

God's Sovereign Purpose

God's Sovereign Purpose, mankind's choice is limited to God's Choice! **

He placed a scoop of Clay upon another until a form lay lifeless on the ground. All of the garden inhabitants paused to witness the event. Cherubims hovered, Seraphims stretched, Eagles paused on rocky cliffs to watch.

"You will love me, nature" God said. "I made you that way, you will love Me universe, for you were designed to do so, you will reflect My glory, heavens, for that is how you were created. Ps. 19:1. But this one will be like Me.... this one will be able to choose, through my choice."**

All were silent the Creator reached into himself and removed something unseen, a seed, "it is called 'Man,' Seed of the woman.(Gen. 3:15, Holy Spirit guarded seed until Messiah). Creation stood still in silence and gazed upon the lifeless form.

And the angel spoke, "But what if... "what if he chooses not to love?" the Creator finished His masterpiece!**

"Come I will show you." Unbound by time, God and the angel walked into the realm of tomorrow. "There, see the fruit of the seed of man, both sweet and bitter."

The angel gasped at what he saw, spontaneous love, voluntary devotion, chosen tenderness, never had he seen anything like these. He felt the love of the Adams. He heard the joy of the Eve and her daughter, he saw the food and the burdens shared, he absorbed the kindness and marveled at the warmth.

"Heavens has never seen such beauty, my Lord truly, this is your greatest creation."

**"Ah, but you've only seen the sweet, now witness the bitter."
A stench enveloped the pair. the angel turned in horror and proclaimed:**

"What is this?" the Creator spoke only one word. "Selfishness."The angel stood speechless as they passed through the centuries of repugnance, never had he seen such filth, rotten hearts, ruptured promises, forgotten loyalties, children of creation wandering blindly in lonely labyrinths.

"This is the result of choice?" the angel asked. "Yes, But, The creature (creation) was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him Who has subjected the same in Hope." Rom. 8: 20.

"Will they forget you?"

"YES"

"Will they never come back?"

"Some will, most won't, for aions, but ultimately all will." "I turn man to destruction: and say, Return you children of men." Psalm 90: 3. "None can resist my will." Rom. 9: 15-22.

"What will it take to make them listen?"

The Creator walked on in time, further and further into the future, until he stood by a tree, a tree that would be fashioned one day into a cradle, even then He could smell the hay that would surround Him.

With another step into the future, He paused before another tree, it stood alone, a stubborn ruler on a bald hill, the trunk was thick and strong. Soon it would be trimmed, soon it would be mounted on the stony brow of another hill, and soon He would be hung on it. He felt the wood run against a back He did not wear yet.

"Will you go there?" the angel asked.

"I Will"

"Is there no other way?"

"There is not."

"Wouldn't it be easier to not plant the seed? Wouldn't it be easier to not subject the man to a choice?"**

"It would" the Creator spoke slowly. "But to remove the choice is to remove the love." He looked around the hill and fore saw a scene, three figures hung on a cross, arms spread, heads fallen forward, they moaned with the wind. John 19: 18.**

Men clad in soldier's garb sat on the ground near to the trio, they played games in the dirt and laughed. Men clad in religion stood off to one side, they smiled, arrogantly, cocky, they had protected God, they thought by killing this false one. Women clad in sorrow huddles at the foot of the hill. Speechless, faces streaked with tears, one put her arms around the other and tried to lead her away but she wouldn't leave.

"I will stay, she said softly... I will stay."

All heaven stood to awe, all nature rose to rescue, all eternity poised in agony, but the Creator gave no command.

"It must be done....." He said, and withdrew.

But as he stepped in time, He heard the cry that He would someday scream.

"MY GOD, MY GOD WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?"

He wrenched at tomorrow's agony. the angel spoke again "it would be less painful"

The Creator interrupted softly. "But man wouldn't love." They stepped into the garden again, the Maker looked earnestly at the clay creation, a monsoon of love swelled up within Him. He had died for creation before He had made it. Rev. 13:8. God's form bent over the sculptured face and breathed. Dust stirred on the lips of the new one, the chest rose, cracking the red mud,

the cheeks fleshed up, a finger moved, an eye opened. But more incredible than the moving of the flesh was the stirring of the spirit, those who could see the unseen gasped.

Perhaps it was the wind who said it first, perhaps what the star saw that moment is what has made it blink ever since. " It looks like..... it appears to be so much like... it is Him!" The angel wasn't speaking of the face, the features or the body, he was looking inside--- at the spirit. Ecc. 3: 21, 11:7

"It is eternal!" gasped another.

Within the Redeemed man, God has placed a divine seed. A seed of Himself. the God of might had created earth's masterpiece. The creator had created, not a creature, but another creator, and the one who had chosen to love had created one who could love in return.

"I have made the earth, and created man upon it: I even my hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their host have I commanded. I have raised him up in righteousness, and I will direct all his ways; he shall build my city, and he shall let go my captives, not for price, nor reward, says the Lord of hosts." Isaiah 45: 12, 13.

Now it is our Choice to Love our Father, the Creator, because of Jesus??**

****"You have not chosen me, but, I have Chosen you." John 15: 16.**

Scott Paris 12-3-2000