

Reflecting on COVID-19 and the spring of 2020, as things were beginning to lock down. While I did not travel during that time and had only a slight desire to, which I will get into in a moment, I had no real desire to deal with the headache of crossing state lines, as some states were not letting anyone through unless they were delivering or lived in that state. The only place I would have liked to travel to was Florida to see my daughter. If I had done this, I would have driven as I do not like flying, and with driving, I would have kept a log of my mileage, gas consumption, and cost, like what my grandparents did on their honeymoon in 1942. Further documenting the trip would have been through pictures, as I do not keep a journal or use social media too much. In making the trip east to Florida, I would have liked to visit various museums up and down the East Coast, like the Smithsonian or Colonial Williamsburg. Outside of multiple museums, it would have been a great experience to see different states and new views that are so drastically different from the high mountain desert of New Mexico.

Also, reflecting back to COVID-19, it was an eerie experience to see how overnight the roads where I live became like ghost towns; no one was on the roads. What I mean is that given the short seven-mile trip from home to the grocery store, I only pass one or two other vehicles, whereas before COVID and after things reopen that same trip, I would pass more than a dozen other vehicles. When looking at how (most) people could travel due to not having work, they chose not to because the risk of getting sick was still high, and moving about was frowned upon by the government.