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Selfish

When there was chatter at work about Covid-19 it did not seem serious. It seemed like another strain of the flu that made moms panic on Facebook. Then Covid-19 took my grandma from the world. A woman who survived her home and school being bombed. A woman who was told she would not survive a stroke. A woman who was told she would not be able to walk again and was on a cruise the next month exploring the world. A woman who gave meaning to the word strength. It took her in days. Covid-19 took joy from the world.

This pandemic has shown a lot of light on how Americans and how selfish they can be. People often emphasize safety and how to protect people. Nobody wants to drive a car without an airbag because if they got in a wreck. For some reason when it comes to disease people seem to care less. Something so simple like wearing a mass somehow has become something people debate. Its become pride related. People bragging about how its only taking out old people. This shows the lack of care for human life. As if the older you are the less your life matters. The more posts I saw calling the disease a sham or trying to find a conspiracy theory to debunk how serious it was, the less faith I began to have in the world. How can something so simple, like wearing a mask to keep people alive be room for such debate. The pandemic did more than just cause people to lose jobs and create fear. It has been isolating. Its so easy to disconnect from the world when you see how little the world values life. It caused me to reflect. How do my actions affect others, not just my friends and family, but strangers I may pass by at the grocery store?

Covid-19 has been impactful on my life, not just because of my own personal loss, but witnessing the how America has reacted. I have learned how to be more empathetic towards others, and to be aware of the impact we are all having.