

HOUSTON VISITING CHRISTIAN SCIENCE NURSE SERVICE, INC.

October 2022

Persistence Personified: The Saga of Marcus the Mariposa

(Part 3 of 3)

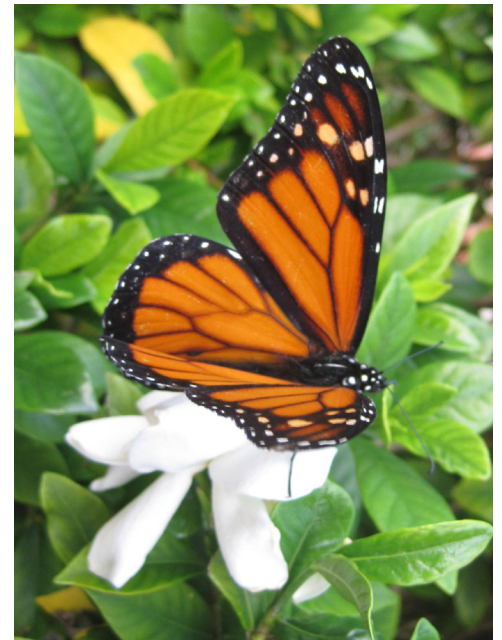
Welcome to the final installment of our three-part series. Before diving in, be sure you've read Parts 1 and 2 in our August and September [newsletters](#).

Last month's account ended with my incapacitated butterfly friend one day going airborne and vanishing into the wild blue yonder, leaving me both giddy over his newfound freedom and worried about his fate.

That evening, every time I was tempted to wonder whether Marcus had been truly healed—and wonder about his whereabouts—I reminded myself that God was in charge of His butterfly. Divine Love would never direct Marcus to leave the security of my home—his month-long resting place—only to be exposed to an uncertain, dangerous future. Nor would divine Mind have instructed me to sit on the porch and pray with Marcus unless there were some spiritual lessons for both of us to learn. I knew this to be true.

What kept me occupied and uplifted that night and into the next morning was an album I was filling with photos I had taken of Marcus. At noon, exactly 24 hours after he left, I finished the album. Time to walk to the grocery store.

Something impelled me to take the quieter of two routes, through a private cul de sac across from my townhouse. As I proceeded slowly down the lane, I reached out to our Father-Mother God. In an instant, the last vestiges of concern for Marcus fell away, replaced by pure peace. I was



During one of the daily strolls we took before he was able to fly freely, Marcus paused to take a brief butterfly nap on a neighbor's gardenia.

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convinced that my mariposa could never be deprived of divinely derived safety, food and water, warmth, freedom, and all of his fine attributes—chief among them persistence!

Just then I passed a sparkling outdoor Christmas display. Its three letters, "JOY," spelled out exactly how I felt. A few steps later I reached the entrance to the public street and turned right, in the direction of the store.

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw something moving a few inches behind, above, and to the left of my face. I looked up and beheld a pair of monarch wings in motion! They floated directly in front of my eyes then flew to the other side of the street.

I watched in awe as the winged creature rose upward and landed on a bare branch near the peak of a 30-foot tree. "Marcus?" I called out, making a beeline for the tree. As I stood under it, gazing up at a tiny orange angel, I knew my eyes weren't deceiving me and I knew I wasn't dreaming.

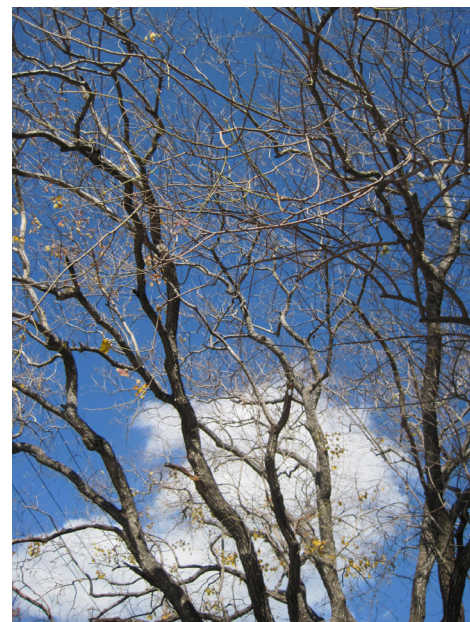
The butterfly paused—as if to assure me that he recognized me—before taking off from the treetop and heading for the roof of a nearby house. He soared over it, flapping his wings slowly, strongly, without faltering or falling. The strokes were those of a perfectly formed, perfectly flying butterfly! Seconds later, Marcus disappeared behind the roof.

I stood still for a minute, letting my joy and gratitude sink in. Several birds perched on a telephone wire next to the tree seemed to be staring down at me. Some of them swooped off the wire into the sky then back again, as if showing me they understood my connection to the beautiful butterfly. What best describes the moment is Mary Baker Eddy's pronouncement: "The depth, breadth, height, might, majesty, and glory of infinite Love fill all space. That is enough!" (*Science and Health*, p. 520)

Our *Journal*-listed visiting Christian Science nurse, Susie Petersen, has witnessed many a case of a client being healed upon feeling and knowing that the "glory of infinite



The "JOY" lawn display expressed how I felt after God assured me that Marcus was forever safe.



Though the tree was partially clothed in autumn leaves, the top branch where Marcus briefly landed was bare enough for me to see his bright-colored wings. (I took the photo afterwards, for posterity.)

Love” does indeed “fill all space.” So, as I did last month, I invited Susie to join me in joyfully singing a hymn of praise to the creator of heaven and earth and man—and Marcus the Marvelous Mariposa:

1. All glory be to God most high,
And on the earth be peace,
The angels sang, in days of yore,
The song that ne'er shall cease,
Till all the world knows peace.

2. God's angels ever come and go,
All winged with light and love;
They bring us blessings from on high,
They lift our thoughts above,
They whisper God is Love.

3. O longing hearts that wait on God
Through all the world so wide;
He knows the angels that you need,
And sends them to your side,
To comfort, guard and guide.

4. O wake and hear the angel-song
That bids all discord cease,
From pain and sorrow, doubt and fear,
It brings us sweet release;
And so our hearts find peace.

(Hymn 9—Words by Violet Hay)

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