

BUTTERFLY PROMISE

The very day of the funeral, a bouquet arrived, and on it sat a silken butterfly. I knew then that it was a gift from you, and it has been here on my desk ever since. Reminding me. For three long years. Through all the blackness and hurting, it has held your winged promise of beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning. It has reminded me that you will never leave me alone to crawl through painful days. It has reminded me that you are with me and that you are doing in me something beyond my all imaginings.

How I have doubted you! I have fought and fretted. I have cowered in fear and exhaustion. But all the while you have kept your butterfly promise. You have never tired of the recreating this your child. You pour your very life into me - such life as no crawling thing can bear. It must sprout wings and burst into flight for sheer joy.

Wondrous Friend, this morning I see clearly that you are making of me a winged creature for one heavenly purpose - so that I might know the joy of giving myself back to you. The child in me understands.

When I was little, I loved Miss Mary. She was old, and she lived next door, and she always welcomed me into her house and gave me cookies and milk. Whenever I wanted to bring her an I-love-you-too gift, I would go into her flower garden and pick a bouquet and trot onto her front porch in my red goulashes and knock and wait. When she opened the door, I would proudly hold out my flowers which were her flowers. And so it is this morning. I come onto your porch in my red goulashes, and I knock, and I hold out to you this butterfly self.

“To You will I entrust whatsoever I have received from You, so that I shall lose nothing. You made me for Yourself, and my heart is restless until it rests in You.”
St. Augustine