

Towards a Narrative — a scrapbook made in March

Notes about a compilation of fragments as the 2020 pandemic began



In the first few days of March this year, there were random bits and bobs in my inbox, patches and pieces, rags and fragments, gathered and gathering haphazardly, without much or even any rhyme or reason.

But as the month continued the scraps began to shake and shape themselves into a story, began to hang together on a unifying thread.

That little prose poem from America, those words of trust and courage from ancient Ireland set to new music in modern Canada. That letter to parents of young children in Australia warning them to expect many sorely stressful episodes at home in the coming months.

That reference in a personal blogpost from Germany to the valley of the shadow of death ... 'How do I feel? Confused, was the first word that came to mind. Unmotivated, uncreative. I want to do practical things: painting, sanding, repairing, mending, constructing. I can't write. I feel I should be writing wise words, stimulating stories, inspirational anecdotes; I should be supporting, sustaining, sympathising. But I can't.'

Sermons, talks, interviews, prayers, laments, meditations, anger, fear, beauty, hope, lyrics, images. Shaking and shaping themselves through March 2020 into a narrative, a single entity, all members one of another. It acquired a name, the scrapbook acquired a name: **Love in the Age of Coronavirus.**

The love that makes the world go round, and that moves the sun and other stars, the love that is new every morning for our wakening and uprising ... and love between lover and beloved, for your neighbour as yourself, and for the common good, and the fragile earth.

If you have a spare moment do please drop in, and have a look round. It waits, does this scrapbook made in March 2020, to welcome you. The address is <http://www.insted.co.uk/pdfs/Covid%20reflections.pdf>