



Healing Journals

**Story by: Madeline Krafcheck, Student
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Today I'm thinking about rollerblading. I'm thinking about gliding, soaring a little. I'm thinking of ten miles of pavement. Ten miles of the sun beating on my back, my friends by my side. A man's best friend and my best friend, gliding and soaring. I'm thinking about flying down a hill — the best pavement in town. And then I'm thinking about that one ride by myself when all was fine. And then I tripped on a stick. My front left wheel failing me and me going down like a ton of bricks. Cars passing, probably laughing, entertained by my crash. I lay on my back for a moment, staring at the sky, my elbow bleeding. What a ride I was having until that stick came along. I got up and went where I needed to go. Back home.

And back home it was quiet. Dad in the garage listening to the murmur of the radio that has become white noise to me. I unlaced my boots and wiped my elbow, wincing at the sting. Back on cement, my socked feet feel a little uneasy. I am slower now, no longer on wheels, no longer gliding alongside a strong, friendly dog. My mind moving faster than my body now, with nowhere to go. What a ride I was having until that stick came along.

We wake up to quiet streets and the hum of the dishwasher. The thought in the back of my head that I'm attempting to block yet again; 'just another day'. But the radio clicks on, the TV screen consists of the same banner at the bottom with some kind of message - usually the same, yet different. The same voices are beginning to blend together now. They sound urgent, but I remain on the same wood floors, the same morning chair. Tables are flipped, books are open, meaningless words in one ear and out the other. But one thought remains consistent: "in order to be together, we must be apart."

Today I'm thinking about rollerblading. Ten miles of pavement to start. About soaring and gliding and the sun. About eight wheels not only spinning, but eight wheels stopping, slowing down, suddenly stumbling. And then getting up.

I'm thinking about hugging friends, about sitting on the lap of the one I love. I'm thinking about warming my hands at a bonfire and sharing a drink with my best friend. I'm thinking about the "usual" with my gram, belly laughs, and smiles I can see from four feet away. Feel from four feet away. I think about that stick and falling — and falling hard. I fall and I fall and I fall. Today I'm thinking about getting up, wiping my elbow, keeping my boots on, and moving forward. Knowing I was alone but okay. Knowing that strong, friendly dog would soon be alongside me.

**Artist: Sierra Lomo, Instructional Designer
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Sierra Lomo is an illustrator and fine artist based in Wisconsin. They received their BFA in Illustration from UWEC (2018) and their MFA in Illustration Practice from the Maryland Institute College of Art (2020). Themes important to their work include health and health care, nature, and identity. See more of Sierra's work on Instagram @Sierrmo.

View all the pieces in the *Healing Reflections* [online gallery](#).