

8/24/20 We are 6 1/2 months into this crisis. I am a widow 93 1/2 yrs old and living in what is known as a exclusive senior independent living facility here in Boca Raton , Fl. I came here 5 years ago from another area of the country and since that time I have gotten to know and to be friendly with many of the 300 people who also reside here. Our days were filled with activities such as lectures, exercise classes, swimming, wonderful dinners with groups of friends. We "dressed up" every night. After dinner there were a variety of live programs. Three of my four children live close by and could visit with me in my apartment at any time. My grandchildren could come and visit. I could have dinner in their homes and get to know, and be with their current friends. Altho I do not have a car now I would manage to to synagogue most weeks. My life was, simply wonderful! Then Covic hit!

For the past 6 1/2 months I spend my time almost completely in my apartment by myself. For a while we would go to a breakfast station on our floor to pick/up a bag of breakfast food and drink. We of course wore our face masks and observed social distancing. It is standard behavior until we are considered free of the pandemic. I have left this building only twice in all this time and for doctor appointments. Yet, I consider myself most fortunate as the administrative personnel here work diligently on our behalf. Breakfast is delivered to our apartments. We can order lunch and dinner from menus delivered every day. We can place an order with the local supermarket and it wis delivered directly to my door. Every Wednesday morning I have a 20 minute visitation session with my family in the outdoor area. (They come in their cars and I am provided with a chair, umbrella and fan situated on paved area.) True that our lunch and dinner orders are somewhat limited but we have learned how to manage that. We have an internal TV setup and so we have exercise classes 5 days a week and all sorts of lectures and entertainment programs. In the evening I meet a friend and we manage to take a "walk and talk" after dinner. We social distance ourselves. Only two people in the elevator at one time. Only one person in the mail room at one time. This is our new "normal." Sometimes we make a meeting date in the common area with a friend and spend a half hour together. Otherwise, we can do this on the phone.

I have adapted to this and do not fear what the post pandemic period will be like. I will adapt to whatever that brings.

— Blanche Weisel