

Lockdown Story 3 (Anonymous)

I'm 89 years old and live with my son. At the end of March he contracted COVID 19 from his place of work.

I was already shielding at this time and also began to be ill myself, although not with COVID. So there were two of us in a small house when the whole country was being told to keep your distance.

I was obviously deeply concerned about my son who was so ill that he did not leave his bedroom other than to use the toilet. He had never been so ill in all of his life. Hearing his pain was terrifying. I had to be concerned about my health too, sharing a house with someone with a dangerous illness that was killing older people. I remained free from the virus but my other health issues continued to deteriorate and everything became so difficult.

My daughters became my lifeline, delivering shopping and home cooked food, all of which was left on the doorstep as we could not take the risk of them entering. Unfortunately, there came a time where I could not manage and they had to intervene and start coming in. While this was a relief in one way but in another it increased our anxiety. They were putting themselves at risk.

Fortunately, my son recovered. I and my daughters stayed virus free but what an awful time it was. There was the rest of lockdown and shielding to get through. Before the virus came I used to walk everywhere and now was fearful of going anywhere. I was so weak that when I tried, I could not get far at all. It was the desire to get out of the house and get some fresh air that kept me going – they do say it is the simple things in life that truly matter.

Now, I make sure that everyday I get out of the house, walk around the village and breathe deeply that pure and life giving fresh air.