

The Domed City

by Lori Azvedo Smith

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I awoke this morning after having the most bizarre spiritual dream I have had in a long time. I awoke several times during the early morning hours – only to fall asleep and continue the dream each time I awoke. It was as follows:

I secretly got up one morning and left without taking many provisions to live on. The whole area was under occupation by foreign troops (they spoke a language I didn't know). It was dangerous to even walk down the street without having permission. There were checkpoints that people had to pass through and have permission to enter the other side.

I moved in the shadows so I would not be detected by these people who were occupying and controlling our land. I hid in a shop in an area of the shop that was seldom used but I was at first very afraid of being caught and turned in to the authorities. Then somehow, I seemed to be told by a higher spiritual being what to do at any given moment which gave me peace.

I awoke at this time and fell back asleep and continued the dream.

A group of people and I were on Truman Road in Independence just east of the stone arch bridge, and I was guiding these people who were traveling. From this point on Truman Road, we could see down into where the domed city was. It was strange to see a city with a clear dome over it so that you could see all the buildings clearly. I recognized the Auditorium and the Stone Church in this city and a few other buildings.

We were headed for the domed city. Sometimes we would be on the road and other times when it was dangerous, we would go into the wooded area beside the road. It was cold out here and appeared to be fall or winter, for there were no leaves on the trees and everything looked brown and dormant. We avoided the troops that were patrolling as much as possible, but at times we could walk past them and be completely undetected by them at all. These troops wore dark green uniforms with red on their shoulders and spoke a different language. They were Caucasian troops and I believed them to be from Russia.

These people I was leading were from other areas of the country and some had traveled hundreds of miles on foot. I was their guide in the area I lived in. They had multiple guides who guided them for a short distance and then other guides would take over. They were always in small groups of people (maybe 10 or 15 people) so they were able to travel quickly and without harboring the risk of being detected. We didn't talk much except when I would give them direction. I was guiding them to the place of safety – the domed city. These people seemed to be terribly frightened, but I wasn't because of the being that was directing me.

I took them to the domed city. The dome appeared to be clear – for you could see the city, but could tell there was this clear protective dome around it. It was dangerous to be outside of this domed city, except for areas where the heavenly spirits were protecting.

This domed city was beautiful beyond description – clean and pure. It was even more beautiful on the inside. The streets were narrow gravel roads and people were walking on them. The colors of the lawns and flowers were vibrant in the more beautiful hues. Each house had a well-maintained garden by it. There was such a dramatic contrast between the outside of the dome and inside the dome. Outside seemed to be desolate and lifeless. Inside was full of life and a people living harmoniously. There were no cars or vehicles of any type. People had personal contact with others – talking and sharing God’s love.

The people there loved one another with an indescribably love. They helped one another out in their daily living. The ones coming in had this same incredible love that everyone residing there had. Their needs were met after they entered. I never wanted to leave this peaceful, beautiful place!

August 26, 2016

While relaxing, the Lord began to open up my mind to see things in Zion that I saw in my dream, but didn’t remember them and some things were revealed to my mind as follows:

The houses I saw in Zion were all about the same size and were simple in design (nothing ornate). They all seemed to have about the same shape, but were painted different colors according to what the family that lived in them wanted. The houses are made to be slept in and meals eaten in. The Lord tells me that people are not created to be slaves to huge houses. The houses didn’t have some of the things our houses have now. I saw no air conditioners or fireplaces as they weren’t needed. The temperatures in Zion were moderate all year. Houses did have utilities, but they were used sparingly. People did have washers and dryers, but didn’t use them a lot because they didn’t have a lot of clothes.

Each house had a garden and there were many vibrant flowers in each yard. There was also a huge flower garden at the top of a hill. The garden had a very large variety of different kinds of flowers and plants. You could tell they were well attended as there wasn’t any grass or weeds growing in them. Many people loved to walk through the flower garden, measuring at least an acre or more, and enjoy the beauty and peace that existed there. Even butterflies and bugs have a purpose in Zion. They are all fulfilling the measure of their creation. Nothing is wasted.

Peace exists everywhere in Zion. The love of God exists among all the people. They are not in competition with one another nor do they compare themselves to one another.

Life is different in Zion. Nobody is rushing around – for they are all at peace with a simple life. There are no cell phones, computers, clocks – electronic devices are unnecessary. Nobody is concerned with time or driven by worldly cares.

Food is simplistic in Zion. No elaborate meals are prepared. They are delicious meals, but simple to make – for no one wastes time on unnecessary food preparation. All food comes from things grown in peoples’ gardens. People are careful to spend time nurturing their garden plants. There are not storms in Zion (rain, snow, etc.). There seems to be a mist on the ground in the morning, which is enough water for the plants to grow properly.

The temple sits across from the front of the Auditorium. The bell rings in the large bell tower when there is an activity or service going on. Not everyone in Zion goes to the temple every time an activity is announced – for everyone cannot fit into the temple. There are services in the temple daily and other activities are in the temple as well as the Auditorium (classes are taught and children are taught). Somehow, there is order in who attends services and classes. This is organized by the higher priesthood who utilizes others to help.

Everyone has a work to do in Zion or outside of Zion. The elders are constantly coming home and then going outside of Zion again to spread the gospel. People inside Zion are at work using their talents wherever they are needed – i.e., some people love to garden and are tending to the large flower garden, some people love to teach children and are in the Auditorium teaching, some people deliver babies, etc. There are no idle people in Zion. There is always activities and necessary work to do. I saw all 3 of my grandchildren helping in Zion, but they were older than they are now.

There are guides (like myself) who are sent outside of Zion to bring people who have journeyed a long way to Zion. These people have endured many trials to get to Zion and are welcomed in with love. Some of them have been baptized by the elders as they have been taught on the outside of Zion, but some of them are taught inside Zion and are baptized there. There is much instruction going on and much building of relationships. There seems to be daily baptisms and weddings or they are occurring a lot. There is much excitement at all of these events.

Part of entertaining the people of Zion is people who are writing and performing plays – always based upon stories from the scriptures (some Bible stories, some Book of Mormon stories, and some based upon the history of the church). These are elaborate presentations, which are enjoyable to watch, but also imparting knowledge in the process.

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