

Alexander Molino

Religion 101

Shoemaker

04/23/2021

As a Paramedic Supervisor, my work was changed a lot because of the coronavirus. During the beginning of the pandemic, we had no idea what to expect. I was the supervisor the day our company got the call to transport the first patient in our city who had coronavirus. I had to meet the ambulance crew in a neighborhood by their ambulance at three in the morning to put on their protective equipment. We basically had to treat this case like it was Ebola. We had no idea this was just the beginning.

Because everything was closed, I spent a lot of time with my family, which I wanted to do anyway. I missed going to bars and hanging out with my friends that I did not work with, but I wasn't too upset. I learned to cook from my girlfriend because I couldn't eat out at restaurants anymore (a blessing in disguise). I was able to read a lot more of my books. Catch up on rest. Everything being closed wasn't the worst thing in the world.

The hardest part for me was the hospitals. Of course, because of my work, but also for personal reasons. My grandfather had unexpectedly fallen ill in 2020. He and I always had a special bond. I considered him like a second father. We were very close. He spent some time in the hospital, but most of his recovery was at home or in a rehab facility. One of the times he was hospitalized in the city I live in (Sacramento), I was at work. I wanted to visit him, but I didn't know if I could because of Covid. I was in my uniform, so I got on the floor and asked the nurse if I could see him for a bit, and the nurse let me. I hadn't seen him all of 2020 because of Covid, so it was very good to see him again, even if he seemed sick and really confused. Eventually, he

went home, which I was very happy about. I was hoping I could see him and my grandmother soon because I knew I was going to get my vaccine when they first got available (being a first responder).

I got a call a day after work when I was sleeping. My mom told me my Grandpa was in the hospital again and he didn't look good, and that he did not have much time left. All of my extended family from the whole of California drove to the hospital to see him. Unfortunately, because of Covid, only two people were able to go to the room at a time, and visits had to be short. I was grateful to be able to say goodbye, but Covid made it much harder. I don't even know if we can have a proper funeral for him. After his passing, I started talking to God. I had never done this before, but it felt right, even if I did not know how. I needed help grieving and needed closure and peace.