

From: [David Kraemer](#)
To: [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)
Subject: FW: One Person's Response to Communal Fear 5.20.20
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From: Morris Allen <mojo210al@icloud.com>
Sent: Wednesday, May 20, 2020 9:11 AM
To: MOJO210AL <MOJO210AL@aol.com>
Subject: One Person's Response to Communal Fear 5.20.20

WAGON WHEEL CENSUS 2 Cars 2 Trucks 1 Dog Runner 1 Dog Walker 1 Runner 1 ISD#197
School Bus #1916

Here is a word to the wise. When buying travel insurance, make sure that global pandemics are not excluded from coverage. Prior to Leora beginning her residency and in belated celebration of our 40th anniversary last August, we scheduled a family vacation in the Outer Banks for the first week of June. It would have been a reprise of our only other gathering in such a manner 3 years ago in Lake Tahoe. This one would have included a grandchild, however so it promised more laughs and joy-----over and above the laughs and joy that come simply by being together already. When renting this place on the Outer Banks, we were told that we had to pay upfront but that we also had to purchase renter's insurance—so that if there “was any reason that it should not work out—they will cover it.”

Buyer beware is an old phrase. But truthfully, how many of you read through the disclaimers online when adding a new product or scour the fine print as you sign away your life with mortgage payments. It seems that any reason includes named hurricanes, death, serious illness, home not available, declaration of war but not global pandemics. For a while we were hoping that the fact that the Outer Banks were closed to visitors would be a means to a happy ending. But under intense pressure, I am sure from many sides, the governor relaxed North Carolina's ban on the Outer Banks as of May 16th. The real estate company sent an enthusiastic email that said” WE ARE OPEN FOR BUSINESS” and then in small letters said, restaurants doing curbside serving, beaches requiring good social distancing, stores are open. However—please bring your own toilet paper and linens and kitchen supplies as we will not be providing them as a result of both shortages and health concerns.” Now that is truly an example of being OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

I tell you all of this not for sympathy or because we are in need of consolation. Neither can be further from the truth. We do feel bad that we will not be able to vacation together (plane rides in the coming months are for necessity only) but because it does address a certain level of frustration about the situation that all of us are feeling. We see it on TV and the real tears of a real bar owner who wants to open up in defiance of both safety and law—because he has no alternatives—but really can't afford to defy the state rules. We see it in the growing divide between the push for re-opening society up and the epidemiological modeling that suggests that simply because we are tired of staying at home, the virus is still alive and real. We flattened the curve; we did not eliminate its

deadly potential. I get the frustration. I even get the frustration of the individual who owns a vacation home on the Outer Banks and who finances it by weekly rentals to folks like me for whom a weekly rental period is all I will ever be able to afford. I get it all and I refuse to give into the level of frustration and add to the societal conflicts we are facing.

For me, the flip side of this frustration of being at home for the past 70 days—yes, today marks the end of 10 weeks of working from home, has been gratitude. I will never get these days over again. And I am grateful for what they have provided me. That is not to say that I haven't become frustrated at the reality under which we are living and the foolishness of decisions that people are making—both on the macro and micro levels. But long ago I was taught by a wise and caring rabbi that each of us has one sermon within us. And all we do is package it differently each and every time we speak. So, he said—make sure your sermon is one you are willing to give when you are both on top of the world and at the bottom. While my congregants might have suggested that I had more than one sermon up my sleeve—often on the same Sabbath—in truth I have tried to live my life with gratitude for what it has given me and continues to give me. Yes, it is frustrating seeing society potentially emerge from this pandemic being very different. It is frustrating watching organizations you care about make painful decisions about their future. It is frustrating to see the political animus take aim at medical and science professionals doing their job in providing counsel and facts. But these 70 days have given me so much—simply because the opportunity to have them has itself been a gift. I am grateful for a slower pace of life, a home that I like to be in, 2 other adults with whom to spend time with, an office that continues to work at a very high level on behalf of a really great boss and Congressperson, spending time with friends over zoom, and an almost daily opportunity to spend some time watching a two-year old ask his savta to “read me a bukh” as he sits at the table eating his dinner. Indeed, his new favorite book is the “little engine that could”. Maybe somewhere in his DNA itself was a little piece of gratitude in defiance of frustration. I think we can, I think we can, I know we can. Don't let frustration with the world deprive you of the greatest gift there is—travel insurance---oops I mean gratitude. Morris

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