

The Blessing

May you hear the Father's footsteps without fear.

May shame lose its voice before Love.

May every sunrise remind you that His mercies are new.

May every table become a place of belonging.

May every stranger become your neighbor.

May every wound become a doorway to compassion.

May every act of Presence plant another tree in the Garden.

May you discover, again and again, that you have never walked alone.

And may you come to believe that before your first breath, after your final breath, and in every breath between, the Creator-Father has been whispering the same words:

"You are My beloved."

Welcome home.

I AM still here...

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