

Covid time is a tricky time. Not only is the virus still in its infancy in being understood, but its mere existence “out there” plays tricks on the mind “in here.” “Have I been exposed to the virus? And what day is this since my supposed exposure?” “Is this a normal cough or a worrisome cough? Allergy? [Or](#) worse, is it IT?” And oh yeah, “Do I have a fever?” “When was the last time I washed my hands and where have they been since, and have I touched my face?” So many frenetic questions that peel away at the inner peace I normally know, seem to wear me down with what seems paranoid vigilance. Is it paranoia? Certainly the other extreme is denial: “I won’t catch it; I’m strong.” So how to live in this liminal space becomes the daily million dollar question.

This lockdown time certainly has the makings of stir craziness; it also offers us the makings of blessing and gift, though they have to be hunted down a little more intensely!

So, how do I cope? Some moments I do, and some I don’t. Once I informed my psyche that this was a new norm, a new way to live, I felt things inside me shift a little. No longer could I tell myself that this will pass in a couple of weeks and all will go back to “normal.” I don’t even use that word anymore....was our before Covid normal?

I would offer three tools I’ve found helpful in this time of uncertainty. The first is rest; the second is breathing, especially in nature; the third is creativity. For me, rest not only means getting the right amount of sleep, but also listening to the pauses throughout the day that my body and psyche might be needing, and giving into a nap, a time to read, reflect, pray a little longer. The hardest part of this is learning to not feel guilty about “wasting time.” “Wasting time” in God’s presence, whether it be napping, reading, working puzzles, cleaning, connecting with someone, is never wasted time. The second tool, breathing, especially on walks outside, has the gift of clearing my mind and opening my eyes to the beauty all around me in nature. Nature is a wonderful healer, and I just read that Covid patients who were moved outside into the sunlight had a higher and faster rate of recovery. Moving our bodies builds the immune system. Creativity, and I might add humor, is my third tool. The news on TV has to be limited. How many times can we hear how many have died, and yet, no media has told us that the United States has a 98.6% recovery rate? We know what the media says and is going to say before we even turn the TV on! So, hear it once from a reputable news source, and move onto something a little more life giving....Finding humor in life is certainly a life raft. We walk around way too serious about everything. Sure, I believe life is serious stuff, but it’s also pretty funny if you watch carefully. To think about one funny thing I saw during the day as I am falling asleep, really seems to help me relax and breathe and put it all in God’s hands. Being creative is choosing to do something...whether it’s writing, drawing, painting, baking or cooking, playing an instrument. Music, for me, is a great healer, and I believe it can cure me at levels no medicine can ever reach! Creativity can heal us all.

These are tools that work for me, but they are also tools I’ve used most of my life. Perhaps living in this liminal space means pulling our backpack of tools out, and placing them in clear view so we can be reminded that we can live through this and perhaps discover a new

energy from resting, a new breath of life from all that creation offers us, a new blessing and creativity from our own creative spaces. I leave with a reflection I wrote this past Easter Sunday, in the midst of an all-day pouring, flooding rain, and threats of tornadoes, hail and damaging wind....a very loud, very soaking telling of the Resurrection!

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