God from Eternity to Eden (Prologue)

Before Melchizedek.

Before the Levites.

Before the Tabernacle or the Cross-

there was a Garden, a man, and a throne.

The Almighty had completed His works of creation.

Light and land had found their form. The heavens roared with glory. Earth pulsed with purpose.

On the seventh day, crowned with splendor, God rested.

It was six days... and eternity to go.

But then— a disturbance.

A fallen, deceitful angel had crept into the sacred sanctuary of Eden,

inhabiting the body of a beautiful beast: the serpent.

Creation was now contending with corruption.

So God rose.

The One who sat in eternal rest moved.

Not as Judge first—but as Father, as King, and as Priest.

He walked among the trees, not looking for Adam's location—but for his lost position.

"Where are you?"

Not because He didn't know... but because Adam no longer did.

The man God had crowned lord of creation had hidden himself,

clothed in leaves—the very substance he was called to rule.

His priesthood had collapsed. His dominion had been defiled.

And then, God did the unthinkable.

He went off script.

Off pattern.

Off protocol.

There was no altar.

No bloodline.

No temple.

No command.

But there was sin.

And sin—always demands a priest.

So the Lord, wrapped in the glory of omnipotence,

stooped in the dust and did what no eye had seen.

He slew an unnamed animal.

A voiceless, innocent sacrifice.

We are not told what kind.

We are not shown its face.

Its silence preaches—this was not for spectacle, but for salvation.

With blood still warm... still dripping...

He covered the man and woman who had uncovered themselves.

He wrapped them not in wrath—but in redemption.

God became His own priest.

The first time.

Until His Son came the final time.

It was the first priestly act in all of history—

performed not by man, but by the Most High.

The Innocent died for the guilty.

The Creator shed blood for the created.

And the Lord—rather than discard His children—clothed them in grace.

From the beginning, we learn:

- Priesthood is not a costume—it is a covering.
- It is not a profession—it is a position between.
- And it is never about reputation—it is always about redemption.

Before we ever ministered to Him, He ministered to us.

Before we offered Him a lamb, He offered one for us.

Before we knew we needed a Savior, He was already acting like one.

This is priesthood.

This is where the order began.

This is what we were always meant to be.