

An Undivided Life (Blessed are The Wholehearted)

Lyrics and style: Kathy Beasley

Music and Vocals created with and in collaboration with AI

Somewhere beneath the noise,
beneath the smile we learned to wear,
beneath the practiced answer,
“I’m fine,”
there is a life inside us
asking to be gathered home.

Not the polished life.
Not the edited life.
The real one.
The sacred one.
The one Spirit has been loving all along.

Blessed are the wholehearted,
for they recognize the Divine
moving through life now.

[Verse One]

I have stood in crowded rooms
feeling unseen in plain sight,
holding myself together
with careful words
and quiet strength.

I have carried stories

that no longer fit my name.
I have made peace with places
that asked me to disappear
one small piece at a time.

But there came a morning
when my soul said,
enough.

Not with anger.
Not with shame.
Just truth
rising like light through the curtains.

I am not here
to become worthy.
I am here to remember
I already am.

I am not here
to perform peace.
I am here to live
from the sacred center within me.

So I called my scattered pieces home.
I blessed the tired ones.
I welcomed the hidden ones.
I opened the door
to the life that was mine all along.

[Chorus]

Blessed are the wholehearted,
the ones who stop dividing the soul
to be accepted in pieces.

Blessed are the honest,
the healing,
the brave enough to return.

Blessed are the ones
whose hearts become clear
not because life was easy,
but because love became true.

They shall see God
in the mirror,
in the moment,
in the mercy,
in the life they finally dare to live.

[Verse Two]

I meet myself again
for the very first time.

Not the version made small
by other people's discomfort.

Not the version trained
to keep smiling through the ache.
Not the version that learned
how to survive
by staying quiet.

I meet the self
who still knows how to breathe.
The self with wisdom in her bones.
The self with courage in her chest.
The self whose yes is holy
and whose no is clean.

There is a table
inside my own heart,
and every part of me
has a place there now.

The tender part.
The strong part.
The part still healing.
The part still learning
how to trust joy again.

This is spiritual recognition.
This is sacred alignment.
This is my inner truth
becoming my outer life.

[Chorus]

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the ones who stop dividing the soul
to be accepted in pieces.

Blessed are the honest,
the healing,
the brave enough to return.

Blessed are the ones
whose hearts become clear
not because life was easy,
but because love became true.

They shall see God
in the mirror,
in the moment,
in the mercy,
in the life they finally dare to live.

[Verse Three]

Now I know
wholeheartedness is not a feeling
I visit on my best days.

It is the way.

The truth I stand in
when the room does not understand me.

The path I choose
when fear offers me something smaller.

The life I practice
when love asks for my whole name.

It is in the conversation
where I tell the truth with kindness.

It is in the decision
where I honor what I know.

It is in the relationship
where I bring my whole self
and stop apologizing
for the light Spirit placed in me.

I am learning
to let my thoughts,
my words,
my choices,
and my love
come from the same sacred place.

And when they do,
my life begins to match my heart.

This is the blessing made visible.

This is the soul and the life
singing the same song.

This is the way.

[Spoken Word Component]

Blessed are the pure in heart
does not mean blessed are the perfect.

It means blessed are the undivided.

Blessed are the ones
who stop outsourcing their worth.
Blessed are the ones
who gather the pieces of themselves
and call it holy.

Blessed are the ones
who understand
that God is not waiting
for the finished version.

God is here
in the honest breath.
In the brave repair.
In the truth we finally stop editing.
In the moment we remember
we are seen,
we are heard,
we are recognized,
we are included.

Wholeheartedness is not a mask.

It is not a performance.

It is not a spiritual costume
for respectable people.

It is a life

gathered around one sacred center.

It is love with direction.

Truth with expression.

A soul no longer leaving itself behind.

Blessed are the wholehearted,
because everywhere they stop hiding,
they begin to see God.

[Final Chorus]

Blessed are the wholehearted,
the ones coming home
one truth at a time.

Blessed are the tender and steady,
the unfinished and faithful,
the ones who choose real life
over the safety of pretending.

Blessed are the ones

who let the blessing become embodied
in how they speak,
how they serve,
how they love,
how they live.

For they shall see God
not someday,
not somewhere far away,
but here,
now,
in the sacred life
moving through them.

[Affirmation Outro]

I am seen.

I am heard.

I am recognized.

I am included.

I gather my life around sacred truth.

I let my heart become clear.

I let my soul and my life move together.

I am worthy now.

I am enough now.

I am whole now.

I live from the inside out.

I put my whole heart into this life.

I am blessed as I heal.

I am blessed .

I am wholehearted