CORONAVIRUS CRAZED

I am taking this pandemic very seriously. I have barely left my little piece of Jasper County in almost three weeks now, and then only for groceries. One package of toilet tissue and one loaf of bread each trip to Kroger, if you please. I am very grateful to have those.

The news is frightening, and I am perturbed that the hubby and I are considered “high risk” due to our age. Whaa? Neither one of us has any underlying health problems, and I am very grateful for that.

My heart goes out to all those who have contracted the virus, and their families. I am grief-stricken for those who have lost family members.

All of that being said, my wacky sense of humor lives on. I’m a terrible hypochondriac, and all my friends are aware of this psychosis. Many years ago, I inhaled too much paint or sealer while we were building our house. I damaged some cells somewhere up in my nose, and consequently, instead of losing my sense of smell, I could barely tolerate the smell of soap and bacon, among other things. I became convinced I had one of those rare brain tumors that a very small portion of the population gets. I went to a specialist, horrified when he produced a flexible probe about a foot long and inserted the entire thing into my nose and took a tour of my head. Nope, nothing there.

There are a lot of things these days that are much like a double-edged sword.

I love solitude, and that’s good. I know that there are a lot of people out there who are going completely swamp-loon crazy, being told to stay at home.

I’m grateful that my child and my grandchildren are grown. I feel for those mothers who have super-energetic small ones, and especially those that have unhappy teens. The other edge of the sword is that mine are all in other states, and I would give anything to be able to hold my daughter on my lap and rock her to sleep again.

I’m grateful that the freezer and pantry are full. I lived paycheck to paycheck for many years, and I know how defeating it can be to have to worry about money for food and basic items. I remember not having a quarter to buy my child a popscicle.

I’m grateful that the power is still on, that the doctors and nurses are still working. The pharmacy people, who still fill prescriptions that we need.

I’m reading a lot, watching a lot of tv, and working on my next book. I have eaten four Family-Sized boxes of Cheezits in one week. My fingers are permanently orange now.

I have so much to be grateful for, and we all need to count our blessings. I am itching to spray the weeds under the pine trees, but I’m out of weed-killer. I am itching to do some weed-eating, but I’m out of line.

I could go to the co-op and pick up these items, but I am not going to do that. You see, if we all take the liberty of making that “one little quick trip,” we become part of the problem.

So, I’ll continue to shelter in place and be grateful that I haven’t gotten sick. Please, please, stay at home and avoid other people, if it’s at all possible.

The briars and running vines will just have to grow under the pines until this thing is over. I have an old friend, Fred McCarty, who still works at the co-op in Stringer, and he’s in his late seventies. I don’t want him to depart this earthly plane any time soon, and especially not because I selfishly carried a killer virus into his area.

Stay at home and count your blessings. Be grateful if you are healthy, so many are not and probably wouldn’t survive the virus.

Keep your sense of humor, if possible. I don’t have any children in the house, but I do have some rope and a roll of duct tape, just in case the husband gets on my last nerve. He is unaware of this contingency plan.

Stop posting scary, negative, stupid things on Facebook. Remember what your granny told you about opinions.

Make a conscious decision to believe that our country will endure and survive and that life will go on. If you have never read how Great Britain survived Hitler’s non-stop bombing, now would be a good time to educate yourself.

Enough for now. I need to untie my husband and take the duct tape off his mouth.