

# The beginning: a perfect home

*The Song of Creation, from Genesis 1 - 2*

IN THE BEGINNING, there was nothing.

Nothing to hear. Nothing to feel. Nothing to see.

Only emptiness. And darkness. And ... nothing but nothing.

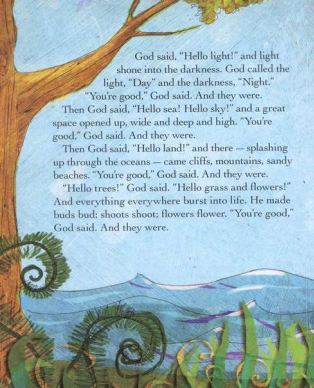
But God was there. And God had a wonderful Plan.

"I'll take this emptiness," God said, "and I'll fill it up! Out of the darkness, I'm going to make light! And out of the nothing, I'm going to make ... EVERYTHING!"

Like a mommy bird flutters her wings over her eggs to help her babies hatch, God hovered over the deep, silent darkness. He was making life happen.

God spoke. That's all. And whatever he said, it happened.





God said, "Hello light!" and light  
shone into the darkness. God called the  
light, "Day" and the darkness, "Night."

"You're good," God said. And they were.

Then God said, "Hello sea! Hello sky!" and a great  
space opened up, wide and deep and high. "You're  
good," God said. And they were.

Then God said, "Hello land!" and there — splashing  
up through the oceans — came cliffs, mountains, sandy  
beaches. "You're good," God said. And they were.

"Hello trees!" God said. "Hello grass and flowers!"  
And everything everywhere burst into life. He made  
buds bud; shoots shoot; flowers flower. "You're good,"  
God said. And they were.



"Hello birds!" God said. And with a fluttering and flapping and chirping and singing, birds filled the skies. "Hello fish!" God said. And with a darting and dashing and wriggling and splashing, fish filled the seas! "You're good," God said. And they were.

Then God said, "Hello animals!" And everyone came out to play. The earth was filled with noisy noises — growling and gobbling and snapping and snorting and happy skerfuffling. "You're good," God said. And they were.





God saw all that he had made and he loved them.  
And they were lovely because he loved them.

But God saved the best for last. From the beginning,  
God had a shining dream in his heart. He would make  
people to share his Forever Happiness. They would be  
his children, and the world would be their perfect home.

