

## Listening To My Soul by Joyce Rupp

Guardian of my Deepest Self,  
I need to be still, to listen  
not only to falling leaves  
and the gentle wind;  
I need to listen to my soul,  
too long neglected. . .  
Let me be still  
amid the beauty of the earth.  
Let me be a silent admirer  
of all that is sacred.  
Let me be reverent  
in the presence of another.  
Let me restore my inner eye.  
Let me put to rest the wildness  
of endless activity. . .