

Of this too:

I cannot travel to see my son who needs me
Or my darling nephews
Or even my brother's daughter, Miriam, in New York.
No, there is this truck, this semi lodged in my driver's side
and I am spitting blood. Something is seriously wrong. I
cannot breathe. I cannot move. Trip postponed.
This bothers me most.

Of this too:

Out of commission.
No traveling to Uman this Rosh Hashana.
No chizuk, no renewal period. Fatigued by mid-afternoon, pain by late.
Sleepless nights. A searing knife-like lightning pain in the
side after sneezing.
Ridiculous ways invented to get out of bed. Cannot walk more than a few blocks, legs give out.
Suddenly, I am older.

Of this too:

Reevaluation of work and its place in my life.
To give up on the idea of wealth, the illusion of comfort, retirement and security. Now each day is a
trial and could be the last. Can no longer rely on the self to make it through eventually. Balancing
other non-productive activities now comes into focus. Practicing the piano again, writing, reading,
looking at the stars and treasuring each deeper breath.

Of this too:

The past. It's failures. The greed, the need, the self-centeredness, the focus on gratification, never
enough. Embracing the future as different "to focus on family, friends, and patients, to open the
self to the Divine, to see preciousness in each day, to see blessing in the little things. To reduce the
grandiosity and drama of this very recovery. To remain open to new beginnings.

Of this too:

The slowness of recovery. The almost imperceptible improvements daily. The plateauing of
recovering. The routinization of recovery, the lessening of sympathy by others. The recovery as
excuse to be lazy and the inner voice that condemns using recovery as avoidance.

Of this too:

The inattention and multi-tasking that precipitated this accident. The feeling that each moment is
wasted if not doing three things simultaneously. The accountability for this trauma yet the realization
that this too, was divinely ordained in some paradoxical way. The fact of this accident as now part of
my biography and its focality and importance as that July summer's day in Boston, 1986,
before the verdict in my trial.

Of this too:

The need to make changes in my relationships, and attitudes. In letting go of a sense of entitlement. To refocus on spiritual matters, and the need to heal others as my prime raison d'etre. To be a conduit for healing. To write about the healing of self. To spend more time plumbing the depths of Self and in discovery. To become a better parent, sibling, spouse, and son.

Finally, of this too:

To accept this trauma as a gift. A divinely inspired way of grabbing my attention that sheffa and sustenance comes only from above and needs no more effort from below. So use the remaining time I have, this new lease, this gift, in leaving a legacy of my journey in contributing to the healing of others.