

Trust Crashes the Party

Trust knocked softly on my door today.

Through the window pane, I hardly recognized my old friend. A mask covered her mouth and nose. She wore gloves and held Purel in one hand, disinfectant wipes in the other. But her eyes shined clear.

She stood at the threshold, saying something I couldn't hear above all the fray.

I peeked out, waved, wanting to invite her in. But then I looked around at what was going on inside.

Control, Jitters, Contemplation, Overwhelmed, Anxiety, Fear and Grief had already taken up residence. Chaos reigned.

Control stomped his feet, he'd already closed all the windows and pulled the blinds. The once bright living room, dark and stale.

Jitters paced, he chewed at his stubby nails and turned up unwanted news on the TV.

In the corner, Contemplation sat lotus style, eyelids fluttering. She'd been listening to smooth jazz, until Jitters turned on the news.

Overwhelmed held his head, body slumped, staring at a zillion pieces of jigsaw puzzle scattered over most of the table. From where I stood there was no clue what the finished picture might be.

Anxiety stormed from room to room bellowing things I didn't want to hear: Danger! Contagion! Ventilators! Induced comas! Things far worse than death.

Grief wiped her eyes, then remembered she shouldn't touch her face. She covered herself with a blanket and curled up, almost comatose.

Meanwhile, Trust stood her ground at the threshold, nodding.

As I started toward the door, Fear charged, grabbed me from behind and attempted a chokehold, his orange face all puffed up, screaming, "You can't let Trust in! I'm in charge now!" I pulled away from his vise-like, stifling grip long enough to glance out the window pane.

Trust placed her hands over her heart then stretched her open arms toward the sky.

When Fear raced over to the TV and tried to turn on Fox News, I'd had enough! I opened the door and let Trust inside.

Trust tossed Fear, Anxiety, Overwhelmed and Jitters into the damp, shadowy cellar to fight it out with spiders, snakes and rats.

Together we lifted Grief's slumped body, opened the blinds and windows and took deep breaths, feeling the ocean breeze. We sat for awhile with Contemplation. We even connected a few pieces of the unfinished puzzle.

The varmints still pop their ugly heads out whenever Trust naps, but Trust, no longer in disguise, is here to stay. And she holds me tight when we hear the basement dwellers howling.