



*3 daily devotions
on awakening to the beauty*



FOR WOMEN





Where Beauty Is

The fig tree ripens its figs, and the vines are in blossom; they give forth fragrance.

'Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away' (Song of Solomon 2:13).

I am beauty—in all its dimensions, in all ways beauty is characterized. I am the foundation.

Beauty is distorted when My heart is not heeded, when My heart in My children is silenced. I hold My hand below the heavens. It sweeps color like a brush—folding within the creation itself.


Beauty can be hidden between folds, in cracks in hard hearts. Beauty exists in softening, in ground fertile, expectant, wanting to be watered. Beauty is possibility, the expectation of pushing through the rough patches until there is ever greater softening. Hardness—a hard heart— is the opposite of beauty.

There is no becoming more beautiful.

What I have created is beauty—the foundation of all I create is beauty. Beauty needs to be discovered. I see it. I see you. I see all possibility of love blooming in hard places. That blooming—that discovery—that claiming of the beauty that is you, is realizing the fullness of who you are. You, My girl, have beauty that cannot be ignored, cannot be buried under the ground.

But it is, sometimes, isn't it?

May I peel back the layers to show you what I created? May I show you what, in you, I see?





My Fragrance

"For we are the aroma of Christ to God among those who are being saved and among those who are perishing" (2 Corinthians 2:15).

I am for you. I am with you. I go before, knowing what is ahead. I stand behind, My hand on your shoulder, so close you can smell My presence. Yes, there is a fragrance of My Spirit. This is where I invite you to live—your truest self, stripped of all insecurities, all what-ifs, all doubts and fears and pains.


Breathe deeply, My dear one. Breathe in sweetness and hope. Breathe in newness and the clean air I bring.


I draw you in.

Let Me be your strength. There, you are glorious. Let Me be the hand you hold—all weight lifted, all sorrow behind. Let Me cup your face in My hands. Let Me look on you. Let Me hold you. Let Me walk next to you. Match My stride.

I show you how.

There is a pace—within this fragrance of My presence—where I invite you to stay. Keep that pace. You know the pace, the rhythm, the movement of your moments when you can breathe Me and smell the fragrance of Me with you.



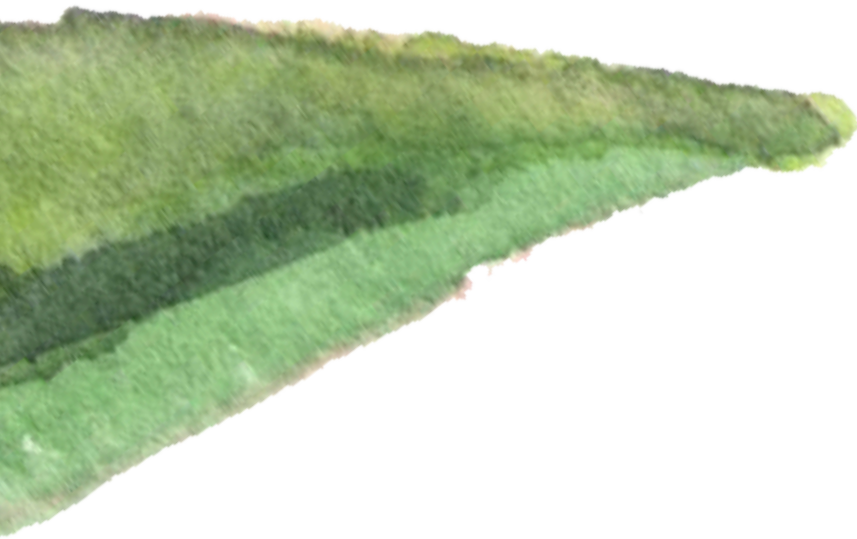


I envelop you. I carry you. And all whom you meet will be in My presence, with you, too. They will be enveloped in the fragrance of Me. All you do with Me points the people you meet to the fragrance. Let it spread. Keep in step. Check the pace. Let it be a rhythm that is natural.

Practice.

Breathe.

I show you how.





Play that Music Within You

'Then shall the young women rejoice in the dance, and the young men and the old shall be merry. I will turn their mourning into joy; I will comfort them, and give them gladness for sorrow' (Jeremiah 31:13).

My darling, the way you hear Me is unlike anyone else. The way I shape you, move you, wrap My arms around you. You are My dance partner. You are the one I choose. You are the one I cannot resist and to whom I come running.

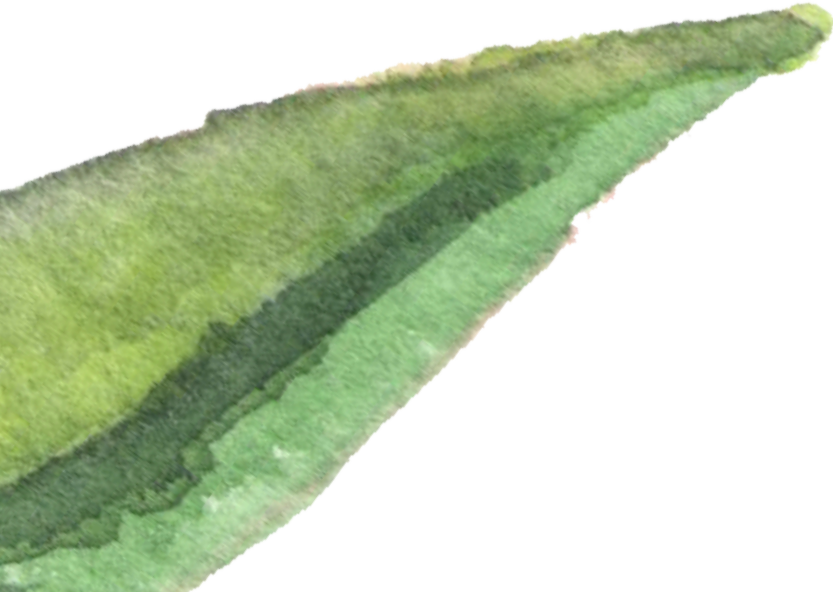
I run to you.


I hear the music, the rushing water, the rustle of grass. There is a place we dance where it is just ours. Our floor, our clearing amidst busyness and worry.

I clear away doubt and shadow. I clear away trepidation and sorrow. I clear away despair and self-contempt. I clear away comparison and envy. I clear away disease of the heart, the kind that makes you pull away from Me.

I write notes no one before has heard. I am the orchestra, each instrument, the voice of every song. I sing for you. I dance with you. I feel the swell of each beat, each rise and fall. It is not mysterious to Me why you are precious, beautiful, captivating, stunning—altogether so bright. You bear My image. You light a room because you bear My fragrance, My frame, My voice.

Yes, I hear My voice in you.





Sing now, daughter, the song I teach you to sing—the one I've already taught you. You've forgotten some notes and some you have yet to discover. Come now, the orchestra is waiting. Your music needs to be played.

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Loop for Women is a free email devotional for women who long to encounter God. On Monday and Thursday, we send a guided devotional your way that invites you to meditate on God's beauty and be reminded of his deep, deep love for you. On Fridays, we invite you to go even deeper through a longer, more contemplative offering that is designed to quiet your heart, anchor you in Scripture, and listen closely to what the Holy Spirit has to say to you.

Our community is full of more than 100,000 women who are asking big questions, offering their tender hearts to God, and making space to listen to what matters. We've saved a seat for you!

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