

Adam and Eve out of the Garden

We stood there shivering, Adam and I, shivering and wondering what would happen now. The gates to our home were shut. The one with the flaming sword guarded the way. There was no returning.

"I'm afraid." The thought was startling! How could this dread crawl up my spine with such tenacity; me, who hours ago knew nothing but contentedness, even joy? I, whose every need was satisfied, almost before I could realize it!

Until hours ago my life had been work and play and joy and peace. And The Voice accompanied our steps. Walking in the cool of the day, He was there. Working, exploring, adventuring, His words followed us, informing us of the home that surrounded us.

Then, after. . . His voice had called so lovingly. Gently He called out to us, "Where are you?" But we had answered faithlessly, blaming, hiding, exaggerating. My shame had increased by the moment. "How could I say that? Did he really just say that about me? What have we done?"

Then His voice called out in tones that could not be listened to and yet must be heard. Pain, labor, unfulfilled desire, defeat. There seemed to be a ring of hope in the end, like a call from afar.

Suddenly, two cries rent the air, shaking me to the core of myself. Then He strode toward us from out of the trees. Still shaken, I tried to make out what He carried. Was it a lamb?

He handed to each of us from His burden, a skin, still warm, yet dry. "Put these on. Your leaves cannot cover you."

I saw that it was the skin of a lamb, now fashioned into a garment to cover my nakedness. He had made these for us, but. . . "The lamb," I asked, "cried out in its death?" So new, this knowledge, and the awareness that I was the reason for it.

He nodded. But there had been two cries, yet I saw only one lamb. "And the other. . .?"

His eyes full of sorrowing hope. "Was me."

"...and without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness." Hebrews 9:22b

By Melissa Fisher