



INDELIBLE TRANSFORMATION



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I was recently playing Super Mario Brothers on Wii with my mom and nephews. We were fighting desperately to rescue Princess Peach, but the mushrooms and turtles were getting the better of us. After much effort, we had each failed at our attempt to rescue the princess. I yelled out, “It’s okay, sometimes you have to die to live!”

We all laughed at this. It made no sense. Death is the antithesis to life. The game was over. There is, however, another kind of ‘death’ we should not overlook. More than death, it is an opportunity for true life. A life that is totally transformed by Jesus Christ.

The best example of transformation we see in nature is the butterfly. It starts out as an egg, growing on the very leaf it will soon digest. Once it hatches, it is a tiny caterpillar whose main goal is to consume as much food as possible, for growth. When the caterpillar has reached the perfect size, it spins a chrysalis, cocooning itself. Externally there is no tangible sign of life. From within though, the caterpillar is working tirelessly to digest itself. Every body part the caterpillar has must be transformed- all of it needs to endure metamorphosis.

When the transformation is complete, the butterfly will emerge from the chrysalis. It will remain there as long as it needs in order to pump blood thoroughly into its wings- it has no power or ability to fly without this blood transfusion. When this is complete, it takes flight, becoming what it was always meant to be.

What inspires me most about our friend the butterfly is not its beautiful wings nor its newfound freedom. It is that it chooses to undergo this transformation. It chooses to breakdown its current

identity, digesting itself from the inside out, to become what it was always meant to be. The formerly earthbound caterpillar is now a beautiful fluttering symbol of transformation, and dare I say resurrection.

We are meant to do the same. If we really want to step into all God has destined for us, then we all must make the brave journey of shedding our current identity. We must bravely transition from always needing to be rescued, like Princess Peach, into our destiny as the triumphant Bride of Christ. I am not pretending this process is without pain, however, I have come to realize it costs us far more not to transform. We were never meant to sluggishly creep through life. We were meant to be transformed and transfused by His blood; His redeeming love.

I have been devouring Song of Songs lately, studying the transformation and growth of the Shulamite, His bride. The book begins with the bride fully aware of her own darkness and sin. She addresses it constantly, in fact. It is beautiful to me though, that while all she can see is her darkness, all he ever addresses is her light. Her destiny.

In the middle of the book, she finally realizes that not only is she meant to have all of Him, but He also desires all of her. Even her darkness. At this realization she cries out, “Then may your awakening breath blow upon my life until I am fully yours. Breathe upon me with your Spirit wind. Stir up the sweet spice of your life within me. Spare nothing as you make me your fruitful garden. Hold nothing back until I release your fragrance...Come walk with me until I am fully yours.” Song of Songs 4:16-5:1 TPT

It is on the heels of this prayer anthem that He proclaims she is finally ready to fly. His life within her is now a feast offering to the nations as He declares all the fruits of His life are now found within her. She is finally free, as she embraces what she was always meant to be. His.