

The **MONTEBELLO** Voice

an independent gazette

fauna & flora

April 20, 2020



My Easter weekend

By Tillie Cassidy

Thursday night I was laughing and having a fun phone conversation with a friend and watching the news. I decided it was time for bed and snuggled into my comfortable bed, wondering what to do on this Easter weekend.

About 1:30 a.m. on Good Friday I

I took my temperature and it was up to 100.5. At this time, I clearly began to worry and it was pushing 3 a.m. More cold cloths to help cool me down and relieve my swollen head pain. More upset stomach and this continued off and on during the night and into early morning. I kept praying that I could make it to 8 a.m. when I could call my doctor for advice.

At 8:05 a.m. I made the call and explained what was going on. I was advised to go to the emergency room. I was asked whether could I drive, did I have someone who could drive me, or should I call 911.

I hurt too much and didn't want to bother anyone. I got up the nerve to call 911. I want you to know, the first-responders were there almost instantaneously. I hardly had time to get into some loose-fitting clothes when they were knocking on my door. I noticed 3 policemen and 2 gurney paramedics to get me help and protect me. I

was very moved by their professionalism and caring tones.

Fortunately my Guardian Angel was, as usual, on duty and when they were pushing me out the B3 level. Lo and behold, there was my sister with her dog, Angel, and I asked one of the paramedics to tell her what was going on so she wouldn't be worried if I didn't answer

when she called me for a morning chat.

We went to Alexandria Hospital. I mentally went to find a safe place to help with the pain and realized that it was Good Friday. Being brought up a Catholic, I realized that it was about the same time as Jesus was being crowned with thorns and about to carry his cross to his earthly death. I thought to myself, I can tolerate this compared to that.

I heard them, as they were doing vitals on me, say, "80-year-old woman, possible COVID patient." To be honest, it is the first time in my life I was glad to be 80!

We arrived at a special ER door, where specially dressed people met us



awoke shivering all over. I couldn't figure out what the problem was since I was covered with my sheet and down comforter. I finally realized I was very hot as well. Oh-oh, don't tell me. I took my temperature and I was 99.8 and my head sort of ached. I put a cold cloth on my head to help me go back to sleep. I dozed for a while and then it started all over again. My stomach was upset.

Cover:

Baby fox by Linda Brownlee

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voices on the 37

and whooshed me into a room where a crew of helmeted, totally covered nurses and doctors worked on all the various tests and questions to the point I was not only hurting, but exhausted. They took blood, they stuck the swab up both nostrils (ouch ouch), and whisked away to perform those tests. They brought in a portable machine to take an x-ray of my lungs (all clear, thank you Jesus) and they finally gave me some Tylenol for my head.

As we waited, they asked personal questions like, do you ever want to end your life? “WHAT?” I said, “are you kidding? I could have just stayed home and done that.” I have too much more living to do and we all chuckled even though they were serious. They asked if I needed a walker at home and I smiled and said no. They don’t know me, remember?

I believe because I was 80 and lived alone they agreed to keep me overnight until the tests came back and my fever went away. They did another poke up my nostrils (ouch ouch) before I went upstairs. Again, Guardian Angels time. The nurse told me it might be a long wait but, guess what, I was up in my special ward room at about 3 p.m. Yay!

I even ordered dinner and ate some of it.

I won’t bore you with all the IVs, blood taking, vital signs every 4 hours. But what I want you to know, even though I spent my Easter Weekend in Alexandria Hospital, I feel I learned so much and experienced so much that I am not sorry. I saw first-hand all the things all the various levels of police, paramedics, transporters, nurses, doctors, meal makers, and housekeepers are doing, which just amazed me and showed me how very important they are and how hard working they are. Remember, this was Easter weekend.

My room was situated where I could look straight down the hall. I saw patients coming in, I saw machines in and out of the rooms, how they wiped everything down, the bustling about of all the staff. I heard the overhead calls for “urgent respiratory problem room so and so” sound out. I witnessed it all first-hand and I will never forget it.

Sunday late afternoon I got word that the third test they did on Saturday was back and again was negative. Now all three tests were negative. I would be released early Monday morning. My temperature on Saturday, Sunday and Monday was fine. Nausea was gone, headache was gone, so I felt ready to go home.

I realized I had been spared. My emotions have been high then and are still high each time I think or talk about my experience. Even the nurses that came

into the room to remove the IV and other apparatus I had on told me they were happy for me. All of us fought back our tears of gratitude. I told them I would pray every day for all the staff’s safety and thanked them for caring and helping me the last 3 days.

As I was placed in the wheel chair to be transported out, many of the nurses and staff bid me good-bye, glove-to-glove squeezed hands, and of course, a lot of thank you and God bless you flowed from my mouth.

I talked with some of them and asked how they felt and how their families dealt with them working on these wards and the special ER area.

One ER nurse told me her mother was quite concerned and has asked her to work in another area, but she wanted to help where the most help is needed. “That is why I became a nurse,” she said.

The young man who transported me out told me he used to do it 3 or 4 times a week, but now it is 5 or 6 times because they needed help at the hospital. He showed pride in his work and his eyes smiled. He said, “Sometimes I get to transport the positive patients and I have to wear all the special equipment, too.” He was proud. From the smallest job to the greatest job, most of the staff was compassionate, showed pride, and were very efficient, professional and caring. Don’t forget to pray for them or do whatever you do to say THANK YOU. 🙏



To my sweet anonymous neighbor,

I must say if your gift had been dropped on my doorstep a few months back, I would have questioned it. But here we are. I am thankful for you on SO many levels. Thank you for your generosity to share this precious commodity. Thank you for your thoughtfulness to think of and carry out this kindness for your neighbors. And most of all, thank you for the out loud laugh and for warming my heart. Your timing was impeccable. I don't know if you are in this group, but I hope my heartfelt thanks can find its way to your doorstep. – Susan Mabee

attitude of gratitude

People who have been protecting us in this pandemic

By Libby Davidson

I have been thinking a lot lately about the people whose customers we have been, but are not at this time, due to the COVID-19 pandemic.

For instance, I missed my monthly haircut because the shop is closed in order to protect me and all of us who patronize that shop. That worker has lost that money she would have made through no fault of her own. Where is that money now? Well, it is *still in our wallet* or *still in our bank account*.

Then there are the cleaning ladies who so cheerfully come and clean up my apartment every other week. Where is that money now? That money is *still sitting in my wallet* or *in my bank account*.

As much as we all do not like the idea of paying for services not received, we need to rethink our attitude about money and the people who do the jobs we might consider “menial.” These people have been protecting us when they close these services. That is a service in itself. The people who bring us food risk their lives every time they go out and encounter the virus in our stead.

There are others with whom we do not have contact who risk their lives to bring us food. When we think of the origin of our food, and the many hands who make it possible for us to live in a safe environment, maybe someone else can come up with a thought about that. That is probably beyond our reach, except to volunteer to give money to

those sources who do provide for those who literally have no way to feed their family.

We have a wonderful amenity in our café and little store here at Montebello. I personally am ordering food almost every day. I probably can't continue to do this on a regular basis, but this is one small business that we may be able to help.

I am not suggesting that anyone do something that will cause economic disaster to themselves. That is not the idea. I am only suggesting that we look at our selves and our own good fortune when we think of those who have so little.

I would be interested to hear other people's ideas on how we can help. 🙏



Benched

Photo by Mikhailina Karina

oh, my deer



Photos by Linda Brownlee

little foxes



Photos by Linda Brownlee

nature walk



Photo by Warren Pierson

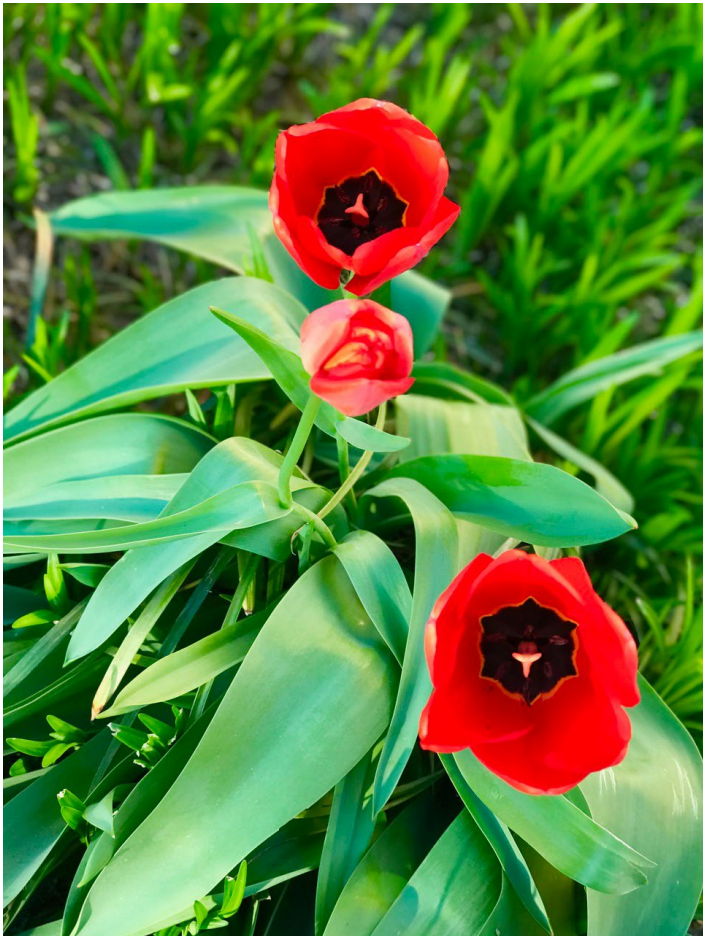


Photos by Dian McDonald

bloomers

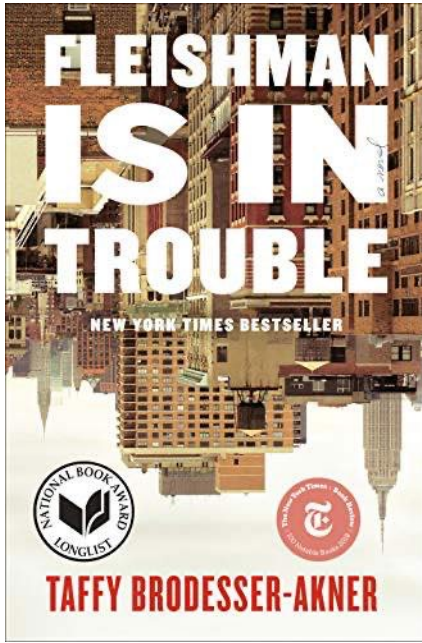


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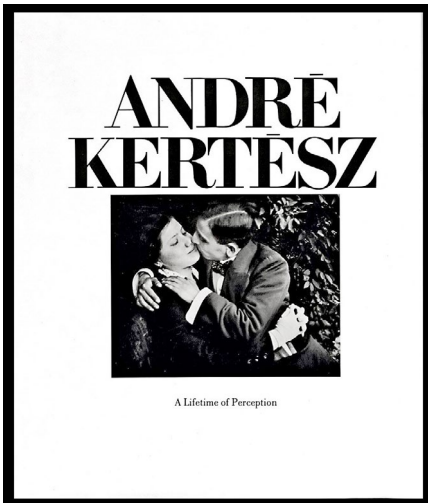


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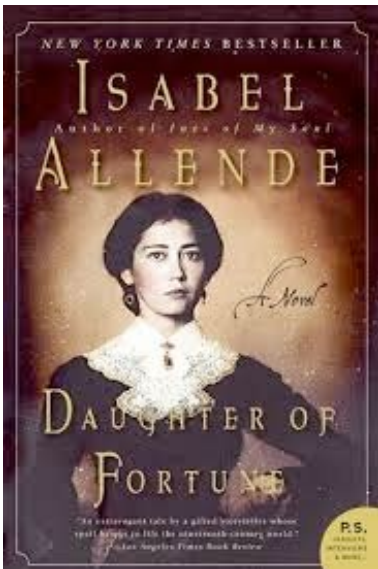
Linda Brownlee



Joel Miller



Sue Allen



Lisa LoMacchio Stedje

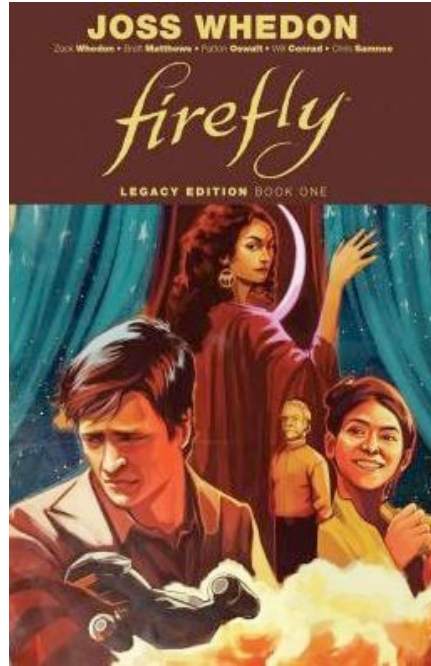
I actually check and read Facebook now! LOL!

Jane Anne Cady Gleason

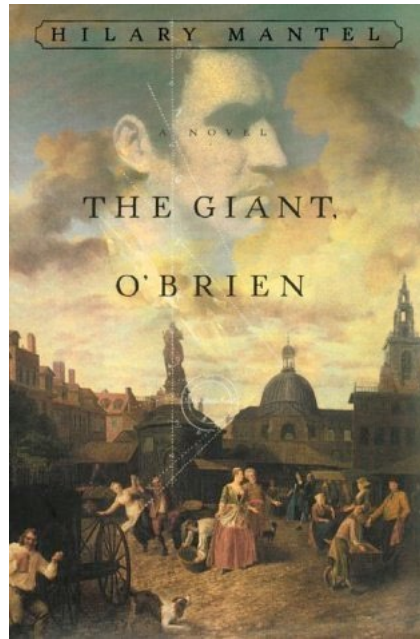
The Washington Post, NY Times, Facebook.

reading list

Daniela Rodriguez



Jeanne Tift



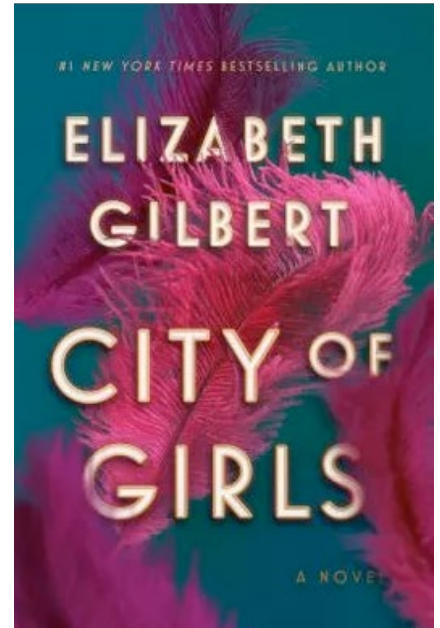
Lisa LoMacchio Stedje

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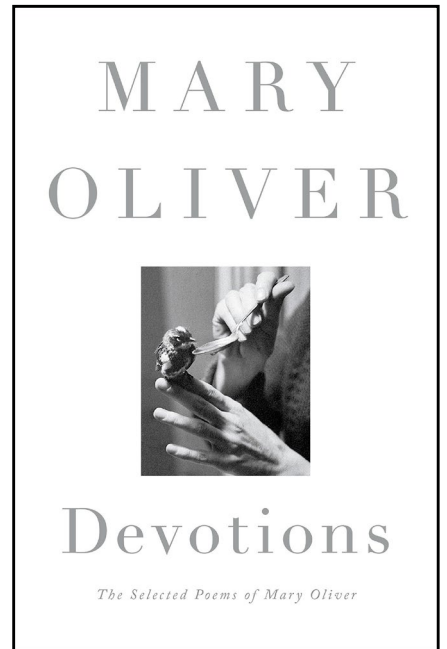
Jane Anne Cady Gleason

The Washington Post, NY Times, Facebook.

Angel Vetere Jensen



Nanette Frank

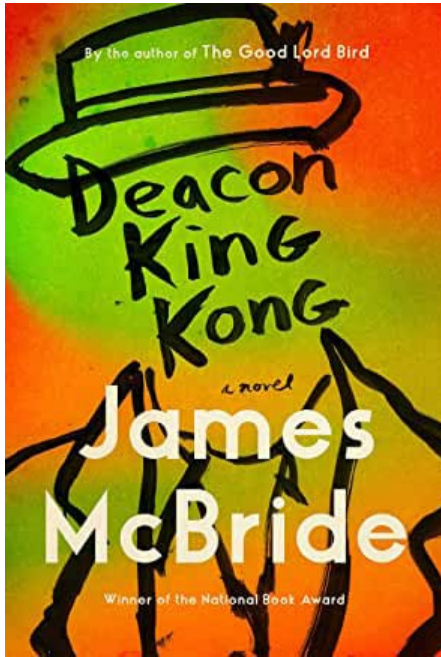


Carole Appel

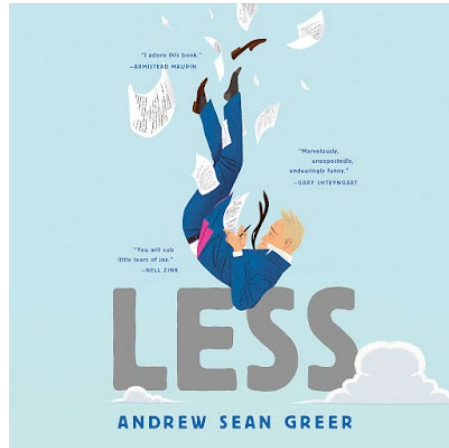
Reading *The NY Times* and *The Washington Post* from first to last pages, over the course of the morning. I'm so grateful that these papers are still being delivered to my front door, and by 6 a.m. They are both full of reporting, from all angles, about the pandemic.

reading list

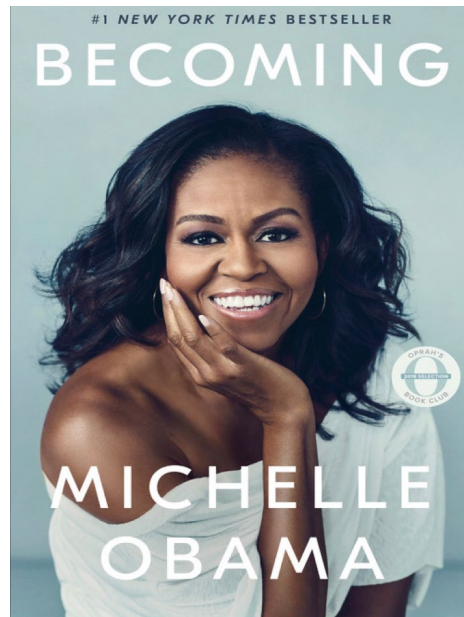
Leslee Levy



Dian McDonald

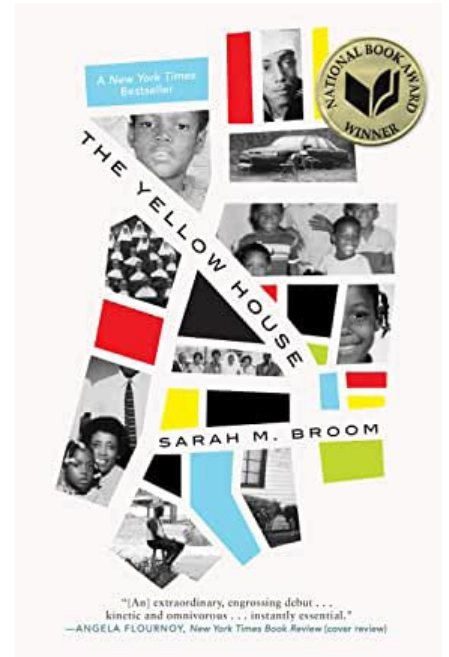


Swatee Naik

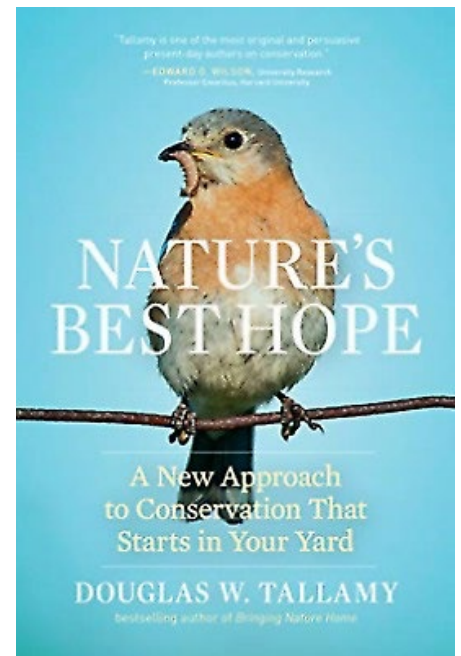


Ruth Heineman

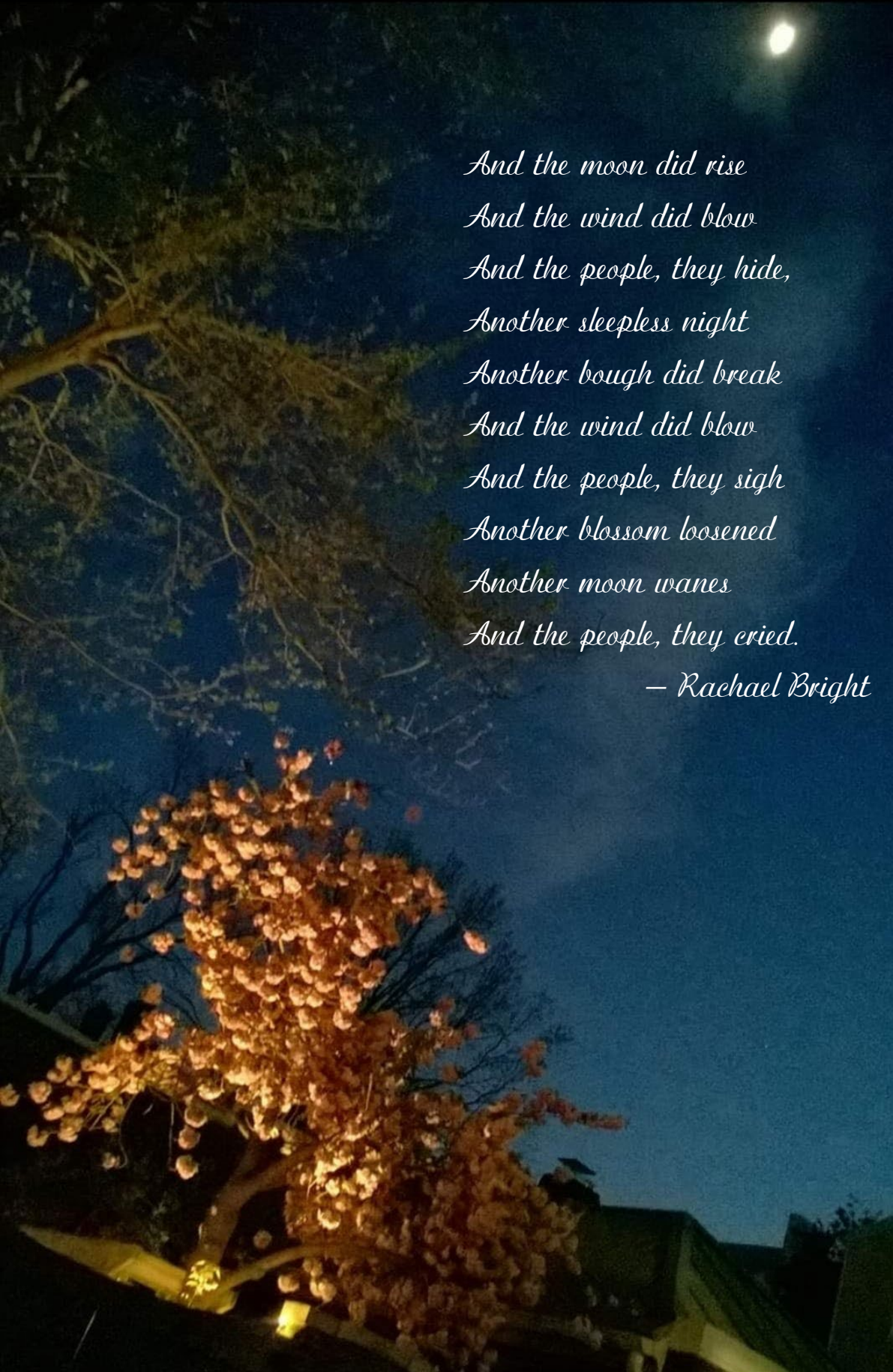
Anything by Cathy Guisewite



Paul Zeisset



& final glance



*And the moon did rise
And the wind did blow
And the people, they hide,
Another sleepless night
Another bough did break
And the wind did blow
And the people, they sigh
Another blossom loosened
Another moon wanes
And the people, they cried.
— Raehael Bright*