

LIVING TOGETHER APART

My wife and I live in a spacious two story home in a wonderful suburb of Los Angeles overlooking the Pacific Ocean and Santa Monica Bay. We are both 75 years of age, born 12 days apart. She returned from a volunteer trip to Tanzania March 5th when word of the corona virus was just becoming known. March 11th she became sick. Our doctor did not think she had the corona virus but recommended we practice safe distancing given our age and the unknowns about the virus. I moved downstairs in the house and lived in 3 rooms. She remained in the bedroom since she was ill and needed to rest. Thankfully we had the room to make this adjustment in our lives.

The closest I came to her was standing about five feet from her bedroom door to say Good Morning or Good Night or chat for brief periods. We talked on our cell phones a few times but it proved too strange and did not accomplish the feeling of togetherness we hoped. We have lived apart in the same house since March 11th. She is better but still not all the way back to normal. This past Saturday marked the first time we were in the same room together since March 11th although we maintained the six foot separation.

We have no complaints. Luckily we both have our health and she is getting her strength back. We have attempted to use our time well. She has become a history student and taken classes offered via our public broadcasting station. I have written a novel, just completed it Saturday. We both have become devotees of the old movies offered by TCM.

Our Governor and our Mayor have done an outstanding job communicating with us and we faithfully follow all guidelines in hopes this pandemic will soon be under control.

Our short term goal: we are close to the day when we can hug each other. Our long term goal: a vaccine is developed to make the world safe from this disease.