

Peeling Off Another Layer
Joyce Rupp

Transforming Presence,
layers and layers of my false self
keep being stripped away from me.
I walk with caterpillar feet,
knowing that the skin must be shed
time and again
before i find my butterfly wings.

I look at the old discarded peelings
of the person I thought I was
with some dismay and sadness,
but also with some relief and joy.

With every lifted layer, I feel lighter.
With every painful peeling, I am freer.
With every discarded skin, I stretch deeper.
With every sloughed off segment, i grow wiser.

Keep teaching me, Freedom Bringer,
that it is never too late
to embrace the changes
that lead to my truest self.
Keep nudging me away from confining security
when i cling too tightly to what needs to go.

Continue to attune my spirit to your song
of ongoing transformation.
Remind me daily that I will always have another
layer that needs to be shed.

“There is in her a spirit that, is...unique, manifold, subtle,...clear...unpolluted...”
Wisdom 7:22