and roots of various sorts that grew liberally all around. The fruit, well, they just picked it and ate it fresh, for there was nearly always something growing on the many fruit trees around—and it was free of pests and blight, and certainly was free of chemical sprays.

Fresh goat cheese was made just the day before from the milk they got from one of their faithful goats. The other veggies that were a colourful and nutritious addition were from their own back yard. The oil had been pressed and given to them from a neighbour who had an olive orchard, in return for the woodwork and furniture that Mr. Woodshire helped to make for him.

The families smiled and enjoyed watching the sparkles on the water, and waved to a sailboat passing by. Those on it were surely laughing and feeling relaxed with the slow pace they now could travel with.

Soon the team mounted on their horses and ponies once again to return to Mr. and Mrs. Woodshire’s home. Then beside a gentle and crackling fireplace, they sat curled up on couches listening to Mr. Woodshire read a chapter or two from “The Good Old Book” as he called it.

He read from the Psalms the passage that said, “Thou openest thine hand, and satisfies the desire of every living thing.” (Psalm 145:16) Each one heartily agreed with that. God indeed was good, and having Him as the ruler and King of all kings, made the world the best place they could imagine it.

Linda, Ben and Amanda stayed the night curled up by the fireplace on the foldout couches, listening to the songs of the frogs, the crickets and other night bird melodies as they drifted off to a deep and peaceful sleep.

In the morning Mr. Woodshire was up early and offered to take them for a ride in his wagon to their home, as he had an errand to run and was going that same direction. After hugging and thanking Mrs. Woodshire and saying goodbye to their friends, Tim and Nanny, Linda and her children gratefully accepted this early morning ride. It was a marvellous way to start the day, clip clopping along while the sun began to shine its golden rays down on them, and the birds were cheerily singing, happy for the new day as well. They seemed to chirp out merrily that there were abundant berries and seeds for them all; and the wondering deer that crossed the pathway was happily well fed, too. All creation was in harmony and glad, and so were the people that loved the new and better ways of the loving King of all, Jesus, who cared well for each one.

- **Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world**

*Although the world was now a pleasant place to live in, and there was peace and plenty for all who chose to follow and serve King Jesus, it was nothing compared to what God’s faithful servants and those that loved and believed in Jesus, were able to enjoy. Let’s take a peek into what might be happening with Alicia and Juan, two faithful missionaries who loved Jesus so much and had used their time in the old world to help others--often helping to feed the hungry.*

Alicia and Juan had worked together while on Earth, and since they both were now in Heaven, decided to meet together to chat about the past and to make plans and discuss future projects. Under the spreading, huge verdant branches of the glorious Tree of Life they met.

“Have you tried this one yet?” Juan said, flying up a bit to reach a large and luscious piece of fruit that was perfectly ripe at that moment. He picked it and floated down to hand it to Alicia who was enjoying stretching out on the thick carpet of clean soft grass.

This Tree of Life that only grew in Heaven, was God’s special tree that didn’t only produce one type of fruit, but rather twelve!

“Umm, this is the best one yet! The food and fresh fruit in Heaven is the best I’ve ever had. Remember the time we visited that poor village, after disaster struck and all their crops were ruined? They were so hungry, poor little dears. We brought them the best we could; though it wasn’t much. We asked so many people to help us until at last one large-scale bakery finally agreed to let us have several hundred loaves of bread. We freely offered those to the people, along with the cans of beans we’d purchased. If only they were able to taste what we are enjoying today—such life-giving, delicious fruit—they would have been ecstatic I’m sure!”

“Yes,” remembered Juan, “But they were nearly tripping over each other just to get one loaf to feed their family. They thanked us profusely! When you and your little ones are really, really hungry, you are thankful for anything you can get to eat. It’s wonderful to know that famine, starvation and unsatisfied hunger is a thing of the past. I love the trips I take down to the Earth, to help out. It’s marvellous to see how year-by-year things are getting better and better, the more people embrace the ways of their new King—Jesus Christ. Even the land itself is renewed and grows food better than ever before.”

“That reminds me,” Alicia said, “Shall we now discuss the mission that Jesus gave to us to do together? He said that because we were faithful to give His Word to others—the Bread of Life to those on Earth, and also to care for those He asked us to provide for, that we were being chosen as His special ambassadors. That’s pretty amazing, isn’t it?”

Juan nodded, and recalled the rest of the message, “Jesus said we would be allowed to not only visit those in the region where we worked on Earth before, but He’d give us charge over it, to a degree, with His guidance of course. That area would be our project, and we could make plans for how it should be, visit there, design the set up, make sure the land is shared fairly, help with training people in God’s ways, and see to it that everyone there is following God’s loving laws and helping others.”

Alicia and Juan talked together and with the Lord about the first trip they wanted to take to scout things out and see what the needs were, right from the people themselves. They decided to appear as a travelling couple, disguised as regular humans living on Earth, who were coming to stay in the area for a while.

It didn’t take this team too long before they were eager and ready to be sent down on their first mission.

Jesus spoke to them face-to-face giving them His blessing and words as they parted, “Remember, when I went to Earth so long ago, I too had to look just like them, in order for them to know that I understood what they felt and needed. The most important thing I went to Earth to show was My love and the love and care of My Father. So walk in love, talk in love and become as one of them for awhile. When they get to know you and see that you care about them and want to help them, then we can make plans for the next step of your mission.”

Alicia and Juan nodded and bowed respectfully, agreeing to do as Jesus commissioned them to do. Then after embracing them He bid them a temporary farewell, and Juan and Alicia instantly found themselves on Earth, at the location of their mission.

They wore worn and common clothes, and were disguised as regular humans on Earth, without the special Heavenly glow shining from them. They walked with packs on their back and began to make their way over to the village that was holding an open air display of food locally grown. Since everyone was everyone's friend, there wasn't the harsh requirement for money to be given in return for food. No one used that anymore. Most of it didn't grow from people's gardens anyway, but was found growing wild in the surrounding area. Food just seemed to spring up in all the right places. Once a week tables were set up and people displayed the food that was available, so everyone could choose what they needed for their families.

There were other things set out, too, that people had crafted, and would be useful or enjoyable: cloth woven or new clothes sewn; pottery and wooden tools; furniture or pillows stuffed with soft plant material; simple musical instruments. Sometimes a band would start up some songs while the villagers laughed and danced. Children ran around and played tag or chased a playful dog, or rolled in the grass that was now free of harmful insects, thorns or snakes.

This was definitely a different scene than it had been many years back when Juan and Alicia had arrived to bring food to the otherwise starving village. It was good to see how the world's change in so many ways had made life joyous and pleasant.

Since Juan was good at playing the guitar, he had one flung over his shoulder, as part of his Earth attire. Together he and Alicia sang happy songs for the folks at the market. It wasn't uncommon for visitors to show up there at the market to see what was being offered. Today, however, unbeknownst to the townsfolk, these visitors weren't just from a nearby location, but were ambassadors from the Heavenly City. For some reason the songs these visitors were playing made those around feel extra happy and joyous.

Fernando, was an older man that was missing several of his front teeth, and usually spent his time sitting outside playing his bamboo pipes, or chewing on some sort of leaves. Alicia smiled at him while singing and motioned for him to join in with his own instrument, and so he did, first shyly, but then he joined with gusto as the songs lifted his spirit with a wave of enthusiastic freedom.

When the songs ended, Fernando called out to Alicia and Juan, "Please, you must come to play your songs for my mother; it's her birthday tonight. What is new about this world, I don't exactly, but we all live for many, many years. My mother turns 150 years old today, and I myself am well over one hundred! We must celebrate!"

Juan and Alicia warmly accepted the invitation. It would be a great chance to get to know people in the area, as well as do a deed of kindness by cheering them up on this special night.

"Hmm, even though there isn't nearly as much sickness and ill health in this world now and bodies are much more durable," Alicia mused, "And there is plenty of good food available, still I guess the people on Earth—especially those that have lived in the old world--need healing and restoration."

She was thinking about why Fernando remained partly toothless.

Juan commented,

"Yes, they need some medicine at times—the only and best one around—the leaves from the Tree of Life in Heaven. Those can heal anything, as we know. I guess there are also habits that need changing too. In the sad old world before, people often turned to various supplements and substances to make them feel happier or more at peace. But life now is without the stress that it used to have, so people have a lot more natural joy. Maybe some of these ones here need to be taught the proper use of different plants and just what God made each one for, and how not to misuse and abuse them. For example, if Earth folks regularly chew on certain strong leaves, it will have an ill affect on their dental condition. Let's make a note to help educate the people here in how to live in the most healthy ways; and later on, when the time is right we will return with leaves from the Tree of Life to offer them the healing from Heaven that Jesus wants them to all experience."

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The party that night was pleasant, though there were a few rough words spoken, and a few times during the evening some nerves were ruffled and emotions were stirred. Yet, Alicia and Juan's presence there seemed to bring a calm and helped to keep things on a joyful plane.

They tasted some of the delicious local foods that were prepared for the party, even though they didn't actually need to eat. With their Heavenly bodies, Juan and Alicia could simply eat for the pleasure of it, when or if they wanted to. They never got weak from lack of food, nor suffered pangs of hunger. That was all in the past. God kept their new Heavenly bodies always comfortable and feeling satisfied.

But it was good that they knew what it mean to be human, and that they had lived on Earth before and experienced much of what these people here now were experiencing. It helped them to understand the people's needs more. Those on Earth got hungry and had to eat, but the difference was that now food was much more abundant and easily grown, without the challenge and trouble of bad weather or pests and plant diseases.

The soil also enriched the growing food and filled it with all the nutrients that the people and animals needed. Even just a small amount of food in the renewed world was packed with abundant minerals and vitamins—unlike the food that that old world produced from its unhealthy and depleted soil. Chemical sprays and pesticides were not used nor was there a need to. Most of the problems farmers endured in the old world were gone now. Natural ways of living and growing of food was easy and helped to continue making the renewed world the thriving place God intended for it to be.

There was still work to be done, which would help them all lead busy, but not too stress-filled lives. God helped the food to grow, but they had to see to it that everyone was able to get some. Simple houses needed to be built, and children needed care and pleasant instruction. But with all that the people on Earth needed to do, there was also time to relax with a party after a good day of working while enjoying the beautiful world. But just having parties wasn't going to be enough to bring this town the full joy they all wanted. The love of King Jesus would need to be imparted to them, and they would need to learn to show it to each other. This is what would make their town the best it could be.

Alicia and Juan sat under the stars to talk during the night, since their new bodies no longer demanded sleep. They discussed what they had learned that day, and also took time to pray and ask the King of all, how they should best help in this situation. By the time the sun rose they were ready to begin the second day of their mission to this village.

For the next three weeks they stayed around this area, mingling and singing, accepting invitations to meals, as well as helping with those working on the farms or other needed tasks. When their time was up and they were to return to the Heavenly City for awhile, they felt they had a good idea of what the main needs were, and what areas people needed training in most. They would talk with Jesus about it, as well as request the help of others they knew who likewise had lived their lives for the Lord. Most of all they would plan how to pass out the food for the soul that everyone needed and were hungry for: the Bread of Life, God's Word.

And when the time was right, the townsfolk who had already grown to love them and would miss them when they left, would get to know who they really were. They would be then honoured to have Juan and Alicia as their rulers, as a prince and princess from the King of kings to help lead them in the ways of the Kingdom of God.

## Topic 2—Friendly Animals

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### Topic 3: Pests/Rough animals—peaceful, friendly animals, animals struggle

- **Story 1--The Sad Old World**

“Ahh-ow!” the child screamed. The snake in the grass had bitten her nearly bare feet, as she ventured in the brush to collect bugs to feed their chickens. She used to go with the dog, who might have warned her. But he had gotten ill and passed away from one of the many troubles that dogs and animals get in a struggling world of pests and disease.

Her big brother came quickly over to rescue his sister and dispose of the critter that now put his sister’s life in danger.

He looked at the pattern on its skin and knew it was one of the worst and most poisonous in the area. He quickly carried the girl back to their hut to get help.

He too had a brush with death earlier that month, and still was recovering from the multiple jellyfish stings he had acquired in the sea near his home.

His mother lay in bed, she was very ill from the painful and debilitating disease that the mosquitoes were responsible for spreading around.

Was there anywhere safe?

Father secured his little girl on to him as he roared off on his motorbike to the nearest clinic. They would know what to do, as it was all too common of a situation.

The older brother did his best to make his mother comfortable, and serve some fruit to his little brother. After cutting out the bugs that were trying to make it their home, the grateful boy enjoyed some this fresh meal.

He did his daily check around the hut for poisonous spiders and scorpions and the such; or perhaps a family of mice that were trying to move in and raise a whole new set of scurrying, swift thieves.

Wearied with the struggle, and worried too about his sister, he sat down near the foot of his mother’s bed. She turned and gave him a weak smile. “Here mother, I’ve boiled and cooled this water for you,” he said.

Mother tried to sit up as best as she could and took a drink.

He noticed some insect bites on his mothers ankles. “The mosquitoes getting you again?” he asked.

No, she nodded. “We’ve been keeping them away for the most part with the smoking repellent; this time it’s something else that has moved in and is much harder to get rid of—bed bugs!”

“Oh, no,” her son nearly groaned. Was there ever to be relief?

Mother sensed his weariness and tried to get his mind thinking on the good.

“Well, it’s better than it is for others. Let’s be glad that we have a house at all, beds to sleep in, a door and windows that we can shut to keep trouble out. We can see, and hear, and smell. We can all get around. You were spared and are recovering from your trouble in the sea, and I know your sister will be just fine. Just think of the many who have no access to help, because they live so very far away. We have much to be glad about,” mother encouraged.

“Let’s play the ‘at least game’,” Mother suggested. You start!

The boy thought a moment, “At least the beg bugs aren’t as big as lions, and we aren’t in danger of them creeping in to our house; or as big and rough as some elephants are, where people have to sleep on their roof top because the elephants barge in, ruining their house and putting them all in danger.”

“That’s right! Mother acknowledged, then added her own, “At least it was only a snake and not a crocodile, like many who live in other places have to watch out for.”

Her son took another turn, “At least we have medical help not too far away when poison from animals troubles us, and so far we have survived each encounter.”

Before mother could say another one, the youngest boy who was finished his fruit, came over to join in and said, “At least the fruit is fresh, and doesn’t have poisons sprayed on it to take away the bugs, and in stead those poisons make us sick. And I’m glad that my bee sting is nearly all better!”

They all nodded. Though things were tough sometimes, and more so on some days than others, at least things weren’t as bad as they could be. But it seemed that in each area of the world, where one difficulty existed, there seemed to be something else that was pleasant that made things better—better in some aspect than others elsewhere had. They had much to be glad about.

That evening father and sister were able to come home.

“We made it in time,” father said, “And thankfully there weren’t many other people in line waiting. I think we’re going to be fine now.

Sister went to rest near her mother. They were glad, extra glad to be together that night, after going through the challenges. Though things weren’t easy, they were going to make it. Now it was time for mother and the girl to also play the ‘At least’ game, to help them relax and try to get some rest, while recovering.

Father and the oldest son let them have some quiet, while they went out to work on removing the wasp hives that were starting to get built on the eaves of their house. The youngest boy helped to wipe the table, and make sure that food was put away, so the flies and cockroaches and ants, wouldn’t get too excited, move in and enjoy a feast. Keeping a clean house, keeping food tucked way and covered, having no still and standing water uncovered, keeping doors and windows screened, staying alert and watchful, and praying for safe keeping, helped them manage through this less-than-ideal world of today.

- **Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world**

(Part 1: Mr. Harthaven’s Grand estate)

Elaine and Matilda pranced happily down the stone and dirt pathway that wound down the hill that led from their estate to the meadow pastures. They each carried a basket filled with flowers of all sorts, the wild flowers they had picked on their merry walk to check on the grazing animals. This was no ordinary farm in fact, one could hardly recognize it for its splendour and idyllic conditions.

These two sisters were also best friends and would go everywhere together, never wanting the other to miss something neat that might happen. It was fun to have someone special to share life’s joys with. There weren’t many others around in this luscious area where their family was granted permission by the King of kings to live. They were really living now!

It had been 35 years since the King of kings had established his reign on Earth, and things were so different now. In the old world, people their age would have been considered old, starting to get grey hair, and certainly living a life

of stress. But in this new world even someone of 30, 40 or 50 years felt young and energetic, and had a long life still ahead of them. They had time to walk with their friends and enjoy the lovely world. Things were just very different.

With so much time to live, and with less hardships that stole a lot of the joy and peace from the hearts of Earth's inhabitants, people's lives were so much richer and flowing with happiness. In the old world it was like life was on fast speed, and years past so fast. You hardly were a child and before you knew it the next part of life had begun and you were expected to work hard, and stress filled your adult life.

Everything back then had to be learned very fast. It was odd to think of it, but it wasn't uncommon in the old world for children as young as two or three years old to be sent away from learning and living at home, to spend most of their time during the day in a building crammed with many other unruly children, in an attempt to help them "get a good start on education". Of, course it did the opposite, and the children instead picked up on all the wrong kind of ideas and behaviour, and it stunted the creativity and natural growth of their young minds. But the pressure of the shortness of time made people do all they could do to prepare their children for a difficult life of survival.

It wouldn't be long, it seemed, until a young one had to not only care for themselves, but likewise raise money for a family, and would need to be prepared to do it in the cleverest ways. Ah, but that was before Jesus Christ, the King of kings, made things right. Day-by-day with the help of His Heavenly Children—those who had lived on Earth before and went to live with Him—He and they were helping to teach people the best ways to live.

Elaine and Matilda enjoyed this long walk on the enormous property that their family managed or looked after. But who would be grazing on their "farm"? There were some oxen of course, used for their occasional trips to the next town an hour or more away, by ox cart. Their property was rich in quality trees, and every now and then their father would cut some needed wood to take to the town for those trying to build.

Also grazing were a few zebras. These were for the girls to ride, bare back, through the forested area, whenever they were in the mood to explore, or when they helped father with his wood cutting missions. The zebras always knew the way back to their favourite grazing spot, so there wasn't a danger in getting lost while the girls rode off to explore. It was easy to talk with and interact with the animals now. There wasn't a barrier between humans and animals, with animals always being either afraid of people, or making people afraid of them.

Elaine and Matilda always saw plenty of birds in the meadow and pasture, and would point out to each other when they saw a new type. Sometimes they saw birds with huge wingspans hovering and soaring overhead, until at last coming to perch in a tall and strong big old tree that could support such a bird on its wide branches. Other times the very long legged and long necked birds would be dancing and walking around making quite a show for others to see.

There were the cute and small little ones that would fly in synchronized unison as a flock, all attuned to the movements of the others, and land or rise nearly at the same moment. When a large flock would fly together they always made varied and artistic formations in the sky. You never knew what would be seen next.

The large or small parrots of various colours were always pretty to see. They would land on the branch of one of the wild growing fruit or nut trees, and use it as a giant bird feeder. Ah, everything was so peacefully. Their rainbow colours and hues of shades matched so well with the many lovely colourful sunsets that were enjoyed in this now paradisiacal land. You'd never guess what it used to be. God had made it all new now.

Elaine stopped and looked silently as Matilda pointed out to her what was suddenly seen grazing in the meadow.

"Is that a lion?" Matilda said, stopping in her tracks, while pointing it out to her best-friend sister.

"Oh, my, you're right, it is!" Elaine said in a hushed whisper. "I've heard they now eat grass like the oxen, but this is the first time I've seen it with my own eyes! Imagine that!"

“Yes,” replied Matilda, “Look, there are the zebras, nibbling away at the abundant grass, they aren’t running away. It’s as if some family member has just entered the play ground. No one minds their presence. The peace and camaraderie all nature seems to now have makes things so pleasant.”

Elaine smiled, “And they are comfortable too, without the bugs and flies and pests that used to trouble the wild animals in the world, before the King changed things for the better. Every part of creation can truly rejoice, be at rest and enjoy what God made.”

After a good feed, the lion stretched out in the sun and took a long nap. The zebras ran off then for a gallop, energised by their meal, and the oxen rested under the shade of one of the many trees. This was not like a farm pasture on earth, where trees had purposely been cut down to make a wide land expanse for easy cattle rounding and such. But here was a more natural way for the animals to thrive and grow and enjoy life too, along with the people who lived close by without fear.

Just then the girls felt a rumble in the ground and before too long they saw a friendly elephant cow and her calf along with a few others in their small herd, make their way across the path the girls were walking down. Though big, these animals were gentle spirited now. They were used at times to help humans pull heavy loads, as that was easy for them; or for transportation across the land. But they no longer were compelled to use their strength against others, as they had been in times past; nor did they harm people, but were respectful of humans. The animals were both friendly and useful, but also knew their place. Even the animals knew God was their creator, and that God had told people to look after the Earth; they knew they were to respect, obey, and do the job God gave them on Earth to do.

After watching the elephant herd pass, the girls went on down the pathway and found their way to the cosy corner filled with abundant flowers. They were coming to check on the deer family who had just given birth to their first fawn yesterday.

On their way Elaine spotted the fig tree and saw it was filled with ripe figs. Metilda helped pick some of the figs that were higher up, as she was the more agile climber of the two. The figs were carried in the pouch formed from Elaine’s upfolded long shirt she was wearing. Still carrying their baskets to collect yet more flowers to fill the vases for their evening meal, quietly they walked down the little side dirt path that would lead to the deer’s resting spot.

“We’ve brought you some figs,” Elaine said softly, when Mrs. Deer looked up to see who her visitors were, and gave an approving nod. The girls approached and fed the mother a few of these treats. She was very pleased. Nearby some water bucks were drinking water from the pond formed by a fresh stream that bubbled into it. There was abundant water here now, in this new lovely world that was more like a very big garden. A few other deer meandering walked silently and gracefully over to the girls who gave each one a fig as well. The deer would thank them by nudging their head on the girl’s arms or side.

With a splash followed by a gliding sound a team of ducks had just entered the pond. This shady spot under the covering bows and large bushes was as tranquil as it was lush, and contained all that was needed for these lovely creatures. Before leaving, a fast fox was seen darting across to then find its way through an old hollow log, in search of fresh berries; but a nibble of leaves and a nap on a log was good enough for him too. The ducks hardly stopped to notice; they were too busy making wavy patterns on the pond as they swam or at times seemed to run with wings flapped, over the surface of the water.

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

The children were playing on the grass outside their palatial home in the Heavenly City. The tiger cub was in a jolly mood and jumping and batting for the little toys the children were using to get its attention. It was like a kitten, soft and gentle, and not rough or dangerous in the least.

This wasn't the only pet that visited the home of these happy children. An elephant calf often strolled in to pick some of the fruit with its trunk. He would eat some, and hand some to the little ones who would hop on to take a ride. There was no danger of falling—there was no danger at all in this place called Heaven. Just joy, and lots of fun learning adventures.

A handful of seeds were thrown on the ground for the flock of visiting parakeets to nibble on. They didn't fly away when the toddler crawled over to them to get a closer look. The animals were so varied and interesting, and in no way posed a threat to the children. They could play with them, or bid them to run and enjoy somewhere else, and the animals would obey them.

A mother sat in the rocking chair holding her little baby, watching all the other young ones who were having a great time of play with the visiting animals.

Just then a giraffe, tall and stately, strolled past in the large meadow nearby, followed by a couple of racing zebras, who suddenly seemed to take off into the air and fly a bit before landing once again on the lush green land.

A father with his young boy came out of the house and decided that a ride on semi-flying zebras would be a perfect activity for now. The father whistled and called out. An angel who was near to the zebras motioned for them to go over to the man and his son. With a joyful gallop they immediately came over. They were glad for this opportunity. On to one zebra the father placed the boy, then he climbed on the other.

"Let's go!" the father called out, and off they went for a good ride all around.

At last they stopped at the "Petting Zoo". They thanked the zebras and waved them good-bye. With a neigh and a shake of their heads, as if to say "you're welcome" they then turned and galloped off, over hills and through streams they went.

"Thank you for taking me here!" said the boy.

"Each time we come here, there are new and interesting animals on display. None of them stay here all the time, just long enough for children to get a chance to see them. They like being honoured and exclaimed at, when people appreciate how amazing God made them. It's their way to thank God for making them in such spectacular ways. I wonder what we'll see here today?"

This was a place the boy and his family liked to frequent. It was set up in such a way that those visiting could see under what climate and living conditions these types of animals lived while on earth. Even though, here in heaven things were perfect for the animals, and many of the features they had taken on weren't needed for survival, still it was interesting to see all the variety in form and shape, and colour. All the animals here were safe, and didn't need to use things such as camouflage, still it was fascinating for visitors to learn about all the types of animals and what they could do, when on Earth.

As one of the features of this animal education "Petting Zoo", an animal of a certain type would walk along through all these different displays of climates, and would appear to change according to the need. Visitors could see what it might have looked like in different types of places in the world, in different seasons.

There were displays here of the many different types of animals homes. Some were made extra large, very very large, so that visitors would climb inside and see what it was like—for example to be curled up in a bee hive cell, or rest in a bird nest, or crawl up through the water into a beaver's lodge.

And to make the experience fun, there was usually those types of animals around, created the right size to fit with a home of that size. And displays were changing all the time. There was always something new to learn about and see and experience. Of course, some of the most favourite were kept always there, and didn't change, so children that always wanted those could have something familiar to visit again with.

One of those "always there's" was a replica of the nativity stable, the place where Jesus was born. Some of the types of animals that often were kept in that type of stable were around. The only difference is that this stable, and the manger and all, was very clean—for in Heaven there was no dirt, no filth, no flies, no bad bugs. Nothing pesky or bothersome—for the people or for the animals.

There were no ticks or fleas or biting flies. Nothing harmful, but all clean and beautiful.

There was another feature of this beautiful place of animals—something that was available all throughout heaven as well. At last the animals could communicate well with the people, and the people with them. They seemed to have a good understanding of each other. This helped keep things harmonious. And the animals knew they were to obey the heavenly people and the angels. They knew their role was to be a help and to provide fun and something of interest. They weren't to do anything that their creator wouldn't like. When everything and everyone did what it was meant to, then all was peaceful and beautiful—animals included.

There was an interview happening with a famous animal of history—the donkey that carried Jesus long ago, while the people cheered and shouted "hosanna". God had let this creature be recreated here, as a living feature in a museum of things and places and animals from the life of Jesus Christ while He was on Earth. Today the donkey was visiting the Petting Zoo, and people could ask questions and understand the answers.

The father encouraged the boy to line up and get a ride on this famous donkey, and ask him something.

When the boy's turn came, he stroked it and said, "Thank you for letting Jesus ride you. Was He heavy for you to carry, since you never carried anyone before, and you weren't even fully grown yet?"

The donkey's answer was something to the effect of, "Even if something seems new, or a bit difficult, if it's what you were made to do, it feels good to do it. It feels right. And you are glad you did it."

After a nice time with the animals, it was time for the father and boy to return home again.

Again the father whistled, for an animal ride home.

This time two very large and colourful birds came and landed to be of service. On the riders went, and off they flew to home. They were let off on the roof of their house. They waved to the birds, and then floated down to land softly on the grass.

The boy ran over to his mother and gave her a big hug. He had lots to share with her about all the animal adventures and learning he had just done.

She smiled. She remembered when she and her husband had knelt in prayer, while on Earth, to receive the gift Jesus offered, of eternal life. They were glad to be part of God's big, loving family. Now they and these children God had given to them, were having a marvellous time.

It hadn't been easy to be a Christian—a true Christian—while on Earth; and life on Earth was tough. But because of their love for Jesus, and their kindly caring of many orphans while on Earth, teaching them the ways of God's Kingdom, now they had this lovely mansion to live in, and happy children around, who enjoyed every day of their life!

# Topic 3—Living Space

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**Topic 2: Deserts or too much ocean, and lots of uninhabitable places/** Homeless or forced to leave country, no where to go (Isa 58:7) land prices rather than citizens having right to a place—lots of land; every family or tribe has a spacious place to freely live

- Story 1--The Sad Old World

“Pound, pound, pound!” came the wrapping on the door, with each bang louder than the one before.

The children started to cry, and the mother’s face looked in utter anguish. They knew who it was. The neighbourhood’s most wealthy landowner was there to either collect the rent for the past few months, or out they would have to be put. He owned most of the houses around there, and was making an unnecessary fortune on the struggling community.

“Mommy!” the children ran and hid indoors, hoping it would save them. They no longer had neighbours—until new tenants would be found who could afford the greedy rental fees. This family knew they were next. Never mind that it was mid-winter, and the house would most likely remain vacant, no doubt, for some weeks or months after they were ousted.

“I’ve come to collect the rent you owe me. Mercifully I have allowed you to remain here, since your husband passed away three months ago. But there comes a time for reckoning, and that time is now. Pay up, or join your neighbours in securing a more suitable location for the likes of you,” the icy words were spoken.

Knowing there was no way for her to do so, the mother, broken hearted and shattered simply said, “When are we to be out by?”

“This afternoon wouldn’t be too soon, but seeing that you have little ones, who would freeze their life away out here, I’ll kindly let you stay until after next weekend. If the payment hasn’t come to me by then, I will expect a vacant house that I can fill with those who deserve to stay here,” the landlord said, and continued on his rounds of the area.

He’d heard of a shipment of people coming one of these months soon to find living quarters nearby, and he was going to be ready, with plenty of accommodation to welcome them. Since they were government payed workers, they certainly could afford the rental fees—and maybe upped a bit from what it had been.

His mind was a walking calculator, and the numbers he was coming up with were tickling his fantasies.

After a light meal, the family began to pack up the belongings they still had, into a few crates —after having to sell most else to buy food to eat.

To keep their courage up, the mother decided to play a game. They chatted about all the types of places they would love to live in. Some told of orchards of endless ripe fruit that was theirs to enjoy. Some told of huge mansions that they never had to pay rent for. Mother dreamed of a lovely little cottage down by a crystal clear stream, with a meadow for some sheep and cattle to graze on. It was nice thinking about these things.

But as the fire burned low for the night, as they drifted off to sleep, they knew their hopes would vanish, when just within days they would have no roof over their head at all.

Two days later, the evening before they were to leave, a friendlier knock came to their door. A pastor and his wife from a nearby district, had heard about the ousting and evicting effort being undertaken around the area.

“We’ve come to bring some supplies for you, dear ones. And to offer you a place to stay on our property, until something can be worked out, perhaps with other relations of yours. There is a wagon that has been fixed up for a visitor’s abode. It’s currently unoccupied. Please come and stay with us, until better accommodations can be worked out.”

A map was given to this family, and the crates that had been packed up were loaded on to the pastor’s wagon.

As the mother held her little ones that night, a smile was on her face. Though things were perfect, they were cared for—in the nick of time. One step at a time they’d be alright.

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

(Part 2: Mr. Harthaven’s Grand estate)

Elaine and Metilda took a stroll in the late afternoon around their family’s large estate. It wasn’t just their living place that was large because they were granted it from the King of kings, due to their honest hearts and kind ways, but most people seemed to have something similar around there. After all, the King needed people to look after His world, and who would do it best but those who had had so little chance to while they tried to live peacefully in humility. When in the old world, if this family had the chance, they would have tended to crops, cared for the animals, and shared what goods their land produced with those in need. But due to economic conditions, and the greed of those who wanted more and more, they never could live this dream.

When it was nearly time for the evening meal and the girls turned to go they heard someone say, “I thought I’d find you both here.” Their dad, always caring and making sure his grown, yet very lively and young-looking girls, were happy and had what they needed.

“Shall we walk home together? I was just out fixing the old shed that we use down here, and since I knew you’d come this way I thought to stop by. While we walk home, you can tell me all you’ve seen today. I’m in awe at the wonder of this place. Every day holds such beauty, my heart can’t help but sing praise to God the Creator of all, and to King Jesus for His loving and peaceful rule of the Earth now. For those who choose to follow in His way, living in the world now is a marvellous experience.”

Mr. Harthaven remembered, as did his girls, just what life here had been like before. They didn’t often think about it now, as there were too many wonderful things to keep their minds busy. But every now and then scenes of what their hard life used to be like, would flash in their mind. In those times they would stop to praise the One who had changed all that now.

Instead of the noise of the rushing traffic by their tiny house that was wall to wall with zillions of other rickety abodes, now they hear the sound of the wind, the birds, and the stillness. Instead of yelling vendors on the street and at their doors, struggling for a few more coins to help their family survive another difficult day, the sounds of laughter is heard when they meet for a sumptuous feast that they are sharing with visiting travellers. Instead of a pot or two to put some flowers in, attempting to brighten up their stuffy, mildewy house, the large open windows let in the natural light and with it the wide and vast view of gorgeous vegetation, as far as the eye can see. Instead of being evicted, or worse yet thrown in to prison or into a work house as some in the past have endured for failure to pay the rent, they own the place and can live there freely for as long as they wish. Instead of taking years waiting for permission to build this or that needed structure, the Heavenly Ambassadors that keep charge over that part of the country grant permission promptly if it seems sound and safe; and if not, they offer suggestions to make it the best, so work can start as soon as possible.



As Elaine and Metilda together with Mr. Harthaven walked up the long winding pathway leading to their large and lovely estate atop a hill that overlooks the lush and vast land all around, they offered words of praise to God. They said how glad they were that this place that had formerly been a dry and parched desert, was now green and well watered; with ponds, lakes and streams here and there.

They were so glad for the friendliness of the animals to one another.

They were so happy for their large and lovely property and pleasant home. They were glad that they could stay there, rather than either being crammed in a dirty abode, or constantly roaming through desert lands in search of food for themselves and their animals--as some of their ancestors who lived around there in times past had to do. This family now didn't have to stay in a hot, fly pestered shack, that did little to keep the heat or the cold away.

They were glad that they could walk barefoot, as their relatives had often done, but this time there were no biting bugs, snakes, nor thorns to step on. The soft grass welcomed their feet, treating them with care.

They were glad for the awesome view. No longer was this area just dry and topped with desert sand going on and on, with the few hardy dull coloured plants growing along the ground; there was so much variety now.

They could have gone on with their voices filled with gratitude, but they'd arrived at the little white fence that marked the inner garden of their house. Even though they were free to use and roam through the surrounding area, this lovely area atop the hill was their "home".

Nesty, their cat was here to greet them, along with young Huda, a new comer they had invited to stay and live with them—along with her family. Since this place was no longer a desert, more families had begun to move here, away from other countries that had many people and who wanted more space to live and farm on and enjoy living with their families. It was the King's plan that people have plenty of land to live on, with abundant food and resources.

Huda and her family came on a sailing vessel a few years earlier, from her former home in the south of India. Her children were born into the new world. They had never known things quite as difficult as they had been before, but their grandfather with whom they had lived, before moving to this new land, used to tell them what it was like. He said,

"I grew up in a tiny house—if you could call it that. There were 14 of us living under one roof. There was no toilet in the house, but a shared outside pit with a wall built around it, was for our use. There was no running water, so we all would take turns bringing water from the muddy river a mile-and-a-half walk away. We slept side-by-side on the floor, which made the hot nights even harder to manage. When you moved it would disturb the one beside you. But sometimes you had to move or wiggle, as the biting insects would cause you to.

"We bathed in the river, and that was always the best part of the day. Splashing and laughing. It was so refreshing. But I used to dream of bathing in crystal clear waters. The water was always muddy, because it was always being used by the many thousands of people living in that small area, along with the water buffalo that liked to get washed too. Bugs didn't only bother the humans; all the animals endured their own pests too. The difficulties of life then were many. But I had hope. And when King Jesus returned, nothing has been the same again. Year by year things improve. We used to pray to gods we thought were in charge, but they were just vain imaginations and false teachings. Now we know the truth. I would have loved to know it back then, but God has granted us the privilege to live to see the day when His Son Jesus rules at last, in truth and justice. In true righteousness, bringing peace at last."

The large estate that Mr. Harthaven owned now, after living in poverty for so many years, felt like he was now a king. There was still work to be done, and everyone was kept busy adding their skills to make this small community a place where all had what they needed. Since the time when the first ambassadors from the King of kings had visited him and granted him permission to live here and be in charge of this part of the land, he always made sure

to show his respect to the King of all. Every night and again each morning the families meet for praise and worship, and reading messages from God's Word given to them over the years by those visiting from the Heavenly City.

After knowing how wrong things can get when humans try to pursue their own interests rather than respecting and following God's ways, he wanted to start this part of the country the right way. If their small but growing community started things right, humbly realizing their need for God, then things could continue to get better and better.

Around a banquet sized table sat all the members of Mr. Harthaven's family as well as Huda's family, and a team of visitors just passing through the area, to eat the evening meal together. On the table were vases filled with the bright and lovely flowers that Elaine and Metilda had picked. Mr. Hartheaven sitting at the head of the table led everyone in a prayer of thanksgiving, as they ended their day,

Everyone bowed their heads respectfully, and even the cat that had been under the table, weaving in and out around the legs of those there stopped to sit for the prayer.

"Lord of all, God of Heaven, King of the Earth and Universe and all that there in is, we praise You—and always will. Amen."

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Unbeknownst to Mr. Hartheaven and the others, the two travelling visitors were no ordinary ones. On the outside they looked, talked and appeared to be just like those who lived in the south of the country. But before they left to continue on their journey and exploration, they revealed to Mr. Hartheaven something wonderful that brought tears to his eyes. They handed him a letter—a letter that they said was from the King Himself. They said they were members of His personal team and had come from Heaven to see how he and his family were fairing, and to see if their hearts had turned to God and surrendered to the rule of Jesus Christ.

"You are doing well, and our King is pleased," the visitors gave him a farewell embrace, handed him the special letter that looked more like a small book, and then inexplicably vanished.

Mr. Hartheaven knelt down, crying tears of gratitude, and was in awe and wonder. It was some time before he had the composure to call his personal family together to tell them what had happened.

Of course everyone was very eager to read what was written, and could hardly wait a moment. Thanks to a travelling teacher who had stayed with them some years back for a few months, everyone had learned to read and thus could review the messages that had been passed on to them—and everyone around. A way to be reminded of the ways and Words from the King of kings was vital to the new world's inhabitant's success in building happy and thriving, peaceful and good communities, towns and countries.

This book turned out to be the latest edition of a manual that was being given out personally, to those worthy; those who would act upon the words written there in. It told of the King's plan for making things in that area the best they could be. It told rules and guidelines what would bring the fastest progress to making things the happiest they could be. Those who were ready to learn the ways of the King of the universe were permitted to read and study it, and would be allowed to attend a special meeting of the tribes sometime in the not too distant future, to see how and if it was being implemented, and to discuss challenges they faced.

Mr. Harthaven felt very honoured to have his little community a part of the Early team that the King of all was giving this special responsibility too. The Lord had indeed given him much, and he want to give to the Lord all he could, in doing the best for the world around them—the new and improving world.

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

“This area here—what was once a country you served Me in—is yours to rule. In love and righteousness, and in teamwork with Me of course, you dear and faithful ones, will rule and oversee it. You will be my ambassador, My Princes and Princesses, My representatives; the head ones in charge of its land and Earthly citizens, and I will expect you to answer to Me on all matters concerning this part of My Kingdom.”

Jesus the King announced to the special team that was standing before Him in the courts of His celestial palace.

A greater honour couldn't be given.

They were ones who had been very faithful to do their best to bring the people of this country to know Jesus. They had endured many troubles doing so. Most of them didn't have a house to call their own, as they travelled around spreading the good news of the Gospel to whoever would listen. Now they had the pick of anything in the country. If they wanted use of an ancient castle—or wanted to build one, they could. If they wanted a whole village of houses to be there for their families while they visited and looked after things in the country, that was there's to have. If they wanted the mountain range solely for their use, that was up to them. It was all theirs—along with the others they were to teamwork with.

Of course, the Earth was the Lords and all that was in it, but they were to be as stewards over it, and do their best to teach and train those living there. It was of course a massive job, but with the fulltime assistance of the King, and all the angels sent to aid them, it wouldn't be too hard.

“Talk about expanded living quarters!” one man said to one of the ladies also on the ruling team.

“Not only do we have the most spacious and fabulous living space in our Heavenly abode, but to those who loved Him and were faithful to do His work while on Earth, and give up lands and houses, or not work to acquire them, so that they could fully focus on setting things up for the King, but we also have vast lands to dwell in while we continue working for Jesus on Earth,” she responded.

They were all in utter amazement, and it took some time for the full impact of the mission and the great gift and honour to sink in. There was lots to think about, and lots to plan.

One of the members restated what Jesus had said, as they met for a meeting to begin planning, “He said any building we've always wanted to build, any type of city we've wanted to set up, while on Earth for His glory, we know have permission and all the supplies given to us to do it—and the workers to help. Those who will be living there and benefiting from our teaching and training programs, can be employed and put to work for us now, doing something positive at last for the country. What a thrill this will be!”

One of them planned a huge estate that would house many of the country's citizens—those who wanted to be trained in living as loving citizens of the King of kings. In a way it was like a large learning facility, but nothing like those in the old world, with small rooms and stale air. This one would be very different, and God's Word was the main text book to be studied, along with learning about the lives of many people who had loved and served God throughout the history of the world.

A lady fancied setting up the riverside, and surrounding hills as her base. Women from all over the country who wanted to learn the art of motherhood could bring their littlest ones and enjoy the beautiful area, read, have classes by the river, talk, and enjoy a week or two at a time, living and learning about how to care best for their children. They could learn about the best kinds of foods to eat, and how to take care of themselves physically so to maintain good health and strength.

Another Princely man on the team wanted to oversee a large agricultural area of the country. He's mission was to train young people in the art of Godly food growing. Since the land produced so much better than it ever did before in the old world, it wasn't all that much work, at least compared to old world conditions. But it was a good skill to know, and if they wanted certain foods to be grown, ones that didn't spring up naturally, they needed to put some work into it.

Another heavenly ruler of the team wanted to oversee the port and main coastline area. There ships would be built, and cruises of the islands could be enjoyed. The beaches would need some serious clean up, and would no longer be the places of pollution as they had been before. While on the ships, this man would be able to teach those travelling all about the ways of the "man of Galilee", Jesus Christ, and help them learn His ways—some things that He taught while standing on a boat.

Another lady said, "I think I'd enjoy travelling around, and not just remain at a certain base, that way I can take children from the Heavenly City for trips around the country. They could learn about it, and also help to teach the children of this country about what it means to be a loyal citizen of the most loving King of all, the one who does all thing right and good for all. —And me and those I'm with could come and stay with each of you for a little while, while we travel around. I like the concept of 'all the land lieth before you' as was told to team one day many years ago."

Everyone nodded and thought it sounded great. They would finish writing their initial plans up, and present them to the King for His approval and suggestions. Together with Him, the country was going to get better by the day. If they thought they didn't have much room to move, or housing was hard to come up with, this was more than making up for it. The Earth really was the Lords. They were glad to be in the ruling family of God.

## Topic 4—Peace on Earth

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### **Topic 4: Strife and fighting/Lack of love/ Drunk and violent/ refugees/ —Peace on Earth**

#### Story 1: The Sad Old World

"Mommy, why do we have to run so far way, and leave our home?" the exhausted girl cried, breathlessly as, what was left of their family, finally arrived at dark in a little forest.

"Mama, I am very, very thirsty," a boy said. He had been running to escape the violence that had broken out in the area he lived. There were explosions and death and destruction everywhere.

Now they were going to face a very cold, hungry and uncomfortable night.

There was nothing to eat or drink. They had to escape so quickly, to save their lives, there was no time to grab needed supplies. Even if they had, they would have be used up by now.

Then the crying started, as the trauma of the past two days set in.

"Mama, I feel so cold... and I miss Papa..." a little one broke down in tears, followed by most everyone else.

In two more days they would reach the boarder to cross over to a place where they could rest in peace, they hoped.

When night fell, a sort of calm settled, and the utterly exhausted family slept soundly, huddled together.

The older boy happened to have a plastic bag in his pocket, and early the next morning he cleverly went around to the plants and trees and was able to shake some dew into the bag. He shared it around, and did this until all had had a sip of water.

“Mama, look!” said one of the girls, “A dandelion!”

“Go ahead dear, there might be a few others, see what you can find,” mother said.

So the children went around to find their “breakfast”. Thought rather bitter, it was better than having nothing at all. They ate some of the leaves and flowers, and collected a bit more dew before it dried up.

“We should start our walk soon, we have a long way to go, and we don’t want anyone to stop us yet.”

And so with aching muscles and shaking hearts, the tearful team carried on, only to be met with trouble again. As they were walking along at a brisk pace they heard and felt an explosion. A landmine had gone off close by, and now there were injuries to deal with.

This was more than the mother could take.

“Why does there have to be war and violence with people against people? Aren’t we the same race—all from a common ancestor? Why can’t we help each other make it through life?”

Mother cried long and hard. There was nothing to do to stop the bleeding of the wounds. They couldn’t move ahead, unless some help came.

Though injured, the boy decided to collect some thin logs and to make some sort of a structure that they could cover with foliage and rest inside, to give them some sort of protection and shelter.

Some leaves were gathered, and the family lay in what seemed to possibly be their final resting place.

Mother had torn off some of her tattered dress to bind up some of the torn skin that the shrapnel had made when it grazed. It’s true that they could be worse off, but it wasn’t easy in anyway.

Their home long gone and utterly in a ruinous heap, their family broken as war had taken the lives of her husband and oldest son and his wife and child. It was all because the land they lived on was now supposed to belong to some other type of people, who looked and lived and dressed and believed differently.

The long painful night, fraught with shivers and tears, seemed to last a lifetime, and cause everyone to remember their life, and all that had happened—the good and the bad. At last, when the sun’s rays began to emerge, mother hobbled over to try and collect a few sips of water.

She fell to her knees in pain—of heart and body, and in utter exhaustion.

“Dear God,” she finally prayed, “We’re sorry for letting ourselves and our country get so far away from the way You wish things to be. Those troubling us now are hardened to Your truth and wish no good for anyone but themselves. Even if I and my children die today, since there is no hope left for us, I want to do so knowing that we have turned to you, and want to make things right again. I was so wrapped up in things, and material possessions that I rarely took time to read Your Word in the Bible. My children hardly know who You are. If You want to help us, please do so soon, as we don’t have much time left to live, it seems.”

When her teary eyes opened again, she looked up, no knowing what to expect next besides a lot of hardship. However, when she blinked she noticed suddenly that a bush was growing there was filled with berries, ripe and ready for eating. How they got there, and why they were not see before, she didn’t know, nor did she care.

“Children! God has heard our prayers! He’s with us even in this terrible situation,” she exclaimed, and began to pick some of the delicious fruit, and place it in her hat.

She came to serve it to her young ones, who, for some reason were feeling particularly well.

“Mama, my cut doesn’t hurt anymore!” the girl said.

“Yummy berries!” they gratefully enjoyed, making sure that all got to have a fair share.

Then mother began singing a hymn that she knew parts of, and made up the rest to go along with the tune. Their hearts were glad, and somehow they knew they would be alright.

“I think we can travel today, mother” said the children. Though still hurting somewhat, just the joy of the miracle berries, and the general feeling of wellness that had come over them, gave them courage.

Suddenly, as if to dampen and scare this brave family’s courage, a large and extremely loud set of jets came roaring overhead. They fell into each other’s arms, shaking. They didn’t know what would follow. Yes, a very loud boom came before too long, and the whole ground seemed to rumble. The impact knocked not only their branch hut down all on them, but a few trees as well.

“I guess we have no choice now. We must go. Are you ready?” said mother pulling them all out of the rumble. The boy carried the youngest girl for awhile, and mother helped the other girl to use one of the large sticks of their rough abode as a sort of crutch, to hobble along at whatever pace they could.

“Let’s sing, children,” mother suggested. They did so for a while, but then the pains in mother’s stomach were too much. They had to rest for quite some time. However, they were nearly at a road by this time. You never knew who to trust, but at this point they would have been very glad for a lift in a vehicle.

The roar of a motor coming down the road made them all look up. They weren’t sure whether to hide or go and try to get the vehicle to stop. Even if the vehicle would let them in, would it be safe? No vehicle was, as they were often the targets of those disrupting the peace.

Mother took the brave step and stumbled closer to the road, waving a colourful scarf to draw attention. A jeep came down the broken road and stopped. It was almost too good to be true. It was a man also leaving the area that she had lived. He had plenty of his own troubles, losses, and pains. But he did have room, kind of, for this woman and her three children to squeeze in.

Once in, he offered them a piece of bread to share together, and a few sips of water, and off they drove. They didn’t know... there was so much uncertainty...if they would safely make it across the boarder—and what would happen to them when they got there. But for now, they were moving forward and away from the hottest part of the troubles, and to them it was a miracle they were very grateful for.

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- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

Hirato worked at the weapon processing factory. It wasn’t a place making them, but rather recycling them into farm equipment.

“Here comes another load,” Hirato said to his mate as they saw an approaching wagon. They rolled up their sleeves, put on their gloves, and got ready to carry crate after crate into the melting room.

Some would bring in all the ex-weapons, that had been smashed and destroyed first of all, before being brought into this facility. Others were working with the metals to melt down the right types and make rods and bars of metal. Others would bring the solid metal blocks to the various buildings that were making all types of farm

equipment—ploughs, shovels, rakes, harrows, wheel barrows, horse-driving tractors, irrigation pipes, axes, and hoes, to list a few.

The men learned the art of making things durable and strong, so they'd last a long time. If things weren't made right, they would be returned and those men that build them would need to remake or fix them. To save time it was best that they did it the right way from the start.

New farms were starting up all over the country, and every new farm that was established was given a new set of tools and equipment to work with—free of any charge! As all things were in this newly set up world. Not free of work and labour, for there was plenty to keep everyone happily busy, but there was no one rich and no one poor, they were all just citizens of God's Earth who needed to help one another if they want things to go well.

"This sure is hard work! I'm regretting all the time I used to spend making them and, unfortunately using them in the old world," said Hirato. He was learning the hard-work way, what God meant when His Word said, **"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts"** (Colossians 3:15) **He and the others were part of the clean up crew, helping to make items that create—and make things grow, and to destroy that which destroyed, and broke things down.**

Hirato wiped the sweat off his brow, as she sat under a tree for a break. He pulled out his favourite book—passages from the Bible that talked about God's loving way to live, the way for things to stay at peace—and how unpeaceful things got when people decided to do things their own way.

He bowed his head to pray. He wanted to do whatever it took to make the world all at peace and at rest. He knew not everyone one around was of the same mind. Some still hadn't learned to make God be their ruler, and wanted to take things into their own hands and gain control. They too would have to learn the hard way, just as all people of the past had to. The world history was a long saga telling what happens if you do things the true ways of God, and the sad and sorry consequences for choosing a wrong path. He had faith that eventually everyone would learn to submit to the better ways of the King of all kings, and the Lord of all lords.

After a drink of water and a piece of fruit—and some hugs to go around to each one he was working with, Hirato was ready to get to work again, doing his part to make up for his wrongs, and to fix things as best as he and the others could, to bring peace and joy and beauty on Earth.

Sometimes as he worked, he cried a bit, as he remembered the sorrow that it caused the Lord who had created each of the people. He repented time and again, pouring out his heart to God, asking to be forgiven. But just because he still worked here to make things better, didn't mean that he wasn't forgiven. Jesus had heard, but it just took some time until the damage would be fixed. If Hirato's heart remained tender and repentant, it was a good state to be in, as then he did an enthusiastic job eliminating all the evil weaponry—and showing loving and brotherly kindness to those he worked along side with.

Eventually the day came, the happy day, when he was told because of his faithful and hard work here at the processing factory, he was now grated a farmland for his own! He could be trusted to run a place like that. He would use it for all the right life-giving things. This meant he could eventually have a family too, as he wanted to wait until he had a nice place for them to live.

Hirato knelt under that tree one last time on the last day of his work at the factory. "Thank You, Lord of life and Love, for granting me a new life."

Then he cried a bit. His heart still ached at times for those whose lives had ended prematurely. Why had he been permitted to live on? But he was learning, God loved Him, and had put his past behind. God was eager for Hirato to move on to new joys, to forget the past and build a new life. He needed to accept the Lord's forgiveness and enjoy living in the ways of Heaven, as much as possible, while on Earth.

When Hirato looked up, he saw a lady standing there,

“Is this where I can get a rake for my garden?” she said. “I’m sorry to interrupt your time of contemplation.

“Ah, yes, over there, in that large shed are the tools ready for taking...” Hirato answered and pointed.

He didn’t remember seeing her before. Perhaps she was new to this part of the country. But something about her looked, well, very peaceful. He should like to get to know her—and would assist her in any farming needs she had.

In time, as it worked out, the healing of Hirato’s heart was complete as he and this lady, Kentina, got to know each other more, and eventually moved in together to Hirato new farm. She had been staying with relatives, and hadn’t planned to live here. But that all changed as Hirato and her felt the fresh new love of the King of love blessing their lives.

Their farm flourished, as did their family of 12 children. Of course not all at once. Over a period of 60 years they raised their first family and build their farm. After that they began to watch a few grandchildren start to be added to their extending family.

And every day, without fail, Hirato met with his wife, then his wife and children, and then with all his family to read from God’s Word—the book that taught them how to live in peace and harmony, by knowing and loving and serving God above all.

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Galoping and trotting through the clouds went the flying horses. Their riders were a team of young people who had been sent down on a mission to Earth.

These were not just any young people. These ones had known some really tough times. They had lived through the toughest time of world history—that time when it was forbidden to be a believer in Jesus Christ, who was now in deed the world ruler. So many had lost their lives because of the hatred by the fierce enemies of God for those that maintained the conviction that the true God of Heaven was their Lord and Creator, and would return to take over the World at the appointed time.

This group of feisty young people, didn’t care what anyone said or what anyone threatened to do to them. They were willing to have it cost their life, if that is what it took. They remembered the words of the Lord, that if they suffer with Jesus, they will rule and reign with Him. And now that’s what had happened.

When Jesus had returned in the clouds, they had flown up to the sky to meet their Lord and King who returned to get them. Some of the team members on horses today had their life shortened for a while, before Jesus’ return. But none of that mattered now. They all had been given super bodies that could do just about anything. They couldn’t be in two places at one time, like Jesus can be anywhere, anytime. But they could fly, appear, disappear, change their appearance when needed, they could still eat and drink if they wished to—although they never were hungry or thirsty any more. They could rest and relax when they wished, but they didn’t suffer tiredness and physical exhaustion. They enjoyed pleasures and fun, with enhanced senses to make things far more enjoyable than any on earth ever felt, and they had no physical pain or accidents or medical issues.



At last they were free—totally free! So free they felt they could fly through the stars! And often they did just that. They were free to love God in whatever ways they wished to, without anyone hindering them. They were free to speak of Jesus and His power to anyone and everyone, and none could stop them. In fact, that is just what they were here to do today, and everyone had better listen. Those who didn't respect what these brave victors had to say, would be sorry. They would miss out on knowing things that would truly make them glad. And those that didn't listen and obey these ones helping to rule the world would have to answer to the King of kings and have to learn the hard way that it was best to believe and receive and enjoy the goodness that now was taking over the world.

Those that wished to keep doing their own and evil things, trying to rebel against God and His rule of love, would find things got pretty tough for them. For example, those on earth still needed food—and rain was needed to make it grow. However, it was God that sends the rain. They need to honour Him and wish to respect Him and do things in His loving way, or the rain might be withheld. Hunger would teach them to make the right choices, and not wish to stay selfish and greedy and proud. When they turned to the Lord again, in humility, wishing to obey His righteous ways, then the rain and well-growing crops would follow.

Down from the sky came the galloping team on heavenly horses. They were smiling and singing, "All the world is at peace! The peace of God which passes understanding, shall keep your heart and mind. Peace be unto! Peace on Earth, good will to men! Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God! The Prince of Life, the Prince of Peace reigns in love over all!"

Their anthem was sung out with hearty and loud voices.

God preferred peace, though He had the almighty power to do anything. He could use His power in the most spectacular ways. Today the stories they would tell, all around the area they were visiting—a formerly war-torn zone on earth—was going to show that God's power is unmatched by anyone on Earth. They could trust in Him, believe that He loves them, and respect Him. If they obeyed, things would go well. If they tried to go against the peaceful, unselfish, and kind ways of God, then they would regret it. All they on Earth need to know more about God, and these ones who had lived through the effects of those who went their own stubborn way, could teach with conviction, that God's way is always best, God's way will endure forever, and God's way will bring the greatest joy.

As the rumble of the horses hooves hit the ground running, the gathering people trembled. Soon the riders circled the crowd with their trotting horses. None dared move. And no one wish to. This was the most exciting thing that had happened all week. No one wanted to miss the messages that would be given on this day.

As the Heavenly riders trotted around the standing crowd, they took turns talking to the people, passing on the messages that they came to deliver. After all was said, there was not a person in the crowd who was not weeping. The message of how much the King of love cared about them, and had come down to Earth to give His life in order to win them, touched them deeply. The stories told helped them get to know Jesus in a personal way.

Then as the crowd knelt and bowed themselves in prayer, thanking God for His goodness and mercy, allowing them the new chance to live the right way on Earth, a wonderful thing happened. A light was shining brightly down from the sky above, and a strong wind was beginning to blow. A sense of peace and joy flooded their souls. When they all looked up, they saw the huge face of the King they were now serving and learning about, looking down at them. It was almost too bright to look at, but no one wanted to miss this amazing moment.

"Will you love each other, and tenderly care for each other—especially the young ones?" The Lord above seemed to say to each one of their hearts. And as the light faded to what the normal sky's light would be, they all turned to each other, this way and that way, embracing, forgiving, encouraging and showing the love that their hearts had just been filled with.

Before the riding messengers left they said, “This love in your hearts came directly from the King of Love himself. Whenever you feel your own love waning and you need a fill up, you know who to get it from. Just kneel down in humility, and ask the Lord of lords, Jesus Christ, to give You His love for one another, and He will.”

Off they rode, first galloping on the ground, then in the air, and then through the clouds, and they were gone from sight. The crown sat there for some time watching and remembering what they had just experienced. Then they determined that their town would be the friendliest one around, they’d learn the art, the skill of truly living in peace—down to the smallest child. Love would reign! –And so would the clouds, at just the right and needed times. All would be at peace; and all would have the care needed. God would support with His provision all that was needed for each one living there.

## Topic 5—God’s Word Known by All

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Topic 5: Famine for God’s Word; lies being taught—God’s Word spread everywhere

- Story 1--The Sad Old World

Misha and her brother Kiev woke stealthily in the night. No one must know what they were about to do. Somehow they had managed to get away with not eating everything on their lean dinner plates, and reserve some in a bowl. Now they were creeping out of the log cabin, while their grandfather slept heavily after his hearty drinking.

Two doors down from them lived a family whose father had been placed in a working prison camp—because of his crime against the state. He had dared to read and teach the Bible to his family. Now his family were left without income and a way to get food. However, somehow, the hidden Bible had been missed in the repeated raids on their home to find it. No one knew where it was—only the father had. But one day when the children were playing with their friends, Misha and Kiev, they happened upon it, as it was hidden somewhere in the roof of the house.

But that day a ball they tossed knocked a tile in the roof loose, and down came the treasured item. Too afraid to even tell their parents, the children quickly found a new hiding place for it, and agreed to secretly read it once a week.

So on this night, as Misha and Kiev took some of their food to feed their friends, they didn’t know if they would make it safely, unnoticed there and back.

Nearly no one had a Bible in this area anymore, as they be rounded up and burned. It was more highly treasured than a box of gold. For if anyone had a box of gold, they would have readily given it in return for this prized volume.

In a dark room, with all the windows heavily covered, and only a small candle to give light to the pages, the Bible was read in a hush—and the bits of food eagerly enjoyed. Three hours later the friends parted, and Misha and Kiev slipped back into their beds, for what was left of the night’s sleep.

They didn’t dare speak about what they read in the Bible at any other time than when they and their friends met in secret. But there was a question Misha had and would have loved to know the answer to.

Nearly everything they read, or at least something each time, seemed to tell of something that would bring a solution to so many of the problems in their homes, in their neighbourhood, and their country. Why was this Book outlawed when it would do so much good.

As they walked passed their sleeping, drunk grandfather, they shook their head. For that very night the children had read from the book of proverbs, telling about not giving in to drink if you want to be wise. They knew his health was weakening more each day because of it.

His addition affected them in many ways. His angry moods, and his inability to pay for the new shoes they so desperately needed, and many other things.

Misha cried quietly as she went to sleep the following night. She would have gladly given up another night's solid sleep to read the precious book, but it was too risky. So she just thought about it as she went to sleep, and let the tears fall. She longed for a happy world, where truth was allowed and taught, and love was the rule, rather than falsity and force.

Kiev was lost in his own thoughts, thinking about what he had been taught that day at school, comparing with what they'd read about in the Bible. "They tell us that God is just something in our imagination—but as hard as I imagine for things, they just don't create themselves. So something or someone had to make the nature that I see around me. They teach me that God doesn't exist, but I can't believe that. Because having a creator is the only thing that makes sense—in my heart and mind, and in the real way things work on Earth."

Kiev thought of a school he wished to grow up and build one day, if things were to change. It would be a school based on all the right principles, and where the appropriate parts of the Bible for children would be the main study course. It would be a dream come true—but would need to remain unrealised for the time being. But, because he knew what the Bible said, he knew that one day "the Gospel would be preached in all the World". He longed for that day of freedom.

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

"Come Darlings," said the light-footed, and delightful mother to her fast growing children. "Today will be in the meadow. Please gather your basket of anything you think you'll need, and off we'll be for our time of special learning.

Just as they were leave, a longing look came from a neighbourhood girl. She often played with Alinda's children. Today they were going out for focus learning time. She'd miss them, as she was an only child.

Alinda and her children looked at the girl, then this mother said, "Well, if you check with your mother, we don't mind if you come along..."

Within a moment the girl and her mother came quickly out of the house, with a bag of food and a bottle of water.

"If you don't mind, I'd love for Ellita to go with you. But do you mind? Perhaps I can come for the first part, and then return to tend to my other duties here, while she plays and learns alongside your children..." Ellita's mother said.

"Come on! Let's go! Let's race!" said Alinda's children said, inviting their friend joyfully along. While they ran off, the mothers walked at a leisurely pace and chatted. It could be challenging indeed, raising children. There was so much to teach them, so much for them to explore, and so many care needs.

"But we can be so glad for the lovely way the world is. I can hardly imagine surviving back then. Just think, add to all the parental challenges also the natural dangers of poisonous creatures and plants, pollution and toxins, how any survived is a wonder!" Alinda said, thankful for the freedom they all had.

“Speaking of freedom and wonder, it’s wonderful that children—and adults alike—have the liberty to access to God’s Words, without hindrance; and the teaching of false and confusing doctrines are banished. It’s heartbreaking to hear the way children in the old world were treated in many places around the world, if their family dared to have to teach others words from the Bible. They were forbidden to hear the truth,” Ellita’s mother added.

Looking over at their running and playful children, learning outdoors, learning only what was right and true—for the messengers from Heaven helped to supply them with such—they were truly grateful.

The mothers and their children settled down for “Snack and Story Time” as the first course of their learning journey that day.

“Today we are reading from the book of Ruth,” Alinda said, pulling out a roll, like a scroll, made on durable material. As she read the words, they stopped to discuss the material. They chatted and asked questions. They talked about how things were in their life compared to what it was like back then.

For writing practice Alinda produced a plank of wood from her bag, scooped up a handful of dry soil and sprinkled it on the wood. “Are you ready to learn some new spelling words? Let’s pray first. ‘Lord, Your Word is true and we can depend on it. Please help the words I teach these children to be use to teach others Your Word, never used for foolishness and lies. Help them to use the skill they are being given now to do Your will.’”

Alinda then taught the ten new words they were going to learn that day. The children took turns using the plank of wood covered in dry soil to write out the words using a little stick. This worked well.

Then the children were given time to run around and try to find something interesting in the nature around them to come back and tell their mother’s about. They might have to be real quiet so as not to scare timid creatures away; or they might have to look beyond the surface to see hidden things (like under a rock or the bark of a tree); or they might wish to lie down and look up at the sky to see the various cloud formation; or perhaps they’d need to walk slowly, looking close to the ground to discover a new type of flower growing that they hadn’t seen before.

It was amazing, as every time this did this activity they always found something fascinating, or that they hadn’t noticed before, or that was particularly pretty and worth telling everyone on the team about it.

When they at last were settled down again, Alinda pulled out a cloth bundle. She opened it up and spread out the cloth in front of the children. In side of it was a few handfuls of dried beans. This was all that was needed for now, to help teach the children some practical skills involving numeracy.

Since Ellita’s mother was clever with this art and skill, Alinda asked if she could demonstrate something about mathematics to the children.

It’s amazing how many things you can teach to children who have already a very good working knowledge of numbers from living and doing all that they did. Experience was the best teacher. Now just a bit of practical advice helped to round things out.

“Oh, sure. I’ll do that,” Jenrietta accepted. “There are endless things I could teach, and all could be done with little more than just the beans you have here. Let’s see, maybe today we can go over the basics of fractions and decimals. Shall we? But first I’ll ask that each of you go and find yourself several large leaves, some long blades of grass, a piece of fruit from one of those trees over there, and a stick. Can you do that?”

And so the children, eager to go on this treasure hunt of sorts, ran off to do just that.

Meanwhile Jenrietta planned what she would teach them and how.

“I guess I’m staying longer than expected, but I’m enjoying seeing the thrill of learning that the children have,” she commented to Alinda.

“Me too! It’s great!”

After the simple demonstrations, that all children could partake of, using nature’s supplies that they had collected, Jenrietta asked a few quiz questions to see if they had grasped and retained what she had taught them, and indeed they all had. The fresh air had a way of keep the mind keen, along with the drinking water, natural exercise—and the good sleep they would have that night, after all this nice time outdoors.

To end their time of mathematics, Alinda read over some of the passages in the Book of Ruth that had to do with numbers, amounts, time passing, measures, taking away, adding, etc.

“See, numbers, measures, amounts are woven into just about everything we do. Nature is set up all around demonstrates God’s knowledge of sizes, measures, quantities and all. Just think, for each creature to have what it needs to live, the amount of food needs to be available. It’s the same for people. God knows how many people live in a place, and just how much food needs to grow, and just what weather conditions and rain is needed to produce it. God keeps account of so many things, and keeps every tiny thing working just right. If even a bone in your body grows as much as the width of a blade of grass longer than it should, it will cause discomfort and your body won’t work right.

In the story of Ruth, Boaz knew how much food it was going to take to feed her and Naomi, her mother in law. He could see that unless extra grain was dropped, they wouldn’t get enough food. He did the mental math, he calculated it, and made it possible for her to get what was needed by doing what? Subtracting some from his own crop, through having the workers toss a handful here and there for her to get—more than she would have normally be able to get. And that’s the way it is with God, He too, knows just what we need. He has the stars numbered. He has our hairs numbered. He is very good with numbers. I’m glad we can have the basics of your education be based on His Word. It touches on everything we should learn about, and put the time into exploring in nature, and practicing it in real life.

See, we can do both, and need to do both. We can read about something in God’s Word, and then discover how it plays out in the world and people around us. We can also learn about something in our lives and around us, or experience something, and then see what God has to say about it, so we form the best assumptions and proper understanding. We need learning, and we need doing. And I say, now it’s time for some more doing!”

Alinda ended the lesson, and they all got up for some games and vigorous exercise, while Jenrietta returned to her home to tend to needed tasks. Alinda and her children would bring her back in an hour or so, after a good run and play was had—and of course, just one more snack, for learning and growing children seem to have a frequent need for yummys!

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

“You should have heard the laughter bellowing out to all quarters around—when the King of kings heard the news!” Shayna, an angelic being said to a fellow angelic being, as they chatted. It was a day to be remembered.

All the things that the prophets had spoken of in the Old Testament in the Bible, were coming to pass. Some things took thousands of years until it was the time of fulfilment, but you can be sure—as Jesus Himself said—that down to the last detail, would all His Word come pass and happen just as it was planned.

“Of course He already knew what I was to announce to Him, He knew it in every part of Him just what was going on in the world, and in this realm of the Spirit. But I think it was fun to be able to talk about it now, as the news was out and word was spreading. It’s something that brings more joy to His heart than just about anything else, I think. –Aside from the initial acceptance of Him into a person’s life.”

“Yes,” replied Litnest, “Imagine how awesome! And you got to be the official bringer of these glad tidings! After all this world has gone through, most of it due partly to the miss-education of people—at last the final area of the newly set up world has accepted God’s Word as the official text book of adult re-education centres. It’s like He, Jesus, is able to be there at last, speaking with each one. Not only is God Word from the Bible being taught officially all over, but many other books and newly written messages from the King being shared with the adult students, and studied over.”

Shayna further added, “The wonderful thing now, is that as they study God’s Words, those teaching them can tell and explain about all the prophecies that have come to pass now. There only remains a small portion of the “yet to come” messages. So much has come to pass that they can know, without a shadow of doubt that the last things yet to come, will come. And it’s very important that they do believe and listen and do whatever it is that the King is asking of them. Because...”

Shayna paused.

Litnest knew what she was thinking. “Things won’t go on indefinitely. It’s not like there is no time on Earth, like we have here. Time as they know it now, will come to a close once the one thousand years are up. Then they will have to decide once and for all who of the two sides they are going to serve. It will be a sobering day. It will show not only where people’s loyalties are, but if we and all those giving the task of teaching people God’s way have done a good job of it. We can only do what we can, but knowing that time is nearing to a close, that is going the way things are on Earth now, it does make us do the very best job we can. We want as many to put their full trust and loyalty on the side of Jesus Christ.”

Shayna and Litnest were silent for a time; their hearts were praying.

But then they broke out into a smile; the laughter of Jesus was still echoing in their ears and heart. His joy was exhilarating. Even though all wasn’t perfect, He knew how to have full joy about the things that were good, and to have patience for the future.

As long as His Words were being taught, things could only get better from then on.

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“How are the classes with the younger children doing, worldwide?” King Jesus asked Shayna, at their next meeting. He was interested and keenly attuned to the input that everyone one on Earth was receiving. Shayna approached the King on His throne. She knelt on the cushion at His feet. His eyes were warm and welcoming, yet focused on His mission; they could pierce through any thought or imagination. Nothing got passed Him.

Eventually Shayna found her voice and smiled at the King, who patiently waited to her from this faithful angel, what she had been told; the progress that was being made. Though she wasn’t involved with the actual classes and activities with the children, she was to keep a watch over the progress and bring the report before the King, as the representative of those that were overseeing and carrying out the projects. “The classes that were prepared here in the very courts of learning in Your City, have been sent down. The overseeing messengers have received them with joy, and have begun work on the preparations involved. There is a seminar being held by the messengers with the Earth dwellers, simultaneous in all quarter of the Earth, to train the new teachers who wish to teach in Heaven’s way. Many attendees have shown up, and the response so far is enthusiastic. They can see that to make things better, things need to be done in Your way, dear King.”

Jesus responded, “You’ve done well, my faithful messenger. Now I have a little surprise message I’d like you to pass on to the Heavenly teachers—those faithful ones who taught My Word on Earth before they came home and received their reward. On completion of leading their training seminars, all around the world, when the last night draws near, I will pay them a visit. They are to sit in quiet anticipation and wait. For I will meet with them.”

Shayna bowed and smiled. As fast as a flutter of a wing, she was off to perform her Lord’s will. Before too long the message had been delivered to each and every ambassador from Heaven that was assisting in the teacher’s seminars.

“You should have seen their faces when the message made it to them!” Shayna confided in her angelic friend Litnest. “They were THRILLED. What a wonderful reward and end to their time of pouring out and teaching others how to teach other the Word of God and His ideas.”

Litnest was in on the plan and could discuss it knowledgeably, for he was greatly involved in aiding the spreading of the knowledge of God’s Word. He asked, “Do you think they guessed what exactly the message meant? Do you think they thought the King would have a group meeting with them, or did they catch on that it meant, one on one, meeting personally with each one of them—in the special way that He can?”

Shayna responded, “Well, honestly I can say they didn’t imagine that—as I could see their thoughts. However, that’s not to say that it wasn’t something many if not most, were hoping in their heart, would happen. You know how it is when you give out and teach, you really need someone to then give to you. One on one time with the King, for a time of encouragement and Heavenly input and instruction, is what they will all feel they want at the end of the seminars.”

Litnest’s eyes had a twinkle, “I guess they are really going to like what is coming to them.” Shayna nodded with a smile, and then was off to keep busy in the work of Heaven.

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Susanna was one such messenger of Heaven that had just finished cleaning up the all, along with a few other Earth dwellers. Everyone else had left to return to their towns. She then thanked the last ones who had helped, embraced them good-bye, until next time. Off they rode to go home and to put into affect the great things learned while at the Heavenly Teaching Seminar.

She knew it was time now to do as the special message said, to wait in quietness. The King said He wanted to meet with them.

She was going to find the other Heavenly messengers that she had worked with, that were around on the property finishing things up and writing reports and such. She was going to ask them where they should meet in preparation for their meeting with Jesus, but she never got even as far as leaving the room.

Suddenly in front of her, standing serenely, yet majestically, and full of love, was King Jesus Himself.

She gasped in wonderful surprise and found herself flung down at His feet in humble adoration.

“I, I was going to...” she began to think. She didn’t have to voice words. He knew her every thought.

“I said I would meet with you—I didn’t say it had to be in a group. I’m here—just like I am with each of the others now too. I have My ways of being everywhere, all at the same time. Come, let’s sit over here.”

King Jesus pointed out a sitting area of lush couches that suddenly seemed to appear, and motioned to a serving helper that appeared out of nowhere, to bring over the tray of snacks.

Jesus said side by side of Susanna—much to her delight, as she felt she melted right into His loving presence. He took her hand and said, “How are you doing, darling?” He gave her forehead a kiss, then looked into her eyes, “I miss you up there, of course, but I can see you anytime I want to. I have full and perfect view of each one and all their activities. And it’s only a matter of time before this world now as it is, will have had all the careful training as we can give it. Then this time will, too, come to an end, and the brand new world will be set up. I wanted to thank you personally for what you are doing now to help the children get to know Me better—through teaching their teachers how to share the Words of truth and life with them.”

Well, Susanna was naturally rather speechless. She was savouring the moment next to her Saviour, she hardly wanted to breathe. She didn’t want it to end.

“If you have any questions or concerns, you’ll ask Me, right?” the King encouraged.

Susanna shook her head “yes” and wrapped her arms around, as far as they could reach, to embrace her large and strong Lord.

He stroked His hand over the top of her head, and she knew, that she would always be special to Him. She was glad that she had been faithful to do what was the most important to Him—helping children come to know of His love and His ways. She would continue to do so, with even greater enthusiasm than before. And because she did, the positive change in the surrounding towns and villages was remarkable. Things were changing for the better—because people were changing for the better, the more they learned about and understood, and lived out the Words of Life, that Jesus had spoken—both now and throughout the history of the World. His Words being lived and obeyed, made the Word what He always wished for it to be. As a result, the children living there must have been the happiest children on Earth, or so Susanna thought. Seeing the joyful little lives was a great reward on its own. Blessings came to those who let Jesus’ Words of life and Truth in, and over, around, and through.

“Long live the Words of Life!” said Shayna and Litnest, as they toasted to the latest victories. They had a great report to give to the King, when they saw all the good that Susanna and all the other Heavenly messengers were doing to pass on God’s Words.

## Topic 6—Abundant Clean Water

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Topic 6: Unclean and insufficient clean water/ factories polluting/ pesticides/ oil problem/ oceans messed with/ people dehydrated because of bad drinks rather than pure water/rain polluted/ lots of illness from mosquitoes and other stale water places—cleaned water, abundant

- Story 1--The Sad Old World

The distressed mother was doing all she could, but her daughter was shivering with a high fever. Lack of hygienic conditions, due to scarce clean water caused one illness after the other—for the fortunate ones. Many children in this community just didn’t make it.

“But mother, there is a well of water only a mile away that we could be using, like others do. If we had water we could clean ourselves and our house, have enough to drink and cook with. And we wouldn’t have to drink from the dirty stream. I don’t understand why we are forbidden from accessing the water?”

This question had been asked many times, but there was no easy answer.

The simplest answer was, “Because the others say we are too dirty to use it..”



They were what was labelled as from a low caste, and were not permitted to use the water facilities of the higher castes of the area.

“But we are dirty because we aren’t able to get clean.”

Even though it was more complicated than that, there wasn’t much else to be said. Nothing would alleviate the trouble.

It didn’t help that the only jobs the father and mother were able to get were the kinds that left them in great need of washing. Oh how they longed to make a better life for themselves and their family.

One day news was spreading about a project that was happening, only a five minute walk from this family’s house.

“A well for fresh water is being dug—and it will have a new pump on it! And anyone is allowed to use it!”

The father came with the great news.

This was awesome! The mother could hardly believe it!

“How long until we can use it?” she asked.

The father wasn’t sure, but he didn’t think it would take all that long. He was already going to round up whatever buckets he could. He wanted to be first in line for the water. If it would spare the life of his daughter, who was desperately in need, he wanted to access it as soon as possible.

This water proved to be the miracle they needed. Though carrying it was tiring, it wasn’t anything like what they used to have to do over much longer distances—and even then they could only get poor quality and sickening water. But now, within a week, their home, their laundry, and their bodies were cleaner than they had ever been before. And a big jar of fresh drinking water was always available. No more did they need to go to the dirty stream two miles a way to lug the essential liquid. They had what they needed right nearby.

If the stream hadn’t been getting polluted from the factory waste water, it would have been survivable. But since the factory was one of the many ones built as an attempt to up the economy of the country, the water was now nearly unusable. The father used to be able to get fish at times from this stream, when food was hard to come by. But now the fish were getting fewer and hard to find, as they weren’t able to survive the polluted waters. And the fish they did catch were rather sickly, and no longer safe to eat.

Coming up with water to get a good crop grow well enough to feed his whole family wasn’t something attainable for the time being. Drought was taking its toll on the land and the food prices. But at least with better health now, thanks to the new well, the father could work more hours and afford enough rice and a few veggies from the market to offer his family a meal every day. They were grateful for that at least.

“We have drinking water! We have food nearly every day! We have a roof over our heads! And we still have each other,” he said to his wife, “What else do we need? All is well.”

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

The children were splashing and playing in the lake's edge, while surrounded by pristine beauty. This world was like one very big and enjoyable classroom. Just walk out the front door, look around, and if you are attentive, you'll learn so much.

A sailboat was leisurely sailing on its peaceful course with gentle winds aiding its journey across the beautiful water. The mountain surrounding made it all look rather paradisiacal. Of course it wasn't Heaven—not yet—but the view, the temperature, and the happy children would have made you wonder if you had indeed stepped into another world.

At least that thought would certainly have crossed your mind if you had just stepped from today's present world, to that world of some time in the not too distant future. Though there was still tiredness and the need for sleep, pain if one got hurt, the sense of hunger and thirst, and the need to work, it was a vastly different world than the one we know today.

There was thirst—but there was clean and abundant water supplied. No shortage. No pollutions. All free.

There was hunger—but there was plenty of naturally grown food available. Without troublesome bugs or pesticides on them.

There was tiredness—but one could live on and on for hundreds of years, in this world of the future. The good rest at the end of the day was enough to give one sufficient strength for the needs of the day.

There was work to do—but it was work that was meaningful, and enjoyable because it was satisfying. The only work to do was that which provided helpful service for each other and one's family.

Juanita and her beloved husband—who she had been married to for at over one hundred years, enjoyed their time at the lake, while the children laughed and played.

If they had been sitting there some time in the very distant past, the landscape, soil, and vegetation would have been vastly different. Instead of a lake, it would have been a desert, good rain had not come in so long. This made the plants dry up, and the good soil soon be rather sand-like. There were no trees, and certainly no happy families relaxing, enjoying the beauty.

Soon the children came over to enjoy a picnic with their parents. The swim and play had given them a good appetite.

"Thanks Mother for bringing us here. It's our favourite place to come!" the grateful children said, during their picnic together.

"Is it true that this place used to be all barren and dry, without any plants hardly? I have a hard time imagining it..." their daughter asked.

Since neither of the parents had been here during the time it had turned in to a desert in the old world, it was hard for them to imagine it too. However, they had in their house a book of sketches and drawings made by some of the first explorers to this area, when the new King Jesus began to be in charge.

The pictures showed this dry and bare land one year, and then the picture drawn for the year afterwards was a great improvement. The artistic explorer had come back to this very spot year after year to see the change. Just when and how the lake had been installed, he didn't know exactly, as he wasn't there when it was happening. But it was a huge surprise to come back one year and see it. Apparently the Great King of all decided it was needed as it was part of His plan for this area of the country. It would help change this land to what it needed to be like.

King Jesus wanted everyone living here to have not just what they needed, but also what they would enjoy. The King's love for beauty was plain—but his obvious love for the people He had made was even greater. Those that showed Him their love back in return, wishing for Him to be their ruler, their God, their King, to these He showered with all the best things. He was in control of not just the lands all over the globe, and the people living everywhere, but could make the natural world obey and surrender to His supreme majesty and wishes, with just a simple thought and word.

“A ruler with that kind of power outta be honoured and paid attention to!” the father of this family would explain to his children, when they wondered why their parents were always careful to do things according to the ways and methods of the King.

The children would nod in agreement. They certainly liked the lovely world He had made, and wanted to enjoy it to the full.

Back at their home, the children bathed in the semi-natural, semi-constructed waterfall that flowed through a part of their house. It was easy to keep real clean this way. The gentle falling water flowed through, though it was channelled by a constructed canal of sorts. It didn't just flood the house. But then it flowed right out again to water the garden and hillside. It was a clever set up.

The meal for the evening was a tall glass of pure drinking water, filled with nibbles and goodies—grapes, cut up pieces of watermelon, and berries. It certainly was refreshing indeed. The happy children were all ready to jump up on to the very large bed that their parents had, for a bedtime story. The skylight above it showed the stars coming out to dazzle the Earth dwellers with wonder.

Father played a harp to set the mood for restfulness, while the children snuggled with pillows and looked at the stars. Then mother joined the musical time with singing the words to the song. Some of the words said...

“The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul...”

These were words taken from the book of Psalms in the Bible, and sung by a man who also liked to do so while playing on a harp.

The children knew they had all they needed. They were happy now to lie down to rest. They were very glad for the lake they had played in that day. And now it was time for some refreshing sleep.

After a prayer for safe keeping and good sleep, the children slipped into their beds. It was easy to go to sleep in such a peaceful, quiet place, with the sound of the gentle waterfall trickling in their house. It helped to cool and refresh the air as well, and the plants that were growing beside it gave off their breathable contribution to the good night's sleep—like all plants do at night, and breathe out that which makes us want to rest.

Mother and father's cozy bed was soon occupied by them, and deep sleep was enjoyed by all.

When the sunshine began to sparkle into the opening stone archway that that waterfall flowed out of, so did a few singing birds come in to visit and bathe themselves in the water. Their chirping told the household that morning had come, and a new day was awaiting them.

The children raised their hands in praise and went to say good morning to their winged and song-filled friends. They washed their hands and face in the flowing water, dried, and got dressed for the day. Today was the first day of the strawberry harvesting and festival! It was going to be special. The days that followed that were filled with many strawberry related cooking and baking activities—and lots of friends to go around and share their goodies with. With the abundance of water, the strawberries grew so well, so lush, and abundant, with also no pests to eat them. Plenty of water meant plenty of food—and happy people if that food was freely shared with others, and the work was put into making it grow well and made available for others.

This family was known as the “Strawberry Family” because they grew so many, and so many grew so big, and mostly because they shared what they had with those all around. It was a beautiful world, when hearts were filled with love—like red heart-shaped strawberries.

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

The radiant and Heavenly attired ladies were luxuriating, soaking themselves in the River of Life, in the Celestial City of God. They laughed and chatted. Drinking from this water was like imbibing a rich and full-of-life beverage. Sitting under the tree nearby was a man who was adding his bit of beauty to the lovely time of relaxing by playing casually on a lute type of musical instrument.

When then the women would burst out into laughter, he would smile gently and then carry on with his song or composing. Every now and then a fruit from the tree would look mighty inviting and would be picked and enjoyed. There were colourful, playful fish that seemed to delight themselves in swimming nearby where the ladies could see them and exclaim wonder at their beauty. Sometimes a fish would jump up above the surface of the water and splash back down again.

“Mind if I join you?” said their lute playing friend, who had removed his outer Heavenly clothes, and wearing a loin cloth of sort, slipped into the invigorating and refreshing, pristine water. After sitting in the water, chatting for a bit, he then dove under the water to go for a good vigorous swim.

“Let’s go!” said one lady to her water-loving friend. And before too long they went swimming off in the direction the musical man had gone in.

Here in Heaven, they no longer had to be concerned about getting enough oxygen and breathing air. Here, they could swim underwater for a long time, only coming up when they wished to. It was a freedom they enjoyed. When swimming towards the bottom of his river, all kinds of beauties could be seen. There certainly was no pollution, or rubbish, no muddy water, or unpleasant creatures around. All was good. All was safe. And the water was the best there ever was.

“Remember when we had to take our little buckets to the murky stream that was half a mile away from our house?” one of the ladies said to another. They had both grown up in the same water-less village, and had struggled for every cup.

“Then there was that wonderful day that this man here,” she said while the man popped up from the water right where they were swimming, “helped make things so much better.”

The ladies hugged and thanked him all over again.

He had first of all ensured that a well was dug and fresh water was supplied and available close to where they had lived; then he had brought them the Water of Life, as he called it. The water to refresh their souls was given freely, as they were led to the way of salvation, and reading the Bible together. Because of his and his sister’s efforts to help and teach them, that is why these ladies were where they were today—bathing and swimming in Heavenly water.

Now they lived in a place where they never got thirsty again. A place where the rain wasn’t too hard or too much, there was no flooding. A place where there was never any drought and lack of food. It was beautiful and lush, even though it didn’t need rain to keep things looking green and growing well. It was a place where water was always clean, and there was no filth or waste or pollution soiling it up.

After their time at the river, this team having lovely time off, then resorted to the palatial mansion where the man and his large family lived. They were going to watch a special documentary or show about the new world, and all the ways its water had changed since King Jesus took His World back, to be fully His.

The polluting factories no longer posed a problem with their toxic waste running into the streams, lakes, rivers and ocean. The ships and boats never carried oil and other substances that if disaster struck would cause danger to the wildlife and water supply. There weren't too many ships that sailed anyway, as export and import wasn't something needed for the most part. All food grew wonderfully in each area of the world, and people's needs were met without the troubling ways of commercialism, capitalism, and materialism.

With the world at peace and at rest, there were no uses of the world's waters for methods of defence, or experiments out at sea that caused disturbance to the natural world and its beauty.

The video they watched zoomed in and showed a scene of what their former village was like now. Where there used to be dry and dusty land, and stale ponds here and there breeding mosquitoes, now there was lush land of abundant foliage. The scene showed a pretty waterfall flowing down into a sparkling pond. Children were laughing and splashing in it, while women chatted merrily together filling up their small pots of water. They didn't have long to walk, and the weather wasn't harsh. Besides, the clean air and natural food and healthy living made them feel so energetic. It was a fun and easy thing to "meet at the waters" as they would say, and visit, and take home some invigorating, refreshing water to drink. It wasn't their only source of water, but one they enjoyed visiting.

When the show was over, everyone cheered. "You helped them out again, didn't you?" one of the ladies asked the former missionary man, now enjoying paradise forever.

He smiled, and then explained about it. King Jesus had let him plan the geography a bit, and ask him just where he thought the water should pour out from and flow around to create the lovely waterfalls and pools that ran all the way down the centre of the large village area. It was positioned beautifully.

Then with the help of a team of several others, houses were planned to be located in just the right way to make the place lovely and practical, and reflect the beauty of Heaven, as much as possible. Wells with pumps were positioned where most practical, and King Jesus saw to it that all the needed water was made available—including supplying the rain at just the right times for their crops to grow, and the trees all around to grow tall and strong and provide abundant shade.

These were some of the perks of being on King Jesus' team while on Earth before. Missionaries like this man, could have special rights and privileges—such as village planning and set up, that included all natural needs as well. For they knew the God who Created everything, and their requests for the good of the people of Earth were accepted.

"I'll be visiting there again, and the King said I can invite you to come along, if you want. Would you like that? I'm part of a team that will oversee the setting up an irrigation system for their crops, as well as rainwater catchment for several of the new farms that have been set up."

"Yeah!" the two ladies replied. They would be so glad to see the wonderful way their former village had been transformed—mostly just due to the clean and abundant, well-placed supplies of water.

They imagined how fun it would be to fly over it all and see it from an aerial view—with the option of landing and exploring any place they wanted to, greeting the people, and then floating up and flying off—or just vanishing if they wished, when it was time to move on. It was a perspective only those who originated from the City of God could do, while visiting. What a fun trip they had to look forward to!

# Topic 7—Perfect Plants

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Topic 7: Bad food and bringing bad health/ GMO/ Bad plants and poisons, weeds bad substances, and addictions.—Plants good, good ways of farming and caring for the land;

- Story 1--The Sad Old World

The Cliffards—farmers of wheat, barley and corn, had been noticing something terribly wrong. Their abnormal health conditions worried them.

One day while sitting on their back porch, wondering if they'd have to sell their farm due to their increasing health concerns, they made a discovery.

They realised when it all had begun.

They let themselves get into a contract with a weed and pest fighting supplier. They signed up to order and use a certain amount each year. Now just keeping up with the payment for it was draining. On top of it, that is when their boy, Bobby had gotten severely ill, and had never regained full health since.

It wasn't long before they too had fallen prey of multiple issues, that were costing them all that much more to try to resolve.

"I think what's fighting the bugs is fighting us! We're breathing it, touching it, and yes, eating it!" Mr. Cliffard said.

Mrs. Cliffard could hardly believe it; she didn't want to believe it, for it had great implications. But the facts were certainly in favour of that conclusion.

"But what are we to do now? If we don't keep up with the payments, we could lose our farm? Yet, if things are this bad for us, what is this substance doing to those who buy and eat our products? We could be causing them just the same..." Mrs. Cliffard was distressed.

The next day came another interesting piece to the puzzle.

Marisha, Mrs. Cliffards sister-in-law worked overseas on a cotton plantation. She had grown up in squalorly conditions, in a poorly ventilated house in a city. The pollution from the constant stream of traffic meant she rarely enjoyed a fresh breath of air. When she got married to Matthew, Mr. Cliffard's brother she was so excited. This was the chance to live out in open spaces, be under the open sky, and breathe fresh air at last.

She worked just as hard as her husband to keep the plantation going and to get it to yield as much produce as possible. They too had fallen for the scheme of chemical substance that was suppose to help them get better and more produce.

The letter now being read by the Cliffards told of her lastest batch of health concerns. —Sounding quite a bit like these farmers here were enduring.

"We've lost two workers this year..." said the letter. "Something isn't right. We have to change things. To make cotton for clothing in this way is costing lives."

This caused Mr. and Mrs. Cliffard to think long and hard about what was to be done.

There weren't many options. For both sister's families it seemed the only solution was to sell the farms, and go somewhere that they could be begin to heal. That would affect all the workers as well who were depending on it as their source of income, and would affect their families.

After considerable thought and planning—but not taking too long, as theirs and others lives were depending on good change coming about—a decision was reached.

Both farms would be sold, debts paid off, and with the remainder of the funds the two families would unitedly purchase some land that was clean of the constant battering of chemicals. They would grow what they could and raise their families as best as they could. If they all lived on the same property, they could help one another. They couldn't make a business of it, but they could start to learn to do things properly, the way that worked with nature, rather than against it.

In time, after breathing fresh air, eating the naturally grown fresh foods from the garden and fruit trees, each one began to amend. This was good news, and proved that the schemes used for farming was counterproductive. While appearing to help provide the needs of the people, it was costing the lives of those who they were trying to help—and their own.

Soon they published their findings and word began to get out. –Not without opposition of course, for such news would cause many corporations to lose business if the truth was known. Of course there were still pests to be overcome, weeds, and all the challenges of farming, but new ways of dealing with them was found. It would be nice if everything was perfect, but until then, at least they and others should do what they could to not make things worse.

Though it didn't help everyone in the world change to doing things in a more natural way, the few it did inspire made it worth it. They didn't live their dreams of having big farms and making a profit with it. But they and their children did live, and that was the goal. And hopefully, once the vision caught on to others, maybe even those bigger farms would be able to be run in new ways, to produce things in the ways that were fully beneficial, without any side effects.

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

“We're getting the delivery of seeds today,” called out Mr. Clout-Smith to his grown team of hardy sons.

“Great!” they said, still hooking up the horses to their plough. It was going to be a good day, a big day on their farm. It was decided that Mr. Clout-Smith and his youngest son, still in his teens, would take the ox cart and buggy to the town where the delivery was to be made. Huge sacks of seeds and grains were going to be available from about 12:00 noon. It would take a few hours to get there, so they should get going.

“See you later father!” the older boys said. “We'll keep full-on busy getting the ground ready. It's going to be a good year I'm sure. The King of all the Earth and beyond ensures that we get the rain at just the right times. It's not like we have to worry that all our work will end up wasted. The storms and hail, droughts and all that used to ruin a good crop in the old world aren't part of things now—most of the time at least. Long live King Jesus!”

They all chorused, “Yes! Long live His loving reign!”

“We'll see you tonight then, at the Friday gathering!” father added. The older boys would make their way there, while he and his younger son would be there after the seed pick up, since the gathering was on that side of the large farming community.

Ralph also and his father packed up the lunch that Mrs. Clout-Smith prepared for them, along with a half-filled barrel of drinking water. Also, snacks for the oxen, and a small trough for them to drink water from while on their journey, if need be.

“Ready?”

“Ready!” replied the young man.

And off they went.

Mr. Clout-Smith whistled while they went, and sang bits of songs he'd learned at the House of Praise, as they called it, that they attended every other Friday night. And tonight they would be meeting again there.

This village had learned that great things happened, special gifts from the King of kings, the more they gave Him the honour of praise for all His goodness. So they met on a night that worked out well for most of those living in the surrounding areas, to sing songs of praise to God. Sometimes they just made songs up, speaking about the latest things the King of love had done for them personally. When these hardy farm men bellowed out with a new song of praise and declared in melody the great things that happened in that past week or two, then everyone else listened intently and cheered loudly at the end, joining together in a chorus of praise.

Children were encouraged to speak out and sing out the good things they could think of that happened to them too. Then, they were taught a new story from the Bible, along with stories that happened since them, written about in new books of the servants of God who served Him faithfully since the time Jesus walked on the Earth, until now. There were always new books and stories to enjoy—true stories that gave them have all the more reason to praise God and see how wonderful He is.

When these praise meeting dispersed, people would chat about life and families, and ask how each one was doing. A larger family was forming in this community, of all the ones that loved and honoured the King, and they were doing their best to tend to the needs of their new brothers and sisters.

Farming was different—much different now. No longer did famers have to be forced to buy, again and again, new seeds for their farms—unless it was a new crop they hadn't yet grown; such as the new types of seeds that Mr. Clout-Smith and his sons were going to plant. In the old world some greedy minded collaborators had worked to ensure that as many seeds as possible were tampered with, and were "single use" seeds. The seeds could grow crops and veggies, fruit and all—but unlike God's original plan, the seeds that formed in those foods were unable to grow. So, seeds couldn't just be saved from one crop to another. They had to use the money system in order to keep their farms going.

Now however, everything growing was in its natural state. The old, messed up seeds and modified foods went out of style, trodden under the ploughs and hooves of the farming beasts, so to speak, while the new regenerating plants and ways of farming sprung up.

These good crops coupled with the lush and fertile ground, made the foods grow unusually large, and extra tasty. And not only tasty, but they were packed once again with all the vitamins that once filled the foods in the original garden of God several millennia ago.

It didn't take nearly as much work to grow food as it did before. And much less food was needed by people too, as since they now ate nearly only natural and God-created, grown foods—and these foods were filled with potent nourishment—they were less hungry and more easily satisfied.

Mr. Clout-Smith arrived at the Farm Celebration Centre as it was called, half an hour earlier than expected. Their trip had gone well. He and his son had time to chat with others who were also showing up for the large seed delivery. They pulled out their lunch and had a bite to eat, under the shade of the large oak. This oak was older than he was, and had seen many things in its day, no doubt—if it could see that is.

A sense of peace flooded this faithful farming father's heart. Seeing the trees, the bushes, the flowers, the plants and all thriving well, and all the families doing the same as they pulled the load together to make their community work, made him truly thankful for the good change that had spread around globally.

The Farm Celebration Centre was more than a place for deliveries and send offs of good from one community to another, or a place to pick up needed supplies for farming. There were on going education programs held there, to



teach new farmers, young people and children too, all about farming in the new and better way. Tips for dealing with challenges, and classes on safety, were held. Farmers and their wives, and grown children who had become well experienced too turns at this Centre, teaching others what they had learned. There was food exchanging going on there too. Small crops of veggies made available for others to partake of might be exchanged for freshly baked pies, or handwoven rugs and shawls, or knitted socks. Natural soap, hand carved wooden bowls and utensils, and all sorts of things were available here. No money was used, of course, cause that just took the fun out of it entirely. But the way to make it work was, “Bring something, take something.” That ensured that people did their part to work during the week producing what others in the community actually needed. If there was something that wasn’t been made, a request sign could be posted, and that would give others the idea of things that were needed, that they could help to supply. The goal was that everyone in the large rural farming community would have all their needs met—and each one would work hard helping each other and providing for their families.

Since things were made free of chemicals or with inferior materials, the things created and produced didn’t endanger the health of the growers, the harvester, the makers or the users. And as a wonderful side to this plan, things lasted so much longer, as they were of excellent quality.

Classes at the Farm Celebration Centre were held also for teaching different crafts and trades. So if someone’s home had a particular need, besides posting a note asking for it to be created by others, they could learn the skill themselves, and supply the need for their family, if they had the time and resources to do it—and make it available for others as well!

Before too long the wagons bearing the sacks pulled up at the centre and everyone was eagerly unloading what they had ordered from other parts of the country. Happy to find all was well and his order had indeed arrived intact, the two then set off with ox cart loaded, to the House of Praise.

Ralph also had asked that before they travel on, if they could linger just a bit, as there was a great class and demonstration being done on how to make good horse saddles, made of plant-based materials. His father thought it was a great idea, and decided he’d catch up on a nap in the meantime.

With the said activities completed, they then headed on their way to their next destination to the House of Praise. They’d arrive there a bit earlier than others. But that was fine. They planned to help out with preparing the meal, and perhaps washing a dish or two.

The oxen could graze and relax, while the two of them pitched in and did what they could to make this late afternoon and evening time a wonderfully memorable time with all their friends and “large extended family” as the farming families enjoyed calling each other.

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Anisa and her friends were planting a new garden—a garden of flowers in the paradise City of the King of all. The seeds in Heaven were much different than plants seeds on Earth, because plants there grew differently. However, if one wished to grow plants from seeds, just for the joy of it, one could. And so these children were. But the flowers in Heaven were so beautiful, and these friends wanted more and more of them around, and wished to watch them grow.

Anisa loved it when the fairies danced around the flowers. It made her feel that special joyful touch of Heaven. It made her jump up and fly with an angel or two as well. Angels were always around to help and instruct, and be of some assistance. Just because one has made it into God’s Heavenly City, doesn’t mean they know everything. They,

in many ways are just starting to get to know things—new things in the a whole new place of learning is where they just entered.

King Jesus came by and squatted down by the little children looking at the new garden bed they'd just planted.

"What have you got here?" he asked.

"We're planting flowers! Lots and lots of flowers!" Anisa said, then wrapped her arms around His neck and gave Him a hug. She held on so tightly, so that when He stood up, she was still attached on and got a bit of a ride up.

"Whee!" she said, while King Jesus then spun around and Anisa continued trying to hold on. She was good at this game, for she'd played this before.

"I see you like going for rides," Jesus said to her.

"And so do I!" piped in a handsome young boy. He had more the idea of Heavenly flying vehicles and such.

"Me too!" came another echo from the children.

"Well, I'll tell you what. I'm going to arrange a special trip for you, children. Would you like that?" Jesus said.

They all nodded, and continued looking eagerly into His face, hoping for some more details.

They didn't have to wait for too long, for right then a Heavenly flying vehicle showed up, landing right near to them. It was large enough to allow them and their parents and who families to ride in it.

"Where are we going to go?" Alphonso, one of the boys in among this team of friends asked.

"Now that is going to be a surprise!" Jesus replied with a twinkle, knowing the children liked surprises and finding things out as they went along.

Very soon the team of friends had called their parents and families, and a few other friends to join them. When all had come, the loaded up in the Heavenly mobile, and off in the flying vehicle they went! It wasn't a fast trip, or going only to one certain destination. It was like a ring of seats with an open top, and a clear glass center at the bottom, so it could be look out of, and just about everything seen.

On this trip the children got to see so many beautiful sights. They were eagerly running from one side to the other, point out this fascinating sight after another. Or sometimes they would just lie on the bottom and look down through the window that covered nearly the whole base of this flying Heavenly vehicle.

There was so much to be seen! In Heaven, the plants, trees, flowers, bushes, and all types of garden related things were more beautiful than the best that was down on Earth. Seeing things from this aerial view gave the children a chance to notice what might not have been as easily noticed just from the ground level. Such as the huge flower garden.

This was one of the features that King Jesus had in mind when He worked out this little trip up in the Heavenly air for them.

"Oh look over there!" Anisa pointed out, as it was beginning to come into focus.

Everyone looked on while it began to come more into view. It was a huge display of floral beauty, showing all kinds of patterns and shapes. It was designed to be viewed by people flying high above, or taking the Heavenly mobile to see it. A lot of planning went into it, obviously.

"Can we go down?" some of the children were asking. They thought this was a good place to stop for a bit. From up there, besides all the colourful flowers, with pathways leading between them in all directions, there was also a large

fountain, big enough to swim in, and other attractive features in this extended garden of flowers—that would seem to go on and on, if one was down walking through it.

There was a green bit they spotted, meaning it was just a flat grassy area. So the vehicle was directed to land there. With the amazing eyes and clever minds that those in this Heavenly realm were empowered with, they now had in their mind a map of the area, from remembering the aerial view they had seen. So after landing, they could remember in what direction the lovely fountain was, and so forth. And if they needed a refresher, or wished to know what other places in this garden to explore, they could always just fly up a bit and see a bigger, further, view, and decide what paths to take.

Anisa knelt down at the nearest crop of flowers and inhaled their Heavenly scent.

And just as she was hoping, she saw tiny fairies begin to dance, fluttering all around the flowers she was looking at.

Spending a large part of the day here was going to be so special.

After some time of enjoy all the wonders of plant life in paradise, they at last came to the desired fountain. Into the large pool around it the children and their parents went. Laughing, splashing, and even walking on the water! There were floating flowers grown on the surface in some areas, which made it seem all the more attractive to these flower-admirers.

“I don’t remember ever seeing this vast park before,” said one of the parent who had come along, “and I’ve been here for a long time. You just never know what new surprises there are in this place!”

King Jesus then showed up, just as they were getting out of the water to gather under the cluster of fruit-bearing trees to have a Heaven-provided meal.

“Did you enjoy your trip, and are you enjoying this place?” he asked the families, directing the question especially to the children.

“Yes!” they nearly sang out, in their melodic enthusiasm.

“Good then! I’m glad I had it made. Just like you wanted to plant a garden of flowers, so did I, and this is what I had made.” Jesus said, then added. “It reminds me of another garden I made, one time, some time ago...”

The children sensed a story, and came over to sit around King Jesus, who indeed did have a story to tell.

“Tell us about your very first garden, please?” Anisa said, realising that is what He wanted to speak about.

“Well, it was a garden that had every type of lovely plant, and every type of tree bearing all kinds of fruit. It was well watered and everything grew wonderfully.”

While Jesus was telling the story, Alphonso’s mother Rebecca quickly pulled out her recording device that she always had with her. She wanted to record this story to share with the children she visited on Earth. She knew it would be a great one for them to know.

Jesus continued, “I liked that garden and all the lovely features in it. The plants that grew there were spectacular. This garden also contained all types of animals and creatures living about in it. The gardeners I choose to care for it were Adam and Eve. This couple had free rights to enjoy and play and eat there, and care of it. This was on Earth, mind you, where some care is needed to look after the growing plants. It’s a bit different here in My Heavenly Home, where you all get to live with Me.

So Adam and Eve were having a lovely time, until one day they did something that was wrong. If you are caring for my garden—and My World—then you have to obey the things I tell you to do, right? Because I know how things

work, and what works best. However, the day they listened to My evil enemy, the one trying to plant evil seeds of doubt into their minds, that is when things started to get bad.”

The children all knew the story of the Garden of Eden, the forbidden fruit tree, the serpent in the garden luring them to it, the fall of Man—that is the sin that entered life, and the bad way things got in the world as a result. The children and their parents know also how nice they were now getting in the world, now that King Jesus had taken things over. But still, they loved to hear it all again. Story time with Jesus was always very interesting, and they learned something new each time.

Jumping ahead to the results in the plant life that they knew followed the eating of the fruit God said not to, the one that opened their mind to know not just good but evil too, Anisa asked, “So now, in the Earth, are there any thorny plants and thistles?”

“Would you like those to be growing in your garden?” Jesus asked, knowing the answer.

The children shook their heads.

“Neither do I. So I’ve taken them all away from all the gardens on the earth. No more will seeds grow in hurtful ways—pokey, sharp, stinking, or with an poisonous substance. The time of punishment is over. The time of healing and new growth has come. And people on the Earth are learning that they like to live in Heavenly ways. They like the good and surprises and pleasant things that come to them, and their gardens and farms and with the growth of their foods. They see that listening instead to My voice and obeying My Word—the words of the one who made Earth garden and placed them as caretakers—makes things go so much better.”

When Jesus finished speaking, Anisa said, “I’m glad You made this pretty flower garden here for us all to enjoy. You must know about flowers very well!”

“Very well,” King Jesus said, “and to me, each of you are more lovely than all the prettiest and most interesting flowers and plants and the tallest trees.” Jesus lifted each child up give them hugs and wishing them a good rest of their excursion to His special flower garden.

“Bye!” the children waved, as they saw Him stool away down the pathway, to make a surprise greeting to visitors there. He loved dropping by and meeting personally each one around. There was sure to be plenty of smiles by those who saw Him visiting.

## Topic 8—Happy Children and Families

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Topic 8: Kids having to work to survive and parents stressed trying to earn money/ greed & money orphans, and street kids, trying to survive on their own —happy families, neighbourhood helping each other, grandparents living together with family;

- Story 1--The Sad Old World

After ten hours of working, nearly straight, the older children stumbled into their hut on the mountain. They were “rock breakers” and did just that. It was the only job that their family could get. Centuries past no one there had needed money, no one worked for it. People took care of their families in that region and grew their own food. But now with money as a part of society, it became a “need”. To get food they had to buy it, because land could only be bought if they wanted somewhere to grow it for themselves.

“You poor dears,” mother said, while welcoming them to the blanket on the floor, as she held the newest little one, their baby sister. Mother had worked alongside of them with the rocks, and would no doubt be there yet again, as soon as she was strong enough to do so, and found a way to do it with a little baby. Because the older children had worked hard, now they could buy a little food for dinner. It really was the only way—or was it?

Father didn't think so. He knew this was no way to live. But he wasn't there now. He'd travelled to the city, a two hour's walk away each day—and two hours back. There he tried to sell the rugs his brother had woven. Some days he made a sale, other days not, but it helped to cover the costs for basic clothing, diapers for the baby, and a few other needs, most of the time, and sometimes even shoes.

What they really needed was protective masks for the older children, as breathing in the dust from breaking the stones, wasn't good for them. A little rock dust isn't bad, but when you breathe in large amounts, day after day, all day, it starts to take a toll on the lungs and throat, not to speak of the danger of eyes and fingers getting hurt.

One day a visiting team, who was concerned about these families, came bringing just the thing needed! Protective gear for all the children! —As well as some food supplies for the poor families. They weren't in any way rich themselves, but they had inspired some city businesses to sponsor these gifts. They would have loved to change the whole situation and make it so that the children and mothers with little ones wouldn't have to work like this just to survive. They would love to see all the children running and playing in lovely fields and parks, getting all that they needed to feed their bodies and their minds and hearts as well.

The best this kind-hearted team could do was to at least make things a little bit better and safer. But one day, they always said, “One day King Jesus is going to reign, and things will be wonderful then!”

This gave these struggling-for-existence people hope.

“Here, these are for you,” the young lady said, when entering the hut. She gave the mother a package of diapers for her baby; a bag of rice; and a blanket. It wasn't much, but it was the love that meant the most. It was something they didn't have to risk their health to earn. It was something they would remember for a long while.

When the children came home that evening, mother saw they too had been given to. They had their new gloves, a mask for their mouth, and a mask for their eyes. And they carried a container of cooked food that they had been given. They ate some, and saved the rest to bring to their mother.

Things were getting better, because someone cared—about something more than money; someone cared about them. It was the first time this family felt that.

The mother cried and whispered, “Thank You...” She hardly knew who to thank, as the team that gave these gifts was gone now, but she knew that whoever inspired them to come, a power greater than those in charge of the world now that made it revolve around finances—was someone she wanted to thank. Somehow she knew the love they felt at that time was a part of the being Who was looking out for them. And that is who she wanted to thank.

When their father came home that night he was smiling. Something nice must have happened to him that day as well!

“Today when I went to sell the rugs, I knocked at the door of a new house I'd never gone too. I don't know why but the man who opened it said he wanted to help me get off to a new start. He not only bought three rugs from me—that he was going to give away to some needy families—but he said for me to come work on his property once a week. I will help do gardening, house repairs, care for his animals, and clean things up. He said he'd even teach me how to read! —And he'll pay me generously for my work when I come.

“I thought it was a rich man, but he said he earned no salary. He just prayed and God would send the right help and funds to him when he needed them. That is why he had come to that city—to help others. He doesn’t have time to work at a job, as he is so busy helping others. That’s why he can’t even work on his own property and needs help.”

Then the father looked at his two sun-worn and weathered tired children and said with smile, “And...” holding the suspense as the children looked on. “Well, he has also said that you both can come and visit with him while I work there at his house each week. His kind wife runs a little teaching program for the children who live on the street. The classes are held each day. And when I go there, you can join in too! It will be a long walk, but maybe if I save up the funds from working for him, we’ll be able to get some bicycles... one day. And then it will be quicker to travel!”

The children didn’t mind the idea of taking a long walk to be in kind-hearted place, with plants and animals, and a chance to learn new things together with other children.

And so it was that first once a week, then two, and then three days a week, the father and the children went to this man’s home. He fed them well when they came, and they always felt loved. It was odd, as they were strangers, yet cared for. With some of the funds earned during the day, the father would buy food and needed supplies for his wife and baby, and take them home to her when he and the children returned.

Soon this father began to get interested in also helping to do something about the children who lived on the street. For some reason or another they didn’t have homes, or didn’t want to be at home. Perhaps it was too dangerous to be there, without a caring family.

When the father had learned to read, he began to study passages in the Bible, and soon his whole family was learning the Heavenly way. He knew there was more to life than to just try to get money to survive so you could live another day to get money to survive. Instead, he realised, we on earth were to help each other to enjoy learning about God, and learning about so many interesting things God had made.

It was decided then, that twice a week, the father would teach Bible stories to the orphans who lived in a very run down place. Their conditions made this family’s life seem fun comparatively—even if they were very poor and had to work hard with rocks. At least they had each other, and some food to eat. The father didn’t have much, if anything really, to share. But neither did the kind man and his wife who were employing him and teaching his children. But somehow they got by. He had hope that so could he.

So, together with his family they knelt to pray and ask God’s help to help them to make a good difference for the orphans. Then instead of waiting for something big to happen, they took the first little step. When the father went to teach the orphans the Bible stories, he brought along a large bag. And as they walked down the street, passing the market and other shops, he’d ask if anyone could spare just a little something for the children. He said that he, himself had nothing, but believed that if everyone helped in a small way, that the children of their city could be cared for. He said that he wasn’t just helping their bodies, but teaching them in the best way to live. If they were trained right, then they would be able to make a difference in the future. —Because one way or the other those young people will change the way things were in the future—and if they were cared for and trained right, they could all look forward to a better and brighter future.

Many people listened to this father and agreed that his project was a worthy one. Others were too into the counting of their finances to give anything for free. But enough people helped with this and that, that by the time they showed up at the orphan house for a Bible stories class, the bag was full with goodies that were desperately needed!

Cheers were heard, and the supplies were shared all around. Everyone got a little something they needed. Then they settled down on mats on the floor while the father told the story of the rich fool—a man who was very rich, but didn’t want to share. He and his family acted it out and taught the children other Bible passages and stories as well.

The children learned that being loving and caring was more important, and pleased God much more than gaining riches to make one's life nice. --Because you never knew when your life would suddenly end, and nothing you gained would you be able to keep in the next life. However if you had been kind, God would reward you for it.

When the family walked home that evening, the long walk over the rugged ground to their hut part-way up the mountain, they were glad for a joyous day. Not only had their own needs be supplied, but their heart was full from giving to others the best things—truth, and hope, and love.

The next two days the father and the children worked together on the rock breaking, and their hearts felt light. So much more got done when father was there. They were planning what they'd do when they visited the children again. They had so many ideas. They felt sure it was going to be fun. And maybe in time, they would be so busy helping others, and God would provide all that they needed to do, that this rock breaking would be a think of the past. Instead, they would help people build their lives on the Rock, Christ Jesus.

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

“Henry!” cried out Melisha, as she ran through the long and tall grass. It was easy to hide in it for these long and fun games of hide and seek. That's why at last Melisha had given up and called for her brother to come out of hiding.

With a spring he bounded out from behind a tree not too far away.

“Oh! I thought I looked there!” she said with a laugh.

“You did!” said Henry. It's just that as Melisha walked around the tree to see if he was there, he slowly and carefully walked around the opposite way, so, happy for him, he was not noticed. The trees now grew very big and sturdy. No longer did they blow down and die due to fierce storms or lack of water, pests and such. They came in handy for children games many a time.

Henry and Melisha spun around and around, holding each other's hands, until they flopped down on the soft and long grass. They never could have done that in the old world, with so many poisonous snakes running wild in these parts, they never could fully enjoy things. There was always one danger or another.

But that wasn't the only thing that took away the joyful childhood. Just as eating the forbidden fruit in the garden, for the sake of gaining greater knowledge bring so much sorrow on all humanity; so was one of the sources of great sorrow for countless children down through the ages, the enforcement of enduring unkind and unnatural ways of learning and gaining often useless knowledge. Children were no longer allowed to spend their days in joyful play out in nature, but were compelled to be isolated from the world they were meant to be learning about, to sit within sturdy walls with little natural light or fresh air to “learn about the world”. It was a bit of an irony. But that was all in the past now.

In today's world, where King Jesus, the one Who knew everything there ever was to know, set the standard. Children that used their time in happy, loving, and truly educational pursuits, and who loved to listen and learn about God's ways from their parents, and cheerfully helped when there was a need, had lots of time to freely explore the world around them. They could learn from nature itself. They could learn from their family while helping around the home and property. They could learn from the good books that were now made available, while they sat at the fireside at the end of the day. They could listen to their wise grand- and great-grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunties.

For the eager to learn and help out children, life contained so much more reality and joy than it did for so many children in the old world.

And children who were organised into the learning facilities of the old world, were considered the fortunate ones! They had it better than many others who lived on the streets, or clustered up in orphanages. Or children who were forced to work long and debilitating hours, so they could get by. Many were poorly treated, harmed, and grew up never knowing what love was. It was one of the terrible conditions of the old world, and one that the King was glad to bring to a stop as soon as people realised that things could only get better once He was in charge of everything.

After running and playing, then eating a packed snack, napping under the tree, and reading a special Bible book, watching the playful wild creatures and birds moving about doing what they were created to do, Henry and Melisha made their way back to the homestead.

They didn't just want to show up when all work was done. Too much play made life lose some of its joy also. They came back in time to help feed the goats, put fresh water in all the animals troughs, collect any eggs, and clean themselves up. Once their clothes and hands were clean, and their hair brushed, they went to help mother in the kitchen. They washed dishes and dried them, they helped prepare the food and set the table.

When there was still time to wait, they had the pleasant job of reading to their great-great-grandfather who like to sit in the rocking chair. He had been alive in the old world, and he still had plenty he was recovering from—all the bad memories of life back then. He was one that had to work very hard ever since he was a young boy, for people that had taken advantage of him. Thankfully, he eventually got away from that life and went to live in the mountains with a lovely lady who agreed to marry him. She knew he was a hard working man and would provide for him. And she was glad to live out in nature, away from the filth and smog of the city. It was hard life there, but they got by, thanks to people who cared. Better, that is until the one world government took over and banished from the country all those who it seemed where trying to make things better.

There had been so many questions, and so much they both wanted to learn from those that seemed to be living their life for nothing more than to make their part of the world a bit brighter. But now they were gone—because if they didn't go, in to jail or worse they were going to go.

This couple didn't even get a chance to find out what it was that made those nice people appear to be happier than others; what motivated them to want to change the situation for others. The people were told lies about them, and those trying to take control were making great promises of how much better things would be. However, time showed that the government that was being pushed on the whole world, was anything but nice. It only allowed certain kinds of citizens the right to exist—those supremely loyal to the power hungry rulers, those who propped up their plans and fell into step according to their wishes.

When all the terrible things were over at last, and the world—socially and geographically—were in serious need of repair, this struggling couple wondered what would come next. They hadn't dared to attempt to have children, for things just weren't right in the world. It seemed it having children was very frowned on and restricted by those who wanted absolute control of the bodies, minds, and loyalties of the world and all its people.

When hands changed at last, and the best ruler of all came wonderfully in to the scene, King Jesus, the Lord of lords, things began to improve. It wasn't instantaneously, from one moment to another, but that was part of the wonder of it. Those on Earth could see the good changes in the natural world, in the people, in health, in government, and in every aspect of Earth living, one part at a time. —Like slowly unwrapping a gift, people on Earth began to discover the new and pleasant way the world was to be under the rule of King Jesus.

It was when the world was changing for the better, when angels and God, and God's messengers were in control, that great-great-grandfather were at last free to start a family of their own, and a flourishing one it was. It was a joy for him to hear Henry and Melisha reading to him and talking with him. He was a last learning about all those things he wanted to, back when those nice people were living hear him in the old world.



Sometimes his mind would wonder, while he thought, “I wonder where they are now... I wish I could get to speak with them. It’s probable they are around today, somewhere...”

Picking up on his thoughts, some angelic helpers passed on the message. And one day a great surprise was waiting for dear and loved great-great-grandfather and his wife.

About a month later, Henry and Melisha came running to the house, very excitedly, and following them was a few new faces—well, nearly new. They had some sort of familiarity to them.

“Could it be? No, how could it be? These people look so much like the nice people that were ousted from our town... but they look as young as ever. Maybe they are their children...” great-great-grandfather was reasoning, as the visitors half floated, nearly gliding over the pathway towards where he was sitting.

Manners compelled him to rise and remove his hat, to give a humble curtiuous bow.

“Do you remember us? I can tell you do. We wanted to say hello and see how you are doing. Oh, and because we now live in the Heavenly City of King Jesus, we never age—just in case you were wondering,” the couple commented, taking turns speaking.

This helped to answer great-great-grandfather’s questions, but he felt rather speechless at this moment. Henry and Melisha helped out and rolled over some logs for the visitors to sit on and chat with great-great-grandfather. The children knew if they were quiet and sat still and listened well, there were some good new stories they would be hearing soon, of all kinds of things they didn’t know yet. They loved learning this way. Visitors from the Heavenly realm had the most interesting things to say. Because, besides knowing so much about Earth’s history and needs, and about all that was going on around in the world at that time, they also left clues and hinted at things and events that were yet to come—and sometimes didn’t just hint, but said these tidbits of information plainly.

The more Henry and Melisha listened, the more they were glad they hadn’t grown up in the old world. It seemed to be a highly non-child friendly environment. But the more they listened they also learned how great it was that King Jesus had come to take over the world. They appreciated all the more the love that the King of all wanted all children, and parents, and people everywhere to know.

Before the end of their talk, great-great-grandfather had tears in his eyes and was holding the hands of these visiting friends. Together they prayed and talked to the King in that special way that Henry and Melisha were still trying to figure out. —A King that was so magical that He could hear not only what everyone said, but what they thought, and all at the same time—past, present and future. They knew they still had a lot to learn, and were eager to do so.

When the time of communicating with the invisible King was done, a Heavenly light began to radiate from the visitors and from great-great-grandfather as well. He was glowing and more joyful than he ever had been before. He got up and hugged his friends, and even danced around holding on to his grand children’s hands. It was a joyous moment, and a wonderful new life.

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Down by the river Kanchi and his grandson Kento were filling up their buckets. They had a neat way of transporting the water they needed for the plants around their house, and their floral garden. Two buckets were attached to each side of a sturdy bamboo pole. This was carried on one’s shoulders. A blanket of sorts was used as padding around the center of the pole, for greater comfort when carrying the water. The grandfather had been doing this job for many years, and he was well used to it. His young grandson, eager to help, had his own little mini

pair of buckets and a small pole. This way he could learn to do the simple task and slowly get up his strength. The buckets were made of woven grasses, like baskets, and inside of them was a clay pot that held the water. They could be made any size one wanted them to be.

“Okay, read?” grandfather Kanchi said while they both took up their loads and made the way up the gentle hill to their home.

“Carefully now, go slowly,” grandfather instructed, so they wouldn’t spill any of their watery load. Grandfather Kanchi had set down his load first so he could help Kento with his, and none would be wasted.

“Samira! You always show up at the right time!” grandfather Kanchi said, as his granddaughter came smiling out of the house. It was her job to help water the plants that her brother helped to bring the water for. She loved flowers and plants of all sorts, and loved this time of day to tend to the garden around the house.

“Time for your ox riding lesson,” grandfather said to Kento. He was learning to ride, and to steer, and to use oxen to help plough a field, or pull a cart. It was a fun day of learning, and grandfather was always full of enough energy to keep up with his grandchildren.

A few hours later the children’s parents came home. They had been gone for a few days. A seminar was being held for parents who lived in family communities far away from others, and needed to teach and train their own children. Each time the parents attended, they learned new things—they were given learning and supplies, enough to have what was needed to teach a class each day to their children.

“Mother! Father!” the children happily called out, as they ran to greet their parents. Eager eyes were looking around, trying to see what the next goodies were that they brought home to borrow for their classes. All the different rural dwelling families took turns with the books and hands-on aids, and teacher’s manuals, and traded them around each time the monthly seminar came around. They usually at this time brought food from their farms to share with the others. It gave fun variety and a sense of community and friendliness, even though each of them lived rather far removed from the others.

That night after the early evening meal, the children were eager for their nightly class, and sat real still and quiet.

Father pulled out from his bag a letter to read to them first of all.

“A message! Yea! A message!” the children squealed. They knew what that meant.

“Dear wonderful families of the rural land, with joy I bring you this exciting news!”

This was clearly a message from the head messenger from the City of God that was in charge of the oversight and well-being of the children in this area. They could—and did—show up anytime they wanted. They could suddenly appear at anyone’s house, to help and to check on things. The children always liked when they did show up. They loved surprise visits, because it meant something was going to happen or to change, or new stories could be heard. But they had been busy getting these new monthly seminars going for a few months, and hadn’t made house calls in a while. This message their father was reading was like a little mini visit by the messengers from Heaven.

The letter continued,

“It has been decided—and all parents have agreed and happily so—that there is to be a children’s seminar and play camp held, every two months! It will take turns being held at each of the participant’s homes and farms. That way you can meet new friends and get to see where they live. You can help fix any things up that they need help with—while being trained how to do so. You can taste the foods their family serves, and help to make the meals. You’ll have special music entertainment—angels right from Heaven that will come and sing and play song for you. You will get to sleep under the stars on mats around a campfire, and hear amazing stories while you fall asleep. You’ll

get to have classes and talks from special teachers, those who learned much while they used to live on Earth, and have much to share with you all.

I hope you will enjoy these special events, and that they will be a great help in your training to have a wonderful future up again. Things only get better and better when King Jesus is in charge.”

Kento and Samira leaped up and cheered, and danced around. This was going to be so much fun.

But just when they thought their joy couldn't get any higher, suddenly in the room appeared a heavenly visitor.

“I just thought I'd drop by to see how you feel about the news and the new planned activities for families.”

The children ran over and hugged the Heavenly visitor.

“But how do you do that?” Kento asked, thinking how handy it would be to have the ability to be at the river one moment with the buckets and to Ping! Suddenly be up at the house, without having to walk up the tiring hill.

“Yes! We want to go to wherever you live, and be there suddenly too. We'd like to surprise you!” said Samira.

“Aha! Well, it's a bit of a secret.”

The children's eyes widened. They loved secrets.

“It's a special gift that King Jesus gave me, and all those like me who were once part of the old world...”

“Oh, is it only for those from the old world? I heard it was bad...” Kento said.

“Well, it's more than that. It's for those of us who loved Jesus and wanted Him as our King, even when most of the rest of the World didn't want to think about Him. But we did, and we told others about Him. Then one day, one very dark and cold day, Jesus came back to Earth to get all of us who wanted Him as our ruler and King. And suddenly something happened to our bodies. Ping! They weren't the same any more. They were and are new Heavenly bodies that can do amazing things.”

“Oh,” the children were understanding a bit more.

“That's because Jesus needed lots of helpers who could help Him making things nice for you!” the Heavenly visitor said.

“If we had to walk everywhere, we couldn't help teach and visit and instruct as many people as we now can, because we can get places very fast now! Isn't that good? Aren't you glad that we can come in a blink?”

The children didn't know the secret of what and how their bodies changed, but they were glad for all the surprise visits and story time with these special people who always showed lots of love and care.

“When is the first children's Seminar and play camp?” Samira asked, with Kento just as eager to know.

“The first one is going to be right here! How about that! And it will be in three weeks from now. Would you like that? You'll get all sorts of new visitors and friends. So that gives you three weeks to get things ready. You'll need to help your parents, and grandparents, uncles and aunties to get things ready. But don't worry, a team of helper will also show up at the last week, and stay for the duration of the camp. There will be lots of help. And I'm sure you'll enjoy it all plenty.”

The children were bubbling over with smiles. They had a great time to look forward to. And in only two weeks a team from Heaven were going to come and be with them each day. The Heavenly visitors wouldn't need to eat or drink or sleep—unless they wanted to. These were fascinating people, who could do so much in short amount of time. It would be good to have their help. This way, each of the rural families in the region would get help from

Heavenly beings on their farms and with their children for two weeks at least, during this next year that the program was being held.

They always had good ideas of better and easier and more pleasant ways of doing things and having things set up. And best of all, if something was needed, their link with the King of all helped greatly. Things moved, things were done, progress happened, and wonderful things occurred, when Heaven's teams got involved.

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After the first camp finished, and everyone had left and gone home, all that is except the Heavenly overseer of the region who was listening to Kento and Samir. They were talking by the campfire, telling the things they most enjoyed.

"I liked that you took us up a bit in the air, so we could see what it was like to be flying!" Samira said.

"And I liked the horse riding day, exploring the wooded area around here. I always wondered what was there," Kento added.

"I also liked the skits that the visiting team from Heaven did, showing us how to behave in Heaven's ways of love and kindness. They made us laugh so much," Samira recalled.

"I liked the food too, we got to eat so much. Thank you for bringing all the special treats that you did to make sure each child had a fun time," Kento said, happily recalling the meals.

One meal only was cooked and served by their family, for the fun experience of it. But the rest of the meals and food was taken care of by the Heavenly helping team. That way Kento and Samira's family could participate in as many of the discussions and activities as possible, without too much extra work to do.

The Heavenly overseer said, before leaving, "And just think—in about seven weeks you'll get all the fun, all over again, and this time in a new place, and get to see where a few of your new friends live. Every place is different, and has different opportunities for learning and doing new things!"

With that happy thought, the two said good-bye, put out the fire and went inside to bed. There was lot of fun to dream about.

## Topic 9—Community and Caring

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Topic 9: Prisons and crime (Devil bound instead)/ corrupting money/ high taxes and living cost/ unhealthy ways of work to make money, not caring for people—busy taking care of each other, no need for money, willing to work and relax and enjoy each day; everyone loved

- Story 1--The Sad Old World

Sanchez sat in his crowded prison sell, far removed from home and loved ones. It all started when he was young and a friend taught him how to steal petty items from a shop. Since he didn't get caught—at least not all the time—this soon became a sad part of his life. He thought it was the solution to the money driven world.

“If we don’t need money to get the things we need, then we’ll never have troubles,” he thought. Although part of the idea was good—that a money driven world does cause troubles and stress, at the same time his way of being “free” would lead him to bondage.

He could never feel totally at peace. The fear that started in his heart was there right from the start, at the time he stole his first item. Sanchez could hardly remember a time when he felt truly peaceful. Sometimes he had looked at other poor people in his city, those who were honest at least, and didn’t try to steal from others, and he wished he could have the peace they had. His choices had made things worse for him. The fear and constant nagging feeling that he was going to one day be found out, was making things miserable.

Well, at last the day came when he was found out, and oh did he wish he could go back in time and re live his life. He wished he could do it all over again, and this time make the right choices to help instead of hurt. To give, not just try to get.

Now he had all the time in the world to re-think things. There wasn’t much else to do but to think, and hope to survive this ordeal. Not everyone in the prison with him was as kind and calm as he was. They couldn’t manage the situation and would lash out in anger and hurt the others.

“What we need is training!” Sanchez realised one day. “It’s not enough to pull a guy off the street. He’s no better for it, when it’s the heart and mind that need re-wiring.”

Sanchez began to make request and request for someone to come to their prison to teach them better ways of living; someone who could give them hope of a better existence. Most of them hadn’t learned much else but the way of living that got them into here in the first place.

Finally, when good change in the prison situation was taking far to long to happen, while waiting for “free” people to try to find time in their schedule to help those who were bound, Sanchez thought it was time to pray, to a God He hoped was around and would take notice of him.

“Lord God, I’ve gotten myself into a mess. Now even if I want to live a good life, I can’t do it. I’m stuck here, and I’m stuck without knowing how to survive the world without just trying to take from those who have too much. Help us out of this situation. If you help me and send someone to teach me how, then I promise I will do the best I can to make an improvement on as much of the world out there as I can—if or when I get out of here.”

The next day a new prisoner was sent to their cell. This man had been lied about and convicted of all kinds of false charges. At first the men were worried about having such a criminal in their midst, but as soon as they met him, he seemed very different from what was being said about him. Indeed there was something very different about him. He was calm, polite, and radiated a cheery light when he smiled.

“What was done falsely to me that landed me in this place, doesn’t matter right now,” he said. “What matters is that God has sent me here to be with you all. And for as long as I am stationed here, I will be a teacher to whoever wants to learn something new.”

At first the men jeered and made comments and jokes about the types of things he could be teaching them—and that those classes would make them greater criminals than ever. But when the commotion settled down, Sanchez spoke up.

“I prayed to God yesterday, for a teacher to be sent. There is so much I want to learn, so that I can build a new life once I get out. If you happen to know the right things that will help me, then I’m willing to listen.”

And so, right then, Sanchez started his first class, and soon just about everyone else in that crammed cell became interested too. It gave them something new to think about. He started telling them amazing true stories that had happened to him and his friends, while they lived and worked for God, helping others. He told them about the way

to Salvation, how to be truly forgiven by God, and to know peace at a last. He offered to pray with anyone that wanted to find forgiveness and be accepted in God's family as his son. The men bowed their heads and accepted Christ in to their life. The former missionary taught them verses from the Bible that he had memorised, and soon many of them would quote them daily, committing them to memory. He could pray with them and for them, and soon many of their illnesses and pains began to heal. A miracle was happening right in that cell.

He told of the tremendous ways God would provide for him and his friends, without having to reach low ways to get the money—not just the low ways of poor thieves, but the low ways that the rich also were using to get from others to increase in riches themselves. With God as his boss, they never lacked, at least not for long. And with their focus on feeding the hungry, both physically and spiritually, their hearts were joyful.

Everyday he took time to read and study the Bible, and it showed him the way to lead the best kind of life, that pleased God, and made him happy too. That is until it was taken away, along with everything else, and he was locked in this prison on false charges. It seems that his work with the poor was causing some people to lose business, as they were targeting those folks for selling their illegal and highly addictive substances to.

But knowing that the Lord can work things out for good, he trusted that there was a reason for being here. When Sanchez said that he had prayed, the man knew why he was here.

It was only three months that they all had together, as after that, the case was exposed as being an fraudulent attempt to clamp down on this good-doer, and the man was released. And wonderfully, soon afterwards, so was Sanchez. He met up with the city missionary soon afterwards, not wishing to partake of his old life in any way. And before too long was kept very busy helping, teaching, and bettering the lives of others. He was able to get a job at a the very store he had often helped himself to, wrongfully. He decided that he would give a portion of his wages to buy things from that store, and give them to the missionary to use in his work—the work that Sanchez was working on too.

He helped to secure good deals for supplies to stock the shop, and posted ad's around town to attract new customers. He did this when he heard the shop, that helped to hire destitute people to work there, was at the point of being shut down. It was nearly going out of business trying to keep up with the high prices of supplies, and the recently raised taxes. But because he helped to do his part, people were able to be provided for, and the shop could keep going.

In time Sanchez became the manager, and made sure that the only people he hired to help me were those that were the most in need. He knew how to spot the youth that were attempting to take supplies. And rather than being harsh on them, he gave after-hours classes, teaching all the things he had learned, on how to live a decently life with God as the main supplier, and helping others as the main goal.

He became known as "Sanchez the Saint" by some. He laughed at such a humorous title, and knew it was God's mercy and grace, and the faithful teaching of a fellow man, that helped give him a new start to his life.

After about 10 years had passed, the faithful elderly missionary said it was time for him to move on, there were others that needed him. And although it was hard to go, he knew that Sanchez would do a great job helping to keep things going. And he was right. For because he had been training a whole team of youth in the area, he now had a team ready and able to take over the work of the old missionary.

Things only got better from then on—because more people were helping and letting God be their boss and primary provider.

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

Tears ran down the cheeks of the middle aged man, who sat precariously on the cliff overlooking the valley below. This was his place for thinking, and trying to process mentally the memories he had from the old world. Times had been tough. As he saw it, humanity had been chained to dance around the need for money in some way. This alone caused so much heartache. His great-uncle had been forced to work mercilessly in the mines when he was young. At least that is what he was told. He never did get to meet him as he met with a very early end to his life. The streets were roamed by criminals where his father grew up, no where was safe, everyone wanting to get, to take, to have, mostly in the hopes of having something to satisfy their empty hearts and troubled spirits. What used to be a nice city turned to a wreck. His father's troubles cause him an untimely end too, as he turned to drink to cover up the pain and fear he dealt with each day.

This man had to grow up on his own, living mostly on the streets, as his mother collapsed mentally due to the stress of life and trying to make a living. How he got this far, he didn't know. He knew there should have been a better way, a new way. If only the world had been taught it. At least things were different now in the world, if not completely better yet. Healing of hearts too time, and changing in habits—and a new and fresh generation of children took time to be raise and grow and then start making things much better in the world.

There was hope at least, with King Jesus in charge. There were so many questions he had.

"It's a lovely view from up here," a warm sounding voice was heard.

Edward turned his head to see a man making his way over. Soon this Heaven-sent visitor was seated beside Edward, and was ready to listen.

For a long while Edward was able to speak and unburden all that was on his heart. It had been kept in for so long, as there didn't seem to be anyone with answers, so why ask? But it was different with this new friend. As Edward talked, he cried and just let it all go—let go of his sorrow, pain of heart, and confusion.

The answers and explanations and insight that this visitor had, helped completely change the way Edward was feeling. He walked away from that encounter having a new perspective. There was a reason behind each thing that had happened, and most importantly there was a great plan for the future.

Before leaving, the man handed Edward a little book. It was a collection of passages from the Bible all about having the right priorities, what really mattered in life. If he studied it and really understood what it was saying, then this would start a process in his own mind that would help bring about good change and positive behaviour in his own life, and in those he taught these principles to.

Edward had hope, and his heart felt so much lighter.

He didn't see just where the man went. It almost seemed as if he vanished. Edward wasn't yet acquainted with the abilities of the Heaven-sent messengers, but in time he would be. There was much to learn, and much to move on past.

When Edward got home he pulled out this booklet and began to make the first of many readings. The more he read, the more he knew he would like the new ruler and His ways. Something about it made his heart warm and excited at the same time. It was like getting the answers to what He wished he and many others could have learned years ago.

It wasn't that it was hidden away, for where he was living he had access to Bibles. But it had been lost in the rubble of all the other things he and others felt were more important. But now, with all the rubble taken away, there was lots of room in life to focus on the right things, God's new way of living.

Edward's mood had picked up and now it was easy to see things from a new perspective, and to see all the good in his situation.

The people around in the area were decent and caring people. He could see them getting along and working to build a new life on the broken remains of the old world. His health was better than he thought it would be at his age. He no longer had to work at a pointless or worse, harmful, job to get money to pay taxes and pay for all the things he needed to be able to keep working and living to earn money to pay for all the things... and on went the loop. He was free. The land was free to live on. King Jesus only wanted happy, peaceful citizens that read and respected His Word, and cared about each other. They didn't need to pay large parts of their income. There was no income, but all would need to work on this or that to help one another get by. There weren't thieves, as what would they steal? Food was available, in the wild, much of the time. Money wasn't used or had no value—perhaps only as a museum piece. People now valued the important things—building a better world where love was the rule and faith in God the strength of life.

The more Edward thought about it, the more he was liking the freedom that was known. They were free to learn the truth at last. There was hope that because of this, the new world would be many times better than the old one that was built on so many false ideas and greed, and lies.

Truth was all Edward hungered for, and just what King Jesus was very intent on providing to each one living now on Earth, and to the many that would yet grow up in this new environment.

After a week of reading and rereading that booklet, Edward could at last smile, really smile for the first time in so very long. Next he began singing, just while he worked around the town, trying to make a few places for people to work on their skills and hobbies. The singing was coming from his heart. God's Word and love had worked loose so many of the troubles in his heart. He felt like a new man.

Soon afterwards a team of Heavenly messengers came to his town to help out. They had great ideas and plenty of Heavenly backing to get all that was needed to set things up. If there was at least one person in a town that loved God, wanted King Jesus to rule, and was reading God's Words, then that is where these special teams of helpers were sent. Those were the places that received Heaven's support. And things just got better and better from there on.

If a place chose to go against the loving way the King wanted to make things in the world now, then they received little to no assistance, but were given time to reconsider, to listen to those visiting who could tell them why it was important to live in the new ways of Heaven. If they chose God's ways, they could have lovely homes to live in, crops would grow well with all the needed rain, and extra special things would happen for them—like special parties with angels attending.

It was a time of learning for all, while the new world was getting set up, and each one learning that the first step to a joyful life, was to listen the first time to what God said to do, do it wisely, and refuse to believe any fables that just weren't so.

Edward found new and fulfilment in the tasks he seemed especially suited to do—helping to get others busy doing good for each other, and teaching classes of skills and needed trades. He finally felt like he was really living.

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world



“The time at last has come,” King Jesus said, holding a ring of keys in His hands. “Time’s up, and into the locker he goes!”

A key was given to a strong angel, a loyal one, who was very devote to the King Jesus. His mission was to lay hold on the troublemaker and lock him up in God’s jail for one thousand years. There would be no getting out of it. When King Jesus opens a door, no one can shut it. When He shuts one, nobody can open it. And that is just what was needed now. The world had enough messing up. Nature had enough troubles. The Believers who love Jesus had more than enough of harm done to them by this troublemaker in the realm of the Spirit.

When God says, “It’s enough!” that is the final say, and it is finished.

The world would at last be free from the disrupter and destroyer who did nothing but try to break down the works of the Creator, and see to it that all got as much punishment as possible. He wasn’t interested in people doing the right thing, just as long as plenty of punishments and trouble were handed out, that was fine with him.

Now people were at last going to learn about the true and full love of God, their Creator. Nothing was going to stop the spread of the Good News, God’s message of love and Salvation to all in the world.

With the evil one in God’s prison, so much wrong vanished. So much good began to spring forth.

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A team of people met to discuss how they were going to start rebuilding their lives and community. So much destruction had happened, and so much needed to be healed. This team of survivors, a long with a few messengers from the Kingdom of God, were wanting to get things off on the right foot. There was no government in place—but the one authority of King Jesus, and His ruling ambassadors. Eventually some responsible, kind hearted people on Earth could be trusted to help in a serving capacity, to bring some order to the land.

For now these elderly ones were discussing, “What one or two elements of the old world do you think caused the most damage and break down of morals and brought the most harm?”

After thinking things through, all that had gone on in the last 30 or so years of their life, they all, in one wording or another, said: “Greed, money, wanting what others have—and not caring if others have less.”

They all nodded with each other’s conclusions.

Thus was the decision reached that as they started to set up some what of a town, all elements and anything that resembled money, taking, having, more, less, who is better, and all that, were to be a thing of the past.

Then someone asked God’s Heavenly representative there,

“How do things work where you come from? Clearly it’s vastly different than the mess we all got into down here.”

Anchorage the Angel replied,

“The one thing that was replaced with the counterfeit and fake reality—is the most important element of life in God’s City: His Word. It is revered like nothing else. Nothing stands in the way of God’s Word being listened to, remembered, and lived out. These are the conditions that all citizens must abide by—and do so happily. For God’s Word is what brings life and beauty. It is what created the original world you live in now; and it’s what will bring it back to peace and beauty again. If everyone honoured it as the most important, fascinating, trustable, element of life, things would nearly instantly get back into their rightful place again, back into harmony. The time of trouble is past and God’s word has ordained these thousand years of refreshing. Those who believe God’s Word, and act on what He says to do, will have the most speedy change in the right direction.

It may not be quite like our Heavenly abode—at least not for now, but it'll be a vastly different place than the old world it used to be, and far better than what it now is."

These words were wise and sound, and well pondered.

Finally one man said, "So what is the first step?"

"Tomorrow," Anchorage the Angel said, "I'll send teachers to come and begin the instruction, starting at the beginning and working through, day by day, the most important things to know that God's Word has said for humans on Earth to realize. If close attention is paid, I assure you, your community here will be thriving and flourishing faster than you thought. Life and real living, all have to do with the treatment and the respect you give to the Word of God."

"Tomorrow it is. We'll be here!" said the hungry for truth and beauty, healing and peace new students.

"Never too old to learn a new thing! I feel our life is just starting. I'm excited to find out what we'll learn about tomorrow! See you at the first day at school," said one elderly to the others.

With a new spring in their step they went off, eagerly anticipating the first day of their new life getting better. For the first time in a very long time they began to have those happy feelings, and together with the good feelings was a seed of trust and faith that King Jesus' rule was going to be a good one.

## Topic 10—Happy and Healthy Living

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Topic 10: Deadly illnesses and diseases, and pain/Technology that causes ill health and harm/Handicaps—leaves from the tree of life; back to old fashioned ways, healthy ways of living, more time outdoors enjoying nature

- Story 1--The Sad Old World

"Beep... beep... beep" the sound in the hospital room was giving clues as to how the patient was doing.

A car accident had left the child in terrible condition.

However, she wasn't the only one suffering in this facility. No, not at all.

A new disease had been spreading quickly through the country, all around. Just who it would get next, no one knew. The hospital staff were all working over time as case after case of people in a serious state of ill health and only half conscious were rushed in. There was little they could do, for they knew little about it. The best the staff could do was to hydrate the patient, and check if all vital signs were going; if not, they would inform their family members that there was little time left for them to live.

Since there were so many suffering patients there was lots of experimenting done, to see what worked and what helped the situation and what didn't. One didn't always know if the many dying patients were passing away due to the illness or the cures and medicines tried on them. But everyone was demanding something to help, so the doctors tried what little they could.

There was one patient, however, that seemed little affected by all this turmoil.

The child recovering from the motor accident lay serenely in her hospital cot. She seemed to have her mind elsewhere, and hadn't shown any disturbing signs of the disease that so many others suffered. What was she thinking about?

No one had time to find out—that is until her grandmother was able to visit. She held her granddaughters' hand, and spoke words of comfort to her. Then she just listened as her granddaughter shared an amazing dream that she had—it must have happened right at the time of the accident. Maybe it wasn't a dream. Maybe it was a real event—as the girl seemed to think it was.

"I was there, standing beside the car. I could see me in the car, and daddy too. Just then an angel came to me and said, 'You are going to be alright; but it will take some time to be healed. Can you be patient? If you are, then everything will work out for the better.' Then I went over and gave daddy a big hug, only he didn't know it. He was crying. He thought that I was gone. But I wasn't. I was right there standing by him. Then I saw some people pick me up and place me on a moving bed and take me away. Daddy too was taken to check that he was alright. I climbed up into the ambulance and Bing! I was back awake, lying there, in my body again. I started to feel pain and started to cry because I wasn't with my daddy. But then I saw that kind angel again. She was sitting beside me, singing a song to me. It was a song I don't think I've ever heard. But I liked it. When I closed my eyes to rest, and then opened them again later, the angel was gone. But I think if I need her again, she'll be here with me. So I'm not too sad or lonely."

Grandmother listened to this story and shed a few tears of emotion. She was glad that God had sent help and comfort to her granddaughter in a time when no other family members could be there with her. She was part of a bigger family, and was being cared for.

"I think Jesus heard your prayers, Grandma," the girl said.

Grandma looked with a questioning look, unsure of just what she was talking about.

"Remember last night, when you received the call on the phone, that your brother had taken ill with this disease? Then you prayed for all of us to stay alive, and the disease to die. And I'm alive still, like you prayed. Even though it wasn't because of the sickness, still Jesus knew just what I would need to be kept safe from," the girl remembered.

Grandma could tell that not only was this girl alive, but had all her memory and brain functioning just fine. The rest of her would heal in time, she was sure, and would be safe from all the other disease around them. Angels were looking after her, after all.

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

Shivering from cold, after swimming for far too long in the cool river, Susha sat to warm up. A team of teenagers were on a camping trip to what used to once be a glacial area way up North. Though cold, or even 'icy' as some of the young people described the crystal clear waters they just swam in, the fact that it was water—not ice—showed the dramatic change the world was going through. More parts of the world were liveable, due to the warmer weather. It wasn't that the melted frozen zones caused land to be flooded. There was even more land available than ever. It was the time for change, good change to come. King Jesus, who worked with the first model of the Earth, now had made necessary changes to make things more pleasant and spacious.

Susha was a robust young lady, and could stand temperature changes, or long days of hiking without needing to take in a whole lot of food and water. She nearly never was sick. The changes to the world and getting things back to their good former state so long ago, was giving everyone long and pain free lives. Even her bones were different and more supple, less apt to fracture or break, than people her age in the old world.

She'd heard that people used to be given all kinds of concoctions to try to sustain life and keep them going, but often those attempted "remedies" caused just as much, if not more trouble than what they were trying to solve. Things were so simple now—just get out in the fresh air and sunshine each day; eat food the fresh way it was meant to be eaten; get good sleep at night—and don't worry, fret, or hold on to angry feelings.

Even if people had done this in the old world, still their lives rarely ever exceeded 80 or 90 years, at best. Most started to feel pretty old at half that amount. There were a few gravesites around—the ones where people who had not know about Jesus had been laid, and the stones told their ages. Susha had done the math and found out the general age of people who had lived then. It was curious to her though, the graves that had been disrupted. She was told those were the people who had accepted Christ as their Saviour, and when He came to claim charge of the world again, He released them from their graves, they rose alive and well with the best body they ever had.

"I hear that those people who are alive again, never get cold, or ever sick, they can lift the heaviest loads, and never feel pain," Susha said while still trying to warm up by the fire with her friends. "Imagine how lovely that would be..."

"Yes, but at least we live so much longer and better than they did on Earth. Maybe we just needed more time to learn things, so we were granted longer lives now," her friend, Tirza suggested.

"Maybe... Oh, and what was it that happened to you last month. You'd had that bad fall, or something? And then some visitors from the Celestial realm came to you... Next thing I knew I heard you were well. What was that all about?" Susha asked Tirza.

"Oh, yes, that was special. I think in the old world people used to try to get treatment with all kinds of things. Wild ideas they had. I guess pain and illness had reached an all-time high by the end of the old world. But now we just ask the King to send the help needed, and He always does, right away. So I was in pain. I'd fallen off a bit of a cliff. I should have been more careful. Then as I'm sitting there, and people are yelling down, "Are you alright?!" I asked the King, Jesus, to send help. He's the only one who could do anything about it. I was beyond the reach of people, and I was too badly hurt to help myself.

The two messengers from the Heavenly realm came and picked me up and carried me in this kind of sheet. They set me down under a tree and gave me something refreshing to drink. It seems to soothe me and made me feel all tingly, like something really good was going through my body. Then one of them opened up their bag and pulled out a shining, special leaf.

What could a leaf do, I wondered. I realised, "What can't it do! It's amazing!" when I was through.

"The drink kind of relaxed me and made me feel like sleeping. The messengers helped me to lie down flat, while they took care of my ailments. With one leaf and then another, they merely touched parts of my body. I guess they knew, through some kind of x-ray vision, just what was wrong and needed fixing. Each time they touched a part of my body with the leaf it felt like energy buzzed right there, something started moving in me, and the place became very warm.

"By the time they were done I had fallen asleep. When I awoke several hours later, my mother was quietly sitting beside me, working on her needle work. I felt so good, better than I think I ever had in my life. I think in the old world, when in state of needed medical attention, the needles around wouldn't have been sewing, but pipping in fluids and all sorts of things. None of that is needed now. Accidents and illness are rare—and when they happen, we always learn something good from it," Tirza said.

Susha was curious, "So what did you learn from that amazing time?"

"That I could call it amazing! First it was terrible. I felt so hopeless and helpless, like there was no one and nothing that could be done to help. But when I saw that I was never beyond the reach of Heaven's support team, and my

voice can be always heard by the King of kings, and He can do anything, I learned that anything wonderful can happen. I should never, ever despair. So if something goes wrong with someone I know, the best way to turn it from bad to amazing is to call for the help that is always ready to aid us.”

All the teens were listening to the story by then, and loved every bit of it.

“I wonder what it would feel like to have no pain or anything going wrong on your body...” one of them thought aloud.

“But the neat thing is, that though the King’s ambassadors and angelic helpers no longer have sickness or pain or cold, or even have a need to eat—or perhaps some of them never have been to Earth and don’t even know what it feels like—still they have compassion and help us. It’s like they have a sense of knowing what we are feeling, and mostly they have the sense of our value to the King and want to help us, because the King cares.”

It was a thought that touched them all deeply. Even though not every one of them had had the experience of receiving healing from the leaves of the Tree of Life in Heaven, they knew they were loved and cared about just the same.

Speaking of which, here came a team to visit them now!

The teens were delighted! They jumped up and ran over to embrace the angelic team that had just lighted down nearby. Then with a wave of a hand they produced a pot of warm soup, with a ladle for each one to take a turn with. One would scoop up and drink a portion from it, and then hand it to the next teen to have a turn.

Something was special about this soup. It was heaven sent. It seemed to warm both their bodies and their hearts. And something about it made their minds very keen and alert, eager to ask all sorts of questions about the King, and what it was like working for Him.

“What does it feel like to fly? Do you get motion sickness?” someone asked, and angelic being laughed and said, “It’s fun! I love it! And it’s very practical too; needed for my job, really.”

Another said, “What happens when you live to be a thousand years old? Will you have grey hair then?”

The other visitor replied, “I guess you’ll have to tell me about it, because you may well get to live up to that age on this lovely world, suited just for that! Let me know what you feel like then! As for me, well, I never age any more. Time is, well, different, for us.

The puzzled and thrilled teens loved the answers. They could figure out what it was like living in a timeless realm, but they were glad at the thought of making it possibly up to their thousandth year, or close at least. Without sickness to slow them down—at least not for long, and with the King’s help available, a great life they had ahead of them.

“Just keep seeking out the secrets...” one of the being said, when leaving, after a good long time of chatting with the teens, and answering many questions.

“What secrets? What do you mean?” they asked.

And just before the messengers vanished they said, “The secrets of life, in the book of the Lord!”

This got a whole new batch of discussion going, and many theories presented, as to just what this meant.

Susha kept quiet and just listened most of the time. But when conversation settled down, she wisely said, “I think I know just what they mean... a book was written long ago, started by those who lived to nearly one thousand, and carried on by others. This book told secrets to life. The less people knew these secrets, the shorter their life span began to be. Maybe that is the key to a long life—to start reading what is written in the book. Well, that’s at least

the rumour I heard. Things might be a bit different. But I think I'll go to the library that the messengers set up, when we get back, and do some 'homework' and studies from the things our visitors shared with us."

"Me too!" said and nodded others in agreement.

Perhaps if they put their heads and research brains together, they'd be able to uncover a nest of secrets, and live for longer than anyone ever did. There was always hope, with this team of adventurous, nature-loving, truth seeking, optimistic teenagers.

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

"I can walk! I can fly! I can jump! At last!" Danielle the Dancer—was was her new Heavenly name, had exclaimed these words when she entered into the joy of Heavenly paradise.

She had been born severely handicapped—without legs and arms. There was so much that she couldn't do, for many years it seemed like there was little she could do. However, she could see, talk, hear, feel, smell, sing, teach, read, and many things—just not the things that involved legs and arms.

She's always wanted to be a dancer while on Earth, but clearly that couldn't happen. The most she could do was nod her head in time to the music and sing along. It was a great sorrow for her to have so little ability. But her caring and warm-hearted family were patient. They understood how hard it must be for her.

Danielle was given all the training that she could, and especially teaching and training in God's Word. This is what helped her the most. Through this she realised, that just because her body was one way now, while on Earth, that wasn't the way she would be forever. It was just a vehicle for her spirit, the real her, while learning things on Earth. Her lessons would be specialised. Due to her disabilities she might not get to do things that she'd love to be able to do, but at the same time, wouldn't have to do things that are very unpleasant and difficult, that she might have to do if she was completely whole and well. So there was good sides and hard sides to everyone's lives.

Danielle, now in Heaven, was able to do all the dancing she ever wanted to. The Lord, the one she loved tenderly through all her years, had rewarded her with a special team of people to form a Heavenly dance troupe. She could be the head of the team. Most of the people on the team had been incapacitated in some way while on Earth also. It was now such a thrill for them all to get to move to the best music ever.

The first thing Danielle the Dancer wanted to do, and planned to do with her team of dancers, was a special performance of praise to the Lord. They wanted to plan a show to do for King Jesus, as their way of saying a big Thank You to Him for allowing them free entrance into Heaven.

They planned to make it the best they could, and worked on it nearly every day. It was a very exciting project.

Sometimes when they were talking about it with others, it made them want to join in and help out in some way. Soon the team began to grow. Some people wanted to help with amazing costumes. Others wanted to help by playing live musical instruments for the dancers to perform with. Others wanted to also be a part of the dancing also.

In the end there was over twice as many participants as they started out with—including all musicians and helpers in one way or another.

When the grand day came to perform it, Danielle was excited. The appointment before the Lord's throne had been arranged.

All was hushed while waiting for it to begin; all angels around the throne were quietly anticipating what was going to happen. Suddenly with joyful praise, in burst the dancers, singers, musicians, making music, twirling, and making it well known to the King how glad they were for Salvation and being part of God's Heavenly Kingdom.

On and on it went, from one thrill to the next. Then at last, like breath that is exhaled and it is done, so did the show come to an end and out of the room they nearly fluttered and flew. They could hardly walk, of course, the joy that performing for the King imparted to them, sent them feeling so high!

Much applause from the angels, those in attendance, and from the Lord Himself followed.

The Jesus beamed into each of the performers hearts and minds a special message from His heart:

"Thank You! To see your love and gratitude for Me fills Me with so much joy. I can hardly wait to meet you each in person, and thank you for your gift of love to Me in song and dance. You are very much welcome. When I see your smiles and radiant souls before Me, I know that it was well worth the effort to extend My Father's and My love to each of you, bringing you here to the embrace of our Heavenly abode. Glad you will be with us forever."

Danielle the Dancer sat on a gold and marble bench outside the palace where the performance had taken place, and sat real still as the message came through into her heart and mind. It felt just like the King was right beside her. And perhaps she wished He was. But just being able to dance her words of praise in the dramatic way, was a gift more marvellous than anything she had dreamed of being possible, while on Earth.

Heaven seemed so far away most of the time, and now it was a daily reality.

Just when she was about to get up, she felt a hand on her back, and a presence sat down beside her.

Danielle hardly dared to look up. Something told her things had just gotten better.

"Wanna go for a walk," came the voice, rippling like a stream, beaming out like the sun, filling her soul like a warm and rich beverage. His Words has the most amazing affect.

Danielle got the courage to stand up and face the King that now sat on the bench. He was tall and majestic. But while sitting and she standing, they could easily look eye to eye. She dared herself to do this, as just one look into His glowing, loving, and gently piercing, totally gorgeous eyes was enough to make one feel all sorts of feelings, all at once. The power of the love that radiated from the eyes of Jesus completely took over one's thoughts and emotions.

She wasn't expected the response to her rather bold move—to stand close, face to face with the most powerful being in all the universe and beyond. He took her hand tenderly and kissed like a kind gentleman would, then let her sit on His lap, like a father does for his little child.

She was enveloped in love, from head to toe.

"It was a lovely dance you and the others did. I just kept thinking how thankful I was that you chose Me while on Earth. That was the best gift you gave to Me—your heart. Did you know that made me even more delighted than ten thousand elaborate performances could?" King Jesus whispered in her ear.

She felt like she'd just melted, and had no strength to move. She was in a nest of love and was utterly relaxed and enjoying each second.

Then remembering His offer—and thinking how wonderful that it was to have legs and be able to use them. She looked up and said, "Thank You for coming to walk with me..."

With that the two stood up and strolled around the palatial gardens. This was a day Danielle would never forget. She was so absorbed in the beauty of the moment that it rather took her by surprise when King Jesus asked her a question.

“How would you and your team like to take your show to Earth for a few months—to travel around and give a bit of Heavenly inspiration to the teams that work on Earth and miss being here, at home in Heaven. It’s My will for you to be here for the most part now. But being the sharing one that I am, I would love to let others enjoy this gift too that you and the others have given to Me. What would you think of that?”

Danielle didn’t know what to say, but she was sure she wanted to do whatever pleased His Majesty. With a little jump she was up in the air embracing Jesus and saying, “Sure! We’ll go. We’ll go wherever You want, whenever You want us to, and encourage whoever you wish for us to. If it makes You happy, that’s what makes us happy!”

“Good then. Thank you for spreading Heavenly cheer!” King Jesus said, while bidding her good-bye for then.

There were preparations to be made, and planning. It was exciting and thrilling. This would be the first time also, that she was on Earth with her new body! Maybe while she was there she’d get to explore places she always wanted to. Maybe she could get to run, and, jump, along with the dancing she was already going to do.

The best decision she made, in her whole life, was to let Jesus Christ be the Lord of her life, and to accept His gift of eternal life. Things just went from good, to better, to best. Where to next? Whatever it was, was going to be great. That she was sure of.

## Topic 11—Clean and Conscientious World

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Topic 11: Garbage problem, and people working with garbage/ Pollution and cars, and speed transportation)/ cities problem—clean world, slow and natural ways of doing things, little communities providing for their needs, no need for buying, just doing your part to work and provide.

- Story 1--The Sad Old World

Elena read part of a posted article online, telling of a side to life she wasn’t well aware of, it said:

“Flies, dirt, illness, and the wreaking stench were things one had to get used to when growing up next to a garbage dump. After all it was the way many families worked hard to earn their living. Every day the community of trash workers attend to their miserable tasks. Some collect rotting organic matter—old food scraps and such, to feed the pigs. Others work with old batteries and electronics to gather what substances metals can be gathered and sold for reusing, though it leaves their hands and health in a sorry and painful state. Some help gather plastics that could be gathered, packaged up and sold to recycling plants. Some collect glass or metal, cloth, or cardboard, to be sold for recycling purposes. This unpleasant work it helps to provide at least a little source of income, but the ill health and terrible surroundings does little to inspire children and families with hope for brighter days—or even with a sense of their own self worth. Day after day they work, just trying to get by, living off the waste of the city—for it seems they have no other options, and there is little competition in such work.”

The pictures painted a pitiful imagery in Elena’s mind. It was something she couldn’t forget.

She and her cousin, Patty, were planning to at last spend a vacation together. Though undecided about just where they were to go, they wanted it to be lush and pleasant. However, seeing how these people lived made their own “normal” housing seem like utter luxury and paradise.



“Maybe what I need, to spark my life with more inspiration, is to take a step in another direction; to experience something I never have be for,” Elena pondered.

She texted Patty and they agreed to meet the following Tuesday evening. She said she had something wildly crazy to suggest for their time away. Patty was curious indeed, but knowing Elena knew she couldn’t second guess her—whatever it was, was certainly to be completely out of her range of guesses. So she’d just have to wait patiently.

I’m glad to say that Patty, after hearing about the condition that Elena had read about, and looking online at the photos of that area and many around the world, agreed it was time to not give themselves a splash of more luxury, but to partake of something they’d never forget—and neither would the people they were now planning to help.

They would spend no less money then they had planned to—only they would use it for the purpose of their special mission.

It took three months to make their plans and preparations, and acquire the needed visas and paper work, as well as send on ahead some boxes of supplies that they would pick up once there.

“Ready?” Patty asked, as she and Elena were about to board the bus that would take them on the first leg of their journey. They had found out the cheapest way to travel, and though it would take much longer to get there, it was all part of the experience. The funds saved on travel were used to send the boxes of what they thought would be most appreciated by those living in “garbage land” as they called it.

The cousins stayed in a low paying accommodation, and brought few possessions. Every day, for 10 days, they visited family after family. They would wake early to cook and pack up some good food, and sort through the boxes to select the items that a family visited the previous day would most appreciate. It was a good system, and it seemed they had something that was appreciated, for everyone.

They couldn’t do much, but did all they could. And most of all the families felt cared for and like the mattered to someone. This trip gave Elena and Patty so many ideas. It was just the start of the project. If they worked hard, and saved whatever they could, they could come back every six months to a year, to build on their work with these needy folks.

Perhaps the world would be better off without the heap of trash that was dumped each day, but until then they’d do their part to make life more liveable and bearable, giving hope for a better future when Jesus Christ and His team took charge of Earth. Since this problem was an issue that would need to be fixed on a huge scale—starting with the low-cost way things were manufactured, to the over use of plastics, to the small cramped city life that didn’t provide people with ways to compost and burn all that could be turned back into soil—they couldn’t fix the problem, but they could care about the children and families affected.

They knew that just living in the city, working at a job, wouldn’t make things that much better for these families—city life had its own heap of challenges and crime and polluting dangerous vehicles. The problems of filth, pollution, and rubbish would be fixed up one day. For now the cousins would do the best they could to make a difference in the lives of individuals that most of the world didn’t even know existed.

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

“Antonio! Carlito!” Vivaldo called out to his work companions. “What do you say we take a walk along the river? I hear there just the types of growing plants that make excellent plant-based shoes.

The men had had a good few hours working on shoe making and fixing—a community service they offered a few days a week. The rest of the week was spent teaching the children, enjoying their wife’s company, exploring the area, and having good meals. They often were the ones to cook the meals for their families, giving their wives time to take good care of the littlest children, and tend to the few farm animals.

Melita, Carlito’s wife, was clever at making bread. All types and shapes, sizes and shades. If you were hungry for a good loaf—and weren’t prone to “loaf around” but did your part to help you family as well as contribute to the community, you were welcome anytime to pick up what you needed for that day. She didn’t look well on those who wanted to eat without putting in some sweat on their brow to help out.

Although no one worked for money or any equivalent to it, everyone was expected to help out according to their ability—even if all they did was care for their new little baby all week. That was work just the same—the same as those harvesting the crops that made her bread-making service a possibility. If someone had sat around doing little to nothing for days at a time, she put them right to work to earn the loaf they so looked forward to.

“Well, it’s nice to see you! You came just in time. I was hoping for someone just like you,” she’d say with a twinkle in her eye—someone she could get to help her out a bit, who had enjoyed a plenty long enough break from work.

“The grinder over there is ready for some good arm twisting. I need the flour ready in 15 minutes to make the next batch of dough. Thank you kindly. And when that is finished, the pot here is ready to be filled with fresh veggies from the garden for the soup and salad I’ll be making. The plants will appreciate a good watering, and the compost needs a mix. How could I make it without you?” she might say.

Grateful for a way to earn his loaf, though nothing of the sort was actually said, still it was understood, and became expected. This is the way she helped to teach those around that pitching in to help is what brings the right things back to you that you need as well.

When the young man would come back in, after watering all the veggie patches, picking the ready and ripe veggies, and tending to the compost, he was most certainly eager for his now ready loaf of bread.

“Look at that! Perfect timing! There you are. A moment sooner and it wouldn’t have been ready. If you hadn’t been free to help me, you’d have had to take whatever was cold and left over from yesterday, because the freshest wasn’t ready yet. But, now you’ve got the best—piping hot, crispy and delicious. —And made with the best! Oh, and thank for the flour you ground and the veggies you picked. If I see you tomorrow, you’ll be getting to enjoy some of that labour of your hands!”

Antonio was the village smith, and he worked long and hard with metal. There were so many needs, since the village was still in many ways at the beginning stages of getting established. His teenage sons were often in his shop to learn the skills of the trade. Though many worked around or near each other, helping to provide the needed services, they lived in much more spacious areas all around. It wasn’t uncommon for one of them to host a big party at their place. This might include lovely music with a great meal, games for the children, stories told by the men, and dancing parades by the women who would be colourfully dressed.

There was little need to travel beyond their immediate area, and any travel from one farm or estate to another could easily be done on foot or by horse and buggy, or bicycle of some sort. No longer was the sound and smell of the buses, cars, or other fast moving, injury-causing, pollution causing vehicles. The air was getting clearer and fresher by the day. Better air meant happier and healthier people, as well.

The city services of garbage collecting—of the much waste that a city produces, was unheard of, and certainly unneeded. Anything that could be turned back into soil was. The food scraps, the ashes of fires, and other things were all placed in areas where they could decompose properly. All that could and should be burned was. And since only health-promoting materials were used, this didn’t produce toxic air. The dew and rain was often enough that there wasn’t a danger of forest fires, so this part of keeping waste down to next to nothing, was a help. The plastics

and breakable electronic devices that were the crutch of the later part of the old world, were definitely a thing of the past. They had caused so many headaches, and death. No longer in this clean world was anything produced that hindered freedom nature. All plants and animals, and humans were free to live clean and healthy lives—thanks to the rules and guidelines set up by the King of kings and His ruling ambassadors.

Vivaldo's wife and daughter ran the little educatory, that was upstairs in the place he worked. Children could stop in here for some play and fun learning time, while their mothers or fathers tended to community business and got the things their family needed. They wouldn't be there for long, as the best part of learning was outside among nature or learning it alongside their parents, watching, asking questions, and helping out. The visiting children were always eager models for Vivaldo's newest shoes to be tried on, to make sure he had done them right.

"Do they feel comfortable?" he'd ask the children. For if something wasn't good enough for children, it wasn't good enough. They liked seeing the various patterns and designs he came up with, and he was always cheery, whistling while he worked. He didn't mind them lingering beside him, asking him questions, or just quietly watching with interest for a while. Ideally, it was good that they all knew how to make their own shoes, hats, clothes, and even houses—one day. They would learn these things best if they could get a firsthand experience in seeing it done, and one day getting to be an apprentice and giving it a try with someone who could teach them.

Every Friday night was special. The village square would fill up. It was dance night. Music of all sorts would be played, and couples would stay fit and nurture their bond of love by having some fun in this way. The unmarried ones would play the instruments, cook and serve the food on tables all around, and look after the children. Sometimes children would dance for fun, but they usually quickly migrated over to the food and thoroughly enjoyed it. Sometimes the food served was what they had personally helped pick from their family's garden. When it was displayed on the fancy tables it looked so glorious, almost more delicious than when they tasted it just hours before.

After some good vigorous and slow dancing, the couples joined their children and relations, thanked them for watching the children or grand children, and sat down for chatting, laughing and relaxation. The evening always ended with a speech and a prayer for the challenges they faced in the week ahead.

If certain families were going to need extra help in that coming week, this was announced so all would be aware of it, and made aware that everyone was everyone's responsibility. No one—unless physically or otherwise unable to help—was exempt from helping out a needy citizen.

"We are all family!" the speaker would often say. It was a great way to end the week, and go into the next.

"Mother, are these the pickles that Aunty Mae made?" Tatiana said, holding her jar carefully, as they walked over to get into their horse and carriage. "Yes, she worked hard last week and made sure that every family got a jar of them for this Friday's festival. Wasn't that nice? I think we all had a fun time today." Mother answered.

Tatiana nodded with a smile, remembering some of the games she had played with the other children—like "Pinch the Clowns big red nose" when a child his blind folded and has to reach to find the big red nose on the adult clown; or the game called, "Hilda hop to the heather" a one legged hopping contest, and such.

"And you know dear, none of this would have been possible if everyone hadn't been working good and hard most of the week doing something that was a help for someone else. We all need each other, see?" Mother explained.

Tatiana was thinking about what she could do help out and make the next Friday party have her bit of fun added to it. There were lots of ideas, and she had a whole week to think about it and plan for it. It was great living in a community where everyone was expected to help others—for no other reason but the joy of seeing each other thriving, rather than just surviving, like it had been in the old world. Being busy helping each other meant that there was less time for doing things that brought division—like gossiping. Tatiana's mother always taught her, "If you are going to criticize someone for something, do it instead with your sleeves rolled up, with a kind heart,

working to help things improve!” and “If it’s a problem neither they nor you can fix just yet, then silence is the rule, until you can actively play a part in changing things for the better.”

Tatiana munched on a freshly made pickle, as the horse and buggy pulled out to head homeward. Another good week had passed. Who knows what the next would bring?

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

The gentle breeze blew the curtains, causing them to dance ever so gently in the window of the cottage on the hill.

Grandma Margie and her hard working grandson had built this place, and carved out a lovely abode. Neither Grandma, nor any of her 14 children, nor any of her 78 grandchildren and great-grand children had ever known anything but the world now, when Jesus Christ was King. Thing had been going very nicely for her, for the past 300 years or so. She didn’t always keep count of the years, but it was something like that.

She made it a goal to have one cottage build in all the areas where her grandchildren lived. She liked to partake of their lives, and travel around to see all the places they lived.

And today was going to be a very special one. A visit was expected. Her own great-grandmother Heather, had been a faithful missionary to this area, many years ago, way before Margie was even born. Great-grandma Heather had gone up to be with the King when her life was over, and lived in Paradise along with all the others who served and loved Him while they were still on Earth. Since Great-grandma Heather knew the ways of the King of kings so well, and loved to visit her decedents on Earth to teach all the children and grown ones too, she was often paying a visit.

That was one of the other reasons for these cottages being build. They could serve also as a place for Grandma Margie’s relatives from the Celestial City to visit for teaching, instruction, and family get-togethers. Each of these dwelling places had been planned out carefully, to ensure all needs were cared for. There would be water piped in; the toileting was using the best and most natural way known yet to the Earth dwellers; the trash generated, thought not much, would be taken care of on the property itself. “Dirt factories” is what the children called the method that was used by many families, to turn everything back into dirt, that could be so, in as fast as a fashion as was possible—using water, sun, digging, mixing, bugs, burning some things in their fireplace, and so forth. Good use of water was well thought through as well. Since there was no sewer and city drainage pipes and processing plants, and no one wanted such to be installed—the water use had clever ways of using it well, keeping proper hygiene, no waste in fresh water, some filtering, and using it to water the veggie gardens.

Grandma Margie put on the finishing touches to the table, spreading it with a simple nice cloth, and putting on some bowls of fruit, nuts, and other things to nibble on. A picture of fresh cold water from the stream that trickled nearby, and things were ready.

Her adult grandson—himself a father of several, was also putting the last touches on the upper attic room. It was made with a soft bed of hay and woollen quilts, covered with a white spread. A handmade rug on the wooden panelled floor made it most welcome. Tightening the tap and pipes up there, so visitor would have running water, was the last fix-it. Now they were ready for Great-grandma Heather’s arrival—and all his own personal family too.

He and his wife would stay in one of the lower rooms, their children in the large play room. Upstairs in the main room his mother and father would stay, and in the sitting room with the cosy fire, Grandma Margie and Grandpa Dave would stay for a night or too, on the lush rug. Great-grandma Heather and her team didn’t need a place to

sleep, but would just visit during the time they would use the sitting room to chat and explore the mysteries of God's Word being unfolded to them.

When the wind picked up, so did the excitement. Grandma Margie knew it was the time of arrival. A song or melody seemed to play through the air—or was it the old piano in the corner playing on its own? Or did someone strike the harp as they passed by, the harp she was learning to play? Or both? One way or the other, the celestial sounds joined with the breeze and Grandma Margie whisked her self out of the cottage to greet the arriving team her senses told her where there.

"Oh, my darling girl, how very lovely to see you again. And are you ever looking strong and fine!" Great-grandma Heather said while embracing her granddaughter. Though Margie was over 300 years old, she was in no way weakened from the years, like people used to be in the old world. Things were different. She didn't look any older than her great-grandmother, though she didn't have quite the shine and glow. Oddly, Heather seemed in many ways to appear younger, for life in the Paradisiacal city gave one such youth and radiance.

Just the embracing one from that land of no tears was like getting recharged a thousand times over. It had a revitalising and rejuvenating affect.

"Always a pleasure to have you here!" Margie said to her great-grandmother. "The others will be a long shortly, until then, will you allow me to show you around?"

Heather was delighted to see how nicely yet another cottage was set up. She knew for those still living on Earth, work took work. It still took just as much time as ever—and just as much effort and sweat—to build something. She could appreciate all the time and work it took to make this simple abode. But to her it was just lovely. It meant that she would have a place to teach and train those in her Earthly clan.

"And here is the sitting room where we can meet with you and hear all you have to tell us!" Margie said, excited to show Great-grandma Heather the place where very soon they would all be gathered, and she eagerly anticipated what would be shared on that day.

Margie showed the other helpers on Heathers team to the floor set up with plenty of cushions, and offered them to partake of any of the snacks set out, for this purpose.

Even though Heather and her team had no need of food or water, or sleep, or warm coats or any of the things that the Earth dwellers still needed, it wasn't uncommon to be offered a bite to eat. And the Heavenly team had wonderful bodies that could eat and enjoy food—but their life didn't depend on it, for they lived forever and ever. Those on Earth still had to work to grow food, make it available to others, store it, cook it, and yes have all the "after effects" of the food being processed in the body.

That was one of the wonderful features of the Heavenly Body model was that nothing that soiled occurred in their body. They were pure from head to toe, and no matter what happened or didn't happen to them, they would never, ever die, but stay healthy and unendingly.

Grandma Magie sat with the visited team and was eager for any snippets they could share with her. She asked a few questions.

"So what does it feel like to never actually need food? Does it take away the joy of eating?"

Great-grandma Heather chuckled. It was a very down to earth question. I guess the deeper ones would come later on, when all the family was gathered.

One of the men on the team, who had freely helped himself to the snacks offered, replied, "Not at all! I enjoy food—obviously—just as much, if not more than ever. Imagine being able to eat all you want, whenever you want, and still never get full. No stomach aches or indigestion. No tooth aches or even needing to brush one's teeth—as

there is nothing at all that pollutes in that beautiful land that we live. Our senses of taste and smell and feeling are enhanced many more times over—sometimes I think I am smelling with my whole body! Or tasting with my sensitive finger tips. Everything about us is attuned to give the utmost pleasure. We can see farther than any human, and certainly hear things that we've never been able to hear before, while we lived on Earth."

By that time, Paul, Grandma Margie's grandson had come to listen and greet the team.

"Wow!" is all he could say, trying to imagine just what the angelic visitor must be trying to describe, as best as he could to an Earth dweller. Then added, "So there's never any trash to deal with? Nothing that stinks, that rots, that has to be burned? A place with no rubbish! How great!"

"Never anything that resembles dirt or unneeded and unwanted substance," the man replied.

"And of course with no hard, crusty dirty dishes to wash, or mess to deal with before and after a meal, it makes for a purely pleasant occasion, whenever it is wished for," Heather added in.

"Of course, Angel Antellis doesn't know half of what we talk about when describe the Earth experience. He's never been a mortal..."

Angel Antellis nodded and said, "But I think I have a pretty good idea what life is like, what things feel like. I've taken a course on 'the human experience' where I can feel and see things from the limited way a human must operate. It really makes me admire you for your perseverance and courage to keep on with all you must do, until your time here on Earth is complete and you have learned all you can. Good for you, Margie and Paul, and all your families for doing the best you can, within the limited abilities you have, to help each of your families to get to know more about the King, and bring a bit of Heaven's joy to all you meet. The Lord, the King is very grateful."

Grandma Margie wasn't expecting that at all! What a lovely surprise. Something about those words—telling that Jesus knew about her and was thankful for her—went right into her heart and pulled out a burst of tears. She folded then into an embrace in her great-grandmother's arms, who then looked into her eyes,

"Yes, darling, it's all known it's all seen. Yes, even the less-than-ideal moments that you wish the King or even we weren't aware of. But the good outshines the shadow times. And today, as we study from the Bible—and get to read together fresh messages from God Himself, that we are telling many others—you'll gain new understanding that will empower you in your job here now, of helping your wonderful and big family to keeping learning the ways of the King."

Just then a knock was heard at the door. Paul's family had arrived—his wife, children, mother and father.

Everyone sitting got up and big round of energy and light-filling hugs were shared all around. When at last things settled and seats were being found, the children, seeing that the visitors were from the realm above, ran over and each choose a lap to land on, or a person to sit beside. They didn't want to miss a word, or a hug, or a secret.

Great-grandma then sat on a chair that was brought in for her, from the table in the other room. This way everyone could see and hear her easily. After they had bowed their heads to pray, a light seemed to shine over them all, and laughter and praise to God broke out. Then with wide smiles and eager, hungry hearts, they were ready to listen to all that Great-great-great-grandmother Heather was going to share.

When the hour and a half had passed, with comforted hearts and renewed vision, and a clearer understanding of the ways of the Eternal King, they got up to stretch, play outside—with the angels too—and help to prepare a meal for them all to share together on the outside eating area.

Great-grandmother Heather opened the meal with a praise, while lifting her arms up, and all the family followed. That was when the sounds of music the children had never heard before began to fill the air. As everyone praised God, the music wafted through the air and thrilled their soul. —And it never stopped while the family and visiting

team enjoyed their special meal together, in the colourful, golden, setting sun. When the meal ended and the visiting team said their final good-byes, the music gently faded, but the joy in their hearts and the strength God's Words to them never faded. They felt renewed and empowered to do what they were called to do—after a goodnight's sleep in a cosy cottage, that is.

Another base had been established—and Margie's children, grandchild, and great grandchildren would "be taught of the Lord" and grown in love and strength as a God-loving, God honouring team.

## Topic 12—Nature is at Peace and Beautiful

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Topic 12: Unnatural disasters, tornadoes, earthquakes, floods, tidal waves, volcanoes, etc—peaceful and beautiful nature.

- Story 1--The Sad Old World

Shivering under a shared worn and dirty blanket, the two new orphans tried to get warmth. They were soaked and freezing cold. Thankfully, a rescue boat had been able to pull them out of the flooding water that hit their whole coastal city. A tornado followed by a tidal wave had caused so much disruption and damage. Many families didn't know if they'd ever find their loved ones again.

A kind woman, who looked like she had been up working for two or three days straight, came over to see the children. She handed each one of them a sandwich and gave them a smile. They felt better now, but there was so much that they didn't know. So many fears. What would happen to them next? Where had their parents gone—so real to them just days before, and now a memory that would never be forgotten.

They heard the charity workers discussing things.

"Some say that this disaster was partly caused by experiments done out at sea. One can never tell, but there are so many unknown things happening in the world today. Some "natural disasters" may be just consequence for decisions and experiments that we living here know nothing about."

They shook their heads. It was a sad state to be in. But it wasn't an isolated situation. Other places were having way too much rainfall and this caused massive and land altering flooding to occur. And just last week a volcano that had been dormant, had suddenly erupted, leaving ash and molten rock covering a large area of land.

Was there any place on earth that was safe?

It seemed not.

The best they could do was be on the look out to care for whoever they could, until peace in nature was once again restored to the Earth. So many upheavals left lives disjointed and mixed up. Whole communities, areas, even countries would never be the same when disaster struck.

The lady came to sit with the two children and told them a story. It made them smile to think that that not everyone, everywhere had troubles constantly.

She told of a family who saw a big tornado coming. They and their home, and all would be ruined. However, this family knelt down to pray, and earnestly asked God to spare them the certain destruction. And then the most

amazing thing happened! –The spinning, damaging wind, lifted up right over them. They and their house and all that was on their property was spared. God had cared for them.

This gave the children an idea. “What if we pray for help. I wonder if things will get better for us?”

The lady taught them how to pray to Jesus, and so for the next couple of hours, with nothing else to do anyway, they prayed. They prayed for their family to be reunited and their parents found. They prayed for the rescue workers helping all the people in need. It felt good to have someone to talk with Who cared.

Then the most wonderful thing happened.

In to the shelter stumbled a woman carrying a little baby.

“Mother!” the children shouted.

“Oh darlings!” she replied.

“Baby Anna!”

It was wonderful to be together again—at least with some of their family. It felt like Christmas or something.

A few months later, after the mother and her three children had been able to stay in a shelter for displaced people, they were able to return to their home. The water was gone, and so was their house. But the land was there, and they could try to rebuild their house.

“Father!” they shouted as they neared the site where their house had been.

There he was, already at work.

Dropping the bits of wood that was in his hands, and with a cry of rejoicing, he ran to embrace his family.

Things were just getting better and better the more the children called out to Jesus.

They were going to rebuild their home, and their life—and build it on the right foundation. They started to pray and talk with Jesus together as a family each day. And every day, though there was much to struggle with, bits of progress and little miracles were happening for them.

Father got a job with some charity organisation that hired him to help others rebuild their simple houses, and was able to purchase what his family needed for basic survival.

Now when they sat together to watch the sun setting over the ocean water, they knew that there was a God that was stronger than the waves, who to keep and preserve them. They determined to tell as many people as they could about the miracle of their family’s survival.

Eventually a passing missionary gave them and other families a precious book—A new testament. And the favourite story that was read again and again to the children, on their request, was the story of Jesus Christ calming the sea. Somehow they knew that with Jesus now in their house, He could keep them safe.

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

“I’ve got peace like a river, I’ve got joy like a fountain, I’ve got love like an ocean in my soul...” rang out the song over the calm waters. A team was boating over the lake waters, pulling their oars as they sang. The sun was setting low as they neared the beach they would stop for the night.



"I couldn't have enjoyed a trip like this before, in the old world. Storms were far too common. Many a person lost their lives in these waters. One moment it would appear placid and lovely, but as soon as boat went out, the waves and wind seem to pick up, and things go dangerous!" Ernard spoke, stroking his long, grey beard.

This seemed to get the conversation going, as they set up around a beach campfire, the boat pulled in and secured.

Franco shared his memories, "One time when I was real young I literal saw my brother picked up by the tornado that happened where I grew up. We were all screaming and trying to hold on to the big tree some of us had taken shelter under. Mercifully he was dropped down again on a pile of sand and was alright, and the tree we were holding to never budged. It had these thick root-like vines growing up it, and so we wrapped ourselves up and held on. When the storm was over, that is when the work began—the work of fixing up our town again. It never did get back up to its former glory.. that is until now! It's lovely now. And we never have to worry about those storms again, now that the new King has taken back full control over everything—the land, the air, the weather, the people, the water, the food—everything. Now we can build without fear."

A teenage boy, Brantino, didn't know what it was really like in the old world, liked to listen and find out all he could, so he could appreciate the way it now was. "Sounds like a wild and crazy place you lived in—though it really was actually here. It's hard to believe things were the way you both describe." He threw in another bit of wood he'd chopped to keep the fire going."

"Yes, it was, Brantino, in so many ways," replied Ernard. "I use to keep statistics, telling how many major earthquakes happened around the world each year. The numbers increased with every year. And city after city was affected in some way by water, wind, shaking or baking—is what I used to call it, baking being fire or volcanic activity. Thankfully, nothing of this sort happens today. And equally thankfully, the communities around here have embraced the sovereignty of the King of all. We can live in peace, and enjoy the natural world created for our enjoyment and experiences."

Franco poured each of them a warm drink that he just removed from the fire.

"Cheers!" he said, as they all toasted to a pleasant world, where they could go exploring, and discover all the new things that were growing and living around there—without worrying if their homes and town would be still there when they got back.

The wind rustled gently as they lay beneath the sparkling stars. They didn't have to be troubled by bugs or beasts of the woods.

"You know they say," Brantino whispered out one more thought, "that living in the Celestial City of the King is better by far, better a thousand times and more, than the best of places here on Earth."

He liked to find things out and asked anyone he could that knew some of the "inside" information. He loved learning. Trips like this taught him a lot, but there was still so much he longed to find out.

Hoping to dream about the place of wonder, the perfectly city, the three explorers drifted off to sleep. Or most of them.

Brantino seem to keep always want to keep half of an eye open, and at least one of his ears on alert. You never knew just when "one of them" would show up.

"Do you think he's a sleep now?" a whisper sounded from a new voice that hadn't been heard at this temporary camp yet. The visiting beings—who had been there all along, yet not visible to the earthlings, knew full well that Brantino was still half-awake.

This they said in an audible way to catch his interest. They knew he'd be listening keenly, especially if they were talking about something they thought he wasn't going to hear.

"So how was your last vacation, Spartian?" said one messenger from Heaven to the other. "It's nice that we can take breaks every now and then and visit home and all its wonders in the glorious city."

Spartian replied, "Ah! It was amazing. I can't wait to get back. But that will come in time. The food was awesome, made by the most exquisite chefs around, no doubt. A team of us travelled to a new area we had never been to. We went by flying boat, just for fun, then arrived atop a mountain with a view you could only dream of! The lighting, the colours, the landscape was breath taking to see. We got to eat on the terrace of a crystal and marble castle and see all that surrounded. I very much recommend that place when you go home for a visit. Besides the travel, the meals, and the friends I spent time with at each of the locations along the way, I think my favourite part was my visit with the King."

"Well, of course!" exclaimed, Denneray. "There is nothing, nothing at all that ever has nor ever will top the experience of one's time with the King. He is an experience unlike anything that He has made. He is above it all, yet keenly aware of each detail and finely tuned in to the smallest matters. He loves so completely, yet knows everything. So tell, me, if you can, at least a glimpse about your time in His visible presence—though of course He is around us always."

They both knew that words would fail to aptly describe such an experience. But for the reason they were talking then anyway—to give Brantino a glimpse at what the King was like—Spartian mentioned a few things.

"Of course the first thing is that though His is more powerful than anything on Earth and in space all put together, He comes across so peaceful, so welcoming. I felt I could just rest my head on His chest as He embraced me, and I would love to stay there undisturbed forever. Then He looked in My eyes, and in that instant He communicated a zillion things, most of which are for me only to understand, because they are things I only have experienced and gone through. But He shows in that way that everything I have been thinking and experiences, all that I have been doing, He knows. Every thought He knows. And yet His eyes show tremendous love and compassion. Those words don't even express the full effect of the King's love on one of us that He has created. It's just so powerful, in a splendid way.

"Then we ate a meal, just the two of us, and He let me tell Him about all the projects I've been working on down here. Of course I've been communicating with Him about them all along, but it's just different to chat, like with another human being, and talk things over, and express how I feel—and get His insight also.

"Afterwards, I felt I needed a rest from such an amazing time. But as I was resting, I had a dream—or maybe it really did happen. Things are hard to explain. But Jesus flew me over the whole area here that I'm working to help, and thanked me personally for each part of it that I had helped with and that in some way had been bettered because I've been willing to stay here for the most part—even though it sure is heaps of fun back up at home. There were many things that I had no idea I had affected for the better.

"It was an amazing experience. When I woke up, I was back in my room in my Heavenly mansion, and felt ready to soon be sent back down here. And so here I am." Spartian finished saying all he wanted to.

Denneray took his hand into hers, and whispered, "What would I do without you here? Thanks for coming back. I think we make a great team."

With those thoughts, and a very satisfied curiosity, Brantino at last fell into a deep and refreshing sleep. What new discoveries would be made tomorrow? He was pretty sure there were some little known about creatures living in these wooded areas. Things were different now, and animals weren't as timid any more. He was sure they'd bring back all kinds of stories and news to share with their families when they returned.

- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

“Whoa! Flying sure is awesome!” Bernardo and Celina were twirling through the colourful sunset clouds on their decent to Earth. They could hear the angels of heaven ringing out the beautiful music of praise to the King of all—Jesus Christ.

Those down below on Earth couldn’t hear the fabulous celestial sounds, as they were for Heaven’s dwellers to hear. These sounds cheered them as they went down to walk—yes walk—among the Earth dwellers for a time. Sometimes the children would look up, wishing so very much to get to fly and take off like Heaven’s Ambassadors could. Maybe one day they would be able to—if they stayed true and faithful to King Jesus.

“Tonk, bounce, shuffle,” when their feet.

Now there were down, walking hand in hand in the golden light of the setting sun. They looked up to smile and wave at the angels who had kindly escorted them, then turned to walk, effortlessly nearly gliding over the grass.

Stopping at the door of a cute and comfortable looking house, Bernardo and Celina face each other and embrace. It seemed this Ambassadors from Heaven were always overflowing with love—for one another, for their King, and for the people on Earth they were there to teach and rule over.

“I know this is no Heavenly mansion, like the ones we get to enjoy up in our home land, but it’ll serve the purpose for our trip here,” Bernardo.

“It’ll be just wonderful,” Celina exclaimed, and placed a kiss on his cheek.

This was the cosy cottage they were to stay in now for some time, as there was mission work to be done on Earth. It was a job their Lord and Saviour, and King of all had assigned them to. They were willing to take the position of Prince and Princess of this area, though they knew they only had any wisdom and power to do anything at all because of the love and ability given to them by Jesus.

Thinking they were now all on their own—that is away from Heavenly loved ones and friends, away from Heavenly parks and the fabulous tree of life, they opened the door of the quiet house.

“Surprise!!”

They were met with a room full of smiling, happy, and hugging people! They had come to welcome Bernardo and Celina.

“Jesus and the angels kept that a surprise from us!” they thought. They had not known anything about it! Except now that he thought about it, he remember that the angels that had travelled with them seemed to have a little twinkle in their eyes as they said good bye. He thought it was just because angels always were filled with Heaven’s sparkling light. But maybe it’s because they always have something good they are working on, and things they are doing for the good of others.

After hearty greetings they all sitting down to enjoy a meal that was set out for this moment. First some songs of praise to the most blessed and wonderful King of all rang out from their full voices.

Bernardo and Celina remember who these people were, and took some time to talk about the last time they had met.

What a wild and terrible time it had been that one summer, many years ago. The storms that came in from the coast had wreaked so much damage on whole communities and towns. So many houses were destroyed; so many were homeless or missing, or worse. Water and electricity weren't available for quite some time, leaving many in very difficult, and unsanitary conditions.

Then one day, as these ones sitting in the room today, were milling about the rubble of what used to be their houses, they look up to see a couple along with a few others. They brought bags of dry clothing, snacks, and some needed supplies. Along with the basic needs for their bodies, they brought what they needed most—a hope and hugs and comfort; they also receive a message telling them how to receive healing of heart by letting Jesus come and be a part of their life. These are the ones that did pray and accept the gift of salvation. And now they were on Earth helping to fix things up—just like Bernardo and Celina had come one day to their town to encourage them, and get things fixed up again after great disruption.

It was for this special moment, when Bernardo and Celina were starting off on their new assignment, that these friends from the old world, the old stormy world, had been set here.

It was a friendly way to start their mission. These ones wouldn't stay for long, as they too had work to do and places and people to help. But what a pleasant surprise it was. Before they all left that evening, they promised to meet again here, to see how things were going and to encourage each other in their work for the King of kings.

After a few weeks, when the agreed on time came around, this merry team met up to praise the Lord for all the great things that had happened, and how much good change was coming about. They worshiped the King, they told the victories, and ate some truly Heavenly delights.

"It sure is different now, in a good way, without the disasters that used to hit the world—the floods, famines from crop failures, the heavy storms, tornadoes, volcanos and the such. Just the lack of having to worry about these things seems to bring a sense of peace. It adds to the tranquillity now of the world—besides all the many other good aspects that are helping the world's population to relax, smile, and enjoy the world God has made," one man said.

"Cheers!" they all said, "To Jesus!"

"But as odd as it seems for me to say this, I can't say that I am totally unhappy about that stormy time, when it brought you and your team to our town. If that hadn't happened, I might never have found out about the love of Jesus and the good He was planning to bring. So I guess it's all good—because He makes all things well," a lady added.

"Yes," Bernardo replied, "Even though troubles came partly due to the disruption of the evil hindering forces—which thankfully are tucked away tightly for now, so as not to cause harm—and partly due to the punishments that came to a God-hating and Bible forsaking old world; still the King of kings made things work out for the best."

Celina commented, "Though most people didn't realised it, and may not still, Jesus Christ knew—and knows—where each and ever person is, and just what they need. Even the smallest cry for help to the King of kings will be heard. He just wants the best, overall, for everyone."

"Long live the King of love!" one lusty voice rang out, and all replied with the same.

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Stories to add above:

**Topic 1—Plenty of Food**

**Topic 2—Friendly Animals (Pests/Rough animals—peaceful, friendly animals, animals struggle**

Topic 3—Living Space (Deserts or too much ocean, and lots of uninhabitable places/ Homeless or forced to leave country, no where to go (Isa 58:7) land prices rather than citizens having right to a place—lots of land; every family or tribe has a spacious place to freely live

- Story 1--The Sad Old World
- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

**Topic 4—Peace on Earth (Strife and fighting/Lack of love/ Drunk and violent/ refugees/ —Peace on Earth)**

- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

Topic 5—God’s Word Known by All (: Famine for God’s Word; lies being taught—God’s Word spread everywhere

- Story 1--The Sad Old World
- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world
- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Topic 6—Abundant Clear Water (Unclean and insufficient clean water/ factories polluting/ pesticides/ oil problem/ oceans messed with/ people dehydrated because of bad drinks rather than pure water/rain polluted/ lots of illness from mosquitoes and other stale water places—cleaned water, abundant

- Story 1--The Sad Old World
- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world
- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Topic 7—Perfect Plants (Bad food and bringing bad health/ GMO/ Bad plants and poisons, weeds bad substances, and addictions.—Plants good, good ways of farming and caring for the land;

- Story 1--The Sad Old World
- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world
- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Topic 8—Happy Children and Families (Kids having to work to survive and parents stressed trying to earn money/ greed & money orphans, and street kids, trying to survive on their own —happy families, neighbourhood helping each other, grandparents living together with family;

- Story 1--The Sad Old World
- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world
- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Topic 9—Community and Caring (Prisons and crime (Devil bound instead)/ corrupting money/ high taxes and living cost/ unhealthy ways of work to make money, not caring for people—busy taking care of each other, no need for money, willing to work and relax and enjoy each day; everyone loved

- Story 1--The Sad Old World
- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world
- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Topic 10—Happy and Healthy Living (Deadly illnesses and diseases, and pain/Technology that causes ill health and harm/Handicaps—leaves from the tree of life; back to old fashioned ways, healthy ways of living, more time outdoors enjoying nature

- Story 1--The Sad Old World
- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world
- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Topic 11—Clean and Conscientious World ( Garbage problem, and people working with garbage/ Pollution and cars, and speed transportation)/ cities problem—clean world, slow and natural ways of doing things, little communities providing for their needs, no need for buying, just doing your part to work and provide.

- Story 1--The Sad Old World
- Story 3—Heavenly Ambassadors and Angels Living with Jesus Christ and Reigning with Him over the world

Topic 12—Nature is at Peace and Beautiful ( Unnatural disasters, tornadoes, earthquakes, floods, tidal waves, volcanoes, etc—peaceful and beautiful nature.)

- Story 1--The Sad Old World
- Story 2—The 1000 year Reign of Jesus Christ as King over all the world

The children were playing on the grass outside their palatial home. The tiger cub was in a jolly mood and jumping and batting for the little toys the children were using to get its attention. It was like a kitten, soft and gentle, and not rough or dangerous in the least.

This wasn't the only pet that visited the home of these happy children. An elephant calf often strolled in to pick some of the fruit with its trunk. He would eat some, and hand some to the little ones who would hop on to take a ride. There was no danger of falling—there was no danger at all in this place called heaven. Just joy, and lots of fun learning adventures.

A handful of seeds were thrown on the ground for the flock of visiting parakeets to nibble on. They didn't fly away when the toddler crawled over to them to get a closer look. The animals were so varied and interesting, and in no way posed a threat to the children. They could play with them, or bid them to run and enjoy somewhere else, and the animals would obey them.

A mother sat in the rocking chair holding her little baby, watching all the other young ones who were having a great time of play with the visiting animals.

Just then a giraffe, tall and stately, strolled past in the large meadow nearby, followed by a couple of racing zebras, who suddenly seemed to take off in to the air and fly a bit before landing once again on the lush green land.

A father with his young boy came out of the house and decided that a ride on semi-flying zebras would be a perfect activity for now. The father whistled and called out. An angel who was near to the zebras motioned for them to go over to the man and his son. With a joyful gallop they immediately came over. They were glad for this opportunity. On to one zebra the father placed the boy, then he climbed on the other.

“Let’s go!” the father called out, and off they went for a good ride all around.

At last they stopped at the “Petting Zoo”. They thanked the zebras and waved them good-bye. With a neigh and a shake of their heads, as if to say “you’re welcome” they then turned and galloped off, over hills and through streams they went.

“Thank you for taking me here!” said the boy.

“Each time we come here, there are new and interesting animals on display. None of them stay here all the time, just long enough for children to get a chance to see them. They like being honoured and exclaimed at, when people appreciate how amazing God made them. It’s their way to thank God for making them in such spectacular ways. I wonder what we’ll see here today?”

This was a place the boy and his family liked to frequent. It was set up in such a way that those visiting could see under what climate and living conditions these types of animals lived while on earth. Even though, here in heaven things were perfect for the animals, and many of the features they had taken on weren’t needed for survival, still it was interesting to see all the variety in form and shape, and colour. All the animals here were safe, and didn’t need to use things such as camouflage, still it was fascinating for visitors to learn about all the types of animals and what they could do, when on Earth.

As one of the features of this animal education “Petting Zoo”, an animal of a certain type would walk along through all these different displays of climates, and would appear to change according to the need. Visitors could see what it might have looked like in different types of places in the world, in different seasons.

There were displays here of the many different types of animals homes. Some were made extra large, very very large, so that visitors would climb inside and see what it was like—for example to be curled up in a bee hive cell, or rest in a bird nest, or crawl up through the water into a beaver’s lodge.

And to make the experience fun, there was usually those types of animals around, created the right size to fit with a home of that size. And displays were changing all the time. There was always something new to learn about and see and experience. Of course, some of the most favourite were kept always there, and didn’t change, so children that always wanted those could have something familiar to visit again with.

One of those “always there’s” was a replica of the nativity stable, the place where Jesus was born. Some of the types of animals that often were kept in that type of stable were around. The only difference is that this stable, and the manger and all, was very clean—for in heaven there was no dirt, no filth, no flies, no bad bugs. Nothing pesky or bothersome—for the people or for the animals.

There were no ticks or fleas or biting flies. Nothing harmful, but all clean and beautiful.

There was another feature of this beautiful place of animals—something that was available all throughout heaven as well. At last the animals could communicate well with the people, and the people with them. They seemed to have good understanding of each other. This helped keep things harmonious. And the animals knew they were to obey the heavenly people and the angels. They knew their role was to be a help and to provide fun and something of interest. They weren’t to do anything that their creator wouldn’t like. When everything and everyone did what it was meant to, then all was peaceful and beautiful—animals included.

There was an interview happening with a famous animal of history—the donkey that carried Jesus long ago, while the people cheers and shouted “hosanna”. God had let this creature be recreated here, as a living feature in a museum of things and places and animals from the life of Jesus Christ while He was on Earth. Today the donkey was visiting the Petting Zoo, and people could ask questions and understand the answers.

The father encouraged the boy to line up and get a ride on this famous donkey, and ask him something.

When the boy’s turn came, he stroked it and said, “Thank you for letting Jesus ride you. Was He heavy for you to carry, since you never carried anyone before, and you weren’t even fully grown yet?”

The donkeys answer was something to the effect of, “Even if something seems new, or a bit difficult, if it’s what you were made to do, it feels good to do it. It feels right. And you are glad you did it.”

After a nice time with the animals, it was time for the father and boy to return home again.

Again the father whistled, for an animal ride home.

This time two very large and colourful birds came and landed to be of service. On the riders went, and off they flew to home. They were let off on the roof of their house. They waved to the birds, and then floated down to land softly on the grass.

The boy ran over to his mother and gave her a big hug. He had lots to share with her about all the animal adventures and learning he had just done.

She smiled. She remembered when she and her husband had knelt in prayer, while on Earth, to receive the gift Jesus offered, of eternal life. They were glad to be part of God’s big, loving family. Now they and these children God had given to them, were having a marvellous time.

It hadn’t been easy to be a Christian—a true Christian—while on Earth; and life on Earth was tough. But because of their love for Jesus, and their kind caring of many orphans while on Earth, teaching them the ways of God’s Kingdom, now they had this lovely mansion to live in, and happy children around, who enjoyed every day of their life!