

Heroes

Heroes come in all shapes and sizes, in every gender, colour and political persuasion.

The gentle touch of a carer as they tend to a vulnerable person, wiping bottoms and tears with equal humanity. The nearness of a nurse mummering reassuringly to terrified patients struggling to breathe.

The lonely pensioner who still buys a few extra groceries in case of visitors. The exhausted parent who still smiles.

Faced with a global pandemic of terrifying uncertainty we look outwards for the heroes who will save us. The white coated lab technicians pushing the boundaries of science are our new knights on white chargers. The army of medical personnel warding off infection in scrubs and PPE. Invisible enemies are everywhere but never quite extinguishing the belief that good will win out over evil.

We hope, we pray, we argue, searching for answers that elude even the brightest and the best.

And yet in each of us there exists a tiny glimmer of hope and of certainty that we will survive, we will find the answers; we will save ourselves. Within each of us lies a hero. Small acts of kindness restore our faith in the humanity that binds us together. We let that impatient driver go ahead of us in the queue. We wave at neighbours across the street. We smile at an unexpected letter or message. We chat to old friends on zoom calls as we explore new ways to reach out. We clap our heroes and ourselves.

For we are really reaching in. Pulling on reserves of humour and resilience to face each day. Building our tenacity and getting up, getting dressed and getting out. Suited and booted we are all heroes. Captain Tom was right: Tomorrow will be a good day.