

# Beauty Within

By the grace of God, I am who I am. His grace and truth live within me—steady, enduring, not in vain.

He calls me,  
Beautiful one... come with Me.

My beauty is not something I create, but something I receive. Gentle. Quiet. Imperishable. Precious in His sight—and untouched by time.

He calls me,  
Beautiful one... come with Me.

My mind is not ruled by striving, but by the Spirit of Life and Peace. Peace is not a place I reach, but a Person who remains.

He calls me,  
Beautiful one... come with Me.

I am held in love and given a sound mind. I return again and again to stillness—and remember He is God.

He calls me,  
Beautiful one... come with Me.

I set my thoughts on what is true, honorable, and full of light. I walk gently, bearing love with quiet strength.

He calls me,  
Beautiful one... come with Me.

I am made in His image—wonderfully formed, deeply known. This is not something I strive to believe...it is something my soul remembers.

He calls me,  
Beautiful one... come with Me.

His grace is sufficient for me. Even here. Even now. What feels weak is not wasted—it is where His strength rests.

He calls me,  
Beautiful one... come with Me.