



FALLEN

A NOVEL BY MELINDA INMAN

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ShowKnowGrow
PUBLISHING

Fallen

by Melinda Viergever Inman

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ISBN 978-1-63393-189-3

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Published by



ShowKnowGrow
PUBLISHING

Ypsilanti, Michigan

CHAPTER ONE

“LET THERE BE LIGHT!”

Radiant light blazed forth, bursting from God. His incandescence blasted into the abyss, exploding from His very Person. Breathless wonder seized Lucifer. *Astonishing!*

As God’s light shaft beamed forth, a solo gushed from Lucifer’s angelic throat, welling up, soaring higher and higher. His notes hovered pure and clear, his crescendo filling the vault of heaven. He was made to sing.

When Lucifer was created, his first act had been a song. It had seemed the only appropriate response. He had beheld Yahweh—God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit—the Three in One. At first sight of the One God, a song of adoration had welled up within him.

“Holy! Holy! Holy!” Lucifer had intoned, serenading each, emotions over owing.

Brilliant Creator! How Lucifer adored Him!

The Lord God had made them all—myriads of angelic beings, thousands upon thousands, each exquisitely unique. From his superior position above God’s throne, Lucifer led the rejoicing of all the angels in the heavenly abode. It was marvelous! Continuously, he sang to his God.

Lucifer was the best and the brightest, designed to praise Yahweh.

Looking down upon the Son, Lucifer floated above Him. As the Son spoke, His light transformed the chaos. Order began. Arms and wings unfurled as Lucifer spread himself wide, his soaring music accompanying the Son’s creative acts.

As energy emanated from the Son, music emanated from Lucifer.

Mirth at God's wonder bubbled out of him. Lucifer laughed with delight as he sang. The other angels joined now in his Creation Song. Following his lead—their minds synchronizing with his—they filled in the harmony and layered the melody. As the Son worked, He smiled up at Lucifer, enjoying his symphony of musical accompaniment.

Each time the Son spoke, miracles formed before their eyes. As God spoke it was done. Through the inherent power of His deity, He held everything together. Erecting parameters within the void, He separated light from darkness, day from night, evening from morning.

Lucifer adjusted his song accordingly.

God was making this for him—the favored one, the pinnacle of all God had made. Lucifer was above all—the highest, the most beautiful, and the wisest.

The Son now constructed an atmosphere with His words. A sky arched over dry land, separate from the water, which He gathered into seas. Lucifer detected the microscopic, supportive framework built into each.

“Seeds,” God spoke, scattering them across the rich and fertile soil.

Fruit-bearing trees—verdant, vibrant with life—burst forth from the loam.

The cosmos appeared at the sound of His voice. The order of the universe was established by His words. The constitution of space spread out before them all, upheld by God's power—an incomparable genius at work. Across the void, the Son spoke the stars—a dazzling array.

Lucifer heralded each one with bright, staccato tones.

Around one star a tiny blue globe now circled. This planet was perfectly positioned for the nearby yellow star to provide light

and warmth. Its beams contained a life-giving substance. Lucifer detected that the earth's elliptical path and axial rotation established time. The Son had created the planet's time-path to fulfill His intentions. *Genius!*

A moon now revolved around the gravitational pull of the earth. It would purify the waters and provide reflected light to the planet's dark side, illuminating the evening. The moon's size and shape were precise. It would periodically block the star from the view of any being that stood on the earth's surface, providing a window of discovery into the heavens.

Brilliant! A mathematical wonder! Lucifer thought.

This small planet intrigued Lucifer. Beings upon its surface could learn of God from this platform He had erected for them in the heavens. His artistic evidence was everywhere. By studying His work, they could come to know God's person and character.

All was configured in love. It was all good!

God the Son had spoken all into existence according to the Father's purpose. The Son was the architect. He had created the blueprint—the Godhead's unified plan. *A miracle!*

In perfect unity the One God rejoiced in the glorious creation. Their laughter pealed and reverberated across the heavens.

“What will He do next?” Lucifer thought his question toward Michael, who hovered nearby with beaming countenance.

Shaking his head in wonderment, Michael shot back his thought, *The Lord God has prepared a habitat.*

“Yes, a living microcosm of the whole. But why? For whom?”

“He readies His world for *someone*. It's intriguing. He does all things well.”

“He's creating this for me,” Lucifer said. “I will reign over it.”

With solemn face, Michael turned toward him. “Why would you assume that?”

“Because, it’s obvious.”

Lucifer skewered Michael with a hard stare then turned away. Fastening his eyes upon God’s work, his oratorio soared. Self-assured, he sang the story of creation, basking in the fact that God formed this all for him. He would rule over earth, God’s creation.

The Son now spoke living creatures, male and female, into His world. Exotic creatures of the sea swam into existence; winged creatures took flight as He created them from the dust. Simultaneously, they all burst into life and sprang into action.

To these, God spoke a command: “Be fruitful; increase in number; fill the water and the earth.” Immediately, these new life forms carried out His instructions.

Lucifer loved what the Son created. He appreciated God’s craftsmanship. *God made it for me! Over all of these creatures and all of this creation, I will rule.*

Passion now rushed forth from the Son. Some mysterious purpose propelled His actions, but none knew the mind of God—not even Lucifer. The Godhead counseled only with One another, always One, always in unity.

All along, the Son had been building toward a finale. Lucifer felt its climax coming in God’s tempo and adjusted the melody, his singing ever more triumphant. All the angels sang with gusto, their volume soaring. The Lord God reached the pinnacle, the culmination.

This would be the point of Lucifer’s gifting. God would give this all to him.

Swelling with importance, Lucifer cut o the symphonic melody of the others with a flourish, leaving his own high and sustained

note the only sound in the heavens. The moment had arrived! He prepared himself to be honored. All the others would see him.

Yahweh spoke. "Let us create human beings in our own image. Let them rule and have dominion over all the living creatures we have made, and over all the earth."

What! Abruptly, Lucifer fell silent. Am I not made in God's image? Am I not to rule?

Shaken, he watched as God the Son compressed Himself into angelic form, the Father and the Spirit entwined with Him. Then the infinite God rocketed toward the earth. Glowing fervor radiated from Him. Lucifer didn't understand! What was God doing?

Breathless now, all the angelic hosts beheld God, all of them bewildered.

The Son squatted down, raking His fingers through the brown earth to scrape a mound of dirt. With His own hands, He pressed the clumping mass together. Unheard by the angels, the Godhead communicated.

Smiling, the Son nodded. With dirt-covered hands, He designed their intentions. A shape took form. It was similar to some of the angelic host, but it was small.

Inwardly intricate. Smooth and beautiful of form. Male.

The pure joy of the One God as He created this creature staggered Lucifer. A cold, hard knot grew and twisted within him. *God prefers this pathetic being of dirt. This thing!*

The being seemed complete, yet it lay there lifeless upon the dust. Sickened to the core, Lucifer seethed. *How can God do this to me? To me, the most glorious one He made!*

How could He prefer this drab creature? Embittered and envious, Lucifer glared down at its form. Gently, the Son cupped

the face of the being, cradling it.

God gazed upon the dirt-made form, scrutinizing every detail. A tender pause, a bittersweet expression flitted across the Son's face, a flicker of pain. The Spirit and the Father embraced Him, all Three entwined in fierce and vehement affection.

Why? Why this tenderness? Why this hint of pain? Lucifer needed to know!

The passion of Father, Son, and Spirit swirled like tributaries into one life-giving torrent, all of God's power funneled into a thin stream of owing life. God now took action.

He breathed.