

**W**e've all had the thought that there is in us, at times very conscious, at times in dark unconscious, a recognition that we are from somewhere, of something, for somewhere so much grander than our intellects can comprehend.

It is in our imagination, not our intellect, that we see it. I should say, remember it--for, whatever the religious Tradition that shapes us, from generation to generation, culture to culture, there is this recollection of a timeless time, a placeless place, where we knew we were one with the Source of Life, in the very flow of the Wellspring of Being.

It's not that we were planted in Eden--Eden is planted in us. The way a mother's kiss is planted on the forehead of her child. The sleeping baby does not intellectually process the kiss. But the power of the kiss is not lost. The child "knows," experiences at the deepest level the love of her mother. Just as the sleeping lover "knows" that gaze of her beloved as he wakes before her and watches her sleep.

This Eden in us is the reminder of our true home, not a place, but a condition of connection with the origin of life, with time, with all there is, was and will be.

Here, there is nothing "outside" of us, there is only the vast, incalculable Inside.

And that Inside is nothing but love.

I remember Eden. It's where I'm from, and where I'm going to. When I open myself to life, I see it everywhere.

## Remembering Eden

If I can break from my conviction that I'm the center of the Universe, I can see it in every panhandler, every suffering person, every Republican, every obnoxious driver. When I'm open to see it, they remind me that they are held in the Creator's arms with the same gentleness, kissed with the same tenderness and gazed upon with the same love as the "people like me."

The Eden truth is that they are not only like me, they are me. And I am them.

If I remember Eden, I can't help but forgive, reconcile, because, in the Beginning, there was only reconciliation, only wholeness.

If I can remember Eden, I can tell the truth, fearlessly letting it, and not me, determine what will come of my experience. Because in the beginning, there was only integrity. And in our guts we know it--we call it conscience.

