

I don't have to put on a show,  
Jesus is really in me and He will grow.



*Groaning deep inside of me  
is the desire to be made free.  
Free from selfishness and strife.  
Free because of His new Life.  
Help me Lord to know the way  
to let Your Son come out today.*

# Hope For The Caterpillars



By Kelly Koshatka  
Illustrations by Erja Warnock

**"Just when the caterpillar  
thought the world was over....**

**it became a butterfly!"**

*(old saying)*



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## **Spiritual Application**

### **Romans 7:24**

Paul asked a question: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It is the heart cry of every caterpillar that wants be liberated through the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus. It is the heart cry of many Christians who want to experientially walk in newness of Life.

Through microscopic examination it has been found that within the body of a caterpillar there is a distinct but undeveloped butterfly. As the butterfly nature develops the caterpillar body must be put off. The crawling, earthly nature gives place to the new and higher life within. "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Jesus Christ will!

The new nature begotten in us by the Holy Spirit is after the image of the second man, the Life of Christ, and will bring us forth in His glorious likeness. We must put off the old man and his deeds and put on the NEW. If only our spiritual eyes could be opened to see the Spiritual man within us trying to get out!

There is instilled in every one of us this Christ-like nature for we are created in the image of God. But also we have the earthly nature. Before Christ could take on His new body, the old man had to die so the new life could begin! If the old did not die, then the new could not take over. The old man must give place to the new man which Christ our new life!

For some of us the image of God in Christ's nature is held captive in the old caterpillar form. We must weave a cocoon before the Spirit of Christ can come forth as a butterfly!



So learn this lesson as fast as you please, and transformation will come forth with true ease: To learn to fly we must first learn to die. Life comes only through embracing Christ and Him crucified. Jesus said if we know Him in His death, if we hold onto and wrap up in all His death meant; then we will surely also be wrapped up in the glorious Son, and find our wings in His resurrection!



## Introduction

Can you see a butterfly in a wormy old caterpillar? Jesus can! Can you believe that God is able to bring a flower out of the dirty old ground? It happens all the time! Have you ever heard of someone that was hateful becoming full of the love of Jesus? The man who wrote most of the New Testament was just such a person! Jesus changes us! He transforms us in a most wonderful and mysterious way, but He does not want the way we change to be a mystery to us any more! We need to understand what it means to be a new creation even when we feel like our old yukky selves. For some of us it is time to believe that we can grow wings and fly in ways that before we never have been able to do. God wants us to manifest all the Life that He has put in us. Jesus is hidden deep inside every born again believer, but He wants to come out of hiding! Some of us need to set Jesus free to live through us with beautiful resurrection wings! In order for this to happen we must understand what the cocoon represents in the process of transformation.

Most of us understand what it feels like to be a worm and crawl around in the dirt. We are familiar with the frustration and desperation of a crawling lifestyle. We all dream of one day flying free from the bondages of selfishness and gravity that always pull us back down to the earth. But the part that seems confusing to most is how to get from crawling to flying, and so that is what this book is dedicated to!

The sun covered him with brilliant warm light, his heart sang a new song all through the night. With ease and sweet freedom he took to the air and thanked Jesus and the other butterflies for helping him learn how to get there.







He did not fall, he could not crawl! Out  
from the cocoon he flew above it all.  
No more pretending or hiding  
from birds, his life was above  
in God's heavenly world.

## Hope For The Caterpillars



Butterflies are free... but how can that  
mean you and me? I feel so bound, so  
stuck to the ground. My head hangs low  
as I always look down.





But you say there is hope, that I should  
lift up my eyes and see the endless  
heavens in God's blue skies.



My place has always been a small patch  
of grass on the dirty bits of soil where  
my little feet pass.



His heart was full of hope because he  
now knew his fate, while on all of Jesus'  
words his heart would meditate. His  
outward man perished but his inward  
man grew. Old things were leaving as  
all things became new!



And so this he did, he hid himself away while all the other caterpillars laughed and played. He remembered the words that Jesus spoke to his heart, that unless you fall into the ground and die you can't find a new start.



My heart barely knows how to really believe that I could become so completely free.





I can run from the birds, the fowls of the air, and hide myself so they don't even know that I'm there.

I must put away this old caterpillar man, and lay him to rest. I must let Jesus come forth instead of my best!



I've been wearing all these legs in this caterpillar suit, but now I'll weave this cocoon until Christ within brings forth true fruit.



There is only one answer, only one way to go. I must wrap up in the death of Jesus until His new Life comes through.



I could pretend to be happy, like I have attained, by molting again so it looks like I've changed.



But deep inside, sadly to say, I am still crawling in every way.



How could I ever become like that,  
untouched by the earth, a creature  
with wings coming out from new birth?



Something must happen, a radical  
change, a complete end to my  
old crawling ways.



They said I kept trying to save what  
Jesus put to an end, that He died so  
caterpillars could become butterflies  
instead. He did not want them to spend  
all their time trying to be something  
they're not, but to give them a new life  
better than they ever thought.



The butterflies told me not to seek to save, that I must put away the old and lay it in the grave. They said I should throw my own funeral some day and realize that death is the only way.



I don't want to fake it, I can't bear the shame, I want to be clothed with wings and really be changed. But how does this happen and what should I do?



I believe the cocoon can give me a clue.





I will not improve me, I won't even try.  
Making myself better will never make  
me fly. I won't try to fake it and look  
like what I'm not. I have too many legs,  
I would surely get caught.

In there I am bound, I cannot move!



No one can see me,  
what could this prove?



I cried out, This is not what I was hoping to see, how could something beautiful fly out from a place so ugly?



I did not want to go and be in such a place, it was worse than crawling ... at least before I had space.

Molting is getting me fatter each day, and I'm so puffed up I scare people away.





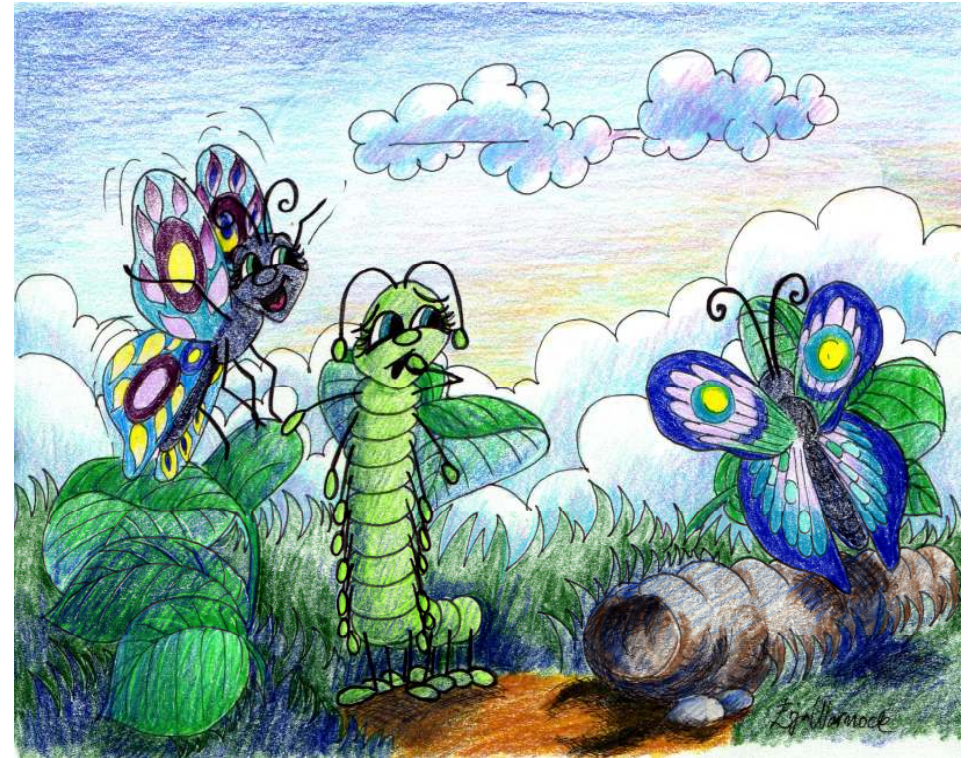


So I thought I would go and ask butterflies  
what happened to them  
before they could fly.

Each one I found told me the same thing,  
yet I could not believe what I was hearing.

They did not work harder or try to improve.  
They knew they were hopeless  
and could not be moved.

Each butterfly brought me  
to a little brown sack.



It was dark and empty.  
It seemed lonely and black.