

In This Together

Pregnant during the Pandemic – Missing Out 4/27/2020

Having a baby means that there are many great and crazy things that you get to experience. Well, you usually get to experience. Now, however, all of that has changed. Quarantining for over a month, not going out in public, missing out on “first” experiences...all of this happens regardless of what you want. Everything has changed.

This means no baby showers. No birthing classes. No family (other than my husband) at the hospital with us. No visits from friends and family for several weeks. And even now, I am required to go to all of my doctor’s appointments alone. When I am there, I am required to wear a mask the entire time. I can’t go out in public as much as I use to, which makes me confined to the house.

Some days are harder than others, trying to cope with the new normal. The day of my cancelled baby shower was a hard day. The first time going to the doctor by myself was a hard day. Friends doing “porch” visits (where they stand on my porch and we shout at each other through my glass front door just to that we can communicate, but be away from each other) are hard days. Today was a hard day.

My mom wanted to bring by all of the things she had gotten for the baby, but had not been able to deliver before quarantining. She has not seen me in nearly 2 months. That is a long time for someone who lives just 30 minutes away. She and Dad stood on my porch with all of the baby things in bags, gloved and masked, peering through the glass, trying to see my now even bigger belly. Both started crying. I just wanted to open the door and hug them. But I couldn’t, for both of our sakes. We chatted for a bit, but it was not easy for either of them. Yeah, today was a hard day.

We have tried to make the best of the situation as much as we can. Focusing on work during the day, keeping busy with getting the nursery ready and cleaning the house in the evening does help a little. We get out and go for walks in the neighborhood when no one else is out. Calling and texting family and friends. But it is still not the same. I know that we are doing what is necessary to protect ourselves, our child, and potentially others from this illness. That still does not make it any easier.

I hope that a vaccine is discovered soon. I hope that people actual listen and take the guidelines serious enough so we can flatten the curve. I hope that our families will be able to hold our son before he is a month old. I know that I am hoping for a lot, particularly with so many unknowns happening. But at this point, that is pretty much all we can do: hope and pray.

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