

Covid-19 Outbreak Journal

Thursday, March 5, 2020: When we first found out about the outbreak, we did not take it seriously. It was still evolving but it had been discovered that if you are 60 and older or have an autoimmune disease you were the most at risk, so as college students we felt like it would not impact us in the slightest. Rugby practice was going on like normal and we had a game out in Reno, Nevada in two weeks which we were all extremely excited about and had trained hard for. We began to hear rumors about other schools closing like Stanford and Berkley, and yet our school had not shut down so we thought it must not be too serious. I also was still working as a youth soccer coach at preschools and childcare centers, so my thought process was that the threat of the outbreak might not be too serious if I was still allowed to work with children. There were protocols put into place, though, that prevented coaches from high fiving the children or allowing the children to touch the soccer balls with their hands.

Monday, March 9, 2020: Today we were informed that we would not have in-person classes this week, teachers would be taking the week to learn how to implement their classes online in zoom, and then class would resume online next week. We began to get nervous and concerned that our rugby game would be canceled because Reno wouldn't want us to come because of the outbreaks happening in San Jose, but we kept our hopes up that it wouldn't be canceled as it was less than a week away. We had already told our families and friends it was still on and had a hotel booked in advance. Work was still happening as well, but the coaches and I were beginning to get nervous about job security.

Thursday, March 12, 2020: Club sports were shut down at SJSU. Our Reno game Saturday was canceled, and the team and I are absolutely devastated over the hard work we put into this canceled game. We had fundraised to make it happen and had done more sprints than anyone could imagine. Getting so close only to have it canceled two days before it was supposed to happen is the most frustrating thing that could have happened to me. Not only was rugby canceled but it is my last semester of school so I have no chance to play the next year, nor could any other graduating senior. In addition, we all began to worry about job security because San Jose is a very expensive place to live and many businesses began to shut down. Then my place of work was suspended until further notice and the coaches were told to register for unemployment.

Monday, March 16, 2020: Classes began again online and had a relatively smooth start which was good. Friends in the Bay Area began messaging me asking what I was doing since the quarantine in place began and Santa Clara County had put a shelter in place into effect. I could no longer live where I was though because of the outbreak so I had to start packing up all my belongings to move out to the Sacramento area where my family is. There were no more strings keeping me attached to the Bay Area as I was out of a job and classes were now online. I had to focus on my classes though so the majority of the packing would have to happen later.

Thursday, March 19, 2020: It is my 25th birthday and I am stuck packing my bags to move tomorrow. Reflecting on turning a quarter of a century was daunting, but there were worse things happening, so I never gave it the time needed to sink in that I am 25. There was no real celebration and it made me sad to think that Covid-19 not only ruined my rugby career, took away my ability to hang out with friends,

but it also took away the special time that was supposed to be my 25th birthday. Plans were canceled and life was changed for the worse. Feelings of sadness and depression resulting from isolation started creeping in around this time, but moving was for the best because who can support you better than your family?

Friday, March 20, 2020: I drove the 3 and a half hours to my parent's house to start the process of moving in. We ended up having a small birthday celebration consisting of one of my sisters and parents all coming together to hang out. It was a nice change of pace seeing as everything else in my life was only going downhill due to the pandemic.

Monday, April 18, 2020: A month into shelter in place and things have calmed down for the most part where I am. My parents and I finally have a routine down, and things are as normal as they can be. We only go out to get groceries so nothing exceptional has happened that I need to really report.

Monday, May 4, 2020: The graduating class of 2020 do not get to walk. We have worked so hard to get to where we are, and we do not get to have that walk across the stage that we all rightfully deserve. We are given the option to do it in December or next year, but who knows where they will be during that time? It has taken me seven years to get this degree, and I have attended five different colleges and yet there is no grand official closing to this chapter in my life because of this damned virus. Now it has taken away my rugby career, my job, my friends, my 25th birthday, and my graduation celebration. Yet, I feel lucky. I see and hear about all the deaths happening around the globe, and I am fortunate enough to have my health, my family is safe, and I have had no personal loss that so many others are experiencing. While this outbreak has done me no favors it does remind me of what I do have. My heart goes out to all of those who have lost loved ones and to those who are working diligently to put an end to Covid-19.