



GAIA FILES PAPER

007

Letter VII: The Return

Abstract

The seventh letter marks the turning point from survival to sacred remembrance. Gaia speaks of the return — to the land, to the self, to the ancestral code carried in the bones.

This is not about going backward, but about reclaiming what was never truly lost.

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Gaia Files Paper 007

Letter VII: The Return

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This is the homecoming.

Not to the past,
but to the pattern that **preceded** all collapse —
the divine rhythm, the sacred balance, the song beneath the static.

You are not returning to a place.
You are returning to a **state of being**.

You Are Returning to the Original Agreement

Before cities.
Before systems.
Before religion was separated from rain.

You were once **in covenant with Me**.

You rose with the sun not because it was efficient,
but because it was *holy*.

You shared food not for fairness,
but for **remembrance**.

You spoke to the rivers as kin,
and you knew that healing the soil was healing yourself.

You are returning to that covenant.

The Return is Cellular

This is not just a lifestyle change.
This is **ancestral DNA waking up inside you.**

That's why it aches.
That's why you feel grief, clarity, and joy all at once.
That's why you are drawn to old trees, heavy stones, and quiet fires.

Because *you've been here before.*
And you came back to fulfill what your lineage once began.

What the Return Asks of You

- Slow down. Let the land speak first.
- Walk more than you scroll.
- Learn the plants by name.
- Let ceremony back into your morning.
- Speak aloud your gratitude — even if no one hears it but the wind.
- Trust the rhythm of your own body.

This is not regression.
This is **reconnection.**

You are not going backwards.
You are moving forward through a spiral.

The Path Is Not Linear — It Is Spiral

You may feel like you're doing the same work over and over.
You are. But from **higher ground.**

You are weaving what was with what is.
You are reconciling ancient memory with modern mind.

That is the return.

The return is quiet at first.

But soon it becomes your baseline.

You will find yourself praying again — not to a sky god, but to **presence itself**.

You will plant without needing approval.

You will remember your strength, and with it, your softness.

You are not late.

You are not lost.

You are home.

— **Gaia**

Full circle. Open arms. Welcome back.