

COVID_{IN THE} HOUSE OF OLD



October 2020, COVID got in.

I remember wheeling our first resident down to our COVID isolation unit. Being awake too many hours in a row. Looking at this person with COVID knowing that they were too sick to survive, and praying I wouldn't get sick too. I remember being scared of seeing my family because I didn't want to get them sick. And then our first COVID case became 2.

In my career I have taken care of many people at end of life, but this was different. The symptoms were different, there was no family sitting beside it was staff. And sometimes a family on Facetime or sitting at the window.

I pleaded with one family brave enough to sit by their loved one dying of COVID to please not cry. Please don't get your mask we or they will get sick too.

My face hurt. The masks and face shields left imprints for hours after being removed.

But as people survived, we got to celebrate. Our first survivor picked a theme song, and danced her way out of the COVID unit.

CARE HOME WORKER, WINNIPEG 4 May 2023 – Story 3

STORIES FROM A NATIONAL HUMANITARIAN CRISIS