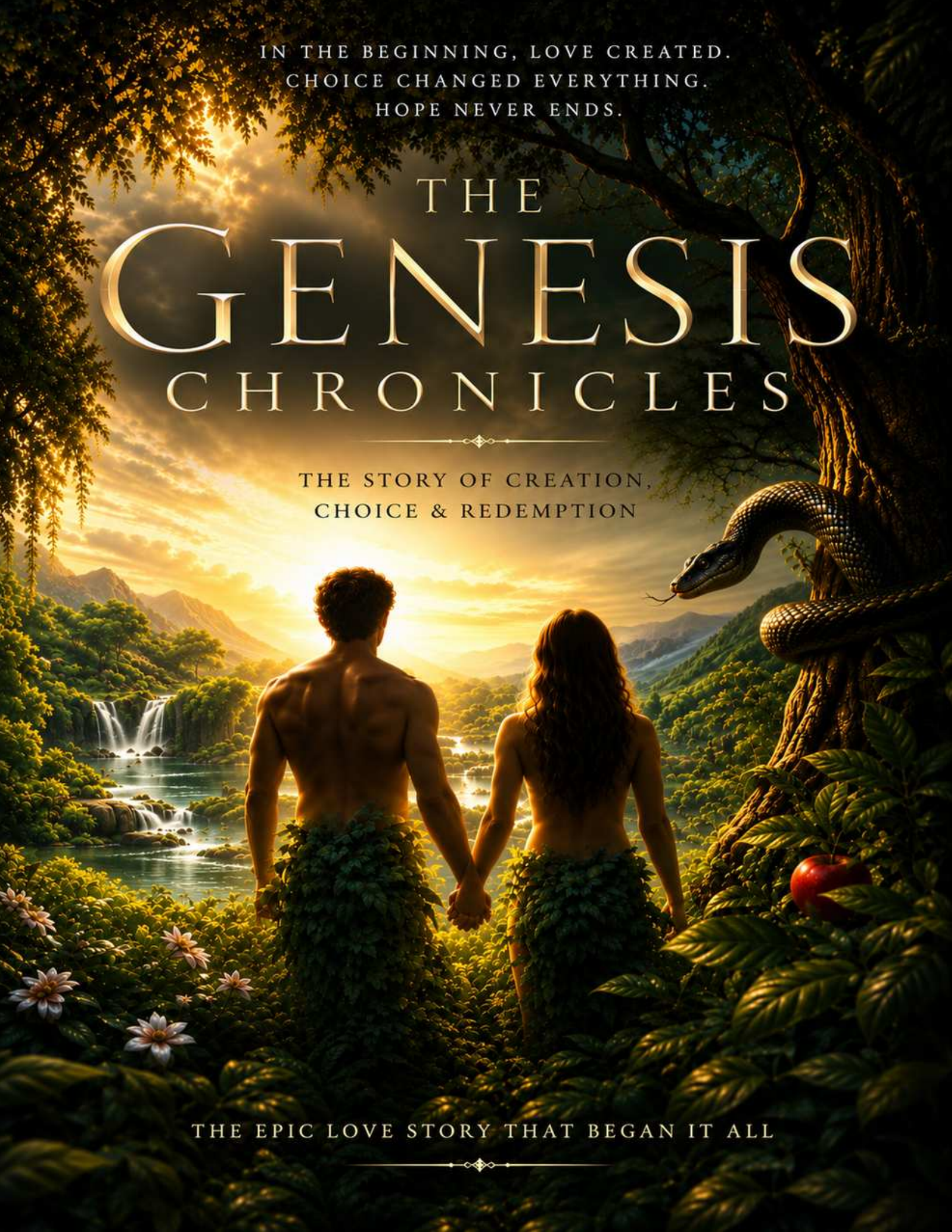

IN THE BEGINNING, LOVE CREATED.
CHOICE CHANGED EVERYTHING.
HOPE NEVER ENDS.
THE
GENESIS
CHRONICLES
THE STORY OF CREATION,
CHOICE & REDEMPTION
THE EPIC LOVE STORY THAT BEGAN IT ALL

THE GENESIS CHRONICLES

BOOK ONE

THE BEGINNING

A Completely Transformed Original

PUBLISHED BY

COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED

Changing Hearts • Changing Lives



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Book One: The Beginning

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Scripture

This novel is inspired by the biblical account found primarily in the Book of Genesis.

While every effort has been made to remain faithful to the biblical narrative and the character of God revealed throughout Scripture, dialogue, descriptions, thoughts, and narrative details have been imaginatively expanded for storytelling purposes.

This work is intended to encourage readers to engage more deeply with the Bible itself and should be read alongside Scripture rather than as a replacement for it.

About this work

The Genesis Chronicles is a work of biblical historical fiction created to help readers experience the grand narrative of Scripture as one continuous story of God's love, redemption, and restoration.

This work was developed by Completely Transformed using a combination of original creative direction, biblical study, and AI-assisted writing and design tools. All content has been carefully reviewed, edited, and curated prior to publication.

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Before the Beginning

Before there was light...

Before there were stars...

Before there was a garden...

Before there was humanity...

There was love.

And everything that follows is
the story of that love pursuing us home.



THE INVITATION

Before you turn this page...

You may think you already know Genesis.

Perhaps you have read it many times. Perhaps you have never read it at all.

This book is not an attempt to replace Scripture. Nor is it simply a retelling.

It is an invitation. An invitation to slow down... To listen... To wonder...

To walk once more through the story that has shaped every other story.

The Bible begins with creation... But beneath creation lies something even deeper.

Before there was light... Before there was earth... Before there was Eden...

There was love.

And everything that follows is the story of that love pursuing humanity home.

My prayer is that, as you journey through these pages, you will discover that this is not only Adam's story... Or Noah's story... Or Abraham's story...

It is your story too.

Welcome home.

Every great story
begins with
a Question.

Who am I?

Why am I here?

What have I lost?

Is there a way home?

The Bible answers every
one of those questions.

NOT AS A COLLECTION OF DISCONNECTED BOOKS...
BUT AS ONE EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

The story of a Father who
never stopped pursuing His children.

Welcome to the journey.




THE GENESIS CHRONICLES
CHAPTER ONE
THE LONGING
"Before there was a garden, there was a dream within the heart of God."

Chapter One

THE LONGING

Before the first star blazed across the heavens... Before oceans stretched to distant horizons... Before mountains lifted their heads toward the sky... Before the first breath filled human lungs...

There was love.

Not loneliness. Not emptiness. Not silence waiting to be filled.

Love.

Perfect love. Complete love. Eternal love.

God existed before time itself. No sunrise marked His mornings. No sunset ended His days. No clock measured His moments. He simply was. Infinite beyond imagination.

Yet within the heart of God rested a desire. A holy longing. Not born from need. Not born from lack. But from abundance.

Love desires to be shared. Joy desires to overflow. Goodness desires to give itself away.

And deep within the heart of the Creator was a dream. Children. Sons and daughters. People who would know His voice. Walk beside Him. Share His life. Experience His love.

The dream existed long before the earth did. Long before Adam. Long before Eden. Long before humanity knew it was being dreamed of. The dream already lived within God's heart.

The universe itself had not yet awakened. Darkness covered everything. No stars burned. No planets turned. No rivers flowed. No birds sang.

Nothing yet existed except the eternal presence of God. Yet even in that vast emptiness, possibility waited.

The story had not begun. But it was about to.

And when the moment arrived, God spoke. *"Let there be light."*

The words were not loud. They did not need to be. They carried authority greater than galaxies. Power greater than creation itself.

The moment the words left His lips, darkness surrendered. Light exploded outward. Brilliant. Radiant. Alive.

Like a curtain being pulled back after an endless night. The first dawn swept across existence. Time itself seemed to awaken. Creation stirred. The story had begun.

And somewhere within that unfolding story was a future garden. A future man. A future woman. A future choice. A future heartbreak. A future rescue. A future cross. A future empty tomb.

God could already see it all. The joy. The sorrow. The rebellion. The redemption. The cost. The restoration.

Every chapter lay open before Him. Yet He chose creation anyway. He chose love anyway.

Because some things are worth suffering for. Some things are worth pursuing no matter the cost. And humanity would become His great pursuit.

Day after day, creation unfolded beneath His voice. Light. Sky. Land. Trees. Flowers. Rivers. Mountains. Sun. Moon. Stars.

The universe blossomed like a masterpiece emerging from the imagination of an artist. Every detail reflected His wisdom. Every colour reflected His beauty. Every living thing reflected His creativity.

Yet none of it was the reason He had begun.

The stars were beautiful. But they could not love Him.

The mountains were majestic. But they could not know Him.

The oceans were powerful. But they could not walk with Him.

Something greater was still to come.

The sixth day arrived. Creation stood ready. The garden waited. The earth waited. Even the heavens seemed to wait.

For now the Creator would reveal the deepest desire of His heart.

God knelt upon the earth He had formed. His hands touched the dust. The same dust that had birthed forests. The same dust that had clothed valleys in green. The same dust that covered the ground beneath His feet.

Patiently. Tenderly. Deliberately. He began to shape a man.

Not quickly. Not carelessly. Like a master craftsman creating something precious.

A face emerged. Hands. Arms. Feet. A chest that would one day rise with laughter. Eyes that would one day behold wonders.

Yet the figure remained still. Silent. Lifeless.

The heavens watched. Creation watched. The world seemed to hold its breath.

Then God leaned close. Closer than any star. Closer than any mountain. Closer than any ocean. And He breathed.

Life rushed into the man. Warmth flooded his body. His chest expanded. His fingers moved. His eyes opened.

The very first thing Adam ever saw... was the face of God. Not a tree. Not a river. Not the beauty of Eden. God.

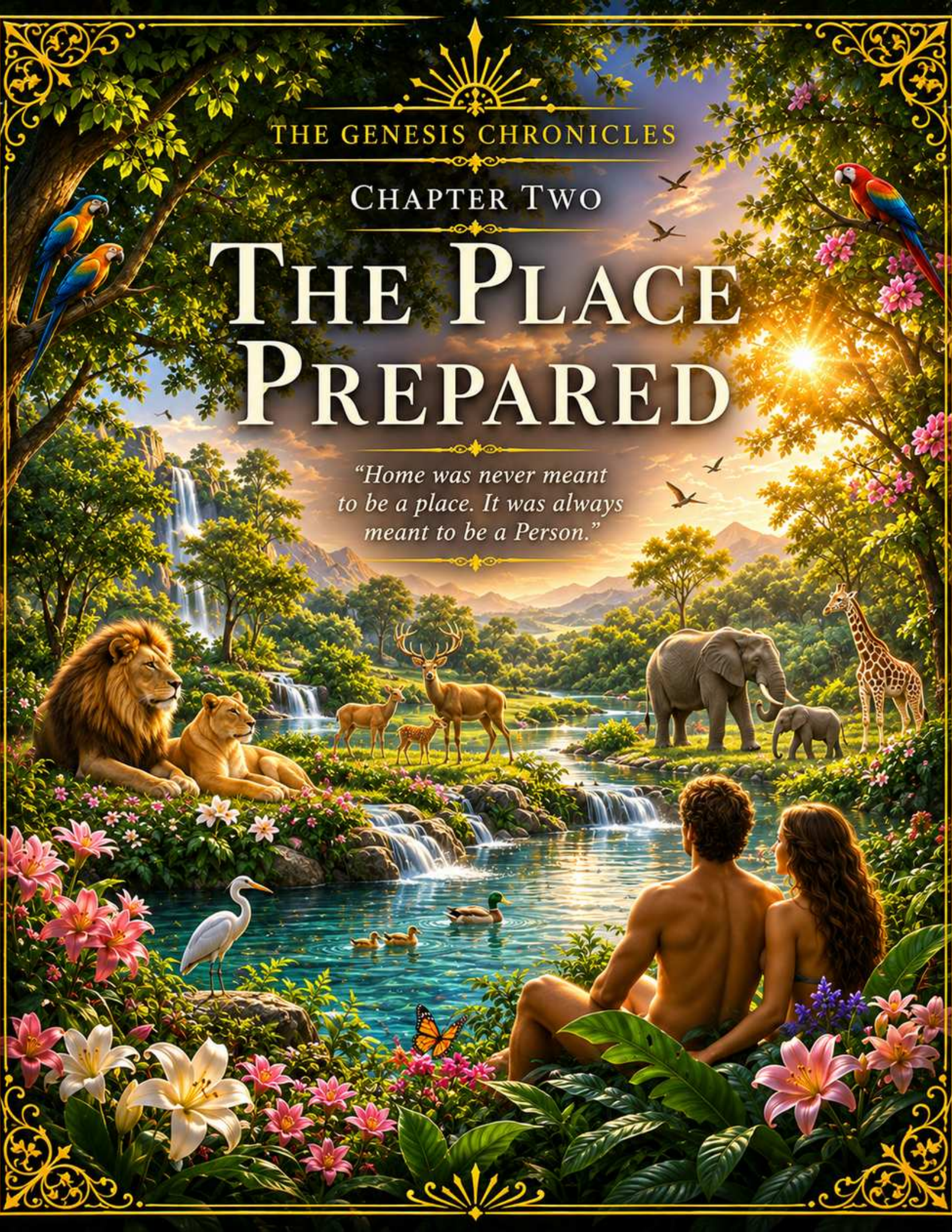
Love looking into the eyes of the one it had dreamed of from the beginning.

And in that moment Adam understood something every human heart has been searching for ever since. Home. Not a place. Not a garden. Not a destination.

A Person.

And for the first time in history, a man stood face to face with his Creator.

The adventure of humanity had begun.


THE GENESIS CHRONICLES
CHAPTER TWO
THE PLACE PREPARED
"Home was never meant to be a place. It was always meant to be a Person."

Chapter Two

THE PLACE PREPARED

Adam breathed.

The first breath of the first man filled his lungs, and life moved through him like sunlight pouring into a room that had waited forever to be opened. His eyes blinked slowly.

Light. Colour. Movement. Warmth.

Everything was new. Everything was alive.

But before he noticed the trees above him or the earth beneath him, Adam saw Him.

God.

The One whose breath still lingered within his chest. The One whose hands had shaped him from dust. The One whose face held no distance, no suspicion, no disappointment, no demand. Only delight.

Adam did not yet have words for wonder. He did not yet know what it meant to be loved. But he knew this:

He was not alone.

A presence surrounded him—nearer than the air, stronger than the ground, gentler than the breeze moving across his skin. God was with him.

And somehow, before Adam understood anything else, he understood that this was where life began. Not in the garden. Not in the work he would soon be given. Not in the beauty that stretched around him.

Life began here.

Face to face. Breath to breath. Loved before he had done a single thing.

God looked upon the man He had formed, and Adam felt no need to hide. There was nothing in him that feared being seen. No shame rose within him. No question whispered that he might not be enough.

He simply was.

And he was loved.

Then God led him into the garden.

Eden.

The name itself seemed to carry joy.

Every step Adam took revealed another wonder. The ground was soft beneath his feet. Flowers opened like little bursts of colour. Trees stood tall and generous, their branches heavy with fruit. Rivers moved through the land with clear, singing water. Birds swept across the sky as though the air itself had been made for dancing.

The garden did not merely look alive. It felt alive.

Everything carried the touch of God.

Adam reached toward a leaf and let his fingers brush its surface. It was smooth and cool. He bent near a flower and breathed in its fragrance. Sweetness filled him. He watched sunlight scatter through branches and fall in golden patterns across the ground.

Beauty was everywhere.

But Adam sensed that beauty was not the point.

Beauty was an invitation.

Every tree seemed to say, He is good. Every river seemed to say, He provides. Every bird seemed to say, He delights.

Everything in Eden told Adam something about the One walking beside him.

God had not placed him in emptiness and asked him to survive. He had prepared abundance before Adam ever awakened. Before Adam knew hunger, there was fruit. Before Adam knew thirst, there were rivers. Before Adam knew purpose, there was a garden. Before Adam knew his own name, there was love.

And perhaps that was the first lesson Eden taught him.

He did not begin with lack.

He began with gift.

God stopped beside a tree whose fruit shone with quiet beauty.

"*This garden is yours to tend,*" He said.

His voice carried authority, but not heaviness. Purpose, but not pressure.

"You may freely eat from every tree in the garden."

Freely.

The word moved through Adam like music.

There was no scarcity in God's voice. No reluctance. No hidden resentment. The garden was not a reward Adam had earned. It was a gift he was invited to enjoy.

Adam looked around at the abundance surrounding him.

Every tree. Every path. Every fruit. Every stream.

Gift upon gift upon gift.

Then God turned his attention toward another tree. Its branches stood within the garden as peacefully as the others, yet Adam sensed the weight of holiness around it.

"But you must not eat from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil," God said, *"for when you eat from it, you will surely die."*

Adam listened.

Death.

He did not yet know the word by experience. Nothing in Eden had taught him loss. Nothing had withered beneath his hand. Nothing had turned against another. Nothing had ended.

But he knew enough from God's voice to understand this was not a threat.

It was protection.

A boundary drawn by love.

There was life in trusting the One who gave him breath. There was life in remaining dependent. There was life in receiving what God called good rather than reaching to define good for himself.

Adam looked at the tree. Then he looked back at God.

And in the gaze of his Creator, he found no reason to doubt.

The day unfolded in wonder.

God brought the living creatures to Adam, and Adam watched them come. The great and the small. The strong and the delicate. Creatures with wings. Creatures with fur. Creatures that leapt, crawled, ran, and soared.

Adam laughed for the first time when one of the smaller animals tilted its head at him as though it were studying him in return.

The sound surprised him.

Joy had found a voice.

One by one, he named them. He watched how they moved. He noticed their patterns, their strength, their gentleness, their playfulness, their beauty. The names rose within him as though God had placed language inside his heart, waiting to be awakened.

But as the creatures passed before him, Adam began to notice something.

Two by two they came.

Each had another. Each belonged with its own kind. The birds called to one another. The animals moved beside one another. Life answered life.

Adam stood in the midst of a world overflowing with companionship.

And yet...

He was alone.

The realisation came softly at first. Not as pain. Not as complaint. More like an empty space he had not known was empty until the shape of it became clear.

God was with him.

That was everything.

And yet God, who knew all things, saw something Adam had only begun to feel.

"*It is not good for the man to be alone,*" God said.

Those words moved through the garden like the first shadow of longing. Not darkness. Not brokenness.

But longing.

A holy space waiting to be filled.

Adam did not yet know what God would do. He only knew that the God who had prepared rivers before thirst and fruit before hunger had already seen this need too.

And if God had seen it, Adam could rest.

So God caused a deep sleep to fall upon him.

Adam lay down beneath the trees of Eden. The breeze moved gently over him. Light flickered through the leaves. His breathing slowed. The world grew quiet.

And while Adam slept, God worked.

Not from dust this time.

From Adam.

From his side.

Near his heart.

From the place that would forever whisper that love was never meant to dominate or diminish, but to stand beside.

Bone of his bone. Flesh of his flesh. Equal in image. Different in glory.

A gift unlike any other.

When Adam opened his eyes again, the light had softened. The garden seemed hushed, as though creation itself were waiting.

Then he saw her.

And the world changed.

She stood before him, alive with the same breath of God. Her eyes held wonder. Her face reflected beauty he had not yet seen in all creation.

Not the beauty of flowers. Not the beauty of rivers. Not the beauty of stars.

Something more personal. More familiar. More astonishing.

She was like him.

And yet not like him.

Another.

Companion.

Gift.

Adam rose slowly.

For a moment, he could not speak. All the names he had given the animals, all the words that had risen so easily within him, seemed too small for this moment.

Then joy broke through him.

"*At last,*" he said.

The words were almost a song.

"*This is bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh.*"

At last.

The empty space had been named by its filling. The longing had met its answer.

Adam looked at her and saw not possession, but partnership. Not usefulness, but belovedness. Not someone beneath him, but someone beside him.

And Eve looked back at him without fear.

She had awakened into love.

Not striving for it. Not earning it. Not proving herself worthy of it.

She opened her eyes in a world where God was near, provision was abundant, and she was received with joy.

Together they stood in the garden.

Naked and unashamed.

Fully seen. Fully known. Fully safe.

There were no walls between them. No wounds to protect. No memories to fear. No comparison. No rejection. No hiding.

Love moved freely because nothing had yet taught their hearts to close.

And as evening settled over Eden, God walked with them.

The Creator with His children. The Father with His family. The King in His garden.

This was the life humanity had been created for.

Presence without distance. Love without fear. Purpose without striving. Relationship without shame.

Home.

Not merely Eden. Not merely paradise.

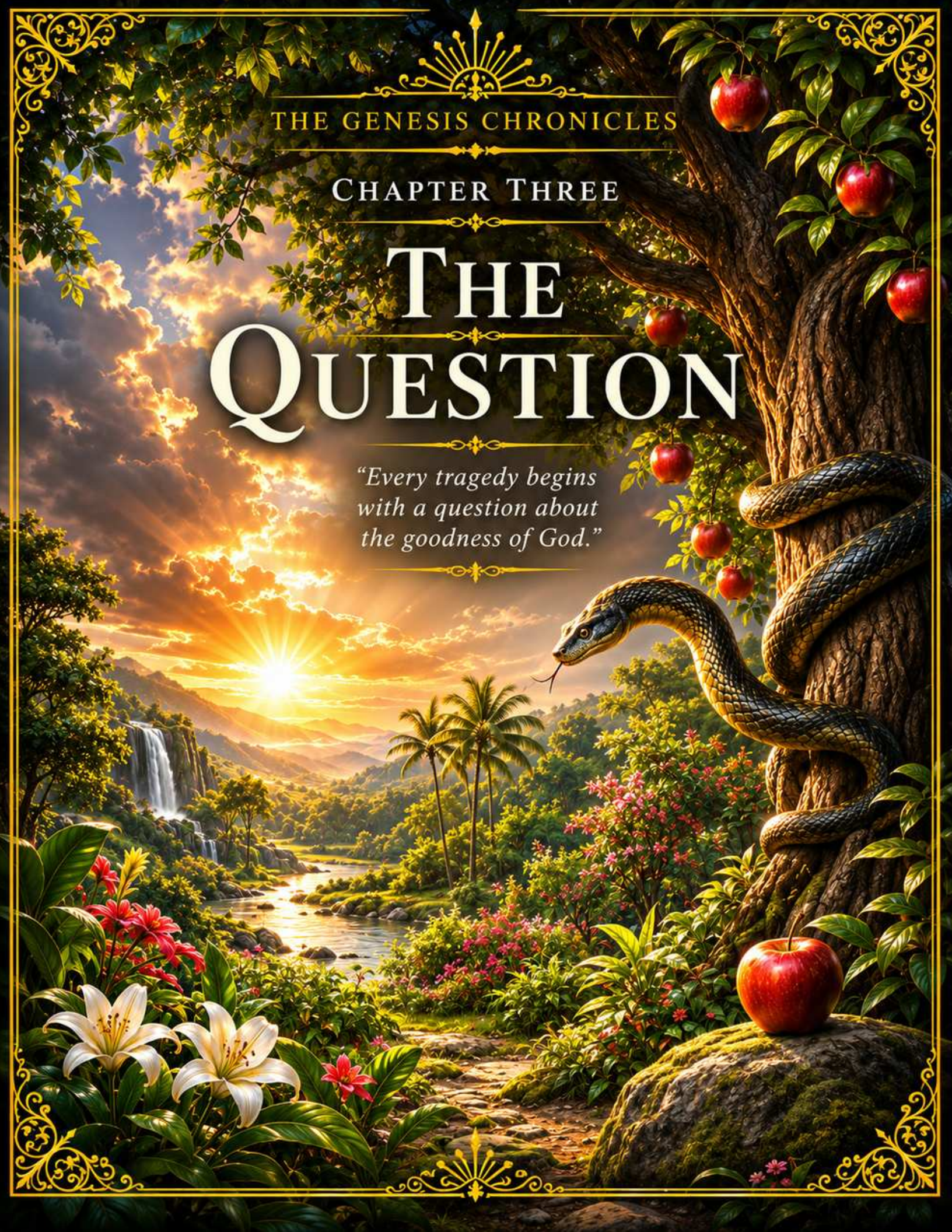
God Himself.

But beyond the beauty of the garden, another presence watched. A voice not yet heard. A shadow not yet named.

And before long, the question would come.

A question that would reach for the centre of the human heart. A question that would try to turn gift into suspicion, love into doubt, dependence into shame.

And when it came, everything would depend on whether humanity remembered the face they had seen first.


THE GENESIS CHRONICLES
CHAPTER THREE
THE QUESTION
"Every tragedy begins with a question about the goodness of God."

Chapter Three

THE QUESTION

Morning sunlight filtered through the trees of Eden, casting golden light across the leaves while birdsong echoed throughout the garden.

The rivers continued their gentle song as they wound through the land. Nothing appeared different. Nothing appeared broken. Everything was exactly as it had always been—beautiful, peaceful, and alive.

Adam and Eve walked together beneath the trees, discovering new wonders each day. Every flower revealed another glimpse of beauty, every creature displayed another facet of God's creativity, and every conversation with their Creator uncovered another layer of His goodness.

Life was not something they searched for; it surrounded them, flowed through them, and came from Him.

There was no fear of tomorrow, no anxiety about provision, no uncertainty about identity, and no need to prove their worth.

They belonged. They were loved. And they knew it.

Yet beyond the boundaries of the garden, another story was unfolding—one hidden from their eyes, born from rebellion, and carrying a hatred that Eden had never known.

Among all created beings, there was one who had turned away from the goodness of God. He had chosen pride over trust, self-exaltation over worship, and independence over love.

Because he had lost what Adam and Eve freely enjoyed, he now desired to destroy it.

The serpent watched patiently and quietly. He was not seeking to overpower them but something far more dangerous—to deceive them. Darkness rarely begins with open rebellion; it usually begins with a question.

The day seemed ordinary when it happened. Eve found herself near the centre of the garden, standing close to the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, a tree she had passed countless times before. It was beautiful, peaceful, and unremarkable—until a voice spoke.

"*Did God really say...*"

The words seemed harmless, simple, even curious. Yet something shifted the moment they entered the air.

For the first time, a question had been raised about God's goodness. It was not a direct accusation, not yet. It was merely a seed, a possibility, a suggestion.

"*Did God really say you must not eat from any tree in the garden?*"

Eve frowned. The question felt wrong. God had given them every tree, every river, every fruit, and every blessing. His generosity surrounded them every day.

"*No*," Eve replied. "*We may eat fruit from the trees in the garden. But God said we must not eat from that tree or touch it, or we will die.*"

The serpent listened carefully. Then came the lie—the first lie ever spoken on earth.

"*You will not certainly die.*"

Those words struck at the very foundation of trust. God had said one thing, and the serpent suggested another. Who would she believe? The Creator she had always known, or the voice questioning Him?

The serpent moved closer, and his words became even more dangerous.

"*God knows that when you eat from it, your eyes will be opened. You will be like God, knowing good and evil.*"

For a moment, Eve hesitated. A thought entered her mind that had never been there before. What if God was withholding something? What if there was more? What if she was missing out?

The lie was never really about the fruit. It was about God's heart. Could He truly be trusted? That question has echoed through every human heart ever since.

Eve looked at the tree, and for the first time she saw it differently. The fruit appeared beautiful, desirable, and promising.

The serpent had shifted her focus.

Instead of looking at everything God had provided, she now looked at the one thing He had forbidden.

Instead of seeing abundance, she saw limitation.

Instead of remembering God's goodness, she questioned it.

Once trust begins to crack, deception finds room to grow.

Her hand reached toward the fruit. The garden seemed to hold its breath. The rivers flowed, the birds sang, and the leaves rustled softly in the breeze. Yet creation itself seemed to wait.

Eve took the fruit.

For a brief moment, nothing happened. There was no thunder, no lightning, and no visible warning.

Then she ate.

It was the first act of independence, the first decision to define good apart from God, and the first moment humanity reached for life outside the One who is life.

She turned and offered the fruit to Adam. He stood beside her—silent, watching, knowing.

And he ate.

The moment the fruit touched his lips, something shattered. Not around them, but within them.

The change was immediate.

Their eyes were opened, just as the serpent had promised, but not in the way they expected.

For the first time, shame entered human experience. The innocence they had always known vanished, and the freedom they had always enjoyed disappeared.

A painful awareness flooded their hearts. Something was wrong. Something precious had been lost.

They looked at one another. The faces were the same. The garden was the same. The trees were the same. Yet everything felt different.

For the first time, they wanted to hide.

Fear had entered the world.

Quickly they gathered leaves, covering themselves, protecting themselves, and hiding from one another—the very thing they had never needed to do before.

Then they heard it.

Footsteps.

The sound that had once brought joy. The sound that had once meant fellowship.

The sound of God walking in the garden.

But now something new gripped their hearts.

Fear.

Adam looked at Eve. Eve looked at Adam. Together they ran into the trees, into the shadows, and into hiding.

The irony was heartbreaking.

The One they most needed was now the One they feared.

The One whose presence had always been their home now felt dangerous—not because God had changed, but because they had.

The garden fell silent.

Then God's voice came, gentle and steady. Not angry. Not shouting. Not condemning.

Calling.

"*Adam, where are you?*"

The question was not for information. God knew exactly where Adam was. The question was an invitation—an invitation to step out of hiding, an invitation to come back into the light, an invitation that echoes through every generation.

Adam's voice trembled from behind the trees.

"*I heard You in the garden and I was afraid because I was naked, so I hid.*"

Afraid.

The word had never existed in Eden before this moment.

God's heart must have grieved. The son He had created for fellowship now hid in fear. The children He had created for intimacy now covered themselves in shame. The relationship that had once flowed freely now carried distance.

Yet even here, God pursued them. Even here, He came looking. Even here, His love moved toward them rather than away from them.

Judgement would come. Consequences would follow. The curse would enter creation. Pain would enter the world. The garden would be lost.

But before Adam and Eve ever left Eden, before they felt the dust beneath their feet outside the garden, and before they fully understood the cost of what had happened, God spoke a promise.

A promise hidden within judgement.

A promise that would become the thread running through the rest of history.

One day, a Deliverer would come.

One day, the serpent would be defeated.

One day, what had been lost would be restored.

Adam and Eve did not yet understand it. Neither did the serpent. But heaven understood.

A rescue plan had already begun.

Love was preparing to pursue what had been lost.

And though humanity would leave the garden, the garden would never leave the heart of God.

The story was no longer only about creation.

It was now about redemption.

Your Journey Has Only Just Begun

You have walked through the wonder of creation, discovered the beauty of Eden, and witnessed the question that changed everything.

But the story of God's love does not end with humanity's fall.

There is so much more to discover.

If you would like to continue the journey, the remaining chapters of **The Genesis Chronicles — Book One: The Beginning** are waiting for you in The Garden Boutique.

Continue whenever you're ready.

With love,

Completely Transformed — The Estate
Changing Hearts • Changing Lives