

THE SAUGANASH CORONACLE T - H A W K E D I T I O N

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WHY ME? WHY NOW?

By Fr Leo

Brendan was a young man who was invited to go rock climbing. Although he was scared to death, he went with his group to a tremendous granite cliff. In spite of his fear, he put on the gear, took a hold of the rope and started up the face of the rock. After a while, he got to a ledge where he could take a breather. As he was hanging there, the safety rope snapped against Brendan's eye and knocked out his contact lens.

Well, here he is on a rock ledge, with hundreds of feet below him and hundreds of feet above him. Of course, he looked and looked and looked, hoping it had landed on the ledge, but it just wasn't there. He was desperate, far from home, his sight now blurry, and began to get upset, so he prayed to the Lord to help him to find it. When he got to the top, a friend examined his eye and his clothing for the lens, but there was no contact lens to be found. He sat down, despondent, waiting for the rest of the group to make it up the face of the cliff. He looked out across range after range of mountains, thinking of that Bible verse that says, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth." He thought, "Lord, You can see all these mountains. You know every stone and leaf, and You know exactly where my contact lens is. Please help me."

Finally, they walked down the trail to the bottom. At the bottom there was a new party of climbers just starting up the face of the cliff. One of them shouted out, "Hey, you guys! Anybody lose a contact lens?" Well, that would be startling enough, but you know why the climber saw it? An ant was moving slowly across the face of the rock, carrying it. Brendan told me that his father is a cartoonist. When he told him the incredible story of the ant, the prayer and the contact lens, he drew a picture of an ant lugging that contact lens with the words, "Lord, I don't know why You want me to carry this thing. I can't eat it, and it's awfully heavy. But if this is what You want me to do, I'll carry it for You."

I think it would probably do some of us good to occasionally say, "God, I don't know why you want me to carry this load. I can see no good in it and it's awfully heavy. But, if you want me to carry it, I will." God doesn't call the qualified, He qualifies the called.

VINCENZO SAYS...

Submit your article to
jreckart@sauganashcenter.org



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Sauganash
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Americans have not needed stores, cars, showers, roads, TVs, toilets, and phones in years gone by. Why should we need school? To many remote school may be a challenge and poor substitute for the "real" thing, but for the educated *Corona*® reader this is an opportunity in several ways:

Preparation for college

In college, you will have lots of free time and few classes. Students who learn how to manage their time well will soar past those who do not. This is a chance to build these critical skills for later.

Increase self-discipline

It requires more discipline to focus at home where it is much easier to distract yourself or take a break. Try studying in 1 hour blocks in which you do not take any breaks. Concentration is like a muscle that you build through repetition.

Increased self-reliance

Many people throughout history have not had to luxury of going to school five days a week. They had to learn on their own. This is an opportunity for self-education. You may find that learning on your own is more rewarding and fruitful.

Don't let this tremendous opportunity go to waste. Be a independent American, not a dependent one. Become a farmer!

TRIBAL WAR CHALLENGE 2: Which beast is the more glorious prize to capture: a flying horse or a horsefly?

WORKS-FROM-HOME: The flying horse is surely the greater foe, both in strength and speed; and thus, its capture is a greater feat than that of a tiny horsefly, the likes of which every grandfather has smitten from his armchair.

SAUGANASH: You have responded wisely, brother. But have you not failed to see that, while the flying horse indeed tests a brave's speed and strength, the horsefly tests his patience? And is not mental strength more glorious than mere muscle? Thus, the horsefly is the more glorious prize.

Sauganash

Works from Home

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Chief Works-from-Home took home the prize in yesterday's battle of wits for his claim that a pound of feathers outweighs the pound of gold. A number of our readers submitted concurring opinions:

Ruairi O'Hagan: In the Troy system only 12 ounces equals a pound. So a pound of feathers weighs 453.59 grams approximately and a pound of gold weighs 373.24 approximately. So a pound of feathers weighs more then a pound of gold.

Matt Kelly: A pound of feathers is definitely heavier, as you have to deal with the weight of knowing what you did to those poor birds...



**AT NIGHT LOOK AT THE
MOON, IT HAS BETTER
LIGHT THAN YOUR PHONE**

**WORDS OF WISDOM
from Chief Sauganash**