

# Waiting Place

“Smart friends: Hard tasks, difficulty with motivation. What are your tips? (Asking for a friend) 😊”

And thus began a helpful texting thread, amongst 14 dear neighborhood book club members. Each one empathized about how difficult it has been to focus and motivate themselves during these confusing and scary times. “Make a list.” “Break tasks in small parts.” “It’s OK to just be!”

My mind wandered to Dr. Seuss, as I switched my iPhone focus from “breaking news” and Facebook to this friend’s question! I believe we are in “the waiting place” that Dr. Seuss writes about in “The Places You’ll Go!”

We are very active people in one of the busiest areas in the world. We are good at juggling. You know what happens when the juggling rhythm is thrown off. The balls start to drop to the ground, one by one. Our schedules have come to a screeching halt from that which we are used to. Or, they have changed substantially. All of a sudden, our balls have changed to forks and knives. We are now handling unfamiliar and unsettling tasks. No wonder we are somewhat at a loss for next steps. Now, add a sense of the pending “next shoe to drop”, speaking of dropping things. This all creates a world of unsettled people, including our leaders. Our new reality is reinforced each day via news and social media.

There are, no doubt, techniques to make our way out of this befuddlement. Yet, I believe it is vitally important to give ourselves grace when we fail to handle our usual high speed juggle. With faith and this grace, we’ll find our way out of this waiting place of unknowns.

This is easier said than done. For me, at my stage of empty nesting but not quite retiredness, my level of efficiency has gone from medium well to medium rare! So much to do and so much time to do it!

I have no clear answers here, just reasons to feel OK about not being perfect humans right now. Our world hasn't experienced a pandemic like this for over 100 years.

I remember reading about how bees  get confused when the sun isn't shining. They lose their sense of direction. Last night while watching the news, I decided that we are like the bees. We're waiting for the sun to help us find our way. Or perhaps, we seek to reconnect with the Son of Man, so we may feel the lightness of knowing that all will be well.

Sending Hugs,  
Linda Bilotti