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## **COVID-19 Remembrance Stories collected by Dr Sandra Neil Clinical Psychologist**

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### **Introduction**

Australia has been very fortunate in the ability to navigate through the COVID19 eruption and pandemic. We have been able to learn and move quickly from the experiences of other countries around the world who were less able to immobilise themselves in space and distance.

I suggested in April 2020, that we ask people about their responses to COVID-19 lockdown. How did they feel? What happened before they have very strong feelings? And what occurred for them later?

People seemed relieved to be able to speak their own truth and I listened with great respect for their stories, learning from them more than they had ever revealed. I was elated by this process, the meanings given to COVID19 and the resilience and personal strength of these storytellers.

Last night we watched a similar attempt by the Metropolitan Opera. The greatest stars donated their time in song (and said not as eloquently as those responders to my questions) how deeply they felt about themselves, their families, friends and the opera. One song sung by Renee Fleming from the opera Othello as she was expecting her own death, she played Desdemona Death Bed scene and sung Ave Maria like and angel in paradise about to die. Renee said what a wonderful experience we have all had performing today and she stated no contact with loved ones surprises us!

This 'COVID-19 International Council of Psychologist (ICP) Remembrance Stories' project has really taken off and how there is a second wave fear of the pandemic in Australia. The stories being submitted are taking a different shape and form: people are truly suffering and afraid for their vocations and futures.

This is only the beginning of the 'COVID-19 International Council of Psychologist (ICP) Remembrance Stories' project. I welcome any contribution from public. Please tell your friends, family and colleagues that we would welcome their stories to be included in this project in any form, to be published online. Please do not include any confidential information in the stories as they will be published online.

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Stories included:

- I. HOW COVID-19 SAVED AN OLYMPIC ATHLETE
- II. NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCES AND ELISABETH KÜBLER-ROSS'S IDEA OF THE WHITE LIGHT
- III. OVER THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN AND A NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE
- IV. THIRD WEEK OF MARCH 2020 HOT YOGA

- V. HEALTH CARE WORKER
  - VI. SISTERS AND COVID
  - VII. COVID-19 AN INTROVERT'S DREAM
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### I: HOW COVID-19 SAVED AN OLYMPIC ATHLETE

This is a story of a young man aged 22, who was trapped in the tunnel on his way out of the tunnel. He said, "I had to brake really heavily and stop driving quickly to look in my rear-vision mirror. I saw what was happening and it was likely that a car would hit the back of my car. Even worse there was a young girl in the car in front of me, in a small car, and it would have directly into her which would have probably have killed her. I braced and got ready for it to happen, but I couldn't go forward anymore, and I thought I would go to the right lane, but instead I was trapped, and I had no where to go. Nothing at all to do, I felt very small and tried to go to the right hand lane after the impact but my car went into the car in front of me which enveloped the girl who I tried to save. Obviously the major component of the accident was the size of the huge trucks that were behind me. They were B-double freight trucks, and there were two men sitting in the truck cabin, one with his foot up on the dashboard. I had nowhere to go. There was nothing at all I could do. I felt so small. I tried to go to the right lane after the impact, but was pushed directly into the car in front of me. I couldn't see anyone and didn't do anything. I wanted to get out of the tunnel as I was just at the tunnel exit, try to drive over the emergency lane, but my car was really badly crushed and twisted. I myself was shaking like a leaf".

He then talked about the aftermath of the accident. All that day, when he went home he felt a terrible feeling of guilt about having wrecked his parents' car which was quite a new Toyota. He talked about feeling bad and the feelings of guilt and shame that came over him. As he talked more and more to his family, over the next five hours, he gradually talked himself out of the bad feelings.

The same young person was at that time in active training for the 2020 Olympics, which were to be held in Tokyo. He had just spent that day feeling terrible about the accident. The announcement had just been made that the COVID-19 virus was to shut down all training for sports and events, including Olympic training. By evening all his sporting friends came to his house. They had they had just announced that, due to the COVID-19 virus that no one could meet, excepting two people at a time, and the social distancing had to be maintained, a face mask worn if possible, and hands washed every 20 minutes. Within a few minutes all the friends went into his backyard swimming pool. Many were crying, and they were all in such pain because they had just been told, after having trained for long weeks at an athletic training camp, that the Olympics were off.

Then he remembers the next day, that he went to join the group, and there was a lot of crying around him and people were saying that they had to finish in the team this year not next year because they had a lot set on this year not next year. He started to thinking about "What can I do to train myself up even if it is going to be the Olympics in 2021?". But in the meantime, he went to training absent-mindedly thinking it was on again and it wasn't on again so he just did some ordinary training after which, during which time he found that his heart was beating far too fast. By the time the next three weeks were finished, new rules were put in place so he was able to do train fully again, which gave him a real breather. In that sense he said he

was very grateful for the time that he could now spend resting and wait, then train fully for the Olympics which were to be moved to 2021. That he spoke with great respect for the profession for which he was studying at university, and for the sport for which he was training, was very beautiful and sad.

About a month later the same person, told me how grateful he felt, firstly to be alive and secondly to have gotten through that time when he had been told by the doctors that he couldn't compete because his heart was beating too irregularly and too fast. His gratitude was so becoming of him because it had helped him to get even more fit. He had been very close to all his friends in the Olympics training programme, and he felt even closer to his best friend who has been also been in a rather difficult position and had become more cautious. Through these difficulties, the two friends had become more gentle, kind and mutually supportive with each other.

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## PART II: NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCES AND ELISABETH KÜBLER-ROSS'S IDEA OF THE WHITE LIGHT

During the time of the COVID-19 virus isolations and restrictions, I listened again to a recording of Elisabeth Kübler-Ross talking about the experience of death. I had heard her quite a few times in the 1970's and 1980's when she was very involved in the first Holistic Health Program that she had located in California, USA. At that time she was very much into trying to have people understand what she called "Shanti Nilaya." Shanti Nilaya (meaning in Sanskrit, 'Place to Die in Peace') was Kübler-Ross's belief in communicating with the dead. At that time, she had lots of methods and ideas, many of which contravened modern scientific medicine and psychology.

This was just about in the mid phase of the first COVID-19 restrictions, when people were starting to think more about what they were eating, coming in contact with, and how many people they were seeing. In fact, I started to see fewer people in person, and more increasingly by digital communications. I tried to take notice of all the limitations that COVID-19 put on us as human beings. Then a patient told me a story.

She was remembering of the birth of her son, born about 50 years earlier. He had been delivered, somewhat traumatically, by forceps, by a very well-respected doctor. She remembered suddenly hearing a kafuffle in the delivery room, a distant sense of there being an emergency. She heard words like "she needs blood" and "she is bleeding out". She had retained part of the placenta because the baby was extracted quickly by forceps. She remembered the nurses saying something like "...you will be ok... with six new litres of blood in your body you will be very fit and fine". She felt that she was moving towards a clear white light.

In hearing my patient's story, I remembered Elisabeth Kübler-Ross talking about the moment of death. What she said was that what would appear to the person who was dying was a white light, that confronts a person and yet is peaceful and calm, and a in fact a very attractive sensation. Kübler-Ross said that you can choose to go forward in time or to go back again; towards the light or away from it. Now, when my patient told her story I connected it to Kübler-Ross's ideas. My patient was facing death, and as Elisabeth Kübler-Ross said she became aware of this peaceful white clear light, which seemed to attract her such that she was willing to leave this life in a way. Then she remembered suddenly and very consciously realising that she had a new baby waiting for her and another child at home also waiting for her. She

consciously found herself choosing to leave that beautiful white light and come back to life.

Two weeks later up at the clothesline hanging out the nappies, she was thinking about the light at the end of that tunnel. It seems comfortable, warm, inviting, and reassuring. She had come to feel that death is now knowable and she no longer feared it, as one might fear the unknown.

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### PART III: OVER THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN AND A NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE.

My friend was older and medically vulnerable to the COVID-19. But she had a curiosity about death, not a fear. She told me a story about when she was only 17 years old. She had come from a lovely weekend skiing with friends on Mt Buller, and there were three of them in the back seat of this beautiful old car with heavy dark brown leather in the back. There were a few people who at that time were well-known personalities. All were really comfortable to be inside that car, driving towards home, getting out of the snow and the gale blowing outside. But suddenly she heard a sound of screeching tyres. Those old cars even had mudguards all around the car. She was sitting on the right side of the car which would be in the middle of the road. All of sudden the car crashed and skidded through a barrier, and rolled down the mountain, rolling front-over-back instead of side-over-side. She rolled with the car over the edge of Mt Buller and as it rolled through the bush, each time she landed on her head she saw stars. Later she was told by the doctor that her head band she wore to keep her hair tidy on the ski slopes was her saviour as it stopped being injured any more than just bruised. She remembered seeing her whole life pass before her eyes as the car went down a steep mountain side. She literally saw her life play out before her eyes. She saw herself as a little girl, she saw herself growing and her mother dancing with her, her relatives, her dog, and her friends. Just as she was going to say goodbye to her father the car stopped rolling. Her focus changed to outside the car into the blackness of the night and whiteness of the snow. She remembered that stark contrast of the white snow and the black sky. She climbed through the window and tried to forge her way up the mountain, feeling blood running down her leg. She called out the names of her friends and nobody answered at all. An eternity later she was up at the top of the mountain, under a railing, with no one in sight at all. Then a flashlight came towards her, urgent questions about who was in the car, where was it, and what happened to her. It was indescribable because she must have blacked out completely. She remembers thinking she had to say goodbye to her friends and then she realised that no, she did not want to leave this world. Then she must have passed out because the questioning had stopped and she was in a warm fresh linen bed in the district hospital at the bottom of Mount Buller.

In telling the story, she realised that she had actually gone towards the white bright translucent light and it was very peaceful. She felt she would never be afraid of death and hadn't been ever since that time. So she had come to think that while the COVID-19 was certainly a danger, she wanted people to think that death needn't be as bad an experience as sometimes seen in the news, that the COVID-19 pandemic might not be quite as frightening for people if they knew that they could walk into the white light and feel the peace that she had felt, or to sometimes choose to move away from the light and back towards life.

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## PART IV: THIRD WEEK OF MARCH 2020 HOT YOGA:

A 48-year-old woman told the following story.

In the third week of March 2020, I practiced my final hot yoga class before all would be shuttered at midnight from imposing restrictions. The class was surreal with three yoga instructors and me practising meters apart as a community. Remembering saying to myself "Take what you need" a mantra often repeated in class. I thought what a great way to start the shutdown practicing with my fellow instructors.

It did not take long for safety and security to leave this blissful feeling within a couple of days fears and anxieties started to creep-in again. Remembering when I first heard of the news of Covid-19, I had already purchased mask's at the end of January 2020. The media and news announcements were confusing and setting the tone for panic. I started to feel panicked it was only in December when he was rushed to hospital my husband escaped a near death experience having spent a lot of time in ICU reconfirms what is and what is not important in life. I was worried and began purchasing extra medications and bulk food before "panic buying" became the new catch phrase. I sensed the panic before the panic set-in.

In early March, I needed to understand this disease so I purchased magazines like New Scientist with a sideline titles " Special Report: The Fight Against Coronavirus; Death rate recalculated, Italy in lockdown, the US failure to test, a time for caution, not panic" and The Economist "The politics of pandemics."

How was I to know what, when and how it would all unfold? No certainty, my trust issues began to surface not believing what the news, media or government agency's reports were, too many unknown factors. I remember going into work thinking how come we have not shut all our borders. I became hypersensitive to people returning from overseas or hearing a cough would make my shoulders creep up to my ears. Second guessing myself, "Did I just touch my face?"

Waking at four in the morning with terror prompted me to cancel work and shelter in my place. I was worried and feared for my husband and my wellbeing, knowing I would survive but he would not due to compromised immunity. I contacted my friends in the US and Europe to see how they all were only to find out my best friend had contracted the disease in New York, my fears were reconfirmed on 27 March.

My best friend texted "I am very sick and cannot breathe, my temperature is F 102 and to stay home!" It was too difficult for her to speak via video chat because it would set off panic and she would go into a coughing fit not being able to breath. This is my best friend since age of sixteen, Would I ever see her again in New York? Will she die? Will I ever see my friends and family again?

By 29 March Stage three restrictions were implemented meaning there were only four reasons to leave the home: food and supplies, medical care and care giving, exercise and work or education-if necessary. I felt a sense of relief and happiness giving myself permission to go quietly into my shell and feel guilt free about it. I would have the opportunity to do all the things I love.

I would explore the silence in between my shavasanas hearing birds sing always makes me feel connected to something bigger than myself and my "everyday concerns". Practising yoga at home everyday on my own is something I never had done before at first it was difficult being easily distracted.

I began relishing the autumn weather the days were so glorious — the sun not too bright, not too hot. Being cocooned by light and warmth feeling the swirling light breezes on my skin. Moments of capturing nature carry-on watching white butterflies and bumble bees, thinking they do not know about fear of death.

After living here for eighteen years, finally I realised how majestic the Australian autumn really was. Driven to research Australian native plants and restoring a Mosaic art-piece in our courtyard garden that needed much attention. Spending late nights shopping online for native plants to be delivered and would wake early with excitement for their arrival. Now, this too is new no contact can be made with the person delivering having to leave the gate open for them to drop off and leave.

My curiosity carried on wanting to learn something new thinking how could I reconnect my love of craftsmanship and fashion design? Is there something that would renew my passion? Scrolling my phone finally I read free courses given by The Museum of Modern Art (MOMA): Fashion as Design led by Department of Architecture and Design Senior Curator Paola Antonelli.

A seven-week course exploring over 70 items of garments and accessories questioning the meaning of what, how, and why we wear these items from a social, cultural, and economic point of view and their environmental impacts. Hearing from designers, historians and makers about these items made me feel a part of this community.

I became excited learning about what I love and felt a deep connection watching a video by Valerie Steele, Abecedarian Presentation on the The Little Black Dress.

Steele quotes "Valerie Mendez the fashion historian from Britain points out, black was fashionable long before the 1920s. In particular, she writes the little black dress was born in the early 1900s especially after the death of Edward the 7th in 1909." Contrary to belief I learned from Valerie Steel "Coco Chanel only popularised the little black dress she did not invent it." My belief had been dispelled!

Another reason for feeling deeply connected to Valerie Steele is when I attended Parson's School of Design in New York City, as fashion students we were invited to the Fashion Institute of Technology (FIT) where Valerie Steele, director, curator and fashion historian presented the 20 century archive collection of couture and ready-to-wear clothing.

I also related to her presentation of The Little Black Dress because long ago, I designed a collection of little black dresses, it made me feel good to know I was on the same matrix and it was not all for nothing.

In the evenings, I spent my time making dinners composed of fresh produce, always. I felt with the new restrictions in place I needed to find a delivery service. Awaiting for my delivery of organic vegetables it turned out to be disastrous! I had to find the courage to walk up to my favourite market, normally this is a weekly outing. Surprised, upon my arrival, there were no shoppers, a beautiful experience, the abundance of fresh vegetables, fruit, and fish.

I thought how lucky are we to have such wonderful produce that is grown right here in this country by Australian farmers. I even purchased eggplants something I never purchase or eat but the deep shiny aubergine colour and Italian cooking show prompted me to try something new. I had wonderful conversation with a stall holder

telling me how we will all get through this. He said his father was in hospital receiving chemotherapy and how he had to suit up and visit him through the glass window at the hospital. His father had missed his grandsons first steps, I remember feeling a certain sadness knowing we all are affected.

Now during this time, I began to go back into my studio. I oiled and plugged up my machines. I ordered fabric online and yes, I researched how to make a mask and made a couple. However, I needed to make something more creative and as I write this I am handcrafting black cotton roses left over from the mask idea, they are beautiful!

I will make a headpiece of black roses and remember this time and space that I connected back to my creative self. My curiosity and appreciation aesthetics is what has helped me get through this pandemic event, this is where I am the happiest, this is when I feel as one.

I started thinking about roses and it excited me to make them, cut out strips, used silk thread, heating the thread with wax, folding the fabric with my hands creating shapes and forms. My hands made the forms and shapes. Depending on the size and the width I'd end up with a big array of shapes, some little, some big, small, and if felt creativity and peace all around me.

It's hard to watch my husband suffering and being creative was for me, a way to escape the most extraordinary pain.

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## PART V: HEALTH CARE WORKER

This story was from a lady in the Flying Doctors Service who was flying to Queensland, the planes were still flying but there was an enormous risk of fire. It was the beginning of February and they were flying over 4000 feet and they were banking. As it happened the pilot had concerns about the amount of smoke in the air, and this woman happened to be flying with her eldest daughter. This nurse was doing the antenatal service for health providers and with the Flying Doctors including maternity and early childhood plans. But their doctor was cut short by the fires and no one knew really what to do. Then someone in the plane accused her of clinical incompetence, and she had had so much experience in the flying doctors, she had had 2000 days of service and all children were treated to the childhood services, and she told the story of how terrifying the fires were that day.

This nurse found the moderate distancing extremely difficult "I have few social contacts and since there is no football at the moment that I would usually got to, I have felt an aloneness, and I have struggled with it...less during the week".

The incident on the airplane brought the nurse to thinking about the theory of Double Binds (Gregory Bateson) Two messages are sent at different levels, and so one contradicts the other.

There are various levels of congruence, like if a person is placating they often hide their wishes; if a person is blaming, they often hide their intimacy wishes; a super reasonable person hides anything that is emotional for them; and the irrelevant person hides everything. Barbara Jo Brothers takes this from the 'Defence Stances' from Virginia Satir to look at how these patterns disconnect us from each other.

Then she talks about how tone of voice, and frowns on the face. Then Leveson began to talk about how cancer might be the numbing of feelings and estrangement from others, there might be a way to helping connection by, no longer numbing feelings. There were three anxieties she was referring to, fear of fires, fear of professional misconduct and fear of COVID-19 and its isolation.

I suggested the following process to lessen the anxiety:

1. Clear the mind;
2. Celebrate your own uniqueness;
3. Giving oneself permission to live positive messages (instead of negative messages);
4. Feeling one's own presence by feeling the first and second skin (which Satir wrote a lot about) The second skin is when you give birth to your sense of responsibility for your own life;
5. Using touch, with the eyes or the voice or through the five senses;
6. Encouraging new awareness;
7. Learning the delicate task of protecting our inner defences and protecting our inner selves which gives us some safety.

Later we talked about when we disconnect our feelings the implications for ourselves and our body are quite bad, because the body is trying to say what the mouth can't say. For example. In the placating response the digestive track sensations and nausea sensations pervade; in the blaming stance the illness arises such as inflammation of the tissues and linings of the lungs, and the stiffening of the arthritic hands, and the tightness and inflexibility to the body happens. In the super reasonable response dryness and no sexual juices can flow and all the tears dry up. But in the irrelevant stance the central nervous system is out of balance, and dizziness is what people will talk about, if you have no balance the rest of the parts of the body then there is no control over your coordination and diseases act accordingly out of balance.

Virginia Satir's Stances have the following qualities:

The **Placator** is afraid to show anger and runs like a rabbit.

The **Blamer** is afraid to show pain or vulnerability and fights like a tiger.

The **Super Reasonable** one is afraid that responding to feelings will mean losing control and avoids them like a robot.

The **Irrelevant** one is afraid of fear. He or she sees any signs of difficulty as danger and deals with it by hiding his or her head in the sand like an ostrich.

There is a theory about how cancer works - that if I have no hope anymore then placators will constantly try to please others; and blamers are very used to projecting onto others; and super reasonable people work only through their mind (without feelings); and people who use the irrelevant stance cannot decide what they want to do in intimacy. They suffer the compulsive avoidance of intimacy and are unable to separate from one person to another.



The incident for the nurse of being questioned about her competency led her to all these doubts and fears and she wished to work through them with me so she could feel whole again and find peace during COVID-19 pandemic.

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## PART VI: SISTERS AND COVID

My sister and I are very close; both mischiefs and hold similar beliefs when it comes to most topics. Although when it comes to the COVID-19 pandemic, we couldn't be further apart. In response to the pandemic I've been accused of being overly-pragmatic, calm and fatalistic, where I've found most people to be irrational, panic stricken & convinced their demise is imminent. Statistics published by various authorities have informed my view, while my sister (and most others) have relied upon mainstream media for their information.

The misinformation spread through media has angered me, as people have blindly bought into the panic and terror. Working in human resources, it has meant much of my time has been spent communicating the requirement for improved hygiene practices; facts pertaining to the rate of infection; and counselling others to gain more realistic perspectives. Doing all I can to stop the panic and help people to behave responsibly, and not be in constant fear for their lives.

Recently, with government restrictions relaxing in Victoria, I was able to visit my sister and her partner at their home. It was wonderful to be able to spend time together in person, and while speaking generally about COVID and the different actions our Governments could have taken to prevent the devastation to our economy, my sister began looking very agitated.

My sister very much fears COVID-19 and is convinced there is a high likelihood of contracting the virus and once infected, death is almost guaranteed. I've attempted on numerous occasions to prove to her, with the use of statistics, that the risk to her health, with all of the preventative measures she's taking, is virtually nil. She is very fit and healthy; doesn't fall within any of the high risk categories; and practices robust hygiene measures, including social distancing.

The agitation apparent on her face and in her demeanour was the precursor to an uncontrolled outburst that immediately ended the conversation. It concerned me greatly and I began wondering what the driving force was behind her fear.

Later in the evening my sister & I excused ourselves and went upstairs to enjoy some "sister talk" privately. Her earlier outburst was still weighing on my mind, and all I could imagine the cause to be is a possible fear of death. After a few minutes of chatting about other innocuous subjects, I lead the conversation to our family and the deaths we'd experienced. She engaged in the topic and hesitantly admitted she fears death. The way she said it, almost seemed like an admission of a shameful secret. It immediately transported my mind to sitting next to our Grandmother on her deathbed. The terror I saw in our Grandmother's eyes as her life slowly left her, is an image that will always remain with me. I've never understood that terror and now I'm aware my sister harbors our Grandmother's exact same fear of death.

That knowledge saddens me, as mortality is inevitable and nothing to be feared. It also explains, what I perceive to be, an irrational fear of COVID-19; not just by my sister but by many others.

I review the statistics and see that less than 0.03% of Australia's population have been infected by COVID-19 and less than 0.0004% have died as a result of becoming infected. While a cure doesn't exist, the preventative measures have proven effective. Then I consider annual infection and death rates caused by influenza in Australia; annual deaths attributed to road accidents; both of which have significantly higher fatality rates than COVID-19, and yet there's no panic and imminent fear of death response from the population. It's confusing to me why people are so convinced that COVID-19 is going to kill them, when they have a far greater chance of contracting and dying from the flu or becoming a road fatality!!

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## PART VII: COVID-19 AN INTROVERT'S DREAM

To me basically, it hasn't changed my life, what it has done is I talk to people, I don't see them, I talk to them, I am at home and they are somewhere else. So, we don't sit in the same consulting room together. I use different platforms (phone, skype, zoom) but what happens is as a result I am more tired at the end of the day and less satisfied, that's for me as a therapist.

For me as a person, it doesn't make any difference, which I have always known, I love my own company. My joke about it is, I like talking to interesting people and that is why I keep talking to myself. It hasn't changed for me at all. But I will say one other thing, of my patients, many have (maybe it is partly my help) benefited, benefited greatly from the COVID-19. To just give one example, a woman who a few years ago left her husband, then she was in a relationship with another man and this guy wanted a lot of her time and basically to be with her all the time, but she did not want to, and she had difficulties asserting her right to say "...look I am happy to continue a relationship with you but I want to see you only once or twice a week, not more than that." Come Corona and she now can say to him "no", Corona has given her the strength to say "no" and she now can use "Corona" as the reason or the excuse. A number of other people who prefer their own company and feel guilty at asserting their right to be alone now can say it with much more ease.

It is wonderful news for the introverts! Introverts want to sit and read books, extroverts want to talk, to go and talk to everybody. Let me conceptualise it differently. I wanted to produce for you a one-liner "Corona is a gift for the introvert".

Now I will put it another way, let me conceptualize. A number of people experience Corona as a gift and why amongst other things, what happened is basically they dictate to the world is, what's the key word with Corona, "social distancing" when you are required to observe distance it means you have more time to yourself. Now in a world in which we live, a child in Australia, a boy who goes to school but likes reading books or played the piano or the violin is given a bad time in Australia. Now, to be isolating we have lots of words for people who are not team players, who want to do individual things, they are loners, a loner is a loser, and a loser is a loner. We live in a society in which the person who are more reflective, the person who values their own company, loves music, the person who also does their own thing is the minority. You see I am a crusader against psychology, what does psychology strive to achieve - better adjustment in the world. What is adjustment? Is it conforming? that you will be in a way like everybody else. A person may to "stay a child", or a person where "social obligations are difficult". Corona has given us permission,

more than permission, now you are a good citizen, you get a medal for observing social isolation and being non-conformist.

Now to those of us, who like to listen to Bach's music or read, or if you want to read 'War and Peace' it takes a very long time - you can. Quite a number of social obligations that I had before, I am free from them now, I have more time for myself and that is good.

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