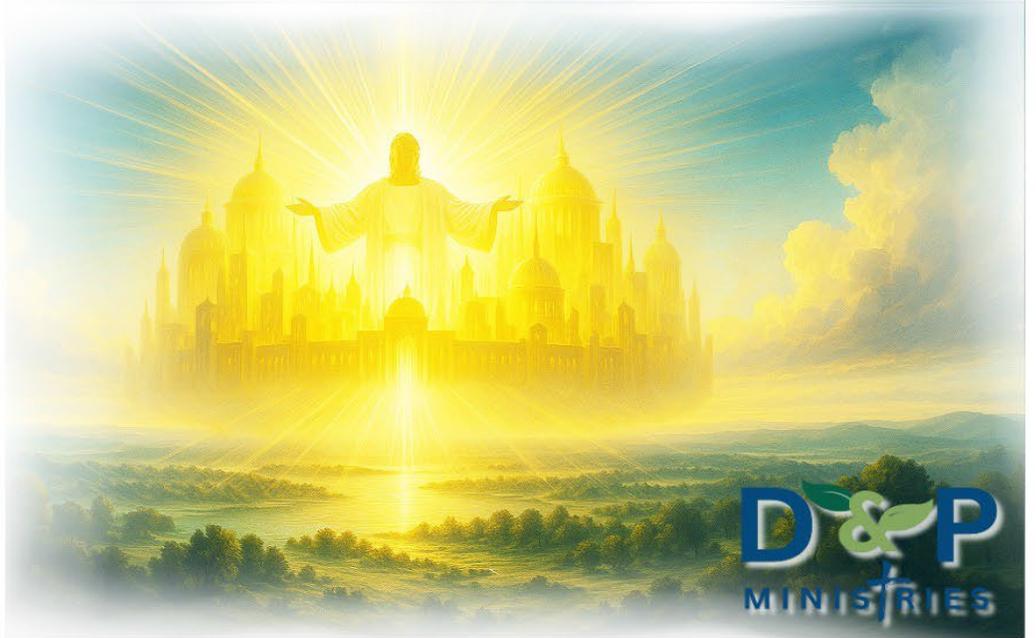


THE KINGDOM WONDERS

REVELATION 20:21-22



WONDER OF THE ETERNAL KINGDOM

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea (Rev 21:1).

I was saving the best for last. What Jesus describes in these final two chapters is the wonder of wonders. It's our new home. Jesus, God All in All is our God, and we are His people. This is the beginning of a never-ending story. Now, stay calm, don't get excited. The following few pages should be just a glimpse of His glory, and it's all ours forever, Thanks To Calvary.

Now, as the story begins to unfold, imagine being there yourself, telling us what you saw. Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth. The old earth had passed away. The sea, that deep and restless divide, was no more. And John, the beloved disciple, lifted his eyes and beheld a city descending holy, glorious, and radiant with the brilliance of God. The New Jerusalem, prepared like a bride adorned for her husband, came from above, not built by men's hands, but by the wisdom of the Eternal One.

And then, oh! Then came the voice that echoes through every corridor of hope: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men!" Never again would He dwell apart. No veil. No temple curtain. No need for prophets to speak on His behalf. God Himself would dwell with them. They would see Him, know Him, and walk with Him, as Adam once did in the cool of the day.

He would be their God, and they would be His people. Tears?

Gone. Death? Defeated. Sorrow, crying, pain? Banished forever. For the former things, like shadows before dawn, had passed away. And He who sat upon the throne declared with divine finality: "Behold, I make all things new." Write it down, He told John. These words are faithful and true. It is done.

And now we walk into this city with John. Its walls are jasper crystal clear, yet unyielding. Its foundations are twelve precious stones, each named for the apostles of the Lamb. The gates, twelve of them, each carved from a single pearl, always open, for there is no night. The city has no need of sun or moon, for the glory of God illuminates it, and the Lamb is its light.

The nations walk in that light. Kings bring their glory into it. Nothing unclean shall enter, nor any who do abominations or lies, but only those written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

A river flows from the throne, bright as crystal, coursing through the city's heart. On either side, the tree of life bears twelve fruits, one for each month, and the leaves are for the healing of the nations. And there is no more curse. The throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him. They shall see His face, His name upon their foreheads, and they shall reign with Him forever and ever.

Here is the kingdom He promised. Not shaken. Not subject to decay. It is holy. Eternal. Marvelous beyond description.

This is the place He prepared. This is the moment your Sunday prayer has long anticipated. This is the chapter John gave us from the Isle of Exile to remind us that no matter how dark the night,

the dawn will break with the glory of the Lamb.

And I heard it again, that great proclamation: "Behold, I come quickly."

What is time in a place where the Lamb is the light? A thousand years become like a watch in the night. There is no fear of delay, for His coming is certain. The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!" And to the one who thirsts, the invitation is clear: "Let him take the water of life freely."

Let your heart rise with every promise. Let your soul dwell upon every stone of the heavenly city. Think of the gates not as barriers, but as perpetual welcomes. God will not merely visit. He will dwell. God will not merely touch. He will embrace.

There is no temple there, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are its temple. Worship will be constant, not because of obligation, but because of overwhelming joy. The light of His presence will never dim. There will be no more night, no lamp, no candle. The Lord God will give them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.

This is the kingdom Jesus is building. This is the fulfillment of every parable of the kingdom, every beatitude, every prayer that says, "Thy kingdom come."

It is not a dream, nor a distant hope. It is a reality already descending. It is the inheritance of the meek, the home of the pure in heart, the place prepared for those who love Him. Let the reader pause. Let him look again at Revelation 21:3.

"Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men." That word behold means to gaze and not turn away. Imagine it. Let it move you. Let it bring tears as it brought them to John, and as it brings them now to you. For the God who once walked in Eden, who once dwelt in the Tabernacle, who once took on flesh in Jesus, now returns to dwell not beside, but within and among His people.

This is not the end of the story. This is the wonder of the beginning that will never end. Let the child of God ponder: What would it mean for every tear to be wiped away by God's own hand? No distant gesture. No angel sent in His place. The hand that holds the stars reaches down to touch the face of His child.

And from that moment on, joy will never need to be guarded. It will flow unchallenged, uninterrupted, because nothing impure, harmful, or broken can enter.

The walls are not for keeping others out, but for keeping the redeemed forever safe in.

Every stone, every gate, every beam of light in that city is a sermon. And the theme of each one is this: God is with us.

We will never again say, "Where is God in my sorrow?" or "Why does God feel far away?" For there, in that place, no one will ever feel forgotten.

Even now, the Kingdom is growing within us, around us, and soon before our very eyes. When Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you," He wasn't speaking symbolically. He meant it. The Lamb who bore our sin now builds our home.

He is not ashamed to call us His brethren. He is not reluctant to welcome us. He is eager.

The New Jerusalem is the crown of His love. The Bride prepared for the Lamb is not merely the Church; it is each believer, robed in righteousness, shining with the light of His glory.

Friend, let your mind wander through its streets. Let your heart linger in its gardens. Let your soul drink deeply from its river. For every longing you've ever had for peace, beauty, belonging, or love, it will be met there.

The throne is not a symbol of power. It is a seat of mercy. The light is not only brilliant. It is welcome. And the Lamb is not only King. He is your Savior. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

O Lord, King of kings, stir our hearts with the joy of Your promise. Lift our eyes from what is passing to what is eternal. Let us long for the city whose builder and maker is God. Keep our feet steady and our hearts pure as we await the sound of Your voice. May we live every day on this earth with eyes of faith fixed on the kingdom that cannot be moved, and may we never stop saying with the Spirit and the Bride: Come, Lord Jesus. Amen.

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Proofreading, Grammatical, and Content Support

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- The Grammarly App
- The ChatGPT OpenAI, 2024