

From Bondage to Freedom

By Rose Kaval

There was a time I crawled the earth in search of life. I crept along through mud, sand and gravel, hurting each minute. Sometimes the mud would soothe the pain but always I returned to be scratched by sand, gouged by gravel. I spent those days as the caterpillar, bumping into obstacles until I despaired of ever finding a smoother way.

The pain became too great to bear and thinking surely I would die, I sank further and further into my chrysalis. All the while I felt the subtle rumblings of transformation, but, knowing not what they were about, I sat until one day my flimsy chrysalis exploded.

Today I have the colors of a rainbow, the freedom of a butterfly. My wings can take me to the heights, drop me to the depths; but always they will return me to the center. And as I flit about the cosmic sky, I set my sights on the freedom of the sun knowing, one day, my butterfly wings will once again transform and I will know the joy of living in eternal warmth.