



Butterflies and My Friends

From the time I got out of the car at New Life yesterday, I saw butterflies – they were everywhere! First Diane Sloan had a beautiful, tri-color gold filigree from her granddaughter. Then Sandra had a butterfly necklace, and Alexis ... then Brenda had a stunning butterfly to hold her hair. All these wonderful women in whom beauty has already arisen or is arising are wearing butterflies. Why the butterfly? Is this another move of visuals for New Life? “First the dime, then the butterfly?” Then I began to explore the implications....

The children and I, as a homeschooling family, have kept many a caterpillar on our kitchen table, waiting anxiously for whatever may emerge – moth, butterfly, flies, wasps, even worms once! Some profound truths we have learned include: 1. naked (i.e. hairless – due to the persistent handling of an excited three year old) caterpillars never become butterflies as they use the ‘hair’ to create their cocoon. 2. When a caterpillar goes to cocoon and changes into a butterfly it appears to ‘lose its head’, emerging to leave the old one behind (‘you can never fly with caterpillar mentality!’).

Let’s look at the butterfly itself; again assuming we have been able to protect it from all manner of parasites! What does it take to transform? How much is the butterfly, how much is miracle?? When the transformation of the cocoon is completed what next? Leaving that caterpillar brain behind, the butterfly begins the arduous process of leaving the cocoon. This required incredible strength and fortitude. If at any point in the process she stops, she will surely die. Once pulled free, her wings remain a crinkled mess. They don’t begin to look as if they would sustain flight; only the exercise of breaking free can generate the blood flow necessary to extend the wings. If any outside help is given, she will die. The butterfly herself must determine to break free, and then miracle fills her veins and stretches her wings. She must determine to fly – exercising her wings, but a miracle lifts her to the sky.

Aren’t we as women the same? Strength, beauty, fragility, endurance, patience, all while waiting on God as he performs miracles by His timetable, not ours? Surely the end will follow the beginning. Just as he protects the butterfly, he will protect us with his love while we determine to break free. As we open to His life-giving Spirit, and look skyward, He gives us vision beyond ourselves. As we stretch our wings, He, by his Ruach, His very breath, lifts us to purpose and freedom.

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Jan 2006