

Narrative Essay

My Timeless Creator.

The story begins with an entity whose name cannot be pronounced. His form neither grand nor timid. His sense is that of one, He is all, therefore all is in Him, there is no separating my Creator from Himself. I call Him God, My Timeless Creator.

In the beginning my Timeless Creator thought His first thought, and it was the thought of Love. Love was His first creation. Within His Love He knew that to be loved He would have to create Lovers. He began with those by the name of angels- beings bound to His soul. They were bound therefore they Loved Him. But this was a conditional Love, dependent on His power. True Love was unconditional, True Love could only come from choice. And so, He created once more, providing an opportunity for choice to beings who had never known it before. Bounds broke and angels fell.

From there my Timeless Creator began His creation of beings who would never know His face, born unbound. Beings whose journey began and would end with the ability to choose. The fallen made it their goal to convince these beings that they should choose not to love, and the angels made it their goal to convince these beings that they should. The Creator, however, made it evident that the angels could not touch, they were only to influence and represent the two sides of this choice. The beings had all that would be needed to find Love on their own. Nothing more, Nothing Less.

As God watched He knew that what had been done would continue to be done until He said so. And so, He chose to allow it to see its way through. Just as we watch a film, knowing it will get worse before it gets better, I believe He watches. He knows how it ends, and just as a director first reads a script and still enjoys a movie. God has read our stories, yet he watches, knowing it will end well.

My timeless Creator has shown the way of His work to those who watch, yet many who have watched pretend as though they cannot see. God realizes His extent of control must stay within the boxes He has created regarding the story He has told, but those bounds are infinite to us, because we cannot comprehend the first capabilities of His being.

My timeless Creator completed His work with a masterpiece- a being with the ability to choose Love- He was the essence of suspense. His final creation, man, would far succeed all others. Their stages of life being opportunities to portray different sides to Oneself. A jackalope is a jackalope and a bee a bee, but a human is not forever a human. They can choose to become more. That is what sets them free, the ability to discover who they were formed and shaped to be. Mine.

My timeless Creator once shared with me the things that I would need to find Him when I desperately felt without. Without a friend and without a sinful addiction to defend, just with me- a lonely heart. He became my friend unattached to time, the ear that listens without end, the mind that understands without explanation, the energy that flows without a source. He is the God who forever can. God can, therefore I will.

I will follow my Timeless Creator who once told the woman I love that I am incapable of being stable alone. I will follow my Timeless Creator who took my chance away so that I could learn to love Him. I will follow my Timeless Creator who reframed my life so that I could no longer see its meaning. I will follow my Timeless Creator who has taught me who I am not through consequence. I will follow my Timeless Creator who has shown me His strength through my own weakness.

My Timeless Creator is her true love. My Timeless Creator is the God of second chances. My Timeless Creator is my meaning. My Timeless Creator works all evil for good. My Timeless Creator cannot be overcome. He is His own Character, there is no trope.

My Timeless Creator kept my lungs open as they compressed. My Timeless Creator kept my mother alive as she bled. My Timeless Creator held my Father's hand on that bed, oxygenating the blood that ran to his head. My Timeless Creator allowed my Grandfather to guess every question right. My Timeless Creator fought the demon that haunted my Father in those bars on those late nights. My Timeless Creator shined through the tranquilizers taking away my mother's life. My Timeless Creator moved me over those six state's lines. My Timeless Creator isolated me in that room those nights. My Timeless Creator still found me medication through my pride. Without My Timeless Creator I would not be alive. Where there is death my Timeless Creator continues to set life.

My Timeless Creator shines for those who choose to see. His evidence surpasses the tangible. The single way is to believe, the fallen have disguised this choice with bounds of complexity, using His beauty as fuel for superiority. Telling His creation that they are not only to rule those below but those who He's declared in bounds of equality. Man by man claiming superiority, designing ladders based on competitiveness. The cyclical nature is redefined each generation, the fallen's king creating a new mold for every sun. My Timeless Creator persists on, seeing the beauty of all that He has begun. The fallen cannot foresee why He is smiling, for the more love they take the further it seems to widen, pushing their anger to bounds unknown, reinstating their fall from their Father's home. Yet My Timeless Creator's sovereign plan still unfolds, the same way He intended it, the only way it was Created to go.

And to those who ask how My Timeless Creator can claim to be both all-powerful and good all the same, I will ask one question, just one about pain. Does it point you to love or does pain point you to hate?

With Love,