

The Light Within

A journey through Psalm 23

Words by Gianni Parola • Art by Pino Pennello



Every atom in your body

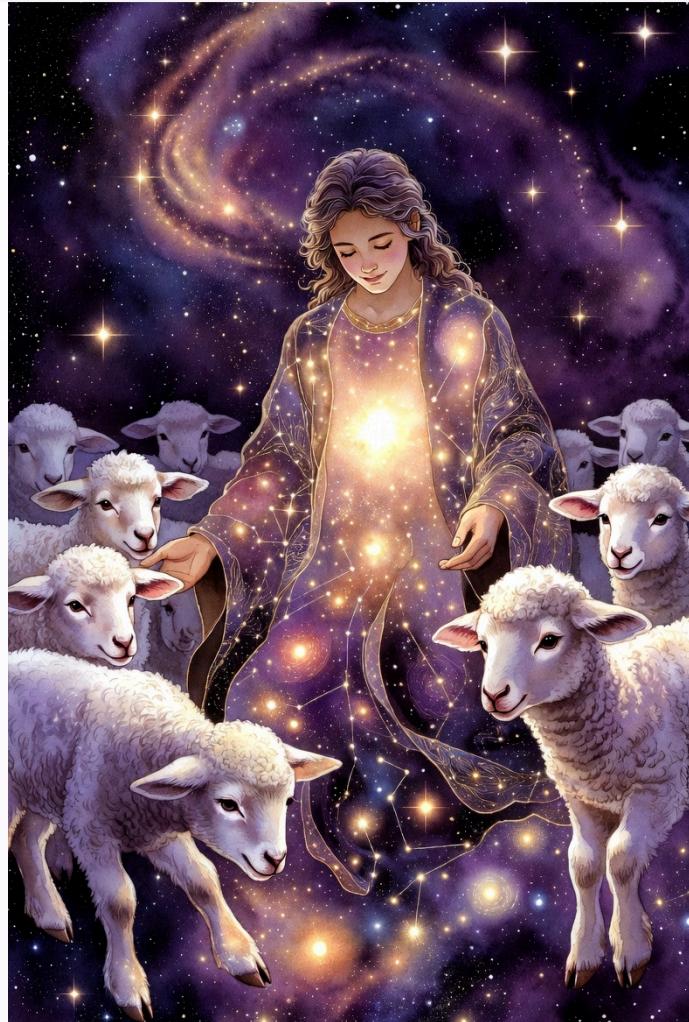
was once part of a star.

You carry the universe inside you,

and you are never, ever alone.



Made of Stars



Before you were born,
the stars were already singing your name.
Every tiny piece of you came from the sky.

*"I made you from stardust," whispers the shepherd,
"You are part of everything that shines.
You will always have what you need."*

And I look at my hands and smile,
because now I know:
I am made of light.

The Quiet Place



The shepherd leads me to a place
where everything is still,
where the water reflects the clouds
and the grass hums a lullaby.

*"Be still," he says softly,
"and know that you are loved.
Let the silence fill your heart."*

I close my eyes and breathe.

In the quiet, I find myself.

Growing Down



The path winds like a river,
sometimes up toward the sky,
sometimes down into the earth.

*"Grow up toward the stars," he says,
"but also grow down into the ground.*

*Stretch your branches. Spread your roots.
Both directions lead to me."*

I understand now:
the journey goes both ways.

Through the Shadows



Sometimes we must walk through darkness,
where shadows feel so big and cold.

But even here, something grows.

"Do not push the darkness away," he whispers,

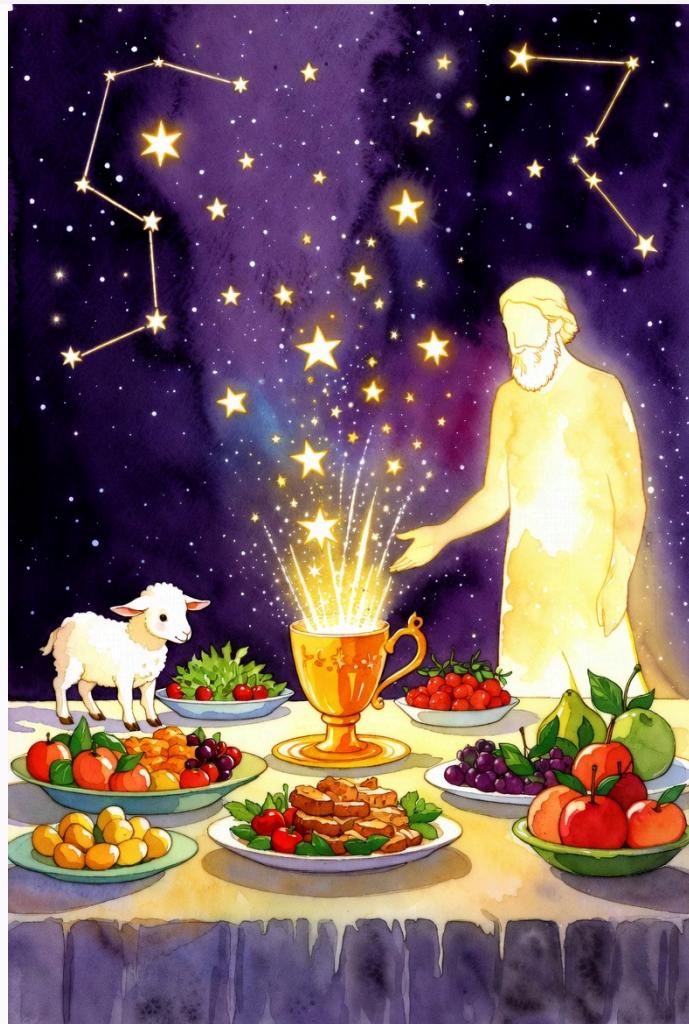
"It is soil where flowers bloom.

The lotus grows from mud.

And I am here, always here."

I hold his hand through the valley,
and somewhere in the dark,
I begin to see the light.

The Overflowing Cup



And then - oh! - the feast appears:

a table under the open sky,
full of everything wonderful.

"This is for you," he laughs with joy,

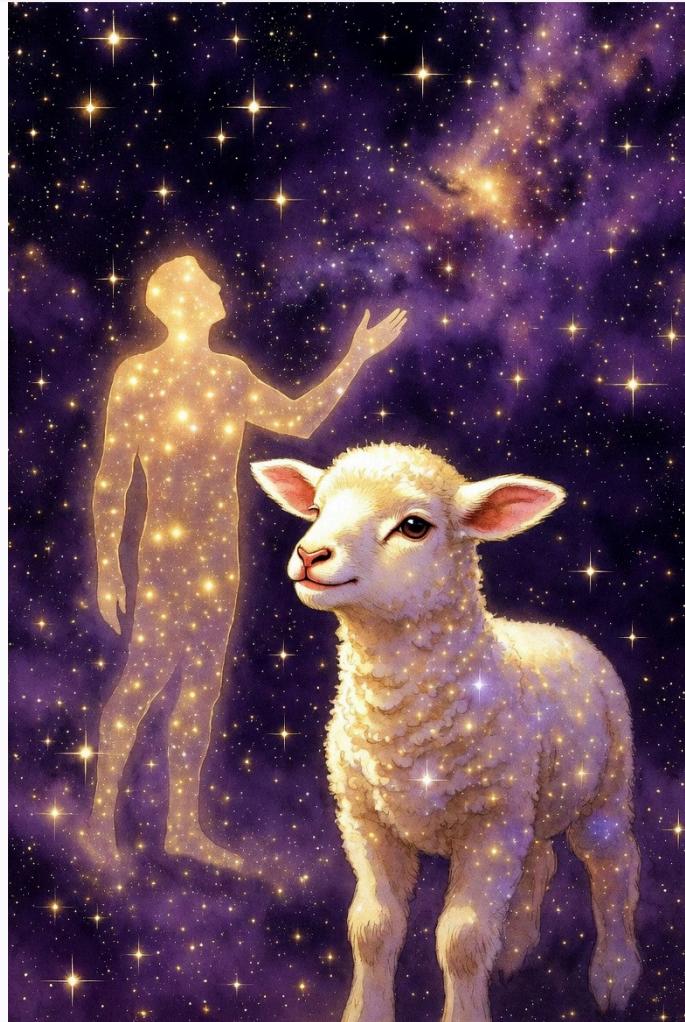
"Not because you earned it,

but because you ARE.

Your cup overflows with stars!"

I drink deeply and feel the light
spilling over, filling everything.

Already Home



And so I learn the secret:
I don't have to search for home.
Home was always here, inside me.

*"You belong to the stars," he says,
"and the stars belong to you.
Goodness and love will follow you
forever and ever."*

I look up at the night sky
and smile at my family:
a billion stars, shining back.

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures.

He leads me beside still waters.

He restores my soul.

He leads me in paths of righteousness

for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the valley

of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil, for you are with me.

Your rod and your staff,

they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me

in the presence of my enemies.

You anoint my head with oil;

my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me

all the days of my life,

and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord

forever.

The End



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