A Montreat Welcome, written with love
For those attending ARW/Re:Create 2025
By Sarah Skinner, 2025

Come in, the door is open

Welcome, beloved ones.
You are on holy ground.
Come in as you are.
You *are* holy ground.

Come in radiant or rumpled, rested or weary,
come in bearing grief, or laughter, or both.
The door is open.
The table is set.
There is room for all of you—
every story, every scar,
every wonder still unfolding.
Come in.

Come in carrying your stories—the ones that shaped you,
the ones that cracked you open into song,
the ones that still burn in your chest.

Come with a face that is your own.
Or come with all your masks,
and let us celebrate your survival.
Painted or adorned only as the holy made you, come in.
In your Sunday finest, or in an old sweatshirt,
dress up, or come as you are—
The Holy One wants you here, at the table.
Come in, the door is open.

Come in ready to dance, to play, to rest.
Come in as one who creates, who wonders,
as one who has nothing to prove
and everything still unfolding.

You are not late.
You have not missed your turn.
You do not need to start over.
You are already inside the circle.
You are already welcome.

Here, your welcome never expires.
Here, your voice is holy.
Your questions are holy.

Your laughter is holy.
Your presence is enough.
Come in, the door is open.
The table is set.
All of you is welcome beside the Holy One.

This is not a place where we demand you fit.
This is a place where we widen the circle
to make room for what is real.

So take a deep breath.
Feel your feet on the ground.
Notice the faces around you,
and know that here,
we are weaving something together.

The Holy one is dancing with the extroverts,
Whispering poetry to the wallflowers.
And, for those still waiting on the outside,
The Holy One waits with you, too.
Still weaving sacred wonder inside of you.

Not perfection.
Not performance.
But presence.

Notice the Holy One
in the hush, in the psalm,
in the holy giggle of joy
and say,
"Come in, you are welcome."

Holy Ones *are already beside you*.

Let this week be for becoming.
Let this space be for renewal.
Let your breath return to you.
Let joy catch you by surprise.

You are already loved.
You are already home.
Welcome.

I have a few more that I've written that might be appreciated
https://kaleidoscopeinstitute.substack.com/p/blessed-are-the-burned-out
https://kaleidoscopeinstitute.substack.com/p/for-the-ones-who-never-got-their

https://kaleidoscopeinstitute.substack.com/p/let-the-bowl-break-open