COVID-19 Personal Reflection

Judy Ohr

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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.