

Diary entry: May 12, 2020

It wasn't meant to be like this.

My year of mat leave with you was meant to be filled with playdates, visits with family and friends, Mommy and Me classes, walks in the park. Instead, here we are, mid-May, it's starting to get warm, and you just turned 7 months last week. We were supposed to be travelling to Egypt next week so you could meet your grandmother and your extended family, hundreds of new faces. Instead, we haven't left the apartment, and you haven't seen anyone but your dad and me, in the last 2 months.

I know I should be focusing on the still high number of daily cases, the curve that's not flattening enough, the healthcare system that is still overwhelmed. The fact that Legault is wearing a mask at the daily news conference for the first time, that they are finally recommending that people wear masks in public.

I should be thinking of my friends who work in health care who haven't seen their families in weeks, or those who have elderly parents they anxiously wave to from windows. My friends who had to wear masks when they delivered in the hospital and had to choose between their moms and their partners to support them. Friends who have had to stay home with their kids, balancing between their family's well-being, their jobs and their own anxieties. Friends who just bought their dream house only to be laid off from their dream job. Friends who tested positive and had to isolate with their demons. Friends who had to bury their loved ones with no funeral and no prayers.

The world that is falling apart outside.

But I refuse to think of any of that right now. I'm sitting here, in our living room, holding you, my sleeping baby, staring outside the window, and praying that summer comes soon.