

Out of pain, a beautiful healing process

Mary Ann McGivern | Jun. 11, 2014 NCR Today

I had a right hip replacement five weeks ago and got a new left hip back in January. I've been enjoying recovery. Really, it is quite amazing. All that old pain is gone, and slowly, the injured and insulted muscles regain their strength. I let go of the cane, climb stairs normally, walk around the block, but still stand up from my desk slowly because I've been sitting too long and forgot to move. Experiencing this healing process from the inside out astounds me.

Yet during that same time in Lent, [I wrote about](#) [1] military spending in this blog. I read every day about the mass shootings, the execution of two police officers, the threats on the parents of a released soldier. I also urged Missouri legislators by email to opt out of the food stamp ban for people with drug felony convictions. This last was a successful effort. I'm part of a group that's been working on it for eight years. This time around, my role was to send urgent emails, which I did.

I'm also feeling overwhelmed by [the bishops' ongoing rejection](#) [2] of the good work and goodwill of LCWR. Usually I'm optimistic and busy, but at my worst moments in this recovery process, I feel shamed by the bishops. Why do I choose to stay? I ask myself. I've promised myself I'll explore this thought when I'm not on pain pills.

And through it all, my garden is a delight. Three weeks ago, we had purple clustered bellflowers, then fuchsia bee balm, and now Pentecost lilies, orange, yellow and white, tall as soldiers, fierce, standing guard down the front terrace of our house. The garden stops me in my tracks a dozen times a day. Its beauty is part of the healing power.

I haven't even mentioned friends in this rambling blog. They have been pretty funny, awe-struck at my little gadget for pulling on my socks, calling often to hear how I am, visiting with good food.

These are very hard times we live in, and yet our own bodies, the soil we stand on and the warmth of our friends and family are there to sustain us in the struggle.

That's a five-month summary, more personal than my blogs usually are but heartfelt and live with healing energy.

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Links:

[1] <http://ncronline.org/authors/mary-ann-mcgivern>

[2] <http://ncronline.org/feature-series/lcwr-cdf-2014>