



The Best is yet to Come



The waters seemed to come from everywhere, and the ark sat, heavy on the earth. I often wonder whether the mockers made it to the ark. If they beat on the door. If they begged to be let in. If they pleaded with Noah as he had pleaded with them to believe. But God had shut the door. The timer was done, the hourglass had counted the final second, and there were no more chances. Those inside were separated from those outside by the ark God had provided to save Noah and his family.

The water rose on the side of the laden ark. Higher and higher the water rose, until it lifted the wooden zoo of the ground. It floated and moved with the waters, bouncing this way and that, bumping into this rock or that hill until the flood reached such a great height that the ark traveled freely.

Outside the ark, death. But inside, there was life and peace. I saw both and felt both deep sadness and the highest joy.

Forty days and nights the flood raged across the planet until every mountain was covered and everything with breath in its lungs had died. Then the rain stopped. The geysers were closed. The windows of heaven were shut.

Noah and his family spent another eleven months in the ark waiting for the waters to abate and dry up from the earth. But then, after all that time, the family and the animals stepped forth into new life. Here was another chance for humankind to know and serve the living God. Here again was another chance to honor the God of heaven who had first given life to Adam and Eve, had spared them and covered their sin when they deserved to die, who had made a means by which Noah and his family could be saved from the coming wrath of God. I took special notice that God was not willingly abandoning his image bearers.

The Devil had caused the first two people to turn against God, and God made a way for them to be spared. He took the flesh of an animal, killed something in the place of the sinners so that they would be covered and clothed, and not have to face the judgment of God.

The Devil had led the world astray into all sorts of wickedness and idolatry. The whole world, minus one family, had turned against God. And though God was ready to destroy them all, he made a way for eight people to be saved. That family stepped into the ark, surrounded by the ark, clothed in the ark, sealed in the ark by God himself, so they would not have to face the judgment of God. And I took note of how perfectly God could save.

Noah led his family and the animals out. The sun shone warm on their skin. The grass was soft beneath their feet. There in the sky, stretching from one side to the other, was a rainbow. Now you and I have seen rainbows before. The storm blows through, the clouds part, and there in the sky, the wonderfully refracted light is separated into its various color spectra by the moisture in the air. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet; just hanging there in the sky like a dream until the water droplets floating in the atmosphere disappear, taking the bow with them.

Eleven months after the flood waters ceased to pour from the sky. Eleven months after the waters ceased their raging. Eleven months later, the rainbow appeared there as a sign to all who would see it, a sign for all generations, that God would not destroy the earth by a flood again.

God promised. A flood would never take the life of every living thing again. But there was another judgment on the horizon. There was another timer set, another hourglass flipped over, another countdown to destruction for the wicked of the earth. Not a flood this time, but a fire. Of course, God had a plan. We know he does. Of course, God would make a way to save his people. We know he would.

But that's another story for another day.

Don't worry.

The best is yet to come.