

CAMP LA JUNTA

Daily DO #46

BOB THE BUTTERFLY MAN

Once upon a time, in the very recent past, in a town nearby, there was a young scientist named Bob. Someone's gonna assume that he's a personal hero of mine because of his beautiful Yoga instructor wife and two fine sons. But, although true, it's not the reason. Some of you will prematurely assume that he is a personal hero of mine because, phenomenally, he learned to spell his name backwards, almost as quickly as he learned it forwards. But, that's not the reason either. The story, as it will unfold below, is the true and most valid reason why Bob is a personal hero of mine.

Now I already told you that Bob is a scientist. He runs an insect lab at the museum where he studies Monarch Butterflies and what makes them tick. How do they know to go to Mexico each year. How do they find their way back. You know, the cool insect stuff. One day Bob came into his lab and a school group was taking a tour. He watched as a young boy stared intently at one of the butterfly cocoons (actually a chrysalis). A small opening had appeared. The butterfly was hatching. The boy stood and watched the butterfly for the longest time as it struggled to force its body through that little hole.

Then it seemed to stop making any progress. It appeared as if it had gotten as far as it could. It looked exhausted, as if it might give up because it could go no further. The boy decided to help the butterfly. He stepped forward, grabbed a small pair of lab scissors and reached to cut open the Chrysalis.

Bob excitedly jumped in and stopped the boy. "Wait", he exclaimed. "You can't help the Butterfly, it'll actually hurt him". He continued, "You see, the struggle required for the butterfly to get through the tiny opening is God's way of forcing fluid from the body of the butterfly into its wings so that he is ready for flight once he has achieved freedom. Without the struggle to get through the hole, the butterfly would spend the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body and shriveled wings. Without some struggle, he would never achieve the greatness of flight or the rest of his destiny".

Bob is a personal hero of mine because he understands that we are all like Butterflies. Sometimes struggles are exactly what we need in our lives. If we went through our lives without ever battling against obstacles, we could not grow to our fullest potential. We would not be as strong as what we could have been. We could never "fly!"

So look at this Pandemic as a chrysalis. Sure, it would be great if it never happened and if this Spring and school and sports and vacations had been just like normal. But look around and see what you've learned about your self. Look at the stories you now have to tell. Look how good you are at reading and zooming and playing card games with your family! Look at the new things in your life skill tool belt. You're making it through and you're ok. You're stronger than you were!

Thank goodness for the lessons of the Coronavirus. Thank goodness it'll be gone someday.

Life is Good. Camp is Better. Boo Covid-19.

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