

Have I Missed Anything?

It is very rare that I write about myself. I don't think there is anything of interest of a quiet life well-lived. I have few regrets and many blessings.

So then comes the Wuhan virus. Is it THE pandemic of all pandemics or are we responding to an innate fear of the unknown. Whatever, we all close our doors, mask ourselves and stay as isolated as possible.

My world has not changed very much. First, I was sick 18 months ago, and still working through managing that illness. Thus, staying home was pretty much what I did. When I got another horrible illness during this isolation, it just seemed an extension of the first. Home is where I stayed.

Throughout my first go-round, I organized, purged and moved around as much as possible, thus leaving little to do this time. But there are blessings. Having an advanced degree allows me to teach college classes which I do remotely. I did not need to make an adjustment in terms of teaching, it was just a continuation of what I have been doing for the last couple of years. I teach in a military college, I teach in a Catholic college and I teach prisoners. A healthy perspective reminds me that, for the most part, they miss more than I do.

But I have missed something. I have made a promise to myself that I would go to Israel every year. My trip at the end of April has been postponed. I am a bit sad about that but I still get to go this year. I had tacked on a couple of extra days to go to Madrid to see The Madrid Open, a tennis tournament. That has been cancelled as well. Not sure that opportunity will arise again. That makes me a bit sad.

I also am a huge sports fan. I miss watching tennis as often as possible and am grateful for some of the re-runs that peak my interest. One of the best parts of moving to Colorado is that Yankee games start at 5 pm and I can almost always see the end of the game which is around nine pm, very close to my bedtime. I miss baseball as well. I wonder what the end of the hockey season will be like, if it has an end at all.

Because there are no sports to watch, reruns will have to do along with whatever craft project is of interest. When my health allows it, I take a walk, a long one. I do not wear my mask. I may be compromised but I still exercise my freedom.