

We Never Were Banished from the Garden of Eden!

Introduction

One day I looked out of my window; one evening I went walking near my house; one night I raised my eyes to the stars as I bicycled through the streets of my city suburb... and I realised that the only thing that could ever banish us from the Garden of Eden would be our own wilful blindness to it, our turning of a deaf ear to its presence.

These journal extracts are glimpses, moments of life in my own neighbourhood on ordinary days of an ordinary life in an ordinary town.

May your own corner of the world, from the exquisite dewbead under your foot to the glorious galaxies over your head, be a constant reminder to you that we are unbanishable, for The Garden of Eden is everywhere, never more than a glance away.

Sample Piece

Balm

I drag the heavy sorrows of my life out into the garden to sit with them on the old cane seat. Under this haven of sheltering trees. Here in this bright galaxy of summer daisies.

Somewhere up high a blackbird proffers song, spilling his melody down through the leaves. Its drops fall cool upon my arid heart, softening, softening. My sorrow is only the absence of joy, and here is joy itself, right here in this tree.

O sweet songmaker, little one, great one, physician to the ailing world. Your presence is balm.