

## Simply One Page-The First Fracture, one of two

This piece was created from my own reflections and vision. I used ChatGPT as a tool to help shape the text from my original concepts and structure. The final form is the result of thoughtful revision motivated by my one page intent. Mike Haddorff 2631

I've been sitting with the opening movement of Genesis 3, and I've become aware of something curious.

For years, I assumed the first sin was violating a rule. A command was given, a line was crossed, and everything unraveled from there. That framework is familiar. It's clean. It makes sense.

But the more I linger in the story, the more I'm not sure that's where it begins. Before there is any action, there is a question. "Did God really say...?"

It's subtle, almost unnoticed. But below the surface something deeper is introduced. Not rebellion. Not defiance. Suspicion.

The suggestion is not simply that a rule can be broken, but that God Himself may not be fully trustworthy. That perhaps He is holding something back. That His word might not actually be for their good.

What's striking is this: there is nothing in the story up to this point that supports that idea. Nothing in their experience of God suggests distance, manipulation, or withholding. Everything points the other direction: provision, presence, freedom, relationship.

Yet, the suspicion takes hold. And perhaps this is where everything begins to unravel.

The act of eating comes later. The reaching, the taking, the breaking of the boundary, that's downstream. The real fracture begins when trust gives way to a self-constructed narrative about God that has no foundation in reality.

And that feels uncomfortably familiar.

Because if I'm honest, I've done the same. Not in a garden, but in my own mind. I've filled in gaps, drawn conclusions, assumed motives, about God, about others, even about myself, without anything solid to stand on. And once that internal story settles in, my actions begin to follow it as if it were true.

Genesis 3 doesn't just describe a moment in human history. It identifies something deeply human.

We are capable of believing what is not true and then living as though it is.

And the cost is real. Not because God is offended, but because the moment trust fractures, everything else begins to bend with it, how we see God, how we see ourselves, how we move through the world.

Maybe the first fracture wasn't simply breaking a rule. Maybe it was suspicion.

And perhaps the invitation, even now, is not first to behave differently, but to ask: "Why am I thinking this way?"