

War

At the time I write this column there is war in Ukraine. I hope, of course, that by the time you read this, the war will be over. Unfortunately, there is no sign of that yet.

Violent events, such as a war or a natural disaster, evoke many emotions. It's horrible to see people lose everything. Not only their possessions, but also their loved ones, their sense of security, their homes, their families. They flee not knowing where they will end up.

It makes me think about my life and the challenges in it. I have a family, an income, a house. I feel safe. I live in freedom and feel happy. Suddenly it's worth even more. It also makes me grateful, for I have access to medical facilities, receive the medication and all the care I need. You almost take it for all granted, that is until you see the current developments.

It's just like I used to take my health for granted, but not anymore. This war puts a lot of things into a different perspective. Of course there are things in my life that I resent. I have three rare conditions... low energy, a lot of pain and discomfort. Should I complain about them? Are they rather insignificant when compared to all the suffering in Ukraine?

I've given this a lot of thought of late and I've concluded that suffering can't be really compared; you can't put a scale on it. Fortunately people have big hearts, so hopefully they can appreciate other peoples' suffering.

And at the same time, I realize that being sick actually makes you so vulnerable. If you find yourself in an unforeseen crisis situation, such as a war, the basis of stable life falls away. What if you can no longer get access to medication and medical care?

But I try not to dwell on that too much, and I pray that this senseless war will soon end.

Emilie Rozendaal, March 2022