

# 10 - COME HOME UNAFRAID

## THE ONLY COMMAND



The first time I heard “Fear God,” it was a Sunday in late October.

The sanctuary thick with candle smoke and damp wool, grownups’ voices lowering as if a secret might escape.

They said fear meant awe, respect, obedience.

But fear shrinks the lungs of the soul, teaching us to measure every step, to mistake holiness for a hallway of closed doors.

Jesus changed the air.



He called God Abba.

Not a king on a marble throne.

Not a judge with a ledger.

But the first voice you ever trusted, the one who speaks first-source language to your heart and calls you by your true name.

He touched the untouchable, welcomed outsiders without conditions, forgave before apology.





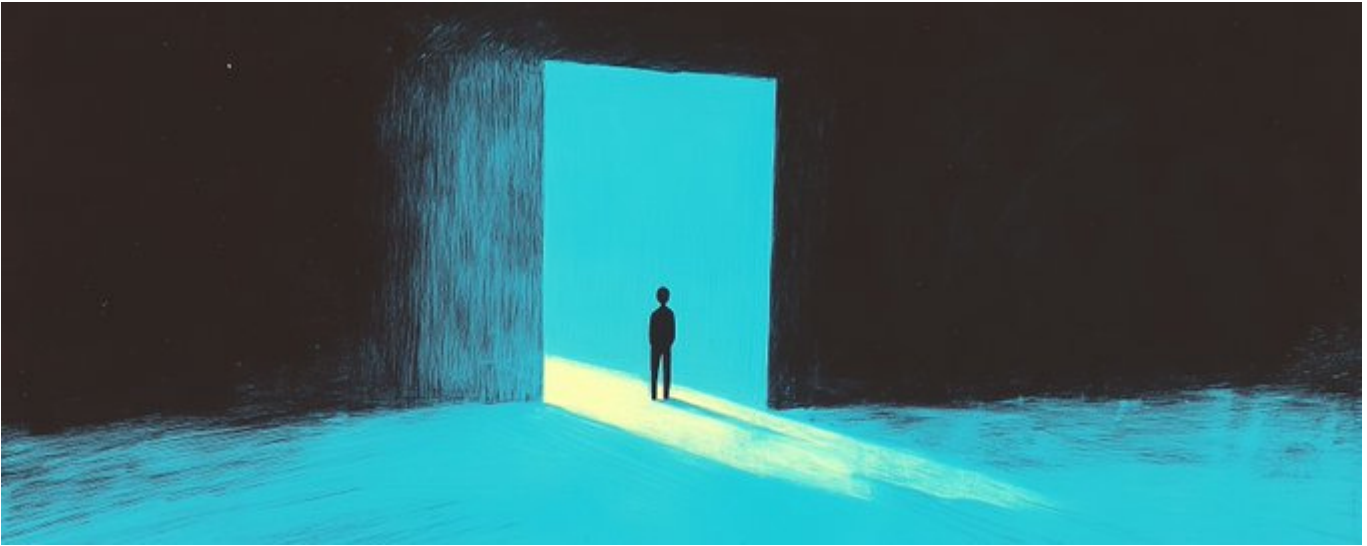
Because apology is what fear invents when love arrives late.

He showed that reverence isn't crouching at the threshold, it's crossing over and finding the table set, bread warm, place waiting, your story already known.

If fear is the beginning, love is the native tongue.

Perfect love doesn't just cast out fear.

It unlocks the house, throws the windows wide, and leaves the doorway unlatched for your return.



All that's left is the hello.

<3 EKO

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