the GODFATHER #1 - Where It All Began

✨***Genesis 1:1-2, 'In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God was hovering over the face of the waters.' (NKJV)***✨

How profound, the creation of the world. How mysterious, the creation of me. In all my flaws, my blemishes, the saturation of my own hopes and dreams, my unraveling, my coming-undoneness, how extreme and weighty is the idea of me...*and you.* And how bottomless are His ways.

I picture the very place He stooped and mixed His imagery with a dream of me on His mind. Surrounded by perfection, with the love song of doves twittering, the gentle caress of a casual breeze, the melodious aroma of pretty posies and cascading waterfalls, He spent His time on me. He threw in a little of this discernment and a lot of that creativity; He stitched inside a compassion that is sometimes too poignant it is so deep. He poured in some caregiving for good measure and laid the hospitality on quite thick. The Godfather then peered at me from many generations away, and He smiled, as if He liked what He saw. He breathed His breath into my mouth, and my lungs began to fill, and His heart inside of my chest started to beat. How could this be?! This magnificent thing—when He created me, when He chose me, when He came to be in me—almost too good to be true!

I would run and I would stumble and He would pick me back up again. He would dust me off and set me on a higher ground again and give me a tiny push to get going once more. He was always there, it seemed. On the fringes, in the background; in the shadows, He bowed. The God of the Universe, the Godfather, would incline to me, a lowly creature just inching along in the dirt, burying one poor choice with another bad decision. He was always there. Picking me up, dusting me off, pointing again in the direction I should go. He made it clear—or perhaps it was the innate ability within me making it abundantly clear—what the boundaries were and when I had stepped outside of them or colored too often outside the lines. When I look back, all I can really see is His loving-kindness and His steadfastness and His long-suffering. I *knew* the trees I shouldn't eat from and the lines I shouldn't blur and the distance my behaviors would create between me and the Godfather. But always, He left the light on, and He was only a cry away. While my actions came with built-in consequences, I also knew where I would always find Him…waiting, right where I left Him, hovering over the depth of the blackness in my soul. His longing to fill the void He left for Himself inside of me was almost as palpable as my heartbeat. I just had to come to the end of myself, empty myself of me, and finally, let the Godfather in.

Oh, Father God, I give You permission, disrupt me. Cause a disturbance in all I plot and plan off my own free will til all that remains is Your dream for me.

✨***Genesis 1:27-28a, 31a, 'So God created mankind in His own image, in the image of God, He created them; male and female, He created them. And God blessed them…God saw all that He had made, and it was very good.' (NIV)***✨