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COVID-19 Reflection

The COVID-19 pandemic was certainly a time in my life which I will never forget. I can still remember how quickly everything had happened at once, how one of the earliest cases was near my home state of New York.

At first, I enjoyed quarantine, and I enjoyed online learning as well. My high school was one of the few that was quick to pivot to online learning. I went to a Catholic institution with uniforms, so it was refreshing to me not to put it on every morning. I also had time to make myself lunch instead of settling for the cafeteria, and I learned to cook and bake a variety of different recipes.

After that period, I truly started to realize what effect this pandemic has on me and the rest of the world. I am extremely close with my grandparents; I live down the street from them. Since they are elderly and therefore immunocompromised, it broke my heart not to see them in person, not to have dinner with them and enjoy their company. With all the uncertainty and mass hysteria in the world, the pandemic also took a toll on my mental well-being. All the “what if” questions circulating in my head caused me to develop anxiety. It worried me about if and when I would get COVID-19. I had heard of friends of my parents, family of my friends, dying due to the illness, my best friend had COVID-19 three times, two of which was because reckless people at my high school passed it along to her. I often blamed and scolded other people for attending gatherings and avoided being social because I was scared. It worried me because I have so many people in my life that are immunocompromised, friends, family, my parents. I did not want the reason they could get fatally ill to be because of me.

