



# The Best is yet to Come



It hasn't even been two weeks since I first told you of the shame of sin that entered into Eden the day Adam and Eve ate from the forbidden tree. But we've slept since then, had other adventures, and maybe we've forgotten that moment when Satan was sure he had won. Maybe we've tucked away the memory of God's response in some closet with our winter coats, or shoved it into an old box in the attic, or covered it with a tarp in the corner of our garage. Maybe we've forgotten what God told Satan. Maybe we've misplaced the promise God made. Maybe we forgot about the swell of the music and the guarantee of a champion who would, one day, overthrow and destroy the Devil and his works. Even if we have forgotten, we can be sure that God has not.

"The woman will one day have a descendant, and you (Satan) will strike his heel, but he will crush your head."

That promise wasn't just a wish made upon a falling meteor. It was more than a penny tossed into a wishing well or the pulling apart of a wishbone. No need to cross your fingers and hope really hard that Satan would one day meet his match. Remember, God does not lie. He only speaks what is true. You and I know that. And the Devil knows that.

We think the Devil didn't know what God was talking about, but Jesus wasn't a mystery to Satan. They knew each other. Jesus was the perfect one. Jesus was the Lord over all creation. Every creature was compelled to believe in him. The Devil believed in Jesus. His minions believed in Jesus. And while you and I celebrate the Savior and sing songs to him and about him, while you and I pray to him, and adore him, the Devil trembles.

If he had boots, he'd be quaking in them. The moment God declared that Satan would be crushed under the heel of the hero, Satan knew his time was coming to a close. He knew he had lost from the first move of the game. He saw the sand begin to spill through the hourglass and shook to the core. In rage, he roamed, and still does, to and fro throughout the earth seeking those he can devour.

When God said, "one day," both Jesus and the Devil knew their paths would meet one day in a battle most fierce, and the end of that battle was already decided. The victor was already declared before the battle lines were drawn, before a sword could be pulled from its sheath, before a trumpet could sound the charge, before a horse could snort and charge forward, eating up the earth with its leaps and bounds.

"One day, you will strike his heel." The wound to the Savior was already foretold. The power of Satan is already on display. The ire and wicked schemes of the enemy poured out on the Redeemer were a foregone conclusion.

But, and oh how important this is.

"One day, Satan, you will strike his heel. You will attempt to undo him. You will attempt to stab at him. You will attempt to overthrow my purpose for him. But," read that again, "But HE WILL CRUSH YOUR HEAD!"

Victory declared. The whole of the story is revealed there on page three. The fighters were ready, the match was set, and the end was written. All that was lacking was the hour for the face off. But we can talk about that later.

Don't worry.

The best is yet to come.