

# COVID<sub>IN THE</sub> HOUSE OF OLD



## **During the pandemic, I was called on to leave the comfort of my desk [job]**

...and put on a mask, face shield, and gown to assist residents with their meals. I was very fearful, but knowing my fellow co-workers (nurses, healthcare aids, and other staff) were also scared, I put on a brave face and helped where I could.

I would go to work during the week (adjusting my hours to the lunch and supper times of the residents) and then on Friday nights, not leave the house until Monday morning.

It was a very lonely and isolating time because nobody could go anywhere, but also because I could not be open with my family. As the pandemic continued, communicating with my parents became more strained. I could not share with them my difficulties, challenges, fears with them because they didn't believe that COVID was a threat, and that it was all fabricated.

Halfway through the pandemic, I had emotional difficulties, i.e., depression. However, I grew as a person, those people in my life that were not healthy for me are no longer in my life, and I feel stronger in the end.

Thank you for listening.

**CARE HOME WORKER, WINNIPEG 3 May 2023 – Story 12**

It is not 2023, and it now feels like life is returning to normal. But, not without it's toll. I no longer speak to my mother and

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After a few times, I became more comfortable in these new surroundings. My time with residents was joyful and I walked away feeling a sense of satisfaction knowing that I was helping in my very small way.

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