



ANSWERING THE CALL...

Journal Entry from 4/3/2020

I have not written in a while, but I have been thinking. Yesterday here in Southeast Wisconsin spring asserted herself. My wife and I spent much of the day outdoors, cleaning flowerbeds, setting up and starting a garden fountain, and walking with our daughter in an adjacent county park in soft evening light. It was a needed break from relentless spread of the virus, and the reflected grim statistics reported in the news.

Looking back on the past few days a collage of images have flashed through my mind. Battle weary nurses and doctors, temporary morgues, temporary field hospitals, hospital ships, aircraft carriers with infected military personnel, cruise ships with infected passengers and crew members, state and national political leaders and health care infectious disease experts wearing the stress of the pandemic on their faces. Frightened faces, lots of frightened faces, but if you look deeply into these scenes you will see much more. You see what selflessness looks like. You see determination to serve in spite of the fact that those rolling up their sleeves joining the fray might well get infected, suffer, and possibly die. You see sacrifice, love personified, love shared with strangers that can never be returned or repaid.

Some answer the call. We stand in the midst of heroic spirits. It is as if they are summoning the spirit of the many generations past who have gone before them, led and encouraged by those who faced dark unfathomable horrors in

ages long gone but not forgotten. Those who answer the call are driven by an unassailable determination born of a divine purpose. That call speaks loudly in the human hearts of those who stand up to be counted. And it can be heard far above the rancor & raucousness that might seek to squelch it. Make no mistake it, there are a confusion of voices which would threaten to overwhelm the call to love. Those who heed the call, clearly hear the pain, and know the pain of the brokenhearted. They know the pain of those isolated and alone. They hear the desperation. And like all of us, they are afraid. Afraid but driven by a courage of love much stronger, much more noble than what fear has to offer. Love wins, love always wins. Those who answer that call are responding to the voice of love echoing through the ages of hearts of heroic spirits past, yet immortal in some way. But then we know that love is of God, and because of that, love will never die.

Perhaps there has never been a time more clearly defined than now to answer the call. The battle continues and may seem relentless, but love will win the day. I would suggest that the only way to rise up and give meaning to what we now confront is to find ways to love and serve however we can, for only by doing that will we add value to our days. By loving each and every day with all that is in us to give, we bring light. We bring beauty. And we bring joy and hope. So let us, pray that we answer the call of love. And when we do, no matter what, love will win.

Carpe Diem...Carpe Diem with love....

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