

# To the children of the future

By Méabh Ní Uallachain

You do not know  
You can never imagine  
You will never realize  
What a pandemic means to the human heart...  
What Covid 19 can do to the human soul...  
What cocooning can do to human freedom...  
In silence, but with speed, it shattered all our normalities,  
Bringing destruction and death in its path,  
Tearing at our quiet places of prayer and goodness,  
It burst into our spaces of happiness and peace,  
With destruction,  
devastation and tears.

Across the decades and centuries to come  
It will be whispered about.  
Stories told from one generation to another,  
How catastrophic the attack, that reduced us to fear.  
How endless the lines of the sick and the grieving...  
How frequent the lists of the lost and the dead,  
With thousands walking in the gravitas of sorrow.

The broken hearts of children, of parents and of grandparents,  
With distances widening between them.  
Nights when we could not sleep,  
And lost our hearts whole sense of the beloved.  
Days when we could not see,  
Could not hear,  
Could not find  
The beloved.

But with these weeks and months of horror  
Came the amazing singing of the sweetest morning chorus...  
Came an openness to the humanity of others...  
Came a deeper understanding of the beauty in Nature...  
Came a gentle desire to make old and new contacts with family and friends,  
Came the hope to live differently and care for the earth,  
Came the urge to declutter, keeping what is worth keeping,  
Came a longing to slow down, reflect and love gently.  
Came a new appreciation of gratitude, and of what we have.

So, Pandemic, what was your purpose here?  
Why did you come among us?  
To teach us something?  
Go now and never return...  
I think we may have learnt that something...

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Published September 2020, *The Furrow*

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