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### My COVID-19 Journal

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Mikayla Roma

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## Coronavirus Journals

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Monday

April 20, 2020

It's been about 2-ish months since the lockdown went in place, and life is really weird. Today is one of my best friend's birthdays. She lives in Florida so I wouldn't have been able to spend it with her anyways, but it's still sad. Her girlfriend can't go visit, her plans have been canceled, and she can't see any of her friends. It looks like she still had a good time, but everything is just so different. I think that, personally, the hardest thing about this whole thing is the lack of people around me. I'm super grateful for my family and that we're all safe and healthy and together, but I miss my other family: my friends that I've never gone more than a couple months without seeing. And those times it was easier, because we were all separate by miles because of college, and we had other friends with us and new experiences happening around us and things to distract us. Now, everyone is so close, but we can't see each other. It's a weird and sad feeling.

My grandfather died in the middle of all of this. It wasn't from COVID. He'd been in and out of the hospital for months, and he went in for these complications just as all of this was beginning to become more serious. He was unconscious the last time I saw him, and we weren't sure he was going to make it. Then he started to get better. He was becoming more and more

responsive. They moved him out of the ICU. Then they moved him out of the hospital into a recovery facility. My mom and my grandmother were optimistic, they kept saying every time they talked to him he sounded better (they couldn't visit because of the pandemic, but they called and faceted him). But when I heard the phone ring at 6 am that morning, I knew it wasn't a good thing. It never is when the calls come that early. I think the weirdest part of all of this is that it doesn't feel like he's gone. I hadn't been able to see him for a little while because of everything that's happening; I hadn't talked to him in even longer because of his medical issues. It feels like he's still just at the care facility, even though I know he's not. We can't have a funeral because of the pandemic. His brother can't come down, my grandmother's sister can't come down, everyone has to mourn separately and away from family. I'm not even sure I care, or he'd care much for that matter, about the funeral. It's not being with all our family that's the hardest. But I know we're not the only people going through this, that thousands of others are as well. We'll all get through it eventually.

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Wednesday  
April 22, 2020

Well that last entry was depressing so sorry. Most of the time everything is fine and good, but some days just suck, ya know? Anyways, classes are getting increasingly hard. It feels like a break, in a way, but then you remember you have classes and work and deadlines and grades and everything feels like it's spiraling in a way. It's hard to find motivation to do work. Because it's different than having to be on campus and you have friends around you and other ways to motivate yourself. Now all of that has changed. Deadlines are hard too. There's so many things

due for so many classes. Some of my professors just don't care if they have things due on days we don't normally have class. I feel like I keep forgetting things, even though I check all the time. It just feels like I'm constantly scrambling to catch up, even though I don't know what it is I'm trying to catch up on? Very weird feeling.

Anyway, life is still the same. Everyone is adjusting to the new house. It hasn't even been a month, but it feels like we've lived here forever. I loved our old house, really, but we outgrew it a long time ago and we've been ready for a change for years. I finally have my own room that's JUST my space, without anyone having closets or dressers or stuff that isn't mine in it. It's so nice to have an area all to myself. I do wish stores were open though. I still have boxes sitting around half-unpacked because I don't know what to do with the stuff. Obviously it's important that stores stay closed so we can help stop the spread of this virus quicker, and it's most definitely a first world problem, but still. I can't wait until everything goes back to semi-normal. People keep talking about all the things that are going to change after this, and it's a little scary. While there are precautions that need to be put in place so something like this doesn't happen in the future, I hope we can get society back to where it was for the most part. We need to be smart and safe, but we don't need to live the rest of our lives in fear.

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Tuesday  
April 28, 2020

Well, shockingly, nothing of much interest has happened. Classes are still a constant flurry of swells of anxiety and then large dips of absolute nothing. It's getting even weirder the longer I go without seeing people. My friends and I facetime and Zoom, and it's nice to get

everyone together so we can talk, but it's been so long since we've actually *seen* each other that it's a little bittersweet too. We don't have a TON to talk about either, since everyone is pretty much in the same position of just sitting at home and trying to find ways to pass the time. I feel like I've watched nearly every Netflix and Hulu movie/show that's even remotely interesting to me. Youtube is even getting boring. Most of my time now is just trying to find new books to read. I feel like I finish books so fast that I barely get started before I'm looking for another. It's nice to have more time to read, I just wish it was under better circumstances.

A lot of my time right now is spent over at our old house trying to empty it out and clean everything. It's truly amazing how much stuff you can have packed away inside a home. My parents have lived there almost 25 years, and you tend to collect a lot of stuff in that amount of time without really realizing it. We've been over there every day trying to get it read to put on the market, and it still feels like there's so much to do. Car load after car load is brought over but it feels a little never ending. It is nice though, to be able to get out of the house, even if it is only to go to another house and clean. It's nice to drive and see people walking and running and out with their kids. It's not the same as it was before, but it's beginning to look a little better.

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Saturday  
May 2, 2020

Well, today was my birthday. It's really late now, so the day's almost over, but there's still a couple hours left. It was surprisingly a really good day. The days all blend together now, so I almost forgot it was my birthday on Saturday until Friday afternoon when my mom asked

me where I wanted to get carry-out from. I slept in and woke up and spent time by the pool just relaxing; it was such a nice day out. The high was 80 degrees and it was sunny and breezy and pretty much perfect. My mom asked me for help in the basement and when I came back upstairs all my friends were outside by the pool and they surprised me and had a little surprise birthday party. Everyone was 6 feet apart and we sat around the pool and talked and laughed and it was so nice I nearly cried. It was the first time I'd seen my friend Jerry in nearly a year. He's from China, but came to America for highschool and was with us all 4 years. He went home over the summer and since we're at separate colleges I hadn't seen him since we'd graduated. I absolutely loved seeing everyone, but it was also a little sad. I'm a physical person; I love to hug my friends and just be near everyone. It was so weird not being able to go give everyone a hug, or stand next to my friend Aaron, who's 6'3", and make fun of how tall he was compared to be, or to just be able to sit close to anyone. I was still so appreciative that I'd been able to see them at all though; I know other people aren't as lucky. After they left, we got take-out from my favorite hibachi restaurant and sat on our screened-in porch and ate in. It was a really different birthday than normal. Not only are we in a pandemic, but my family is in a brand new house as well. It's the first big thing we're celebrated since we moved in, and it was both weird and also so normal. Despite how different it was, I'm so appreciative of everything, from the new house to the opportunity to see my friends, even if it was from six feet apart.

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Tuesday

May 5, 2020

As usual, not much has changed since the last entry. A couple weeks ago, this would have been around the time things were starting to open up and go back to some-what normal. Since the lock-down was extended through, everyone is still stuck inside, waiting until this can all pass. It's not pleasant, but it's necessary. All you have to do is watch videos of nurses and doctors and other workers who are on the front lines to know it's necessary. People are still dying and it's horrible. Which is why it's so infuriating to see idiots out in the streets protesting. All across the country, in different states, far-right extremists are going out protesting the lock down. I get it, to a certain degree. People have lost jobs and incomes and it's scary and uncertain. But these people are absolutely blood-boiling. Holding signs saying they want haircuts, comparing the lockdowns to the nazis, saying their freedom is being infringed upon. As if their freedom and their wants are the only ones that matter. As if there aren't nurses and doctors and essential workers risking their lives and dying every day to make sure people like the protestors stay safe.

I saw a post on Instagram the other day, a screenshot of something a guy had Tweeted, that said "There is a type of stupidity & privilege that is so distinctly American, encapsulated perfectly by the idea that we are being oppressed & losing some sort of ideological war on freedom if we can't spend our evenings in a packed TGIFridays at the height of a lethal virus outbreak." And as funny as the tweet was, it's also so sad to think about. No other country in the world had people protesting to this extent when it came to the lockdowns. They looked at the thousands of people dying around them, being taken away from loved ones, being buried in mass

graves, as if there was an actual war being fought around them, and they understood the importance of staying home, for their sake and for the sake of everyone fighting on the front lines. In America, we have people screaming about wanting to get a haircut or go to a restaurant, people wearing swastikas on their masks and saying they're protesting the "infringement" that's happening on their right to freedom. I know that I don't understand what it's like to be out of a job and not have a steady source of income and be uncertain of the future. I'm lucky that my dad works from home anyways and has had almost no impact on his job or our income. I know that I don't know and will never understand what it's like to face something already scary with so much uncertainty sure to come after it as well. But I also know that most of the protestors aren't these types of people. These protestors are valuing their wants above others basic needs and others health. They aren't asking for their jobs to open or for help, they're asking for others to be forced to go back to work and risk their health and well being so that other people can get a haircut. And I think that's a really sad thing.

Well that was a really depressing rant, but I felt like it was necessary to get it out somewhere, and this seemed as good a place as any. Regardless, hopefully this last week of classes goes okay. Finals are next week, and I'm not sure if I'm looking forward to summer or not. On one hand, it'll be nice to not have the constant anxiety and feeling of forgetting something hanging over my head. On the other hand, I feel like the days might somehow become even more monotonous than before. Well, I guess we'll find out soon.

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Friday

May 8, 2020

Well, this is my last entry, and I'm both happy and sad. Writing these makes me think too much sometimes. It feels like I spiral a little when I write, that I think too much about certain topics I have no control over and that just make me frustrated and a little sad. It's also therapeutic sometimes though. It let's me get thoughts out that I really only let me talk about with my best friend, Alex, and she normally feels the same way. Sometimes it's nice to just be able to write without having to think though. I don't know, maybe I'll keep writing these even after. Have something to look back in a couple years or a couple decades. We'll see.

I watched *Call Me By Your Name* for the first time last night. Great movie, but also really sad, which I was warned about but I never listen and like to make myself cry apparently. Finals are coming up and I wanted to relax a little before I stress myself out to no end. Honestly, I don't even have that many actual finals to take. A couple papers to turn in, a powerpoint presentation, and an actual Spanish final (which I'm most definitely going to fail). I think it's just the **idea** of finals that stresses me out more than the actual things. Hopefully everything goes by smoothly and quickly.

Things are still weird, but it looks like it might be getting a little less weird? My younger sister, Caitlyn, said something about stores maybe opening up again soon, which is good and bad. Economically, things need to open up again soon so things can get back on track and the economy can start to recover. I think it's too early though. UV light is supposed to kill the virus, which means summer will be good and cases will hopefully drop, but until then I think opening

things up will just cause a sharp rise in the number of infected people. I don't know, I guess we'll see. Hopefully I'm wrong. I'm no doctor after all, and I haven't listened to the news or the iconic and legendary Dr. Fauci lately; the news is either too depressing or too frustrating anymore.

I talked to my grandmother and aunts in New York yesterday. It's more than a week into May, yet they just got snow up there. Snow. In May. The world gets weirder and weirder everyday.

I hope this all ends soon. I miss my friends, I miss being able to run errands, I miss just going and walking around without being worried about exposing myself and my family to a potentially deadly virus. None of us have any underlying health issues but it's still scary. My voice coach thinks I might have mild asthma, because my breathing in the past couple lessons has sounded like hers when she gets a mild asthma attack, but that's very unconfirmed and hopefully not true, because that's not a GREAT thing to have right now, what with a virus that attacks your lungs. But regardless. I can't wait until I can see people again and just go about life in some semblance to how it was before. It'll be different. The world will be a little more tentative and cautious, at least for a little while, until the events are so fresh in people's minds. But hopefully we can start to rebuild soon, and we can come together and do it as one.