

Subject: Ceremonials – Memorials – The Dragonfly

Submitted by: Lex James

The Dragonfly

One lovely spring morning a little white egg cracked and opened on a reed stalk near the edge of a small lake. A tiny creature emerged from the egg and stepped onto the reed stalk. It was a Dragonfly nymph. Soon it moved about in the water in search of food. It learned how to live there with the other nymphs and grew to be about two inches long. For a time the little nymph lived happily beneath the water of the lake. It knew no other life and dreamed of no other world. Content and happy, it ate its food and enjoyed living.

Then one day the nymph saw a slender reed growing up through the water. All his life he had seen this, but he had scarcely looked at it. This day it was different. It was as though he had seen this reed for the first time. He wondered where it went and what was at its top. Crawling over it, he started to climb. Some of the other nymphs watched him go. Slowly he climbed until the nymphs at the bottom of the lake could see him no longer.

As he progressed up the reed stalk, the water became lighter and lighter, and warmer and warmer. This was something new and exciting! Eagerly the little nymph hurried on. Nothing could have turned him back. Finally he left the water. He felt very warm and the light was dazzling. It was the sunshine, but, of course, the nymph had never seen or felt the sun before. This was a new world to him.

For some time he stayed perfectly still on the top of the reed. Then something happened: The skin below his head between his shoulders split and by drawing his head back a little, the nymph was able to poke it out through this hole. Then for another little while he rested. Gradually he began to wriggle a little. His skin felt tight and brittle - like a glove that is too small. He could not move freely.

Little by little he wriggled free - first one pair of legs, then another till finally his whole body had crawled out through the hole in the old skin. Now he could move. He stretched and stretched. His body became much longer. A double pair of beautiful gossamer wings began to spread from his sides and dry in the lovely warm sunshine. Another change had taken place. The little brown nymph had changed to a beautiful color. He was a completely new creature. He was now a Dragonfly, yet he was still himself. He was now living in a beautiful, golden, dazzling world of sunshine and air, full of things he had never dreamed of during his life in the lake.

Suddenly he raised himself on his new wings to explore his wonderful new world. There on the reed stalk was the empty skin out of which he had crawled. It was complete in every detail, but now it was an empty shell. It had served him well as he lived at the bottom of the lake, but now the Dragonfly had no further use for it. He had a new body, with wings, to use in his new world.