Waiting

By: Wendy Watson

Waiting for a diagnosis of my left arm after I fell.

Waiting for the surgery on my elbow and shoulder.

Waiting to get out of the hospital.

Waiting to be taken to my first doctor’s appointment.

Waiting for outpatient therapies to begin.

Waiting for food to be brought to me.

Waiting for my ex-employee friends to call me.

Waiting for food to be delivered to my house and then COVID.

Waiting to squeeze the ball and the yellow spongy man.

Waiting to move my fingers.

Waiting for my left hand’s swelling to go down.

Waiting for my fingers to touch each other one at a time.

Waiting to turn my left arm out and back again.

Waiting to flex my wrist.

Waiting to touch the top of my head.

Waiting to touch my mouth!!!!! Bonus day!!!!!

Waiting to be able to touch the door behind me.

Waiting for other outpatient therapy to start.

Waiting for pool therapy to start.

Waiting for pain under my left arm to ease.

Waiting for my scars not to hurt anymore when they were massaged.

Waiting for retirement to begin.

Waiting to drive the car.

Waiting for another physical therapy to begin.

Still waiting for the pain to go away under both arms and old sutures not to be so sensitive.

Waiting for my old plastic surgeon to do something about the pain.

New plastic surgeon did something. No more waiting for pain to go away.

Waiting for new pool therapy to begin.

Waiting for a new life with new activities to begin.

Being grateful for what God has taught me when one gets low and how you can push yourself to get better.