

King Saul and his sons had gone to war against the Philistines. During the battle, Jonathan and his brothers were killed. As the fighting grew more intense, Saul became wounded by the arrows of the enemy. Fear overtook him and he begged his armor-bearer to take his life. In 1 Samuel 31:4 it says, **“But his armor-bearer was terrified and would not do it; so Saul took his own sword and fell on it”** (NIV).

The next day the Philistines came across the bodies of Saul and his sons. They cut off Saul’s head, stripped him of his armor, and fastened his body and the bodies of his three sons to the wall of Beth Shan.

All of Israel was terror-stricken. And in an instant, a little boy’s life changed forever—once an heir to the throne, now an estranged and fearful outcast. Or so it seemed...

Long ago a similar story began. With war at hand, two others fell and separated all of mankind from the glorious presence and inheritance God had intended. Ridden by shame, they were banned from the life they could have known. Or so it seemed...