



**'Eden' (by Dai Woolridge, Download the video and other resources at [spoken-truth.com](http://spoken-truth.com))**

Rewind the clock,  
Stop at the start – there was nothing but dark...ness.  
Nothing existed, nothing was listed.  
Not one book  
You couldn't even like something on Facebook.  
Until BOOM – a voice spoke something *into the nothing, swapping 'nothing' for 'something' – as God of creation created something from nothing.*  
God. Who?  
The Grafter of galaxies  
And crafter of creation  
Who turned on the solar and kicked off the system

Who positioned the planets  
And orchestrated their orbits.

Who seasoned the sea  
And laid out the land  
Who mapped out the mountains  
And who set out the sand  
Who made birds of the air  
And fish of the sea  
Who made mammals and animals  
And made you and me.  
Pinnacle of what's physical.  
Ever better than the rest  
Even better than ever-est

Grander than the canyon  
With more depth than the ocean  
Formed us from the dust he breathed us into motion

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And as the maker strolled through trees with their lushest leaves  
There strolled with him too, 2 - Adam and Eve  
A relationship of 3, in Perfect harmony

An ever flowing, fountain of friendship, with the ever knowing  
Showing one rule – don't eat fruit from that tree, see that tree – is  
Out.of.bounds

'On what grounds'? Says this slippery voice...  
Then a choice, or a trick, a serpent so slick,  
'why can't you eat fruit from that tree?'  
The serpent Deceives  
Adam and Eve  
A hanging fruit crunched  
The off limits fruit munched, and eaten  
And now there's just mess as sin takes its stage in the garden of Eden.



Sin, breaks in, and it changes everything.  
Perfection pierced.  
The 3 way Friendship gets frayed  
A rule broken and now brokenness gets displayed.

Which makes for new open eyes  
Seeing sin reality of sadness, pain and lies  
As Separation strolls in  
It comes as no surprise  
that Adam and Eve - leave  
the garden with the lushest leaves.

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And though God the glorious gardener is heartbroken  
from the offset - He sets his restoration plan to motion.  
The irreversible will be reversed...  
The wreckage rectified  
The penalty paid for, dealt with and justified.

One day, what you've broken, I'll fix and restore  
I'll win you back.  
One day, we'll be together once more.

Fast forward to the festive...  
a messenger surprise  
Shepherds in awe and wonder as the angels fill the skies  
Mary's explanation of the Conception situation, that Joseph first off thinks are lies

Gift giving Astronomers with wisdom in their minds  
And worship in their hearts

And they can't believe their eyes  
Because God's plan right from the start, was a baby  
And maybe it seems there's nothing stranger  
But this baby in a manger  
Was God's son  
Who'd rise up to become  
our Saviour

And what had birthed from the brokenness  
Back when Eden friendship frayed  
Was now carried on a cross, as the penalty on him was nailed  
Creation held its breath and went into mourning  
And as morning finished his shift, and the day turned to noon,  
the sun turned off it's light, sky like night, in the afternoon

At 3pm - Death came knock-knock-knocking on heaven's door  
As God's son breathed his last breathe in no more

But there's more, to the story cos  
Death couldn't hold him



The grave couldn't control him  
Life burst through  
The tombstone sent rolling  
Cos Jesus the gardener's in the business of restoring

Payment completed  
We can now be forgiven.  
The sin curse defeated  
Because he is risen

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And so the *remit's* reclaimed – Restoration  
A new hope and creation  
With a promise of a new world  
That's beyond our imagination  
And it doesn't need any backing from Dragon's Deborah Meiden  
It's God's business, happening anyway – the promise of New Eden.

Perfectly planted trees, showcasing their lushest leaves  
Flowers dancing in the sunlight and to the beat of the rhythmic breeze  
No need for antihistamines cos these won't make you sneeze

A view that will leave you breathless  
the hanging gardens of Babylon  
won't be a garden patch on this place...

And the view's just the warm-up act.  
Compared to the main show...  
The God gardener himself.  
The maker, the moulder, creator, the crafter.

Who invites us into paradise  
To play forever after...  
No sin  
No more pain  
No more brokenness  
No more shame

No more tears  
No more sorrow  
That's the New Eden promise of tomorrow.

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