



WOVEN TOGETHER

From Two Threads to Eternity

MICHAEL BONE

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by Michael Bone

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Dedication

To every thread that feels frayed, forgotten, or too broken to be used—

The Weaver sees you. He knows what He's making. And He doesn't waste a single thread.

How to Use This Book

This book is written for **everyone**—from newborns to those taking their last breath, from gospel scholars to LGBTQ+ seekers, from lifelong believers to honest doubters.

If you're a believer: Use this as a discipleship tool. Read it slowly. Let it reshape how you see God's story and your place in it.

If you're a seeker: You're welcome here. No judgment. Just an invitation to see if the story of the Weaver might be true.

If you're wounded: This book is for you most of all. The church may have hurt you, but the Weaver hasn't given up on you.

If you're a parent: Read this with your children. The loom metaphor works for all ages.

If you're a pastor or teacher: Use this as a framework for teaching Genesis to Revelation in a way that's accessible and compelling.

PROLOGUE

Before the First Thread

Prior to creation, the Word existed, sharing divinity with God, indeed being God.

— John 1:1–3

\“For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb... When I was woven together in the depths of the earth, your eyes saw my unformed body.\”

— Psalm 139:13, 15

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Close your eyes.

No. Close them. Just for a second. Allow whatever you had been holding five minutes ago—the email, the argument, the fear, the to-do list—to detach from your shoulders, much like outerwear shed after prolonged wear.

Now picture this.

You're standing in a vast, open field. This is the narrow time just before dawn—when the sky shows that deep, moving color unique to the period between darkness and light. Not quite dark. Not yet light. The air smells of dew and something ancient. Spanning the horizon, stretching before you, rests something for which words fail.

A loom.

Not this quaint little craftworker's loom tucked in a country cottage. Towering skyward, this immense, ancient entity extends beyond perception's reach and journey's end. Before memories began, this existed. Long after memories fade, this object will still exist.

And they spread threads across that.

Millions of them. Billions. Every color you've ever seen, and colors your eyes don't have names for, these are thick and bold, burning bright like fire against the frame. A few are so exquisite, so fragile, that they become visible as daylight increases—but they continue to exist. Every single one of them. Trembling with quiet purpose.

Some knots exist. At the edges, some look frayed. Honestly, some appear to have snapped clean in two.

And every one of them is moving.

Not randomly. Not by accident. Each strand spins by unseen hands, and these hands manipulate it with meticulousness and gentleness beyond any human weaving device.

You step closer. And up close? The situation is overwhelming. The threads cross and intersect in fashions looking like utter disarray. You can't make heads or tails of the pattern. You notice a mix of sadness and joy. Darkness threaded straight through the light. Endings knotted to beginnings. A line disappears, only to return three lines later with a richer, more intense color. It's as if the line was reshaped into a more beautiful form by its experience.

You take one step back.

Just one.

Your peripheral vision detects a change. A pattern emerges. Incomplete, though far from finished, it suffices. The faintest outline of something so vast, so intentional, so

purposeful, makes your knees buckle.

And at that precise moment, two matters became clear to you.

The first: you're looking at history.

Every thread is a life. Every intersection of threads signifies two lives meeting, their futures altered. You're seeing Adam and Eve in the garden. Abraham left everything he knew on nothing but a promise. Moses, with bare feet, faced a bush aflame, but it remained unburnt. Ruth walking into a foreign land with nothing but loyalty and love. David danced without concern, though everyone watched. Prophets pleaded in desolate regions, their message ignored by unwilling listeners. Young woman in Nazareth agrees to the impossible. Fishermen dropping their nets mid-cast. A cross on a hill outside Jerusalem. An empty tomb on the third morning.

A church born in fire and breath.

Humanity's two-thousand-year journey: imperfect souls, seeking, straying, returning, their lives woven by distant, doubted hands.

The second thing is quieter. More personal. The sight leaves you speechless.

Inside the complex structure, at this very instant, lies your thread. Your color. You have a particular texture. Your story.

And this is its intended location.

Not because your life has been easy.

This doesn't stem from your personal lack of emotional damage.

Since the One holding the shuttle never lost a thread, He meant to keep it.

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A BOOK BORN FROM ONE QUESTION

This entire book started with a single question. This is not a new question.

“Visualize if each unraveling strand, each omitted punctuation mark, each person met —had always been a part of a blueprint undiscovered?”

This book's author composed it for you should the inquiry ignite something within your being—be it optimism, melancholy, amazement, disbelief, yearning, or a mix of these five.

And I mean you.

Someone might have raised you in a religious setting. Sunday mornings, Wednesday nights, Vacation Bible School, the whole deal. However, at this point—perhaps, perhaps suddenly—you lost your way. Your childhood beliefs resembled another person's apparel. That no longer fits. You have felt burdened by remorse about that circumstance ever since.

Perhaps you've never entered a church before. Not once. but an unexplainable attraction exists—a subtle resonance underlying all, a feeling akin to longing for an unknown destination.

Maybe you stay awake during the early hours, staring at the ceiling, questioning your efforts. If you're enough.

An elder, possessing decades of divine fellowship, may wish to show a lasting legacy. Something your grandchildren can hold onto when the world tries to shake them loose.

Perhaps you are young. Perhaps someone gave you a flawed reality with the instruction to succeed, and you ponder, What course of action should I take with this?

Or—and listen to me here—you're the one who doubts. The doubter. Religion hurt you, and you still carry the scar. Is your reason for starting this book not belief, but an inability to stop?

These pages do not treat you as an afterthought. You might be the primary reader here.

Religion is not the text's subject.

I repeat, comprehension is vital: this text omits spiritual topics.

This is a book about a relationship. The oldest relationship. This unbreakable tie, ordained before the world's beginning (Ephesians 1:4), will outlast even the dimming of the remotest star.

The Master Weaver is the subject of this book.

In Hebrew, the word used in Psalm 139 for “woven together” is raqam (rah-KAHM)—to embroider, to stitch with variegated colors. Ponder it for a moment. Mass production does not create this language. Crafting items, according to this text, requires intricate processes, not mass manufacturing. This was done with deliberate intent. The psalmist proclaims that even in concealed locations, God’s hands were crafting him before his first breath.

And so were you.



HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Here’s what we’re going to do together.

We’ll traverse from start to finish, charting the journey from initial turmoil to words spoken over a transformed existence. We’re going to trace one unbroken thread through every chapter of the greatest story ever told.

“In the beginning\”—Bereishit (beh-ray-SHEET)—are the first words of the Torah (Genesis 1:1). Millennia onward, John articulates a comparable sentiment in his work: “In the beginning was the Word.” Creative wisdom. Eternal self-expression. John 1 shows the same God who brought light out of gloom in Genesis 1 to be the Word, the means by which God made everything.

Are you aware of the happenings at that spot? The thread connects. Genesis to John. Old Testament to New. Beginning to beginning. The same voice. same hands. The Weaver remains unchanged.

And this thread is not figurative. The Divine Message is powerful and active, moving through time with intent, accuracy, and unwavering affection, much like a weaver’s skilled hand. Even when the thread resists.

Especially when the thread resists.

This tapestry’s threads are the stories of people you will meet during your travels. You’ll see how their connections link to yours, as they do in unexpected ways. See how one generation’s choices become the next’s inheritance, for better or worse. And page by page, your own life will appear different to you. It is not just haphazard events or unrelated coincidences, but a crucial juncture in something everlasting.

Scripture tells us we are God's poiēma (POY-ay-mah)—His workmanship, His crafted masterpiece (Ephesians 2:10). Not mass-produced. Not accidental. Intentional.

This term is the root of the English word "poem."

Now—fair warning. You will discover comfort in parts of this writing. Part of this will test you in unanticipated ways. And a part of that? A part of this material will prompt you to pause reading this book, grab your Bible, and investigate.

Good. This describes its role.

This book is not the destination. The Word of God is the destination. This book is a hand gesturing toward that, proclaiming:

Take a glance. Examine in greater detail. Look again.

About answers to each significant question? They are already inside. They've always remained inside. We only need sight to see them.



One thing before we begin

Before we continue, I must say this. The single lesson here stems from this prologue.

If you've lost your way, unable to connect your past and present selves, listen closely:

Start back where you last remembered.

And that is all. This is the entire set of instructions.

Comprehending everything is unnecessary. A complete understanding is not required of you. Unraveling knots precedes presenting them to the Weaver. He's not waiting for you to fix yourself before He'll work with you. He's one of a kind in how he gets things done.

Go to where you last encountered him. This prior devotion alone appeared genuine, untainted by performance or rote. This appeared to be the concluding message intended for you. On the last occasion, you encountered the certain comfort of absolute insight.

Begin at that point. Continue from that point. And begin again.

This is not new counsel. Jesus Himself told this to a community that had lost its original devotion, saying, “Consider your decline! Repent and do the things you did at first” (Revelation 2:4–5).

Go back to the beginning. This is the direction. The weaver’s continuous proximity to the loom does not intend to alter or cancel happenings. He never left.

Now—the enemy of your soul? He desires you to accept a distinct notion. He wants you to believe that broken things are impossible to restore. Frayed things cannot become stronger. The Weaver departed, leaving you behind because of your lengthy absence and extended wandering.

Is A Lie.

This has always been a falsehood.

\“I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish; no one will snatch them out of my hand... no one can snatch them out of my Father’s hand.\”

— John 10:28–29

I am certain that nothing, whether death or existence... nor anything else in all creation, shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

— Romans 8:38–39

He who started a beneficial undertaking within you will continue it until he finishes it (Philippians 1:6).

His grip on a thread proves unbreakable.

The distance is not a barrier. Not even the deepest darkness. No past is complex. No problem exists that is beyond solving.

\“For my thoughts are not your thoughts... As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways.\”

— Isaiah 55:8–9

The divine hands that created the cosmos now extend toward yours. Right now. At this moment. In whatever room you’re sitting in, whatever weight you’re carrying, whatever story brought you to this page.

You are still on the right path.

You are in mid-weave.

Your thread has held the Weaver's constant attention.

Let's begin.



KinderLoom

Woven Together

CHAPTER ONE

Two Threads in the Garden

The Story That Was Always About You

“In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth.”

— Genesis 1:1

“The Lord God said, ‘It is not good for the man to be alone.

I will make a helper suitable for him.’”

— Genesis 2:18



A choice preceded existence itself—prior to illumination, prior to resonance, prior to the first atomic stir.

Not an accident. Not some cosmic experiment gone right by sheer luck. A decision. Intentional. Purposeful. This creation stems from a love-defined deity, complete beforehand, needing no additions.

Five words changed everything:

“In the beginning, God created.”

John the apostle reveals the meaning behind those words, exposing the hidden events.

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God,
and the Word was God... He created all things through him;
He made everything that exists.

— John 1:1-3

You see that? Creation wasn't some impersonal event. The Son was there. The Spirit was there—“hovering over the waters” (Genesis 1:2). Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, working together in perfect unity. The Trinity existed in complete, self-sufficient love before a single atom blinked into being (John 17:5).

Without loneliness. Zero. There is no incompleteness.

He did not have to create.

Let that land for a second. The God of the universe wasn't lonely. He wasn't bored. He wasn't filling a gap. There was only love—and glory—expressed outward in creation. As Isaiah declares:

“Everyone who is called by my name, whom I created for my glory,
whom I formed and made.”

— Isaiah 43:7

What has happened since those five words—In the beginning God created unfolds from what they already contained.

Including you.

THE WEAVER AND HIS LOOM

I want you to picture something with me.

Not a factory worker running thread through a machine—nothing cold or mechanical about this. Picture the greatest craftsman who has ever lived. A master. Someone whose hands carry the knowledge of a thousand generations. Someone who looks at raw thread and already sees, in his mind's eye, the finished masterpiece living inside it.

That is the God of Genesis 1.

Light appears when he speaks. When he speaks again, oceans form. Naming it tov ([טוב]{dir="rtl"}, TOHV), which means good, He looks at what He's made. And not just good. The word means whole. Harmonious. Complete. Everything fitting together as it should.

Until one moment.

After declaring everything tov, God says something is lo tov ([לֹא טוֹב]{dir="rtl"}, LOH TOHV). Not good. Not yet complete.

But before that declaration, something astonishing happened.

On the sixth day, the Master Weaver reached into the dirt, the very earth He had spoken into existence, forming something new with His own hands.

“Then the Lord God formed a man from the dust of the ground

and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life,

and the man became a living being.”

— Genesis 2:7

He breathed.

Stop right there. Don't rush past that.

The Hebrew word is neshamah ([נְשָׁמָה]{dir="rtl"}, neh-shah-MAH). It means breath. Spirit. The divine life-breath that turns dust into a living soul.

God didn't shout you into existence from across the cosmos. He lowered himself to the ground. He was not far away. He gave you life.

Biology is the loom.

The breath is the thread.

And the thread came from God Himself.

“IT IS NOT GOOD”

Then something stops the rhythm.

Imagine: God has been speaking creation into existence like a symphony—each movement building on the last, each piece declared tov. Good. Good. Good. Good. And then—silence.

He looks at the man. And He says:

“It is not good for the man to be alone.

I will make a helper suitable for him.”

— Genesis 2:18

Discard preconceived notions regarding the term “helper.”

The Hebrew phrase is ezer kenegdo ([עֵזֶר כְּנֶגְדּוֹ]{dir=“rtl”}), EH-zer keh-NEG-doh).

Ezer does not mean assistant. It doesn’t mean helper in the way we use that word today—as if she’s there to carry his briefcase. This is the same word used by God Himself when He rescues Israel (Psalm 115:9–11). It means rescuer. Strength. Indispensable aid.

Kenegdo means “corresponding to him.” Facing him. Equal and opposite.

Not beneath him.

Not behind him.

Beside him.

One thread is not a tapestry. From conception, divinity possessed such knowledge.

THE FIRST TWO THREADS

See how he accomplished it. Because the method matters.

“So the Lord God caused the man to fall into a deep sleep...

Then the Lord God made a woman from the rib

he had taken out of the man.”

— Genesis 2:21–22

The word translated “rib” is tsela ([צֵלָע]{dir=“rtl”}), tseh-LAH). In most of its Old Testament appearances, it doesn’t mean “rib” at all. It means side. The woman’s

formation involved God removing part of Adam's very essence, not solely bone.

Connection established.

In substance, they are already equal.

They already intertwine from the start.

And when Adam opened his eyes and saw her? He spoke these words:

“This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh...”

— Genesis 2:23

That word “now” in English? In Hebrew, it's happa'am ([חַפְּאָם]{dir="rtl"}, hah-pah-AHM). It means “at last.” “.”

At last. The one corresponding to me.

Can you hear the wonder in his voice? It wasn't a polite way to start. It served as an acknowledgment. He, for the first time, perceived the missing portion of a design previously unknown to him.

Two threads. One garden. One Weaver.

Upon seeing the pair, God's assessment went beyond simply calling their situation good.

He called it very good.

CURRENT INSIGHTS FROM THE GARDEN

How does this affect you? Right here, right now, wherever you're reading this?

Someone made you for connection.

Experiencing that ache alone, particularly late night when calls go unanswered, demonstrates no weakness. Desire differs from desperation. That is design. Surveying humanity in paradise, God declared, “This is not enough.” Not yet.”

Given that Adam couldn't thrive in isolation even in an ideal garden, is it reasonable to think it would be sufficient for you?

Here's the honest truth I must share. Something fractured the weave. We'll get to that. The brokenness you feel in relationships, the distance you sense from God, the way connection seems to keep slipping through your fingers—there's a reason for all of it. And it traces back to a decision made in this specific garden.

We're going to walk through that together. I promise.

However, consider this: the garden held no specific spot. It was a condition—communion with God and with one another. Unbroken. Unashamed. Known and loved.

And the Weaver intends to restore it.

YOUR THREAD WAS NEVER AN ACCIDENT

Reading this, you might think, “A nice narrative, but it fails to capture my experience.”

You're right. I don't. But God does. And here's what He says about you:

“For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well. You knew my frame when I was formed in secret, my making in the earth's deep places. Psalms 139 13-15

That phrase “woven together” is the Hebrew word *raqam* ([רָקַם]{dir=“rtl”}, rah-KAHM). It means to embroider. To weave with color. To craft with the intricate, painstaking detail that a master artisan puts into their finest work.

They did not assemble you on a production line.

Someone embroidered you.

Jeremiah echoes the same truth:

“Before I formed you in the womb I knew you.”

— Jeremiah 1:5

Prior to your very first breath. God had prior knowledge of you before anyone on this earth passed judgment about your identity.

And Paul drives it home:

“For we are God’s handiwork...”

— Ephesians 2:10

The Greek word for “handiwork” is ποιῆμα (ποιήμα)—it’s where we get the English word “poem.” You are God’s poem. His masterpiece. His work of art.

The Weaver knew what He was making when He made you.

THE GARDEN IS NOT BEHIND YOU

This is where popular understanding of the story deviates.

We talk about Eden like it’s ancient history. A paradise lost. A door that closed behind us and locked forever. But Scripture tells a radically different story.

“Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth...

‘Look! God’s dwelling place is now among the people,

and he will dwell with them...

He will wipe every tear from their eyes.’”

— Revelation 21:1–4

And in the final chapter of the entire Bible:

“On each side of the river stood the tree of life...”

— Revelation 22:2

Did you catch that?

The tree is back.

The home has returned.

God’s presence—face to face, unhindered, unbroken—is returning.

Paradise Lost stands separate from biblical subject matter. It’s a story about paradise restored.

Peter understood it.

“Heaven must receive him until the time comes for God to restore everything, as he promised long ago through his holy prophets.”

— Acts 3:21

The garden is not behind you. It is ahead of you.

And the Weaver who began the work? He’s the same One who sustains every thread right now:

“For he created all things in him...

He is before all things,

and in him all things hold together.”

— Colossians 1:16–17

All threads lead back to God.

Started by God.

Held together by God.

SELAH — STOP AND CONSIDER

The Hebrew poets used a word between the verses of their psalms: Selah ([סְלַח־] {dir=“rtl”}, SEH-lah). Scholars have debated its exact meaning for centuries, but most agree on this much: it’s a call to pause. To stop. The purpose is to breathe. Let the words you’ve just heard resonate within you before you continue.

Each chapter conclusion mirrors this outcome. I do not intend to hinder you, but some truths require time for comprehension.

Consider this:

Consider the meaning derived from God’s close proximity in breathing life into you, contrasting His distant utterance of creation.

Where do you feel most like a single thread—unwoven, disconnected, alone?

Imagine that someone wrote all your days before they happened;

Open your Bible. Read Genesis 1 and 2 slowly. Not to study. Not to check a box. Read them the way you'd read a love letter written to you by someone who knows everything about you and chose you, anyway.

Ask the Holy Spirit to show you something you've never seen before.

He will.



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Chapter One: Two Threads in the Garden

CHAPTER TWO

The Tapestry Torn

And the Thread That Was Already Waiting

They heard the Lord God walking in the garden, so the man and his wife hid from him in the trees. But the Lord God called to the man, ‘Where are you?’”

— Genesis 3:8–9



The most important question in the Bible is not asked by a human being.

It is asked by God.

Three words. Two syllables. The weight of all of human history pressed into the simplest thing a Father could ever ask a child who just ran and hid in the dark.

“Where are you?”

That question is still ringing. Right now. Today. It is echoing in every human heart that has ever pulled away from the light and tried to make a home in the shadows. It's whispering through the life of every person who has ever heard God approaching and instinctively moved in the other direction. It is searching through every soul that has ever substituted fig leaves—achievement, reputation, busyness, religion, pleasure, numbness—for the one thing that was always the point.

Presence.

His presence.

Now here is the part that will wreck you if you let it: God was not asking because He didn't know where Adam was. The God who spoke light into existence, who measured the oceans in the hollow of His hand—that God did not lose track of one man in a garden.

He was asking because He wanted Adam to know where Adam was.

Let that land for a second. That is the kind of God we are dealing with. That is the kind of Weaver who holds your thread. He already knows the answer. He asks the question for your sake. Because the moment you have to say out loud where you really are—hiding, ashamed, afraid, separated—that is the moment you begin the journey home.

But we are getting ahead of ourselves.

Let's go back to the moment the tapestry tore.



THE DAY EVERYTHING CHANGED

You need to understand something about what the garden was before Genesis 3 if you're going to grasp the full devastation of what Genesis 3 did to it.

The garden was not simply a beautiful place. It was a condition of existence that human language has never been able to fully describe—because no human being since Adam and Eve has ever lived inside it.

Think about that. We have never experienced normal. Everything you and I have ever known—every relationship, every emotion, every moment of joy and every stab of pain—has existed on this side of the fall. We have been breathing broken air since the day we were born, and we've called it life.

The Hebrew concept is shalom ([שְׁלוֹם]{dir="rtl"}, pronounced shah-LOHM)—a word we often translate as “peace,” but which carries far more weight than the absence of conflict. Shalom is wholeness. Completeness. Soundness. Everything in right relationship with everything else. God and humanity. Humanity and creation. Man and woman. The inner life and the outer life. All of it aligned. All of it harmonious. All of it functioning exactly as the Master Weaver designed it to function.

No shame. No fear. No hiding. No gap between who you were and who you appeared to be. No distance between yourself and God.

Genesis 2:25 captures it in one of the most quietly devastating verses in all of Scripture:

“Adam and his wife were both naked, and they felt no shame.”

— Genesis 2:25

Naked and unashamed. That is the condition the Weaver created us for. And I’m not just talking about physical nakedness—though that’s part of the picture. I’m talking about complete transparency. Total openness. Nothing hidden. Nothing performed. Nothing protected. The full self, fully known, and fully loved.

Can you even imagine that? A world where you didn’t have to manage how people perceived you? Where you didn’t carry the exhausting weight of curating an image? Where the person you were in private was exactly the person you were in public—and both versions were completely at rest?

That is what was destroyed on the day the tapestry tore.

And it was destroyed by the oldest lie ever told.



THE OLDEST LIE

Notice how the enemy came. Not with force. Not with a frontal assault. Not with a roar. He came with a question.

“Now the serpent was more crafty than any of the wild animals the Lord God had made. He said to the woman, ‘Did God really say, “You must not eat from any tree in the garden”?’”

— Genesis 3:1

The Hebrew word for serpent is nachash ([נָחָשׁ]{dir=“rtl”}), pronounced nah-KHASH)—a word that can mean serpent or snake, and carries connotations of hissing or whispering. Something subtle. Something slithering through the underbrush of your mind before you even notice it’s there. The New Testament identifies this being as Satan (Revelation 12:9; 20:2).

Did God really say.

Five words. And with them, the serpent didn't deny God's existence. He didn't argue theology. He did something far more dangerous. He introduced a sliver of uncertainty, not regarding God's existence, but concerning His kindness. About whether His instructions came from love—or from a desire to withhold something you deserve.

That is the enemy's one move. He has been running the same play since the garden, and he is running it in your life right now. Every temptation you face has this question buried inside it somewhere: "Does God really have your best interest at heart? Or is He holding out on you?"

Eve looked at the fruit. She recognized its value for nourishment, its visual appeal, and its potential to impart wisdom, as noted in the text (Genesis 3:6). "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life" are the names the apostle John later gives to these same categories (1 John 2:16). This pattern has remained unchanged. Not in four thousand years. Not in your life this morning.

The garden's fruit remained unaltered. It was her perception.

She took. She ate. Her husband, who was with her, received it from her. He ate.

Three verbs. The entire world changed.

Then both of them opened their eyes and realized they were naked.

— Genesis 3:7

And just like that, the age of covering began.

You and I have been sewing fig leaves ever since. An addiction functions as a fig leaf. The fig leaf represents every compulsive need for approval. Relationships depend on vulnerability, not on superficial images such as a fig leaf. Entering every room involved donning a mask. The different versions of yourself you present on social media. You say "I'm fine" when in reality, you are not fine at all.

Fig leaves. All of it.

We have become so skilled at covering that most of us have forgotten what we're hiding from.

And yet—before Genesis 3 even closes—something extraordinary happens:

“The LORD God made garments of skin for Adam and his wife and clothed them.”

— Genesis 3:21

Do not rush past that verse. God looked at their pitiful, self-made covering—those ridiculous fig leaves held together by shame and sweat—and He replaced them with His own. And here is the part that should stop you cold: garments of skin require a death.

Before anyone spoke the first gospel promise, someone had already shed blood. God provided the first covering by sacrificing a life.

The scarlet thread had already begun.



THE TEAR

What happened next was not punishment in the way we imagine punishment. It was consequence. There is a difference, and it matters.

God pronounced judgments (Genesis 3:14–19). But the real unraveling—the deep devastation—flowed from severed communion.

God has severed man’s bond with Him.

The connection between men and women no longer exists.

Humanity has damaged its relationship with creation.

The human soul has experienced a break in its internal relationship.

Each war, divorce, addiction, or sleepless 3 a.m. moment. when your mind won’t stop racing—it all traces back to this moment. One act of disobedience, and the fabric of everything tore from top to bottom.

Paul later explains the magnitude of this fracture:

Just as the disobedience of one man made many sinners, the obedience of one man will make many righteous.

— Romans 5:19

The tear ran through everything.

And yet.



THE SCARLET THREAD

Here is where it gets stunning. Amidst the curse, within the ruin of recent devastation, God revealed something incredible. He spoke it not to Adam. Not to Eve. He spoke it to the serpent. This gospel was the first the world received.

“And I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your offspring and hers; he will crush your head, and you will strike his heel.”

— Genesis 3:15

Theologians refer to this as the protoevangelium (pronounced PROH-toh-eh-van-GEH-lee-um), which signifies the first gospel. And it is extraordinary.

The Hebrew word for offspring is zera' ([זֵרָא]{dir="rtl"}, pronounced ZEH-rah), meaning seed or descendant. Though collective, a singular masculine pronoun follows here it —“he.” That is significant. That promise initially did not target any population. It was pointing to a Person.

He will crush your head.

Friend, the story was never spiraling out of control. Not for a single second. The Weaver commenced work the instant the tapestry ripped. He didn't panic. He didn't scramble for a backup plan. The design already included redemption—because this is the God who declares the end from the beginning (Isaiah 46:10).

The enemy believed the tear concluded the narrative. He was wrong. It was the setup for the most beautiful part.



THE THREAD APPEARS: PASSOVER

Hundreds of years passed. Generations lived and died in slavery. Scripture speaks of four hundred years of affliction (Genesis 15:13) and four hundred thirty years connected to the covenantal timeline (Exodus 12:40–41; Galatians 3:17). However you reckon the numbers, the suffering was long. Unimaginably long.

Can you imagine being born into that? Growing up hearing the stories of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—God’s promises to your ancestors—while mixing mud for bricks under the Egyptian sun? Believing in a covenant while wearing chains?

And then came Pesach ([פסח]{dir="rtl"}, pronounced PEH-sakhk)—Passover.

“The blood will be a sign for you on the houses where you are, and when I see the blood, I will pass over you.”

— Exodus 12:13

The lamb slain. The blood on the doorposts. Not their righteousness. Not their merit. Not their track record. The blood.

Paul makes the connection explicit centuries later:

Christ, our Passover lamb, gave Himself as a sacrifice.

— 1 Corinthians 5:7

And John the Baptist, standing on the banks of the Jordan River, pointed at Jesus and declared:

“Look, the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world!”

— John 1:29

The Passover was the preview. A coming attraction. A shadow of the substance. Fulfillment arrived through the cross.

The scarlet thread was visibly moving.



THE THREAD APPEARS: RAHAB’S CORD

“...unless, when we enter the land, you have tied this scarlet cord in the window.”

— Joshua 2:18

A scarlet cord. In a window. The world’s dismissal of her didn’t prevent her survival.

Rahab was a prostitute. Let’s not sanitize that. She lived in Jericho, a pagan city, in a house built into the wall—and she sold her body to survive. Religious respectability

disqualified her by every measure. Done. Out.

But God.

These two words may hold the greatest power within scripture. “But God.”

God spared Rahab. And Hebrews tells us why:

Because she welcomed the spies, the prostitute Rahab survived by faith while God killed the disobedient.

— Hebrews 11:31

Not by her merit. Not by her record. By faith.

And here is the part that should make you weep: Rahab appears by name in the genealogy of Jesus Christ (Matthew 1:5). A prostitute, hailing from a pagan metropolis, displayed a scarlet cord from her window, eventually becoming part of the Savior’s lineage.

God wastes no thread.

If you believe your past disqualifies you from grace, Rahab’s cord is a symbol of hope for you.



WHAT THE TEAR DID NOT DESTROY

Before establishing the world, redemption was already in motion.

Read that again. Prior to Adam consuming the fruit. Before the serpent opened his mouth. Before anyone wrote Genesis 3, God had already planned the rescue.

Revelation 13:8 speaks of the Lamb in connection with “the foundation of the world.” Whether the phrase modifies the writing of names or the slaying of the Lamb, the truth is evident elsewhere in Scripture:

God selected him before creating the world, but he revealed him in these last times for your sake.

— 1 Peter 1:20

“For he chose us in him before creating the world to be holy and blameless in his sight.”

— Ephesians 1:4

Do you understand what that means? The redemption wasn't an emergency response. It wasn't a contingency plan. The design included it. Before you ever sinned, before you ever wandered, before you ever ran and hid in the dark—the Weaver had already planned how to bring you home.

Isaiah would later use scarlet imagery to describe both sin and cleansing in one of the most hope-saturated verses in the Old Testament:

“Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.”

— Isaiah 1:18

The foe believed the tear signaled the tapestry's demise.

It was the beginning of the most beautiful part.



WHERE ARE YOU?

“Where are you?”

That question initiated this chapter, and it will conclude it. Because God is still asking. He is asking you. Right now. In this moment. With this book in your hands.

The Lamb whom Genesis promised, Passover foreshadowed, Rahab's cord pictured, John proclaimed, and the cross revealed—He came.

In a manger.

In Nazareth.

On a cross.

In a garden.

On the third day.

The thread that holds all things together was coming. He remained unstoppable, unaffected by sin, death, hell, or powers within this dark world.

Because He was coming for you.



SELAH — STOP AND CONSIDER

Put this book down for a moment.

Open your Bible.

Read Genesis 3 slowly. Don't rush. Let the words breathe.

Then read Exodus 12:1–13. Watch the blood on the doorposts.

Then read Joshua 2. See the scarlet cord in the window.

Then read Romans 5:12–19. Let Paul show you how one Man undid what one man did.

Watch the scarlet thread move.

It has always been there.

And it reaches you.

CHAPTER FOUR

Your Thread Matters

You were not an Accident. You were an Answer.

You created my innermost being.

— Psalm 139:13–16

I need to ask you something before we go any further.

And I need you to be honest. Not Sunday-morning honest. Not the answer that sounds right when someone's watching. I'm talking about the actual answer—the one that lives underneath the one you usually give.

Do you believe that you matter?

Not in the general theological sense. Not as some abstract affirmation of human dignity. I mean, specifically. You—with your particular history. Your particular face. Your particular collection of gifts you haven't fully developed, and wounds you haven't fully healed, and questions you still don't have answers to. Do you believe that someone purposefully placed you, this exact, unrepeatable, irreplaceable person, within this tapestry?

Take your time with that.

Many people find the honest answer to be complicated. They believe it in their heads. They've heard it from pulpits, read it in verses, sung it in worship songs. But somewhere between the doctrine and the daily experience of their own lives, something got lost. Some message slipped in—through a parent's absence, or a teacher's careless words, or a relationship that ended badly, or a failure that felt like it defined them, or just the slow, relentless accumulation of ordinary days that never seemed to add up to anything significant.

And that message whispered something.

It whispered: You are not quite enough. You're not quite the right thread. The really important work is being done by someone else, somewhere else. You? You're just filling in the background.

That is the second oldest lie in the world's history.

The first, of course, was the serpent's whisper in the Garden: "Did God really say...?" (Genesis 3:1). And this one has been costing the body of Christ more than any of us can calculate. Because here is what happens when a thread believes it is insignificant: it stops weaving. And every thread that stops weaving leaves a gap in the pattern that no other thread can fill.

Not a thread beside you. Not a thread behind you. Not a more "qualified" thread. No other thread.

So let's deal with this lie. Not with a pep talk. Not with religious optimism dressed up as theology. Let's deal with it the only way we can deal with anything this deep—with the Word of God. Because the Word is the only thing I have ever seen that is powerful enough to cut through a lifetime of accumulated wrong messages and reach the place where the truth actually needs to land.

Before you were, he knew

There's a conversation recorded in the book of Jeremiah that most people breeze right past. They read it, nod, and keep going. But I want you to slow down with me here, because what God says in this exchange should stop you in your tracks.

Jeremiah is young. The Hebrew word used is na'ar (nah-AHR)—he was likely still a teenager. He's uncertain. Afraid. God has just called him to speak prophetic truth to a nation that doesn't want to hear it, in a generation that's careening toward catastrophe. And Jeremiah's response is essentially: I can't do this. I don't know how to speak. I'm too young. You've got the wrong person.

Sound familiar? Maybe you've said something like that yourself. Maybe you're saying it right now.

Here's how God answered him:

The word of the Lord came to me and said, "Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you. Before you were born, I set you apart."

— Jeremiah 1:4–5

Read that again. Slowly.

Before I formed you. Before I formed you.

Not before you were born. Before you were formed. Before the biological process that would produce Jeremiah had even begun, God knew him. And not "knew of him" the way you might know of a celebrity or a name on a list. Knew him. The Hebrew word is yada (yah-DAH)—and it is the deepest, most intimate form of knowing that the Hebrew language contains. It's the same word used for the knowing between a husband and wife. Scripture uses the same word when it states that the Lord knew Moses face to face (Deuteronomy 34:10), a knowledge no other prophet has experienced.

Let that settle.

God possessed an intimate knowledge of you before you existed in any form that any human instrument could detect—before the first cell divided, before the first heartbeat, before the first breath, before a name was chosen, before anyone even knew whether you were coming at all.

And he set you apart. The Hebrew is hiqdishtikha (hik-dahsh-TEE-kha)—it means He designated you for a specific, holy purpose. Your life did not begin at your birth. Your life began in the mind of God before the foundation of the world. As Paul wrote to the

Ephesians: “For he chose us in him before the creation of the world to be holy and blameless in his sight” (Ephesians 1:4).

Everything since that moment—every breath, every season, every turn—has been the unfolding of what He already knew.

Sit with that. Because if it’s true—and it is—it changes the entire frame around your life. Your existence is not a question waiting for an answer. Your existence is an answer that God gave to a question the world didn’t yet know it was asking.

The Color of Your Thread

Every thread in the Master Weaver’s tapestry is unique. Not similar. Not approximately the same. Unique. When God formed you, He was not working from a template. He was not mass-producing. He was making something that had never existed before and will never exist again.

“But now, this is what the LORD says—he who created you, Jacob, he who formed you, Israel: ‘Do not fear, for I have redeemed you;

— Isaiah 43:1

He summoned you by name. Not by number. Not by category. By name.

The Apostle Paul, writing to the church in Ephesus, said it with a precision that should stop every one of us mid-stride:

\“For we are God’s handiwork, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do.\”

— Ephesians 2:10

Handiwork. The Greek word is poiēma (POY-ay-mah). It’s where we get our English word poem. Now, in Paul’s day, the word simply meant “something made.” But the etymological root that gives us our word “poem” carries a resonance that fits beautifully—because God does not merely manufacture. He crafts with intention, with artistry, with a care that borders on the sacred.

Because it is sacred.

You are God’s poem. Not his rough draft. Not his practice piece. This wasn’t just something he quickly made during a quiet afternoon. His poem is a work where he

handpicked each word, deliberately broke each line, and precisely positioned every image. And the good works your thread carried—those specific weave points where your presence makes a difference that no other thread could make—those were prepared in advance. It was before you arrived. Before you were ready. Before you believed you were enough.

They were already waiting for you.

Four Kinds of Thread

Look at any great tapestry—a real one, the kind that hangs in cathedrals or museums—and you'll notice something: not all threads carry the same role in the pattern. Some threads are foundational. Some are decorative. Others bear the burden. Some of them carry the color. All are necessary. In 1 Corinthians 12:14–20, Paul describes this same reality, reminding the church that the body comprises many parts, not one, and each single one is essential.

In the church's tapestry, I see four kinds of thread. And wherever you are in life right now, I want you to find yourself here.

New Threads. These are the ones who have just recently encountered the central thread—Christ Himself. If that's you, hear me clearly: you belong here. You were not an afterthought. You were not a last-minute addition. The same hands that placed every other thread in this tapestry placed you here. Your newness is not a weakness—it's a gift. The tapestry has been waiting for your color.

Youth Threads. Young people carry something that the rest of us desperately need—the radical, unfiltered belief that things can actually change. Jesus Himself said that unless you change and become like a little child, you will never enter the Kingdom of Heaven (Matthew 18:3). He wasn't being sentimental. He was pointing to something real: the uncomplicated willingness to trust. Young thread, listen to me—do not let anyone tell you that your season is just preparation for real ministry. This is real ministry. Right now. Right where you are.

Adult Threads. These are threads in the fullness of their weaving season—carrying the weight of marriages, children, careers, mortgages, aging parents. This is the season when the lie of insignificance is most dangerous, because busyness can masquerade as purpose. Exhaustion does not prevent you from feeling lost. You can do everything and still feel you're not doing the thing. Adult thread: your faithfulness in the ordinary is the weave. Don't miss it.

Legacy Threads. These are the ones who have walked with God through seasons that would have broken most people. If that's you, I need you to hear something: do not believe the lie that your most important weaving days are behind you. Scripture makes a promise that should put that lie to rest permanently: "They will still bear fruit in old age, they will stay fresh and green" (Psalm 92:14). The tapestry needs your thread now more than ever. Your steadiness. The knowledge you have. Your wounds became tales of God's faithfulness.

The Danger of Comparison

In the last chapter of John's Gospel, something happens that is so human it almost makes you wince.

Jesus has just finished restoring Peter. This is the conversation on the beach—three denials redeemed by three declarations of love. It's one of the most intimate moments in all of Scripture. And then Jesus tells Peter what his life will cost him. He tells him the kind of death he will die.

And what does Peter do? Does he drop to his knees? Does he cry? Does he say, "I will follow you anywhere"?

No. Peter turns around, looks at John, and asks: "Lord, what about him?"

I have to be honest—I love Peter for this, because it is so human. Jesus just laid out the most sacred, costly calling imaginable, and Peter's first instinct is to compare.

And Jesus' answer is one of the most direct things He ever said:

\“If I want him to remain alive until I return, what is that to you? You must follow me.\”

— John 21:22

What is that to you?

That question echoes across two thousand years and lands right in our laps. Because the moment you compare your thread to someone else's—measuring your gifts against their gifts, your platform against their platform, your calling against their calling—is a moment you are not weaving. You're standing still. You're looking sideways. And the gap where your thread was supposed to be is growing.

Comparison is the thief of joy.

In the Kingdom of God, every thread that fulfills its purpose makes the pattern more complete—not less. Your thread stepping into its calling does not diminish the thread beside you. It strengthens it. The tapestry does not work on competition. It works upon completion.

The Wound That Became the Color

Every thread in this tapestry has been through something. Maybe you're reading this right now and you're carrying a wound so deep you're not even sure you can name it. Maybe it's old. It might be new. Perhaps it's the secret you've kept from everyone.

I want you to know something: in the hands of the Master Weaver, your wound does not disqualify your thread. It becomes part of the color.

Think about Joseph. Sold into slavery by his own brothers. Enslaved. Falsely accused. Imprisoned. Forgotten. Year after year after year of suffering that made no sense at all. And yet, at the end of it—after God had moved every piece into place—Joseph could look at the brothers who destroyed his life and say:

\“You intended to harm me, but God intended it for good.\”

— Genesis 50:20

The Hebrew word there is *chashab* (khah-SHAHV). And here's what's extraordinary: it's the same word used for both the brothers' evil planning and God's good planning. The same word. The brothers were weaving destruction. God was weaving redemption. With the same threads.

Paul confirms this in a verse that every wounded thread needs to carry in their pocket:

\“And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose.\”

— Romans 8:28

All things. Not some things. Not the good things. Not the things that make sense. All things.

We carry this treasure in “jars of clay,” Paul writes, “to show that this all-surpassing power is from God and not from us” (2 Corinthians 4:7). The cracks in your jar are not a flaw. They're the very place the light gets through.

And here's something that should wreck you in the best way possible: God keeps track of your sorrows. Psalm 56:8 says He collects every tear in His bottle. Every single one. Not one falls to the ground unnoticed. Not one.

Your wound is not the end of your thread. It is the beginning of your most powerful chapter.

The Weave Point Only You Can Fill

There is a weaving point in the tapestry of God's story that only your thread can fill.

Specifically. Uniquely. Irreplaceable.

Moses tried to excuse himself. "I can't speak well," he told God. "Send someone else." Jeremiah tried: "I'm too young." Gideon tried: "My family is the weakest, and I'm the least." Every one of them looked at themselves and saw inadequacy. Everyone of them tried to hand the job to someone more qualified.

And in every single case, God's answer was the same:

"I will be with you."

— Exodus 3:12

That's it. That's the only qualification that has ever mattered. God has never used a perfect person. Not once. In the entire Bible. He has only ever used a willing thread that stayed in His hands long enough for His purposes to move through it.

You are that thread.

Right now. Exactly as you are. Not when you're better. Not when you've got it figured out. Not once the wound has healed, the doubt has lifted, or the résumé is longer.

Now.

SELAH

Stop and Consider

- What is the message you received about your own significance—from your family, your history, or your failures—that you have been believing instead of what God says? Name it. Say it out loud if you can. Then hold it up against Jeremiah 1:5, Psalm 139, and Ephesians 2:10. Which voice is telling the truth?

- What wound in your story have you been hiding—the one you’re afraid disqualifies you—that the Master Weaver may want to turn into testimony?
- Open your Bible and read Psalm 139 in full. Then Jeremiah 1:4–10. Then Ephesians 2:1–10. Read them slowly. Read them as letters written to you personally, by the God who knew you before He formed you.

CHAPTER FIVE

Woven Into Family

“Two are better than one, because they have a good return for their labor: If either of them falls down, one can help the other up. But pity those who fall and have no one to help them up... A cord of three strands resists breaking easily.”

The first loom was never just a relationship

Let me tell you where families are most in danger right now.

It’s not in a war zone. It’s not on a battlefield or in a refugee camp. The most dangerous place to be for a family right now is in an ordinary house, on an ordinary street, in an ordinary town—where two people are trying to build something together while everything around them is working to pull it apart.

I will not throw statistics at you. You already know the numbers. More than that—you’ve felt them. You’ve lived inside them. You’ve watched someone you love disappear into them. Or maybe you’re sitting right now trying to hold together something that’s fraying at edges you never saw coming when you first said “I do.”

I see you. And so does he.

Here’s what the enemy has always understood, that many of us are only beginning to grasp: the family is not just a social arrangement. It’s not merely a biological unit or a legal construct you file taxes under. The family is a loom—the first loom God ever built. It is the primary instrument through which He designed to pass His truth from one generation to the next. Weave by weave. Story by story. Meal by meal. Bedtime by bedtime.

And the enemy knows something ruthlessly simple: if you can destroy the loom, you don’t need to cut the threads one by one. You destroy the mechanism through which those threads were supposed to be woven together.

This is not a chapter about marriage and family as political talking points or culture-war issues. This is a chapter about reclaiming the first loom before another generation grows up not even knowing it existed.

TWO THREADS BECOMING ONE

Go back to the garden with me for a moment.

When God presented Eve to Adam, He was doing far more than solving a loneliness problem. He was establishing a covenant—in Hebrew, a berith (beh-REET)—and building a loom according to a design that carries infinitely more weight than any human institution could ever bear on its own.

“That is why a man leaves his father and mother and joins with his wife, and they become one flesh.”

One flesh. Sit with that for a second.

The Hebrew phrase is basar echad. And that word for “one”—echad (eh-KHAHD)—is the same word used in the greatest declaration of Jewish faith, the Shema (sh-MAH): Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one. This isn’t the word for a solitary “one,” like one marble sitting alone on a table. This is compound unity—a unified whole made up of distinct parts. A oneness that doesn’t erase who you are but transcends it.

Do you hear what God is saying? When two people become one flesh, He’s describing something that goes deeper than biology, deeper than emotion, deeper than a ceremony. This is a spiritual reality. The Hebrew word for the “cleaving” or “holding fast” in that verse is dabaq (dah-BAHK)—and it carries the sense of fierce loyalty, of adhesion, of two things pressed together so tightly that to separate them would mean tearing both.

Two threads entering into a covenant before the Weaver, being woven into something entirely new. Something that damage would cause if undone.

And this—therefore divorce hurts the way it does. Not because someone signed a paper. Because something got torn. God’s grief over divorce—expressed with raw honesty in Malachi 2:16—is the grief of a Father watching His children rip apart something He built from the deepest parts of who they are.

But hear me clearly: the tearing is real, and so is the grace. The Master Weaver has been restoring torn threads since Genesis 3. He has never once looked at a broken

thread and said, “Well, I’m done with that one.” His covenant love—hesed (KHEH-sed) —is the love that picks up the torn edges and begins weaving again. Not to erase the scar, but to create something that bears witness to His faithfulness even through the break.

The marriage covenant is the most powerful picture we have of the relationship between Christ and His Church. Paul makes this breathtakingly explicit in Ephesians 5:

“Husbands, love your wives as Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her. Wives, submit to your husbands as to the Lord.” — Ephesians 5:25, 22.

Now, I know that the word “submit” can make people flinch. But submission in the Kingdom of God is not weakness. It has never been the case. It is trust. It involves willingly placing your thread in the hands of the Weaver and saying, “I trust Your design more than I trust my own grip.”

A cord of three strands.

THE THREEFOLD CORD

Solomon’s original context in Ecclesiastes 4:12 was speaking broadly about the power of companionship—about how life is simply better, stronger, and safer when you don’t face it alone. But that principle finds its fullest and most beautiful expression in the covenant of marriage.

“A cord made of three strands does not break quickly.”

Think about this practically. Two strands twisted together? Strong. However, untwisting them is possible. You pull hard enough, long enough, from the right angle—they come apart. But three strands change the mathematics entirely. The third strand locks the other two in place. It transforms the entire structure

.

That third strand is the active, living, breathing presence of God in the marriage. Not God as a nice idea you agree on. Not God as the thing you do on Sundays. God as the third Person in the room when you’re arguing at midnight about money. God as the voice that says, “Lay down your pride” when everything in you wants to win the fight. God as the one holding both threads when you’re too exhausted to hold each other.

You cannot sustain a God-designed covenant on human effort alone. Psalm 127:1 says it plainly: “Unless the LORD builds the house, the builders labor in vain.” You can try.

You can grit your teeth and white-knuckle it. But two human beings trying to love each other perfectly without the sustaining presence of the One who designed love? That's building a house on sand, and we already know how that story ends.

The marriages that last—the ones that make it through the seasons when the feeling is gone and the romance has faded into routines and dirty dishes and hard conversations—those are the marriages where two imperfect threads keep returning to the Weaver's hands. Over and over and over again.

This is why praying together matters. So the Word of God in the home matters. Not as a religious performance. As oxygen. People were never designed to learn faith in a classroom and then apply it at home. People learned it in ordinary life. The home was supposed to be the classroom. The marriage was supposed to be the curriculum.

THE MANDATE TO WEAVE THE NEXT GENERATION

In Deuteronomy 6, Moses stands before a brand-new generation—kids whose parents died in the desert, young men and women who'd only known wilderness—and he delivers a mandate that is not primarily about keeping laws. It's about children.

“Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, the Lord is one... These commandments that I give you today are to be on your hearts. Impress them upon your children. Talk about them when you sit at home and when you walk along the road, when you lie down and when you get up.” — Deuteronomy 6:4–7.

That word “impress”—shanan (shaw-NAN)—doesn't mean “suggest” or “mention casually.” It means to sharpen. Like sharpening the point of an arrow. Like putting an edge on a sword. God is saying: transmit your faith with piercing intentionality. Don't leave this to chance. You shouldn't assume the church will handle it. Don't hope the Christian school will cover it.

And notice when He says to do it. Not in a formal lesson. Not during a scheduled devotional time (though those matter). While you are at home. As you walk along the road. When you lie down. When you get up. God designed faith transmission to happen in the unremarkable moments. At the dinner table. In the car on the way to practice. During bedtime prayers that your six-year-old interrupts with a question about whether dinosaurs went to heaven.

This intergenerational weaving is not optional—it's central to God's entire plan. Look at what He says about Abraham in Genesis 18:19: “For I have chosen him, so that he will

direct his children and his household after him to keep the way of the LORD.”

You transmit life by living it. Period. Your kids are not primarily learning their theology from your Sunday morning. They’re learning it from how you treat the waiter when the order is wrong. From how you talk to their mother after a hard day. When you’re wrong, apologizing is a factor. From how you handle a Tuesday traffic jam or a Thursday argument when you think nobody’s watching.

Somebody is always watching.

HONORING THE LEGACY THREADS

The family loom doesn’t just weave forward. It also runs backward.

We are called to honor what I call the “legacy threads”—the elders, the grandparents, the aging saints who carry the testimony of the Weaver’s faithfulness across decades. The fifth commandment—to honor your father and mother—is what Paul calls the “first commandment with a promise” (Ephesians 6:2–3). It carries weight. It carries blessing. And for too many of us, it carries neglect.

Grandparents, hear me: your role in the Kingdom is not decorative. You are not a footnote. It’s not just about spoiling the kids and sending them away. You are among the most powerful voices in the spiritual formation of the next generation. We see this in the New Testament when Paul commends the faith that “first lived in your grandmother Lois and in your mother Eunice” (2 Timothy 1:5). Timothy’s faith didn’t start with a pastor. It started with a grandmother.

Your testimony of the hard seasons—the night you didn’t think you’d make it, the prayer God answered in a way you never expected, the time He was faithful when everything said He wouldn’t be—that testimony is irreplaceable. No sermon can do what a grandparent’s story can do at the kitchen table.

Tell the stories. Before they’re forgotten. Tell them.

THE FAMILY THAT IS NOT WHAT YOU PLANNED

I need to pause here. Because I know who’s reading this.

Not everyone grew up in a home that looked anything like the design we’ve been describing. Some of you are single parents holding the loom together with two hands and a prayer, doing the work of two people and wondering if it’s enough. For some of

you, your family actively used the loom as a weapon against you, causing your wounds. Some of you never had a loom at all.

Hear me: the Master Weaver has never faced limitations from a broken loom.

Moses, a murderer, was transformed into a nation's deliverer by him. He directly incorporated Rahab, a prostitute from a condemned city, into the Messiah's bloodline. He transformed Paul, who had built a career demolishing the Church, into the apostle responsible for penning half of the New Testament.

The family you came from does not determine the family you build. The Weaver's hands do.

He specializes in building masterpieces out of materials the world has discarded. That's not a motivational slogan. That's his resume.

THE FAMILY AS MICROCOSM OF THE CHURCH

Here's something most people miss: the family is the prototype of the Church. Not the other way around.

Everything the Church is called to be—a place of unconditional love, sacrificial service, grace under pressure, truth spoken in kindness—was first shown in the family. The home was the original model. The church building came later. Therefore, Paul makes a connection that should stop every church leader in their tracks: if a man cannot manage his own household, he is not ready to care for God's church (1 Timothy 3:4–5).

The order matters. Home first. Church second. Not because the Church is less important, but because the home is where you learn whether what you believe actually works when nobody's clapping.

The enemy's attack on the family is not random. It is a strategic assault on the seedbed of the Church. If he can dismantle the family, he starves the Church of the very thing it needs to thrive: people who have seen covenant love modeled in the mess of real life.

The Church's response cannot be more programs. The Church must intentionally and relentlessly rebuild a culture that disciples families. This includes equipping parents, weaving children into the living fabric of the congregation, and treating the family loom as the sacred instrument it was always meant to be.

SELAH: STOP AND CONSIDER

“Search me, God, and know my heart; test me and know my anxious thoughts. See if there is any offensive way in me and lead me in the way everlasting.” — Psalm 139:23–24

Before you turn the page, sit with these questions. Don’t rush past them. The Weaver is asking:

What did the family you grew up in teach you about God—not in words, but in how it actually functioned? What did you catch about who God is from the way your household operated?

Is the faith you live at home—behind the closed door, in the unfiltered moments—the same faith you profess when you walk into church on Sunday morning?

Who is the “legacy thread” in your life whose testimony you need to hear this week? Is there a grandparent, a parent, an elder whose stories are slipping away because no one has asked to hear them?

Next Step: Read Deuteronomy 6:1–9 and Ephesians 5:22–6:4 today. Ask the Holy Spirit to show you one practical step—just one—you can take this week to align your home with the Weaver’s design.

CHAPTER SIX

Woven Into Community

The church was never supposed to be a spectator sport

“A new command I give you: Love (agapē [ah-GAH-pay]) one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.” — John 13:34–35

Let me tell you what Jesus didn’t say.

Theology was not, he stated, how the world would recognize His followers. He didn’t say people would spot his disciples by their church attendance, their moral track record, their political positions, the square footage of their building, or the quality of their Sunday morning production. He didn’t say it would come down to correct doctrine—though doctrine matters enormously, and we will not pretend otherwise in this book.

He said they would know us by our love for one another.

Not love as a feeling. Not love as a preference for people who are easy to love. Love as He loved.

Sit with that for a second.

Those four words—as I have loved you—set the most demanding standard in human history. Because the love He showed went to a cross for people who were hammering the nails. It washed the feet of the man who was about to hand Him over for thirty pieces of silver. It looked down from the instrument of His own execution and said, “Father, forgive them. They don’t know what they’re doing.”

That is the love by which the world is supposed to recognize the Church.

And when we hold up the Church in most of its current expressions against that standard—honestly, without excuses—we have to sit in the discomfort of that measurement before we can move forward. We have to feel the gap before we can close it.

What the Church Actually Is

Before we talk about what’s gone wrong, we need to recover what the Church actually is. Because most of the dysfunction we see in modern Christianity flows directly from a misunderstanding of the Church’s own nature.

The church is not a building. The Greek word most often translated as “church” is *ekklēsia* (eh-kleh-SEE-ah), and it literally means “assembly” or “called-out gathering.” This mirrors the Hebrew concept of the *qahal* (kah-HAHL)—the congregation of the Lord. Both words paint the same picture: a people summoned out of the world and gathered into a covenant community.

The Church is not an organization. It isn’t a non-profit organization. Although it produces enormous social good, it is not a social institution. It is not a political constituency, though it carries deep moral convictions. It is not a weekly event you attend and leave, your obligation fulfilled until the same time next week.

So, what is it?

The Church is the *sōma tou Christou* (SO-mah too Khris-TOO)—the body of Christ in the world. Not metaphorically. Theologically. Paul returns to this image again and again with an insistence that tells you he knew we’d need to hear it over and over before it would finally land. In Romans 12:4–5, he writes that “just as each of us has

one body with many members, and these members do not all have the same function, so in Christ we, though many, form one body, and each member belongs to all the others.”

“Now you are the body of Christ, and each one of you is a part of it.” — 1 Corinthians 12:27

Do you hear that? The hands of Jesus in this world are your hands. The feet of Jesus are your feet. When His presence shows up somewhere, it arrives as a person whom someone has sent. “From him the whole body, joined and held together by every supporting ligament, grows and builds itself up in love, as each part does its work” (Ephesians 4:15–16).

You are not an observer. You are an organ.

And here’s where our metaphor meets theology perfectly: the local church is the local loom. It’s the place where threads from wildly different backgrounds get woven into something none of them could become alone. Where the pattern of the Kingdom becomes visible in miniature. Where heaven touches earth in the specific, tangible, beautiful form of a community of imperfect people who have loved each other across every single line the world uses to divide.

The One Another Commands

The New Testament contains over fifty commands built around two words: *allēlōn* (ah-LAY-lone)—“one another.”

Love one another. Serve one another. Bear one another’s burdens. Forgive one another. Encourage one another. Confess to one another. Be patient with one another. Be kind to one another.

Read that list again. Now ask yourself this: which of those can you do alone?

You can’t. That’s the point. Every single one of these commands assumes *koinōnia* (koy-noh-NEE-ah)—a deep fellowship, a sharing of life, a knitting together that goes far beyond sitting in the same room for an hour on Sunday. These commands are impossible to obey in isolation. They assume you belong to a community where this isn’t theoretical—it’s Tuesday afternoon. It’s showing up when it’s inconvenient. It’s a life shared, not a weekly attendance habit.

The early Church understood this in a way that most of us in the modern West have largely lost. They came from the synagogue and temple, not apart from them. Acts 2 describes a community that devoted themselves to the apostles' teaching, to prayer, to koinōnia, and to the breaking of bread.

“All the believers were together and had everything in common... They broke bread in their homes and ate together with glad and sincere hearts, praising God and enjoying the favor of all the people. And the Lord added to their number daily those who were being saved.” — Acts 2:44–47

Read that last line again: the Lord added to their number daily.

Why? Not because they had the best marketing. Not because they had a killer worship band. The Lord added to them daily because they had become something so genuinely different from everything around them that the watching world could not stop being drawn to it. They were magnetic. Not because they were performing, but because they were real.

That's what the writer of Hebrews had in mind: “Let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds, not giving up meeting together... but encouraging one another” (Hebrews 10:24–25). It's not an obligation to show up. It's a plea not to abandon the very thing that makes you who you were.

Radical Inclusion: The Threads the World Threw Away

Look at who Jesus spent his time with. Not as a historical curiosity. As a pattern.

He touched lepers. In a culture that legally required lepers to cry out “Unclean!” and live in permanent exclusion, Jesus reached out His hand and touched them. He touched them before he healed them (Matthew 8:3). Think about that. He didn't heal from a distance and then offer a handshake. He touched the untouchable first. The healing came second.

He spoke to a Samaritan woman at a well at the sixth hour—noon. She was there at that hour almost certainly because she was carrying a past that had separated her from the other women in her town. And Jesus, crossing every barrier of gender, ethnicity, and religious tradition, gave her the deepest theological conversation recorded in the entire Gospel of John. Not to the Pharisees. Not to his closest disciples. To her.

He ate with tax collectors, Jews whom others considered so morally corrupt that a Jewish court would not accept their testimony. He visited their homes. He sat with them at their tables. When a sinful woman washed His feet with her tears, He then turned to His host and contrasted her abundant love with the man's lack of basic hospitality, as described in Luke 7:36–50.

Jesus lived a life so oriented toward the margins that the marginalized found him. They came to him. And the Church was never supposed to be any different.

Now—and this matters—this does not mean truth is negotiable. Jesus held convictions that the religious leaders of His day absolutely hated. He didn't soften the truth to make people comfortable. But he used truth as a light to gather the broken, not as a wall to keep them out. He broke down "the dividing wall of hostility" to create "one new humanity" in Himself (Ephesians 2:14–16).

Truth and inclusion are not enemies. In the hands of Jesus, they never were.

The Beauty of the Diverse Tapestry

In Revelation 7:9, John gets a glimpse of the end of the story. And it is not a monochrome crowd.

"After this I looked, and there before me was a great multitude that no one could count, from every nation, tribe, people and language, standing before the throne and before the Lamb." — Revelation 7:9

That's the finished tapestry. That's what the Weaver has been working toward from the beginning.

A diverse community isn't a social justice project tacked onto the side of the gospel. It is the gospel made visible. It is a theological statement about who God is and what He's doing. Paul says it plainly: "There is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither slave nor free, nor is there male and female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Galatians 3:28). That doesn't erase our distinctions. It declares that they are no longer barriers to unity.

The foretaste of heaven is the congregation where the person who grew up with everything is in authentic community with the person who grew up with nothing. Different cultures can sit at the same table. Where different generations sharpen each other. Where the entire community puts on "compassion, kindness, humility,

gentleness and patience,\” with love binding everything together in perfect unity (Colossians 3:12–14).

That kind of community doesn’t happen by accident. It happens on purpose. It happens because somebody decides: I will reach across the line.

When the Church Has Hurt You

I need to talk to some of you directly now.

The Church has hurt people. Specifically. Deeply. Perhaps it caused you pain. Maybe it hurt someone you love. Maybe the wound is still open. I will not pretend that it hasn’t happened, because it has, and pretending otherwise would be dishonest.

But I want to ask you something—with all the gentleness and all the directness I can—did the institution fail you, or did Jesus?

Because they are not the same thing.

The Church is the body of Christ, yes. But the body comprises mid-weave threads—people who are still being transformed, still carrying damage, still failing each other. Paul packed his letters to the historic churches with corrections, because guess what? The early Church was already failing in a hundred ways while the apostles were still alive. Corinth was a mess. Galatia was drifting. The church in Thessalonica needed to be told to stop being idle. The imperfection of the Church is not evidence that Jesus is a fraud. This shows that people make up the Church.

And here’s what I want you to hear—really hear: the answer to being wounded by the loom is not to abandon it. It’s to bring the wound to the Weaver.

We were not built to function as an isolated thread. You know that. Something in you knows that. The pain you feel from being hurt by the Church is itself proof that something that doesn’t matter can’t wound.

Come back to the loom. Not necessarily to the same loom—but to a loom. Find the community where your thread belongs.

The Church Built on One

The church started small. One person commissioning eleven imperfect disciples. That’s it. There is no building fund. No strategic plan. No social media strategy. Just

one Rabbi and eleven men who didn't fully understand what they were being sent to do.

And it spread thread by thread.

A businesswoman named Lydia in Philippi, whose home became the first meeting place in Europe. Two men who were singing hymns with their backs transformed at midnight, in a prison, a jailer in that same city still bleeding from a beating.

Thread by thread. City by city. Century by century.

Two thousand years later, the Church is the largest and most geographically diverse movement in human history. The Church's presence extends to every continent. It can communicate in every language. Despite all the empires that sought its destruction, it has endured. And it is alive—not because of clever leadership or perfect theology or great marketing—but because the central thread is holding.

Christ is holding it together. He always has.

And you—yes, you—are part of the most resilient, most diverse, most beautiful community that has ever existed on the face of this earth. You are a thread in the body of Christ.

So act like it.

Show up. Stay woven. Love the thread next to you—especially the one that's fraying. Especially the one that looks nothing like you. Especially the one that's hard to love. That's the whole point. That's how the world knows.

SELAH

Stop and Consider

Which of the "one another" (allēlōn) commands is most absent from your life right now? Don't rush past this. Name it.

Who do you see at the edge of your community as the thread you have yet to fully weave in? What is their name? What would it look like for you to reach out to them this week?

Read Acts 2:42–47 and 1 Corinthians 12:12–27. What is the part you actually play in the body? Not the part you wish you had played. God designed you for this role. And what

should you be doing—right now—to live that out?

CHAPTER SEVEN

Continuing Christ's Work

The Commission remains active.

Jesus then approached them and declared, "I have received all authority in heaven and on earth."

— Matthew 28:18–20

Picture the scene. A hillside in Galilee. Eleven men standing in the dust, squinting into the sun, looking at a man they had watched die.

These weren't heroes. Not yet. A few days earlier, everyone of them had run. They scattered like startled birds when the soldiers came for Jesus in the garden. They had locked themselves behind doors, shut the windows, argued in whispers about what it all meant—if it meant anything at all.

One of their number had betrayed Him for thirty pieces of silver and then hanged himself. Another—the one Jesus had nicknamed The Rock—had stood by a fire in the courtyard of the high priest and sworn three times, with rising panic in his voice, that he had never even known the Man.

These are the men Jesus chose to change the world.

Let that land for a moment. He bypassed the qualified candidates. He chose the one who was willing. He acted before they were ready. The reason he sent them was simply that he was sending them. The authority—the *exousia* (ex-oo-SEE-ah)—behind the task was His, not theirs.

And that changes everything. The commission doesn't flow from our competence. It flows from His authority. It is the direct, unavoidable implication of the resurrection. If Jesus walked out of that grave with all authority in heaven and on earth, then the only reasonable response—the only sane response—is to tell somebody.

The Great Commission is not the church's mission statement. It is the logical consequence of the resurrection. If it happened, we would go. If we are not going, we need to ask ourselves what we actually believe happened.

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What Making Disciples Actually Means

Now here's something most people miss. The word that carries the full weight of the commission is not go.

I know. I missed it for years, too.

The word “go”—*porēuthentes* (poh-roo-THEN-tess)—is technically a participle in the Greek. Its construction is beautiful because it implies that disciple-making is woven into the going of your everyday life, a point scholars often note by highlighting the imperative force of the major command within it. It's not a separate event you schedule. It's the fabric of how you walk through your day.

The actual command—the imperative, the thing Jesus is putting His finger on your chest and telling you to do—is *mathēteusate* (mah-thay-TOO-sah-teh): make disciples.

Not converts. Not attenders. Not people who check a box, walk an aisle, and disappear. Disciples.

The word is *mathētēs* (mah-thay-TACE) in Greek. *Talmid* (tahl-MEED) in Hebrew. A learner. A follower. And in the first century, a *Talmid* didn't sit in the back of a lecture hall taking notes. A *talmid* followed his *rabbi* everywhere. What his *rabbi* ate, he also ate. He walked where his *rabbi* walked. He watched how his *rabbi* handled conflict, how he prayed, how he treated the people everyone else ignored, and how he loved when love cost him something.

A *talmid* wasn't learning a curriculum. He was learning a living.

That's what Jesus is asking us to reproduce. People so close to the central thread of the Gospel that His color is visibly transferring to theirs. No information transfer. Life transfer.

Here's the difference, and it matters more than you think: a church full of attendees is an audience. A church full of disciples—*talmidim* (tahl-mee-DEEM)—is an army. And an audience did not receive the Great Commission. Jesus commissioned an army of ordinary, imperfect, recently terrified people, whom He had transformed through His presence.

The method was never a program. It was a life shared in proximity. Jesus chose twelve and spent three years with them. Eating together. Walking together. Arguing together.

Grieving together. One life fully surrendered to the Weaver, fully invested in others—that single thread, multiplied across generations, is how eleven frightened men became a global movement.

Paul understood this. He told Timothy:

\“And the things you have heard me say in the presence of many witnesses entrust to reliable people who will also be qualified to teach others.\”

— 2 Timothy 2:2

Count the generations in that one verse. Paul taught Timothy. Timothy entrusts to reliable people. Those people teach others. Four generations in a single sentence. That’s the math of the Kingdom. That’s how the Weaver works.

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Old Message. New Loom.

The message does not change. Never. The scarlet thread that connects Genesis 3:15 to the empty tomb is the same one you and I possess now. The Gospel is not a product that needs rebranding every time the culture shifts. It is, as Paul wrote, “the power of God that brings salvation to everyone who believes: first to the Jew, then to the Gentile” (Romans 1:16).

But the loom? The loom is different.

We live in a world where relationships form across screens. Where a teenager in Tennessee and a grandmother in Tokyo can share a conversation about faith in real time. Where someone searching for answers at two in the morning can stumble onto a truth they didn’t know they were looking for.

The question is whether we engage that world with the same courage Paul showed at the Areopagus in Athens.

Think about what Paul did. He didn’t criticize the culture from an outsider’s perspective. He went directly into the center. Finding a bridge, he stood among the philosophers, the skeptics, and the searchers. An altar with the inscription “TO AN UNKNOWN GOD.” And he used their own hunger to point them to the One who had made Himself known.

\“Paul then stood up at the meeting of the Areopagus and said: ‘People of Athens! I see that in every way you are very religious. For as I walked around and looked carefully at your objects of worship, I even found an altar with this inscription: TO AN UNKNOWN GOD. So you are ignorant of the very thing you worship—and this is what I am going to proclaim to you.’\”

— Acts 17:22–23

Paul met them at their altar before he introduced them to his God. In order that he might save some by all means, he “became all things to all people” (1 Corinthians 9:22). He did not compromise the message. He contextualized the delivery.

This is the model for reaching people in digital spaces. The digital world is the largest mission field in human history—*panta ta ethnē* (PAHN-tah tah ETH-nay)—all the nations, gathered in one place. The Areopagus of our generation isn’t a hill in Athens. It’s a screen in someone’s hand.

And the Weaver is already there, threading the loom.

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Missional in the Ordinary

Here’s a question that might sting a little: When was the last time you shared your faith?

Not posted a Bible verse. Not forwarded a sermon link. Actually looked someone in the eye—or typed someone a message with genuine care behind it—and told them what Jesus had done in your life?

The Great Commission doesn’t primarily happen on mission trips. It doesn’t primarily happen from pulpits. It happens in the gaps. In the ordinary, unplanned, unrehearsed moments of your Tuesday afternoon.

Theologians sometimes call these *kairos* (KYE-ross) moments. Not clock time—not *chronos*, the steady tick of minutes and hours—but the right time. The appointed time. The moment the Weaver has been threading the loom toward. Paul urged the Colossians: “Be wise in the way you act toward outsiders; make the most of every opportunity [*kairos*]” (Colossians 4:5–6).

Look at how Jesus lived. His ministry largely consisted of interruptions. A man who was blind was crying out from the side of the road. Perched absurdly in a sycamore

tree was a tax collector. A woman who touched the hem of His garment in a crowd. He didn't treat these as distractions from the mission. He treated them as the mission.

Because "the Son of Man came to seek and to save the lost" (Luke 19:10).

To be missional means understanding that your workplace is the loom. Your neighborhood is the loom. The loom is, in essence, your kitchen table. Your group chat is the loom. Everywhere you are—that's where the Weaver has placed you. "As the Father has sent me, I am sending you" (John 20:21).

It requires something, though. It requires a settled, spirit-directed availability to the person right in front of you. Not a sales pitch. Not a memorized script. Just you, present, listening, carrying the thread. Ready to speak when the Weaver opens the moment.

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Planting seeds you will never see harvest

Let me take the pressure off you right now.

You are almost never called to do the whole work. You are called to do your part.

\“I planted the seed, Apollos watered it, but God has been making it grow. So neither the one who plants nor the one who waters is anything, but only God, who makes things grow.\”

— 1 Corinthians 3:6–7

Do you feel that freedom? Paul planted. Apollos watered. God grew it. Three different roles. Three different seasons. One harvest. And notice who gets the credit: none of them. "Only God, who makes things grow."

The harvest belongs to the Weaver. There's no need for you to close the deal. You don't need to be the most articulate person in the room. You need to be faithful to your part of the weave.

Trust the Word. Trust the Weaver. "It will not return to me empty, but will accomplish what I desire and achieve the purpose for which I sent it" (Isaiah 55:11). Your part is to carry the thread. His part is to complete the pattern.

That conversation you had with your coworker six months ago—the one where you weren't sure you said it right, the one that felt clumsy and incomplete? That was a seed. And the Weaver has not finished with it.

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The Commission Belongs to All of Us

Can I be honest with you about something?

Pastors did not receive the Great Commission. Missionaries did not receive it. People with theology degrees or seminary training did not receive it. The Great Commission is for ordinary, imperfect, recently terrified disciples who, even after seeing the risen Christ with their own eyes, “still had doubts” (Matthew 28:17).

Read that again. He commissioned the doubters. He sent the unprepared ones. Facing a group of people who were unsure, unqualified, and under-prepared, he told them, “Go.”

He means you.

You and your questions. You, with your history in mind. No other strand in the entire tapestry holds your particular mix of gifts, wounds, and experiences. The Weaver didn't make a mistake when He made you. He made you for this.

Jesus Himself had absolute clarity about who He was and where He was going. “For the joy set before him, he endured the cross” (Hebrews 12:2). And now He sends us—sends you—into a world full of threads that do not yet know there is a Weaver. Threads that are fraying, unraveling, searching for something to hold them together.

You carry that something. You carry the scarlet thread.

Therefore go.

SELAH

Stop and Consider

Where in your ordinary daily life is the Weaver placing you in proximity to threads that do not know Him? Think about your morning commute. Your lunch break. Your evening scroll. Who is the Weaver putting in your path?

Read Matthew 28:16–20 slowly. Notice verse 17—some doubted. He commissioned them anyway. What does that say about what He’s willing to do through you?

Read Acts 17:16–34 and study how Paul engaged a culture that did not share his beliefs. What “altars to unknown gods” exist in the spaces where you live, work, and connect? How might the Weaver be asking you to step into those spaces with the scarlet thread?

CHAPTER EIGHT

Protecting the Children

The most vulnerable threads require the most intentional Hands

“He called a little child to him and placed the child among them. And he said: ‘Truly I tell you, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Therefore, whoever takes the lowly position of this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoever welcomes one such child in my name welcomes me. But whoever causes one of these little ones—the mikron (mee-KRON)—who believe in me to stumble, to skandalizo (skan-dah-LID-zoh), setting a snare or trap, it would be better for them to have a large millstone hung around their neck and to be drowned in the depths of the sea.’”

— Matthew 18:2-6

Let me be direct with you about something.

We have made this passage gentle. Our rendition has become a Sunday school flannel board, depicting a delightful scene where a compassionate Rabbi embraces children, pats their heads, and employs it as a sweet illustration of humility. We put it on nursery walls. We cross-stitch it onto pillows.

And in doing so, we have completely missed the thunder.

Because what Jesus said in this moment was not gentle. It was not soft. It was one of the most violent, terrifying, severe warnings that ever came out of His mouth. And he aimed it squarely at the adults in the room.

He aimed it at us.

Let me set the scene for you. Jesus is standing in front of his disciples—grown men jockeying for position, arguing about who would be greatest in the Kingdom. In the middle of their power grab, Jesus does something no rabbi of that era would have done. He calls a child into the center of the room. Not to the side. Not to the back. Into the center. And then He turns to these ambitious, self-focused men and essentially says: You want to talk about greatness? Here. Here is greatness. And here is the line you must never cross.

A millstone—specifically a mylos onikos (MEW-loss oh-nee-KOSS). In the first century, this was not some decorative stone you'd find in a garden. This was a massive, crushing, grinding wheel so heavy it required a donkey to turn it. Jesus reached for the heaviest object His listeners could imagine and said: that, lashed around your neck, sinking you to the bottom of the sea—that would be the merciful option compared to what awaits the person who causes one of these little ones to stumble.

Read that again. Slowly.

The Son of God—the same Jesus who forgave the woman caught in adultery, who ate dinner with tax collectors, who extended grace to a thief hanging beside Him on a cross—this Jesus said that when it comes to harming a child, drowning is the lighter sentence.

That is not a flannel board lesson. That is a standard. A non-negotiable. A line drawn in the sand by the finger of God Himself. The protection of children is not a side issue in the Kingdom. This is not a topic for a subcommittee. It is not an afterthought. It is a millstone-level, eternity-shaping, central obligation of every adult who has any thread of influence over any child, anywhere, at any time.

God will hold you accountable for what you did with the children He placed within your reach. Not what you intended to do. What you actually did.

So let's talk about that.

The Thread That Is Still Forming

To understand why protecting children carries such staggering weight in the heart of God, you need to understand what a child actually is in the tapestry's language.

A child is a thread that is still being formed.

Not a lesser thread. Not a practice thread. A full, precious, irreplaceable image-bearer of the living God from the very moment of conception. But a thread whose color is still deepening. Whose texture is still developing. Whose pattern has yet to be set. And that is precisely what makes them so vulnerable—and so valuable.

The Weaver declared it to Jeremiah: “Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, before you were born I set you apart” (Jeremiah 1:5). That word formed—*yatsar* (yah-TSAHR)—is the language of a potter shaping clay. Deliberate. Intimate. Hands-on. God did not mass-produce your child on some cosmic assembly line. He formed them. They were known by him. He set them apart before they drew their first breath.

The Psalmist saw this with such clarity that it made him worship:

For you crafted my innermost being;

— Psalm 139:13-14, 16

Children are a *nachalah* (nah-khah-LAH)—a heritage, a sacred possession from the Lord. But here is the thing about a thread that is still forming: it takes the impression of everything it touches. Each voice. Each screen. The space where a conversation ought to have occurred was silent. You could hear all the arguments through a bedroom wall. Every lie whispered by the culture. Every truth spoken by a parent who showed up. It all shapes the thread.

This is what Proverbs 22:6 is actually telling us—not a guarantee of outcomes, but a declaration of the staggering power of formation:

“Start—*chanokh* (khah-NOHKH), meaning to dedicate, start, or inaugurate—children on the way they should go, and even when they are old they will not turn from it.”

That root word—*chanokh*—is the same root as Hanukkah, the festival of dedication. It means to consecrate. To set apart for a purpose. To inaugurate a life aimed at God. You are not merely raising a child. You are dedicating a thread. And there is no neutral formation. Every influence is shaping it. The only question is: who is doing the shaping?

The World Your Child Is Actually Living In

I need you to hear something that might sting a little, because I say it with love.

Your child is living in two worlds simultaneously. There is the physical world you can see—the kitchen table, the school hallway, the backseat of your car. And then there is the digital world you largely cannot see—the world that lives in their pocket, speaks to them through earbuds you didn't buy, and answers their deepest questions before you even know they're asking them.

Most parents are parenting in one of those worlds. Both require your attention.

This is where the full weight of the Shema (shmah) mandate from Deuteronomy 6 becomes not just relevant but urgent:

\“These commandments that I give you today are to be on your hearts. Impress them—shanan (shaw-NAHN), meaning to sharpen incisively like an arrow—on your children. Talk about them when you sit at home and when you walk along the road, when you lie down and when you get up.\”

— Deuteronomy 6:6-7

Did you catch that? Shanan—to sharpen like an arrow. To suggest forcefully. Not to mention occasionally. To sharpen. To make God's truth so precise and penetrating in your child's heart that it cuts through every counterfeit the world throws at them. And notice the timing: when you sit, when you walk, when you lie down, when you get up. That is all day. God is not asking for your child's Wednesday night. He is asking for your child's whole life—and yours.

A child with unlimited digital access and no spiritual formation is a thread being pulled in a hundred directions by forces that do not love them. Let me say that more plainly: if the algorithm is discipling your child more hours per week than you are, the algorithm is winning. And the algorithm does not love your child. The algorithm does not pray over your child at night. The algorithm will not stand before God on behalf of your child.

You will.

So be alert. Be sober-minded. Because your \“enemy the devil prowls around like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour\” (1 Peter 5:8). And his favorite hunting ground is the unguarded thread.

What the Enemy Knows About Young Threads

Here is something that should make every parent sit up straight: the enemy studies your child more carefully than most parents do.

He knows that the most efficient point of attack is the thread that is still forming. Your child doesn't need to be destroyed by him. He just needs to bend them—slightly, gradually, so early that they don't even know they've been bent. He wants to answer their foundational questions—Who am I? Am I loved? Does my life matter? What is true?—before the Word of God can.

And he is patient about it. He will use a screen, a song, a peer, a cultural message, a moment of loneliness—anything to get to that thread before you do.

But Paul reminds us of what we are actually fighting:

“Our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms.”

— Ephesians 6:12

This is not a parenting strategy problem. This is a spiritual warfare problem. And it requires a spiritual response.

You protect your children not by building higher walls—though wisdom has its place—but by filling them so full of the knowledge of who they are in Christ that the lie has no room to land. When a child deeply knows they are fearfully and wonderfully made, chosen, loved, and set apart, and this truth is the loudest voice in their head, the counterfeit loses its power.

Paul gave us the parental mandate in a single sentence: “Fathers, do not exasperate your children; instead, bring them up in the training and instruction of the Lord” (Ephesians 6:4). Do not frustrate them with hypocrisy, harshness, or absence. Instead, bring them up. Train them. Instruct them. Do it in the Lord—not in your own wisdom, not in the world's method, but in the living truth of God.

Teaching Identity Before the World Does

The most powerful protection you can give a child is not a filter on their phone. It is not a curfew. It is not even a magnificent church.

The most powerful protection you can give a child is an identity established by the Master Weaver before the world assigns them one.

This formation starts at birth—and here is the part that will convict most of us, myself included: it starts with your life, not your words. Your children learn your theology from watching you. You are being studied by them. They see whether the God you sing about on Sunday is the same God you talk to on Wednesday night when the bills are overdue and the marriage is tense and the diagnosis came back wrong. They see whether your faith works when life doesn't.

And that—that—is the most powerful discipleship tool on the planet. Not a curriculum. Not an app. Your life, lived openly before your children, where they can see both your faith and your failures, your repentance and your resilience. That is the thread they will remember.

The Apostle John expressed it as plainly as possible: “I have no greater joy than to hear that my children are walking in the truth” (3 John 1:4).

No greater joy. Not a promotion. It's not a title. Not a ministry platform. There is no greater joy for a parent than watching the thread you dedicated take hold in the truth and walk in it on its own.

So teach them early. Teach them often. And above all, show them. Let your life be the first sermon your child ever hears.

Practical Wisdom for the Digital Age

Now let me get practical with you, because theology that doesn't reach the kitchen table is just theory. Here are the tools the Weaver has given us for the age we live in:

First: Presence. Not proximity—presence. There is a difference between being in the same room as your child and being with your child. Presence means eye contact. It means putting the phone down—yes, yours, not just theirs. It means creating relational safety, an atmosphere where a child can bring you hard questions, ugly confessions, and the thing they found online that scared them, knowing you won't react with rage. They will meet you.

Second: Transparency. Your children deserve to know the “why” behind your boundaries. “Because I said so” may work when they're four. It will not work when they're fourteen and their entire peer group has unrestricted access to the internet.

Give them the reasoning. Invite them into the conversation. Treat them like the developing minds they are—because a child who understands the why behind a boundary is far more likely to internalize it than one who only knows the rule.

Third: Prayer. Specifically, dikaios (dee-KAI-oss) prayer, which is the prayer of one who rightly relates to God. James tells us that “the prayer of a righteous person is powerful and effective”—energoumene (ener-GO-meh-nay), meaning active, working power (James 5:16). This is active hope. It’s not merely a platitude of “thoughts and prayers” like you’d see on a bumper sticker. This is a parent on their knees, wielding the authority of heaven on behalf of a child that cannot yet fight for itself. Pray for your children. Pray with your children. Let them hear you call their names before the throne of God.

Fourth: Community. Deuteronomy 6 did not assign the mandate to a single parent in isolation. God gave the Deuteronomy 6 mandate to a community of faith. We were never meant to raise our children alone. This is one of the Weaver’s most beautiful designs—the village. The Igbo and Yoruba peoples of Africa have long understood what the church often forgets: it takes a village to raise a child. Your children need other adults in their lives who love Jesus and love them—mentors, teachers, coaches, elders, and fellow believers who can speak truth into their lives when your voice is not the one they want to hear. Build that village. Be part of someone else’s.

When the thread has already suffered damage.

Some of you are reading this chapter with a weight in your chest that I can feel through the page.

Maybe you’re thinking: It’s too late. I’ve already lost them. They have already sustained damage. I was absent. That was unknown to me. I didn’t do enough.

Listen to me. Please. Because this may be the most important paragraph in this entire chapter.

The weaver specializes in restoration.

As God, He sends His Spirit to bind up the brokenhearted... to give them a crown of beauty instead of ashes” (Isaiah 61:1, 3). He doesn’t just toss aside a damaged thread. He picks it up. It is held by him. And He weaves it back in—not into what it was, but into something that tells a redemption story so breathtaking that only He could have authored it.

Do you remember the prodigal son? When that boy was “still a long way off,” his father saw him (Luke 15:20). Think about what that means. The father was watching. Day after day, scanning the horizon, refusing to give up. And when he finally saw that silhouette in the distance, he felt *splagchnizomai* (*splangk-NID-zoh-my*)—a deep, gut-level, wrenching compassion that started in his belly and moved him to action.

The father did not walk. He ran.

In the ancient Near East, for a distinguished man to run was a shameful act. He would have had to hike up his robes. He would have exposed his legs. It would have been humiliating. But he absorbed that shame—gladly—to reach his child one second sooner.

That is your God. That is the weaver. With his arms crossed, he is not waiting by the door for your child to get their act together. He is running. He is running. And he will meet the thread wherever it is.

So hold on. Don't stop praying. Don't stop watching the horizon. And hold on to this promise like your life depends on it—because it does:

“He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion—*epiteleo* (*eh-pee-teh-LEH-oh*), to bring to a full end—until the day of Christ Jesus.”

— Philippians 1:6

He who began the work will complete it. Not you. Him. Your job is to keep showing up, keep praying, and keep the porch light on. The Weaver will handle the rest.

Selah — Stop and Consider

Before you turn this page, I want you to sit with three things:

Read Matthew 18:1-14 in full. The whole passage. Notice how Jesus moves from the child in the center to the millstone warning and then directly into the parable of the lost sheep. That is not a random arrangement. The child and the lost sheep are the same thread in the eyes of the Shepherd. He will leave the ninety-nine to go after the one. Will you?

Identify the gap. Is the God your children see in your daily life—in your anger, your patience, your screen time, your marriage, your failures—the same God you confess on Sunday morning? If there is a gap, name it. Not to condemn yourself. To close it.

Be the village. Who is a child in your church, your neighborhood, your family whose thread needs another adult to show up? Not to replace their parents—to reinforce them. Be the mentor, the coach, the adult who says, “I see you and you matter.” One thread can change a life. Yours might be the one God is calling to show up for someone else’s child.

CHAPTER NINE

Stewardship of the Loom

What You Do With What You Have Is Who You Actually Are

“Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moths and vermin destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. But store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moths and vermin do not destroy, and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be as well.”

Matthew 6:19–21

Let me tell you something that might make you shift in your seat a little.

A remarkable number of Jesus’ parables—some scholars count nearly a third of them—deal with money, possessions, and what’s really going on in the human heart when it comes to wealth. A third. He talked about money more than he talked about heaven and hell combined. And he didn’t bring it up because he needed a donation. He brought it up because he could see—with a clarity that only God himself possesses—the direct line between what a person does with their wallet and what is actually happening in the deepest chamber of their soul.

Jesus understood something most of us spend a lifetime avoiding: money is not a neutral object. It is not simply a tool, a means of exchange, a practical matter that sits quietly in your pocket until you decide what to do with it. Money is a spiritual matter. “No one can serve two masters,” he said. “You cannot serve both God and money.” Not “you probably shouldn’t.” Not “it would be wise to avoid it.” You cannot.

Your actions with your possessions accurately reflect your beliefs about God. More accurate than your theology. More precise than your church attendance. It’s more accurate than the spiritual language you use or how sincerely you pray. Because anyone can say the right things about trusting God. I’ve heard beautiful prayers from people who were quietly hoarding everything they owned out of fear. I’ve watched

people sing “I Surrender All” on Sunday morning and clutch their checkbooks with white knuckles on Monday.

But the bank statement tells the truth. The budget tells the truth. The way you respond when someone asks you to give something you worked hard for—that tells the actual story.

Your checkbook is a theological document. It speaks in a language that you cannot edit for public consumption. Where your treasure is, there your heart is. Not where you say your heart is. Where your treasure actually goes.

Everything belongs to the Weaver

Before we can have an honest conversation about stewardship, we have to lay the foundation that makes stewardship make sense. And here it is—the truth that will either set you free or make you furious:

Nothing you have is yours.

Sit with that for a moment. Let it land.

“The earth is the Lord’s, and everything in it, the world, and all who live in it.”

Psalm 24:1

“The silver is mine, and the gold is mine,” declares the Lord Almighty.

Haggai 2:8

Everything in it. Not just the portion you haven’t earned yet. Not just the resources that came through inheritance or windfall rather than sweat. Everything. The earth and everything in it belongs to the Lord. Including the portion of it that currently passes through your hands.

And this, friend, is the first and most liberating truth of biblical stewardship: you are not an owner. You are an *oikonomos* (pronounced oy-koh-NO-moss)—a Greek word that means “household manager” or “steward.” Not the master of the estate. The one entrusted with managing someone else’s property. You receive a portion of the Master Weaver’s resources for a season, and He expects you to use them in ways that align with His purposes and character.

Do you feel the weight lift? Ownership's weight was never yours to bear. You were meant to carry the joy of stewardship.

The parable of the talents in Matthew 25:14–30 does not primarily concern financial investment—though many have preached it that way a thousand times. It's about the fundamental relationship between the master and the servant. A man goes on a journey. He entrusts his property to three servants in varying amounts, each according to their ability. And when he returns, his question is not, “How much did you accumulate?” His question is devastatingly simple: “What did you do with what I gave you?”

Two servants invested. They risked. They put the resources to work and produced a return. And the master's response was the same to both: “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

But the third servant? He hid his talent away. He avoided taking risks. He protected the resource from every risk. When the master returned, that servant returned it in the same condition the master had given it, essentially saying, “Here. I kept it safe for you.”

No one praised him for his caution. They condemned him for his fear.

Because fear is the opposite of stewardship. Fear hoards. Faith invests. Fear asks, “What if I lose it?” Faith asks, “What could it become in the Master's hands?”

Jesus taught, “If you are faithful with a little, you will be faithful with much.”

The question the Weaver will ask about every resource He placed in your hands is not whether you kept it safe. It's whether you put it to work for His kingdom. And here's the hard truth: safety and stewardship are often opposites.

THE PHARISEE AND THE FAITHFUL STEWARD

There are two ways to relate to resources in the Kingdom of God. They look similar from the outside. From the inside, they could not be more different.

The first is the way of the Pharisees.

The Pharisees were meticulous about money. They calculated their ma'aser (pronounced mah-ah-SAIR)—the Hebrew term for the tithe—with a precision that would impress any accountant. They tithed on the smallest herbs in their gardens.

Mint. Dill. Cumin. They had the mechanics of giving exactly right. Every decimal point, every percentage, every rule—followed to the letter.

And Jesus looked at them and said they had neglected the things that actually mattered: justice, mercy, and faithfulness.

Pharisaical stewardship is rule-keeping in the service of self. The amount provided is exactly sufficient for the obligation, and no more. While protecting its comfort, it acts as if it's generous. It tithes on Tuesday and hoards on Wednesday. It produces people who are technically compliant but spiritually bankrupt. People who can show you their giving records but whose neighbors are going hungry.

The second way is the way of faithful stewardship. And it begins not with a percentage but with a posture. It begins with the settled, deep-in-your-bones conviction that everything belongs to the Weaver—and that generosity is not a requirement to endure but a privilege to enjoy.

“Remember this: Whoever sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and whoever sows generously will also reap generously. Each of you should give what you have decided in your heart to give, not reluctantly or under compulsion, for God loves a cheerful giver.”

2 Corinthians 9:6–7

Now, here's something beautiful. The Greek word translated “cheerful” is *hilaros* (pronounced *hah-lah-ROSS*). We get our English word *hilarious* from it. While the term emphasizes a joyous, willing readiness rather than comedic laughter, think about the implications: God loves a hilarious giver. Someone who gives with the delight and holy recklessness that makes the giving itself worship. Someone whose generosity is so out of proportion to what “makes sense” that it makes other people laugh—or shake their heads—or ask, “Why would you do that?”

That kind of giving doesn't come from obligation. It comes from a heart that the grace of God has wrecked. It's a response to the cross—the place where we finally understood what it cost the Weaver to weave us back into the pattern.

“For you know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, so that you through his poverty might become rich.”

2 Corinthians 8:9

When you really grasp that—when the cross moves from a doctrine in your head to a reality in your chest—giving stops being a sacrifice and starts being a privilege. You're not losing anything. You're investing in the only economy that will never crash.

THE PROSPERITY LIE AND THE POVERTY LIE

Let me be direct with you. Two lies about money have done enormous damage to the body of Christ. And like all effective lies, each one contains just enough truth to be believable.

The first is the prosperity gospel. It is a lie. Full stop. It is a transactional distortion that treats giving as a spiritual investment strategy—"plant a seed to get a harvest." It turns God into a divine vending machine. Put in your tithe, pull the lever, out comes a blessing. Name it and claim it. Sow and reap. This is not what the Bible teaches. The God of Scripture is not a slot machine that pays out when you insert enough faith.

What the Bible teaches is that God provides for His people—faithfully, lovingly, and according to His wisdom, not ours.

"And my God will meet all your needs according to the riches of his glory in Christ Jesus."

Philippians 4:19

Your needs. Not your desires. Your lifestyle aspirations are not it. Not the luxury car you've been "believing God for." Your needs. And He meets them according to His riches—which means the supply is limitless, even when the delivery doesn't look the way you expected.

But the poverty gospel is also a lie. And it's one that doesn't get called out nearly enough. This is the teaching—sometimes spoken, often just implied—that money itself is corrupt. That financial success is inherently incompatible with genuine discipleship. That if you're really following Jesus, you should be broke.

The Bible doesn't support this. Abraham was wealthy. David was wealthy. Solomon was legendarily wealthy. Lydia of Philippi was a successful businesswoman. Joseph of Arimathea was a rich man who provided the tomb for Jesus' burial. Zacchaeus was a wealthy tax collector whose repentance didn't express itself by becoming poor—it expressed itself through radical, extravagant generosity.

The Bible does not condemn wealth. It warns about the love of wealth. “For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil”—and the Greek word for this is *philarguria* (pronounced fil-ar-goo-REE-ah), which literally means “love of silver.” The problem was never the silver. The problem is when the silver has your heart.

The rich young ruler in Mark 10:17–22 walked away from Jesus—and think about that: he walked away from Jesus—not because his wealth was the problem, but because his wealth was his god. He had built his identity, his security, and his sense of self around what he owned. And when Jesus asked him to surrender that, he couldn’t do it. He was owned by his possessions.

The question is never “how much do you have?” The question is always, “Who has you?”

Running a business GOD’S way

The principles of biblical stewardship don’t stop at your personal finances. They apply to every structure through which resources flow—including your business, your side hustle, your career, and the way you lead.

“Dishonest scales are an abomination to the Lord, but accurate weights find favor with Him.”

Proverbs 11:1

God cares about how business is done. A business run according to the character of the Weaver—with integrity, transparency, and a genuine concern for every person it touches—is one of the most powerful witnesses the world will ever see. Not because it’s perfect. Because it’s different. In a marketplace where people expect to be cheated, a business that tells the truth is a sermon without a pulpit.

We are called to “Honor the Lord with your wealth, with the firstfruits of all your crops.” This is the Hebrew concept of *bikkurim* (pronounced bih-koo-REEM)—the first and best portion belongs to God. Not the leftovers. Not what’s convenient. The first and the best.

“Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for human masters... It is the Lord Christ you are serving.”

Colossians 3:23–24

Whatever you do. That covers everything. The spreadsheet. The sales conversation. A tough talk with an employee not meeting expectations. Opting for the economical shortcut versus taking the proper, costlier way. All of it is worship—or it's not. There is no neutral ground in the kingdom.

TIME: THE MOST DEMOCRATICALLY DISTRIBUTED RESOURCE

Every person alive today—billionaire and broke, famous and forgotten—receives exactly twenty-four hours in the next twenty-four hours. No more. No less. This is the one resource that people cannot save, store, or recover once they spend it. And it is the resource most of us treat most carelessly.

“Be very careful, then, how you live—not as unwise but as wise, making the most of every opportunity, because the days are evil.”

Ephesians 5:15–16

The Greek word for “making the most of” is *exagorazo* (pronounced ex-ah-gor-AH-zo), and it means “to buy up” or “to redeem from waste.” Think about that language. Paul isn't suggesting we manage our time politely. He's saying we should buy it back. Redeem it. Snatch every moment from the jaws of waste like a merchant who sees a deal that won't last.

And the word for “time” here isn't *chronos*—ordinary, clock-ticking, second-by-second time. It's *kairos* (pronounced kai-ROSS)—appointed time. Opportune time. The time that carries weight and purpose, and divine intention. The time you were born for.

We must redeem our *kairos* moments. Because how you spend your hours is how you spend your life. And how you spend your life is the story you're telling with the time the Weaver gave you.

So let me ask you: what are you doing with your twenty-four hours? Instead of observing others' best moments, why not focus on cultivating the potential God has placed within you? Are you binge-watching your way through seasons that were meant for sowing? Are you busy—but busy with the wrong things?

Time is a thread in the loom, too. And the Weaver notices what you do with every inch.

EXPANDING THE LOOM

The culmination of biblical stewardship is not accumulation. It is an expansion. Expansion of the pattern. Expansion of the kingdom of God through the surrendered resources of His people.

And the most stunning example of this in all of Scripture involves a widow and two coins.

In Mark 12:41–44, Jesus is watching people put money into the temple treasury. The wealthy walk up and drop in large amounts. And then a poor widow comes forward and puts in two lepta (pronounced lep-TAH)—the smallest copper coins in circulation. Practically worthless by any financial measure.

And Jesus stops everything. He calls his disciples over. And he says something that should stop us in our tracks:

“Truly I tell you, this poor widow has put more into the treasury than all the others... she, out of her poverty, put in everything—all she had to live on.”

Mark 12:43–44

All she had to live on.

She didn't give two coins into a treasury that didn't need them. Into the hands of a Weaver who perceives what stems from a surrendered heart, she delivered them. She gave from a place of total trust—the trust that makes heaven take notice.

The amount was irrelevant. The posture was everything.

We are all called to this. The posture of an open hand. Not the clenched fist that says, “This is mine and I'm holding on.” The open hand that says, “This is yours, and I'm ready to release it whenever you ask.”

As 1 Peter 4:10 says: “Each of you should use whatever gift you have received to serve others, as faithful stewards of God's grace in its various forms.”

Any gift. Whatever resource. The Weaver gave you any talent, time, treasure, or opportunity so that you could give it away. The Weaver entrusted it to you for investment. It became part of your story, enabling the loom to expand through your generosity.

A WORD TO THE WEARY GIVER

I need to speak to someone right now. You know who you are.

You've been faithful. For years, perhaps even decades, you have given. You tithed when it hurt. No one noticed your service. You've sown into ministries and missions and people's lives, and you've done it quietly, consistently, without fanfare, without applause. And honestly? You are exhausted. You're questioning if any of it had significance. Not a single shoot is visible coming up through the soil, even though you're looking at the seeds you planted.

Hear me: the Weaver sees every thread of your faithfulness.

“Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up.”

Galatians 6:9

At the proper time. Not your timeline. His. And His timing is flawless, even when it feels unbearably slow.

The harvest from seeds you cannot see is being tended right now by hands that never sleep. The Weaver will present your full return on investments made in eternity—in changed lives, in answered prayers, in the quiet expansion of the Kingdom through your faithfulness—at the proper time.

Keep going. Don't quit. Don't let weariness fool you into thinking your faithfulness was for nothing. God wastes nothing given to Him. Not a single cent. Not even an hour. Not a single prayer. You didn't shed a single tear in secret, wondering if anyone cared.

He noticed. He remembers. And He rewards.

SELAH: STOP AND CONSIDER

Before you turn the page, pause. This is not information to be consumed. It's truth to be lived. Sit with these questions—and answer them honestly, even if the answers are uncomfortable:

One: Pull up your last three months of spending—bank statements, credit cards, all of it. Look at the pattern. Not what you meant to spend. What you actually spent. What does that pattern tell you about where your trust really lives?

Two: Where are you operating like the Pharisee—giving just enough to fulfill the obligation but not enough to actually require faith? Where is your giving comfortable when it should be costly?

Three: Read Matthew 6:19–34 and Matthew 25:14–30. Then ask the Holy Spirit directly: What talent am I burying right now because I'm afraid?

Four: What is one specific, concrete act of generosity you can do this week that would require you to trust God in a way you haven't before?

Pray this with me:

“But who am I... that we should be able to give as generously as this? Everything comes from you, and we have given you only what comes from your hand.”

1 Chronicles 29:14

CHAPTER TEN

The Great Tapestry

You were born for this moment in history

“After this I looked, and there before me was a great multitude that no one could count from every nation, tribe, people and language, standing before the throne and before the Lamb. They were wearing white robes and holding palm branches in their hands. And they cried out in a loud voice: “Salvation belongs to our God, who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb.” — Revelation 7:9-10.

John saw it from a prison island.

Patmos. A rock in the Aegean Sea. The Roman Empire's idea of silencing an old preacher who wouldn't stop talking about a crucified carpenter from Nazareth. The Roman Empire cut John off from every church he'd helped plant and every disciple he'd helped form. An old man—probably in his nineties—at the tail end of a life that had cost him everything except the life itself. His brothers in the faith? Dead. Most of them violently. The movement he had given his entire existence to? Being systematically hunted by the most powerful empire the world had ever produced.

By any external measure, the story looked like it was losing.

And then God pulled back the curtain.

What John saw on the other side was not a minor victory. Not a modest success. Not a scrappy movement that had somehow hung on by its fingernails. What John saw was a multitude that no one could count. Standing before the throne. From every nation. Each tribe. Every person. Every language that had ever rolled off a human tongue—from the moment God breathed the first word into the first man to the moment the last language on earth produced its last prayer.

Every thread. In the pattern. Complete.

This is the vision the Weaver has been working toward since Genesis 1. This is the completed tapestry. And it is so vast, so staggeringly comprehensive, so impossibly beautiful that the only response available to those standing before it is worship. Loud worship. The kind that doesn't need a worship leader on a stage because it's completely spontaneous and completely unanimous—the natural overflow of finally seeing the full pattern after a lifetime of working on a single section of it.

Can you imagine that moment? Can you picture what it will feel like to finally—finally—see what all of it was for?

Everything in this book—every chapter, every thread, every weave point, every broken place being restored—has been building toward this image. A multitude that no one can count. Every nation. Every tongue. Standing before the Lamb. This is where the story ends. This is where your thread ends up. And friend, it is worth everything it costs to get there.

The Scope of What God Is Building

We've spent most of this book close to the ground. In the garden. At home. In the local church. In the ordinary, unglamorous moments of daily discipleship where nobody is watching, and no one is applauding. And that is exactly where the work gets done—in the close, specific, face-to-face weave of one life touching another.

But every craftsman needs to step back from the detail work once in a while and see the full scope of what they're building. In Hebrew, the concept of the great assembly or congregation is the Qahal (kah-HAHL)—the great gathering of the Weaver's people. Because here's the danger: the detail work without the larger vision produces people who mistake the section they're working on for the whole tapestry. Who gets discouraged when their section isn't progressing at the rate they hoped? Who measure the success of the mission by the growth of their local expression of it rather

than by the unstoppable, global, eschatological advance of the Kingdom that is happening whether or not they can see it.

So let me tell you something that might surprise you.

The mission of God is not struggling. It has never been struggling. The Church is the largest voluntary association of human beings in world history. It is present in every nation on Earth. And it is growing faster in the places where the cost of belonging to it is highest—in the global south, in the persecuted church of Asia and the Middle East and Africa, in underground communities of faith in nations where naming the name of Jesus is a capital offense. In those places, the Church is not declining. It is exploding. Threads are being drawn into the pattern at a rate that the comfortable Western expression of Christianity can barely imagine.

The Weaver is not behind schedule. He has never been. He will never be. Every delay that has looked like a setback from within human history has been part of patience that Peter described with words that should recalibrate every anxious assessment of the state of the world:

“The Lord is not slow in keeping his promise, as some understand slowness. Instead, he is patient with you, not wanting anyone to perish, but everyone to come to repentance.” — 2 Peter 3:9.

Read that again, a weakness slowly. The delay is not a weakness. The delay is love.

We can add another thread daily until we finish the tapestry. Another prodigal can turn toward home. Another person in a far country can hear the Father running toward them and feel, for the first time in their life, the weight of being loved before they had anything to offer.

The Weaver is waiting for every thread He has ordained to be woven in. And when the last one enters the pattern, the tapestry will be complete. Not a day before. Not a moment later.

Israel: The Thread That Was Always There

We can't talk about the great tapestry without talking about Israel. And I know—I know—some of you just tensed up. You're wondering if this book is about to take a political turn or wade into a theological minefield you'd rather avoid.

I'm not here with a political agenda. I'm not trying to enter the minefield of contemporary geopolitics through a side door marked theology. However, the Bible strongly emphasizes Israel, making it impossible to bypass this topic honestly. A book that attempts to trace God's story from Genesis to Revelation without addressing Israel is careless or dishonest. I refuse to be with you.

The thread of Israel runs through the entire tapestry. It begins with the Olam (oh-LAHM)—the everlasting covenant God made with Abraham. As Genesis 12:3 declares:

I will bless those who bless you, and I will curse whoever curses you;

That thread continues from Abraham leaving everything he knew in obedience to a Voice he had never heard before, through the nation that descended from his faith. Through the Law and the Prophets and the Psalms and the history books of the Old Testament. Through the exile and the return and the Second Temple period and the coming of Messiah—born into a Jewish family, in a Jewish town, to fulfill Jewish prophecy written by Jewish prophets for a Jewish audience. And through to the present day. And into a future that those same prophets described with a specificity that should make anyone reading the morning news and the book of Romans at the same time stop and pay very close attention.

Two distortions about Israel have done enormous damage to the Church's understanding of the tapestry. Both need to be named. Directly.

The first is antisemitism. The grotesque, historically catastrophic, theologically indefensible hatred of the Jewish people that has at various points in history worn the clothing of Christian doctrine and committed atrocities in the name of a Jewish Messiah against His own people. This is not a peripheral error. It serves as a basis. The God who made an everlasting covenant with Abraham would not act in this way. It contradicts the testimony of the Apostle Paul, who declared in Romans 11:1: "Did God reject his people? By no means!" And it has done more to close Jewish hearts to the Gospel of the Jewish Messiah than perhaps any other single factor in two thousand years of Church history.

Let me say this plainly: the Church owes Israel a repentance that most of the Church has not yet fully offered.

The second distortion is replacement theology—the teaching that the Church has replaced Israel in God's redemptive purposes. Proponents of this view argue that the Church has completely taken over the covenants originally made with Abraham, David,

and Israel, and that God's plan no longer includes the Jewish people as a separate entity.

This teaching is also wrong. Paul addresses it directly and at length in Romans 9 through 11, using language so clear that the only way to miss it is to not read it:

\“I ask then: Did God reject his people? By no means! I am an Israelite myself, a descendant of Abraham, from the tribe of Benjamin. God did not reject his people, whom he foreknew. Again I ask: Did they stumble to fall beyond recovery? Not at all! Rather, because of their transgression, salvation has come to the Gentiles to make Israel envious.\” — Romans 11:1-2, 11

Did you catch that? Salvation has come to the Gentiles to make Israel envious. It is not a replacement. That is provocation. That is the Weaver using the inclusion of one group to draw in another. The Gentile Church's intention was not to look at Israel and say, “We have replaced you.”

God always intended to weave the Jewish and Gentile threads together. Ephesians 2 says Jesus made the two one. One new humanity. Not one replacing the other. Both brought nearby the blood of Christ, both essential to the full expression of the tapestry, both part of the completed picture that Revelation 7:9 describes.

You cannot understand where history is going without understanding Israel's place in the pattern. Because the Weaver made a covenant with Abraham that He has never broken and will never break. His gifts and His call are irrevocable—*ametamēlēta* (ah-meh-tah-MEH-lay-tah). And the thread of that covenant runs all the way to the end of the tapestry.

The Signs of the Season

Jesus was remarkably specific about what the season before His return would look like. Not specific enough to allow precise date-setting—He was explicit that no one knows the day or the hour, but the Father alone. But specific enough that the generation living inside those conditions could recognize the season.

He said there would be wars and rumors of wars. Nations rising against nations. Kingdom against kingdom. He predicted famines and earthquakes in various places. He said wickedness would increase and the love of most would grow cold. He said that the generation that saw these things beginning would see them to their completion. And then He said something that should stop every one of us in our tracks:

And messengers will proclaim this gospel of the kingdom to the entire world as a testimony to all nations, and then the end will come.

He described a world that would be simultaneously more connected and more fractured. More technologically capable and spiritually empty. More saturated with information and more starved of truth. A world in which the speed of communication would speed up the spread of both the Gospel and the counterfeit to a degree no previous generation could have imagined.

We don't need to speculate about whether that world has arrived.

We are living in it.

Now—this is not an invitation to fear. Fear is not the point. Clarity is. The sober, eyes-open, Spirit-directed assessment of the moment that Scripture describes in 1 Chronicles 12:32—the tribe of Issachar, men who understood the times and knew what Israel should do.

The disciple who understands the times doesn't panic. They prioritize. When the tapestry is complete, they cease expending the hour's urgency on matters that won't be significant. They ask the Weaver what He wants them to do and what He wants them to do now—in this specific season, with the specific placement they occupy in the pattern.

The Weaver deliberately placed the generation in this section of the tapestry. You did not arrive at this moment by accident. The Weaver did not look at the complexity and darkness of this season and decide to put His weakest threads in it. He put the threads he trusted with this moment here. The Weaver formed the specific color, texture, and history of these threads for this exact weave point.

You are one of them.

The Fullness of the Gentiles

Paul describes in Romans 11:25 a concept that carries enormous weight for understanding where the tapestry is in its completion:

"I do not want you to be ignorant of this mystery (mystērion, moo-STAY-ree-on), brothers and sisters, so that you may not be conceited: Israel has experienced a hardening in part until the full number (plērōma, PLAY-ro-mah) of the Gentiles has come in." — Romans 11:25

Let that sink in.

There is a number. The Weaver knows an exact number of Gentile threads written in the book before it came to be, which he must weave into the pattern before the tapestry reaches its completion. Not an approximate number. Not a ballpark. An exact count. And every single thread that enters the Kingdom moves that count one closer.

Do you understand what this means?

It means every act of evangelism is not just obedience to the Great Commission. It is participation in the tapestry's completion. Every person who hears the Gospel and says yes moves the needle. Every seed planted and watered by the Holy Spirit and brought to harvest is one thread closer to the full number. And when the full number of the Gentiles has come in, the text is breathtakingly clear about what follows.

Romans 11:26 declares, "All Israel will be saved."

Paul draws this from the prophets, pointing to the Deliverer—the Go'el (go-EL)—who will come from Zion and turn godlessness away from Jacob. The prophetic promise also supported this in Zechariah 12:10, where God pours out a spirit of grace and supplication on the house of David so they look on the One they have pierced.

This is the covenant. Unbreakable. The completion of the Gentile mission triggers the fulfillment of the covenant with Israel, which together produce the completed tapestry of Revelation 7:9. Every nation. Each tribe. Every person. Every language. All of it. Together. Before the throne.

The mission is not just about individual souls—though every soul matters infinitely to the heart of God. It is about the completion of a cosmic tapestry that the Weaver began before time and will finish at the end. Every thread matters because each thread is part of the count. Part of the completion. Part of the answer to the prayer you and I pray every time we open our mouths to God: Your kingdom come.

Living with Urgency and Hope

There is a tension in everything we've said in this chapter that needs to be named and held rather than resolved too quickly.

On one side is urgency. The season has progressed significantly. The indicators are there. Completion of the full number is underway. There is no time to waste on things that don't matter eternally. No margin for the comfortable, non-threatening,

culturally accommodated Christianity that costs nothing and changes nothing and offends no one and transforms no one.

On the other side is hope. Not a dream—that's not hope, that's denial in a Sunday dress. I mean the specific, anchored, biblically grounded hope that comes from knowing how the story ends before you have to live through the middle of it. The hope Paul describes in Romans 5:5—the hope that does not disappoint, because the Holy Spirit, whom God has given us, has poured God's love into our hearts. The hope that allows us to wait patiently for what we do not yet see (Romans 8:24-25).

Here's the thing. The disciple who lives with urgency without hope? They burn out. The disciple who lives with hope without urgency? They drift. But the disciple who holds both simultaneously—the urgency that comes from understanding the times and the hope that comes from knowing the Weaver's hands never leave the loom—that disciple is dangerous to the kingdom of darkness in the best possible way.

“Therefore, since such a great cloud of witnesses surrounds us, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles. And let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us, fixing our eyes on Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of faith. For the joy set before him he endured the cross, scorning its shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God.” — Hebrews 12:1-2.

Jesus is our Archēgos (ar-khay-GOS)—our pioneer, our captain, the One who blazed the trail through death itself and came out the other side alive. And He is the Teleiōtēs (tel-ay-oh-TACE)—the perfecter, the completer of our faith. He started it. He finishes it. And he's not done with you yet.

A great cloud of witnesses surrounds us. The threads that have already woven in. The ones who ran their section of the race and finished it. Abraham and Moses and David and Isaiah and Mary and Paul and Peter and Lydia and Rahab. They are watching us run ours.

So throw off everything that hinders. The comfort that has become a cage. The fear that has become an excuse. Weaving has stopped because of bitterness towards the Church. The wound you've carried so long that it has become an identity.

Throw it off. The race is marked out. The weaver's hands are on the loom.

Run.

Your Thread in the Grand Design

Let me bring this chapter home to the most personal place I can take it.

You've seen the scope now. The cosmic scale of what the Weaver is building. And I want you to hold that vastness right alongside the most intimate truth you will ever encounter: the Weaver who is building something of cosmic proportions knows your name.

Not generically. Not as a unit in a large count. He knows your name, just as He knew Jeremiah's name before He formed him in the womb. He knows the hair on your head. He has collected your tears. He understands what causes you to wake up at three in the morning. He understands your deepest, unspoken hopes. He is aware.

The God who is simultaneously completing a tapestry of cosmic proportions is simultaneously, personally, specifically occupied with the weaving of your individual thread. As Psalm 139:16 says:

Your eyes observed my unformed body;

Both are true at the same time. The vastness and intimacy. The great multitude no one can count, and the one sheep the Shepherd leaves ninety-nine to find. God is not making you feel lost in the size of what He is building. You are essential to it. The completed tapestry has a section that only your thread fills. A color that only your life provides. A space in the pattern that goes empty if you don't show up.

The generation you were born is not an accident. The specific moment in human history that you occupy—with its particular challenges and its particular access to tools of mission that no previous generation has had—is not random. God placed you here. For this.

The tapestry is not complete without you. And the Weaver has not finished with you yet.

[הָלַקְוּ]{dir="rtl"} (SELAH) — Stop and Consider

Someone just showed you the full scope of what you're part of. Don't let the size of it make you feel small. Let the size of it make you feel called.

When you read the Weaver is patient, not wanting anyone to perish—who comes to mind? Not abstractly. A face. A name. What would faithfulness look like toward that person this week?

Have you ever truly wrestled with the Church's relationship to Israel and the Jewish people? Open Romans 9 through 11 this week. Read it slowly, as if for the first time. Ask the Holy Spirit to show you what you've been missing.

Someone placed you in this specific moment in history on purpose. What needs to change in how you use your time, your resources, and your relationships because you understand the times?

Open your Bible tonight and read Revelation 7:9-17. Slowly. Read it not as ancient prophecy but as a destination. Your destination.

Read Hebrews 12:1-3 and ask the Holy Spirit to show you what you need to throw off. Then run. Not next Sunday. Not when things calm down. Today.

The witnesses are watching.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Legacy Threads

What you leave behind is how you are still weaving

“For I am already being poured out like a drink offering, and the time for my departure is near. I have fought the good fight; I have finished the race; I have kept the faith. Now there is in store for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day—and not only to me but also to all who have longed for his appearing.”

2 Timothy 4:6–8

Picture the scene with me.

An old man sits in a Roman dungeon. Not a metaphorical prison—a real one. The kind with cold stone walls that sweat in the dark, chains that have worn grooves into your wrists, and air thick with the smell of decay. He has been to similar places before. He has written letters from cells like this. He's sung hymns at midnight while the guards stared in disbelief. He's turned incarceration into a pulpit more times than he can count.

But this time is different. And he knows it.

This time, Paul is not walking out. The “departure” he speaks of—*análysis* (ah-NAH-loo-sis)—is not a journey to the next city. It’s an execution. The Roman sword is coming. And what does this man, chained in the dark, write to his young protégé, Timothy?

This is not a complaint. No regrets are on this list.

A declaration.

I have fought the good fight. I have finished the race. I kept my faith.

Three statements. Three perfect tenses in the original Greek. *Ēgōnismai* (ήγωνίσμαι—ay-go-NIS-my)—I have completed, and the competition is complete. *Teteleka* (τετελεκα—teh-TEH-leh-kah)—I have finished and the finish stands. *Tetēreka* (τετηρηκα—teh-TAY-reh-kah)—I have guarded the faith, and it remains guarded.

Here’s what stops me every time I read this. The ending cry Jesus uttered on the cross, *tetelestai*, shares the same root as Paul’s word for “finished,” *tetelestai*. Do you see it? Paul’s completion mirrored Christ’s own. The student’s last words echo the Master’s.

And then there’s that image: “poured out like a drink offering.” The Greek word *spendomai* (SPEN-doh-my) points back to the Hebrew *nesekh* ([נִסְחָה]{dir=“rtl”}—NEH-sekh)—the wine libation poured out completely alongside a sacrifice. Not a sip. Not half a cup. Every. Last. Drop.

Paul knew something most of us spend our entire lives trying to learn:

The question is not how long you lived. The question is what you left.

WHAT A LEGACY THREAD ACTUALLY IS

Let me ask you something. If I handed you a single thread—just one—and told you to measure its value, how would you do it?

Most of us would reach for a ruler. We’d measure its length. And that’s how the world measures a life, isn’t it? How many years did you get? How many decades? The size of the property. How long the obituary is. The number of zeros in the bank account.

But the Weaver doesn’t measure threads by length. He measures them by what they contribute to the pattern. Some of the shortest threads in the tapestry carry colors so essential that without them—without them—the whole design would be incomplete.

A legacy thread is not what you own. It's what you transferred. The faith that traveled through the texture of your everyday life into the lives that brushed up against yours. It's the conversations at the kitchen table. The prayers your kids overheard when they were supposed to be sleeping. The way you handled that crisis at work when no one was watching—except that someone was always watching.

So the most famous legacy threads in Scripture are rarely the most publicly visible.

Take Lois and Eunice. You'll find them in 2 Timothy 1:5—Timothy's grandmother and mother. Eunice also appears briefly in Acts 16:1 as a Jewish believer. That's it. Two women. Essentially, one verse of fame between them. Any books of the Bible do not bear their names. No sermons recorded. No miracles attributed. And yet—hear me on this—without their sincere faith being poured into Timothy, there is no Timothy. And without Timothy, there are whole portions of Paul's mission that simply do not happen.

"I am reminded of your sincere faith, which first lived in your grandmother Lois and in your mother Eunice and, I am persuaded, now lives in you as well."

2 Timothy 1:5

Read that again, slowly. The faith lived in Lois. Then it lived in Eunice. Then it lived in Timothy. The same faith, moving through generations like a thread passing through a loom. These women didn't just believe. They lived their faith in front of the one who was watching. Day after day. Year after year.

This fulfills the ancient command of the Shema (Deuteronomy 6:4–9)—to impress God's words upon our children, to talk about them when we walk along the road, when we sit down, when we get up. Not in a classroom. In a life.

Friend, you will never leave a legacy more powerful than one carved in marble. It's carried in a person's sustained, daily, unremarkable contact with yours.

THE ART OF FINISHING WELL

Now here's where I need to be honest with you, because not every thread finishes the way Paul's did.

Solomon started with wisdom so extraordinary that kings traveled across deserts to hear it. He finished with a heart divided, pulled apart by foreign gods and the women who worshiped them (1 Kings 11:1–6). Samson had the Spirit of God on him from the

womb and squandered it on appetite after appetite—until one last, broken prayer in a Philistine prison gave him one last act of faithfulness (Judges 16:28–30). King Saul entered the story with such humility that he hid among the baggage on his coronation day. He exited it, consulting a witch in the dark. And Demas—Paul’s own companion—deserted the mission because he “loved this present world” (2 Timothy 4:10).

Loved this present world. Four words that should make every one of us pause.

Finishing well is not automatic. Let me say that louder for everyone in the back. Finishing well is not automatic. It results from a thousand daily decisions to stay close to the central thread. Choosing to worship, even when you don’t feel like it, is it? While Netflix is easier, opening Word is also an option. It’s confessing sin to a trusted friend when hiding feels safer. It’s getting back up after a fall instead of just lying there.

Hebrews 12:1–2 tells us to “run with perseverance the race marked out for us,” fixing our eyes on Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of faith. Not glancing at Jesus. Not occasionally checking in with Jesus. Fixing our eyes. The way a runner locks onto the finish line and refuses to look anywhere else.

Here’s what I’ve learned: The enemy rarely tries to destroy the mature believer with a sudden catastrophe. His strategy is subtler than that. It’s the slow erosion of urgency. The quiet permission to coast. The whisper that says, “You’ve done enough. You’ve earned a break. Let the younger ones carry it now.”

The antidote to coasting is greater proximity to Jesus. You cannot—you simply cannot—stay close to Him and stand still. His invitation is always the same, from the first day to the last:

“Follow me.”

WRITING YOUR STORY DOWN

Now let me give you something practical. Something you can do this week.

Write it down.

Not just a financial will—though you should have one of those too. I’m talking about a spiritual will. The story of your faith. Your testimony, not as a polished Sunday morning performance, but as the raw, honest, sometimes messy record of what God has done in your actual life.

Write the prayers that were answered—and the ones you’re still waiting on. When everything else was falling apart, the central thread held firm through the moments of crisis. Write the places where you failed, because those might be the most important parts of all. Your great-grandchildren don’t need to hear that you were perfect. They need to hear that God was faithful when you weren’t.

Do this for the people who will come after you. The faith that arrives carrying a real, human story—with scars and tears and hallelujahs—takes root differently than faith received as abstract theology. It knows the Weaver is faithful because someone who came before kept a record.

“We will not hide them from their descendants; we will tell the next generation the praiseworthy deeds of the Lord... so the next generation would know them... and they would tell their children.”

Psalm 78:4–7

Did you catch the chain? One generation tells. The next generation knows. And then they tell. Testimony does not transmit itself. It must be deliberately and intentionally passed.

The “children yet to be born”—those are Psalm 78’s words—are waiting for your story. Especially the hard parts. Especially the chapters where the Weaver’s faithfulness was most visible against the darkest backdrop of your life.

Write it in a letter. Record it in a journal. Leave it in a voice message on your phone. I don’t care what format you use. Just don’t take it with you.

THE MENTOR AND THE PROTÉGÉ

In 1 Kings 19, we find one of the most human moments in the entire Bible. Elijah—the prophet who called down fire from heaven—is hiding in a cave, exhausted, depressed, and asking God to let him die. And God’s response is not a rebuke. It’s an assignment.

Go find Elisha.

Elijah walked into a field where a young man was plowing and threw his *addereṯh* ([אֲדֶרֶת]{dir="rtl"}—ah-DEH-ret)—his prophetic mantle, his cloak of calling and authority, around Elisha’s shoulders. This wasn’t just a garment. In that culture, it was a transfer of identity. It said: What I carry is now yours to carry.

And Elisha's response? It was radical. He burned his plowing equipment. Slaughtered his oxen. Threw a barbecue for the entire neighborhood with the wood from his old life (1 Kings 19:19–21). This wasn't a man keeping a backup plan. This was an irreversible declaration: I am going where the mantle goes.

Because Elisha stayed close—because he served faithfully, year after year, in the unglamorous shadow of another man's ministry—he eventually received a “double portion” (pi shenayim—pee sheh-NAH-yim) of Elijah's spirit (2 Kings 2:9–14). This wasn't greed. In Israelite inheritance law, the firstborn received a double portion. Elisha was asking to be recognized as the spiritual heir.

And he got it. Not because he demanded it. Because he stayed.

This is the four-generation chain of legacy that Paul describes in 2 Timothy 2:2: “And the things you have heard me say... entrust to reliable people who will also be qualified to teach others.” Paul to Timothy. Timothy to faithful people. Faithful people to others. Four links in a chain that has been extending for two thousand years—and your life is one link.

Mentorship costs both parties something. The mentor gives time they'll never get back. The protégé gives pride and independence. But the exchange produces what outlasts everything else.

So let me ask you directly: Who is your Elisha? Whose shoulders should your mantle land on? And let me flip it: Who is the Elijah in your life—the older, wiser thread—whose story you haven't yet asked for?

Have that conversation before the chariot comes.

FACING THE END WITHOUT FEAR

We need to talk about death. Specifically. Not philosophically. Not as a theological concept to be debated in a seminary classroom. We need to talk about it as the transition that every single thread will encounter—including yours, including mine.

The disciple faces death differently. Not because we don't grieve—we do. Jesus Himself wept at Lazarus's tomb (John 11:35). The Son of God, standing in front of a grave, crying. That verse—the shortest in the English Bible—proves that grief is not the absence of faith. It's the proof that love is real. We weep because we loved. And that is good.

But we grieve differently because we have information the world does not have.

We know that death has been “swallowed up in victory” (1 Corinthians 15:54–57). Not merely defeated. Swallowed. Gone. Paul doesn’t whisper this from a safe distance. He actually taunts death: “Where, O death, is your sting? Where, O grave, is your victory?” That’s not a man whistling past the graveyard. That’s a man who has seen the empty tomb and knows what it means.

The resurrection is not a metaphor. It’s a historical event, staked on the testimony of over five hundred eyewitnesses (1 Corinthians 15:6). And because it happened, the thread being drawn through to the other side is not being cut. It is being completed.

I’ll tell you something: a person who faces the end with settled, quiet confidence—not bravado, not denial, but genuine peace—is one of the most powerful witnesses the Kingdom of God can produce. When the world watches a believer die well, it shakes something loose. Because the world has no answer for that kind of peace.

THE THREAD THAT KEEPS WEAVING

Here’s the part that should change everything about how you see your life today.

The thread keeps weaving after the weaver has left the loom.

Hebrews 11:4 says something astonishing about Abel: “By faith Abel still speaks”—lalei (lah-LAY)—“even though he is dead.” That word lalei is present tense. Active. Ongoing. Abel has been dead for millennia, and his faith is still talking. Still contributing to the pattern. Still weaving.

For the believer, Paul tells us, “to die is gain” (Philippians 1:21). What looks like an ending from inside the weave is a completion when viewed from outside it. The threads you touched—the lives whose color changed by contact with yours—they carry the legacy forward. Your thread doesn’t stop. It multiplies.

And if you’re sitting here reading this, looking back at your life, and all you can see are the wasted years—the decades you gave to the wrong things, the relationships you neglected, the callings you ignored—hear me now.

It is not too late.

Joel 2:25 says, “I will repay you for the years the locusts have eaten.” The Hebrew word shalom ([שָׁלוֹם]{dir=“rtl”})—shah-LAHM) carries the sense of making something whole,

of providing full restitution. God is not bound by the mathematics of your wasted years. He is the God who restores.

Moses was eighty years old when God called him from the burning bush—eighty! After forty years of tending sheep in the middle of nowhere (Exodus 7:7). By the world's measure, he had missed his moment by decades. By the Weaver's measure? He was exactly on schedule.

So wherever you are—whatever age, whatever stage, whatever wreckage or whatever beauty surrounds you—know this:

The thread that the Weaver has not finished with is you.

SELAH: STOP AND CONSIDER

- If you were to write your spiritual will today—the story of your faith, in your own words, with all the scars and the glory—what would be in it? What would you want the next generation to know about the faithfulness of God in your life?
- Who is the younger thread in your life—the Timothy, the Elisha—whose hand you have not yet reached out to with intentionality? What is stopping you from having that conversation this week?
- Read 2 Timothy 4:1–8 and Hebrews 11. Sit with them. Then ask the Holy Spirit: What does finishing well look like for me, in the season I am in right now?

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Alpha and Omega Completes the Weaving

The story ends where it always meant to begin

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth, because the first heaven and the first earth

...had passed away. And I heard a loud voice from the throne say, "Look!

God's dwelling place is now among the people, and he will dwell with them.

They will be his people, and God himself will be with them and be their God.

He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning.

There will be no more crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.

The one on the throne said, “I am making everything new!” Then he said, “Write this down.”

“For these words are trustworthy and true.”

— Revelation 21:1–5

We began in a garden.

We end up in a city.

Sit with that for a second. Because that progression is not random. It’s not just poetic book ending or a neat literary trick. It is the signature of a Weaver who builds with such breathtaking intentionality that the last page of his story answers every single question raised on the first.

And here’s what gets me: the ending is so much more glorious than the beginning that the beginning itself—as perfect and as stunning as it was—turns out to have been only the opening sentence of a story that required the whole Book to tell.

In the garden, there were two people and a God who walked among them in the day’s cool—the l’ruach hayom ([לרוח היום]{dir=“rtl”}). Two people. One God. An evening breeze. Intimacy so close you could hear His footsteps in the grass.

In the city? There is a multitude no one can count and a God who has made His dwelling permanently, irrevocably, eternally among His people.

Not visiting. Not passing through. Dwelling.

The word John uses in Revelation 21 shares the same root as the word in John 1:14: “the Word became flesh and dwelt among us.” The Greek verb is skēnoō (σκηνοῶ—pronounced skay-NO-oh), meaning to “tabernacle” or pitch a tent. In Hebrew, this is shakan ([שָׁכַן]{dir=“rtl”})—pronounced shah-KAHN), the root of Shekinah—the dwelling presence of God.

Think about what that means. The tabernacle. The tent of meeting. God pitching His presence smack in the middle of His people. That which was temporary in the wilderness. What Solomon housed in a building. What showed up in person in a feeding trough in Bethlehem? All of that was moving toward this—the permanent, unending, face-to-face reality of the completed tapestry.

God. With His people. Forever.

That's not a slogan. That's the entire point of the Bible in six words.

EVERYTHING NEW

The ruler on the throne said: "I am making everything new."

Stop. Look at the verb tense. Not "I made everything new"—past tense, already done. Not "I will make everything new"—future tense, someday maybe.

I am making. Present. Active. Continuous. Right now. As you read this sentence.

In Greek, the word for "new" here is *kainos* (καινος—pronounced kye-NOS). And this matters because *kainos* doesn't mean new in time—like a new car rolling off the assembly line. It means new in quality and character. God is not scrapping the old creation and starting from scratch. He is transforming it. Renewing it. Transforming broken things into something qualitatively superior to their prior condition is part of God's plan.

Do you hear that? He doesn't throw you away. He makes you new.

And that renewal? It's already started. It started the moment the tomb was empty. The new creation is not only coming—it is here. Already and not yet. The central thread holds every surrendered life. Lives that are already bearing the first fruits of what the whole creation is groaning toward. Paul writes in Romans 8:21–22 that "the creation itself will free itself from its bondage to decay... the whole creation has been groaning as in the pains of childbirth."

Therefore, anyone in Christ is a new creation.

The old has gone, the new is here!

— 2 Corinthians 5:17

If you have said yes to the central thread—to Jesus—that verse is already about you. You are already a new creation. Right now. Today. In the middle of your mess, your questions, your imperfect faith.

And if you haven't said yes yet? Know this: the invitation was never "wait until you're ready." It was never "clean yourself up first." The invitation was always, simply, one word:

Come.

THE GREATEST GIFT EVER GIVEN

Let me be completely clear about what happened on the cross. Because if we get this wrong, we get everything wrong.

God loved you. Not humanity as a vague, abstract category. Not “the world” in some distant, theological sense. You. The specific, named, known before-the-foundation-of-the-world you. You are His handiwork—His ποιῆμα (ποίημα—pronounced poy-AY-mah)—created in Christ Jesus for good works prepared in advance (Ephesians 2:10). That word ποιῆμα is where we get the English word “poem.” You are God’s poetry. Written on purpose. Every line is intentional.

But you had a debt. We all did. The gap between perfect holiness and the full weight of everything we’ve done—everything we’ve thought, chosen, failed to do—is not bridgeable from our side. Every religion in history is humanity’s attempt to build a bridge across that chasm. But the gap is too wide. The canyon is too deep. Our arms are too short.

So God looked at the cost. And he did something no human mind would ever have conceived.

He crossed it himself.

He did not look at the debt and decide to just wave it away—because the universe runs on justice as surely as it runs on love, and a forgiveness that ignores the debt is not justice. It’s a lie. Instead, the God to whom the universe owed the debt became a human being and paid it Himself. In His own body. On a cross outside Jerusalem. On a Friday afternoon, it seemed like the end of everything, but it turned out to be the beginning of everything.

That is the gospel.

The scarlet thread runs through every page of history since Genesis 3:15, which is the Protoevangelium (pronounced pro-toe-ev-an-GEL-ee-on), the first proclamation of redemptive hope whispered into a broken garden.

It is what the Passover lamb was pointing to (Exodus 12)—an innocent life given so that death would pass over.

It is what Rahab’s scarlet cord was expecting (Joshua 2:18)—a crimson line hung in a window, marking a household for salvation.

It is what seven hundred years of Isaiah's prophecy—specifically the “Suffering Servant” of Isaiah 53—was preparing the world to receive.

The debt is paid, In full. Tetelestai.

Receive it. Not earn it. You cannot earn it. That's the whole point.

“For God loved the world so much that he gave his one and only Son,”

that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.

For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world,

but to save the world through Him.

— John 3:16–17

Eternal life does not begin when you die. It begins the moment belief begins. In that moment, Yeshu'ah ([ישועה]{dir="rtl"}—pronounced yeh-shoo-AH), meaning “Yahweh saves,” forever links your name. Not Yahweh hopes to save. Yahweh saves. Present tense. Done deal.

THE QUESTION YOU CANNOT AVOID

So here it is. The question no one gets to sidestep, no matter how many books they read or sermons they sit through, or theological conversations they have at dinner parties:

What have you done with Jesus?

He was not supposed to be just one option among many. He did not show up, so you could put him on a shelf next to Buddha, Muhammad, and your favorite self-help author. With a claim so absolute, he left no room for comfortable middle positions.

I am the way, the truth, and the life.

No one approaches the Father except through me.

— John 14:6

God has given mankind only one name under heaven through which we must be saved.

C.S. Lewis, in his famous argument from Mere Christianity, put it this way: Jesus was exactly who He said He was, or He was a lunatic on the level of a man who claims to be a poached egg, or He was a deliberate deceiver—“the Devil of Hell.” What He cannot be is merely a “good moral teacher.” Good moral teachers don’t claim to be the eternal Son of God. If the claim is true, he is the Lord. And if He is Lord, that changes everything about how you live, what you value, and where your story is headed.

So, will you follow Him?

If something in you is stirring right now—if something deep down is saying yes—then say it. Say it to him. Out loud if you need to. Tell him you believe He is who He said He is. Inform him you have finished running. Tell him you’re ready to let the Weaver have your thread.

Because the God who said, “I am making everything new”? He is already making something new in you. The moment you turn toward Him, the transformation has begun.

To the one who has been here before

And now let me talk to someone else for a moment. You—the one who said yes a long time ago.

Do you remember that moment? The moment the lights came on? When the weight lifted, and everything was suddenly, impossibly new?

Here’s the thing nobody warns you about: the longer you walk with Jesus, the more the extraordinary can feel ordinary. The fire dims. The wonder fades into routine. And in that slow settling, something of the first love gets lost. Not abandoned. Just... mislaid. Like car keys, you swore you’d set right there on the counter.

However, I have this complaint against you: You have abandoned your initial love.

Consider how far you have fallen! Repent and do the things you did at first.

— Revelation 2:4–5

The author originally wrote that to the church at Ephesus, and I want you to hear it as they intended—not as a slap, but as a hand reaching out. This is not a rebuke. It is a callback. The same Jesus who said those words to Ephesus said this to the church at Laodicea: “Here I am! I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in” (Revelation 3:20).

Whether this is a first-time invitation or a comeback-home call to a drifting heart, hear me on this: the Weaver’s hands have never left your thread. Not for a second. Not for a breath.

THE WEAVER STEPS BACK

Close your eyes for a moment. I want you to imagine something.

Through the loom, the last thread passes. The final weave point is settling into position. The full number of the Gentiles now exists in the weave. The fulfillment of the covenant with Israel—the “New Covenant” promised to the house of Israel and Judah (Jeremiah 31:31)—has arrived.

And the Master Weaver steps back.

For the first time, the full pattern is visible. Every thread is in its place. The weaver’s breathtaking skill incorporated the broken threads, which snapped under the weight of sin, grief, and failure, back into the pattern. As a result, the repaired places became more beautiful than if they had never been broken at all.

The Weaver looks at what he has made.

And he says: “Very good.”

The same words from the garden. The same voice. But now, the garden was just a sketch. This—this—is the masterpiece.

And then the voice from the throne speaks the last recorded words of Scripture:

He who testifies to these things says, “Yes, I am coming soon.”

Amen. “Come, Lord Jesus.”

— Revelation 22:20

John’s response—“Come, Lord Jesus”—echoes the earliest prayer of the church: Maranatha ([מְרַנָּא תָא]{dir=“rtl”})—pronounced MAH-rah-NAH-tah), meaning “Our Lord, come!” (1 Corinthians 16:22).

That prayer is two thousand years old. And it is still the heartbeat of every believer who has ever looked at this fractured world and whispered: Not yet. But soon.

You have not lost your way.

You are in mid-weave.

And the Weaver has not taken His eyes off your thread for a single moment.

SELAH: THE FINAL STOP

Don't close this book yet.

Sit here. Right here, in the stillness. Selah ([סְלַח]{dir="rtl"}—pronounced SEH-lah). It is a word the psalm-writers used to say: pause. Weigh carefully what you have just heard. Let it land before you move on.

If you have never surrendered your thread to the Weaver—if you've been holding it tight in your own hands, trying to make the pattern work on your own—what is stopping you? What are you afraid of? What would you lose?

And if you have followed Him for years—if years of faithful walking have worn your yes smooth like a river stone—here's your question: Who needs to hear your testimony this week? Who in your life is one conversation away from the thread that changes everything?

I am confident that the one who started a good work in you
will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus.

— Philippians 1:6

The Weaver has not finished the tapestry. But the Weaver is faithful.

And every thread He has begun, He will complete.

KinderLoom — Woven Together

About the Author

Michael Bone is a follower of Christ who felt called by God to create a discipleship resource that welcomes everyone—from newborns to those taking their last breath, from gospel scholars to LGBTQ+ seekers—without judgment, following Jesus's example of dining with sinners while calling them to repentance.

Broken by his own failures and restored by the grace of God, Michael understands what it means to be a frayed thread rewoven into the Master's tapestry. This book is not the work of a perfect man, but the testimony of a redeemed one.

Woven Together is the first project in the **KinderLoom ecosystem**, a Christ-centered platform being built to disciple the next generation through the timeless truth of God's Word.

Michael lives with a deep conviction that the Church is called to build bridges without compromising truth—to love radically, speak honestly, and trust that the Holy Spirit does the work of conviction and transformation.

When not writing, Michael is praying for the launch of KinderLoom and believing God for a movement that reaches every soul He's prepared to receive this message.

Connect with Michael:

- Website: kinderloom.com
 - Email: hello@kinderloom.com
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About KinderLoom

KinderLoom is a vision for a Christ-centered discipleship ecosystem that meets people where they are and walks with them toward who God created them to be.

The name comes from two words:

- **Kinder** (German for “children”) – representing the next generation and the childlike faith Jesus calls us to
 - **Loom** – representing God’s work of weaving every thread (every life) into His eternal tapestry
-

The Vision:

To create a platform that disciples **every soul**—from newborns to those taking their last breath—through:

1. **Books and Resources** (*Woven Together* is the first)
 2. **A Mobile App** (coming soon) – daily discipleship, Scripture engagement, prayer, community
 3. **A Community** – connecting threads across generations, backgrounds, and life stages
 4. **A Movement** – equipping believers to make disciples in their everyday lives
-

The Mission:

Christ-centered. Bible-grounded. Radically inclusive without compromise.

We believe:

- Jesus is the central thread that holds everything together
- The Bible is the backstop—the final authority

- Love is the mark of discipleship (John 13:34-35)
 - The Church is called to welcome sinners without watering down truth
 - Discipleship happens in the ordinary moments of life
 - Every thread matters—no one is too broken, too far gone, or too different to be woven into God’s pattern
-

The Invitation:

If this book has blessed you, **you’re part of the KinderLoom story.**

Here’s how you can join the movement:

1. **Share this book** – Give it to someone who needs to hear this message
 2. **Support the mission** – Visit kinderloom.com/give to contribute to building the app
 3. **Stay connected** – Sign up at kinderloom.com for updates on the KinderLoom app launch
 4. **Pray** – Ask God to multiply this message and use it to draw souls to Christ
-

**The tapestry is not yet complete.
Your thread is still being woven.
And the Weaver is not finished with you yet.**

Visit kinderloom.com to learn more.

What's Next?

If you've read this book, you've taken a journey from Genesis to Revelation, from the garden to the city, from two threads to eternity.

But the journey doesn't end here.

If You're a Believer:

1. **Live as a thread in the pattern** – Your life is part of God's eternal tapestry. Live intentionally.
 2. **Make disciples** – The Great Commission is still active. Who in your life needs to hear about the Weaver?
 3. **Invest in the Kingdom** – Time, treasure, talent—steward what God has given you for His glory.
 4. **Finish well** – Legacy is not what you owned, but what you transferred. What will you leave behind?
-

If You're a Seeker:

1. **The invitation is still open** – Jesus is knocking at the door of your heart (Revelation 3:20). Will you let Him in?
 2. **Start where you are** – You don't have to clean yourself up first. Come as you are. The Weaver specializes in broken threads.
 3. **Ask questions** – Doubt is not the opposite of faith. Ask God to reveal Himself to you. He will.
 4. **Find a community** – The Church is imperfect, but it's God's design. Find a community that loves like Jesus.
-

If You're Wounded:

1. **You are not disqualified** – Your wounds don't disqualify your thread. They become part of the color.
 2. **The Weaver has not given up on you** – Even if you've walked away, He's still pursuing you. The prodigal's father is running toward you.
 3. **Healing is possible** – The scarlet thread (Christ's blood) is the binding agent that restores what's broken.
 4. **Come back** – “Start back where you last remembered” (Prologue). The Weaver is waiting.
-

If You're Ready to Say Yes:

Here's a prayer you can pray right now:

“Jesus,

I believe You are who You said You are—the Son of God, the Savior of the world, the central thread that holds everything together.

I confess that I am a sinner. I've tried to weave my own pattern, and I've failed. I need You.

I believe You died on the cross to pay the debt I could never pay. I believe You rose from the dead, defeating sin and death forever.

I surrender my thread to You. I ask You to be the Lord of my life. Weave me into Your eternal tapestry. Make me new.

I trust You. I follow You. I am Yours.

*In Jesus' name,
Amen.”*

If you prayed that prayer, welcome to the family.

You are a new creation. The old has gone, the new is here (2 Corinthians 5:17).

Now, tell someone. Find a church. Get baptized. Read the Bible. Pray. Join a community. Start living as a thread in the pattern.

The Weaver has woven you in. And He will never let you go.

Resources for New Believers:

- **Read the Gospel of John** (start here to learn about Jesus)
 - **Find a Bible-believing church** (visit a few, find one that feels like home)
 - **Get baptized** (a public declaration of your faith)
 - **Join a small group** (discipleship happens in community)
 - **Pray daily** (talk to God like He's your Father—because He is)
 - **Visit [kinderloom.com](https://www.kinderloom.com)** (sign up for the app—coming soon—to help you grow)
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The tapestry is not yet complete.

But your thread is now part of it.

And the Weaver is faithful to finish what He started.

Philippians 1:6

“He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus.”

Maranatha.

Come, Lord Jesus.

THE END

(But really, it's just the beginning.)

If This Book Blessed You...

Consider Supporting the Mission

Woven Together is offered **freely** because “freely you have received, freely give” (Matthew 10:8).

But if this book has blessed you, and you’d like to support the work of building **KinderLoom**—a discipleship app for the next generation—we’d be honored by your partnership.

Where Your Donation Goes:

- **70%** – KinderLoom app development (web, iOS, Android)
 - **20%** – Hosting, infrastructure, and operations
 - **10%** – Outreach and distribution (printing, marketing, etc.)
-

How to Give:

Visit kinderloom.com/give to contribute.

Suggested donations: 5,10, \$20, or any amount you feel led to give.

100% of donations go toward building KinderLoom. We are committed to radical transparency—monthly updates will be posted on the website showing exactly what was raised and how it was used.

Other Ways to Support:

1. **Share this book** – Give it to someone who needs to hear this message
 2. **Leave a review** – If you downloaded this from Amazon or another platform, leave an honest review
 3. **Pray** – Ask God to multiply this message and use it for His glory
 4. **Join the team** – If you have skills in app development, design, marketing, or ministry, reach out at hello@kinderloom.com
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Thank you for being part of this journey.

The Weaver is using your generosity to build something eternal.

Proverbs 11:25

“A generous person will prosper; whoever refreshes others will be refreshed.”

Visit kinderloom.com to give, stay connected, and join the movement.

Soli Deo Gloria.

To God alone be the glory.
