

FREE | GRATIS

the muse

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WE'RE ALL IN THIS
together

LAUGHTER
LIGHT HOPE

**BEEF STEW WITH
GREMOLATA** Nina
Timm



**BE THE ONE TO BREAK
THE INFECTION CHAIN**

#KeepYourDistance



**LOCKDOWN EXPERIENCES
FROM OUR READERS**

'That's my story



Pinelander Regine Lord describes how lockdown has affected daily life:

FINDING A ROUTINE

In the last weeks, I've focused on getting some sort of routine going, that balances work commitments, house chores, garden work, physical exercise, meditation / spiritual practice, piano practice, online language lessons, and above all staying in touch with family and friends by social media, email and WhatsApp, and checking in on people who are alone and may be finding all this challenging. We are so fortunate to have all these tools that allow us to do physical distancing while remaining socially connected. A surprising amount of time has also gone into planning and preparing meals and snacks, which has involved finding suppliers, placing orders, tracking deliveries, keeping tabs on what we've used, and anticipating when things are going to run out. We linked up with our neighbours to share information on suppliers, combine orders and reduce delivery fees.

BALANCING WORK AND LEISURE

With hubby working from home, we've been making time throughout the day to check in with each other, and have short breaks for meals or tea, or we join Zoom conference calls with work colleagues. We've spent some time sitting outside in the



garden, inhaling the fresh air, watching the birds feeding or swimming, and enjoying the sunshine. I've found this outdoor time so helpful in defusing some of the anxiety and fear I'm feeling. Like many, we worry whether or when one of us will catch this virus, how we'll deal with it, what happens if we need hospitalisation, what if one of us doesn't survive, what happens after the lockdown ends, what the economic fallout will be... As so many socially acceptable ways of decompressing and de-stressing (walking the dogs, running outdoors, hiking in nature, swimming in the sea, going on weekend getaways, even sharing a drink or having a smoke) are prohibited, it can easily get overwhelming.

THE HEALING POWER OF MUSIC

To cope, I've focused on how we can keep our family, our neighbours, and our friends safe, and what we can do to help each other, and keep each other motivated,

positive, and uplifted. Many religious services and spiritual gatherings are happening online, lifting our spirits. Many artists, writers, teachers, performers and leaders, both famous people and ordinary citizens are creating inspiring and helpful content and sharing it freely online. Many extraordinary musicians and performers, local and international, have performed free of charge on YouTube and Facebook Livestream - a vivid reminder of the healing and transformative power of music and art. On Easter Sunday, we watched Andrea Bocelli singing in a completely empty Duomo Cathedral in Milano - goosebumps! In-between, they showed footage of the deserted streets of cities in Italy, as well as Paris, London and New York; by Tuesday, incredibly, 32 million people around the world had seen the YouTube video - reminding us that the entire world is going through this crisis! *By Regine Lord - at home with husband Richard Lord.* ■

Solitary confinement: reflections on being alone during lockdown.

by Pinelander Lauren Hill



TYPICAL SAFFA REACTION

As a clinical dietitian, I have never thought it was a good idea to eat bats. But since that ship has sailed, here we are in COVID-19 lockdown. It quickly became clear that the priority strategy for saving the human race during these days of plague was for each person to hoard gigantic stockpiles of toilet paper. Next came strict confinement at home to spend the new excess of available time on long-delayed DIY, spring-cleaning, making instructional YouTube videos for easy fabric masks, and performing online covers of hit songs, but with cleverly altered coronavirus-related lyrics like the rock stars we always dreamt we were. Amazingly, people had to be reminded to wear clothing on video conference calls with their colleagues. Memes spread like –

well, a virus. Because we Saffas laugh in the face of very serious matters - it's cheap medicine in hard times. That, and social distancing.

DISTURBED CONTEXT

Social distance is usual for me. I live alone. I do a lot of my work from home, although I do travel frequently to execute my professional outputs. At least I used to. When lockdown was announced, the restrictions imposed on me were to isolate alone in my own home and work from home if I could. So what's new? Not much, I would have thought, apart from the business travel. But as with so much in life, context is everything. Enforced, extended isolation in the midst of a crisis is very different from the self-contained, peaceful solitude of a naturally introverted homebody. The privilege of digital connectedness has quickly given way to the fatigue of electronic media overload. The quiet cocoon of respite has shifted to a yearning for a wide, open, wild vista. The abundance of plans to fill the abundance of time has reverted readily to extended

procrastination. The professional interest and necessity as a healthcare practitioner to be current on emerging COVID science has been marred by the wearisomeness of a medical field that has gone all one-dimensional and traumatic. The curiosity about other people's lockdown activities has yielded to the recognition that the banal routines of life are no less humdrum when viewed on social media. Life continues just the same, but different.

IS ANYONE OUT THERE?

Locking down has certainly changed the normal tidal rhythm of life, the daily going out and coming home. It has disrupted the sluice and flux of routine and concentrated the whole world into a fixed abode. Only separately. During contagion, separation is a great luxury, a safety barrier not equally distributed. For me, that has meant not having physical contact with any other person for the past 5 weeks and probably for many weeks still to come. Not my family. Not my partner (who is in another city). Not anyone. It is a strange and counter-intuitive act of love, this creating of space, this being separate. Not for ourselves, but for the other. As a lone isolator it's easy to lose touch with a sense of this solidarity and wonder... is anyone out there? ■