

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