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COVID-19 Personal Reflection

Judy Ohr

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Pandemic 2020 Judy Ohr 1961

There I was warm and safe in my split level in Maryland. Watched the news and saw the virus creeping across the country and settling with ferocity in NYC. My eldest, Lore, is a librarian at Pratt Institute smack in the middle of Brooklyn. I knew she would have to hunker down and leave her apartment only for emergencies. My youngest, Gingee, is an Army Colonel stationed at the Pentagon. I didn't worry about her. She already had her ticket punched with tours in Baghdad and Afghanistan as well as twenty jumps from airplanes. So I wasn't ready for her phone call that she was not feeling well and going to Walter Reed for a test. We had to wait five days for confirmation. Positive. I called Lore and in tears and across the telephone wires we clung to each other fearful that the "little kid" was going to have a tough road of healing if we were lucky. It just didn't seem fair but the virus doesn't discriminate. As I write this in mid April 2020 Gingee is in her fourth week of recovering. It is very slow and draining and this soldier is one tough little troop. And this mama can't do a thing to make it better.