

# THE PRINCESS AND THE PIG

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Once upon a time there was a pig. And that pig lived in a putrid pigpen. And on hot days that pig loved to roll in the mud, sloshing about with her friends and singing:

“Mud, mud it feels so good, I roll in it just like I should, because a pig is what I am, and one day I’ll be...”

“A delicious ham!”

That last part came from the evil farmer who leered at the pigs as he dumped scraps into the filthy trough.

It never looked very appetizing, but that’s all the pigs had ever known so they slurped it up hungrily, thankful for how it filled their bellies.

Now twice a day the Crown Prince rode by on his way to and from town, singing softly as he did,

“This is not who you are.

Just call out to me.

Ask me to save you

And I'll set you free."

Oh the fun those pigs had then, chanting what the farmer taught them,

"Why would we

want to be free

when mud is as pleasurable

as life can be?!"

Giggling they dove into the mud, drowning out his song.

So life continued on filthy and fun.

Every now and then the farmer would come and announce, "Time for one of you lucky ones to head to hog heaven!" Eagerly each pig clamored to be chosen.

"Me, me, me! Oh please pick me!" The award always went to the fattest pig.

Dirtsey sighed. She'd been the runt of her litter and was still the smallest of all the pigs.

What hope did she have?

She loved her mud, but she wondered... what was she missing out on?

"There is more."

Dirtsey looked up to find the Crown Prince at the side of the pigpen, "Excuse me?"

"There really is more. But it's not where you're looking for it."

Dirtsey scowled, "What would you know about hog heaven?"

The Crown Prince sighed, "I've been there."

“You have?!” Dirtsey’s eyes widened, “Oh, please tell me all about it!”

“What does the farmer sing at the end of your mud song?”

“You mean about us one day being delicious hams?”

“Yes. Do you know what that means?”

Dirtsey nodded, “We asked the farmer one day and he said ham is another word for comedian. No wonder we all love to laugh!”

“That is one definition but that’s not what happens in hog heaven.” The Crown Prince drew his finger across his throat, “That way only leads to death.”

“No way!” Dirtsey’s eyes filled with tears. Her best friend had been selected that morning!

The Crown Prince nodded.

Well, that little pig dove right into the mud. She didn’t want to hear one more word! The farmer was right. She never should’ve listened to the Crown Prince. It couldn’t be true!

But the next time the farmer came she wasn’t as quick to volunteer. Instead she watched carefully, noting how roughly he treated the one selected. And she began to wonder...

Suddenly the mud wasn’t as fun and the slop didn’t taste as good.

The next time the Crown Prince walked by singing, she found herself listening to his words.

“This is not who you are.

Just call out to me.

Ask me to save you

And I’ll set you free.”

Free? For the first time she noticed the fence around the pigpen. She’d always thought it was to keep the mud in. But now she began to wonder... was she a prisoner?

She tried squeezing through, but while she was little she wasn't that little! Then she tried to jump over it only to discover pigs can dive but they don't jump very high. She even tried to dig her way out but found the fence went deeper than it appeared.

The more she tried to escape the more confined she felt. But what could she do?

"This is not who you are.

Just call out to me..."

The Crown Prince! What was he singing?

"Ask me to save you

And I'll set you free."

She couldn't save herself, would he really save her? It sounded too good to be true!

What would he want with a pig? Especially such a dirty pig! He was always spotless.

She tried to rub the mud off but how clean can you get sitting in the middle of a pigpen?!

She sighed. He must be singing for someone else.

Then one day a beautiful princess walked over to the pigpen and called her by name.

"Dirtsey? The Crown Prince asked me to come tell you my story. I use to be right where you are, but when I called out to the prince he saved me, he changed me and set me free!"

Dirtsey pulled back, "Say what?!"

The Princess smiled, "Mud, mud it feels so good... I use to sing that too!"

"But you don't look anything like a pig?!"

The princess laughed. "I know. It's so amazing. But that's part of him saving. Once you call out to him, you don't stay the same. You are forever changed into who you really were created to be – a daughter of the King."

Dirtsey took a long look at the Princess. She was beautiful! She was clean! But she was so different! It was hard to imagine her as a pig.

Just then the farmer came to bring the day's slop. When he saw the Princess he commanded, "Manuerina! Get back in here where you belong!"

The Princess laughed. "I don't belong here. You know the Prince has paid to set me free. And I am free indeed. My name is no longer Manuerina, but Chosenia – for I was chosen by the King of Kings to be his beloved daughter."

The evil farmer growled and kicked Dirtsey to the center of the pen, "Stop listening to lies!"

Dirtsey's head was spinning. The farmer knew the princess? She'd been in here? Could it really be she was once a pig – and now beautiful and free and a daughter of the King?!

As the Princess took her leave she sang,

"Remember Crown Prince's song, It really is true.

I once was a pig trapped just like you."

"Lies! Lies! Lies!" The farmer yelled. "And you –" he glared at Dirtsey, "I'm coming for you next! Get ready to say hello to hog heaven!" Off he walked cackling.

Hog heaven? Or Hog hell?! Whatever it was she did not want to go there. Once again she tried squeezing, jumping, digging but... never had she felt so trapped. Big tears rolled down her face mixing with the mud on her snout and getting her even muddier. Oh what would she do?

"This is not who you are

Just call out to me

Ask me to save you

And I'll set you free."

The Crown Prince! He was riding by! Could he? Would he save her? She ran to the edge of the pen.

“Oh Crown Prince! If it’s really true – will you please save me?!”

Immediately she felt a tingling sensation from the tip of her snout, flowing all the way through her body and down through her hooves. When she opened her eyes she gasped – her hooves were gone and in their place were arms and legs, hands and feet!

And there was the Crown Prince smiling, “Grab my hand and let me pull you out of that pit.”

As he did, all the mud fell off her. For the first time in her life she was clean! The prince put a royal robe on her and gave her a big hug and off she went with him to his castle.

Now the princess was no longer a pig. She had royal clothes to wear and a special room that was hers in the castle. She had royal food to eat and princess lessons to attend each day for she had a lot to learn about being a princess.

Truly she looked nothing at all like a pig. But you have to remember for all of her life, a pig’s life was all she’d ever known.

That first night at dinner when the royal stew was placed before her she lowered her face into it. That was the only way she’d ever known to eat.

And when a royal drink was placed before her she lapped it up with her tongue.

And if she got an itch in her back she fell to the ground and rolled around.

Yes, she had a lot to learn. And sometimes she really got her feelings hurt. Especially by the princesses who forgot they once were pigs too.

But Chosenia was frequently by her side helping her learn not only how to act like a princess but also how to enjoy her relationships in the Royal family – especially with her dad the King.

What a privilege it was for Chosenia to bring her into His presence that first time. Especially as He declared, “Your name is no longer Dirtsey but Delightina. For I take great delight in you my daughter!”

Delightina couldn’t believe her ears! The King found delight in her?! Who slopped her stew and lapped her drink and scratched her back on the floor?! How could it be?

Suddenly the Prince choir began to sing:

“Daughter of the King

His beauty’s seen in you

Because of whose you are

Not because of what you do.”

Never had she felt so loved, so clean, so beautiful. And if that wasn’t enough, her Father said, “Delightina, I have special work I’ve prepared in advance for you to do. Would you like to work with me helping to advance my kingdom?”

Like it? She’d love it!

So every day she’d head to the village doing whatever the King asked her to do. On her way to and from the village she always passed her old pigpen. And she’d stop and plead with her friends to call out to the Crown Prince. But they just giggled and dove into the mud.

One day when she passed by, the farmer was in the pen delivering slop. “Dirtsey! Get back in here! Right this minute!”

Delightina trembled in her shoes but remembered how Chosenia answered him. “The Crown Prince has set me free. I’m not Dirtsey anymore, but Delightina.... Because the King of kings takes great delight in me.”

“Delight? In you? A pig?!” The farmer mocked, “You may pull the wool over other’s eyes but you can’t fool me. I was there when you were born. You may look all cleaned up on the outside but deep inside you are still a pig and you’ll always be a pig. You know it too.”

Delightina dropped her basket and raced away. The Farmer cackled, “She’ll be back.”

From then on no matter what time she headed to town it seemed the Farmer was always in the pigpen just waiting to rasp out,

“You’ll always be a pig and you know it too.

Dirty Dirtsey is still the real you.”

She tried to stop her ears but the tune got stuck in her brain. In her efforts to drown it out she began to work harder in the town.

“I’ll show him!” She declared.

But as she worked harder, she spent less time in the castle and less time with the King.

One day as she stumbled toward town, exhausted from all her labors, she was relieved to find the farmer missing. “At least I don’t have to deal with him today.” All she saw were her old friends playing in the mud and giggling and squealing,

“Mud, mud it feels so good

I roll in it just like I should...”

And she remembered all the fun she used to have with them.

Suddenly the day seemed so hot and her Princess clothes uncomfortable. What would it hurt if she just dipped her finger in the mud? Surely the King wouldn’t mind her doing something to cool off a bit, I mean, she’d been working so hard.

But as she reached forward she lost her balance and tumbled through the gate, plunging into the mud!

From head to toe she was covered. But how? She didn’t know the gate opened freely from the outside.

And then she heard it... a cackle from behind the haystack.

“I knew you’d be back. Look at you! Covered in mud! No prince will want you now!” And he began to rasp,

“You’ll always be a pig and you know it too.

Dirty Dirtsey is still the real you!”

She looked at herself in despair. What a mess! Her royal gown was covered in mud!

“This is not who you are

Just call out to me



Ask me to save you

And I'll set you free”

The Crown Prince?! Oh no! Not the Crown Prince!

She ran to hide behind the trough. She couldn't bear to think of him seeing her in here. He'd be so disappointed!

“This is not who you are

Just call out to me

Ask me to save you

And I'll set you free.”

Was she ever relieved when he passed by. Vigorously she tried to scrape off the mud. But no matter how hard she scrubbed she couldn't get herself clean.

“Welcome home little Piggy,” cackled the farmer. “Enjoy your slop!”

“No way!” She thought! But when hunger got the best of her, she took a bite. Though I can't say she enjoyed it. She was miserable. Even though she knew the gate wasn't locked, where could she go?

She couldn't return to the palace looking like this. Besides, she didn't want anyone to see her. All day, whenever any of the princes or princesses would walk by she hid behind the trough, holding her breath until the coast was clear. And each time she did she got dirtier and dirtier.

“I need help!” She cried.

“This is not who you are

Just call out to me

Ask me to save you

And I'll set you free."

The Crown Prince! He was heading home to the castle. Could he save her again? And even if he could, would he? She ran her fingers through her mud-matted hair. She sure didn't deserve it.

Sadly she lay down in the mud and cried herself to sleep.

The next morning she woke to the farmer singing triumphantly.

"You'll always be a pig and you know it too.

Dirty Dirtsey is still the real you."

As he dumped the slop into the trough it splashed out onto her.

She groaned and ran to the other side of the pen but the farmer continued to jeer her,

"You can run but you can't hide

You'll always be a pig on the inside."

And as she sunk deeper into the mud crying, The Farmer cackled,

"I'm coming back to take you away.

To Hog Heaven where you're going to pay."

"He can't take you there!"

Delightina looked up in surprise to find Chosenia by the fence.

"He is such a liar. You've become a daughter of the King. That farmer has no authority over you – no power over you at all... unless you let him."

"What are you doing here Chosenia?"

"I came to find you. The Crown Prince sent me. He's come by twice to get you but you haven't responded."

“I couldn’t bear the thought of him seeing me like this.” She pointed to her ruined dress, “He’ll be so disappointed. I don’t deserve for him to save me. I’ve tried so hard to clean myself up but I can’t. I am such a mess!”

Chosenia leaned down, “Did you deserve for him to save you the first time?”

“But you don’t know what it’s like to have failed so badly!”

“Don’t I?” Chosenia’s voice was soft, “I need him as much today to save me as I did that first time. Don’t forget I was once a pig too. And I still struggle to not return to my old ways. Why do you think he walks into town and back every day? It’s not just to save the pigs who don’t know him, but to be here for us when we fall too.”

“You mean...?!”

“Yes, there is hope! And here he comes!”

“This is not who you are

Just call out to me

Ask me to save you

And I’ll set you free.”

So Delightina called. And the Crown Prince came, reaching out his hand to pull her out of the mud pit. And the moment she grabbed his hand all the mud fell off, not the tiniest spot remained! Once again, this daughter of the King was clean!

“I’m so sorry Prince! I was so wrong!”

“That pit of worldly pleasure has a strong pull doesn’t it? There is only one thing stronger – my Father’s love. You need to be with Him daily, experiencing His incredible love for you, finding joy in His presence or that pit will lure you right back in.

And is it ever painful and costly every single time you fall – but never forget I am here to save you! Not just once or twice but throughout your whole life!” And he gently kissed the top of her head.

As Delightina walked back to the palace accompanied by the Crown Prince and Chosenia, she saw someone running towards her. Soon she gasped! It was the King! Her daddy! Running to her with open arms!

As he enveloped her, he sang,

“You are my daughter, whom I dearly love.

I delight in you.

Nothing separates you from my love

Forever this is true.”

Now I wish I could say that was the last time Delightina fell into the pigpen. But I can't.

She soon learned when she spent rich time with her daddy the King that mud pit held no attraction for her.

But if she didn't, if she got busy doing the work in town or chose to sleep in and miss the daily meals provided – if she got hungry enough, even the slop could start to look good again.

And it was always such a mess and caused her such heartache each time she fell in. That old farmer loved to taunt her and kept trying to destroy her whenever she gave him the opportunity.

But true to his word, the Crown Prince was always there to save her no matter how many times she fell in or how dirty she got. The moment she called out to him for help and grabbed his hand that mud slid right off and she was clean as clean can be.

Soon each time she passed by the mud pit, even if it was scorching hot and her old friends looked like they were having a ton of fun, she'd remind herself, “That's not who I am.”

But what helped the most was being with her daddy, enjoying him and feasting on the food he provided, for it's when you're with your daddy the King experiencing His incredible love for you, you realize how completely true it is that everyone who has called out to the Crown Prince to be saved is a new creation, becoming a daughter (or son) of the King.

Daughters of the King His beauty's seen in you

Because of whose you are not because of what you do

But as you daily listen His truth resounds within

Reminding you He loves you helping you to flee from sin

Each of you He's making Beautiful in His Time

You're becoming beautiful because He calls you mine

He's your father -Listen to his call

He's your father -Remember Him first of all.

The End