

# ***REFLECTIONS***

April 17, 2005

**By the sweat of your brow  
you will eat your food  
until you return to the ground,**  
*Genesis 3:19*

## **Making a mess of perfection**

Coming out of a difficult work day I was angry but could find no one to blame. When the answer came it traced all the way back to Camelot.

The first Camelot was a garden called Eden. The Garden was the most perfect place to live that the world has ever known. God made it just for man. Picture the Garden set in the backdrop of a deep blue sky, glowing sunrises, breathtaking sunsets, and the elegance of glistening evening stars. It was decorated with majestic hills, still blue waters, and a kaleidoscope of flowering colors nestled amidst green groundcover and fruit bearing trees. The weather was perfect—not too hot, not too cold. It never rained even after sundown, but streams emerged from the ground keeping the garden watered and green. To paraphrase the song, “In short there simply was not a more congenial spot for happy ever-aftering than God’s first Camelot.”

Adam lived in the Garden with his beautiful and God given bride. The only responsibility Adam and Eve had was to care for the Garden and to rule over its inhabitants. They knew no pain—no discomfort of any kind. There was no modesty or any thought that their bodies might not be beautiful. Clothing was never considered.

Adam and Eve were born into God’s perfect world and with a but *one* command, not ten. There was no need for a commandment to love God, neighbor, and self, for hate was unknown; no need for commandments not to kill or covet, for there was no jealousy. There was no need for a commandment not to steal, for everything had been provided; and there was no need for a commandment to honor, for there had never been any dishonoring act. The blissful couple had no awareness of evil even though it was lurking about. God had made it unrecognizable to them.

Only one commandment, “you must not eat from the tree of knowledge of good and evil...” With this warning God revealed that He had given them freedom of choice. They chose to disobey and made a mess of perfection. And we are *all* still paying for it.

So I know who to blame for my tough day.

I wonder if my disobediences have such far reaching consequences?

Somehow my anger is gone.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard* +

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