



The Best is yet to Come



The voice of God. Oh, how it thundered.

It rattled in my chest like an avalanche, and soothed my soul at the same time. It resounded like trumpets echoing in a great chamber and dripped over my head like anointing oil. Greater than an army shouting in battle, and powerful enough to rend to pieces the earth, as of yet unmade, with just a whisper.

He spoke, he proclaimed, he declared, he created, "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

In that moment, light ripped across the darkness we had previously sought to explore. It stretched from one end to the other and shone down on the earth, still without form and void. God put the light in one place and set the darkness opposite it. Calling them each by their names, "Day" and "Night."

And it was good.

With a word and maybe the slightest twitch of a finger, he cast the sky into place and established the firmament with waters above and below. The expanse radiated from cobalt, to azure, to celeste, and indigo, like some unknown jewel sparkling in majesty.

And it was good.

In another word, the waters of the earth rushed together like flocks of starlings in flight, and the dry ground pushed its way upward to kiss the newly formed sky. The land and the seas hugged one another and clapped with great joy at the work of the Sovereign One. The Father cast a blanket over the ground and wrapped the soil in sweeping fields of green grasses and golden grains. He hurled to the ground towering trees, alive with myriad branches and leaves; each swaying in worship to their creator. He draped the mud and clay with long vines running their way across verdant territories, and adorned the rich soil with red poppies, yellow daisies, purple lilacs, and pink posies. The beauty of creation heralded the one who formed it.

And it was good.

A fourth word, and he threw the sun into place, and a million billion stars he tossed like diamonds across the blanket of night. He hung the moon on nothing. Light for the day. Light for the night. These celestial bodies giving rise to the days we didn't have just a breath before.

And it was good.

The fifth word brought forth schools of fish teeming in watery ballet and leaping from every pond, lake, river, and sea. The deep was populated with beasts that eyes would scarcely behold, but that was no problem, for they were not there for the eyes of the creations, but for the glory of their maker. The sky was decorated with birds of every color and configuration. Hollow bones and feathered wings rising higher and higher as though to reach the heavens.

And it was good.

On the sixth day, another word and another creation. Fields were flooded with herds of magnificent animals with flinty hooves, vaulting and bounding through tall grasses. The jungles were filled with soft-footed cats, covered in stripes and spots, and punctuated with tooth and nail. The ground sprang to life with all sorts of creeping things, and insects busied themselves with the work the King had put them to. Every manner of living thing with paw, and horn, and hair, and wing, and home, and kind, and purpose rushed over the surface of the earth.

And it was ALMOST good. It was almost finished.

But not quite.

Don't worry.

The best is yet to come.