

The Butterfly's Transformation



1 - Playing and Learning

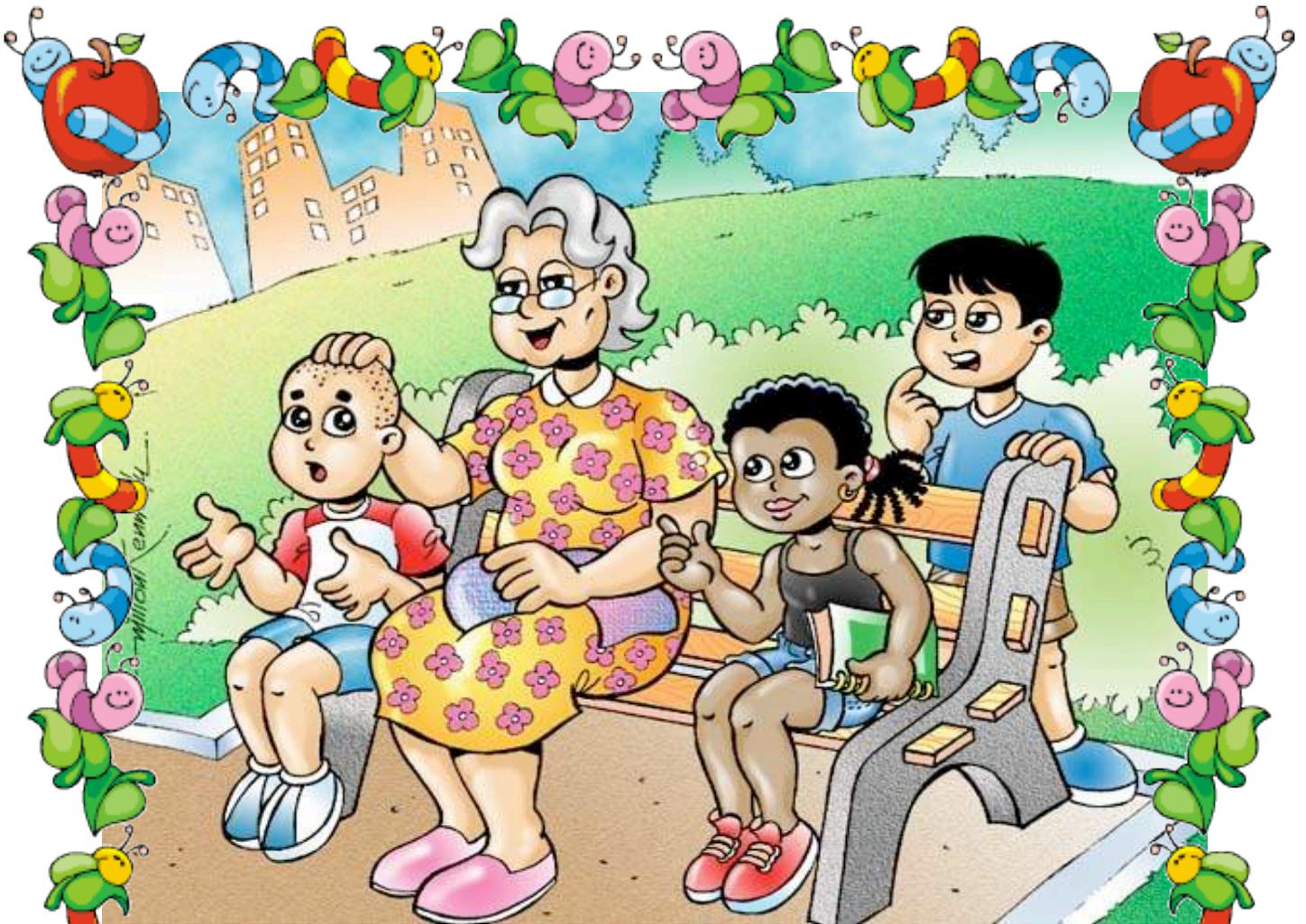
Grandma Mary was at the same time knitting, and looking over her glasses, taking care of her grandchildren who were playing around.

After some time, each tired from playing alone; they all came back sitting close to Paula, who was reading poetry.

After some conversations here and there, Paula told them that the poem she had just read, mentioned that to be born and to die are both events of life.

This matter got little Louis horrified and he asked:

- *Do not talk about death! I'm afraid of that.*
- *What is death?* Bob asked with an intellectual seriousness.
- *I do not know how to explain,* said Paula.
- *Neither do I.* Complimented little Louis.
- *I think we better ask grandma...*
- *Come on, Grandma knows everything!* They all agreed.



2 - Talking to Grandma

One after another came by the bench from where grandma was watching them. As soon as they got there, grandma Mary, with the wisdom of those who have lived much longer, asked:

- *What happened kids? What is disturbing you?*

- *I am afraid, Grandma!* Louis replied.

- *Fear of what?* Grandma asked.

Before Louis could answer, Paula explained:

- *I was reading a poem, which said that birth and death were natural facts of life, it was when Louis became afraid and Bob wanted to know what death was, but we could not explain.*

- *Then, we came here to ask you grandma.* Roberto said.

Demonstrating certain indifference regarding their concerns, grandma Mary looked around as if she was searching for something in the garden.

She remained in silence until her eyes shone when she found what she was looking for.



3 - The Passing

- My dear little kids, look at that beautiful flower! Look how gorgeous that butterfly is! And continuing she said: Pay attention how life is present everywhere. Look around...

- Grandma, I think you did not understand our question. Mentioned Paula interrupting grandma's speech.

- We want to know what death is.

Grandma Mary with patience and serenity, which were peculiar to her, answered tenderly:

- My dear ones, there is no reason for you to worry too much about this. Our Mother Father God, who is kind, would not let such a bad thing happen to us. Death is a passage from this physical life to the spiritual one.

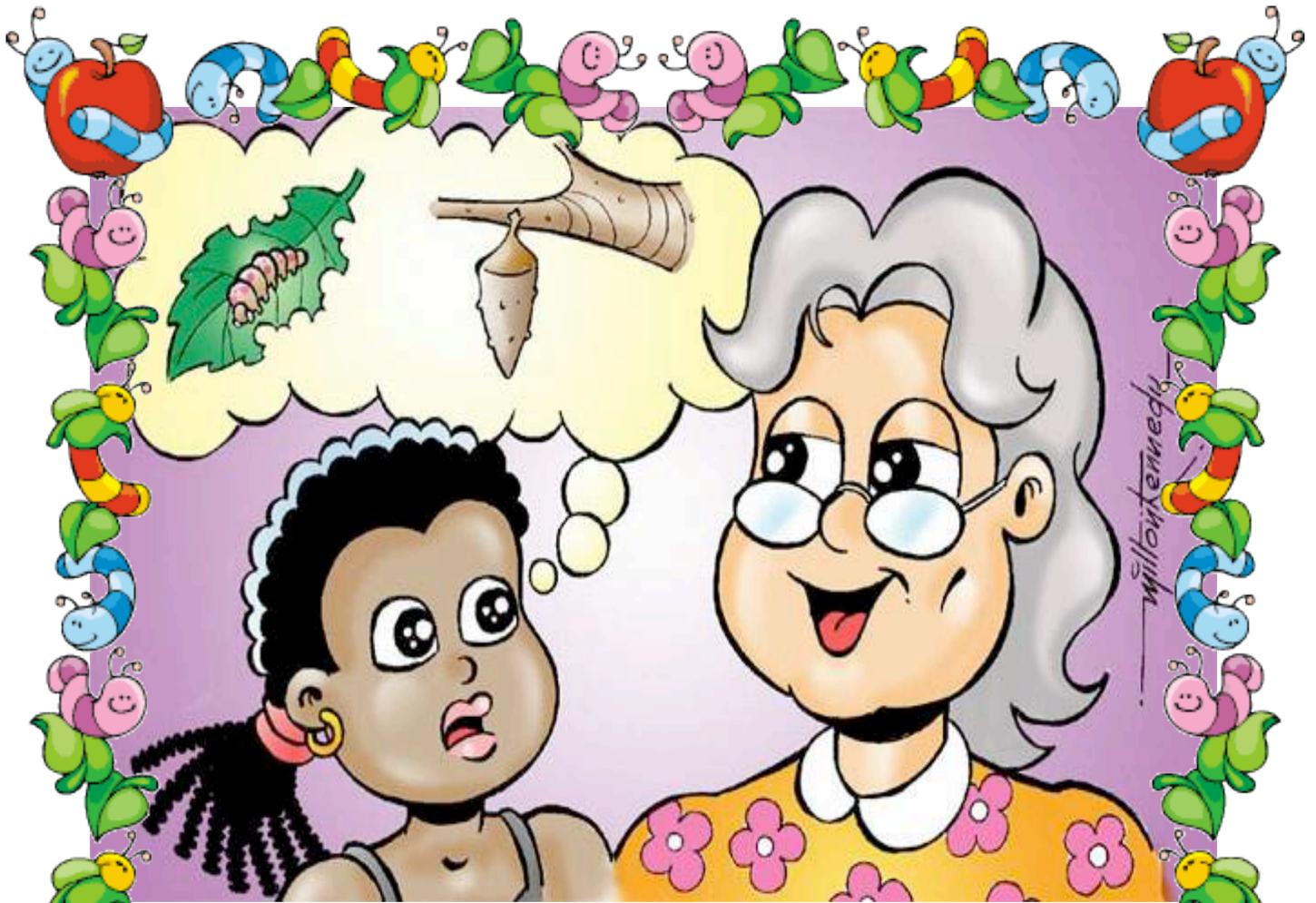
- How so Grandma? Asked Louis, who wanted to know more once he did not understand very well the physical and spiritual parts.

- But Grandma, is it true that we all are going to die? Bob asked anxiously.



4 - The Butterfly

- Yes, this is true. But only the body dies, which is a lesson for the spirit. Said grandma.
- How so?
- Let's look at the butterfly for example. She passes through several bodies during her life to carry out her majestic flight.
- Do you know the transformation of the butterfly? Asked the kindhearted grandma Mary.
- No! But it should be cool! Tell us grandma. Tell us! Insisted Louis.
- A butterfly – grandma said – is born initially from a small egg; the future butterfly tries her movements inside the restless and clumsy body of a larva.



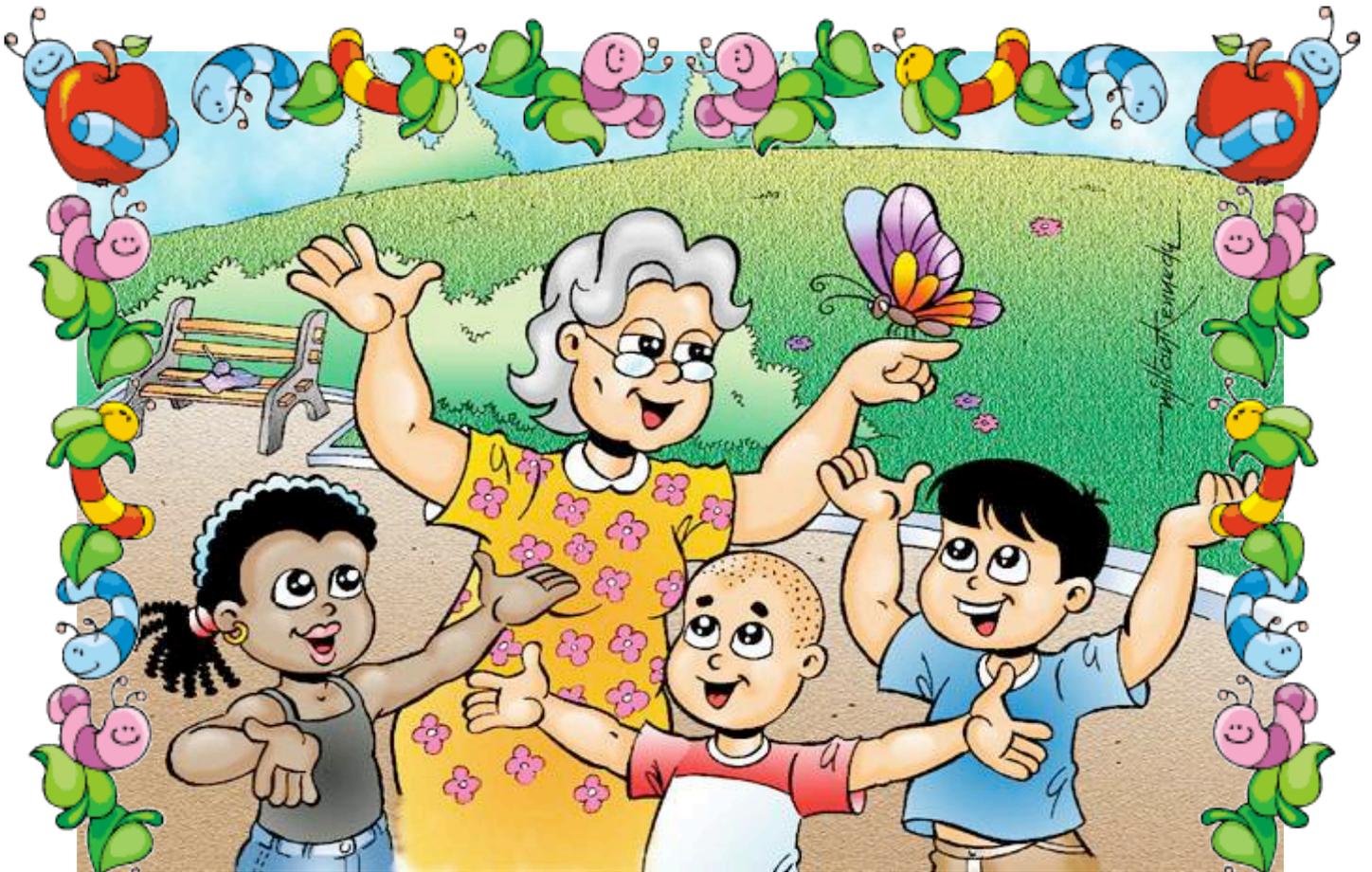
5 - The Deep Sleep

After those movements were trained, she rehearses her first steps into the newly transformed body of a hungry caterpillar. It is time for a profound sleep...

The caterpillar has within herself the future butterfly. She knows that she needs to sleep for the great transformation to happen. She then moves silently towards the place where she should fall asleep. She stops eating and moving, twining herself to become a lifeless cocoon. She dies to the world...

Grandma made a small break.

- And then grandma? She died right? Paula asked curiously.



6 - The Metamorphosis

- No, my dear. Grandma smiled and added: *It is as if she were just changing clothes.*

A few days have gone by, after several changes, the butterfly with extraordinary beauty is born from the inactive cocoon.

She faces, tremulous and inhibited, the same world that she lived on before, as if she had never seen it.

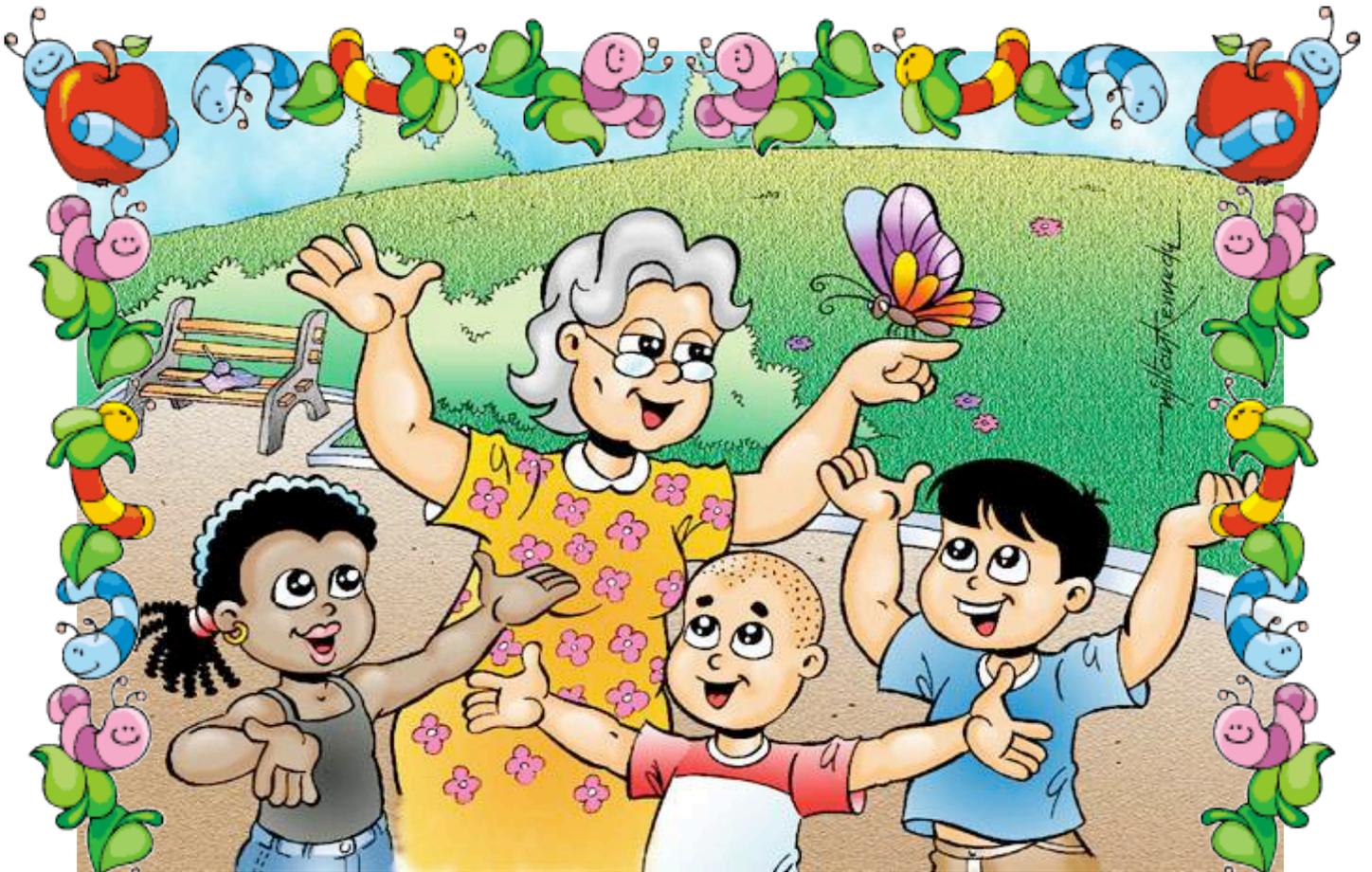
She tries the first movements with her beautiful wings. Flying and flying... From the above, she looks at the same ground where she used to crawl using her heavy caterpillar body. It is the beauty of life beyond death...

-So is this dying grandma? Bob asked.

- My dear, the metamorphosis on the butterfly serves only to illustrate what grandma wants to explain. A similar transformation happens to us.

-How so grandma? Louis wanted to know.

-- *Our life also goes on, regardless of the body, which is the same idea as in the butterfly cocoon. We leave our body behind when die, but we go on with our spiritual being, our soul, our own self, which is immortal...*



We continue to be ourselves, with our own thoughts, personality and tastes. Life does not cease with death. Death is like changing clothes, such as the butterfly switched her body.

- Did you understand? Grandma asked.

- Almost everything! Everyone said.

Grandma Mary smiled with an aspect of someone who has already lived long, someone who is patient and aware that she will have enough time to teach and learn much more...

(Morelli, Jaci. In: The Grandma knows everything. Topic: Death.) Edição Editora Espírita Crista Fonte Viva.)



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