

Gwenyth Wheat
Healing Reflections

I tuned into another Skype call, my eyes tired, dry, and aching for light that wasn't blue. Quickly, our group of friends appeared in the video call, each of us secluded to our bedrooms and propped up next to windowsills. My friend asked what life was like outside the walls of her recovery center, outside the walls that shielded her from the daily news, world events, and COVID-19.

"Empty streets," I said as I peered through my blinds to view the deserted Center Avenue staring back at me.

"People in face masks," Angie chimed in as our conversation blurred with my own distracted thoughts.

It was strange to think about- life in a global pandemic. Living life in a global pandemic. Being a part of a global pandemic. It was the beginning of the stay-at-home order and everything seemed so still and dark.

But today, today I am thankful for the sunshine that brightened up my room even on the strangest of days. I am thankful for the time and space that allowed my mind to rest, recover, rejuvenate and grow in creativity. I am thankful for the chance to dust off old passions that were hidden in the dark, shut out by the stress of "normal days". And even though life isn't far from normal, I'm glad those passions can shine amid the uncertainty. A doctor is becoming a writer. A teacher is becoming an advocate. A nurse is becoming a poet. A student is becoming a businesswoman. All from home. Today, I am thankful for the light and my father's patient reminder, "There is no light without darkness."