Samantha M.

Journal Entry

When news of Corona virus hit campus, I don’t think anyone was quite expecting what was to come. I mean nation wide stay in place orders because of a virus. It sounds like something this generation has only seen in films. Yet, here we are. It’s an odd sensation being home all day. My mom has more practice with this than I do. She suffers from several physical ailments that do not allow her to go out and could leave her susceptible to this form of virus. My dad is an overnight worker at a large chain of grocery stores. The two put together are not an ideal situation. Night after night I see my dad leave to stock the stores for the crazed masses that absolutely *need* their fifteen roles of toilet paper and a bag of chips. Did I mention two people at my dad’s work location contracted the virus? These factors leave me worrying about all our well beings. I live in a typical Mexican American household, so we are not the only ones inhabiting this home. Downstairs my 78-year-old grandma walks around believing no virus could touch her, as long as she has her *curas* or her cures, which typically consist of an herb of some sort. My aunt and uncle who both work at a hospital are also a source of uneasiness. I don’t like to overthink these matters, as there isn’t a real solution.

Although I find my situation unsettling at times, I’m thankful for my current health. I try to focus on the future and the positive. I find solace in the small things, such as rereading old books or learning how to crotchet. Okay, okay maybe that sounds like I’ve just evolved from 21-year-old to a 75-year-old grandma, but I promise it’s better than it sounds. My grandmother has several canaries. Their morning chatter is something I’ve heard every morning for years. It’s a reminder that this moment in time will pass.