

Bated Breath

The surge.

Will it come?

Hope for the best;

Prepare for the worst.

And with that,

existential riptides sweep us to depths we try to avoid.

Whether by COVID19,

traumatic injury,

heart attack,

stroke, or

cancer,

death's waters are cold.

Today my work consisted of

Assessing morgue capacity and refrigerated truck options,

ensuring adequate care and rituals for front-line clinicians in death swells,

championing Pastoral Care's inclusion in system strategy for staff-care during COVID19 --

all while struggling to remember to

always wash my hands,

not touch my face,

and not hug others anxiously caught in the tide.

The surge.

Will it come?

I don't know.

But death will come. Death always comes.

Whether riding the tsunami forecast every night on the News,

or gently lapping the shore,

Death comes.

Grieve the loss.

Breathe, if you can.

And breathe deeply of your faith. Dare I say, "Rejoice in its filling of your being!"

With courageous, active surrender take deep faith-breaths of the Spirit who

still hovers over waters of chaos;

still breathes life from the clay;

and defeats death in ways we cannot fully comprehend.

Take a breath.