



## **Millennial Missions—Topic 11: Clean and Conscientious World**

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

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain. (Isaiah 11:9a)

And the LORD God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. (Genesis 2:15)

And Adam knew Eve his wife; and she conceived, and bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man from the LORD.

And she again bare his brother Abel. And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground. (Genesis 4:1-2)

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

Standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, Alas, alas that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come.

And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more:

The merchants of these things, which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing,

And saying, Alas, alas that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls!

For in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off,

And cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city!

And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas, alas that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! for in one hour is she made desolate.

Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her. (Revelation 18:10,11,15-20)

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

Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good. (Isaiah 7:15)

Let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue it.

For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil. (1 Peter 3:11-12)

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word. (Psalm 119:9)

**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:**

Thus saith the Lord GOD; In the day that I shall have cleansed you from all your iniquities I will also cause you to dwell in the cities, and the wastes shall be builded. (Ezekiel 36:33)

O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the LORD: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth. (Psalm 96:9-13)

The LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. (Psalm 97:1)

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

And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood,

And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen. (Revelation 1:5-7)

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### **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: A Sorry and Painful State**

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 facilities. Some collect glass or metal, cloth, or cardboard, to be sold for recycling purposes.

"This unpleasant work 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 this article 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 before,” 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 like it 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 than 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 they 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 while 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: Seeing Each Other Thriving**

“Antonio! Carlito!” Vivaldo called out to his work companions. “What do you say we take a walk along the river? I hear there are just the types of plants growing there 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 your 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, a “loafer” coming for some bread would get to work in the way she asked. This is the way Melita 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!” Melita might be heard to say. “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. Fresh food that they had personally helped to grow, tasted great.

After some good vigorous and slow dancing, the couples joined their children and relations, thanked them for watching the children or grandchildren, 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 who is blind folded 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 her mother would also say, “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: From that Land of No Tears**

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-grandchildren had ever known anything but the world now, when Jesus Christ was King. Things 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 built 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 times of teaching and 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, though 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 used was disposed of in clever ways, keeping proper hygiene. Some water was filtered, and used to water the veggie gardens.

Grandma Margie put on the finishing touches to the table, spreading it with a simple nice cloth, and placing there some bowls of fruit, nuts, and other things to nibble on. A pitcher of fresh cold water from the stream that trickled nearby, was added, 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 visitors would have running water, was the last fix-it job he’d tended to. 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 attic 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. During the time they would visit in the day, they’d 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 herself 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.

Mysteriously, Great-grandma Heather seemed in many ways to appear younger than her great granddaughter, for life in the Paradisiacal city gave one such youth and radiance. Just 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. It was a way to make the Earth dwellers feel more at ease in the presence of Heaven's ambassadors.

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 live on unendingly.

Margie sat with the visiting 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 toothaches 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 who remained faithful to our Lord though we suffered for it, is now 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 Heavenly man replied.

“And of course, with no 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,” Great-grandma 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 Jesus, the King of all, 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 sharing with 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 a big round of energy and light-filling hugs were shared all around. When at last things were 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 Heather 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, the children were also 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. Some helped to prepare a meal for them all to share together on the outside eating area.

Great-grandma 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.

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Another base had been established—and Margie’s children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren would “be taught of the Lord” and grow in love and strength as a God-loving, God honouring team.

**Written by:** Chariane Quille

**Illustrated by:** Philippe

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