

Already Beautiful

Tethered to where I came from

The tattered remnants of wounds well hidden

Even to myself

Called to a King from another kingdom

Vastly different from what I had known

I thought I was blessed enough to be called

But then, He summoned me to listen

“I desire your beauty,” He said

And I, silent, could not understand his words

But the melody of them played across my heart so gently

“You want me to become beautiful?” I asked,

with no small dread in thinking what hard work it would be

“Oh, you don’t need to become! You are already beautiful. I already know all the beauty of your soul. You have only to let me uncover it within you. You only need a small faith to believe that you are more than you have been led to believe in your past. If you come to me, willing to let go of the past messages, and allow me to tell you of your beauty and how precious you are to me...you will begin to believe me and blossom into who you truly are.”

I am speechless. This is not what I have been taught. I can’t seem to grasp it but the edges of it reach my heart and send thrills of hope throughout my body.

“I am the King. But will you let me be your Lord? Will you worship me for the power I have to bring you into the love that blossoms beauty?”

Still wordless, I bow down in a silent yes. When I stood the hidden wounds began to excrete the sweetest smell.

Oh, His name is as ointment poured forth...it is true! He brings beauty from ashes – such awe takes hold of me. My worship becomes laughter and I look up to see my Lord throw back his head and laugh with me.

Oh, praise his name forever.