

2/4/2021

My grandmother, who I was very close to, passed away on January 24 at age 98 because of congestive heart failure. Her funeral was held on January 29 in North Carolina. Being in Arizona, I was unable to travel to NC to attend her service due to the dangers of traveling in the middle of the Covid-19 pandemic from one of the hotspots in the U.S. Not being able to attend her funeral was (and is) very difficult, especially as I was unable to visit her in person before I moved. She was in a long-term care facility, so I was able to visit her, sort of, by coming up to her window and talking to her on the phone through the window, but that is very different than physically being in someone's presence. So, in many ways, Covid-19 robbed me of the ability to spend precious last moments with my grandmother, and that's a really difficult thing to face.



This picture is of my sister, Krista, my grandmother, and me, from a few years ago. Me and my sister are both struggling from losing her, as our grandmother was more of a mother to use than a grandmother (our mother died when I was 15; Krista was 12). So we spent the majority of our lives with our grandmother filling the role of mother for us, so losing her has been (and continues

to be) a very difficult reality to live with. She didn't die because of Covid-19, but she was forced to spend the last few months of her life in a fairly isolated environment because of the pandemic. My aunt Joyce was able to sit with her at her bedside the night she passed, so at least she wasn't denied that comfort. Her death has really brought home to me the millions of people who have

died alone, without loved ones to sit by them, and it breaks my heart all over again. No one should have to spend their last moments without their family beside them. Of all the tragedies Covid-19 has caused, that is one of the worst ones it has caused.

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