

Yeshua, the Only Born Son

the Father's unbroken story — from creation to new creation



Before you read a single chapter, read this.

What follows is not sixty-six separate books but one unbroken story, and it has a name. From the first word of light to the last word of grace, this is the Father telling you about His only born Son. Watch for Him. He is on every page.

CREATION

Before there was anything, there was **Elohim** — and He was not alone, and He was not silent. The Father had His Word and His Ruach, and He was full of love before there was anyone to love, full of glory before there was anyone to see it.

In the beginning, **Elohim** created the heavens and the earth. There was no sun to borrow light from, no ground to stand on, no voice but His — and into that formless dark He spoke. Light. Sky and sea. Dry land and green things. Sun, moon, and stars to mark the seasons. Fish and birds and every living creature, each after its kind. The world did not climb into being; it was called. Six times **Elohim** looked at what He had made and said it was good, and on the sixth, looking at all of it together, He said it was very good. This is the heart of the Father showing at the very start: He makes, and then He delights.

And the same Word was speaking the whole time. Before the world began the Word was with **Elohim**, and the Word was **Elohim**, and through Him everything was made; without Him nothing was made that has been made. This is **Yeshua**. The Story you are about to read does not introduce Him halfway through — He is there in the first sentence, the only born Son who is in the bosom of the Father, the One through whom and for whom the heavens and the earth were spoken into place. The Father made a world for His Son, and made it by His Son, and called it good in His sight.

Then **Elohim** made something He made nothing else like. He took the dust of the ground and shaped a man, and breathed into him, and the man became a living being. Male and female He made them, in His own image — not as tools or as an audience, but as sons and daughters who could know Him, walk with Him, and answer Him back. He set them in a garden, gave them work that was joy and not toil, and gave them each other. He gave them the whole world and asked only that they trust Him about one tree.

And He gave them rest. On the seventh day **Elohim** rested, not because He was tired but because the work was finished and good, and He set that day apart. The rhythm of work and rest was written into the world from the start — a quiet promise that the point of everything was never endless labour but communion with the One who made it all.

This is the world as it was meant to be: spoken by love, filled with life, ordered and generous, and crowned by people who bore the likeness of **Elohim** and lived face to face with Him. There was no shame, no fear, no death, no distance. Heaven and earth were not yet torn apart. The Father walked in the cool of the day with the ones He had made, and it was very good.

Hold on to that picture, because everything that follows is measured against it. The rest of the Story is not **Elohim** inventing a plan after something went wrong. It is the unfolding of what the Father intended from the beginning — a world full of His glory, a people who are His own, and

His Son in their midst. When you reach the last page and see a new heaven and a new earth, and hear that the dwelling of **Elohim** is with His people, you will recognise it. It is this — restored, and more. The One who spoke the light is the One who will speak again at the end, and His name is **Yeshua**, and the world was made through Him before it was ever made for you.

THE FALL

It did not stay good for long.

Into the garden came a question, hissed by the serpent: Did **Elohim** really say? It was not a frontal attack but a whisper aimed at trust — a suggestion that the Father was holding something back, that His word could not quite be believed, that the man and woman might do better deciding good and evil for themselves. The woman saw that the tree was good for food and pleasing to the eye and able to make one wise, and she took, and ate, and gave to her husband, and he ate. It was such a small thing to reach for. It broke everything.

At once they knew they were naked, and they were ashamed, and they hid. When they heard **Elohim** walking in the garden they ran from the very One they had walked with. This is what sin does — not only break a rule, but wreck a relationship; turn open faces into hidden ones, turn a Father's footstep into a thing to fear. Asked what he had done, the man blamed the woman; the woman blamed the serpent. Already the fracture was spreading sideways between them.

And death came in, exactly as **Elohim** had warned. They were sent out of the garden, away from the tree of life, into a world that would now resist them — thorns in the ground, pain in childbirth, sweat and struggle and, at the end of it, dust returning to dust. The communion they were made for was cut. Heaven and earth, once seamless, were torn.

But listen to what the Father said before He said anything about thorns. Speaking to the serpent, with the man and woman listening, He made the first promise of the whole Story: He would put enmity between the serpent and the woman, and between the serpent's offspring and hers; her seed would crush the serpent's head, even as the serpent struck His heel. In the very hour of the catastrophe, before the punishment was even spoken, the Father promised a Rescuer — a child of the woman who would one day undo what had just been done, taking a wound in the doing of it. Every page after this is the keeping of that promise. The Seed is **Yeshua**, and the Father had Him in view before the first tear was dry.

And then the Father did something tender. He made garments of skin and clothed them with His own hands. To cover their shame, something had to die. The first death in the Story is not a man but a substitute, a life given so the guilty could be covered — the faintest sketch of a Lamb who would one day cover not their shame only but yours.

What follows shows how far the break would reach. A son murders his brother in the very next generation. Violence fills the earth until **Elohim** grieves that He made it, and only Noah and his household are carried through the flood in the ark. Afterward, humanity gathers to build a tower at Bavel to make a name for itself, reaching for heaven on its own terms, and is scattered across the face of the earth in a confusion of tongues. The story of sin is not one bad apple but a flood — pride, violence, and self-rule spreading into every family and every nation.

So the world you actually live in is explained on these early pages: beautiful still, but bent; full of glory, but groaning; haunted by a memory of the garden and a longing it cannot satisfy. Death is real. Shame is real. The distance is real. But so is the promise. From the moment the world broke, the Father was not wringing His hands — He was already on His way, with a Seed in mind and His own Son in view, walking the long road that ends at a cross and an empty tomb. The Rescuer was promised before the door of the garden ever closed.

AVRAHAM

Out of a scattered world, the Father chose one man.

There was nothing remarkable about Avram of Ur. He worshipped what his fathers worshipped and had no children to carry his name. To him, with no warning, came the voice of **Elohim**: **Leave your country, your people, and your father's house, and go to a land I will show you.** And

then a promise so large it could only be kept by **Elohim** Himself — **I will make you into a great nation, I will bless you and make your name great, and all the families of the earth will be blessed through you.**

There it is, the whole shape of the Story in a single sentence. Back in the garden the curse had reached every family of the earth; now the blessing is aimed at every family of the earth. The Father narrows His work down to one man precisely so that He can one day open it back out to everyone. The promise to Avraham is not favouritism — it is the rescue plan with a return address, and the address is His Son.

So Avram went, not knowing where he was going, and that going was counted to him as righteousness. He believed **Elohim**, and **Elohim** credited it to him as right standing — not because Avram had earned it but because he trusted the One who promised. This is how anyone has ever been made right with the Father: not by performance but by faith in His word. Centuries later it would be said plainly that those who believe are the true children of Avraham, and that the blessing promised to all nations was always **Yeshua**.

In time **Elohim** sealed His covenant with Avram and gave him a new name — Avraham, father of a multitude. Then the promise was tested to its root: **Elohim** gave Avraham and Sarah a son in their old age, Yitzhak, the child of laughter and the bearer of everything promised. And then **Elohim** asked for him back — **take your son, your only son, whom you love, and offer him.** Avraham walked up the mountain with the wood laid on his son's shoulders and the knife in his own hand, trusting that **Elohim** could raise the dead if He had to. At the last moment the voice stopped him, and there in a thicket was a ram, caught by its horns — a substitute, provided by **Elohim**, dying in the son's place. Avraham named that place **YHWH** Yireh — **YHWH** will provide. He had been shown, from far off, the very heart of the Story: a father, an only son he loved, the wood carried up a hill, and a sacrifice that **Elohim** Himself would supply. One day another Father would climb a hill with His only born Son, and there would be no voice to stop it and no ram in the thicket — because that time the beloved Son was the Lamb, and the Father gave Him on purpose.

The Brit — the covenant — passed down the line. To Yitzhak, then to Yaakov, the schemer whom **Elohim** wrestled into a new name, Yisrael, and from whom came twelve sons. The promise survived their jealousy and cruelty: the brothers sold Yosef into slavery in Mitzrayim, and yet through that very betrayal **Elohim** positioned Yosef to save many lives, including theirs, through a famine. What they meant for evil, **Elohim** meant for good. It is a pattern you will see again at the centre of the Story, on a far darker hill: the worst thing people ever did becoming the means of the world's rescue.

By the end of this movement the chosen family is a household of seventy souls, sheltering in Mitzrayim, carrying a promise far bigger than themselves. They have no land of their own, no nation yet, no king, no temple — only the word of the Father that through them all the earth would be blessed. It would have looked like very little to hang a world's hope on. But the One who spoke the light had spoken again, and His promises do not return to Him empty. The blessing for every family of the earth was on its way, and His name would be **Yeshua**.

MITZRAYIM

The family became a people, and the people became slaves.

Generations passed in Mitzrayim. The household of seventy grew into a multitude, and a new king arose who did not remember Yosef. Afraid of how numerous they had become, he crushed them under forced labour and ordered their baby boys drowned in the river. This is the world the Story keeps insisting is real — a world where the strong grind the weak, where empires build their glory on broken backs, where it can look for a long time as though the Father has forgotten His promise.

He had not forgotten. **Elohim** heard their groaning, and He remembered His covenant with Avraham, Yitzhak, and Yaakov, and He saw, and He knew. Those four verbs are the turning of the Story: heard, remembered, saw, knew. The Father is not distant from the cry of the oppressed; He bends down to it.

He raised up a deliverer in the most unlikely way — a Hebrew boy drawn from the very river meant to kill him, raised in the palace of the king who hunted his people, then exiled for forty

years as a shepherd. To this man, Moshe, **Elohim** spoke from a bush that burned without being consumed, and gave His own name: **I AM WHO I AM.** **YHWH** sent Moshe back to the most powerful man on earth with a single demand: **let My people go, so that they may serve Me.**

What followed was a contest between the gods of Mitzrayim and the living **Elohim** — plague upon plague, each striking at something the empire trusted, until only the last remained. And here the heart of the whole Story shows through. On the final night, each household was told to take a lamb without blemish, to kill it, and to paint its blood on the doorposts. Where the blood was, death would pass over; where it was not, the firstborn would die. Rescue came not by being stronger or better, but by sheltering under the blood of a lamb the Father Himself appointed. They ate it dressed to leave, in haste, and **Elohim** brought them out that night with a high hand. Pesach. The night is remembered ever after, because it is the pattern of every rescue the Father performs. Generations later, on the night He was betrayed, **Yeshua** took the Pesach bread and cup and said, **this is My body, this is My blood** — telling His friends that the lamb had always been pointing at Him. He is the Lamb without blemish; His blood on the doorposts of a life is what death passes over. The exodus is not only history. It is the Besorah rehearsed in advance.

Pharaoh let them go and then changed his mind, and the people found themselves trapped against the sea with the chariots of Mitzrayim thundering behind. There was nowhere to run. And **Elohim** opened the water, and they walked through the sea on dry ground, and the army that pursued them was swallowed when the waters returned. Rescue by blood at the door, and then through the water to the other side — brought out, brought through, set free. On the far shore they sang the first song of salvation in the Story.

But notice where they were when the song ended: free, and standing in a wilderness, with no food but what **Elohim** sent each morning and no water but what He drew from rock. Freedom was the beginning, not the end. They had been brought out of slavery so that they could be brought to the Father Himself — **let My people go**, He had said, **so that they may serve Me.** The chains were off. Now they would learn what they had been freed for, and Who had freed them. The Lamb had a destination in mind, and it was the Father's own presence.

TORAH

The Father brought them out so that He could bring them near.

Three months out of Mitzrayim they came to a mountain, and **Elohim** came down on it in fire and cloud and thunder, and the whole mountain trembled. From the fire He spoke His instruction — the Torah — beginning with the words that frame everything else: **I am YHWH your Elohim who brought you out of the land of slavery.** The commands come after the rescue, never before it. The Father does not say, keep these and I will save you; He says, I have saved you, and here is how a free people lives. The Torah is not a ladder to climb up to **Elohim**. It is the shape of life with the Father who has already come down.

And what He gives is good — a gift, not a burden. **Love YHWH your Elohim with all your heart. Do not kill, do not steal, do not betray, do not covet. Care for the widow, the orphan, the stranger, the poor.** Keep the seventh day and rest, as **Elohim** rested. **Be set apart**, He told them, **because I am set apart.** The Torah holds up a true picture both of the holiness of the Father and of the gap between that holiness and the human heart. It shows the people the height they were made for and how far they fall short of it.

So **Elohim** did the most astonishing thing in the whole movement: He moved in. He gave the pattern for the Mishkan, a tent at the centre of the camp, and His glory came down and filled it. The Father who walked in the garden, and who had seemed so far off in the years of slavery, now pitched His tent in the middle of His people and travelled with them. The whole point of the exodus arrives here — not a land, not a law, but the presence of the Father dwelling among them. But a set-apart **Elohim** dwelling among an unholy people is no small thing, and the Torah does not pretend otherwise. So it gave the sacrifices: an animal brought, a hand laid on its head, the life given in the worshipper's place, the blood carried in. Without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness. Once a year, on Yom Kippur, the high priest entered the innermost place with blood to cover the sins of the whole people. Day after day, year after year, the altar ran red —

a constant, aching reminder that sin costs a life, and that these lives could only cover, never finally cleanse.

Every part of it was a shadow thrown forward from something still to come. The priest who stands between Elohim and the people points to a better Priest, **Yeshua**, who needs no sacrifice for Himself. The lamb on the altar points to the Lamb of Elohim. The tent where the glory dwelt points to the only born Son who would one day make His dwelling among His people in flesh, full of grace and truth. The whole system was honest about the problem and patient about the answer: it kept saying, not yet, not this, not finally — until the One it pointed to arrived and offered Himself once for all.

The wilderness years exposed the people's hearts. They grumbled, they made a golden calf while the fire still burned on the mountain, they refused to trust the Father at the border and wandered forty years until a generation had passed. And yet even their failures were made to preach. When venomous snakes came among them, Elohim told Moshe to lift a bronze serpent on a pole, and everyone who looked at it lived. Centuries later **Yeshua** would say: **as Moshe lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so the Son of Man must be lifted up, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life**. Even in the desert, the cross was being sketched against the sky. The Torah could shelter and shape a freed people, but it could not finally heal them. It was always pointing past itself, towards the only born Son.

KINGS & PROPHETS

A new generation finally crossed into the land Elohim had promised.

Under Yehoshua they entered, and Elohim gave them rest on every side. But the rest did not hold. Again and again the people forgot Elohim, turned to the idols around them, fell under the hand of their enemies, cried out, and were rescued by a judge Elohim raised up — only to forget again once the danger passed. The book of Judges is a wheel turning through the same mud: everyone did what was right in their own eyes. The pattern aches with a question the people themselves began to ask aloud: is there no one who will lead rightly, no king who will not fail?

So Elohim gave them a king. The first, Sha'ul, looked the part and lost his way through fear and disobedience. Then Elohim sent His prophet to a forgotten youngest son, keeping sheep, and anointed him — David, a man after Elohim's own heart. David was no flawless hero; he sinned grievously and knew it, and his psalms are full of both soaring praise and the rawest repentance. But to David the Father made a promise that lifts the whole Story onto a new horizon: **one of your own sons will sit on a throne, and I will establish his kingdom forever. I will be his Father, and he will be My son**. A king whose reign does not end, and a son the Father claims as His own. From that day the people watched the royal line, waiting for the Son of David who would rule and never fail and never die.

David's son Shlomo built the house for YHWH's name, and at its dedication the glory filled it as it had once filled the tent — the Father again choosing to dwell among His people. For a moment it looked as though the promise had landed. But Shlomo's heart turned, the kingdom split in two after him, and both halves slid into idolatry and injustice. The thrones that were meant to image the Father's reign instead mirrored the nations around them.

Into that long decline Elohim sent the prophets — not chiefly to predict the future but to call the people back, to plead, to warn, and to promise. They thundered against religion that trampled the poor while keeping the festivals; **let justice roll down like waters, Elohim said, and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream**. They warned that exile was coming if the people would not turn. And they did not turn, and it came: the kingdom carried off, the house where the glory had dwelt burned to the ground, the people weeping by foreign rivers, asking how to sing YHWH's song in a strange land.

Yet it is precisely in the prophets, in the rubble, that the promises blaze brightest. They saw, from far off, a day coming. A child would be born, a son given, and the government would rest on his shoulders; he would be called Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty Elohim, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. A branch would grow from the cut-down stump of David's line. A new Brit would be made, not written on stone but on hearts, with sins remembered no more. The Ruach of Elohim would be poured out on all flesh. A shepherd would come to gather the scattered sheep.

And, most piercing of all, they saw a servant — despised, pierced for the people's transgressions, crushed for their iniquities, led like a lamb to the slaughter, bearing the sin of many and making intercession for them. It pleased the Father to lay on Him the iniquity of them all, and by His wounds, they said, healing would come.

Elohim brought a remnant home from exile, and they rebuilt, humbly, a smaller house. But the great promises had not yet arrived: no Son of David sat on the throne, the glory had not returned, the new Brit was not yet written on any heart. Then the prophets fell silent, and four hundred years passed with no word — generations waiting, watching the road, leaning forward. Every promise was straining in one direction, towards one Person. The longing of the whole Story had a name it did not yet know how to say. It was **Yeshua**, and the silence was about to break.

YESHUA

And then, in the fullness of time, the Father kept every promise at once: the Word became flesh.

For Elohim so loved the world that He gave His only born Son. Not lent, not sent at arm's length — gave, the way Avraham raised the knife over Yitzhak; except that this time no voice from heaven stopped it, and no ram was found in the thicket, because this time the beloved Son was the Lamb. In a small town under a foreign empire, to a young woman who had known no man, the only born Son of the Father was born — conceived by the Ruach HaKodesh, the Son of the Most High. He was laid in a feeding trough because there was no room, and the first to be told were shepherds in the fields and stargazers from the east. He was a true son of David, born in David's town of Beit Lechem, and the prophets' words began to land one after another. They called His name **Yeshua**, for He would save His people from their sins, and Immanu'el — Elohim with His people. The Father who had walked in the garden, dwelt in the tent, and filled the house had now come the whole way: not in cloud and fire, but as a child you could hold.

For thirty years He lived hidden, and then He stepped into His work — and the Father would not stay silent about His Son. When **Yeshua** came up from the water, the heavens were torn open and the Father's own voice came down: **This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased**. The whole Story had been the Father pointing forward to this Son; now He pointed straight at Him and said, **listen to Him**. And everything **Yeshua** did showed what the Father is like. He announced that the Kingdom of Elohim had come near. He healed the sick and opened blind eyes and cleansed the outcast with a touch. He drove out demons and stilled storms with a word — the same kind of word that once spoke the light. He welcomed the people everyone else discarded — tax collectors, the shamed, lepers, children, foreigners — and He forgave sins, which only Elohim can do. He told stories that turned the world upside down: the last shall be first, the lost sheep is hunted down, the wandering son is met on the road by a father who runs. Whoever had seen Him had seen the Father. He did not abolish the Torah and the Prophets; He said He had come to fulfil them, and in Him every shadow found its substance. He is the Lamb the altars pointed to, the Priest who needs no sacrifice for Himself, the King David's son was promised to be, the Prophet greater than Moshe, the true Temple where Elohim and humanity meet.

The crowds loved Him and the powerful feared Him, and in the end they conspired to kill Him. He knew, and He walked towards it on purpose, because it was for this that the Father had given Him and to this that He had given Himself. On the night of Pesach He took the bread and the cup and told His friends that this was His body and His blood, given for them — the Lamb explaining His own death before it happened. He was betrayed by one of His own, abandoned, falsely tried, and handed over to be crucified. On the cross the deepest pattern of the whole Story came to its point: the substitute, dying in the place of the guilty; the blood on the doorposts of the world; the curse of the broken garden borne in His own body. What Avraham was spared, the Father was not — He gave up His only born Son, and the Son gave up Himself, and between them they paid what you could never pay. **Yeshua** cried out that it was finished, and gave up His spirit, and at that moment the curtain of the Temple — the one that had kept the people out of the holiest place since the wilderness — tore in two from top to bottom. The way to the Father was open. They buried Him, and for one long Shabbat the Story held its breath. And then, on the first day of the week, the tomb was empty. He had risen — not a ghost, not a memory, but **Yeshua** alive, the same wounds in His hands, eating with His friends, more solid than death. The serpent's

head was crushed; the promise made at the garden gate was kept. Death, the great intruder since the Fall, had been beaten on its own ground, and **Yeshua** walked out the far side of it as the firstfruits of a whole new creation. And the Father set His seal on it all, raising Him, exalting Him, and giving Him the name above every name — so that at the name of **Yeshua** every knee would bow, to the glory of Elohim the Father.

Everything before this had been leaning towards it; everything after flows from it. This is the centre of the Story and the centre of the world — the hinge on which Bereshit turns towards New Creation. The Father gave, and the Son was given; the Maker became one of the made, took the death the made had earned, and rose to share His own unending life. If you remember nothing else as you read, remember this: the whole of Scripture is the road to this hill and the road away from this empty tomb, and the One the Father is pointing you to, standing alive at the centre of it all, is His only born Son. His name is **Yeshua**.

THE WAY

The risen **Yeshua** did not leave His people to remember Him. He commissioned them.

Before He returned to the Father He gave His followers their task: **go and make disciples of all nations**, teaching them everything He had commanded, and know that He would be with them always. Then He told them to wait — for power, for the promise of the Father. And on the feast of Shavuot, with His followers gathered, the Ruach HaKodesh came: wind and fire and a rush of praise in every language under heaven. The promise the prophets had seen from far off — the Father's Spirit poured out on all flesh, the Brit written not on stone but on hearts — was kept. Elohim was no longer dwelling in a tent or a house made with hands. He had come to dwell in His people themselves, who became together the temple where His glory lives.

What happened next is the blessing promised to Avraham finally breaking its banks. A handful of frightened followers became a movement that could not be stopped. They were called followers of The Way, because **Yeshua** had called Himself the way to the Father, and they walked it. The Besorah ran outward in widening circles — first to their own people, then to those long despised as outsiders, then to the nations, exactly as the Father had said to Avraham two thousand years before: **all the families of the earth will be blessed through you**. The wall that had divided Yehudim and Goyim came down in Mashiach; the scattering of Bavel began to be healed, not by everyone speaking one language again, but by people of every language becoming one in Him. It cost them. They were mocked, beaten, jailed, and killed, and the Story does not hide it. The fiercest enemy of The Way, a man named Sha'ul of Tarsus who hunted believers from house to house, was stopped on a road by the risen **Yeshua** Himself and remade into the messenger who would carry the name to kings and nations — proof that no one is beyond rescue, and that the Elohim who turns enemies into children had not changed since He wrestled Yaakov in the dark. Under the name Paulos, and alongside others, he planted communities across the empire and wrote them letters that still teach how a freed and Spirit-filled people are meant to live.

And that is what the letters of the Brit Chadashah are: not abstract theology but a freed people learning to walk. Love one another, as **Yeshua** loved you. Forgive as you were forgiven. Carry each other's burdens. Do not be conformed to the world, but be transformed. Husbands, wives, parents, children — let the Besorah reshape every ordinary thing. There is now no condemnation for those who are in Mashiach. Nothing in all creation can separate them from the love of the Father in Him. The Spirit who raised **Yeshua** from the dead lives in them, growing in them the very life of Elohim — love, joy, peace, patience, kindness — until they look like the Son, who is the image of the Father.

This movement has no last page, because it is the movement you are living in. The Story did not end when **Yeshua** rose; it opened outward to include everyone who would trust Him, in every century and every nation, right down to the hand holding this book. The same Ruach who fell at Shavuot indwells His people now. The same Besorah is still running outward. The same **Adonai** is still turning enemies into children. You are not reading about a closed past; you are being handed a place in a Story still being told. And it is being carried, as it always has been, towards a promised end — because the Father who began this work has sworn to finish it, and His Son is coming back.

The Story is not finished, and **Yeshua** told His people how it ends.

He promised He would come again — not in hiddenness this time, not as a child in a feeding trough, but openly, in glory, with every eye seeing Him. The last book of Scripture, Hitgalut pulls back the curtain on that day and on the end of all things, and it does not show a philosophy or a force on the throne of the universe. It shows a Lamb — the same **Yeshua**, still bearing the marks of His death, now reigning over everything. The One who was slain is the One who holds the centre of heaven, and around Him a multitude no one can count, from every nation, tribe and people, and tongue, singing that He is worthy. This is where the Father has been leading the whole time: not to a place, but to His Son, glorified, with a people gathered around Him out of every corner of the broken world.

There is a reckoning. The Story has never been sentimental about evil, and it does not flinch at the end. Everything that wars against the Father and crushes His creation is finally and fully judged. The serpent who whispered in the garden, who has prowled through every movement since, is thrown down for good. And then the last enemy, the intruder that entered when the world broke, is itself destroyed: death is thrown down, and there is no more of it. The wound the Seed took at the gate is healed, and the head of the serpent is crushed beyond repair.

What rises in its place is not an escape from the world but the world made new. A new heaven and a new earth — the old creation not discarded but redeemed, washed, and raised, as **Yeshua's** own body was raised. And the loud voice from the throne says the thing the whole Story has been straining towards since the cool of the day in the garden: **behold, the dwelling of Elohim is with His people. He will dwell with them, and they will be His people, and Elohim Himself will be with them and be their Elohim. He will wipe every tear from their eyes, and death will be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor pain, for the former things will have passed away**. The distance that opened in the Fall is closed forever, face to face — Father and children, with nothing left between them.

And look at the place itself. The garden lost at the beginning comes back, gathered up into a city — the tree of life is there again, its leaves for the healing of the nations, and the river of life runs clear, and there is no more curse. There is no temple in it, because Elohim and the Lamb are its temple; and no sun, because the glory of Elohim is its light, and the Lamb is its lamp. Everything the Mishkan and the house only sketched in shadow stands now in full daylight: the Father with His people, and His Son in the midst of them, with nothing in between.

The One who sits on the throne says, **behold, I am making all things new** — the same voice that said **let there be light**, speaking the world new from end to end. And the Son says, **behold, I am coming quickly**. He is the Aleph and the Tav, the beginning and the end, the One who was there in the first sentence of Bereshit and is there in the last sentence of Hitgalut, holding the whole Story together in Himself.

And the very last word is not a command but an invitation. The Spirit and the bride say, Come. Let the one who is thirsty come; let whoever wishes take the water of life freely. That is where the Story has been going the whole time — not merely to explain the world, but to open a door and call you through it, home to the Father, through His only born Son. You are about to begin at the beginning, in a good garden under a good word. Carry this with you to the first page: every promise, every lamb, every throne, every prophet's aching hope, and the empty tomb at the centre of it all, is held together in **Yeshua** — and the last thing He says is, **Come**.



Now turn the page and begin at the beginning. Read slowly, and watch for Him — in the dark over the waters, in the blood on the doorposts, in the throne that has no end, in the servant led like a lamb. The Father has been pointing to His only born Son the whole way home. His name is Yeshua. Listen to Him.

