

The Ladybug

by Cammie Corlas Quinn

As I rinsed out the kitchen sink one afternoon, I spied a ladybug in the drain trap. I tried to wash it down in a flood, but it wouldn't swirl down. I stopped and stared in a defeated daze. I was soul-weary from an earlier conversation with a friend who had denied the existence of God. Though my faith is usually somewhat settled and secure, our disagreement had shaken me, especially on the heels of my mother's death. No God? Then where, may I ask, was my mother?

I studied the black dots on the bug's red shell. If God does not exist, why all those intricate, colorful markings? I suddenly felt convicted about how many times I'd callously flicked ladybugs off the counter with my fingernail. With a sigh, I rescued the ladybug from the drain trap and sat it on the counter. I studied it. I turned it over. It was as lifeless as a crumb.



I began to think about the Bible verse describing the apostles' inability to perform a resurrection because that caliber of miracle required prayer and fasting (Mark 9:29). I sighed again and said to myself, *Oh this is dumb. It's a bug!* Of course, I'd just been planning to sit down with a plate of much-anticipated lunch.

I looked at the bug again. Still lifeless. I placed a cookie crumb by it, thinking that maybe one sugary whiff might revive it. Nothing. I found another living ladybug and positioned it next to the dead bug. Maybe it would wake up its friend. Nothing.

I began thinking about how God sometimes works miracles in private. If God decided to resurrect this particular ladybug in the privacy of my kitchen, no one would ever know but me. His code of faith wouldn't be compromised on Earth. Even if I divulged the little kitchen miracle, it would never appear on the national news. The setup seemed ideal for a private, modern-day miracle.

So I plodded into the living room, got on my knees, and prayed for the ladybug. And I skipped my lunch. After praying, I returned to the kitchen. I picked up the bug again. Not a single leg moved. The legs were withdrawn, the bug stiff. I knew the look and feel of it. I've swept up a hundred of those dead bugs every spring. I was disappointed my prayer hadn't worked, but I began thinking about how wrong it is to dictate to God how I prefer for Him to work.

I returned to the living room to pray again. I asked God to show me a sign of resurrection in *His* own way. Then I went back into the kitchen and stared at the bug. I was glad my kids were at school, glad my husband was at work, because I knew my behavior was a bit bizarre! I carried the bug to the dining room and deposited it in a small ray of sunlight on the windowsill. I stood and watched. Still no movement.

Never had I been this hungry! Once again I passed by the food, poured myself a cup of coffee, and returned to the living room, where I read a book for an hour. By now, it was mid-afternoon. I walked to the dining room windowsill and looked at the bug again. I peered closer. Surely . . . *surely* I was mistaken. Had it moved? I waited. A leg poked out. Several legs. The bug wobbled forward. It was alive! Alive!

Tears flowed. The Creator of the universe had spoken to me, saying, “Yes, the dead *do* come back to life. Resurrection is real. Your faith is true.”

Scientifically, the ladybug resurrection could be easily dismissed. A scientist could make a case about sunlight reviving the bug or about dormancy stages of ladybugs. The thing the experts *cannot* explain is the precise timing and the strong sense of affirmation in my soul. I needed a sign from God, I based my actions on Biblical truths, and God performed a private miracle during a pivotal moment of my life.

My deepest joy came from the realization that God loved me enough to answer one of my most desperate questions through a ladybug. I do not need to live in First-Century Jerusalem, nor do I need to sit on a throne in a castle for God to reveal His mysteries to me. He is with me today even in my humble kitchen. And *hallelujah!* The dead *do* come back to life!

“But ask the beasts, and they will teach you; the birds of the heavens, and they will tell you; or the bushes of the earth, and they will teach you; and the fish of the sea will declare to you. Who among all these does not know that the hand of the LORD has done this? In his hand is the life of every living thing and the breath of all mankind.” (Job 12:7-10 ESV)