



# Advent Reflection

**Day #6**

**Friday, December 4**

Isaiah 29:17-24; Matthew 9:27-31

Several years ago, I began stocking up on food and beverages, household and personal care products. I follow climate science closely for a layperson and I know that our lifestyles are at risk of dramatic and permanent changes without much warning.

Twice now, there were events that charged my recent actions. First on January 2, 1999, Chicago experienced 22 inches of snowfall. The day before that my daughter and I hosted a New Year's party for two of my single female friends and the children of one of them who were all near the same age as my daughter. When returning from driving one of them home, I heard on the news how much snow we were expecting. Being a recently divorced mother of a nine year old living in a large house with lots of walk and drive ways that were bound to make traveling very difficult, I hurried to the store instead of home and brought extra food, water and batteries for the flash lights in case we lost power. The storm passed and years later, we moved to a slightly smaller condominium. During that move, I lost all the food that I had stored in the time between that storm and moving.

On January 31, 2010, now living in Chicago, not Oak Park, there was a prediction of another 21+ inches of snowfall. With my daughter away at college, I felt a sense of vulnerability. I hurried to the store, found some of the last rice and water available, and then got in a line to fill the tank with gas. Now that I have survived two panic attacks about running out of food and necessities, I declared no more and I started to stock up on everything far more than what anyone would consider reasonable. I questioned my sanity. My family questioned my sanity and I looked to my training and history of being completely logical to help me return to my more rational self. I could not stop. I was not fearful; just relentlessly motivated to prepare for something. There was a sense deeply seated in me that said continue to prepare.

## Day #6 – continued (page 2)

### Friday, December 4

Then COVID-19 appeared and I was completely ready for it. I had everything I needed for my daughter and myself to last years. Getting her here in an emergency would have been my only concern. By listening to the inner voice where I believe God speaks to us, by honoring that feeling of being in God's presence and following his commands, I do not need to worry about food, drink, personal or household care or even PPE for I had that too. In fact, I had enough surgical masks and gloves to donate some to a hospital I had a close professional relationship. I have not faced long lines at grocery stores, lack of supply at stores, higher prices or any sense of any kind of insecurity.

The only time I allowed logic to overcome God's voice was once during that time. In a Walgreens, there were large packages of cleaning wipes packaged in twos to for purchase. I initially picked up two of the doubles. Then I told myself that two doubles was not necessary and excessive so I put one back. I knew I was making a choice to follow logic this time. A short while after that decision the news of the COVID-19 virus started to circulate. Soon family members were searching for disinfectant wipes that stores were completely out of and I would only offer one of the nearly empty containers.

When reading Matthew 9:27-31, two things occur to me. 1. You must act on your faith. 2. You must voice your faith. They followed Jesus (acting on their faith) for him to heal them. He asked if they believed and they said yes, giving voice to their faith. I demonstrated my faith in God's instruction by doing what I thought was very illogical. I gave voice to my faith by writing books and talking to close family about my actions although they still did not take me seriously.

*Reflection by Holy Name Cathedral Parishioner Kathy Bridges*