

Journal Entry 1:

Sunday, May 24, 2020

Today was difficult. Today we said goodbye to my Nana. Her death was unexpected, however not COVID-19 related. What made today even more odd than already odd and depressing funeral, were the precautions set into place. I am a true Southern, Christian, girl from South Carolina. Everyone knows that when someone dies, you bring food. Today we arrived at the church for the “family luncheon” that they traditionally serve before the service (this has always been odd to me, why not after, it makes everyone nauseous to eat then talk about death), but there was no food in sight. Finally, we were informed that due to the virus, the church was not allowing food to be cooked and brought in. Luckily, we did manage to get a few deli trays for those who were hungry. Then, I noticed at the front of the church situated by the traditional peace lily, guestbook, and basket of memorial ribbons, sat a massive vat of hand sanitizer. Never have I been to a funeral where the guests were asked to please sanitize their hands, especially one that did have a body present at it. As the service began, I turned to see in the back pews several guests wearing mask. It was the oddest sights and it truly made me wonder about the families who said goodbye to loved ones when things were under more restrictions or due to the virus.