

The Story Of Creation

One morning God got out of bed and said: "This is the day!"
"This is the day for what?" asked all the Angels in heaven?
"This is THE day," said God, "The day I start my creation."
"Creation, creation," muttered the Angels, "what's that?"
"Don't mutter among yourselves," said God. "I know what you think, let alone what you mutter. Just you wait and see."

All of heaven turned out to watch. Not a single angel stayed at home. Everyone wanted to know what God was about to do.

There was a solemn silence. Somehow everyone knew that whatever it was that God was about to do, it was going to be something very important. Very important indeed.. Maybe even the most important thing God had ever done.

The Angels watched as God took from his pocket a small round ball. Then very carefully, and very precisely, he reached out across the vastness of space and placed the little ball in one particular spot. All around the ball space was dark, very dark. So dark that from a distance it was hard to see the ball at all.
"it's not like God to make anything so dark," whispered one of the Angels to another.

"No," said God, "no that's not like me at all is it!"
So God stretched up to his full height and took a long deep breath and with a voice that shook the very foundations of everything, God said:
"So Let there be light!"

Suddenly all the Angels gasped. There was a great flashing all around them. A brightness so bright that no one could describe it. God pointed his finger and the brightness flew across space and settled around the little ball.
"This is light," said God, "my light, and my light will always surround my creation. I will never take it away whatever happens."

The Angels stood and marvelled from a distance. The little ball hung in the vastness of space, and it glowed like the most precious of jewels.

"That's enough for today," said God. "Come back tomorrow."

The next day the Angels were up and out very early. They all wanted to get the best view. But God was up even earlier, and as the Angels gathered they saw God watching the little ball. Suddenly God stood up to his full height and took a deep deep breath, and then he blew. The Angels watched in amazement as God's breath sped across space toward the little ball. God blew and blew and blew, and his breath wrapped itself around the little ball. more and more and more of it. The Angels gasped as the little ball started to glow a deep and beautiful blue.
"Wow!" said one Angel to another. "That's, that's, that's...."
"That's good," finished God, "very good. But that's enough for today, come back tomorrow."

The next day when all the Angels got up they couldn't find God anywhere. That is until one of them looked out across space to the little blue ball.

"There he is," they said, "right over there!"

The Angel's sped across space as fast as they could and silently gathered around the ball. They were a bit surprised by what they saw. The ball was all cracked and bumpy and rough. There was water all over the place and everything was a very boring sort of brown colour. Not like heaven at all.

"Its .. its ..." whispered one of the Angels, "its not very nice."

"Its not finished yet," said God. "Just you watch."

With that God waved his hand over the ball and suddenly all the water rushed and tumbled and gathered together. Between the water rose up vast dry areas. There were pointy bits and sloppy bits and flat bits and dippy bits. But suddenly something else amazing happened. All over the brown ground colour started to appear. Bits of green, bits of yellow, and blue and red and purple and orange, and, and.....

"Wow!" the Angels exclaimed. "Wow, cor, Oooo."

The plants and the trees swayed gently in the breeze and as the Angels watched, it was as if each leaf and flower was praising God who had made them all so beautiful.

"That's ... that's...." whispered one Angel to another.

"That's good," said God, "very good. But that's enough for today, come back tomorrow."

The next morning when all the Angels' got up they found God sitting on his throne and looking out across the emptiness of space toward the little ball. They all gathered round wondering what God could possibly do next.

Suddenly God stood up. He put his hand in his pocket, and pulling back his arm he threw with all his might something out into space. The angels gasped as suddenly all across space, with little flashes and twinkles, lights started to appear. Tens, hundreds, thousands, tens and hundreds of thousands. Suddenly the empty vastness of space was filled with a myriad of colour and light. God reached into his pocket again and pulling back his arm he hurled something straight at the blue ball. The Angels gasped in horror as there was a blinding flash and a great rumble across space. They each shut their eyes not daring to look.

But when they looked again all they could do was gasp in amazement. All around the blue ball were other balls. One shining brightly, others glowing gently with different colours, but still, right in the middle, like the most precious of jewels was the blue ball.

"That's... that's," whispered one of the Angels, "That's incredible!"

"That's me," said God. "But that's enough for today, come back tomorrow."

The next morning when the Angels got up again they couldn't find God anywhere. Even as they peered out into space he didn't seem to be there. It was only when a few Angels headed out for the blue ball that they found him.

"He's here," they called across space. "He's here, down here on the ground."

All the angels sped across space and gathered around the blue ball. Sure enough there was God. He looked so small, but it was him all right, there was no doubt about it. As they watched, God cupped his hands together and out jumped something. It flapped and waved and sped off high, high, high in the air. God cupped his hands again and out jumped another and another and another, until the sky was teeming with flying and chattering creatures. Then God went to the water, and cupping his hands again, out wriggled more creatures. they dipped and dived in the water. Splashing and squirming with delight. Their silvery bodies shining in the brilliant light.

And God spoke, saying:

"Go, fill the waters and fill the air!" And high in the air, and deep in the water every creature praised God who had given them life and breath.

The Angels gasped, and God sighed a happy sigh.

"That's enough for today," he said, "come back tomorrow."

The next morning the Angels sped straight for the blue ball. They were so excited to find out what may happen next, and sure enough, God was already there. The Angels gathered round to watch.

God wandered all over the blue ball that day. Everywhere he went he stretched out his hand, and as he did so out of the ground came every sort of animal you can imagine.

"Every animal," said God, "will say something about me."

So he made ants because God is everywhere even in the smallest places. He made Giraffes because God can reach even to the Tallest places. He made lions because God can be fierce and frightening. He made rabbits because God is warm and gentle and cuddly as well. He made dogs because God is always faithful. He made cats because God is always watchful. He made monkeys because God is always playful.

He made wild animals and farm animals and pet animals and insects and snakes and frogs and and

And then there was silence. All the Angels of heaven and all the creatures of the earth stood still and held their breath, because suddenly God knelt down on the ground and pressed his fingers into the mud. God worked hard. His sweat dripped onto the ground, but eventually He had finished. On the ground lay a shape, and in the silence God started to blow. He blew on his shape, gently, from the top to the bottom, and as he blew something amazing happened. The shape began to move. It wriggled, it turned, it sneezed, and then it sat up.

Not an Angel said a word. Not a bird gave a squawk. Not a dog gave a bark. Not a spider spun an inch of web. Everyone knew that this was something special, very special, unrepeatably special.

God reached out his hand toward the shape he had made and said: "Adam." Adam took God's hand, and heaven wondered, because no one had ever taken God's hand like that before. But Adam took God's hand and God lifted him to his feet, and with tear filled eyes they embraced.

"That's enough for today," said God. "We'll rest tomorrow."

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