

Welcome Home

If you have walked with me this far, perhaps you have already sensed it.

This book was never really about Eden.

It was about the Father's heart.

Eden simply gave us our first glimpse of that heart.

The Garden was not merely the beginning of humanity's story.

It was the unveiling of the Creator's desire.

A Father walking with His children.

A home where nothing needed to be hidden.

A place where shame had never learned our names.

A life where Love was trusted without question.

Perhaps that is why the story has never released its hold upon us.

Somewhere beneath our fears...

Beneath our accomplishments...

Beneath our failures...

Beneath every identity we have constructed...

There remains a quiet longing.

We call it peace.

We call it belonging.

We call it home.

Could it be that this longing is not asking us to discover something new?

Could it be that it is inviting us to remember something eternal?

The world has taught us many things.

It has taught us how to compete.

How to accumulate.

How to protect ourselves.

How to hide.

How to survive.

The Father has always been teaching something different.

How to trust.

How to receive.
How to forgive.
How to become fully alive.
How to love without fear.
Perhaps that is what Jesus meant when He invited the weary to come unto Him.
Rest is not simply the absence of labor.
Rest is the absence of hiding.
I have come to believe that this is the Gospel.
Not merely that our sins may be forgiven.
Glorious as that is.
But that fear no longer has the final word.
That shame no longer determines our identity.
That separation no longer defines our relationship with the Father.
Christ has entered our darkness.
Love has spoken more loudly than fear.
The veil has been torn.
The invitation remains.
Come home.
Not because God has finally become willing to receive you.
Because He never ceased receiving you.
Not because you have finally become worthy.
Because Love never waited for worthiness before calling you beloved.
Perhaps the greatest miracle is not that humanity finally found God.
Perhaps the greatest miracle is discovering that God was never lost.
He was always the One walking toward us.
Even now...
Can you hear Him?
Not the sound of accusation.
Not the footsteps of an angry judge.
Not the approach of One keeping record of every failure.

Listen carefully.

They are the same footsteps that echoed through the Garden.

The same footsteps that walked the roads of Galilee.

The same footsteps that carried a cross.

The same footsteps that left an empty tomb.

The same Presence that now whispers within every human heart,

“I am with you.”

The question has never changed.

“Where are you?”

Not because the Father cannot find His children.

Because Love always invites an answer.

Perhaps all of life has been preparing us to speak the simplest words we have ever spoken.

No excuses.

No fig leaves.

No rehearsed apologies.

No bargaining.

Only truth.

Only trust.

Only surrender.

“Here I am.”

And in that moment we discover something that changes everything.

We did not return to Eden alone.

The Father walked every step with us.

Perhaps He always has.

Perhaps He always will.

For this is the promise that has echoed through every covenant...

Every prophet...

Every promise...

Every tear...

Every sunrise...

“I will be with you.”

Immanuel.

God with us.

Not merely until we fail.

Not merely until we doubt.

Not merely until we die.

With us.

Always.

And perhaps...

That has always been Eden.

Welcome home.

“I AM here.”

I AM still here...

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