

Metamorphosis

Once, deep within a shady glen
Where caterpillars roam,
There chanced a furry specimen
Who'd wandered far from home,
A daring, bold, impetuous worm,
He'd ventured forth alone;
To feast his eyes on sights unseen,
On places yet unknown.

When night-time came he chose his bed:
A lofty evergreen...
And it was there he came upon
A most enchanting scene:
For there, the sweetest caterpillar
Sat upon a limb--
He knew first time he saw her
That this worm was made for him!
He inched his way up next to her,
And in a little while--
He's won her love and stole her heart
In smooth and polished style,
He told her how she needed him,
And what he said made sense:
An 'older' worm, he told her how

**He'd much experience...
He knew the finest eating-spots
And where they could be found,
And pledged to show them to her
If she'd follow him around.**

**So ev'ry morn at half-past nine,
He took his sweetheart out to dine;
He'd climb the tall majestic fir
And bring down tender greens for her.
And that's not ALL that he would do
To show his love for her was true...
From leaves he formed a coverlet
So when it rained, she'd not get wet!**

**But one day she awoke to find
That he had gone, left her behind.
She hunted for him everywhere,
When, head bowed-down in deep despair,
At last she spied his written note:
"Later, my love" was all he wrote.
And to this note a thread was strung
Up to a bag which swayed and swung.
O, piercing pain! It made her swoon
To see her love in a cocoon!
Her tiny heart filled-up with dread,
Unlearned in such, she thought him dead!**

**Solemnly swinging from a leaf,
His grotesque shroud stung her with grief.
She cried in pain, "How can this be?"
WHY was my love taken from me?
What have I done, what hideous sin
To never see my love again?"
Stricken with grief too hard to bear,
With broken heart, she left him there.**

**As time passed by, she thought SHE'D died!
She felt so strange, so changed inside.
"This must be Death-this is the end!"
But it was just the START, my friend.**

**"This can't be Death-I feel so FREE!
Is this what Death is meant to be?"
She checked herself, and of all things,
She found that she had sprouted wings!**

**She fluttered to a nearby stream,
"This can't be TRUE! It's like a dream!"
For as a mirror, she peered therein,
And what she saw made her heart spin:
Her wings were like a silk rainbow,
With sparkling hues that glittered so!
She gleamed and glowed with colors bright!
She clapped her wings in sheer delight!**

**She preened in joy-filled fascination,
Felt a gaze of admiration--
Turning 'round, to her surprise,
There stood her love before her eyes!
Then wing-to-wing, away they flew
Into the heav'ns celestial blue.
While here on earth, the tale goes on
For those who deem their loved ones gone.
They feel that Death must be the end,
But Death is just the START, my friend!**

**For Christians, like the butterfly,
Are RESURRECTED when they die!
No coffin made, no strong casket
Has held a child of God down yet!
For from this earth-bound, flesh "cocoon"
The spirit flies, and very soon
It reunites with cherished friends--
For those in Christ, Life NEVER ends!**

**So when you view a child of God
Be buried in a grave of sod...
Don't rant and rave, don't weep and wail,
Instead, recall this simple tale.
There's no excuse to come undone,
For those in Christ, Life's just begun!**

-- Courtesy Mustard Seed, Through Gospel Tract Society