**Returning to the Garden**

**Again I go to the Garden, to face my greatest fear.**

**I tremble at his presence, unsure that he will hear.**

**Time and again I’ve stumbled in traveling the road of life,**

**It seems I never conquer, amid the toil and the strife.**

**I fear that I will not become, all that he's seen in me;**

**I fear in his eyes I'll see it -- he has given up on me.**

**And so I come to the Garden, reluctantly, unsure;**

**To feel if he still loves me, though I did not endure.**

**The darkness swirls around me, like a suffocating tomb.**

**I cannot see his face this time; all I sense is gloom.**

**I kneel alone in the darkness; surrounded by deep despair,**

**Where are you, oh Savior? Please -- are you still there?**

**Now alone in the Garden, I seek answers from above**

**I ache to hear him whisper and feel his endless love.**

**The silence goes unbroken; I strain to hear his voice,**

**I should have come much sooner, and made a better choice**

**I wait what seems forever; yet nothing do I hear.**

**I waited too long to come to him; now all I feel is fear.**

**Then suddenly there in the Garden, I see him suffering alone.**

**Nobody there to comfort – Pain greater than my own.**

**He is pleading with the Father, to remove the bitter cup;**

**And yet he says he's willing to take and drink it up.**

**I see his pain and anguish, continue through the night**

**Oh Father! Please relieve him from the burden of this fight!**

**Then mercifully to the Garden, comes an angel to embrace;**

**And give the Savior comfort in that sacred, holy place.**

**He shows unto the Savior, those who would be his seed,**

**He sees in all their faces, their pains and sins and deeds.**

**Then he comes toward me, as I kneel there in my grief;**

**Should I hide myself from him, or seek once more relief?**

**Then there in the lonely Garden, the Savior bids me arise,**

**He takes my face within his hands, and looks into my eyes.**

**His light goes deep into my soul; he sees the hurt I keep,**

**He holds me close into his arms; and I begin to weep**

**As we embrace I feel his love; all my pain he takes from me.**

**And finally now I understand the purpose of Gethsemane.**

**It's in this sacred Garden, that Jesus felt my pain;**

**And overcame temptations; that I may now attain.**

**And be all that he sees in me, despite my doubts and fears,**

**If I will simply trust in him and strive on through the years.**

**He suffered for me in that Garden, so mercy he can extend,**

**If I'll return to the Garden and have faith in Him - my Friend.**