

THE GATES OF LOVE

A story inspired by the Beatitudes

H.A. Bria



Text by H.A. Bria. Illustrations created
using Canva Pro Magic Media.

First edition November 2025

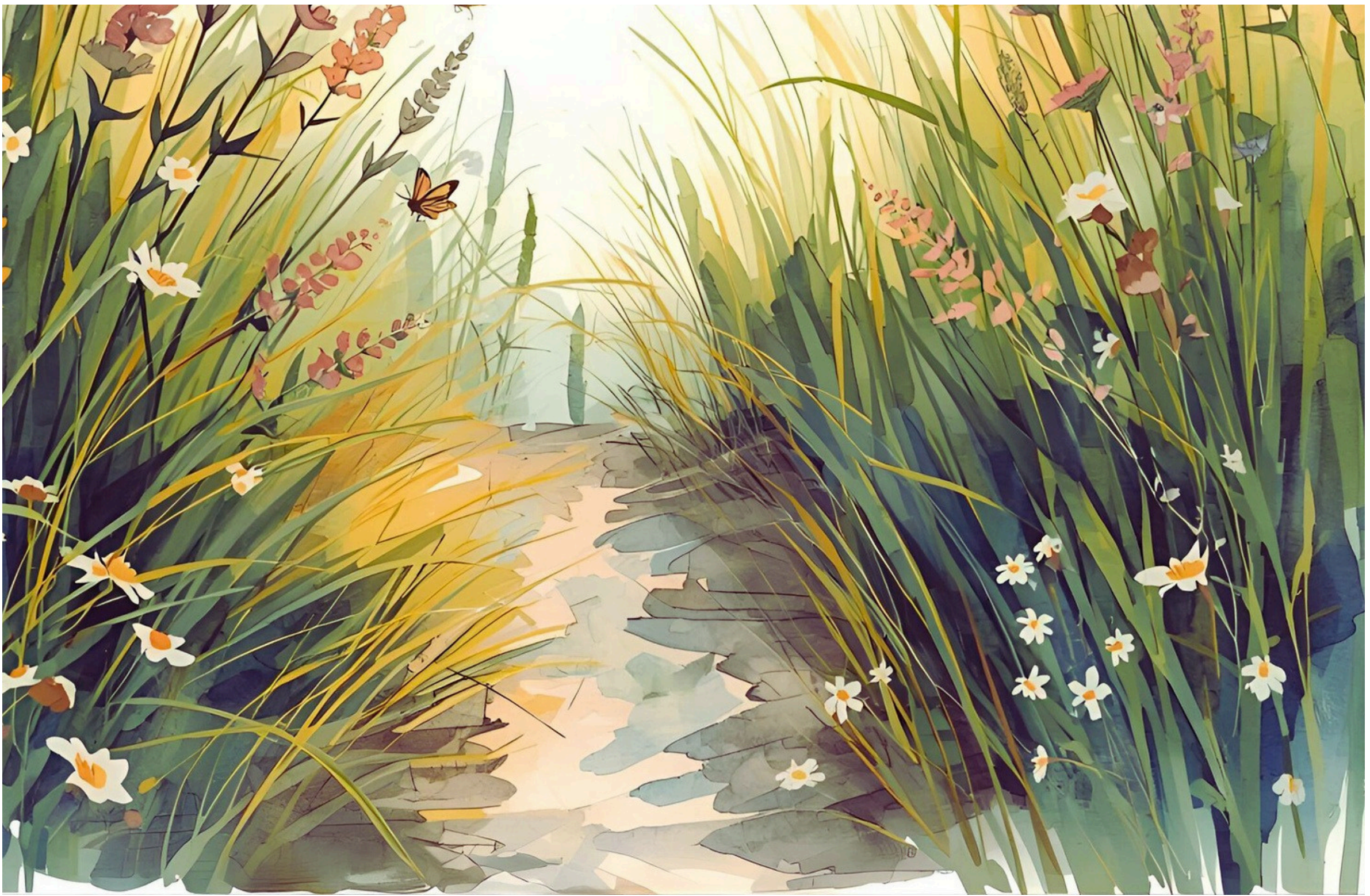
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The Gates of Love



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Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.



One morning,
as soft sunlight painted the fields with light,
Liora woke to find a letter by her bed.

“Follow the path of love,” it said,
“and you will find the greatest gift of all.”

Beside the letter lay a wooden cross.
“It’s for you,” called the gentle voice of God.

“Use it to open the gates of love.”

Holding the wooden cross,
Liora stepped into the fresh morning air,
guided by a humble faith
that God walked beside her.





As she walked the narrow path,
the wind stirred softly,
and the joyful songs of meadowlarks
swept across the golden fields.

Tucked among the tall daisies,
Liora found the first gate,
shimmering softly in the light.

She paused,
wondering if she was ready.
For a moment she hesitated
then whispered,

“I will go where God leads.”



When Liora placed her hand on the gate,
it opened slowly,
as though love itself
had been waiting for her.

Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.



Liora followed the narrow path
as it curved through the meadow.

She smiled
as the beauty of the world
unfolded before her eyes.

Dragonflies darted
above the tall grass,
weaving patterns
of light and peace.

The path led to a clear flowing stream,
where magnificent wildflowers
painted the banks
with their brilliant artistry.

Along the water's edge,
Liora saw people sitting quietly,
their faces wet with tears.





Liora walked to a young girl
and sat beside her in stillness.

The girl's tears fell softly,
moistening the soil
like a gentle rain.

Liora listened
with an open heart
as the girl shared her story.

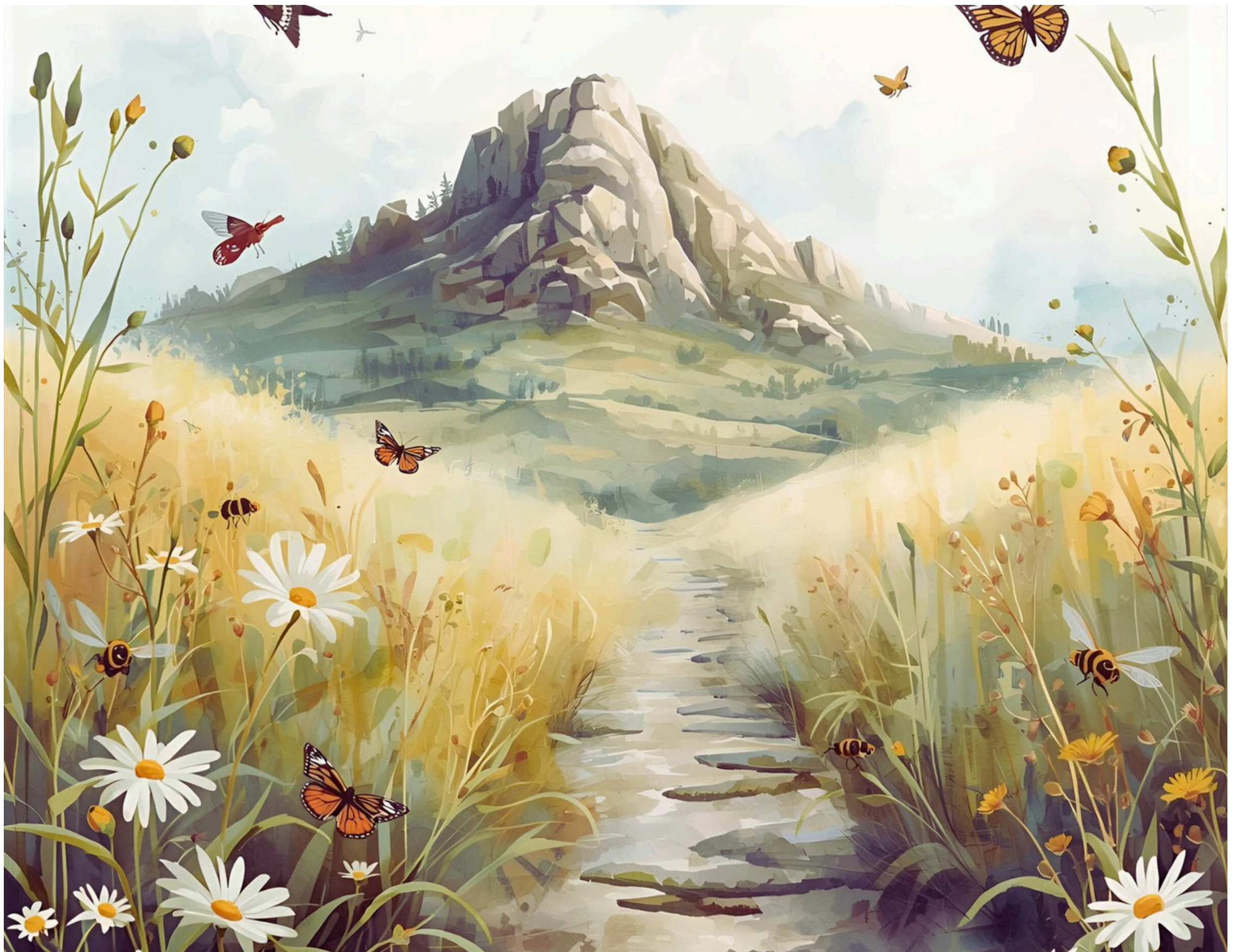
In time the young girl's tears
grew still.

Together they watched the stream,
its gentle current carrying away
fallen leaves,
flowing onwards into
a river of new life.

When the moment felt right,
Liora placed her hand
upon the next gate.
It opened slowly,
as the scent of wildflowers
drifted through the air
like a promise of peace.



Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.



Liora followed the path
as it curved toward a rocky hill.

The ground became stony
beneath her feet,
and the murmur of the stream
faded into the distance.

Beneath the watchful sky, she felt the
air grow drier as a soft wind brushed
against her face.



The path wound upward
over stones and thorns,
each step slower than the last.

Liora tried to climb
with steady feet,
but the hill was steep and uneven.

Her legs ached, and
she wished the way
were easier.



Liora noticed a lamb
climbing the same rocky hill.

“You never seem to slip,”
Liora called softly.
“How do you do it?”

The lamb turned
its gentle eyes toward her.

“Love walks softly,” he said,
“and always takes its time.”



Liora slowed her steps,
letting her feet move with purpose.

The path no longer seemed so steep,
and peace settled gently in her heart.

Together they climbed
until the wind fell silent
and the hill unfolded into light.



At the summit, Liora paused
and turned to the lamb.

It stood quietly,
its fleece bright against the stones,
its eyes calm and kind.

“Thank you,” Liora whispered.

The lamb gave a small nod,
then it turned
and made its way down the hill.



Liora watched as the lamb walked ahead,
as if leading her toward something
she could not yet see.

Then, in the stillness that followed,
she rested her hand upon the next gate,
and it opened with the quiet grace
of a gentle breath.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled.



By midday, Liora's stomach rumbled.
Her throat felt dry,
and she had no food or water.

The sun hung high above the hills,
and the path shimmered with heat.

She paused and wondered,
“Am I still on the right path?”



Liora felt the wooden cross in her hand,
its presence reminding her
she did not walk alone.

With faith she continued on,
one steady step after another,
along the narrow path.



In the distance Liora saw a boy
sitting beside the next gate.
When he noticed her,
he offered her water to drink
and a share of his bread.

They ate slowly,
sharing crumbs with tiny birds
and a chipmunk who watched
from a nearby rock.

As their friendship grew,
their laughter mingled
with the gentle sounds of creation.

When it was time to move on,
Liora thanked the boy for his kindness.

Filled with gratitude,
she placed her hand upon the next gate.
It opened slowly,
as a symphony of birdsong
wove joy through the air.



Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy.



Beyond the hills,
the path led Liora into a welcoming forest.

Beams of sunlight
drifted through the trees
like golden threads.

The fragrant scent of pine
lingered in the air.

Then, from somewhere ahead,
Liora heard a sharp, frightened cry.
She ran toward the sound
and found a fox caught in a snare.

Liora's heart pounded
as she knelt beside the fox.

"I'll help you," she said softly,
her hands trembling
as she loosened the snare.

The trap fell open
with a sharp click.

The fox scrambled free
and limped toward the shelter of the trees.





The forest was peaceful again.
Liora sat back for a moment,
the wooden cross warm in her hand.
A calm strength filled her heart,
and she knew she was ready
to continue her journey.

When she rose and touched the gate,
it opened wide,
and light spilled softly through the trees.



Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God.



Beyond the forest, the path was very still.
The sound of the wind faded,
and even the birds seemed to rest.

Liora followed the path
until it opened into a small clearing,
where a quiet pond shimmered beneath the trees.

The surface of the water
was smooth as glass,
reflecting soft cotton-ball clouds
as they drifted across the sky.

When Liora knelt beside it,
she expected to see her own reflection.

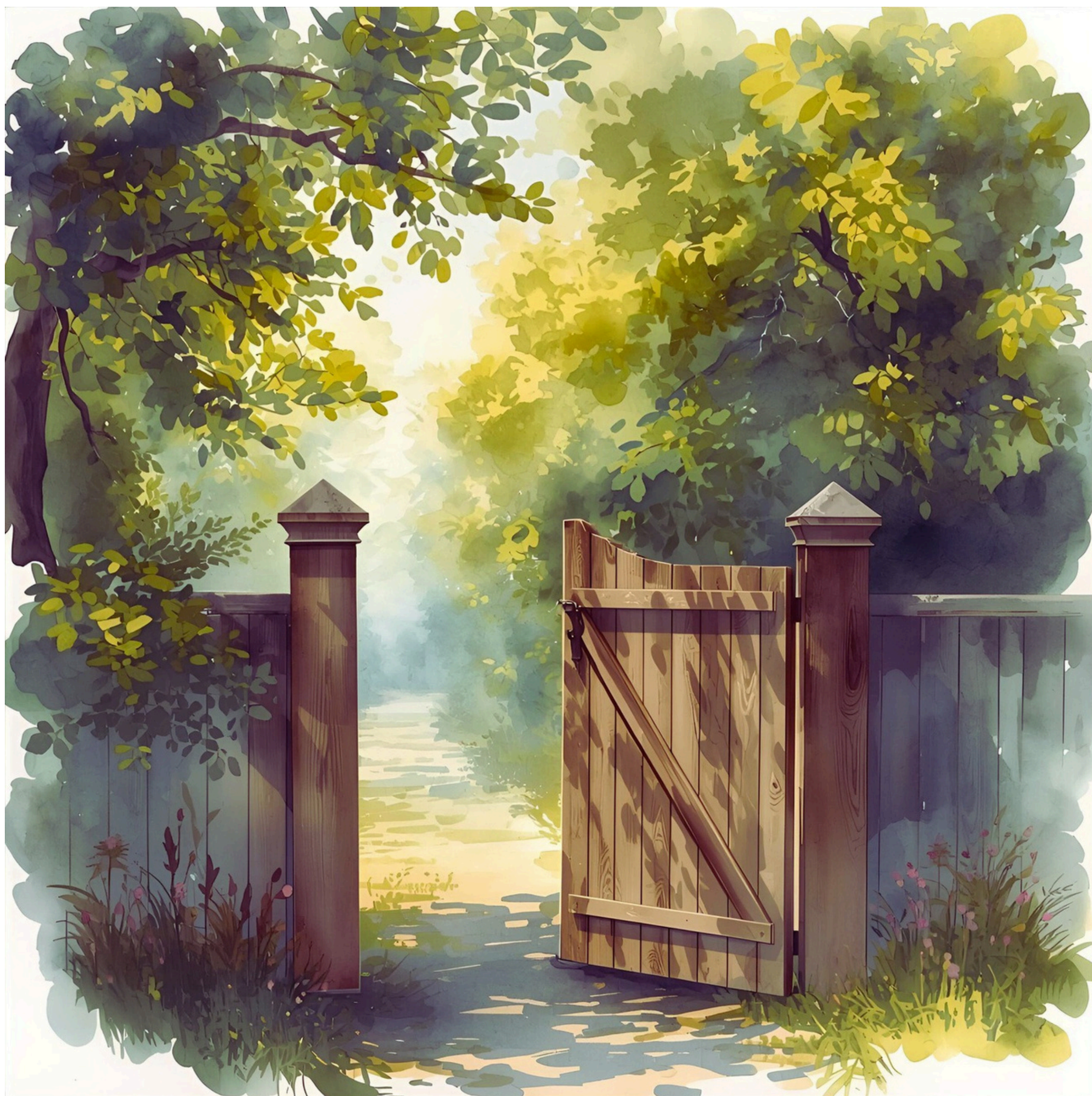
Instead, she saw the faces of
her family, her friends, and
people she had never met.





Out of the quiet, a dove appeared
and hovered above the calm water.
Its wings stirred the air
like a breath of peace.

It whispered softly,
“keep your heart clear,
and you will see God in everyone.”



Liora rose with renewed vision
and stepped toward the gate.

She reached out her hand,
her heart calm and clear.

The gate opened wide,
gleaming like sunlight
on clear water.

*Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called
children of God.*



Beyond the pond,
the path led Liora onward.

The sun was lowering
behind the hills,
and the air was filled
with quiet light.

As Liora rounded a bend in the path,
the stillness was broken
by angry voices.



Two travelers stood before the gate,
their faces tense
and their words sharp and loud.

One wanted to go first,
the other refused to move.

The air felt heavy between them,
as if even the wind
had forgotten how to breathe.



Liora watched for a moment,
her heart aching.

“Friends,” she said softly,
“let’s go through the gate together.
There is room for all of us.”

The travellers looked at her,
then at one another.

Then, the wind stirred dust around their feet,
as the breath of the Holy Spirit
passed gently through the silence.



One man reached out his hand.
The other hesitated, then took it.

The air grew light again,
and it felt as though the earth
exhaled a sigh of relief.

Liora smiled
as the two travelers walked
side by side toward the gate.

Together they stepped forward,
and the gate opened wide,
welcoming everyone inside.

*Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness'
sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*



The path led Liora onward to the highest hill.
The air was thin and clear,
and the sky above her
seemed to open into light.

Before her stood the final gate,
glowing softly
like the morning sun.



The wind brushed through her hair,
and her hands steadied
as she lifted the wooden cross.

She thought of every gate
and every act of love
that had guided her heart along the way.

As Liora walked,
she carried the light she had found,
ready to share it with the world.

A warm breeze swept across the land,
carrying the sound of many voices
singing as one.

Liora took a deep breath
and crossed the threshold
of the final gate.

Beyond the gate lay a lush garden,
filled with beauty and peace.

Flowers glowed in the soft light,
streams sparked like silver ribbons,
and the air was alive with joy.

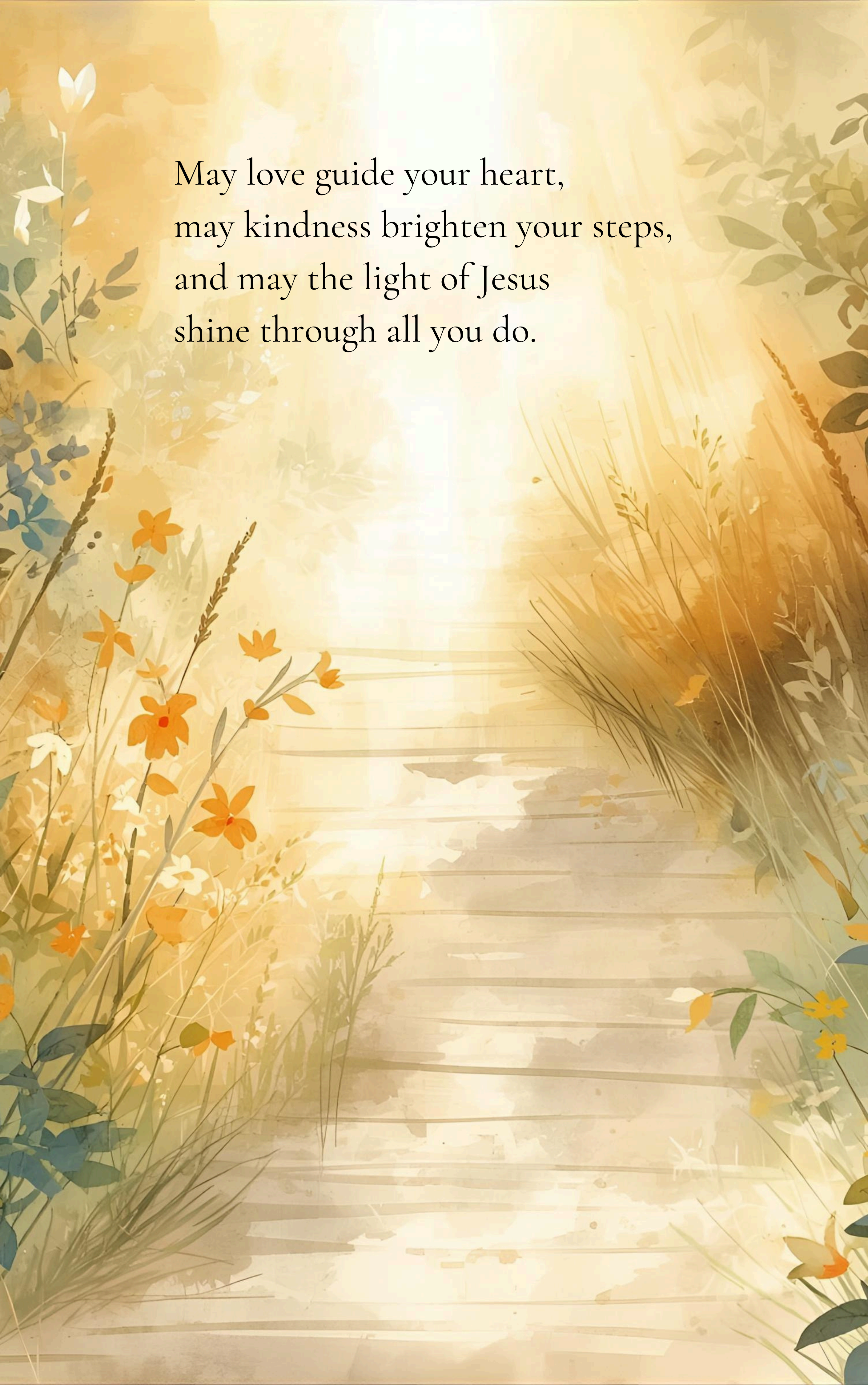




And there, at the heart of the garden,
stood Jesus, His presence radiant
with heavenly light.

Jesus looked at Liora and said,
“You have discovered the greatest gift,
a heart that rests in my love.

Now every step you take
will open the world
to the light of my love.”

A watercolor illustration of a sunlit path. The path is made of light-colored wooden planks and leads from the bottom towards a bright, glowing light source at the top, creating a strong sense of perspective. The path is flanked by various plants and flowers. On the left, there are tall grasses, small white flowers, and several bright orange flowers with red centers. On the right, there are more tall grasses and some yellow flowers. The background is a soft, warm yellow, suggesting a bright, sunny day. The overall style is soft and artistic, with visible brushstrokes and a gentle color palette.

May love guide your heart,
may kindness brighten your steps,
and may the light of Jesus
shine through all you do.