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SCU In Quarantine: Our Pandemic Stories

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Time Moves On

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Time Moves On

Student

They said it would only be a quick 2 weeks, an extended spring break of sorts. Initially a feeling of relief and happiness. *Yes!* I thought, *I do not have to take my test scheduled for next week; we will be back in less than a month.* Oh how that feeling quickly changed after the first extension of lockdown.

All I could think to myself was why are people not taking this seriously? Why does a health crisis have to become political? This anger and confusion would continue. That was when I was 17. Two years later, a 7-0 senior season stopped early, one online graduation ceremony later, two quarantine birthdays, and a new school year...I'm still locked down.

It would be quite ignorant of me to not mention how forever grateful and fortunate I am to have parents who were still able to complete their work online, to put food on the table, and not have to worry about losing their jobs as a result of the pandemic. Now as a 19-year-old looking back at all this time, I would be remiss if I did not say I was partially grateful for the time in lockdown. New hobbies, extended time with family that would never have happened, all the time in the world with my dog, and time for reflection.

A thought that would always cross my mind: "Is this really the world we live in?"

I think about what we value most in our society; how businesses treat their workers that keep them running, or how our system treats those of different races. It hurts my heart, seeing the new tragedies that plague our world and harm those living in it. I do believe that everyone on a personal level is good, wants peace and security for their loved ones, but until the power of love overcomes the love of power, the world will not know peace (Jimi Hendrix).

This time taught me to cherish the little moments we overlook in our everyday lives. The birds singing their morning song, the trees dancing in the wind, the smell after a fresh rain storm, or a beautiful cosmic sky; each so distinct, yet connected. After all, from dust we came and dust we shall return, one day it will all end, but the universe moves on, and the only certainty is the time now. I think we as humans have lost that connectivity to our roots. We get so absorbed in our own systems that provide opportunities of connectivity (social media & the internet), but there has never been a greater disconnect between us all.

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