

Oh, Beautiful Butterfly

A collection of Photographs
and Poems by Mark Hodapp



Oh, beautiful butterfly
How you have transformed
From a mere larval caterpillar
Into an angel of the flowers
With wings of many colors
That flutter you around from
petal to petal
on those most beautiful
blossoms





Oh you, fly free, fly free
To the sun and to the moon
With your wings of many colors, that
tell me who you are
Like the position in the sky for the
name of a star
Fly free, fly free
To the sun and to the moon

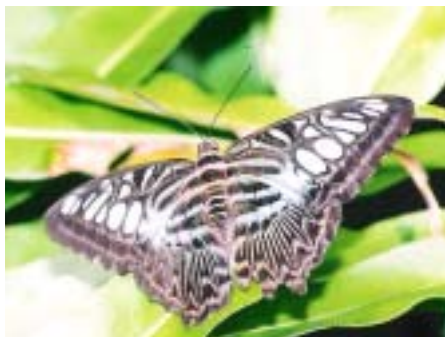


With wings that are more beautiful dancing on the wind
Than behind any glass and pinned
Oh, angel of the flowers
Will you dance for us?
Dance for us on the cool adagio breezes
For it surely would please us
Oh you, dance free, dance free
Dance on the flowers
Demi-pointe on the dandelions
Plié on the pansies
Dance free, dance free
Dance on the flowers





Leap high over the daisies
To tap dance on the tulips
Oh, lovely lady
You are a gift to this world
To every little boy and little girl
With a true beauty that abounds





That brings them smiles whenever you are around
Oh you, fly free, fly free
Above the earth and below the sky
That has the secrets of why your beauty
will never die
With whispers of mortality that are barely a sigh



Fly free, fly free
Above the earth and below the
sky
In between the ethers of you
and I
Where your immortality must lie





Oh, beautiful butterfly
We are truly blessed
To have your presence amongst us
With wing's that have differing colors
as beautiful as a sky's rainbow



Who even in the form of a shadow
Has an innocence of beauty
that is more than we will ever know





Oh you, fly free, fly free
To the sun and to the moon
Spread your colorful wings
Feel the cool breezes gently blow between them





Fly free, fly free
To the sun and to the moon
For surely you are one of Mother Nature's
most beautiful beings
Who was created on more than just a whim
--- Savannah Skye



A butterfly lights beside us like a sunbeam
And for a brief moment its glory and beauty
belong to our world
But then it flies again
And though we wish it could have stayed...
We feel lucky to have seen it.

~~Author Unknown

A butterfly hovers closely
And then quickly moves
away,
Swiftly going where so ever
Her heart may freely say.

A butterfly lowers and rises
With the winds's gusty
breath,
As if coupled within a dance
Of a loving tenderness.

The butterfly only knows
How it feels to have wings,
To kiss the petals of flowers
In such elegant flutterings.

To have but one moment
Of such an exquisite flight,
Would be like a dream
Where all seems so right.

~~Author Unknown



They believe...be
sensible
prepare now
save for the
future
work hard while
young
enjoy when old
no pain no gain
They
believe...compromise
follow the crowd
stay within the
lines
keep your head
clear



keep your eyes straight
ahead
feet on the ground

What about now! what about roses? what about stars?
what about chasing rainbows, floating clouds, butterflies...
what about silver linings, serendipity, spontaneity...
what about moonbeams, sun-rays, raindrops?

I believe...

I believe I can cut my own pathway

I believe I can stop off the edge and not fall

I believe I can close my eyes and follow my heart and soul

I believe I can walk in the rain and not get wet

I believe in today and have hope for tomorrow

I believe in dreams, I believe in me...

I believe I can fly!.

~~Author Unknown



Butterflies go fluttering by
On colored wings that catch the eye.
On wings of orange, and silvery blue,
On wings of golden yellow, too.
Butterflies float in the air,
Making their homes most anywhere:
The rainforest, field, and prairie land,
On mountaintops, and desert sand.
If winter brings the cold and snow,
To warmer climates, off they go!
Returning home the following spring,
Beautiful butterflies on the wing!



~~Author Unknown



A butterfly lights beside us, like a sunbeam...
and for a brief moment it's glory
and beauty belong to our world...
but then it flies on again, and although
we wish it could have stayed,
we are so thankful to have seen it at all.

~~Author Unknown



Yesterday a butterfly
Came floating gently
through the sky.
He soared up through the
atmosphere
Then drifted close enough
to hear.

I said, I'd love to fly with
you
And sail around the way
you do.
It looks like it would be
such fun
To fly up toward the
summer sun.

But I have not your
graceful charm.
I haven't wings, just these
two arms.
I've been designed to
walk around.
My human feel must
touch the ground.

Then magically he spoke to me
and told me what his wish would be.

He said, What I'd love most to do
Is walk upon God's Earth with you,
To squish it's mud between my toes
Or touch my finger to my nose.
I'd love just once to walk around
With human feet to touch the
ground,

But I have not two legs that swing,
I haven't arms, just these two wings.

And so we went our separate ways
In wonder and surprise.
For we'd both seen God's precious gifts
Through someone else's eyes.

Have A Beautiful Day!!!
Remember The Blessings We've Been Given

~~Author Unknown



Once as a child
many years ago...
on a balmy
summer's eve.
I sat in the yard at
my Mother's
side...
and a butterfly lit
at my sleeve.

"It's a sign of
good luck", my
Mother said.
As the butterfly
stayed at my
arm...

"It's a symbol of
all the beauty in
life.
Make sure you do
it no harm."



First butterflies are eggs and after they hatch...
they see that their life's just beginning.
They're content with their lot in life,
so, they go out on a limb and start spinning.

They stay out awhile in a magic cocoon...
then emerge like flowers in spring.

Then they share the story of their victory and
success...through each of the colors of their wings.

The gold in their wings is the
"Golden Rule" ...
To follow that is a must.
The blue...that means true blue.
Always be someone people can trust.

The green of the tip of their wing
is saying Stay green, and you'll always grow.
The silver is the lining in the clouds of doubt...
that you must look for as you go through life.

Butterflies bend with the wind, it's true.
Still they get where they want to go.
They arrive by persistence through their own
insistence...A lesson more people should know.

Sought and valued by the whole human race...
For their beauty, tenacity and charm.
If a butterfly ever chances to stay at your sleeve...
learn all you can from the butterfly clan.
And you too, may become a rare item.

~~Author Unknown

