

Date Submitted: 4/29/2020

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“And so the days pass. Slowly. Yet quickly. And I wait for a return to a life in motion.”

“Ramblings from a bad day and a better day. I have never thought about my age. Never felt my age. The number on my passport is not quite real (though the photo is a different story) as I gleefully jump into piles of leaves with my grandchildren. But a month at home has changed that perspective. The news every day is a reminder... higher risk, more vulnerable, more serious, more lethal, a generation of children who will grow up without their grandparents ... well that’s grim. Every day I work out. The only weapon that I have. I need heavier weights now than I have available at home. That’s good news. I miss the gym. Never thought I’d say that. Will I feel safe going back there? I snack on chips and cookies because, hey, if ever comfort food was needed it is now. Goals, dreams, the simple moments of joy with people I care about. On pause. When does pause end? And then, what will be possible? To travel to celebrate my sister’s 60th birthday with her? Will planes and airports and border crossing be ok? Be comfortable? Even the local grocery store seems overwhelming now. How long is this line?! Am I the only one here not wearing a mask? Is that a problem? Will I regret it? Note to self: you have a sewing machine. And so the days pass. Slowly. Yet quickly. And I wait for a return to a life in motion.”