

# The Celestial City

“There will no longer be any curse;  
and the throne of God and of the Lamb will be in it,  
and His bond-servants will serve Him; they will see His face...”

“But I am hard-pressed from both directions,  
having the desire to depart and be with Christ, for that is very much better...”  
Philippians 1:23 (NASB)

“I have treasured Your word in my heart,  
So that I may not sin against You.”  
Psalm 119:11 (NASB)

If you have never thought seriously about what comes after this life, then old age—or critical illness—will likely cure you of that neglect.

To lose your health and realize you may not see another birthday sobers most people up rather quickly.

Hence many people avoid thinking about dying until circumstances leave them no choice. However—for the child of God—death is life’s greatest blessing.

The apostles had the greatest possible blessing life offers as they were with the Master 24/7 for about 3 ½ years. In human history, no one had such remarkable intimacy with the Lord as the Twelve did.

Among many believers, a fear lingers when the thought of death comes to mind. We become too comfortable in this life’s context and the notion of entering an unfamiliar world can

make us fearful.

Only as we spend time learning about heaven will our grip on this life become slack.

Eventually we will find ourselves longing more and more for our eternal home and the Good Shepherd’s immediate presence.

I suggest you memorize today’s verses and, if you wish, look up their context and commit more verses to memory.

Treasuring God’s Word in our hearts will not only guard us from sin, it will brighten the pathway in front of us so that we will long for the Celestial City more and more—until we finally enter the pearly gates and walk the streets of gold.

The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn  
I’ve sighed for,  
The fair sweet morn awakes;  
Dark, dark,  
hath been the midnight,

But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel’s land.

The King there in his beauty  
Without a veil is seen;  
It were a well-spent journey  
Though seven deaths  
lay between:  
The Lamb with his fair army  
Doth on Mount Zion stand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel’s land.

O Christ, he is the fountain,  
The deep sweet well of love!  
The streams on earth  
I’ve tasted  
More deep I’ll drink above:  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel’s land

- Anne Ross Cousins

© Rumford Ministries  
[www.RumfordMinistries.org](http://www.RumfordMinistries.org)  
Some rights reserved