

What to do when there is nothing to do

Living in self isolation during a global pandemic is a lot like living out the movie Groundhog Day. Everyday is the same. I wake up with no appointments, no errands to run and no firm plans, just hours of endless possibilities. So far, my biggest accomplishment has been getting the stacks of paperwork, that I have been blithely ignoring for two years, in order. That felt pretty good, but it's time to expand and learn something new.

My ambitions aren't as lofty as Bill Murray's desire to learn the piano and a foreign language; however I've been wanting to teach myself to crochet. Two years ago I took up knitting again after a forty year hiatus and have found it wonderfully relaxing. I saw a couple of Ted Talks (is now a good time to mention my YouTube addiction) that explained how the rhythmic repetitive motions of doing fiber crafts, like knitting, crocheting, and weaving, are good for the brain. Well, at my age, if I hear something is good for my brain I say "sign me up". So after watching many hours YouTube videos (of course) on the subject, I gave it a go. To be honest, my early attempts are nothing short of pitiful, but I'm seeing improvement. Maybe by the end of week I'll have mutilated dishcloth to call my own. However, for me, the fun isn't in the finished product, it's in the doing. While I'm concentrating on trying to make fabric with just an aluminum hook and some yarn, the threats of a deadly disease and overcrowded hospitals are gone. The worry for myself, friends and family has vanished. It's a godsend.

So if anyone is in need of a ragged-looking muffler, let me know. I might be able to have it to you by Christmas. Maybe I'll work on it while listening to Sonny and Cher's "I Got You Babe".