



Fatigue in the Time of Corona

I get it. I'm tired too. And I'm tired of being tired.

And while it's hard to believe that 8 months have gone by, somehow it feels like a lot longer.

I just want to get back to my old routine. To not have to worry whether a friend could inadvertently cause me harm. Whether I am risking my life by eating out, going grocery shopping or just going to shul.

I want to call this virus pesky, but I don't want to seem like I am down playing its danger or seriousness. But, darn it, it is pesky. Some people get this virus, and they show no signs. Others become seriously ill. And still others succumb and die. And yes, I know people who fit into all of these categories.

The advice we have been given over the months has been confusing, causing many to discount any advice or warning. It is tempting to shake our heads and shrug our shoulders. What do these experts really know? I mean, the experts used to say milk was good, and now milk is bad. And Pluto was a planet, until it wasn't. And there was a time when Mercury was once considered safe and used as a disinfectant, and a pill for immortality. (Yes, really)

Stop. Stop right there. It's your fatigue talking. It can lead to cynicism and doubt. Learning is part of life. Medicine may be an applied science, but its practice is an art. And there are some things that defy easy answers or solutions. This virus is one of them.

So, I have to ask, who's more patient? Who's more resilient? Who can stay the course? The virus has no problem waiting and waiting and waiting. Pesky. And deadly.

We have made it this far, let's stay the course. Let's do what we now understand to be prudent and safe. Wear masks. Social distance. Be hygienic. All of these things are uncomfortable and a constant reminder that things are not the same. But, they are necessary and a small price to pay to help our loved ones, our neighbors and ourselves.

There will come a time when all of this will be a bitter memory. Stories that we will tell our children and grandchildren. Stories of resilience that asked a lot of us, and some how we over came our doubt, our loneliness, and our fatigue. And the lessons we will have learned and the actions that we have taken will have defined us...as a nation, as a community, as individuals.

Who would have thunk that it would take a virus to bring us together? To remind us that we are stronger together and that our fates are intertwined. Yes, it's hard to believe 8 months have gone by, somehow it feels a lot longer.

Somehow.