

The Return to Eden

Eden—a place so few truly know. A realm shrouded in the mystery of what once was, spoken of in ancient stories where two souls were reportedly banished, cast from the Presence. Yet, how deeply misinterpreted that narrative has become.

Eden is not merely a lost garden—it is the ache beneath our skin. It is the dream echoing in every quiet moment. Our spirits have always longed for it, because in Eden, we knew. We knew who we were. We knew we were made of love. Made for love.

In the Eternal Presence—in that great and holy I AM—we live and move and have our being. But oh, how our perceptions are clouded by the mundane, the distractions of daily life, the illusions that whisper we are only human, only flesh.

We are not only born—we existed before our first breath. There is something eternal in us, something Edenic. So how do we return? How do we find again that sacred state of Peace, Love, Joy, Patience, Kindness, and Self-Control? How do we remember the purity of Grace? We have been invited. The flaming sword no longer guards the way. The invitation has already been extended:

"Come, all you who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Still, many wander in confusion. The debris of life acts as camouflage, veiling the beauty that still waits. Religious rhetoric swells with noise—confusing, prideful, excluding. Fear-filled doubt rises in the hearts of the disheartened, but the invitation remains. Eden has never been destroyed—only forgotten, and I long for it. Oh, how I long for Eden—Just to hear the Eternal One walking in the cool of the day. Just to hear the musical serenade of Presence, to feel the kindness that needs no explanation, to rest in that Love again. And the truth? We never truly left. Not in the eyes of the One who still walks, still calls: Where are you? And to that call, I say: Here I am. Returning. Remembering. Resting.

The Return to Eden, a place so few know, a place that's shrouded in the mystery of what once was, a story where two had reportedly been kicked out or banished from the Presence, and yet much of this is so misinterpreted. Eden is a place we've all dreamed of, a place our spirits long for, a place where we knew, in the deepest of our soul, we were created for. In this Eternal Presence We live and move and have our being, and yet our perceptions are muddied by the mundane existence of humanity, with little recognition that we were made as divine. We existed before our first human breath. How do we return to Eden? How do we rediscover the place of Peace, Love, Joy, Patience, Kindness and self-control? How do we RETURN to that place, that state of PURE GRACE again? We have been invited to return, the flaming sword has been removed, the invitation to "come, all you who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you REST", has already been made, and yet some are distracted by the debris of life that acts as a camouflage, the rhetoric of the religious that confuses and puffs up in arrogance, the fear-filled doubts of the disheartened. Oh, how I long for Eden, just to hear the Eternal One walking in the cool of the day, the musical serenade that accompanies this presence, this love, this all-embracing kindness.

“Return to Eden”

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We were not banished—not truly, we only believed we were.
The story was never exile, but misunderstanding.
The voice that called, “*Where are you?*” was not condemnation—but longing.

Eden was never locked, it was hidden, not by God, but by fear, by shame, by the thick fog of forgetfulness that settled over our hearts when we believed the lie that we were not already loved.

But listen—can you hear it? The rustling in the leaves? The sound of footsteps in the cool of the day? He still walks there. He still calls our names. The Presence never left, only our perception did.

We dream of Eden, but Eden dreams of us, calling us back, not to a *place*, but to a *presence*. Not to a garden, but to a knowing. Knowing that we are—and have always been—beloved.

Return my soul; return not by map, but by stillness. Not by doing, but by undoing.

The flaming sword? It was never pointed at you—but at the illusions that tried to convince you that you were separate.

Come, you who are weary. Come, you who have wandered.
Come, you who have worn religion like armor and chain.

Come naked again; Come as dust and breath; Come as child and wonder.

The garden waits, and so does the One who has never stopped walking toward you.