

From the Caterpillar to the Butterfly



It feels as if I have been crawling on the ground forever. Always looking down at the earth beneath my body. Breathing in the dirt and grime that others stir up when they pass me by. I am filthy and empty. I search for places of hope and refreshing, but before I get there, it seems to be snatched away. I try so hard to be positive, but even there I am failing. Please tell me; will this torture of my soul ever end? I can't go on like this. I REFUSE to go on like this! I will simply curl up and die.

When I finally do curl up, I find that even death rejects me. I am held in between. Between despair and hope. Between struggle and freedom. Between night and day. I'm not sure I like it here, but at least it is not where I was. I don't have to eat dust. I can't crawl; I can't even move! Maybe that isn't so bad though, because if I can't move then I will no longer be filled with the dirt stirred up by my feeble attempts to rescue myself. At least it doesn't hurt as much as before. Just let me sleep for a while. I can feel I am at a crossroad, but at this point I don't know if I even care.

I finally realize I'm in a cocoon. It is actually Your hands curled around me. I have been held here until I stop struggling and fighting the process of change that You have been working in me. Once I relax I see what You have been doing. You have held me securely until, slowly but surely You begin opening Your hands. Small slits of light filter in between Your fingers at first. Then more light is let in as You lift one finger away from the rest. Bit by bit You open Your hands until I emerged into Your Son's light. I stand still as the warmth of that light dries me fully. I feel a lifting at my back as if something is pulling at my shoulders. I stretch a bit, then notice the beautiful wings behind me. I unfold my new butterfly wings and examine them for a moment. You gently breathe on me to encourage me to fly from Your hand and to explore the places You prepared for me.

No longer do I eat the dirt and scrape along the ground, but I fly from beauty to beauty taking in ALL You have created. Thank You for the change You authored for me. Thank You for slowly bringing the light to me. You knew just how much I could handle and when to push me to accept more. Without You pushing me forward, even when all I wanted was to stay hidden, I would not have known the wonder and beauty You created. Thank You for my butterfly wings. And thank You for the safe resting places You also created for me for when I am tired. You tell me I'm not done changing, but for today this is enough.