

It does no good to condemn myself  
For wrongs I do unto myself,

But good does come from forgiving  
The wrongs I do unto myself.

How else shall I be whole,  
But by means of love?

How else shall I be whole,  
But with compassionate regard?

Yes. I am inadequate.  
Yes. I am not equal to the challenge.

Yes. I am not good enough.  
Yes. I am not strong enough.

And I am not patient enough  
And I am not kind enough

And I am not forgiving enough.

And all of that be true,  
But if I love enough,

Then all will be well.

Passage

*s e v e n t y*

*All Will Be Well*

I get past my fear  
Of being inadequate

By accepting that I am.

I am in a process  
Of discovering.

I am in the middle  
Of uncovering

With honesty  
And truthfulness.

It is not like  
I have been lying.

It is like I have been hiding,  
Like I have been hushing up.

I did not know  
How strongly I felt,

Until I started voicing it.

I did not know  
What it was I felt,

Until I started acting on it.

I have been learning  
To trust myself.

I have been learning  
The truth about myself.

As I have,  
I have been finding

There is nothing in the truth  
I need be fearful of.

The truth is powerful,  
But it is powerful for good.

Which is to say  
That it is good for all,

And what is there to fear  
In what is good for all?

There is a contest going on,  
A battling of light and dark,

A struggle that is within me.

On the one hand are my weaknesses  
And my condemnations of them.

On the other hand are my strengths  
And my forgiveness of all.