

## FALLING LEAVES

by:

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“Fall, leaves, fall; die, flowers, away...” These poetry lines from the Emily Brontë’s “Fall Leaves Fall” captivated me as I can relate to the message it tries to convey – our life on earth is short and whether we liked it or not we will one day die.

Back in end of 2020, it was then when Covid restrictions were slowly being lifted, so I did what I used to do back in the days when everything was still normal – I sang in the celebration of masses as a member of a choir in our local parish. It was a feeling of blessedness as I was again able to serve the Lord through my singing. However, those joys suddenly turned into worrisome nightmares as in the last few days of December, I felt something unusual – I got high fever that went on and on for days, and I suddenly lost my sense of smell and taste. That was when I decided to contact the local Rural Health Unit to have me swabbed to RT-PCR test for Covid 19 and it turned out that I contracted the virus. My world suddenly turned gloomy as I became too worried not only of my own life but more so in the lives of the people I love who were with me at home – my only son and my sick mother who was then suffering from the effects of mild stroke. I had no one else at home to tender for their needs. They all depend on me, yet there I was, stricken by the disease that have already killed millions of people. What frightens me further was when my only also test positive for the virus, although the good thing was, he did not feel any bad symptoms except for the loss of smell and taste. Both me and my son were brought to a Covid facility somewhere in Bagac. The emotional distress combined with the seemingly mild symptoms of the virus, (it was seemingly mild because its being mild is definitely not comparable with a flue – it worse than that) made negative thoughts in me. Will I survive this disease? What if I die? Lord, why me? All

these pained me a lot. Yet the Lord is indeed good. My mother did not contract the virus which I consider a miracle. Loving and caring friends never ceased to chat me almost everyday to console me and to make me feel that I am not alone. My dearest husband who despite the problems he was at that time experiencing abroad never failed to make me feel by his side despite the distance. I also kept on praying and never lost hope that my Lord will always be with me and with my family. That disease truly made me feel vulnerable, making me feel like a falling leaf. It has somehow shown me the possibility of death, that I can be gone in this world at any moment. It gave me a universal life lesson that life is so precious and that we should live the best of it.

*References:*

Brontë, Emily (1950). Fall, leaves, fall. Retrieved from

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/52330/fall-leaves-fall>