

Creation

Genesis 1:1-2

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters.

Flowers sprung up in the pools his footprints created. His robes drug the ground and streams were formed in its wake. He gently kissed the green and blue orb in his hands— his earth. The Creator's breath caressed his planet and the atmosphere was formed.

Yahweh trailed his finger over the face of the Earth. He looked at his finger and there was dust. He rolled it around and there was us. He draped his image over our skin and tied the breath of life to the pulse in our wrists.

Genesis 2:7

Then the Lord God formed man of dust from the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living being.

God lent us the breath of life, it cascaded down like a string of beauty into our mouths and filled up our souls. I tangled it, I tangled his string and I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm tangled. I'm tangled, but even still, I am whole.

Somehow, we are still connected to the thread of grace running through our veins. Somehow, he has not let us go.

Revelation 5:8

And when he took the scroll, the four living beings and the twenty-four elders fell down before the Lamb. Each one had a harp, and they held gold bowls filled with incense, which are the prayers of God's people.

The Creator created the very concept of creation, of creativity. He invented colors, new and wonderful things. He is detailed enough to mark rain by a scent and generous enough to create the feeling of the sun soaking into the pores of our skin and the way the wind flirts with the trees and tassels our hair.

Who created Mozart? Who created Frida Kahlo or Van Gogh? Surely the Creator must be more talented than the creation. How much more does Yahweh know the notes of a piano by heart? He taught the angels how to play the harps and lyres; guitars and cymbals. He painted the sky and sketched out humanity on the white of the clouds. On his Earth, he sculpted the trees and created veins in every leaf. His poetry was published in the pages of the Bible.

Psalms 139:14

I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well.

Statues of stone shaped by the hands of God. Yet warm, beating hearts give us life. We are statues crumbling under insecurity; trying to reshape the marble we are made of. But, rocks were never intended to be bent.

Jeremiah 18:6

Like clay in the hand of the potter, so are you in My hand, O house of Israel.

He shaped us with delicate fingers. He dotted our faces with pores and freckles, He nimbly etched smile lines into our cheeks and wrinkles in your knuckles. Every fleck of color splashed into your iris was made by Jehovah Jireh. Like marble statues, He chiseled a heart and at His touch it began to beat. The palm of His mighty hand cradled the back of our heads while He exhaled the breath of life into our lungs. Made in His image, yet no more than clay.

Psalms 150:6

Let everything that has breath praise the Lord. Praise the Lord.

Inhale. Exhale. Listen to the sound of the breath moving past your lips. Yah. Weh. Inhale. Yah. Exhale. Weh. In and out, Yahweh. Humanity was created to cry out to God with every breath.