

2020 VISION. 'I May Have Lost my Vision, But I Can still be Heard. Or Can I?'

The clock announced the start of 2020 and we all joined together as friends, our arms wrapped around one another, singing 'Auld Lang Syne', not knowing that that would be the last time we would hug each other for a very long time.

We shared jokes and laughter and reflected on what was to come in the year to follow. 'My 2020 vision' we called it, playing with words, connecting the name of the year and perfect eyesight. The two would go together. It would be a great year. We were sure of it!

I was privileged because, unlike those who, because of impaired eyesight, did not have 20/20 vision, I would be able to watch a football game, joining with others to cheer on our team as they strived for that elusive goal, listening to the 'Oooohs' and 'Aaaaahs' of the crowd as the opposition goalkeeper pulled off yet another great save.

I would be able to watch the actors 'strutting their stuff' on stage with a clarity which those without 20/20 vision would not.

I was privileged and thankful. I knew that 2020 would bring life-enhancing visions for me.

But then everything changed.

I watched football games, but only on a screen, so that I saw a picture of what went on, but not everything. I sat in a park, safe in the open air, watching a theatrical performance on stage, but only on a screen.

The camera decided my vision, not I. My gaze, my focus, every movement, every moment of importance, whether at the match or in the stalls, was dictated by that camera, not me. I had had my 20/20 vision stolen from me, and the year 2020 was the culprit. He was the one to blame.

But I still had my hearing, thank goodness.

That reminded me of the first sounds I heard as a child. They were of my mother, helping me to play with my toys. "You know, 'Zoom' is the sound made by rockets as they reach for the skies. One day you might be able to go up into space."

Wow! I thought, sitting there, enraptured, as a small child.

Then, as I grew older, moving through those teenage years, I started to reflect on the isolation of astronauts as they went up into space, leaving the world behind. What was it really like to be 'The first man in the moon'?

Zoom, I knew, meant isolation.

But here, in the year 2020, 'Zoom' does not mean isolation. It means making connections with people you would otherwise never see.

So now I sit at home again, not a small child any more.

'Zoom' means we can listen to one another, even if that is at a distance.

Zoom gives us all hope. We are not alone any more. If we listen hard enough we can hear the voices, the thoughts and feelings, of others.

I am alone at home again. But you can hear me now, I hope.....please.