



What you see with your eyes
is not what I am inside.
Words and tales passed from mouth
to ear are often filled with lies.

You must never assume
that I am only as I appear to be.
There are things beneath my surface,
which you could never see.

Who knows what the future holds;
do you know who I really am?

I could be a blessing in your life;
maybe you're a blessing to me.
But never dismiss me, for you
don't now who I may be.

Catrina W. Harrison

Transfiguration Sunday