



Millennial Missions—Topic 8: Happy children and families

What God’s way is, and what He promises to those that love Him and follow in His way:

Honour thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. (Matthew 19:19)

Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous:

For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile. (1 Peter 3:8,10)

Blessed is every one that feareth the LORD; that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the LORD.

Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children. (Psalm 128:1-4, 6)

What God’s Word warned would happen, because people have chosen to disobey God and allowed evil into their lives:

Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. (Genesis 3:16)

But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.

For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. (Matthew 10:33-36)

And the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child: and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death. (Matthew 10:21)

What God tells us to do about the problem for now, until the time is right for Him to make everything nice on Earth:

Which thou hast commanded by thy servants the prophets, saying, The land, unto which ye go to possess it, is an unclean land with the filthiness of the people of the lands, with their abominations, which have filled it from one end to another with their uncleanness.

Now therefore give not your daughters unto their sons, neither take their daughters unto your sons, nor seek their peace or their wealth for ever: that ye may be strong, and eat the good of the land, and leave it for an inheritance to your children for ever. (Ezra 9:11-12)

And thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. (Deuteronomy 6:5-7)

What might it be like on Earth during the 1,000 year time at the end of this world's History, when the world is renewed and refreshed and Jesus Christ rules as King over all:

And I will multiply men upon you, all the house of Israel, even all of it: and the cities shall be inhabited, and the wastes shall be builded:

And I will multiply upon you man and beast; and they shall increase and bring fruit: and I will settle you after your old estates, and will do better unto you than at your beginnings: and ye shall know that I am the LORD.

Yea, I will cause men to walk upon you, even my people Israel; and they shall possess thee, and thou shalt be their inheritance, and thou shalt no more henceforth bereave them of men. (Ezekiel 36:10-12)

There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old. (Isaiah 65:20)

Promises for Princes and Princesses of God:

He that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations. And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my Father. And I will give him the morning star. (Revelation 2:26-28)

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. (Revelation 2:17)

Millennial Missions Stories

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

- **Story 1--The Sad Old World: What they Really Needed**

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.

In 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, as land had to 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 they could even get 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 hope to these struggling-for-existence people.

"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 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 to. 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 it 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 were being 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—God’s way. He knew there was more to life than to just trying 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 for God 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.

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 was instructing 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 felt full from the joy of giving to others the best things—truth, and hope, and love.

The next two days while 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 the Lord would provide all that they needed, that this rock breaking would be a thing 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: Truly Educational Pursuits**

“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’s 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 slithering wild in these parts. They never could fully enjoy things before, as 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 brought 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 and harmful 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 their new world now, it was King Jesus, the one who knew everything there ever was to know, who set the standard. Children that used their time in happy, loving, and truly educational pursuits, and who loved to listen to 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 children who were eager to learn and help out, 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 actually 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, then 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 liked 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 hardworking man and would provide for them. And she was glad to live out in nature, away from the filth and smog of the city.

It was a hard life there, but they got by, thanks to people who cared. Better, that is until the one world government took over that area and banished from the country all those who it seemed were trying to make things better.

There had been so many questions, and so much they both wanted to learn from those who 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 leave, then into jail they'd go, or worse.

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. Those trying to take control were making great promises of how much better things would be.

However, time showed that the government only allowed certain kinds of citizens the right to exist—those supremely loyal to the power-hungry rulers, and those who propped up their plans and did according to their wishes.

This couple hadn't dared to attempt to have children, for things just weren't right in the world. It seemed that 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 all this 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.

When hands changed at last, and the best ruler of all came wonderfully into the scene, King Jesus, the Lord of lords and King of kings, 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 would 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-was at last free to start a family of his own, and a flourishing one it was.

It was a joy for great-great-grandfather 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 near him in the old world.

Sometimes 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 courteous 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 King Jesus wanted everyone, 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 knew 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 grandchildren'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: Always Full of Enough Energy**

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.

Kento's 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 work 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, ready?" 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 no water would be spilled and 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.

At this time they usually also 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 happily agreed—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 them fix up any things 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 songs 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 ahead. 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. But we can get to 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 helpers 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.

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 Samira. 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. The rest of the meals and food were 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, before leaving, said "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.

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