

Seeing the World Through Your Own Headlines

Sometimes I just want it to stop. Talk of Covid, protests, looting, brutality. I lose my way. Become convinced that that this “new normal” is real life.

But then, I meet an 87 year old who talks of living through Polio diptheria, Vietnam, protests and yet is still enchanted with life. He seemed surprised when I said that 2020 must be especially challenging for him. “No,” he said slowly looking me straight in the eyes, “I learned a long time ago to not see the world through the printed headlines. I see the world through the people that surround me. I see the world with the realization that we love big. Therefore, I just choose to write my own headlines. “Husband loves wife today.” “Family drops everything to come to Grandma’s bedside.” He patted my hand. “Old man makes new friend.”

His words collide with my worries, freeing them from the tether I had been holding tight. They float away. I am left with a renewed spirit. My headline now reads, “Woman overwhelmed by the spirit of kindness and the reminder that our capacity to love is never ending.”

(From Facebook 2022)