

Every day for weeks, when I open my door and peer into my Black Bag, I find treats, staff updates, gifts, creative cards and wishes from so many people, most of whom I've never met. Since I am new at senior living this past year, and like everyone else, caught unaware by a Pandemic that grounded us for the past two months, this communal outpouring of love and encouragement is a new and much appreciated experience. Who are these people? And what prompts such acts of kindness to someone like me...a grateful stranger?

"It takes a village to raise a child" is a quote out of this last generation. However, after experiencing the "Black Bag" movement and the surprise "Bunches of Lunches" served door to door, plus the consistent presence of the "Masked Marvels" who pick up and deliver the mail, the morning paper, wheel up groceries and postal deliveries. It comes short of "tucking us into bed at night" I venture to say, after this experience, that "it takes a village to raise up one adult and keep us gathered ahead of and over the din of dark media predictions.

As I gaze at all the cards and wishes on my table from what I've counted so far, represents 20 plus special people I've never met but hoping when this lockdown is lifted and we come together, (because all our little celebrations are bound to culminate in one Big Bash when this is all over, that you will introduce yourselves. I suspect, if there will be One I will immediately recognize, it will be Bella.

A long life has taught me, (which every one of you has confirmed), and this is, if there is a way to turn life's negatives into positives it will happen through resolve, shared effort and "little celebrations" to remind us, with each move forward, weary as we may be, we will emerge and "our mourning will be turned into joy".

Blessings,