



Dear Daughter,

Let me be very clear about this at the outset: I love you so much. I delight in you. I cherish you. For ever.

What if, this Lent, instead of focusing on the ways you're not good enough and the ways you fall short, you commit to your own healing?

When you let yourself be healed, your healing heals the world. And when you cling to your brokenness, the world stays a little more broken than it needs to be.

Your healing is *crucial*. I'm using that word deliberately, sweetheart. *Your healing is the crux*—where you and I come together.

This Lent, the only fasts I want from you are these: Fast from distractions that allow you to stay wounded and broken. Fast from believing you're not good enough. Fast from making yourself small, and nice, and silent. Fast from all judgment, especially of yourself.

This Lent, make space for me to flow into you and through you.

Let your love go free.

Let your joy be unconfined.

I need you, my daughter. You're the only you I created. Please, let yourself be the creation I made you to be. You don't need someone outside yourself telling you how to live. Trust yourself. Trust your heart. Trust me. I've got you.

All my Love,

God