

# HOW MY DAUGHTER FOUGHT AND WON THE BATTLE AGAINST COVID-19

**Pierre-Damien Mvuyekure & Anita Bwiza**

## **From the Diary of a Worried Father**

Wednesday, April 22, 2020

\*\* Coronavirus effects; News reports: Blues Skies and cleaner air in Los Angeles and Mumbai

Better air quality, cleaner environment.

\*\* Write a Coronavirus poem in the form of Psalm 13 “Prayer in Time of Illness” p.553 my Bible.

Saturday, April 25, 2020

\*\* Coronavirus in the house. My house!!!

Today at 12:32 p.m., Anita called me that she tested positive for Coronavirus!! Then, Malcolm-Aimé called people—Régine, Redempta—who called me all afternoon. During some of those calls, including some FaceTime calls from Malcolm-Aimé in Los Angeles, I was napping—Eventually, I FaceTimed with him. He looked exhausted, stressed, and anxious. I kept telling him not to panic, but he didn’t seem to hear me.

—What’s missing in the diary entry: Malcolm-Aimé kept insisting that I didn’t care about his sister, his best friend in the whole world. You don’t listen, he kept accusing me. I stood my ground that his sister would ride out the Rona—this is how Anita Bwiza ended up referring to the Coronavirus. I told him that I’d talked to his sister, and that she sounded like she will fine, as long as she kept drinking hot tea with ginger, lemon, orange, and sat around a container full of hot water and covered herself with a thick blanket to sweat it out. Like in saunas. Strange enough, my father, who was a medicine man and a diviner, used to prescribe the medicinal “bath” to some of his patients. I was the designated person to go in nature and find the herbs to boil with water, covered with banana leaves—Malcolm-Aimé was not listening to me. That is how we ended our FaceTime call—

LORD, KEEP THIS CUP AWAY FROM ME.

\*\* Psalm 16: Keep me safe, O God/in you I take refuge/I say to the LORD/You are my Lord/You are my old good// p.554.

\*\* Psalm 15 Prayer in Time of Illness, Psalm 5

Hear my words, O LORD"/My world is upside down/My daughter just tested positive for Coronavirus Assassin (reference to Koffi Olomidé's song Coronavirus Assassin)/Listen to me my sighing/Hear my cry for help

Umwami wanjye, Imana yanjye/My King, my God.....11:52 p.m. → Just texted it to Anita!

Chorus: Do not forsake me, O LORD/Do not hide your face from me, O LORD/Do not let me carry my sorrow in my soul or/Grief in my heart day after day again—

To you I pray, O LORD (Psalm 5)

At dawn you will hear my cry/at dawn I will plead before you and wait—

You are not a god who delights in evil.

“Kanda ya Nzambe abimisi na forme ya virus

[La colère de Dieu s'est manifestée dans la forme d'un virus]”—Coronavirus Assassin, Koffi Olomidé

Tell me, O Lord, that Koffi Olomidé

has it wrong—

You did not manifest your anger through a virus.

12:24 a.m.

Verse 1: Psalms 42-43: 2-3 p. 571

Nkuko isha ikenera amazi..../As the deer longs for streams of water.../Comme une biche soupire après des courants d'eau—Google Psalms in French.

Psalm 70 p. 587.

Graciously rescue ~~my~~ your Bwiza, God/Come quickly to help her, Lord/Confound and put to shame/Coronavirus that seeks for her life/Lord, [do] not delay/You are her helper and deliverer.

Psalm 71 p. 591 Ma voix s'élève à Dieu, et je crie—Google

for opening [stanza]?: I cry aloud, God/Cry to God to hear me/On the day of my distress I seek your help.

Psalm 88 p. 599 A Despairing Lament

Title: BLUES PRAYER IN THE TIME OF CORONAVIRUS

Psalm 102 p.606: Lord hear my prayer/let my cry come to you/Do not hide your face from me/now that I am in distress/turn your ear to me/I am calling you, answer me quickly...//

Psalm 142: With full force I cry to the Lord/With full force I beseech the Lord. Before God I pour out my complaint/lay bare my distress/My spirit is faint within me .../I cry out to you, Lord.../

—opening after In the Name of the Father

And the Son/And the Holy Spirit

Ku izina ry’Imana

Na Mwana, na Roho mutagatifu

Mu zina na Data—See Rochereau [Tabu Ley]’s {Rumba} song.

(Bring Psalm 142 here)

De ma voix je crie à l’Éternel/—Google [Psalm in French]—

Saint Pierre-Damien, Petrus Damianus,

Doctor of the Church, intercede for me

Present my petition blues to the Lord

—Rise from Dante’s *Paradiso*—Canto 21—

Utter my petition blues to the Lord,

5:49 p.m.

No foreign travels, but like a fly

Coronavirus flew from Wuhan, China, to

Black Hawk County, Iowa—

First a cough, then a slight fever, ... body

ache, and to top it all, difficulty breathing

Lord, show light to 1600 Pennsylvania Ave

Tell the man to cease Twitting,/LIBERATE Minnesota, Michigan, Virginia ...

Monday Morning, April 27, 2020

\* Anita is getting better—got calls from Janiece K...! Pude K.... Talked to Isaac for more than an hour!!

COVID-19 SIGNS-CDC

Fever, Cough, Shortness of breath, Chills, repeated chills w/ chills, Muscle Pain, Headache, sore throat, loss of taste/smell

Monday, April 27, 2020

\*\* Anita is still getting better. Thank you, God (Drawing of a Heart) Eva tested negative for Covid-19. Thank you, God (Drawing of two Hearts)

Tuesday, April 28, 2020

\*\* “A Father’s Petition Blues in The Time of Covid-19”:

O’ Lord, you control all the ten plagues—

Amazi ahinduka amaraso

Inkoni ihinduka inzoka

(Moses became the first African

Voodoo Houngan)

Amazi ahinduka amaraso

Ibikeri—You ordered frogs to fill Egypt

Inda—Aroni yakubise inkoni ye hose

Umukungugu wo mu gihugu cyose cya

Misiri uhinduka inda

Ibihugu—

Muryamo—amatungo

Ibisebe

Urubura

Inzige—Umwijima—icyago cya nyuma

\* Chorus for Covid-19 poem

Uhoraho ntunterererane

Mana yanjye, numb kure

Nyagasani Mukiza wanjye

Tebuka untabare (Zaburi 38:22-23)

[Psam 38.22-23 in Kinyarwanda]

Zaburi 86 Psalm 86—see screenshot on iPhone

142

102: Uhoraho umva isengesho ryanjye/

Ugutabaza kwanjye nkukugereho/Ningira amakuba ntukamunze amaso/ujye untega amatwi,/lgihe ngutabaje wihutire kuntabara.

\*\* Zaburi 142:

Ndatabaza Uhoraho ndanguruye ijwi,

koko ndabatakambira Uhoraho ndanguruye ijwi

Ndamutura amaganya yanjye,

amakuba yanjye nyamumenyeshe

→after invoking Petrus Damianus before The Lord Prayer—

Wednesday, April 29, 2020

\*\* 5:13 a.m. Done drafting my [poem] “Mr. Orpheus Widow’s Blues Petition in the Time of Covid-19” for *The Souldown* mag—

Thursday, April 30, 2020

Gathered more bits of words, phrases from various places or writers—Rimbaud, Whitman (“Not a day passes ... Not a day passes ... without” a prayer—adapted from “To Think of Time”)

Friday, May 1, 2020

\*\* Change to “Father Pierre’s Blues Salmos in the Time of Covid-19”?—“Father Pierre”—Nickname from Tony Kioko!!!

\*\* “Mokili ekomi déstabilisé “—Koffi Olomidé/The world is on the edge anxious angoissé.

Koffi Olomide dropped a new [Coronavirus] song [in French]today:

“Etat d’urgence” with a video—

→Add the line to the poem.

Anita has been drinking hot tea with ginger, lemon,...

Etat d’urgence partout

I miss seeing my students face-to-face.

“Nzambe sunga bana na yo [Lord heal your children” “Coronavirus Assassin,” Koffi Olomidé

→Très belle chanson à la piano.

Lord, not another 9/11 while terrorists Twin Towers were burning,/She [Anita] was battling Cerebellar infection in Iowa’s City Children Hospital—Tu éloigna la coupe loin de moi/Lord, you took the cup away from me/... Send her [Anita] Jes Grew/The 1890s New Orleans/1920s Pandemic/The “delights of the gods” according to Uncleish in the Oakland field of Reeds/Mumbo Jumbo/

Saturday, May 2, 2020

.../Send Jes Grew with “the aroma of roses and perfumes/The “delight of the gods” to clear her lungs and entice [sic] her nostrils.

Ending of the poem:

She [Anita] will dance the Bamboula the Chacta the Babouille the Conjaille the Juba the Congo the Voodoo the Calinda the Rwandan Gushayaya the Rumba the TchaTcho the...” She will dance to [Megan The Stallion and Beyoncé’s “Savage Remix” for you—

“O Black Hawk American Indian houngan [from *Yellow Back Radio Broke- Down* ]of HooDoo please do open the [eyes] of some of these Congolese young men [in Black Hawk County, Waterloo, IA]. Make them stop drink [sic] Heineken and party like there is no tomorrow. No one is invincible [to Covid-19].

Tuesday, May 5, 2020

\*\* Submitted my poem “Mr. Orpheus Widow’s Blues Salmos in the Time of Covid-19” to the Souttown.

**Note:** All the diary entries above are unedited and alternated with daily FaceTime or nightly FaceTime calls to my daughter to see how she was doing. She was always in good spirit, nonchalantly saying, I'm just weak and can't seem to shake off this cough. You're always coughing! I would chime in. Slowly but steadily, she started to recover her sense of taste and smell, but muscle pain and constant cough refused to budge. Loss of breath was being a pain the .... but not to the point of her calling 9-11. Being quarantined in her apartment for two weeks probably helped her somewhat speedy recovery. Then again, she is a mid-twenty year old black woman with no pre-existing conditions. She is lucky.


By Saturday, May 9, Anita felt so good that her manager at a local fast-food asked her to cover a shift on Sunday, May 10. On Friday, May 15 afternoon she surprised me by stopping by my house on her way from her optometrist. When she FaceTimed me twice from my driveway and could not find me, she decided to text me. When I saw the text, I panicked. Social Distancing, remember, my mind was telling me. You are in your late 50s. Not a senior yet, but you could be vulnerable. But she is my daughter. My first child. Born in Buffalo, New York. She lost her mom five years ago. Don't open the door. How do you know Covid-19 is gone? Eventually, Love prevailed. Although I was about to take a shower, I put on my robe and headed to the garage door, which was a short cut to getting into the house. First, I told her that I needed to take a picture of her. After that, I invited her in after we bumped the elbows. She sat at the dinner table. We practiced social distancing. Lord knows I was thankful God had spared her life for the second time.

Monday, May 11, 2020

\*\* Email from Ishmael Reed: He wants me to contribute to a plague issue of *Konch*—one paragraph page, diaries, poems, etc... Deadline May 2020—He hopes my daughter is better.

I Invited Anita to send me her two Facebook update posts. One when she informed friends she was suffering from Covid-19, and the other about her complete recovery. Then I suggested we make it a father-daughter project. I did not have to spend a lot of time convincing her that her story deserves to be shared, and that many lessons could be learned from it. A young black woman has fought against Covid-19 and won the battle.

Anita's Facebook posts appear blow. We hope that people, especially, young people, learn that no one is invincible.

  **Anita Bwiza** is 😞 feeling frustrated. 

Posted by Anita Bwiza  
April 25 at 4:16 PM · 🌐

So i've gone back and forth on whether i wanted to say anything but i feel like y'all need to hear this from me right now.

On Monday I started experiencing some mild symptoms. Loss of smell and taste, shortness of breath, and coughing. I didn't think anything of it until Wednesday, when I did some googling and realized I may possibly have COVID. I went to go get tested that day. Being an essential worker, the risk was always there. While I waited for my results I added body aches, sneezing, nausea, dizziness and headaches to my list of symptoms, and by this point I was almost certain I had it. Today I found out I have a positive test result.

I can only assume I was exposed during the time I worked, with my job being drive thru we have had large amounts of people coming and going. There's no telling who does and doesn't have it or who has or hasn't been exposed.

You guys. Stay home. For real. This isn't a joke. Y'all have seen me ranting on here about people not staying home. Now I'm sitting here praying that I don't get worse and that the symptoms I have right now are the worst of it. Y'all think because you're young, low risk, and taking care of yourself that you won't get it. I did everything right. Washed my hands constantly, stayed home aside from work and two store visits.


didn't hang out with anyone I don't live with, wore protection at work. And I still got it. This is not a fucking joke. I can't even explain to you guys how it feels to be seeing all these reports on the news and social media and the anxiety running through my body. It fucking sucks.

This affects more than just me. This affects my family, my boyfriend, my friends. I may be the one who is sick, but there are people who are going to be worrying and stressing until I'm in the clear. Stop being selfish and do the right thing. I'm not going to say this again.

For now I will continue to take care of myself as best as I can, and pray that I get better quick and things go back to normal.

 Like  Comment  Share



<  **Anita Bwiza** is 😊 feeling positive. ...  
April 27 at 1:39 PM · 🌐

RONA UPDATE:

Thank you everyone for the well wishes and prayers! I appreciate all the advice and suggestions for what to drink/eat to help me get better. I am doing everything I can to get better.


I am feeling okay, no worse than I did on Saturday, but not much better. But as long as I'm moving in the direction of getting better I'm okay with that! I am prettt optimistic that I won't get worse or any severe symptoms.

I will continue to take care of myself and self-isolate until I'm in the clear and can resume life like normal.



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 Like     Comment     Share

<  **Anita Bwiza** is 😊 feeling grateful. ...  
Posted by Anita Bwiza  
7 hrs · 🌐

I realize I never made another Rona update so here it is;

After two weeks of self-isolation, I am officially coronavirus-free! I've had no symptoms for over 72 hours, and have returned back to work. I consider myself lucky that I never got sick enough to have to go to the hospital and was able to just stay home and rest.

I appreciate every single person who checked up on me, sent messages, commented, and gave me advice.

