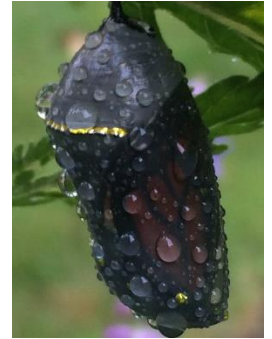


*Diary of Miraculata
(born during covid-19)*

Mid October 2020 after despairing of seeing any monarchs in the milkweed, brown-eyed susan patch two cocoons finally appeared.



*Daily visits caused both hope and doubt
“By now you should already be in Mexico”.
Time moved on -no sign of movement.*



Then finally -

Oct.25: cocoon no. 1 cracks open

Miraculata wiggles and pushes herself free.

What a miracle to behold!

*She hangs upside down
on to a brown-eyed susan stem to dry.*

Oct. 28: She moves to another stem.

*Oct. 31: She moves again,
sits on top of the flower*

Moves her wings out and in but no flying

*Nov. 1: She has moved once again to another flower
farther back perhaps to keep warm.*



*Nov.2: She has fallen on the ground,
was picked up carefully on a leaf
to help her continue her journey.*



Nov.3: *despite our encouragement to get on the journey*
“You are in Canada. It’s cold here. Winter is coming.”



She seemed unable to make the journey.

Nov.8: no sign of Miraculata.

Hope you are on your journey. God speed!

Nov.8: cocoon #2 has opened
empty cocoon lying on the cement

As I rustle through the leaves I
notice another miracle



A beautiful brightly colored butterfly

With normal-sized body but extra small wings

Miracula has been born -with a handicap

How will he be able to fly to Mexico with such small wings?

I wish I had a happier ending

But sadly he died and now is buried in my flower pot.

As I reflected on my true story, I wondered,

“Is this not the story of our lives
especially during this time of pandemic?”

Life is full of miracles and disappointments.

Let us be open to both-

Learn from the disappointments

Praise our Creator for the miracles.



(my personal Preference: “diary” instead of “biography”)

Irene Buechler, scic