

# THAT *Beautiful* CITY

“What about what Joseph said to his brothers that he was sent ahead to **preserve** for them **a remnant on earth** and **to save their lives with a great deliverance** (Genesis 45:6-7). Who is the *preserved remnant*?”

Her friends rolled their eyes. “You bother over senseless trivia.”

“But—but, don’t you see there’s meaning—I know there’s meaning in the fine details because our God writes with that intention.”

They turned away to whisper among themselves.

“He’s brilliant—no greater mind than his,” she added, looking to keep eye contact with anyone left listening. Groups began to form. One by one, they shuffled in and out until she stood alone.

In one final attempt, she said, “He hides deeper meanings all throughout our Ancient Book. Like—why did Joseph give little Benjamin—his blood brother, his silver cup? He hid it intentionally in Benjamin’s bag. There’s meaning in that!”

“Listen, you don’t belong with us. Just go—we’re *not interested*—and—we don’t intend to be rude. If you want, you can go shopping with us—just don’t talk about—that stuff.”

“I’m sorry.” She sighed into a long deep groan. “I probably should go. I’m looking for *that city*—”



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In a chorus, they interrupted, “Go, find your city.”

She turned away with a skip and a sigh. Alone again, she dragged her backpack, leaving a path as she strolled down the way with only one thing on her mind—*that city*.

“Hey! Wait up!” He shouted.

She kept her pace; she was already far and away.

He went into a run calling out, “Hey! Hey!”

He caught the long end of her sweater and she turned around suddenly.

“Who are you?”

“Hey, I—I saw you with those people,” he gasped, “—and alone. Where are you going?”

“I am looking for *that* City with foundations, whose architect and builder is God (Hebrews 11:10). You may find that boring and trivial—too.” She pointed randomly towards the horizon.

“*That city?*”

“Yes.” She kicked up dirt with her foot and began drawing squares within squares.

“Well, what are you doing?”

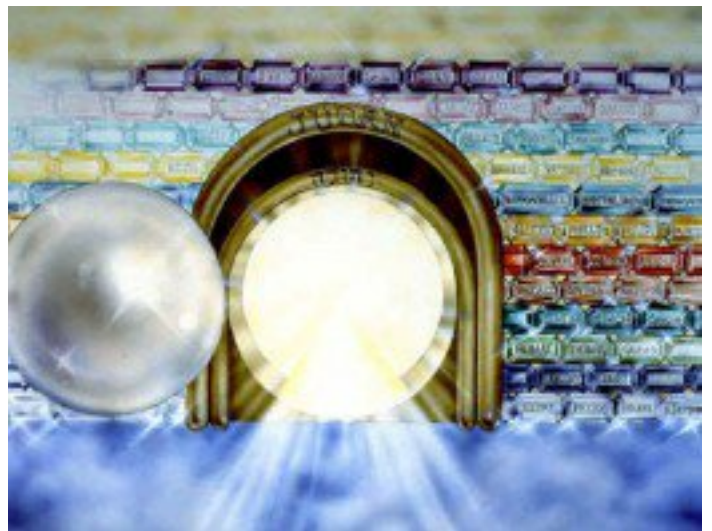
“Uh,” she kept busy with her foot work, drawing larger and larger squares.

“Do you mean *a* city or *the* city, like—the New Jerusalem?” He asked.

She stopped and said, “Go on.”

He propped his hands on his hips. “I’m on a journey of discovery, too. Tell me about *that city* you are looking for.”

“Well—it’s a beautiful city.” Her words collided and converged into a waterfall that she couldn’t stop. “It has a great high wall with twelve gates. The gates are made of a single pearl. Imagine that!” She closed her eyes as if enjoying a beautiful fragrance. “And—on the gates are written the names of the twelve tribes of Israel—three gates on each side. It’s in the form of a square—” She stopped as her eyes drew an outline.



“And—” He nodded.

“Well, gates of pearl! That’s amazing because quality pearls develop with an irritation of a foreign substance like a small grain of sand between the mantle and the shell of an oyster—” She gasped a quick breath, “like a thorn in the flesh. The oyster puts a coating around that foreign substance to stop the irritation and it grows into a beautiful pearl.” She stopped just enough to verify eye contact. “You would appreciate the analogy of trials being like an irritation that initiates change in us and we develop into better people.”

He chuckled.

She whispered looking sideways at him in the corner of her eye, “I did say that each gate is named after the twelve tribes of Israel.”

“Yes, I remember. I’m interested. Tell me more.”

“You’re interested? Amazing!”

She smiled with wonder.

“Okay, if I remember correctly, there are twelve foundations and, on each foundation, there is the name of the twelve apostles.” She stopped abruptly.

“What’s the problem,” he asked.

“Why write the name of each apostle on each foundation layer?” She looked into the sky as if she were talking to someone.

“Maybe—” he replied. “The writer is trying to tell you that the teachings of the apostles are the foundation to this city—the *teachings* of all twelve apostles.”

“Okay, teachings—” She scratched her head, frowning. “And—it has a street—only one—*great* street made of gold, transparent gold!”

“Beautiful,” he replied. “Pure gold, hey?” He shook his head in wonder. “One way into *that* city. That must mean that there is only one way to follow.”

“Yes, one way—like perfect righteousness, transparent—no lies, no mixed messages—a perfect right way into the city.” She thrust her hands on her hips. “I am tired of the lies from



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government, the thievery of our economic system, the accusations from all of those who oppose honesty, truthfulness, and love for one another.”

He chuckled in the background as she rattled on.

She continued her rant. “Then—there are those who claim to be following Christ. They get baptised and that’s it. Others begin the journey with lots of studying and learning then that stops too. Some have joined those highly structured groups that operate in the shape of a pyramid—those Nicolaitans. I see them looking down at each other. Where are the people who seek—”

He interrupted. “*That City*—whose foundation and whose architect and builder is God.”

“Yes, where is *that City*?”

“I am journeying towards *that City*, too. Maybe, I can join you?” he asked.

“Well, I must warn you, I can be difficult. I’m going to journey until I find *that City*! Can you handle it?” She ended with her eyes peering through invisible granny glasses propped on the end of her nose.

“Okay, Missy.” He chortled. “You know—you may need my help.”

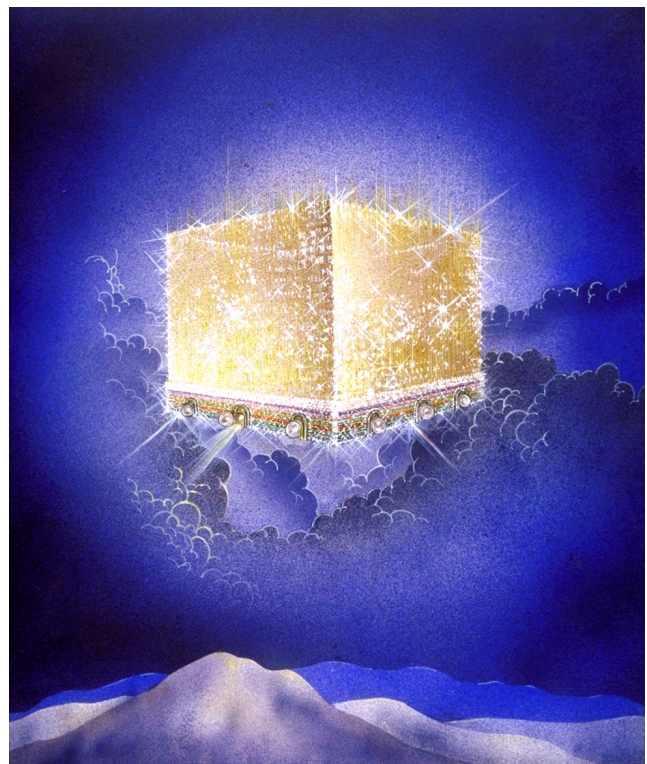
She smiled and under her breath she whispered, “Maybe.”

She heaved her backpack over her shoulder after taking a gulp from the water bottle. Her eyes covered with a stylish pair of prescription sunglasses and the long shadow from her floppy straw hat provided the top layer of protection and the cotton long sleeve loose shirt and jeans provided the rest. The sun no longer a threat became a companion of light.

“*That city*—you said was square. Wouldn’t it then be a cube?” He asked wiping his glasses with the end of his shirt, while keeping up.

“Okay a cube then,” she replied.

“Well, you know where I am going with this—you know the cube idea?”



<http://trivialdevotion.blogspot.ca/2011/12/gods-architecture.html>

“Huh—all equal sides, 12 points, 6 square faces... 3 dimensional.”

“Yes, 3 dimensional! You may not know but *our* Holy Book often speaks in terms of threes.”

She frowned. “*Our* Holy Book? So, you know something written in *our* Holy Book? Then, I want to hear it.”

“Well, consider:

- Three: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—better still, God Almighty, Jesus Christ and the bride!
- Three: Jesus said that He was the way, the truth, and the life.
- What about—faith, hope, and charity.
- And Redemption takes place in three phases: death, burial, and resurrection.
- God Almighty said that He was, and is, and is to come.”

“Wow! What about the patriarchs: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?” She pressed her hand against her lips and gasped. “There are also the angels in Revelation 4 that repeat ‘Holy, Holy, Holy’.” She hesitated for a moment. “And—what about Noah’s *three* sons: Shem, Ham, and Japheth!”

He grabbed her arm and they stood face-to-face. “The tabernacle —”

She frowned. “Huh?”

“—in the desert. It had three areas: the Outer Court, the Holy Place, and the Holy of Holies and—” his voice quivered, “of the seven feast days, three are pilgrim feasts requiring every male thirteen years and older to present himself to God.”

She giggled. “And remember Jonah in the belly of the fish for 3 days.” Her face suddenly became solemn, she whispered, “—Christ was 3 days and 3 nights in the grave. And, Christ was missing for 3 days when he was 12 years old. And, remember that parable of the kingdom of Heaven in Matthew 13:33 was like three measures of meal—three groups of people who comprise of the kingdom of Heaven: the house of Judah, house of Israel, and the Gentiles.”

They stood staring at each other. He broke the silence. “Saul was blinded for 3 days!”

“You do know *our* Holy Book!” She threw her arms around him and the weight of her backpack pushed him off balance. She sputtered while teeter tottering, “We’re onto something here!”

In the momentum of the fall, he grabbed her around the waist; they rocked to and fro like a ship in a storm. “Hold on!” He yelled. “Hold on!”

Gravity played a significant role. He looked behind seeking a landing, a soft landing.

“Ouch!” he yelped.

He landed on his back pressed like a sandwich. He was the slice that suffered the beating of the stony surface and she was the soft filling pressed between him and her backpack.

“I’m sorry!” She said. “Really I am!”

They lay staring at each other, nose-to-nose.

She threw her weight to one side freeing him but rolling into the dead weight of her few possessions strapped to her back.

“Hey—” She wiggled like a turtle in trouble. They broke into laughter and she collapsed with her arms and legs limp by her side. “The sky—it’s so big.”

“Three clouds in the sky, Look, only three!” He shouted, talking to everyone present; those close and those far away.

“Ooh, it’s a sign!” She smirked.

“Yes! You’re right. It’s like God uses the number three to represent an indicator, maybe signpost of something important which completes something in His master plan—like a divine marker.”

She rocked and grunted until she lay on her side facing him. “So, *that* city having the shape of a cube—three dimensional—is a significant marker in God’s divine plan. It has one perfect way in and its foundation is the teachings of the twelve apostles, which of course is God’s divine word.”

He added, “That sounds good. And—don’t we live in a three-dimensional realm? Maybe the city is comprised of people—”



[http://jacobcherians.blogspot.ca/2013\\_12\\_08\\_archive.html](http://jacobcherians.blogspot.ca/2013_12_08_archive.html)

“Of course, there is always people in a city,” she replied.

“Yes—but what I mean is, what if *that* city is the people.”

She began to hum and broke into a song.

“That City dressed as a bride,  
Her beauty gave him so much pride,

She is that City, the Holy City,  
Of righteous saints to the fill,  
Set up for all to see on a hill."

"Hey!" He waited for her to look his way. "You say *that* city is really the saints—the New Jerusalem?"

"Did I say that?"

"You *sang* it!"

"—And so, I did. That makes sense from Revelation 21:2-3, 'And I John saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming **down** from God **out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned** for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying, '**Now the dwelling of God is with men, and he will live with them.** They will be his people, and God himself will be with them and be their God.'



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"That's right! God will live **on earth** with **us**—the New Jerusalem! Among—us! You just said it." He chuckled, jumping up, he threw his arms up. "We've solved this one," he shouted.

"So, *that* city," she puffed, getting up from the fall, "the **New Jerusalem** are **the saints** with the teachings that began with the apostles after the receiving of the Holy Spirit. *That* city could also be thought of as the small beginning and—rebirth of the nation of Israel—converted Israel. Christ will marry her."

"Wow! Yes. And—being a cube, it is comprised of layers and layers of—strength and truth!"

He added, "Think of the New Jerusalem after the first resurrection."

They looked at each other like two deer in the headlights.

"Oh, come on," he said. "Let's think. The twelve apostles taught the pure truth—word of God—they are the foundation of this organism, the 144,000 in Revelation are from each tribe of Israel. They did not defile themselves; they kept themselves pure. They were offered as first-fruits to God and the Lamb. They are the end-time saints from the house of Israel. No lie was found in their mouths; they were blameless (Revelation 14:3-50). They are in the first resurrection, which is the better resurrection."

For the first time, she looked at him with wonder, she could see him thumbing through pages and sifting through ideas.

“Twelve—” he said, “so many scriptures that use the number twelve point to the kingdom of Israel. As you know:

- The 12 tribes
- The 12 spies (one from each tribe)
- The 12 gates (one from each tribe)
- 12 pillars erected at Mt. Sinai (probably for each tribe)
- 12 pillars erected in the Promised Land (again for each tribe).”

“Of course!” She stood brushing the dirt from her pants. “Twelve is the number for perfect government—God’s perfect government. So, 144,000 is 12 times 12 times 1,000. Well—12 times 12 is a mathematical cube times 1,000 which means forever. So, let’s put this all together. God’s perfect government coming out of the Great Tribulation will comprise of all 12 tribes of Israel and it will last forever.”

“We’re onto something!” He jumped into a dance, bellowing out at the top of his lungs. Then suddenly he came to a stop, staring at her. “What about Revelation 22:2 ‘On each side of the river stood the tree of life, bearing twelve crops of fruit, yielding its fruit every month.’”

She asked, “The river and the tree of life bearing twelve crops of fruit?”

“The river is the Holy Spirit. These people are filled with the Holy Spirit,” he replied.

“But—” She watched him kicking the dirt up with his foot. “I don’t know—what are the twelve crops of fruit, yielding every month?”

He returned her look of wonder and replied, “What about Ezekiel ‘Fruit trees of all kinds will grow on both banks of the river. Their leaves will not wither, nor will their fruit fail. Every month they will bear fruit, because the water from the sanctuary flows to them. Their fruit will serve for food and their leaves for healing’” (Ezekiel 47:12). This New Jerusalem are the saints who can heal the people spiritually and continually through teaching people how to live in the way of God—a constant rejuvenation of truth heals confusion and deception.”

“I like that! Now, let’s summarize: That beautiful City are the saints, the elect, the first-fruits, the remnant who follow Christ wherever He goes down the transparent, that is, the way of righteousness—no deceit and confusion. She is the perfect loving companion filled with truth, honesty, kindness, gentility, and deeply in love with her husband. She radiates like him because she is the mirror image of him and shares in his glory. She is pictured as a cube, imaging the layers and layers of pure truth, which gives us spiritual strength. She is a significant accomplishment in God’s plan. People become part of her by entering through the twelve gates of Israel—they are grafted into this family. This nation of Israel will be a perfect government with twelve entry points and twelve foundations—forever. And—”



He stopped holding back his excitement and whispered, “the living waters flow out from under *her*. *She* is full of the Holy Spirit. The constant flow of teaching rejuvenates, heals, and generates a variety of qualities that reflect the many aspects of love—God’s way—His perfect righteousness.”

She added, “Christ says to him who is thirsty, I will give you drink without cost from the spring of the water of life that is flowing out of the New Jerusalem, his bride (Revelation 21:6). Together, Christ and His bride will be providing spiritual nutrition. And—He describes her as beautifully dressed for her husband. She has become fully him in truth and grace.”

She sighs in relief. “The cowardly, the unbelieving, the vile, the murderers, the sexually immoral, those who practice magic arts, the idolaters and all liars—their place will be **OUTSIDE *that city***, certainly **NOT part of the bride** (Revelation 21:8, 22:14,15).

“We’ve discovered *that city*.”

They stood gazing into the horizon.

She whispered, “Getting through those gates of pearl into the city won’t be easy. Irritation—tribulation, pain, and suffering produce change, the qualities desired by our God.”

“I know. Tell me, what do you think the Holy, Holy, Holy means?” He asked.

“In God’s throne room, you mean?”



<http://www.fonds-decran.com/wallpapers/highway-to-horizon-hd-3102.html>

“Yes, the four living creatures never stop saying ‘Holy, Holy, Holy.’”

“Well—Our Creator is holy, you know—set apart, *not* like anyone else. God is unique to everyone; He has always been and always will be. It is official that is why they repeat Holy three times. God is truly, truly, truly separate from all in heaven and on earth. ‘Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come’ (Revelation 4:8b).”

He interjected, “So, true and soon He will live with us! Aren’t we so very, very, very lucky!”

*Compiled by Janette Andrejowich*