

## Class Notes on Genesis -- Appendix # 5

### ECHO

A poetic comparison between God's dealings with the earth and those with mankind

#### *PART ONE*

*"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."* (Gen. 1:1)

Eternity giving birth to time --  
Dew drop of the ocean depths,  
    Long only in it's own shadow --  
Canvas for creation,  
    Its value in the Master's strokes.

Thought exploding into form:  
Immensity, diversity, perfection,  
    Texture, tone, color;  
Masterpiece of masterpieces  
    With God's initials in the corner.

Omnipotence flexing its muscles --  
Sun and moon lingering, watching;  
    Planets strolling about, solitary, serene:  
Stars reaching out for infinity,  
    Calling back in tinkling notes, singing together.

Glory bursting from its chrysalis  
Splashed with the effulgent splendor  
    Of the rising sun,  
Shimmering with the iridescence  
    Of a frosty morning's first light.

*"So God created man in His own image; in the image of God He created him; male and female He created them."* (Gen 1:27)

What value the finished canvas --  
Bold strokes standing forth,  
    Bashful tints peeping from behind their skirts,  
Great thoughts frozen into fine lines --  
    With no eye to behold?

What actor can play to an empty theater?  
 Personality seeking fellowship,  
 Holiness demanding reflection,  
 Love reaching out for response --  
 Daring, caring, sharing.

Adam, image and likeness of God:  
 Dust of the earth,  
 Formed to live on it, subdue it, enjoy it;  
 Breath of God,  
 That he might live in Him, love, serve, and enjoy Him.

Eve, formed of Adam to complement him:  
 Faint mirror of the completeness in the Godhead --  
 That fellowship with God might be by choice,  
 Even as God's with man,  
 Neither driven to it by loneliness.

Man, crown of creation --  
 Feet walking among the violets, eyes upon the stars,  
 His soul filled with awe and wonder;  
 Loved by God and served by angels --  
 And all eternity to enjoy it.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

## *PART TWO*

*"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."* (Gen. 1:2)

Alas! A monster stalks the stones of fire!  
 Beauty soured in self-admiration,  
 Perfection pickled in pride:  
 A whispered, "**I WILL!**" -- Malignant syllables --  
 Desecrating Heaven, shaking the universe.

A cacophony of destruction rends the skies:  
 Stars falling, earth reeling,  
 Mountains drowning, seas roaring,  
 Then --- silence --- ugliness --- death.  
 A weeping angel draws the shades.

*"--- she took of its fruit and ate. She also gave to her husband with her, and he ate. Then the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked"* (Gen. 3:6, 7)

"Now come on, Honey, take a bite! Just a wee little one?  
I did, it tastes delicious.  
Such a little bite,  
What harm can it do?  
Who will ever know?"

Was it only his imagination?  
Marching feet, flashing swords;  
The sun as blood, dripping, flowing, gushing;  
That blinding flash of light, a mushroom shaped cloud --  
The wind moaning as of a million billion sobs of mortal anguish!

What harm - indeed!  
Heads become mush - putty in Satan's hands.  
Hearts become stone, wicked, vile.  
Bodies aging, groaning, dying,  
Spiritually dead, cut off from God!

He shakes himself, extinguishing the flash of foreboding.  
"That was delicious indeed,  
What harm can it do?  
By the way --  
We should make ourselves some clothes --!"  
\* \* \* \* \*

### PART THREE

*"--- The Spirit of God was hovering over the face of the waters. . . . Then God saw everything that He had made, and indeed it was very good."* (Gen. 1:2, 31)

God has had His final word:  
Restless waves foaming out their shame --  
Pacing, ever pacing, in the Stygian night --  
Hope itself, like all else, dead and buried  
Beneath the dismal deep.

**But -- NO! Oh, what is this?**  
Angels on tip-toe watching, wondering, worshipping --  
Apollyon cringing in trepidation --  
God has set His mind again upon the earth,  
His Spirit broods o'er the tossing sea!

Not enough that His fury be poured out  
 And leave a cinder, black against the snow,  
     Reminder of the futility of rebellion.  
 From its charcoal heart He will forge  
     The diamond of triumph over evil.

Who could have been His counselor?  
 With the whole pristine universe from which to choose  
     He selects the ruined earth as His stage  
 For the drama of redemption  
     And proceeds to make it ready.

Sodden peaks raised majestic against an azure sky,  
 Tired seas put to rest in beds of golden sand,  
     The carrion of retribution buried beneath the verdant soil:  
 From rubble, ruin, and desolation  
     Emerges a garden for man and God.

**"So the LORD God said to the serpent: "Because you have done this, You are cursed more than all cattle, And more than every beast of the field; On your belly you shall go, And you shall eat dust All the days of your life. And I will put enmity between you and the woman, And between your seed and her Seed; He shall bruise your head, and you shall bruise His heel." (Gen. 3:14, 15)**

Man, helpless man - enemy of God!  
 Eyes full of adultery and that cannot cease from sin,  
     Mouth full of cursing and bitterness,  
 Feet swift to shed blood,  
     Destruction and misery are in his ways.

Once in the image of God, now but a travesty of man:  
 Walking but dead, seeing but blind,  
     A slave boasting of his liberty;  
 Talking of God but following Lucifer,  
     Longing for Heaven but fit for hell.

Satan, that old Serpent, god of this age --  
 Gloating over man, blinding him,  
     Using him, debasing him;  
 Arch enemy of God, furious in his hatred;  
     Caricature of God, ruthless in his deceit.

The God of peace wages relentless war!  
Defying Satan to his smirking face --  
Frustrating his plans, thwarting his purposes,  
Drowning him in his own venom --  
Shutting him up to mortal combat.

Scorning a redundant show of force,  
The Lord God meets him as a Man.  
In lowly guise -- the "Woman's Seed" --  
He pits the "weakness" of the Mighty God  
Against the vaunted powers of hell.

The battle rages against the Woman's Seed.  
Religion tucks its prayer book under its arm  
And shrieks for human blood.  
Justice closes its eyes, washes its hands,  
And executes the Son of the Living God.

Is there none to care?  
Fearful friends flee, sadistic soldiers divide the meager spoil,  
Pious Pharisees plan for their "holy day,"  
The riff-raff reviling, Saducees scoffing --  
And even God turns His back!

The sun looks down and goes into mourning.  
The earth -- not so callous as the sons of Adam --  
Reels and shudders.  
The rocks -- not so hard as men's hearts --  
Are broken.

Too strong to come down from the Cross,  
He purchases life for fallen man  
By laying down His own.  
His heel is bruised -- but in the bruising  
He has bruised the Serpent's head!

Bursting forth from death --  
Bearing the gates of Paradise on His shoulders,  
Marching straight through the enemy's camp,  
Scattering his troops in wild confusion  
He takes the place of triumph at His Father's side.

Man -- believing man -- his new creation now:  
 Alive at last, standing complete  
     In all the righteousness of God;  
 Freed from all bondage, born anew,  
     And the blessed Lord Jesus Christ has done it all!  
                     \* \* \* \* \*

#### PART FOUR

*"Now I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away."* (Rev. 21:1)

Satan -- given free reign to do his worst,  
 His skull pierced (Oh Jael, rejoice!)  
     By the nail he pounded through the Savior's hand;  
 Hung on his own gallows (Oh Haman, hear!) --  
     Has met, head on, the wrath that he provoked.

Given a man after his own heart,  
 And granted power to work lying wonders,  
     In seven years his empire crumbles --  
 Is bulldozed aside for one  
     That lasts a thousand!

One last attempt -- insane plot,  
 Rigor mortis of an archangel with a crushed head --  
     He that sits in the Heavens laughs!  
 Smarting from the derision of the Almighty  
     He slithers off to the Lake of Fire.

Now the earth can be retired in dignity --  
 The smudge of Satan's finger prints  
     To be no more traced;  
 The milestones of man's sordid history,  
     The very scars of sin, committed to the flames.

A new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness --  
 Angels chanting praise,  
     Redeemed hosts singing anthems,  
 The stars looking back in wonder --  
     The universe again is wholly His!

*"--- We ... eagerly wait for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will transform our lowly body that it may be conformed to His glorious body, according to the working by which He is able even to subdue all things to Himself." (Phil. 3:20, 21)*

Redeemed man -- perplexing paradox:

Sinning saints rejoicing through tears,  
 Indwelt by the Spirit, but plagued by the flesh;  
 Alive forevermore, yet dying daily,  
 Ambassadors of peace in armor!

Not escape but victory, not tranquility but peace his goal:

Left in a hostile world  
 To plant the Savior's ensign on its highest hill;  
 The treacherous flesh left in him  
 That there it might be crucified.

But hark the silver trumpet sounds!

Battle over, the war is won:  
 Armor exchanged for a spotless robe,  
 The scars of conflict rewarded,  
 And tears all wiped away.

The man that Adam could have been -- and gloriously more -- emerges,

Moldering death waking, doddering old age skipping;  
 Callow youth maturing in the twinkling of an eye;  
 The erstwhile worm splits its chrysalis  
 And spreads its golden wings.

Hand in hand with Christ for eternity:

Exploring His creation,  
 Glorifying in His redemption,  
 Basking in His fellowship,  
 Secure in His matchless love.

For this He made a world.

For this He suffered rebellion in His universe.

For this He gave His very life!  
 But He will squeeze my hand and smile  
 And say, "'Twas worth it all!"

Written 4/19/76 by W. P. Heath. It is based on what is known as the "Gap Theory" concerning the interpretation of Genesis 1:1, 2. Whether the Gap Theory or the Recent Creation Theory proves to be correct, the spiritual truths set forth here still stand.

--- William P Heath -- <My Documents\Class Notes\Old Testament\genesis-8 > - Microsoft Word

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