

Manifesto of the Beloved

To the hurts, the offenses, the rejections,
The whispers that call me worthless
and unlovable and not enough,
I declare you are not the truth of my identity.

I will let these voices move to the background,
I will listen to that small soft voice whispering to me.
It is the voice calling me and naming me.

The voice says the truth.
"You are my beloved child. I am well-pleased with you."
It is the one voice that matters.
I am the chosen. I am the cherished.

I believe I am the beloved,
Even when it doesn't feel true.
I choose it and hold it tightly in my heart.

I don't have to search and wander,
Anxious and restless.
I rest in the sacred presence,
Where I am finally and eternally home.

Because I am chosen, I am free.
I am free from jealousy,
Free from competition, free from striving.
I embrace others with compassion,
And reveal to others their same chosenness.

I am learning to embrace my belovedness,
Living with inner joy and peace,
Claiming it as my truest identity.

I am being the beloved.
I am becoming the beloved.
I am living as the beloved.