

Day 238 – Friday, November 13

I wish I had received this story before the snowstorm we just had.

A sparrow asked a dove "What is the weight of a snowflake." The dove responded, "Nothing more than nothing." "In that case I must tell you a marvelous story," the sparrow said. "I sat on the branch of a fir, close to its trunk, when it began to snow, not heavily, not in a raging blizzard, no, just like in a dream. Since I didn't have anything to do, I counted the snowflakes settling on the twigs, and needles of my branch. Their number was exactly 3,741, 952. When the next snowflake dropped onto the branch - nothing more than nothing, as you say - the branch broke off." Having said that, the sparrow flew away. The dove thought about the story for a while, and finally said to herself, "perhaps there is only one person's voice lacking for peace to come about in this world."

The Corona virus is starting to break people. Not by making them physically sick, but by making them mentally, psychologically or spiritually sick. Today I had a mom phone me up and was crying, because COVID 19 is blowing up and she does not feel she can gather her family safely for her son's baptism. She is heartbroken because she knows the importance of baptism and her baby will need to wait before receiving that grace.

I am sure this is not an isolated case. As COVID 19 drags on, we will see more and more people fall prey to it. Let us all be vigilant of those around us, and make sure this does not happen. "I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you gave me clothing, I was sick and you took care of me, I was in prison and you visited me." (Mt 25:35-36)

"Life should NOT be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in an attractive and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in sideways, chocolate in one hand, champagne in the other, body thoroughly used up, totally worn out and screaming "WOO HOO what a ride!" (Hunter S. Thompson)

Sincerely,
Fr. Jim Kaptein