



## The Vision of the Power of Eden

This which I now share with you was what God gave to me in a dream, in a vision, in a time of plenty within my soul when I had long gone mourning for the church—and no less for my own soul—which though blessed has gone into dryness in many places, and is restless for the true peace of God and the full motions of his glory for such are to His people where the Spirit dwells in power for the fulfilling of the eternal will of God. I saw much in my vision and it was the renewing of what I had seen hitherto, long ago, and it was coming again.

And I saw as I have before, but then not in this measure, that when God created Man He created him in great glory even unto the very image of Himself, in all holiness, righteousness, goodness truth and life. Man was the living of His fullness and as such reflected the these elements of His being in wonderful acts as he fellowshiped with God in the Garden and looked across the vistas of time where he was to transform the world, as even now the River of God was beginning to water the whole earth and bring forth its vegetation to nourish the animals of the home and the field. I saw that out Eden this River was flowing.

What caught my eye and deeply moved my heart was the rising of the water of Eden to go out to cover the earth. Eden was, so to speak, the rising of the universal River, the mountainous headwaters, destined to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. These waters are the glory of God, for that was what I saw in Eden—as many have seen since that time, the mighty gathering of the headwaters to burst across the world. I saw that glory not only in the vegetation, in the animals, in the birds, the fishes and all sea creatures, but mostly in Man who was noble above all things.

It was as though he dwelt on a fertile mountain, the place of a great Garden, the place of holy communion with His Maker the great God of covenant, and he rejoiced with his wife in that place and envisaged the strange and wonderful life that spread out before him.

Beyond the garden was land, hills and plains, savanna where the feasting animals roved and dwelled, the sky being filled with fowl and the rivers and oceans with swarms of sea-creatures.

I had read this story many times before, and always the sickening heart as the Serpent triumphed over the guileless woman and the man who saw ever greater vistas for his spirit than those provided by his maker. In the sickness of my heart I felt the horror of human disobedience, and I had the witness of my own heart to the infection of Adam sent down through the ages of human living.

In times past I had not seen the power of the River of Eden. I had not seen that those waters gathered to flow out across the world whether Adam would let or whether he would stay, and I saw, now, in this vision, that these waters towered high and that when the Man was cast out of the garden lest he eat of the tree of life and live—live that foolish life he had chosen—live in it for ever. But I saw the waters were not lowered and the power and the force of them did not die or abate, not even in the presence of deep sin.



Sin, I saw, can have no effect on God. Indeed the waters banked, and as the gates of the Garden closed the waters began their way across the whole world. The life of the son of Adam—the cursed Cain—I thought might have stayed that River and through the horror of his evil, cause it to wane and diminish but the very life of the other son, Abel, was of the very water beginning to flow, for the River would ever rise in the hearts of the faithful and the land around them would be Eden showing itself afresh, bringing with it all the splendour of God in His rich attributes.

I saw in that dream that the headwaters indeed held high their heads and flowed on, and I saw one such as Enoch walk with God and then be not, so far as this world is concerned, for he was taken into the glory, Likewise the faithful kept sight of the glory though about them much seemed the cause of sadness and even fear. They were given special sight to see that the River was ever flowing, though sometimes so silently that its sounds were muffled, and sometimes—when the eyes of human sight beheld the lands as though there were no River flowing. Yet it did flow—on and on. I saw the River of faith—for I shall call it that—the faith of men and women who desired no personal fame, no recognition by human spirits but only by God that they might do only His will. How many suffered for their faith! How deep their suffering! How often their cries when all around them seemed barren, as in a doomed and infertile land. Indeed the high headwaters of all that is God’s Edenic glory for man never ceased their flowing. I saw across history the men and women of faith such as Melchizedek and Jethro, appointed priests to people of faith. I saw the patriarchs of the former times—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses the meekest man on all the earth, the prophets and the proclaimers, the River rising high in their days as though about to break over the whole world, for in one sense they had—in Abraham the father of all the faithful and Sarah the new Eve as the mother of all who live in faith.

In my vision swift memory came to me of what had been said through His prophets, of the times of refreshing which were to come to the whole world. The River of God is full of water but it flows in blessing where humanity has come back to that faith which was even before the fall of Adam, or they come back to the faith of Abel and Seth, Enosh and Noah, Abraham and his descendants. During all this time the saints were crying ‘Glory!’ for in His world-wide temple of creation all cry ‘Glory!’ The others, those whose birth was of the rebellious Adam only, cried ‘Darkness’ for they feared the light of glory, and they cried ‘Glory!’ for they worshipped the darkness and called it light. In their bitterness they made bitterness to be sweetness, and true sweetness to be bitterness. When the prophets scorned them and said, ‘You say “Peace! Peace!” where there is no peace’ then they killed them in their anger, but the River rolled on apace, not as a trickle, nor even as a low flow, but high as though to show the proud majesty of the Creator of the River. Yet it flowed on unseen as though it were not flowing at all, as though Eden had not spilled out its powers on to the world, as the River of Man were the true and proper river..

Then he came—the prince of all men—the erstwhile creator of all things, the One working with the Father and with the mighty Spirit—he came, and in him the headwaters rejoiced and lifted their heads even higher, and the river awaited only the faithful death of the Proper Man and the great rising from the dead, and it knew that its hour had come. As he ascended it prepared itself for the flowing such as the world had never seen and such as the prophets had ever proclaimed and the saints had ever prayed for..After his ascension it was the time for the Spirit to be poured out. This, his river, had ever flowed, but now the tide of love, holiness, righteousness, goodness and truth, burst across the world in Edenic beauty and love and power, and men and women



gasped at the glory of the beatific vision. This was the appointed hour called Pentecost. They cried aloud their wonderment at the mighty works of God. Behind the darkness which man in his desperation had called light there had been brilliant glory, and now it shone forth. It shone forth on the Day of Pentecost when Eden, in all its powers, came to the city of Jerusalem. On that day there was a River, the streams whereof made glad the city of God—the Bride, though unseen—and also the Tree of Life—once seen as the gallows of Christ, and named as the Tree of Death by those in death. This now seen to abound in rich fruitfulness and the fragrance of its flowers was greater than any aroma the world had known. The leaves of its trees were to be the healing of the many nations.

Now the dry places were filled with water. Barren savanna, parched deserts, fruitless orchards and infertile land now knew abundant fruitfulness. Into this world in which the nations lived—some in rich fruitfulness, some in partial fruitfulness, and some in barrenness—came the River.

I saw in my dream that all my mourning, and the deep mourning of others was not rejected by the Father of the faithful. He—their Creator and Redeemer—understood that those who mourn now, not only for their own sinfulness but also the for the sad sinfulness of the world—yes, those who weep in the dark days and the black nights—will soon rejoice and shout for joy. Their mourning will be turned into dancing and they shall glow and shine with the refreshing oil of joy as they cast aside their sack cloth for the garments of delight *for the River is ever flowing. The River of Eden is ever flowing.* It is flowing across the whole world—who has ever stayed its flowing? Two millennia have not caused its flow to cease. Who can withstand the River of God? Who can defeat the fecundity that comes with its flow. Dark powers think they have succeeded and rejoice in what they see, but they see now—they who would shrink the River to a puddle—that the River is undefeatable. True, to the eyes of human reason much seems to have gone the way of evil, but to the eyes of faith even the dark failures of Man have a meaning beyond reason's reasoning for evil cannot stay the powers of the River. The dry places are blossoming—many, many of them—and the Tree of life who is Christ himself, is bringing redemption. Many are drinking of the waters of salvation. Nation after nation is hearing the word from the faithful, and those nigh unto death are nigh unto life and the prospect of the eternal Eden is here before them—even now in this hour whilst the rage of hell is against those who hear and believe. Because of this rage many are dying, and many will yet die, but they will be accounted among the holy faithful. Yet I see in my vision and know in my heart, that the River rolls on, flows on, sometimes rushes on and the fruits of the Cross ripen on the ubiquitous Tree of life for it is ever there on the banks of the River, and its leaves ever heal even the nations of the world.

I saw, too, that the community of Christ, the people of God, the *ecclesia*, have often failed to live fully in the waters of life, choosing other streams, other flowings which dry up and leave their followers in the misery of barrenness and infertility. Like me they need this vision of never failing waters. They need to see the saints and the prophets, the apostles, the teachers, the martyrs and the labourers, all sustained in life and energised in love by this River. They need to see that in the darkest hours of the church the River has ever flowed. they need to see the faithful who for witnessing have scorned the temptations of delight and pleasure and ease. The vision of God makes them restless in the presence of these, for they have desire a better City—one built by God, eternal in the heavens.



Ah! It was then I saw the faithful men and women across the ages, those who died in beginnings of persecution, those who pressed on to strange lands with their message of life. I saw the light of the Reformation flickering at first, then broadening into fuller light until it was glory which broke through the darkness. I saw the servants of God take the land that had been lost. I saw the age of the Evangelical Revival, the quickening of missionary obedience and missionary compassion, the clash of the Kingdoms as the armies of God under the Warrior Christ fought the battles which are taking captivity captive, and liberating the peoples of the world.

Most of all I saw that Eden is no place of an idyll, no resting place for personal pleasure, no harbour for dalliance, and no solitude to escape the harsh reality of the world and its present life. Eden is with us! It is with us as the waters tower high above all things, and surge onwards, never being thwarted, bringing its life-giving powers and its healing for the Adamic peoples. I see that the church is all the time being brought to fruitfulness. The power of the Spirit flows where he wills and the gifts he bestows bring us to richness of life, and to the maturity of love. Without the gifts and bestowals his people are helpless. All honour one another before the God of glory who gave them old honour at Creation and new honour through His Son. Say not, 'These days are coming. Let us be glad and rejoice!' Say, rather, 'The River is flowing, for the headwaters are breaking across the world, and they shall do their great works, and they shall surge on and on until the commission is fulfilled, and man shall see, with his eyes of faith that the glory of the Lord has indeed covered the earth as the waters cover the sea. Meanwhile His people will abandon their unworthy ideas of somehow sustaining His church and enlarging it, and getting for it the kinds of honour and glory that appeal to fleshly men and women, and they shall watch the River rising in their assemblies until the people walk ankle deep, then thigh deep, then shoulder deep, until they swim in the never ceasing glory, and in their persons that shall marvel that the very River of God flows from their bellies also, so that they share in glory of it all with the hungry and the thirsty in spirit.'

Then shall come to pass that which is written in the prophets and longed for by men and women in all ages, that is, that the Eden of God has been flowing through all centuries, and most powerfully in the Christ himself, and most gloriously in his Cross—not only to one crucified thief there, but to all who will come to faith in him. This River is the Spirit of the Messiah and the Spirit of the Father, and the Spirit of the true People. Those of the People translated to the City of true delight will then gaze with wonder at this vast River of delights flowing through all eternity, and they shall never cease praising Him Who is Father of all, and Who wrought such wonder and delight in and through His Messiah. So they will see that He has ever delighted in them and welcomes them into the home of His own Godhead, for this is the true Eden.

These are the things I saw in my dream, in my vision, and so after many days peace came to my heart, as I pray it will come to yours and to all His elect Family.

G. Bingham, 4/9/00, Kingswood.