

Chapter Four

The God Who Keeps Coming

If there is one thread woven through every page of Scripture, it is this:

The Creator-Father keeps coming...

Humanity hides.

The Father comes...

Humanity wanders.

The Father comes...

Humanity builds walls.

The Father comes...

The story is astonishing not because humanity continually reaches for God, but because God continually reaches for humanity.

After Eden, we might expect silence.

We might expect distance.

We might imagine that holiness could no longer tolerate brokenness.

Instead, we find something altogether unexpected.

The Creator begins moving toward the very people who are moving away from Him.

He *clothes* Adam and Eve.

He *calls* Abraham.

He *walks* with Jacob.

He *speaks* through Moses.

He *dwells* among Israel in the wilderness.

The cloud by day.

The fire by night.

The Tabernacle standing in the midst of the camp.

What was the Tabernacle except another declaration of the Father's heart?

"I still desire to dwell with you."

Later, the Temple rises in Jerusalem.

Its stones are magnificent.

Its courts inspire awe.

Yet even the Temple whispers the same longing as the Garden.

“I desire to be with My people.”

The prophets echo that longing.

Again and again they call Israel back, not merely to obedience, but to relationship.

When they speak of judgment, it is never judgment for its own sake.

It is the painful language of Love pursuing those who have forgotten who they are.

The prophets dream of a day when hearts of stone become hearts of flesh.

When the knowledge of God covers the earth as the waters cover the sea.

When swords become plowshares.

When justice and peace embrace.

When every tear is wiped away.

Their hope is not simply for better behavior.

Their hope is for restored communion.

The Father has always desired more than compliance.

He has desired communion.

Religion often settles for conformity.

Love longs for intimacy.

There is a profound difference.

Conformity can exist without affection.

Obedience can exist without trust.

Ritual can exist without relationship.

But communion changes everything.

Communion does not merely shape our actions.

It transforms our hearts.

Perhaps this is why Jesus summarized the Law so simply.

Love God.

Love your neighbor.

He was not reducing the Law.

He was revealing its heartbeat.

Love had always been the intention.

Communion had always been the destination.

The Garden.

The Tabernacle.

The Temple.

The Prophets.

None of these were the destination.

They were signposts.

Each one pointed beyond itself.

Each one whispered,

“He is still coming.”

Then, in what may be the most breathtaking moment in history, the longing of Eden takes on flesh.

Not another command.

Not another stone tablet.

Not another prophet standing at a distance.

God with us.

Immanuel.

The One who had walked in the cool of the garden now walked the dusty roads of Galilee.

The One who once called, “Where are you?” now sat at tables with tax collectors, embraced children, touched those whom everyone else avoided, and looked into the eyes of fearful people without condemnation.

Love had come closer than anyone imagined possible.

The Garden had not been forgotten.

It had been quietly moving toward its fulfillment.

Perhaps this is what John meant when he wrote,

“The Word became flesh and dwelt among us.”

The language is not accidental.

The God who once dwelt in a garden...

Then in a tent...

Then in a temple...

Now dwells in a human life.

The Presence has always been drawing nearer.

And every step has carried humanity closer to home.

I AM still here...

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