

*May 10, 2020*

Every time I go outside, there are reminders of the times we're living in. COVID-19 has disrupted our center of gravity, and we're struggling to reorient ourselves.

Driving around San Jose during prime traffic hours and seeing clear roads. My new mental checklist when leaving my house: Phone, wallet, keys, and face mask. Sitting in my car for a few extra minutes to make sure that my mask is on securely. Being on high alert if I hear or see someone near me cough or sneeze. Walking past caution tape wrapped around public benches. Screaming on the inside when my older sister and I went to the San Jose Municipal Rose Garden and saw people without masks. Feeling nervous standing in a line and shifting when I notice someone who's less than 6 feet away from me.



Yes, we took the time to literally smell the roses, but I had to remove my mask whenever I wanted to smell a rose. There were more people than either of us expected. We were both uncomfortable walking around so many people.



Part of the new norm is social distancing – and for my sister who shares a cottage with her significant other, that means social distancing picnics to limit our exposure to each other. So, we all stay outside the cottage and have dinner while being social from 6 feet away 😊 Ordering the food itself showed the changes that restaurants have made in response to COVID-19. The poke bowls were to-go only and placed on a table near the door. Same with our boba, where only one person at a time was allowed near the table with the register.

Today was Mother's Day, and my sisters and I Facetimed our mother and grandmother in the evening because we couldn't be with them.

In a way, I feel like I've gotten used to this new way of life. But it's strange living like this.