

Journal of the Plague Year

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Jeff Davis

One of the things being hunkered down has shown me is that when I get tired of complaining about being quarantined, I start to think about those folks who help. Those doctors and nurses, grocery store clerks and garbage collectors... all the people trying to help me retain some sense of normalcy.

It makes me think about what is really important. The conclusion I have come to, because I've had a moment or two to think about it, is that it IS IN helping others that I get the most benefit.

The universe, I'm told, doesn't care about how much money you have or how successful you are or how ambitious you are. The only thing that matters is how good of a person you are. That can only be measured by how much effort you put into helping others. That's not to say that I have to put on a cape and go bust up a robbery... I can do as little as checking in on a neighbor who might need a hand. Or, helping someone understand algebra without tossing the book aside and thinking that I shouldn't have to do this stuff. Or, simply holding my tongue when I feel like biting someone's head off because I've been cooped up with them for far too long. It's the effort that counts.

And if I make this effort, I feel better about myself. I feel like, "Look at how terrific I am." And, truth be told, I need that right about now.