

OUR RETURN TO EDEN

Introduction

Long before humanity searched for God, God was moving toward humanity.

Before there was a garden, there was desire.

Before there was a covenant, there was communion.

Before there was sin, there was Love.

The story we have often called redemption did not begin because humanity failed. It began because Love has always desired union.

Perhaps this is where we have misunderstood the story.

Many of us inherited a picture of salvation as though heaven were a courtroom, humanity stood condemned, and Christ somehow persuaded an unwilling Father to reduce our sentence.

But what if redemption is more beautiful than acquittal?

What if it is homecoming?

From the opening pages of Scripture to the final vision of Revelation, one desire echoes through every generation:

“I will dwell with them.”

The Garden of Eden was never merely geography. It was the atmosphere of unhindered communion.

There was no shame.

No hiding.

No striving.

No fear that tomorrow’s failure might cancel today’s embrace.

Humanity knew itself because humanity knew the Father.

Then came a question.

“Did God really say...?”

The serpent’s first assault was not against humanity.

It was against trust.

Hidden beneath that ancient question was another:

“Can the Father truly be trusted?”

The moment suspicion entered, everything changed.

Fear replaced freedom.

Shame replaced innocence.

Humanity reached for coverings instead of communion and hid among the very trees that had once proclaimed the goodness of their Creator.

Yet something remarkable happened.

The Father came anyway.

He walked through the garden in the cool of the day.

He called,

“Where are you?”

Not because He had lost His children.

But because His children believed they had lost Him.

Perhaps the whole story of Scripture is the answer to that one moment.

The Tabernacle whispers,

“I still desire to dwell with you.”

The Prophets proclaim,

“I have loved you with an everlasting love.”

The Incarnation declares,

“If you wish to know Me, look upon My Son.”

The Cross reveals,

“There is no distance Love will not cross.”

The Resurrection announces,

“Death cannot imprison Life.”

Pentecost fulfills the promise,

“My dwelling place is now within you.”

This book is an invitation to rediscover that story.

Not the story of humanity climbing toward God...

but of God continually moving toward humanity.

Not a journey back to a forgotten garden...

but an awakening to the Presence that has never stopped pursuing us.

Our return to Eden is not about recovering a location.

It is about remembering a relationship.

It is the restoration of trust.

It is the unveiling of the Father's heart.

It is discovering that Christ did not come to persuade the Father to love us.

He came to persuade us that the Father already does.

And perhaps, after all these years, that is what Eden has always been waiting for.

Chapter One

The Garden Before the Garden

Perhaps Eden did not begin with trees.

Perhaps it began with desire.

Before there was dust shaped into humanity, there was Love.

Before there was breath in Adam's lungs, there was delight within the heart of the Creator.

Creation was never God's attempt to fill a loneliness, nor was humanity an afterthought added to an otherwise complete universe. Love is never compelled to create; Love creates because it delights in sharing itself.

Everything that followed flowed from that delight.

The stars were not merely placed into the heavens to illuminate the night. They became silent witnesses to generosity.

The oceans spoke of abundance.

The mountains proclaimed steadfastness.

Every flower whispered beauty without demanding recognition.

Everything bore the fingerprints of a Creator who gives more than necessity requires.

Then, in the midst of this overflowing generosity, humanity appeared.

Not as slaves.

Not as servants earning approval.

Not as an experiment waiting to succeed or fail.

But as sons and daughters, fashioned in the image of the One whose very nature is Love.

The first words spoken over humanity were not correction.

They were blessing.

The first experience of humanity was not fear.

It was welcome.

The first home was not built by human hands.

It was prepared by divine affection.

Perhaps this is why Eden has remained the deepest longing of every human heart.

Every longing for belonging...

Every desire to be fully known without being rejected...

Every hope that there is still goodness beneath the brokenness of our world...

These are not accidental emotions.

They are echoes.

Something within us remembers what our minds have forgotten.

Not necessarily the geography of a garden, but the atmosphere of Presence.

There was no need to hide because nothing separated humanity from the Father's delight.

There was no competition because worth had never been questioned.

There was no shame because love had never been measured by performance.

Humanity did not wake each morning wondering whether God still accepted them.

Love required no negotiation.

Acceptance required no achievement.

Communion required no permission.

This was Eden.

Not merely a place.

A way of being.

A way of seeing.

A way of knowing.

Perhaps that is why Scripture begins in a garden and ends in a garden-city.

The story has never been about returning to yesterday.

It has always been moving toward the fulfillment of the Father's original intent.

Eden is not the destination of nostalgia.

It is the destiny of creation.

And every step Jesus took was leading humanity toward that fulfillment.

Not backward into innocence.

Forward into communion freely chosen.

Love desired sons and daughters who could answer His invitation with freedom rather than necessity.

Only love that is freely given can be freely returned.

Perhaps this is why freedom was present in Eden from the beginning.

Without freedom there can be obedience.

There cannot be love.

The Father did not risk creating free humanity because He underestimated the cost.

He accepted the cost because communion was worth it.

The Cross was never God's emergency plan.

It was the fullest revelation of a Love that had already determined, before the foundations of the world, that nothing would ultimately prevent Him from dwelling with His beloved.

That is where our story begins.

Not with failure.

Not with exile.

But with Love.

I AM still here...

[<<< PREVIOUS](#) --- [NEXT >>>](#)