

WILL-POWER Vs. CORONA-VIRUS

Life was, at best, ok for me. Everyday, I found a reason to take in a part of this miserable air that I'm surrounded by. Not only did I inhale, but I also refused to allow myself to just hold it in, joyfully awaiting the inevitable bliss of unconsciousness. In doing this, I was making it through the days; then the pandemic hit...

Normally, I'm enthusiastic about the next day, and try to remain positive at all times, through all the daily transgressions. Being a mostly healthy, middle-aged man with no respiratory complications has left me with little to no reason to find myself hiding in a corner somewhere amidst a respiratory illness pandemic. Nonetheless, my entire world has been altered because of it, and the pandemic has all, but completely deteriorated my mental health. I may still be able to breathe just fine, but hanging on to a happy, meaningful reason to is a completely new adventure.

Every bit of normalcy in my daily routine has been replaced, removed, or, at least, redefined. Being locked away from everything that means anything to me is already extremely discouraging. Even so, I somehow, some way, overcome the reality of things to find new meanings, only to have those stripped away by a pandemic that, in every other apparent way, seems to have nothing to do with me. All that is left is a struggle.

Fueled by sheer will-power to live, I crawl through another hour of unknown. Thankfully, that very will-power can always be found within us, and is

plenty of fuel to weather any storm. Even this disastrous storm of a pandemic. With every single person, city, nation, routine, relationship, opportunity, and anything else you can think of, being effected by this Corona-Virus pandemic, it seems will-power is the only thing that may emerge victorious!

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