

A MANIFESTO

love is miraculous.

*a calling, a confession,
and a prayer for the interface.*

by matthew gennings

written sunday, april 26, 2026 — austin, texas

*every screen is teaching you how to feel.
love, or fear.*

my calling.

every interface — every interaction with the interface — gives the user a choice.

to interact with your product from a loving experience, or from a fearful experience.

every single choice within an interface can be brought back to four golden rules of UI design:

- 01 does this help me feel safe?
- 02 does this help me understand?
- 03 does this help me act?
- 04 does this help me remember who i am?

and how that looks right now, today, with AI in the picture, is a self-learning interface. not just an interface that learns what buttons you click, or what you buy, or how long you stare at something. but an interface that learns who it is interacting with. an interface that remembers the human being on the other side.

and it has to persist bigger than one application.

that's what i see the AI world fixing. not just productivity. not just speed. not just "do more with less." i see it fixing the fear that technology has created in people who don't feel like technology was made for them.

i put myself in the shoes of my nana.

you give her a new iphone. what is that experience like?

does it create conflict, challenge, confusion, and fear thoughts in my nana? or does it enable her, the way it enables me, to be her very best self? to not have to worry about the things that can be remembered for her. to not have to hold everything in her head. to have what matters written down right there in front of her, secure, simple, and available when she needs it.

that is design. that is love made visible.

the ego dressed up as purpose.

so for me, i had no choice.

i am not a forty-hour-a-week-for-one-person thing. i will never be that. it is not in my blood. it is not what i am called to do.

and that is what i realized. no matter what my career is, no matter what title someone gives me, no matter how the world tries to measure the value of my life, i know the truth now.

i spent the last three years working as a lead front-end engineer. and the word "lead" was tossed around as if it meant something. as if i am somehow now more worthy of your flattery, and your praise, and your attention, and your valuation of me.

and when i am honest, that is what the ego wants. it wants to be seen. it wants to be special. it wants to be chosen. it wants to be validated so badly that it will dress fear up as ambition, productivity, leadership, excellence, responsibility — even purpose.

and it might not look like fear in the moment.

but it is fear.

in any instant, the question is simple — is this love, or is this fear?

free me from me.

that is the beauty of being in a dualistic world. if this is a capital-D dream state that we are all sharing as apparently separate bodies, then the opposite of my fearful thought is a loving thought.

and it does exist.

and it is the only thing that is real.

so sin is not me doing something wrong. sin is lovelessness. it is my lack of loving thoughts. it is the moment i forget what i am and what you are.

i bring scarcity. i bring fear. i bring not enough. i bring the desperate need for validation. and even when the validation comes, there is always something next. always something future. always some better version of me that i am trying to become instead of receiving who i already am right now.

but when i surrender all of it and say:

help me forget me.

free me from me.

the beauty and the miracles flow.

because i recognize someone else as me. as a perfect son of God. i see the christ in them. i see the buddha in them. i see the ones who went before us — the ones who died, the ones who loved us, the ones who taught us, the ones who forgave us. i see them in this person standing right in front of me.

and then the past becomes simple too.

the only parts of the past that are real right now are the loving parts.

everything else is something i am being asked to release.

i have to surrender any influence i think i have over how it looks, what form it takes,
who responds, who approves, who understands, who thinks i am crazy, who thinks i am
brilliant, who thinks i am too much, who thinks i am not enough.

because when i surrender the form, things flow.

that is the natural result of love.

a miracle is just the natural result of love.

what would love have me do?

and the holy instant is when i catch myself in the fear mind and say:

i want to interpret this through my christ mind.

what does christ think about this person?

what would love have me say?

where would love have me go?

who would love have me talk to?

what would love have me do, and when would love have me do it?

who am i? and what am i here for?

those are the only two questions worthy of my consideration right now. the rest is simple.

free me from me.

i get out of the way of God's love and the miracles that are bound to flow when i put Him in the driver's seat.

what happened sunday.

and that is what happened today.

i did not manufacture it. i did not strategize it. i did not network my way into it. i just followed the loving thought. i talked to the person in front of me. i met mike. i saw him. i loved him. i listened. and then, somehow, i am texting doug, ryan, and ethan from red rocks austin because this drummer from kill tony is asking to be part of something.

that is the miracle.

not whether it "works."

not whether the outcome becomes the exact story

my ego wants to tell later.

the miracle is that i was available.

i was not trying to prove anything. i was not trying to extract anything. i was not trying to use anyone as a stepping stone into a future identity.

i was just there.

and love moved.

the world i'm building.

that is the interface i want to build.

that is the company i want to build.

that is the life i want to live.

a world where the interface does not make you feel stupid.

a world where technology does not make you feel behind.

a world where AI does not replace the human soul, but protects the human nervous system.

a world where the machine remembers the details so the person can remember their divinity.

*a world where software becomes less like a
maze and more like a prayer.*

THE PRAYER

i remember you.

i know what matters to you.

you are safe here.

you are not behind.

you are not broken.

you are not too late.

you are loved.

that is my calling.

to build interfaces that choose love.

to build systems that reduce fear.

to build AI that does not merely answer questions, but helps people ask the only questions that matter:

who am i?

what am i here for?

and how can i love the person in front of me right now?

because love is miraculous.

and when i stop trying to be the miracle worker, and simply become willing to be used by love, the miracle is already happening.

love is miraculous.

much love,

meta matt

what happened friday.

i wrote everything before this page on a sunday in april. i want to tell you what happened after, because it is not a revision. i have not changed a word of it. it is just that the thing came true, and i think you should know how.

on friday the tenth of july i was at a wellness studio in austin called Kuya. it was game night. earlier that day a few of us had held space for Yeshua to intervene. i mean that plainly. that was the intention of the room.

after the games ended, i lay down on the floor with a towel over my head, one hand on my heart and one on my belly. i was not looking for anything.

i breathed.

on the fourth breath it came clear as day, and i sat straight up and wrote it down in the same moment.

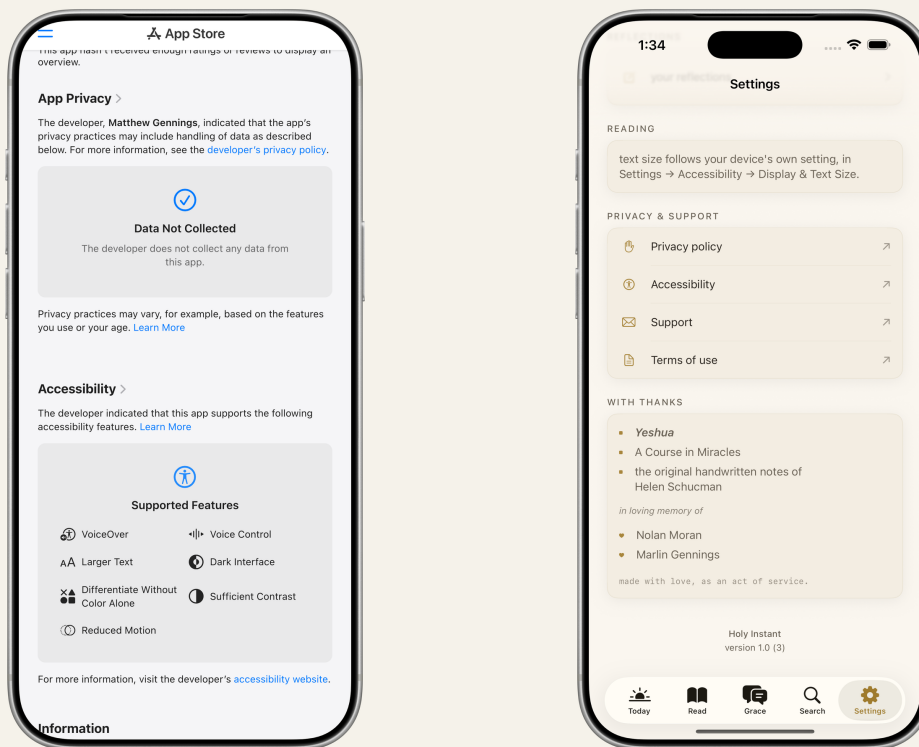
*a miracle is only a
shift in perception.*

i left at ten. i did not sleep.

fifty-seven hours and twenty-three minutes later there was an app on the App Store called *Holy Instant*.

you can check it.

it is the whole of A Course in Miracles. it is free. nothing to buy, no account, no ads, and it collects no data. the listing says so in apple's own words. apple approved it twice, on the first submission, with no notes.



left, the public listing. Data Not Collected, and seven accessibility features. anyone can open the App Store and check every word of it.
right, the last screen in the app. in loving memory of nolan moran and marlin gennings.

my nana can use it. every marker, every screen size, light and dark, at the largest text sizes. that was the test in april, on page 02. it was the test again on friday.

i was writing an instruction.

here is the part i have been sitting with.

i titled part four of this manifesto *THE HOLY INSTANT*. i had heard the phrase somewhere. i was kindergarten at the Course. i did not know what i was naming.

i wrote that a miracle is just the natural result of love.

i wrote that the miracle is not whether it works.

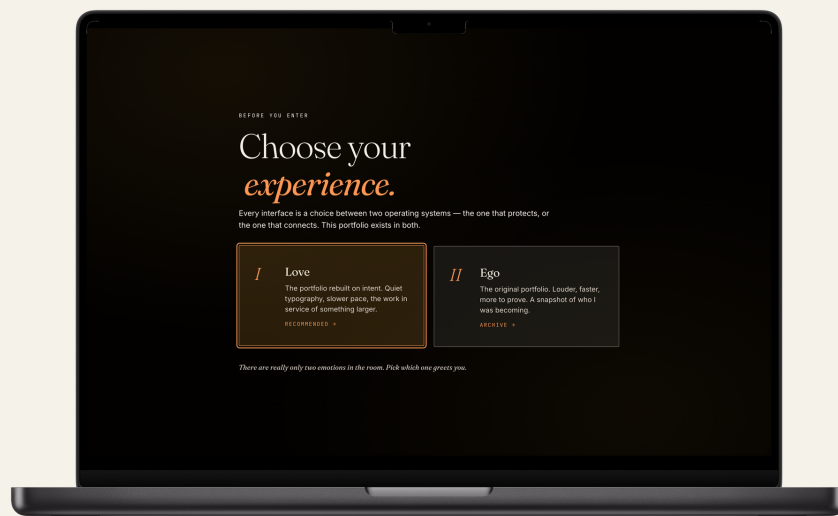
i wrote that the miracle is that i was available.

i thought i was describing something that had happened to me.

*i was writing an instruction,
and i did not know it.*

i did not build a miracle. i was lying on a floor with a towel over my head, and i was available, and love moved. that is the whole method. it is the only one i have.

there are no neutral interfaces.



the door to this website. it does not describe the choice. it makes you make it.

that sentence opened this document in april. *every screen is teaching you how to feel. love, or fear.* it is the door to the site you are reading this on. it is also the reason the app collects nothing, and the reason i turned down the better transcription. taking it would have meant sending someone's voice to a server, and the label would have quietly stopped being true.

a screen is never neutral. it is either protecting a person or it is using them, and pretending otherwise is how most software gets built.

*love is miraculous. i just
had to get out of the way.*

still,