



Pandemic Reality

Mary L Schmidt

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By Mary L. Schmidt

Pandemic Reality was written on 20 November 2020 and is completely my own. These are my thoughts and feelings as I fought a second strain of Covid-19. Dark times were a plenty, so dark poems turning into light are added plus pieces on child loss. Includes one piece on essential workers and news about my memoir, When Angels Fly, making headlines around the world.

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Pandemic Reality

By

Mary L Schmidt, 20 November 2020

Here I am at home, completely alone,
Full of loneliness, in isolation with my phone;
One mutating virus separates us like a cyclone,
Not one safe place to go, only home I bemoan.

Wash, wash, wash, no hands touching,
With family and friends, no longer hugging;
As I try to breathe, my lungs are struggling,
As my heart, chest and alveoli are crushing.

One single virus brought me to my knees,
With each new day, my lungs squeeze;
I dread every day and I'm not at ease,
My symptoms worsen with this disease.

To the emergency room, I did go,
Positive for Covid-19, now I know;
My husband had a simple sinus infection, though;
Too late for me, little did we know?

He developed lethargy, and didn't want to eat,
I gave him tasty foods that were sweet;
In an effort to help him eat better, I was upbeat,
Until the day I became viral incomplete.

With the Covid -19, I felt as if thrown,
Lost all scent and taste, desired not a scone;
Aching deep pain in every single bone,
The emergency room doctor said to lay prone.

My husband better, he was a false negative,
Yet my rapid test was a huge positive;
Received IV fluids and medicine, left me contemplative,
The doctor said to go home, I had no alternative.

Couldn't taste food, but found peppered scrambled
eggs worked,
My husband scrambled eggs with pepper every day,
feeling overworked;

I could feed myself and drink; I could do it I chirped,
With my husband next to me, he simply lurked.

Shortness of breath and dizziness prevailed,
My husband increased my oxygen, I inhaled;
Falling to my knees as I walked, I surely failed;
With my husband at my side, falls curtailed.

Covid-19 zapped all of my strength and muscle,
Baby steps, baby steps, no need to hustle;
With further decline, I truly felt like rubble,
My husband did well to make sense of my puzzle.

Never sleep on your back in recliner or a bed,
Your lungs can't aerate, the doctor said;
My husband repositioned me, I felt like lead,
With a gentle touch his love shown, and said.

I slept on either side or partly prone,
Slept three hours, then awake I would moan;
Dexamethasone, my new drug did I intone,
Dreading the side effects, I did indeed groan.

The hospital is short staffed and full was his cry,
I don't want my staff to get sick and die;
I can't breathe, my lips are blue, said I,
You should have stayed home, was his blind eye.

Three emergency room visits did I make,
Two visits went well, the last doctor a snake;
What do you want, his voice a quake;
I want to breathe, I cried out for my sake.

Labs, chest x-rays, fluids and medicine given,
Then back home as my husband had driven;
Once home, he helped me inside as bidden,
A simple sinus infection had much ambition.

My husband gently shampooed and showered me,
While I stood next to him, my bone pain beastly;
Gently he combed my hair, dried and dressed me,
Ten steps at a time, dizziness swirled like the sea.

Two weeks of 24 hour cares from my husband, I
received,
My cough and shortness of breath unrelieved;

My time on Earth was short, I perceived,
I knew my husband and son would be bereaved.

Sure enough, many more people were stricken,
Businesses and churches closed or destroyed with
division;
Wear a mask and wash hands was the new condition,
A mantra of six feet apart was the new volition.

Discharged home with Covid-19 pneumonia,
Loss of taste and scent, no smell from the begonia;
Weakness of speech, now hypophonia,
I was sent home without my nurse, Sonja.

I'm a statistic, one who survived, on the long haul,
Fighting, struggling, yet scared as I bawl;
It seemed life kept throwing a curve ball,
Everyone watched and awaited my downfall.

Too sick to dress or apply makeup,
I went to the doctor for a follow up;
Sipping clean water from a paper cup,
I'm afraid if I fall asleep, I might not wake up,

Now I'm on the long haul of this Covid-19 virus,
One small droplet of a viral germ not desirous;
Relentlessly, it still wreaks havoc like a bad retrovirus,
God's faithful healing and prayers of many inspire us.

It didn't matter, my saturations and respiratory failure,
No beds left in the hospital, everything was a blur;
No one there, I felt lost at sea like a lone sailor,
Slowly I became well with faith in Jesus, my savior.

He wanted me alive, my work not yet complete,
I started teaching about Covid-19 via a tweet;
Honest suggestions for all with each heart beat,
Doing His work, teaching, giving of self so sweet.

By Mary L Schmidt, 20 November 2020

* * *

Comprehensive Essential Frontline Workers

"One may think that those who work in the medical fields such as doctors, midwives, nurses, assistants, lab tech, emergency medical persons, and

police officers are frontline workers. Yes, these people should be recognized for their efforts. May ALL front line workers be recognized and included in this group of persons. Office staff from the front desk to the highest office, firefighters, those who staff grocery stores and restaurants, provide waste management services, those who make Personal Protective Equipment (PPE) for the medical world and those who sew masks and freely give them to everyone, persons who operate public transportation, all branches of the military, teachers and those who assist teachers, world leaders, workers who provide essential duties for defense, food processing persons, social workers, child care providers, journalists, justice system persons, religious persons, those who work charities, local and national government, prison and probation persons, transport systems persons, utilities, communications, and financial service persons, postal and delivery personnel, oil, gas, and electricity suppliers, and funeral home persons are ALL front line and essential workers.”

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Unending Darkness

By

Mary L. Schmidt © 11 December 2020

December 2020 was very dark indeed,
All alone, four walls and completely shut in.
My body was only able to bleed,
Sorrow poured out through my skin.

Two bouts of death defying Covid-19 battles,
The worst Christmas since 1990 loomed.
In the newspaper, I read simply tattles,
One side investigated, the other assumed.

Broken and missing her children in heaven on high,
The entire small town became quite toxic.
No one in town recognized her depression cry,
Frustrated she cried completely hypoxic.

Physically ill, bleeding non-stop, and alone,
No one cared about her dark depression.
Viewing social media, she closed her phone,
Small minded people led her oppression.

Certainly front line workers matter in times of virus,
It read like Nursing 101 was old and un-remembered.
The powers that be cared not about any of us,
Medical masks should be worn by all who entered.

No one understood all that was going on with her,
Many in the town were completely two-faced.
Her cries and tears became a total blur,
Vicious words back to her left a bitter aftertaste.

Where and why did the “professionals” hide?
Her husband found her and gathered her into his arm.
The “professionals” cared only for their own hurt pride,
But Michael kept her from self-harm.

Her real friends texted and called,
They helped her out of her pit of hell.
Now she was no longer four walled,
The light grew brighter throughout the gel.

Why don't you ask Shane and Sam for a sign?
She closed her eyes and spoke to her sons,
Her sign came in the form of a canine,
Dana was her name, she stuck to her guns.

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“WHEN ANGELS FLY” IS MAKING WORLD NEWS

The book is available at Amazon stores worldwide

“When Angels Fly” is making WORLD news!

https://www.amazon.com/When-Angels-Fly-S-Jackson-ebook/dp/B07V6VNJVW/ref=sr_1_1?keywords=when+angels+fly+s+jackson&qid=1563073539&s=gateway&sr=8-1

“WHEN ANGELS FLY” IS MAKING WORLD NEWS

Wonderful news about my memoir, *When Angels Fly*

This book, along with others from The Indie Authors Wall of Fame has been making world news in several media outlets as follows:

FOX NEWS <https://www.wfxg.com/story/42860689/get-entertained-with-the-indie-authors-wall-of-fame-popular-authors-with-their-achievements>

ABC PRESS <https://abcpres.prnews.io/221073-Come-See-Our-Most-Popular-Authors-Chosen-To-Enjoy-Fame-Some-Have-BookToMovie-Projects-Too.html>

Digital Journal <http://www.digitaljournal.com/pr/4865388>

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WBOC <http://www.w boc.com/story/42860689/get-entertained-with-the-indie-authors-wall-of-fame-popular-authors-with-their-achievements>

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WHEN ANGELS FLY by S. Jackson, A. Raymond, and M. Schmidt is a multi-award-winning memoir inspired

by her son, Sam aka Eli. After surviving the cruel rage of tyranny from her mother and ex-husband, Sarah Jackson traveled a new path; a journey of loss, heart-break, and ultimately strength. How do we survive the unthinkable, our child suffering from a terminal illness? They say there is no greater loss than that of a child; I say losing a child is the king of loss. Sometimes the thing that helps us survive it, is knowing we are not alone. Bestselling author, Sarah Jackson, will take you on her journey of hope and strength as she provides an intimate raw look at her life.

Awards

2016 New Apple Official Selection eBook Award

2016 Circle of Books Ring of Honor Silver 2nd Place Award

2016 Amazon Number One Best Selling Book

2016 McGrath House Indie Book Awards Finalist

2016 Readers Favorite Five Star Book Award

2017 Literary Titan Silver 2nd Place Award

2017 Book Excellence Award Finalist

2018 Reader's Favorite Bronze Medalist

2020 Longlisted SABA Awards

Editorial Reviews

Review

“Life-affirming! So touching and down to earth... It has changed my way of viewing life forever! Beautifully written, deeply touching, spiritually blessed through God!”

Grant Leischman, Author

“Excellent read. Tragic story of a woman and the abuse she suffered growing up and later in marriage. This book shows the struggles she faced while in an abusive marriage, losing two children, and one child’s battle with cancer. She tells of hospital life while sitting by her son’s bed and having to be 230 miles away from her other child. And how she finds true love and a man to love, cherish, help her through, and spend the rest of her life with.

Janese Base, RN, BSN

“When Angels Fly” covers a very difficult and painful subject, but being written in diary form made it an easier process for me to read. This memoir shows not only the tragedy of a sick child, but abuse. I read the words of an amazingly strong woman who advocates for her children. Some parts of the book, I couldn’t believe what I was reading, but Sarah had a support system in place in the middle of that chaos. I learned a lot about hospital procedures, tests, and being a patient advocate. I felt every emotion reading this. My heart went out to the authors, but I was inspired by Sarah’s strength, and above all love. This is a book for those going through difficult times, but it is also for those who aren’t-- so they can understand.”

D.L. Finn, Author

“This is a powerful and moving story! I laughed a few times, got angry more than once, cringed a lot, and my eyes got sweaty quite a few times.”

Mark Schultz, Word Refiner

“This was a heart-wrenching story! The protagonist suffered abuse first, from her mother - a mother

from hell, and then her husband, who was a maniac, a sociopath, a psychopath and any other “path” I could find to throw at him! Life threw Sarah an ugly curve with the scourge of cancer that ravaged her son Eli for several months. I wanted to know what happened with Eli, and how things ended between Sarah and Henry. I also wanted to know what happened to her mother. I was glued to the story until the end.”

Joy Nwosu Lo-Bamijoko, Author

“I admired Sarah’s love and devotion to her children and her loving heart comes through. How she managed to cope with the mother’s ongoing abuse through her son’s illness is beyond belief.”

Julie Watson, Author

“A book to touch the very core of your soul, ‘When Angels Fly’ will require plenty of tissues.”

Grant Leishman, Author

“For me, this book encapsulates the human spirit. Everyone should read it! When Angels Fly does

exactly what it sets out to do I believe - it reminds us that "There but for the grace of God, go I."

"I just couldn't put it down... I kept anticipating the next pages!"

"This story is one of hope and triumph, not defeat!"

"So touching and down to earth... It has changed my way of viewing life forever! Beautifully written, deeply touching, spiritually blessed through God!"

"Gripping... This is a must-read for those who enjoy following a personal, passionate and ultimately uplifting journey."

"It takes a certain amount of strength to live the sort of life Jackson has and not only overcome that life, but write it down in detail to share with the world. That may be inspirational to some, but to me it's heroic."

When Angels Fly was certainly a tough memoir to write, but it had to be done. So many struggle with similar issues, and they need to know that they are

not alone. The cycle of abuse is such that when leaving one bad situation and falling into another is part of the cycle of abuse. Take a look at the positives, the points in helping others get out of abusive situations, the positives of being an advocate for your sick child, the positives of keeping a hold onto one's faith.

WORDS FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT LOST A CHILD/ CHILDREN

Does it get any easier losing a child/children? Somewhat... Is it possible for a parent to be happy their child/ children are perfect in Heaven above and feel peace with that? Sure... (It took me twenty-three years for Eli and somewhat less for Joshua) Can a parent ever "get over" losing a child/children? No. This is the KING of loss. We can be happy that they are perfect in Heaven and sad at times when we miss them the most. Bereaved parents are continually re-writing each day as this is the new "normal." This won't change. We will think of our loss when other children reach milestones such as first tooth, first steps, first words, kindergarten, holidays, best friend, graduation, prom, falling in love, first kiss, learning to drive, getting married, the list is endless. The WORST things you can ever say to a parent who

has suffered the KING of loss, ever after one, ten, twenty, or more years? “You should be over it by now,” or “Move on with life.” You see we are moving on with life, we just do it one hour or day at a time, re-writing life as we go along.

~S. Jackson, October 2014

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https://www.amazon.com/When-Angels-Fly-S-Jackson-ebook/dp/B07V6VNJVW/ref=sr_1_1?keywords=when+angels+fly+s+jackson&qid=1563073539&s=gateway&sr=8-1

About the Author



Mary L Schmidt aka S. Jackson is a retired registered nurse, winner of the Leora Stroup Award in Nursing for academic excellence and community involvement, as well as graduating with high honors and inducted into Sigma Theta Tau International Honor Society of Nursing. She has written 20 books and has been included in three anthologies. Many of her books have won international medals and awards.

She is a member of the Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators. She is a member of the Catholic Church and has taught kindergarten Catechism; she has worked in various capacities for The American Cancer Society, March of Dimes, Cub and Boy Scouts, (son, Gene, is an Eagle Scout), and sponsored trips for high school music children. She loves all forms of art but mostly focuses on the visual arts; amateur photography, traditional, and graphic art as her health allows. Together with her husband, Michael, they like to read, play poker, travel, drive off road trails, and spending precious time with their grandchildren, Austin and Emma.

