



The Best is yet to Come



The ALMIGHTY spoke again. This word was different than those that had preceded it, "Let us make mankind in our own image and likeness." The God of heaven, the High and Holy one, the First and the Last, had, in his goodness, decided to punctuate creation with those creatures who would be set on a course for inevitable union with their Maker.

He took the dust of the earth and fashioned it as a potter shapes the clay. When the sculpture was finished, the Father breathed his breath into the body, and it sprang to life. Mankind found its beginning in the humility of nakedness and dirt, loved by the Perfect One.

But God was not finished. This creation was yet incomplete. He lulled the man into a deep sleep and took a rib from the man's side, and from it God fashioned a woman. Now there were two. Male and female. Adam and Eve. Just as every other creature had its pair, so now also the man and the woman were made for one another.

God looked over all he had made, and he saw that it was very good.

And we should like to think that the story could end here; happy children living and breathing in a perfect playground under the watchful eyes of the Father, Son, and Spirit. We'd love to think that the hosts of heaven would cheer the work of God for countless ages with never a threat or a shadow. It would be wonderful to have happy tales be nothing more than that, but then what would we know of the goodness of God? How could we see his mercy? What could we possibly contemplate of his holiness or his justice? How could we praise his righteousness or enjoy him as Savior if the story ended here? What thoughtful offerings could we possibly have about redemption, forgiveness, and faithfulness if this were the final page?

But God MUST be known in his fullness. This creation wasn't the final page of the story he had planned. This was nothing more than the first stroke of the pen on the page. These heavens and earth, light and dark, seas and land, stars and sun and moon, fishes and birds, plants and fruits, beasts and mankind were nothing more than the scraping of the quill on the page, marking out the "O" of "Once upon a time."

There was a creeping darkness. I could not say when it began. I was not there when it unfolded, or else I was looking the wrong way at the time, or I blinked at the precise moment, or had taken too long a nap, but something in the midst of all this perfection had fractured.

And from that crack, a villain leaped forth.

We would come to call him the father of lies, murderer, the serpent of old, Beelzebub, the accuser of the brethren, the destroyer, the tempter, Satan, Devil, and the Dragon. He would be bent on nothing else but overthrowing the Father and all his work.

So we leave off today with the introduction of villainy.

But don't worry.

The best is yet to come.