

Love in the Time of COVID- 19

If ever there is a quickie for a kiss, this is it (far from French), between my wife and me on our fifteenth wedding anniversary that we celebrate tonight at home with our three children whose classes are suspended and will attend school again, at the earliest, in a month (hopefully). For our special occasion — while watching on TV news the imposition of the lockdown, and reading online news on my smartphone about the death of a patient at Philippine Heart Center (which is less than a kilometer from where we live and where my wife always passes by on her way to work) — we dine on one small chocolate cake, fried chicken, and beef pasta (which noodles are too thick for spaghetti yet too thin for lasagna). Our dear children, we haven't kissed since when. But I couldn't resist pinching the cheek of our youngest, our six-year-old daughter Maleeha (after sanitizing my hands with alcohol which is neither beer nor wine). I pinch and pray. I pinch, and pray.