**In God’s Image**

I am a child of God –

As you are.

In my face is reflected the likeness of God –

As in yours.

Why then do you despise the colour of my skin,

The shape of my features,

Or the texture of my hair?

Why do you think that I must think

*Like you*,

Act *like you*,

Speak or believe *like you*?

I am me -

Made in the image of our Parent God –

In whose image

You are made.

How do you feel at ease, enjoying

The privilege you have

Not earned,

But have seized -

And seize -

From my own hand?

Why do you assume that those who are

‘Like you’

Are more desirable,

Deserving -

Somehow better?

‘Better’ how?

According to who?

Why must I have your approval -

Or permission -

To be me?

Fully me!

The ‘me’ our Parent God

Birthed me to be!

Why must *my* life be constrained by *your* norms,

*Your* customs,

*Your* rules,

*Your* ways,

Your judgment of who or what is acceptable –

Or not?

Who gave *you* the monopoly on ‘rightness’ –

And rightness in whose eyes?

Love others as you love yourself –

Or maybe, as you would wish to be loved.

And judge not in case you too

Are judged.

So says our Parent God -

In whose image

We both are made.

Karen Campbell