

I Took My Routine for Granted

Category: Coming Undone

written by Mary B. Wiecezak | May 10, 2023

I had just returned from my parish of ministry. Little did I think I would not be returning to my office. Visiting the homebound in person was to become a way of the past. COVID-19 had raised its ugly head and my life would never be the same.

I was not to be defeated. I decided that I could maintain phone contact with my "special friends." In my daily routine, I would now offer a word of prayer and support to those who had become a vital part of my life. Yet, day after day, sad news would color my world. Many of my patients would become victims of the plague that was affecting the young and the old. I had taken so much for granted. My ministry, my life, was becoming undone.

Needless to say, self-pity began to invade my thoughts. That which I had considered normal in my daily routine would no longer exist. Driving would become a thing of the past. There were so many activities in which I could no longer partake: visiting my family, stopping at the local library, spending a Saturday at the mall, and enjoying a quiet time at the park were only a few.

My own health was destined to decline over the months that followed. Results of repeated surgeries made it more difficult for me to maintain my independence. The final results revealed I would be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of my life. I would no longer be able to stand and walk. My life as I had known it was becoming undone.

Several community members, friends and family came to my support. I am encouraged to continue to maintain phone contact with former parishioners. I am informed of the deaths and offer written condolences to family members as often as I am able. My life has changed, but my spirit continues to seek other means of ministering to others. I am not one to be defeated. For my strong Polish spirit refuses to believe that my life has become undone.

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