



Dear Daughter,

Let me be very clear about this: 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?

I was there at the Big Bang, enlivening every particle, atom and molecule. You are made of me, and through me you are connected to everything and everyone. I am everywhere, my love. You live in me and I live in you.

So when you let yourself be healed, your healing heals the world. Your healing is *crucial*. I'm using that word deliberately, sweetheart. *Your healing is the crux* – where you and I come together.

Sweetheart, healing isn't complicated, and it's always here for you. All you have to do is tap into it, like a maple tree in springtime or an aquifer of living water. Open your heart armor just a little. Let go, child. Breathe and soften. That's all you have to do. I'll do the rest.

Let the ashes of Lent symbolize our unending connection, a connection so easy to forget and so simple to strengthen. When the priest wipes those gritty ashes on your forehead and says, "Remember that you are dust, and to dust you shall return," celebrate your elemental oneness with this dear, dirty earth, and with me. I am in those ashes, in the dust, in the stars, and in you.

I need you, my daughter. You're the only you I have. 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