

Positivity Through a Pandemic

The year twenty Twenty will forever be burned into our memories. The tragic losses that so many were faced with, the heartache of the world as racial injustices finally took their place in the media, the fear of what is to come. Like many, I lost family members due to the Corona Virus and I lived in fear of the world. Though this was a difficult time, I decided to write not of the tragedies that my family, friends, and I all endured, but of the moments of positivity that I was able to find in the darkest of times.

When the pandemic first started, no one knew what to think. We all were told that we would have an extended spring break and that we should find time to relax. I did just that. I had just gotten back from an amazing vacation in Huntington Beach, and as soon as I came home, the world began to panic. I was relieved to have some days off, as senior year of high school was dragging on longer and longer as the days continued. I downloaded an app called “TikTok” and began to watch the creativity of my peers on this app. During this time, I learned to cook new dishes, workout every morning, eat healthier, and plan to move into my dorm in the fall.

Fast forward a couple of months, I was starting to pack to leave for my first year of college. I made a list of everything I would need and my mother, sister, and I put on our face masks that my grandmother had made, loaded our purses with hand sanitizer, and went to many different stores to retrieve all that I would need. At this time, it was apparent that this virus was more serious than we had previously thought and we all knew to take it seriously. I used this time to enjoy my easy, early graduation and get ready for college.

In August, I was all moved into my dorm, and I had met my roommate and now best friend. The dorms did not work out for us and we packed up to move back home with our parents. Although I was disappointed, I used these months to spend as much time with my family

as I could before moving out again. We began taking daily walks, having family meals, and just spending time together. I had realized in the dorm how much of living with my parents I had taken for granted, and I was not going to make that mistake again.

In November I got my second tattoo, ate mountains of Thanksgiving food, and welcomed my grandparents to the house for their long holiday stay with us. I baked cookies with my grandmother and enjoyed their homemade, not-so-healthy meals. It was around this time that I began to work on my blog again. I had lost sight of all the plans I had made for it, but I was happy to have the time to begin again, once classes had ended.

In the early days of the new year, with a hopeful outlook on all we had been taught by twenty twenty, I moved into an apartment with my roommate. We collaborated on decorations and we made our little apartment feel more homey than the dorm ever could have. We began making food from scratch and enjoying the company of each other. We worked on our online classes and I continued to work hard on my blog. The world was slowly starting to normalize the world we were living in, yet at the same time, some aspects began to return to normal.

It is now April of twenty twenty-one. I am more hopeful than ever that we will return to normalcy soon. I got my vaccine and I will patiently wait while others do the same. I look back on the year with pity for my past self and all that she needed to learn and all the positives she needed to find the most tragic time. I am grateful for what twenty twenty taught me, I just hope I don't have any more lessons to learn.