**Ministerial Meandering**

*Ditch the manual*

I like to cook; but I’m not one for sticking rigidly to lists of ingredients in the finer aspects of their measurements, nor am I hidebound by every detail of the recipe. When it smells right and tastes right - then it’s time to serve. I like to get *ideas* from cookery books, and then adapt them as seems appropriate.

This aspect of my culinary behaviour rather exasperates my spouse, who is a much more dutiful follower of rules and instructions - whether it’s ‘Keep Off The Grass,’ or ‘SLOW - Children,’ the latter of which is rarely a surprise.

But kitchen and highway habits aside, in this last rather horrible week when we have both had Covid, SWMBO has been looking up (on a daily basis) exactly what our - or rather ***my*** symptoms should be, based on what the vagaries of some world expert (are there any?) says about the natural course of a Covid infection.

“You should be getting better today,” she tells me - but I’m not. I’m still sweating like a bull and feeling as though I’d just been hit by a truck.

“I’ll ***tell*** you when I’m feeling better”, I insist - and indeed I do.

The transition from restless, achey, cough-ridden hours in bed overnight, morphed into the restorative sleep of exhaustion this morning, and having had a little breakfast, I returned to bed and - for the first time in a week - a blissful ***real*** sleep.

So I hope that I have turned the corner, but I still wish that the ‘Manual for Recovery’ could be thrown out with the trash. It is really about as helpful as the weather forecast; your best bet is always to look out of the window - and your recovery is best determined by how you actually feel.

Now this doesn’t seem enormously theological, does it? That’s probably because the Covid ‘brain fog’ - a real thing, believe me - is probably going to take longer to dissipate than the fevers that have been having their wicked way with me for the last week.

My only mental link was that I have felt it important to ‘go with the flow’, or ‘let go and let God’. ‘Que sera, sera’ - as the Doris Day song went. The sense of letting God decide when to aid my recovery is much more restful than attempting to look up the national or provincial average duration of Covid symptoms of any particular type - especially when you don’t seem to fit into any ‘average’.

It is worth remembering also that we cannot ***force*** our recovery, any more than slavishly following a recipe will ***guarantee*** a spectacular dish. I once tried to do that with my one and only attempt to make filo pastry - and if my long-suffering wife feels she should get her own back at any inherent criticism here, then she has my full permission to tell you all the story of my ignominious attempt to become a pastry chef.

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