**Freedom in Believing**

Where is the freedom in believing that I am bad, fallen  
Where is the life generating truth  
In the degradation of my humanity?

Must you tell me that my righteousness is filth  
And that my soul is my sinful nature, the old man?

Where is the appreciation of human life  
Is that not humanity?  
Where is the preciousness of love and purity  
Is it found in a soul beaten down  
One that is convinced of its inalienable damnation?

I am finding freedom away from judgment.  
And, truth in the ability to see myself as beautiful.  
I am finding the preciousness of life in my two newborn nieces,  
who are not yet convinced of anything.