



Finding Myself

on a

Closet Shelf

*(Unwrapping the Gift
of Who You Really Are)*

A Story Poem by Vivian Probst

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I sat on my bed,
One dark night in despair
Thinking my life
Was going nowhere.

Tha beautiful life
I had planned for myself,
Sat mocking me daily,
On an unreachable shelf.

I was not the person
I'd thought I would be.
So, I sat in despair.
What happened to *me*?

I sat in tha void--
Not a sound, not a word
Interrupting my thoughts
When suddenly I heard...

A scratching, a scraping—
Some faint rustling noise.
At first, I was startled—
A mouse! I supposed.

Yet something inside me
Said, “What do you fear?”
Come, follow that ticklish
Sound that you hear.”

So, I slide off my bed,
And put on my shoes--
Just in case, you know,
I found something that *moved*.

I tiptoed so quietly—
Headed straight to tha door
Of the closet I dreaded
Where my nightmares were stored.

The sound became **louder**,
And stronger—such force!
That I pulled open tha door
And what hit me of course...

Was a pile of sorrows,
Rages and woes,
So strong that I crashed
On the floor with my nose,

Smashed ‘neath curses and worses
‘I can’ts—that’s absurds!’
In tha silence that followed
I listened and heard,

Tha scratching, the scraping
That strong rustling noise
Still there in my closet,
Whereupon I arose

Stepping gingerly ‘round
All my worries and cares
Saying, “Sorry, excuse me,”
“Step aside please.” Thay glared.

Offended, insulted,
Aghast that I steered--
Around them so boldly
My old worn-out fears.
But that noise in the closet
Held me firm in its grasp.
As I hunted through remnants
Of regrets from my past.

I climbed up those shelves,
To tha very top one
I groped and I grasped,
Surely my search was done!

Yes, finally my hand
Came to rest on a box,
Tied with a ribbon—
A gift I'd forgot?

Tucked deep in a corner,
So long ago--
When I lifted it out,
It was **aglow!**

I untied tha ribbon,
And lifted tha lid;
Ever so carefully—
I'm certain I did.
Tha shock was so great!
So frightening! So dread!
That I threw tha box down
Where I'd sat on my bed.

“Who are you? What is it?”
I cried out in fright.
For the gift I had opened
Was a brilliant white light--

Beaming so brilliantly
Into tha gloom
That even my nightmares
Fled from my room.

My pile of sorrows--
My rages and woes--
Sought refuge elsewhere.
I saw them all go.

My curses and worses,
My cares and regrets
When I looked around
There was nothing left.

Tha light from that box
Leapt into my room.
It danced and it tumbled,
Somersaulted and swooned.

It spun fast around me;
It swirled and danced.
By tha time that is slowed
I was in quite a trance.

“What is it? Who am I?”
It shouted with glee.
“Why, I am tha person
That you want to be!

“You buried me deep
‘Neath your nightmares and fears—
Your regrets and your sorrows
You’ve hidden for years.

“I am your **greatness**,
Your **brilliance**. Your **light**.
Tha person you’ve hoped you were?
Ha! You were right!”

Tha light spun in place
And said, “Do you see?”
When finally it stopped,
It looked just like me!

Except that it beamed
And glowed like tha sun.
I was looking at me—
At me having fun!

Loving my life,
Sparkling and free.
What an amazing, incredible
Wonderful me!

“You’re right,” tha light beamed,
“I’ve just raised tha bar
So that you can see
Who you really are.

“I’ve been lying discarded,
All of these years
While you dressed up your life—
Disguised it in fears.

“You can see that they’re gone—
They’re no longer here.
When you live in tha truth
They can’t even come near!

“The truth about YOU,
My glorious friend,
Is that all that you’ve hoped for
Is living WITHIN!

“It’s just waiting for you
To come out and play
In wonder and joy--
Your own glorious way.

“This life that you’re living,
Is a life that YOU choose.
You can live in its brilliance,
Or else you can lose—

“And sit on your bed
Every night in despair
Wondering why you’re unhappy,
So burdened with care.

“It’s really quite simple,”
The light said and began
To reshape itself
As a heart in my hand.

“You can live in tha truth
Of the person you are
Or switch off tha light,
And live in tha dark.

“But from this day forward
You’ll always know
That it’s your choice, my friend,
Which way you go.”

And when it had finished,
Tha light sat quite still,
Beaming and waiting.
I said softly, “I will”.

I took that bright light,
Placed it into my heart.
I could feel it so strongly,
It gave me a start.

Its warmth spread right through me,
From my head to my toes.
I knew in that moment--
Such wonder—I *glowed!*

Why look at tha wonderful
Person I am!
I feel like myself,
For the very first time!

I leapt and I danced
Round and round, do you see?
I did cartwheels and somersaults,
Celebrating just ME!

So the question I'll ask
My new self every day
Is 'Who shall I be?'
And I'll laugh when I say...

"I'm choosing to be
This wonderful me.
Today I will be
The best **me** I can be.

No trying, no maybe
No must, may, or should
I'm creating my life,
And oh, it is *good!*

As I spin 'round the room
I dance with such glee,
That the room fills with light
Of me just being ME.

I'll pull out my dreams,
All labeled SOMEDAY--
I'll set them in motion,
Nothing stands in my way.

When I lay down to sleep
On that wonderful night
I know that my heart
Is beaming with light.

I glow with such love,
Such knowing, such joy.
That I sail away
To a land that I know.

Into tha life
I had yearned for so long--
It is my perfect present--
The box comes along...

To remind me each day
Of what I now know.
It's truly my choice,
And I make it so!

Vivian R. Probst
Written August 2008

Vivian Probst lives an amazed life.
From humble beginnings and a life
full of 'shalts' and 'shalt nots',
Vivian has tested the waters of
living the life of her dreams.

Nationally-known business
consultant, trainer, prolific writer,
poet, wife, mother, grandmother,
friend, encourager and inner world
traveler, Vivian lives fascinated
with what will show up next in her
Divine imagination.

The secret she knows is that you
are just like her in this way—you

can live the life you dream of if
you dare and it's no more scary
than living a life someone else
thought you should. SH-H-H!
Don't tell anyone else—but *it's also*
a lot more fun to live YOUR life,
YOUR way!

Where Did I Put My Life?

Many people journey through life feeling like something is missing...

We look for it everywhere except for where it really is...

Sometimes it's a vague discomfort; other times it's downright painful. We try to satisfy it with external changes like new relationships, new jobs, new activities, new toys, new addictions, new *anything*. But after the newness wears off, that vague feeling returns like an itch we can't scratch. We find ourselves on an endless quest to fill that void—to make ourselves feel like we've finally found what we've been looking for.

We often don't realize is that what we're looking for isn't 'out there somewhere', it's inside each of us. Often what we're missing is who we really are. As J. C. Penney once said, "It's All Inside"!

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