THE HONEY OF HEAVEN

An Abundance Invocation for Divine Provision

O Source of sweetness, flow, and light,
Open now the gates of right.
Not of striving, not of fear --
But of love that draws things near.

I remember now how to receive --
With open heart and heart's belief.
No need to chase, no need to strive,
I am the garden. I am the hive.

You feed the lilies. You robe the trees.
So surely You shall care for me.
Let blessings come not drop by drop,
But honeyed rivers -- never stop.

I do not beg. I do not plead.
I stand in joy. I plant the seed.
My life is proof that I am blessed --
In every breath, in every rest.

I call forth now what has been mine --
Through all of time, beyond all time.
Divine supply, in golden stream,
Unfolds to meet my soul's own dream.

Not just for me -- but all I love.
Let overflow rain from above.
Let none go hungry, none stay bare --
May heaven's sweetness coat the air.

Let gold be grace, let flow be ease.
Let joy be currency, breath release.
Let every need the heart has known
Be met in ways not yet been shown.

The bees remember how to trust.
The earth provides. The roots adjust.
So too shall I -- no longer small.
I open wide. I claim it all.

I am not measured by what I own,
But by the truth my heart has shown.
Worth is woven in my name --
Abundance answers when I claim.

And so I walk this path of grace,
With steady heart and open face.
I trust, I rest, I now receive --
The Honey of Heaven flows through me.

With reverence and radiance,
With love and light -- Charming White Eyes