



## **Millennial Missions—Topic 7: Perfect plants**

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

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good. (Genesis 1:11-12)

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. (Genesis 1:29-31)

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

And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life;

Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. (Genesis 3:17-19)

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

And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest.

And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger: I am the LORD your God. (Leviticus 19:9-10)

Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard, and gather in the fruit thereof;

But in the seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for the LORD: thou shalt neither sow thy field, nor prune thy vineyard.

That which groweth of its own accord of thy harvest thou shalt not reap, neither gather the grapes of thy vine undressed: for it is a year of rest unto the land. (Leviticus 25:3-5)

And Elisha came again to Gilgal: and there was a dearth in the land; and the sons of the prophets were sitting before him: and he said unto his servant, Set on the great pot, and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets.

And one went out into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds his lap full, and came and shred them into the pot of pottage: for they knew them not.

So they poured out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat thereof. But he said, Then bring meal. And he cast it into the pot; and he said, Pour out for the people, that they may eat. And there was no harm in the pot. (2 Kings 4:38-41)

**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:**

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the LORD for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off. (Isaiah 55:12-13)

And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden; and the waste and desolate and ruined cities are become fenced, and are inhabited. (Ezekiel 36:34-35)

**Promises for Princes and Princesses of God:**

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. (Revelation 22:1-2)

## 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: Something Terribly Wrong**

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 substance supplier. They signed up to order and use a certain amount of the product 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 to multiple health 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 supposed to help them grow more and better produce.

The letter now being read by the Cliffards told of her latest batch of health concerns. –Sounding quite a bit like what 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 these families it seemed the only solution was to sell the farms, and go somewhere that they could 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 get healthier and stronger. 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, and 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 suddenly 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 them. 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: All the More Reason to Praise**

“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 a 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 evening get together 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.

Mothers and children and every one was encouraged to speak out and sing out the good things they could think of that happened to them, too.

The young ones were then taught a new story from the Bible, along with stories that happened since then, 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 all the more reason to praise God and see how wonderful He is.

When these praise meeting dispersed, people would chat about life and their families, and ask how each one was doing. A larger, united 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. These foods were filled with potent nourishment, so people generally felt less hungry and were 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 goods 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 took 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, because 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. 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 of making it themselves. If they had the time and resources to do it, this was a way they could supply the need for their family, 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 traveled 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: A Garden of Flowers**

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 seeds of plants 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 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 Jesus' 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 whole families to ride in it.

"Where are we going to go?" Alphonso, one of the boys 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, they 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, they could see there was also a large fountain, big enough to swim in.

Other attractive features were 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.

With this information in their mind, after landing they could then remember in what direction the lovely fountain was, and so forth. And if they needed a refresher, or wished to know what other places there were 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 parents 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 about to be told, 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, realizing 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 who was 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 a 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 stroll 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.

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