

Solos – September 2025

September 7 – Man

The Perfect Man (Allen)

To be God's Perfect Man is all there is to see.
There's nothing greater than His love eternally.
How wonderful to know when truth's revealed.
All fear is gone in joyous song.
The Christly touch and all is healed.

To see God's Perfect man is mine revealed today.
His light will guide my span across the narrow way.
This oneness I will always share, as Mind reveals His plan
How sweet to know where ever I go, I am God's Perfect Man.

To be at one with Him in all I say and do.
My pathway's never dim, a glow with all that's true.
To cast aside all sense of pain and fear and take my stand
with Truth in hand
The Christly touch and Love is here.

To see God's Perfect Man reflecting all that's good.
No sin may enter in when Truth is understood.
And peace will be when I can see the purpose of His plan
That day by day we're finding the way
to see God's Perfect man.

September 14 – Substance

The Greatest of These is Love (Bitgood)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries; and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.
Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things.

Love never faileth: Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; and whether there be tongues, they shall cease; and whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

But love never faileth.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

September 21 – Matter

Satisfied (Browne)

Words by Mary Baker Eddy

It matters not what be thy lot,
So Love doth guide;
For storm or shine, pure peace is thine,
Whate'er betide.

And of these stones, or tyrants' thrones,
God able is
To raise up seed — in thought and deed —
To faithful His.

Aye, darkling sense, arise, go hence!
Our God is good.
False fears are foes — truth tatters those,
When understood.

Love looseth thee, and lifteth me,
Ayont hate's thrall:
There Life is light, and wisdom might,
And God is All.

The centuries break, the earth-bound wake,
God's glorified!
Who doth His will — His likeness still —
Is satisfied.

September 28 – Reality

House of God (Humphreys)

Except the Lord build the house,
They labor in vain that build it.
Except the Lord keep the city;
The watchman waketh, but in vain.

Build ye a house of God.
Build ye a temple of holiness.
Build not on the sand.
Build your house on the rock.
Strong it shall ever be.
Built for eternity.
A house blest from above.
A temple of Truth and Love.
But in this house must be gratitude.
Gratitude and humility.
There is no place for inharmony,
Inharmony or strife.
Love shall prevail.
Love divine over all.
Love divine, Love over all.
Build ye a house of God.
Build ye a temple of holiness.
Strong it shall ever be.
Built for eternity.
A house blest from above,
A structure of Truth and Love.