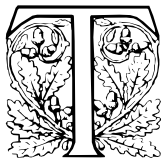


The Beginning



here was a time, before time existed, when before man became a living being, that God began to create. Before the heavens and the earth was, God began to create and He created a great “Host” or “Armies” of heaven. The scriptures give us a few clues as to the creation of the angels.

Psalm 33:6, “By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the **host of them** by the breath of his mouth.”

Nehemiah 9:6 (NASB), “You alone are the LORD. You have made the heavens, The heaven of heavens with all **their host**, The earth and all that is on it, The seas and all that is in them. You give life to all of them And the **heavenly host** bows down before You.

Colossians 1:16 (NASB), For by Him all things were created, *both* in the heavens and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or rulers or **authorities**—all things have been created through Him and for Him.

We know that the angels were present when God created the earth and all the expanse of the heavenly realms, so they had to be created before that time. The events of Genesis 1:1 would take countless hours and volumes of information to understand everything that happened in the time before time, in the dateless past, some call it ... **The Beginning** of all things.¹



¹ Based on the fictional writings of Gene Edwards 1990 Book “The Beginning.” The Chronicles of Heaven



here was a moment never experienced before when the very first creature opened his eyes and marveled at all he saw. He was aware of things he never knew before this moment. Then he heard, “Your name shall be **Recorder**. You will be the one who records into the Book of Records all that shall transpire from this moment forward. I brought you into being before your companions that there may be a record even of their creation. I have endowed you with insight that I will give to no other.”

Then Recorder answered back, “You are my Lord and my Creator. You are about to create a vast realm, are you not?”

“I Am.”

Recorder looked around, “The books that lay next to your throne, they are the ones that are in my charge, and that I am to record all events in.”

“You are.”

Then Recorder took the great books from next to the throne and held them in his hands. “My Lord one of these books bears the title the Book of Life and it already has names written in it, I do not understand. Whose names are these for there is no one here but you and your servant.”

“Those whose names have been written in the Book of Life are those of whom I have chosen before the foundations of the world, before creation itself. I have not yet brought them into being yet, but I have chosen them and them me.”

Recorder's eyes glistened and his spirit brightened at what he had been told. Then he had a revelation and so he said, “There has been no creation until now. Until this very moment it has been you, you have been everything and everything existed in you. Before you created there has been activity.”

“You speak with the insight that I have given you, Recorder.”

“My Lord, you have seen the beginning even before you created it, have you not?”

“I have seen the beginning of creation. I have seen its end.”

Recorder was motionless for what he has just heard. His lack of response was his own way of asking another question. The Lord continued.

“Recorder, I have stood at the beginning and seen the end. I have stood at the end and seen the beginning.”

“My Lord, Your words are beyond the reach of the understanding you have given me.”

“I Am ... beyond all understanding, Recorder.”

Sensing what he should do next, Recorder placed the book before him and took his position beside the throne. He paused and looked around at his Lord, knowing his words were not finished.

“I have finished all things.”

“You are ... finished?” replied the astounded angel.

“Before I created all things, I finished all things.”

“Lord you know I do not understand.”

“True. Nonetheless, place into the Book of Records what I have said.”

Recorder lifted his pen and wrote on the first page. “Before the Creator of all things created ... He finished all things.”

“Lord ... I perceive you have more to say.”

“Place this also in the records. There is a Mystery in Me. A Mystery in Me, unknown to all ... hidden in Me before the creation of the world.”

“This too, I will record,” replied the somber angel. Once more Recorder inscribed the words of his Lord. Suddenly Recorder whirled about. “Lord! There is something else.”

The Lord did not respond. Rather, light began pouring out from him like rivers of white fire. Recorder shielded his face, but still the radiance grew. The angel began to falter, thinking that he would be consumed by the glory. The torrents of light grew brighter, and then turned into a flaming furnace of gold. By some intuitive means, Recorder knew he was to face his Lord full on. Un-shielding his eyes, he looked up. The garments of his Lord were flowing about him in liquid waves of golden fire.

Recorder clutched his eyes, hesitated, and looked again.

“No! No!” cried Recorder in horror. “It is not possible!”

“What do you see, Recorder?”

“Lord! On your side ... a scar. You have been wounded.”

“No Recorder not wounded. I have been slain, slain before the foundation of the world. Inscribe into the chronicles of creation what you have seen and what you have heard. Then seal these pages that no eye may know what you have written. These words are to remain sealed ... until ...”

“Until when my Lord?”

“Until the fullness of time! Now step back, Recorder, and take your place beside the throne. Record what you see, for I am about to create the eternals ... and your companions!”

“Lord one last question. The handwriting is mine. It is I who wrote these names in the Book of Life! Yet, that is not possible!”

“Yes it is your handwriting. You wrote the names into this book at the end of all things. I stand here at the beginning of all creation. Yet I, at this moment, also stand at the end of this creation. Alpha and Omega I always am. Both, for me, are now. At both places I always Am. Wait my friend, and at the end, you will understand.”

The Lord swept His hand across the horizon of nothingness. There burst forth first three, then a thousand thousands of beings of blazing light. All in one accord turned and faced the One who had created them. As they did, they divided into three innumerable bands. From out of the midst of one band rose a specially created being from among them, with a sword so immense it surely could slice eternity in two. “I am **Michael**, the first of the chief princes.”

Another creature of like size and stature rose up from among the second group, a mighty trumpet in his hand. “I am **Gabriel**; the second host of messengers is my charge.

Out of the third host rose one of indescribable beauty. “I am **Lucifer**, the angel of light, the most glorious of all whom you have fashioned.” With those words, the Son of the Morning rose above the third host of angels and took his place near the throne of God.

By celestial instincts, archangels and angels alike lifted their voices in one deafening roar.



Honor to Him who was before all things



“Go now, and explore your habitat,” cried the Lord. Instantly, spirt-beings scattered out across the immeasurable reaches of the newly created realm, they would come to be called the **ETERNALS**.

