

From: [David Kraemer](#)
To: [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)
Subject: FW: One Person's Daily Response to Communal Fear. 4.2.20
Date: Wednesday, July 15, 2020 9:43:30 AM

From: Morris Allen <mojo210al@icloud.com>
Sent: Thursday, April 2, 2020 9:32 AM
To: mojo210al@gmail.com
Cc: MOJO210AL <MOJO210AL@aol.com>
Subject: One Person's Daily Response to Communal Fear. 4.2.20

WAGON WHEEL DAILY CENSUS: 3 Cars 1 Business Truck 1 walker 1 dog walker 1 runner

I still want to get to what I was going to write about on Tuesday at some point. I did think that today was going to be the day—but it will have to wait.

I want to talk about fear and share a story that captures both the real fear that exists and the importance of responding to it with a non-anxious presence. Yesterday, almost immediately after I dropped my musings, my office phone cell phone rang. I picked it up and heard on the other end a very frazzled individual who was bereft that they had missed the phone call the previous night. On that phone call, which our office arranged, was the interim director of the MN-SBA district office and my boss helping guide people through the maze of support that Congress has created to provide a potential bridge over and through this crisis. It isn't enough yet—but that's not for discussion today. In any event, this person was filled with remorse, fear, and a conviction that they had lost out on any opportunity for help. I told them that I would follow up and send them all the information and that if necessary, help them with any questions they still had. I sent them all of the materials and shortly thereafter heard back from them to thank me and to tell me that they were going to apply. I coded the entry in our data base as having forwarded materials and went on with my day.

A couple of hours later, this person called back and said they were having trouble understanding what they could apply for in grants and loans and I shared with them additional information that seemed to put them at ease. My day continued, my work on events for the coming week, email communication, a workplace rights webinar that each staffer in a Congressional office must take once a year, some office discussion about planning and our upcoming town halls. All in all, it was going to be a day that I had hoped to finish early so I could fully prepare for my class at Hillel that I now teach via zoom. Until my new friend called back.

They were in tears. They were trying to fill out their application and couldn't find it on their cell phone and nothing seemed to be going right for them at all. They told me that they had gotten all of the information they were sure they were going to need to fill out this SBA loan request from their accountant and they were more confused than ever. I asked them to stay calm, open their computer and hit the link that I had sent them earlier in the day. I said I would walk through the application with them from my computer as they filled out their application from their computer.

And then they said, “oh, I am doing this all from my cell phone.” It was then that I realized that I was going to be filling out my first EIDL application (Economic Injury Disaster Loans) on behalf of a constituent. For the next 30 minutes or so (it should not take anyone who qualifies for these loans really more than 10 or 15 minutes—and many, many people qualify!) I walked through this application with this person and became increasingly familiar with their economic information. Indeed, at one point they had me speak directly to their accountant, who gave me all of their economic history as if I was an auditor for a bank. I had their bank routing number, their social security number, the bank account number—I had it all. (And it was a stark reminder that I needed to circle back on my work regarding Scams that we are doing in CD2). As I got to the end of filing the application, this individual who had spent their day in abject fear was now suddenly transformed and offered me a prayer. “I pray that the trust Jesus provided today, and which fills me with gratitude for you and my taxman **boomerangs directly from you to the throne room of Jesus Christ our Savior.**” I thanked them but didn’t share that I was a rabbi. Nor did I say that hopefully Jesus has a good working relationship with the SBA. But I then did go out for a walk. And this is the chalk poem that I found in my neighborhood. “**The world is getting smaller as people stay further apart**”. And for me, I saw the invisible hand of the Oneness of the Divine in all that framed my day. (No more tales from the workplace for a little while now). Morris

Sent by my iPad