

soul
survival
guide:

pandemic a-z

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I usually spend much longer on my writing. But I wanted to get this out there.

I'm the kind of writer who works out what I want to say as I go along. I'll have missed some things or not always got to the nub of my thinking. Some of it'll be clunky and repetitive.

I'm leaning into the discomfort of that.

It's more personal than my book 'soul survival guide'. While I've written it to support people at this time, it's been for myself too.

This has been my way of doing something. It's my contribution; a gift of sorts.

You're welcome to share.

This global pandemic has torn away at the fabric of our lives.

What's underneath it? Well, it's just us, in all our raw human-ness. We're the same as we ever were.

If we can learn anything from this shared experience, it's what it means to be human.

a

A is for **answers**.

With the global scale of this pandemic, we might find ourselves **asking** big questions about the future of the human race. It's a very human thing to do – and so is wanting answers. But we're not likely to get them. At the very most, we might just get part-answers or someone's interpretation of events.

There's something to be said for being able to sit with the question marks. Asking questions but not expecting answers.

This is all so much bigger than us. We can't change it; it's happening. **Acceptance** can help, or if we can't accept it, we can **allow** it at least. It takes emotional and mental energy to fight against something this huge – and we're going to lose.

Better to spend time on questions that we have more chance of answering: How can we look after ourselves and our families? What can we do to make a positive difference?

Only we can answer these questions for ourselves. We have to work out what's right for us.

We're all new to this.

b

This has been a time of **being** for many of us. Rather than racing around doing stuff, we've been forced to press pause.

It's opened up the hours.

It's been a chance to sit and enjoy the garden, chat with neighbours, potter around the house. Children have spent the day playing and in family time: walking, baking, making things.

In the early days of lockdown, I was reminded of life in the 1970s. It was the lack of rush, the quieter roads and skies. I think we were better at being back then. Probably because life was slower. Shops were open less and, without technology, we relied on the phone and post. There wasn't such a sense of always having to be somewhere at a particular time.

If we gain anything from this, I hope it's more joy in just being, whatever that means for each of us. It's good for the soul.

B is also for **birds**. Their song has been a backdrop to this time, and I'm sure I'm not alone in being thankful for it.

C

Where I live in Manchester, there's been such a sense of **community**; so many people – volunteers, staff, and neighbours – rallying together. While much of it is making sure people get the essentials, like food and prescriptions, it's also been about morale and emotional wellbeing.

There have been opportunities for everyone to **contribute**. Whether it's donating food, shopping for a neighbour or filling the front window with rainbows, it all helps – and helping others helps us. It nourishes our basic human need for **connection**, especially important at this time of social distancing.

We might all be in this together but we're not all in the same boat. It has cast a stark light on the inequalities in our society. As Octavio Luiz Motta Ferraz says in his article 'Pandemic Inequality: The two worlds of social distancing' (The Yale Review, April 20), pandemics aren't equal-opportunity events.

Being **compassionate** encourages us to make difference if we can. This isn't about feeling sorry for people, seeing them as dependent and powerless, without a voice and a contribution to make. Compassion is alongside, human to human.

It recognises that people are having to rely on others when they'd rather do things for themselves. True compassion understands that everyone has skills and know-how to share. People want to help as well as being helped.

And let's not forget – while the pandemic may have heightened awareness of people's difficulties, they were already facing hardship. Compassion isn't just for crises.

d

Death is a constant presence in our lives, but it's usually in the background. The pandemic has brought it to the fore.

The threat of death has led to a strange dance on the streets and in supermarkets as we try to avoid each other. Some people are more vulnerable to the virus than others but we can't be quite sure. We could be one of the unlucky ones. At the very least, we might become carriers, taking it home to our loved ones.

My biggest fear hasn't been losing someone to the virus; it's how the loss happens. I can't bear the thought of anyone I love being isolated in hospital, in pain and discomfort, and not being able to be with them. There was a call in my area for mobile phones to be donated to a local hospital so that people could talk to their loved ones before they died. Heart-breaking for everyone involved.

There isn't even the comfort of a proper funeral for those left behind. Family and friends can't come together to say goodbye or to hug and hold each other; the ordinary things we humans do in the wake of a loss.

It's brutal, and in the months and years to come, we'll see the psychological fallout.

e

E is for **endurance**.

In many ways, this is our story. We keep going.

The pandemic has been a huge blow, globally and individually. It's natural to wonder whether we'll cope, but in most cases we will. We'll work it out. We'll find strength and courage we didn't know we had.

Human hardship is nothing new. It's just that we're experiencing it in a wider way; it's affecting more of us at the same time. This can give us a sense of being in it together, helping to support and sustain us through it.

As Frida Kahlo said: 'At the end of the day, we can endure much more than we think we can'.

f

The pandemic has brought home a universal truth – life isn't **fair**.

All those cancelled weddings, celebrations and holidays; the house renovation plans put on hold; the businesses and creative projects, failing or closing altogether.

So much love, graft and hope. For what?

Disappointment is a very natural and understandable response. It can't always be shaken off straight away, especially if there's bureaucracy to go through, dragging it on.

But life isn't fair, and there comes a point where we have to swallow the bitter pill. Otherwise, we risk get stuck in self-pity. We might ask, why me? But the real question is, why not me? Life is indiscriminate. It doesn't matter how hard we've worked or how much we deserve something – none of it is a guarantee.

Life isn't fair.

g

It's felt like **Groundhog Day**.

After reliving the same day over and over, Bill Murray's character, Phil, has his fill of the monotony. He repeatedly takes his own life, only to keep waking up to Sonny and Cher on the clock-radio.

He comes out of it when he starts to make the most of each day for himself and others. He learns to play the piano, sculpt ice and speak French. He gets to know people in the town and gives them a helping hand.

Of course, Phil doesn't have to worry about social distancing. There isn't a pandemic in Punxsutawney. But there's a lesson to be learned.

Our days may be similar to one another but each one is still unique and has the potential for positive experiences. After all, isn't life like that generally? Our days tend to follow similar patterns. We're just operating on a smaller scale.

It isn't always easy but we have to keep finding meaning in the days.

h

Thank goodness for **humour**. The way we can laugh in adversity is one of our best qualities – it's a saving grace, in many ways.

Seeing the funny side has helped me cope. Those early days were so strange and surreal, I needed the memes about toilet rolls. As it's gone on, I've appreciated people's comedy and their creativity with it, like the recreations of works of art and entertaining lockdown videos.

I've laughed a lot with family and friends. It's been a blessing. We might not have been together physically but as comedian Victor Borge said, 'Laughter is the shortest distance between two people'.

i

There's been so much to take in and it just keeps coming. No wonder so many of us have had **information overload**.

Until recently, the pandemic wasn't even on our mental horizon; now it dominates our lives. It can be all we talk about, think about – even dream about.

Perhaps we have to keep chewing on it for it to truly sink in?

But it can be too much.

One of the very first pandemic self-care tips was to restrict our time on social media – and it's wise advice. It's one thing to be aware of what's going on but a constant barrage isn't helpful.

As in the pre-COVID days, we have to be cautious with information we're receiving and sharing. There are the obvious fake news stories but we're in a situation where it can be challenging to establish the facts, such as how many coronavirus-related deaths we've had in the UK. Information can also change or be contradictory, as in the case of facemask advice.

There are so many different viewpoints and perspectives. There's a risk of feeling it's all too big and we're powerless to do anything about it. Like Brexit, there can be strong opinions and it's easy to get caught up in an argument.

All we can do is sift through and try to make informed choices. That said, we don't always have to take a standpoint. Sometimes it's enough to acknowledge the complexity.

Taking a break from it is a form of self-care.

j

J is a biggie. Not that I'm pointing the finger at anyone.

Judging.

It's never been so important that everyone plays their part. Dealing with the virus is a shared responsibility. But when people behave in a way that appears to compromise collective safety and wellbeing, it means public judgement. The fingers point.

It started with the toilet rolls.

The panic buying didn't show the best side of humanity. Along with many others, I stared in dismay at the empty shelves. People were obviously idiots; guilty as charged.

Then there was the social distancing and the behaviour in public places like parks and beaches.

The grievance is understandable. But it has an ugly side.

A couple of weeks into lockdown, the new-found neighbourliness and 'We're all in this together' sentiment seemed to fade. We became a nation of curtain-twitchers and busy bodies. There were disturbing stories: police being heavy-handed with a disabled woman resting on a bench, neighbours calling the authorities for someone having regular visitors when it was carers going in.

It seemed to calm down but the easing of lockdown has brought anxieties back to the surface. A safety mindset makes it challenging to see people crowding in outdoor spaces. The litter left in the wake adds insult to injury. But it can become an unhealthy preoccupation.

On the anniversary of VE Day, my next-door neighbour partied with friends in the backyard for hours. I was so angry and upset. It was the disrespect; not just to the neighbours but to staff on the frontline. What were all these weeks of lockdown for if people were going to behave like this?

In the end, I realised I had to let it go. It wasn't helping me. People were going to break social distancing guidelines whatever I thought of it. No one was going to give me a medal for being righteous.

I can't control how other people behave. Neither can you. We can only look to ourselves and doing what we think is right to keep our friends and family safe.

k

One of our most extraordinary human qualities is that no matter how bad things get, we'll **keep on keeping on**.

We'll keep on getting out of bed and putting one foot in front of another. We'll keep on breathing.

This takes courage.

I'm not talking about bells and whistles heroism. As writer and artist Mary Anne Radmacher says: 'Courage does not always roar. Sometimes courage is the quiet voice at the end of the day saying, I will try again tomorrow'.

Courage is making the choice to keep going and committing to that – and to make that choice every day. To keep on keeping on.

Gently encouraging ourselves and others at this time can help, not pushing too hard or expecting too much. We don't have to be heroes – just getting through is enough.

I

The levels of **loss** are just phenomenal.

It isn't just the loss of life, it's the loss of connection and human contact, livelihoods, independence, mental and emotional wellbeing, plans and dreams. It's the businesses that have gone under and the relationships that haven't survived.

There are also the more profound, existential losses; the sense that life will never be what it was; that our time, maybe, is marked; that this, perhaps, is the beginning of the end for us.

To feel loss – in all its colours – is to be human. No one is immune to it. It's an experience that connects us to each other in the deepest of ways. It's important to show compassion to ourselves and each other at this time, acknowledging the loss and the grief left in its wake.

L is also for **love**. I don't need to say anymore on that.

m

None of us really know what we're doing. We're just **muddling through**.

If we can get into the groove of it – just doing what we can – it makes life easier. Expectations of ourselves aren't as high. We allow for **mistakes**. We're more accepting of a truth of life; that it's **messy**.

We're messy.

We don't have to be some idealised versions of ourselves. We're enough as we are.

M is also for **making do**. It was a way of life for past generations but we're too used to the culture of convenience – having what we want when we want it. Somewhere along the line we've lost the art of making do. Until now, that is. It seems to be having a revival.

I welcome it. It's partly nostalgia – it connects me to my 1970s childhood – but more than that, it's the way we need to go in the bigger picture of the planet and our survival. We need a seismic shift in how we view and use our resources.

Climate change is happening. It's going to be tougher. There'll be issues like food shortages and travel problems. It's time to make the most of what we have and not take it for granted.

n

Our world has been turned upside down and each of us is trying, in our own way, to adjust to what's happening. We may long for things to be back to **normal**. But deep down, we know that things will never be quite the same again.

The pandemic has shown us that our idea of normality can't be depended on as we thought. In many ways, it's an illusion, a game of pretence that we all play.

This is an opportunity to redefine it.

After all, normal isn't fixed. We're already seeing a shift in thinking around home-working. It was happening anyway but it's speeded up from necessity. Likewise, people working in communities have been able to mobilise quicker; there isn't as much bureaucracy getting in the way. When needs must, normal can quickly change.

We're at a point in our human history where needs must in a wider way. We can't go on as we were.

These powerful words by Sonya Renee Taylor say it so eloquently: 'We will not go back to normal. Normal never was. Our pre-corona existence was not normal other than we normalised greed, inequity, exhaustion, depletion, extraction, disconnection, confusion, rage, hoarding, hate and lack. We should not long to return, my friends. We are being given the opportunity to stitch a new garment. One that fits all of humanity and nature'.

O

Who would have thought the **outdoors** would become so important? It's helped to sustain so many of us at this time.

Every day, I count my blessings that I live in one of the greenest parts of Manchester. I've walked many miles during lockdown, exploring my local area and finding nooks I never knew existed.

I've enjoyed seeing other people out walking, especially families, and using local parks for play and picnics. It's been one of the real positives of this experience, re-connecting us to the gentler pace of life fifty years ago.

I've whiled away many hours in my garden. It isn't big but I'm thankful for every inch. I've planted many more seeds than usual, wildflowers like poppies and cornflowers, creating new pockets of growth. It's been so nourishing, mentally and physically, and made all the difference to my lockdown experience.

Not everyone is so lucky. I feel for anyone living in a landscape dominated by concrete. The pandemic has shown how crucial it is that towns and cities look after green spaces. They play such a vital part in wellbeing.

Around ten years ago, there was a big growing movement in Manchester and across the country. Funding schemes supplied residents with seeds and equipment to grow their own vegetables and develop plots of land into community allotments and gardens.

It's time to revitalise this – and in a way that's for the long-term, making it part of how we live. As part of it, we could look at taking the outdoors in, for people who don't have a garden or are confined inside.

Growing stuff is good for the environment, especially the bees, and good for us.

p

This was always going to be a marathon not a sprint.

Pacing is vital. We don't know how long this will go on or what might happen in the future. Going at full pelt was always going to be difficult to sustain.

When we race around in high gear, we quickly become overtired. We're more likely to make mistakes and not make the best use of the energy we have left. Consciously applying the brakes gives the body more time to breathe and the brain more time to think. This is especially important at this time. There's so much to process – big stuff, affecting all of our lives.

As we went into lockdown, I was ready to jump into action. What could I do? How could I help? It took me some days to realise I was already doing things, small stuff every day: checking in with neighbours, shopping for family, sharing local support services on social media.

I became aware of how tired I was. It had been a demanding year. I was due to have some holiday from work and was lucky enough to be able to take it. This was a chance to slow down.

Really slow down.

I've appreciated this pace of life. It's been such a relief not having to rush, always having to be somewhere at a certain time, getting stuck in traffic or crowds.

Just having time for being.

I've welcomed the practice of **patience**. I think it's something we've forgotten about. We've had to queue to get into shops, slow down to let others pass on the street, wait for longer to buy our favourite foods when they run out.

It's been a fundamental change for me. From now on, I'll build more time for just being into my life. I'll be more aware of other people's hurry – on the roads, in shops, at work – and how that can rub off on me. My hope is to be rooted more in my own calm.

Of course, some of you haven't had chance to slow down. A quick response was needed and you've had to go at a rate of knots. I hope you get a chance to **pause** very soon and gather breath. You can't be expected to keep going. Some of you will be choosing to though. You may have been going at such a rate it's become difficult to stop. Everyone needs time to rest and switch off.

As we start to focus more on recovery, we need to think about what that really means, for ourselves and as a wider society. We tend to give recovery tight time limits. It's okay for a short time but then it's about bouncing back.

It's so unrealistic.

There will be pressure to get back up to speed and play catch up in some quarters. But the more of us that gently resist these pressures, the more chance we have of resetting the collective pace.

When did everything become so urgent?

Do we really want to go back to rushing around?

q

Quarantine is a survival tactic; it's a pulling in, a hunkering down. But it can lead to siege mentality. We saw this at the beginning of the crisis, with people bolstering themselves in their own little forts with toilet roll.

When a society focuses on lack like ours, quarantine becomes a mindset. Other people are the threat; like the benefits scrounger after our hard-earned money or the immigrant draining our resources.

This sort of thinking isn't good for the soul. It's based on fear and breeds small-mindedness and blame.

If the pandemic has shown us anything, it's how interdependent we are. We may have withdrawn behind our walls but we're still reliant on all the people who make sure we have food, utilities, healthcare and home comforts.

We need each other.

r

Relationships are what make our lives. It's the sense of connection they give us. It isn't just family, friends and partners; it's work colleagues, social media networks, people we share hobbies with – even pets. We can have all kinds of relationships.

For many of us, social distancing has been the toughest part of all this. It goes against the grain.

Some people thought it should be called 'physical distancing'. We could still be sociable, they argued, it was just about doing it safely. I shared this view at the time but now think social distancing describes it more accurately. It's been so hard not to hug loved ones and spend quality time with them. My neighbour has a two-year old grandson she sees on Skype but it hasn't been the same.

The impact on social gatherings like funerals, weddings and faith practices has been hard. They're an integral part of the human experience, giving us ways of coming together. Whilst I balked at the videos of neighbours standing next to each other to sing 'We'll Meet Again' during the VE Day celebrations, I understood where it came from. After weeks of enforced separation, the need to be around others is a strong human urge.

It's sad to think of the toll it's had on some relationships. We know that domestic abuse has increased. Others will have seen cracks appear from the strain of being thrown together under one roof; not just with partners but with other family members in the home. It must have been particularly hard for families in cramped environments.

This isn't to say there haven't been positive aspects. Lockdown has shown families they don't always have to be out of the house doing stuff. Time can be whiled away at home; the hours don't have to be accounted for.

We've also been more neighbourly than we have for years. Our neighbours have become a substitute of sorts for family and friends. I've appreciated it. Whether it's chatting to my close neighbours or to passers-by when I'm out gardening at the front, I like the feeling that people are looking out for each other.

Then there's our pets. They've been the happy ones in this. They've loved having us home. Animals live in the day and what days they've been: plenty of walking for the dogs, sunshine and bird-watching for the felines. Thank goodness for pets and their company.

S

S is for **survival**.

The human race has never been through a time like this. We've had global pandemics before but not against the backdrop of climate change and massive threats to our future. The disaster movie feels real.

It's enough just to survive it.

Seriously, if you're surviving, you're already awesome.

It helps to focus on the present rather than think too much about the future. We don't know what's going to happen, what other curve balls might come. Tomorrow doesn't matter so much. Life is about today.

Within this, **self-care** is vital. Don't be too hard on yourself. Keep going the best way you can. That's different for each of us but it doesn't matter. It's what works for you and your family.

Try not to compare yourself to others. People who are coping well now might struggle in the days to come, and vice versa. Of course, they may not be dealing with it as well as they want you to think they are. There could be a different story behind the social media posts.

You don't have to be a hero. No one does, although we seem to have a need for them. There's been a lot of heroic language used, especially around frontline NHS staff. But many of them don't see themselves that way; they just want to do their job well.

I'm not sure making heroes of people allows for their humanity; to get tired, angry, fed up. For me, 'heroic' means big, dramatic acts. But it's the small, everyday things that people do that make a difference – and that can be any of us.

We don't need heroes to survive this. We can all find **strength** in ourselves and each other.

t

Thankfulness has been a balm to the uncertainty.

As the restrictions started to come in, our lives shrank and the perimeters tightened. But this is the scale that thankfulness works best in. It's the small things: a meal made with love, our children's laughter, a flower blooming in the garden. The hours can be filled with riches if we're open to them.

Thankfulness encourages us to give our attention to the day, not dwell on the future. It's about what we have in the present moment rather than what we lack. This might be as simple as clean water from the tap, something that many people in the world don't have. In this way, thankfulness is a sister to compassion. It reminds us to make the most of our resources and not take things for granted.

One of the positive aspects of the pandemic has been the new-found appreciation of frontline staff, especially in the NHS. The Thursday night clapping has been a collective show of thankfulness. There's also been more appreciation of other workers – the people collecting the bins, transport workers and shop assistants, who haven't had the choice of staying at home. If that's you, thank you; you've helped keep the country going.

But will it be forgotten? The clapping stops, the rainbows fade and get taken down. Workers become invisible again.

True appreciation is much more than cheering on the doorstep once a week. It's about our attitudes and behaviour and how that translates down on the ground. This might be the opinions we express and the causes we support but at its heart, it's seeing the people in our world – the nurses, the bin collectors, the shop assistants, bus drivers, waiters, receptionists and cleaners.

Everyone is important, everyone matters.

* * *

If you're finding life tough at the moment, it can be hard to feel thankful.

It isn't self-compassionate to force it on yourself. Sometimes we have to go through the bad times first. Thankfulness comes later.

U

The crisis has ripped at the foundations of our lives and changed our future forever.

Uncertainty is a major player in this. It's affected all of us to a lesser or greater extent.

There's so much **unease** about the coming months. No one can say with certainty what will happen; we just have to see what each week brings. This can be uncomfortable. Most of us like our routines and to know where we are. At least lockdown gave us that in some ways. We knew what the rules were and what we had to do.

But life was never certain anyway. We always lived in houses of sand. The difference is, we can't put in our heads in the sand anymore.

There are suddenly lots of question marks, which brings us back to the first letter of this alphabet. Greater uncertainty often brings a greater need for answers – and wanting them quickly. But, as this crisis has surely shown us, the answers often depend on who is giving them.

The truth is, there are many different perspectives and versions of reality. We don't have to pin ourselves down. It's even possible to have several contradictory feelings or thoughts about the same thing.

There is no right way to feel right now. There is no right way to think.

One of the only certain things about life is its uncertainty. With climate change, it's going to increase. The future of humankind is in question and that's an enormous mental and emotional challenge to deal with. The more we can lean into the uncertainty, the easier it is to live with. We can let go of the need for a hard and fast narrative; it's a story that unfolds.

V

The pandemic has been a great teacher – for those of us willing to learn. It's cut through the outer layers of our lives, taking us straight to what matters most – to what we **value**.

This is different for each of us but I believe it's the things that give us the strongest sense of connection to each other and the world around us. In this way, it's not just people, like family and friends; it might be music or nature, purposeful work, qualities like kindness and generosity, or a sense of community and belonging.

Hooking into what we value can help to ground us. The sands may be shifting but we can keep steady and strong.

W

The world is still full of **wonder**.

Like many, I'm thankful this happened in springtime. As I've explored local walkways, I've found wonder-full pockets of wild garlic and bluebells. They pass, of course, but it's a reminder that life goes on. At this time of year, there's always new growth around the corner.

I've found myself looking at the stars more. The skies seem to be brighter, more reminiscent of my childhood. I've stared into space, burning with marvellous questions about the universe and our place in it.

This time has certainly brought out the philosopher in me.

But wonder doesn't have to be so abstract. It's in the everyday: your children's conversation, the feel of your pet's fur, the pulse of blood under the skin.

Lockdown created the opportunity to see more small wonders.

But they were there all the time.

X

X is for **xylophone**. Perhaps you learned how to play it in lockdown – or how to make pastries or speak Swedish.

Lockdown may have limited our daily lives but it hasn't had to restrict our minds. Thousands have been learning new skills.

But others have just been getting through the day.

It really doesn't matter. You may have re-organised your cupboards or left your housework undone, joined numerous digital groups or sat watching comedy box-sets every night.

We all cope in different ways.

While the need to be productive is understandable – especially knowing there are others on the frontline with barely time to breathe – it isn't always helpful. When we're caught up in a 'doing' mindset, we can stop seeing what we've achieved. It's never enough. But if we turn it on its head, it can be a wonder we're managing to do anything at all.

The mental stresses of the pandemic aren't always obvious but they're there. I've had times when I've felt exhausted, even when I've not been doing very much, and I know others who've felt the same. We forget that our brains have been in overdrive, processing it all, chewing it over. There's the strain of social distancing; the dance of it, the constant vigilance. This is before we get to very real anxieties about money and work and putting food on the table.

We don't have to do anything special. This isn't a competition. Some people might be treating it that way but let them get on with it.

y

Y is for **you**.

I hope you're doing okay.

This is big stuff, isn't it? I don't know about you, but I sometimes find it overwhelming. I fear for the future.

But it's not COVID-19 – it's us.

We seem set to self-destruct. When I see some of the behaviour – the self-interest and selfishness – I don't feel hopeful for the human race.

I'm sickened by the discarded plastic gloves and the litter left behind on our beaches and parks. Now there's human excrement too. Shit. It's a symbol of our times.

We've done so much damage over the last fifty years – and this is in my lifetime, since I was child. I'll admit, I've had moments when I've thought, just let the virus do its work. The planet, and the other creatures on it, will be better off without us.

But we're still here, for now. And, being human, we'll survive for as long as we can.

So.

It isn't just about living; it's how we live.

We narrow the focus down. We stop concerning ourselves so much with what other people are doing.

If you want a better world, it starts with you.

You can only do what you can but you have so many choices every day. Don't just talk about kindness and connection – practice it. If thankfulness is important to you, find ways of nurturing and expressing it. If you want social change, commit to small acts of activism – sign petitions, donate to causes and share stories of struggle.

As Howard Zinn says: 'Small acts, when multiplied by millions of people, can change the world'.

You're human. You'll make mistakes and get it wrong. But this is where self-compassion comes in.

Be kind to yourself. You're doing your best.

We're all new to this, remember. We can only do what we think is right for ourselves and our families at any given time.

And here's the beautiful truth.

There's still comfort to be found and there's courage to sustain us.

There's restoration in the things that matter and give our lives meaning.

Be uplifted.

We don't have to feel hopeful to live hopefully.

Where is Z?

Well, that would make the alphabet nice and neat and life isn't like that.

Thank you for finding your way to 'soul survival guide: pandemic a – z'. I hope it's been a help or at least encouraged you to ask questions.

If you would like to find out more about my work, here's the link to my website:
<https://www.soulsurvivalguide.co/>

You can download my book – 'soul survival guide' – for free on the website. There are also links to Amazon, where you can buy the paperback and e-book for Kindle. I'm offering these at the lowest price I can at this time.

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