The Original Love story. By Wilma Magorimbo

When I said, if you eat of this tree you shall surely die. You failed to realise that The meaning of death is not cessation but separation. And when you ate of that tree, my heart was broken in two because I could no longer have sweet fellowship with my greatest creation. The creation I moulded, twisted, formed, knitted together, created, added, subtracted, multiplied and breathed my spirit and life into, to make you.

I had thought building this perfect paradise and me and you being together was more than enough. I believed I was more than enough for you. But I created you to love me of your own free will and the devil decided to pervert that and take what I made to be beautiful and turned it against you. I couldn’t stop you from eating that fruit because I gave you freewill. When I created you I wanted you to know what it first felt like to be loved back by me . So that you could love someone else that I brought to you in the same measure.

You were the King and Queen of the Earth, my children. You ruled with love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control. My glory and my hand were upon you. But when you ate of that fruit, you gave all your power, all your rights, all your freedom to the devil. Sin, death, envy, murder, hatred entered this world as a result. My Glory, Ichabod, departed and you and I became separated by sin.

Separated by this thick curtain of sin, I couldn’t touch you without killing you because my holiness can not stand the stench of sin. Animal blood could only cover the stench but could never remove it from my sight.

But you were always mine and never the devil's. Even though he tried to make you forget the fact I love you and that I moved heaven, earth and shook up the foundations of hell just to get you back.

The devil stole your identity, he destroyed your purity and killed our relationship. And then he dared to turn around and call you a failure, an outcast, a waste of space, a ruin.

It pained me to see you hurt; to the point that I bottled your tears so that one day I would give you the oil of joy instead mourning, the garment of praise instead of the spirit of despair and a crown of beauty in the place of ashes. Because I am in the business of making glorious things out of ruins.

Like a puppet, the prince of the air controlled you and influenced you to try and fill that emptiness inside you by delighting in everything that you could touch, taste, smell, see and hear. But it was never enough, the more you tried to fill it, the wider it became. Like four walls of a prison cell, the accusations, condemnation, shame and guilt surrounded you, until you realised that you had helped build your own prison cell.

I could no longer stand and see you in bondage, Shackled in chains that strangled the life out of you. I heard your cry from heaven and I wanted to help you. But The penalty of sin was and still is death, so I came down so that you would come up.

I came down so that you would be free and be with me again. I was whipped for your transgressions with a cat of nine tails. A nine whipped cord with barbed nails at the end, so that by my blood you would be healed. I carried the heavy load of the cross so that you would nor longer carry any sorrow. The wrath of God was satisfied when I took your place. There was a host of Angels behind that could have picked me up from that cross, I created the metal that the nails were made from so I could have commanded them to release me. I fashioned the tree that the wood was from; I could have told the cross to let me down. But I didn’t, love kept me there. There was a face that I saw and that I loved so much that I wanted to spend eternity with. That face, was yours. You kept me on that cross. I died for you, to be with me for eternity.

When I rose up I went to prepare a wedding feast for you; but I left you with three things. I left a Helper behind, this helper will guide, lead and convict you as you go about telling more people what I have done in your life. I left you some letters bound and some basic instructions before living earth bound in a book, that tell our story and other people's stories as well. If you ever feel lonely, happy, angry or even miss me; you will find that I have already written something for you. But most importantly I left you with a promise that I was coming back for you, so don’t give up hope in me and in us. Always be ready for me and remember that I love you.