

God Has Not a Furrowed Brow

God has not a furrowed brow,
Nor lines upon his face.
He shaketh not his finger,
Nor views you with disgrace.

He harbors no resentment,
For ills that He's blamed for,
He seeks no retribution,
Nor punishment in store.

God knows only goodness,
In His creation, where,
Abides His own true meaning,
Living love is there.

This love is true perfection,
It moves with one intent,
To bring about renewal,
This energy is sent,

To heal, redeem, and to transform,
It's there for you within,
Open to God's *living love*,
Right there it's always been.

Let go of guilt and shame, dear,
They serve no purpose there,
For you are held as innocent,
And loved beyond compare.

I am here to guide you,
If self-will you'll release,
My hand outstretched to lift you,
From ego's grip, 'twill cease.

As often I have told you,
You're perfect, whole, and free,
And Held in Universal Mind,
This way, you'll always be.

Innocent and blameless,
A child of God you are,
Claim your inherent birthright,
You are His shining star.

In closing let me tell you,
I love you as My Own,
Let's move as One together,
You are not alone.

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