

At what point do we come together and realize everything we believe to be true is a lie. For me, my wake-up call came at the tail end of a pandemic. I learned people don't care unless it happens to them, politicians and CEOs are far removed from society, yet they are the ones who rule over us. The decisions made in closed-door meetings benefit no one outside of elite circles. Instead, their policies cause irreversible damage. How do I know? I, along with countless people, was left for dead when politicians and others conspired to close the world for a hyperbolized pandemic. The cure was far worse than the disease.

In June of 2021, the nation was, for the most part, in total lockdown due to the Covid pandemic. Admittedly, I've always been skeptical of any narrative forced down my throat, and this was no exception. Call me conspiratorial, but I knew the pandemonium and restrictions were a move to destabilize stable societies. Closing down the government and restricting human interaction wasn't for safety; it was a social experiment. The powers-that-be want to know who they can control, how far they need to push us before we crumble, who follows blindly and poses a problem to us. Like many, I lost my job during the pandemic, and finding another job was impossible due to the restrictions; the positions available months prior were no longer open. After being unemployed for nearly two years, I received a wake-up call I'll never forget.

Early one morning, I was blaring some oldies on my record player and contemplating what I could sell to make up for the five months of backed rent when I received a loud knock on the front door. I assumed a neighbor was coming to tell me to turn my music down. I opened the door without looking, and greeting me were three police officers who told me I had thirty minutes to grab a few things and leave. They were at my door to evict me. The rental assistance was a Ponzi scheme. I was put on a waitlist and recently received an email telling me the funds are no longer available. I've never been in a situation where I could not pay my rent. I had a house, a fully paid-for Range Rover, and things I've worked to acquire.

I grew up in a volatile household and put myself through college; I don't have parents or people to call in a pinch. When the police showed up, it was a surprise since the landlord missed the eviction hearings (mandates and moratoriums mean nothing); I naively assumed I was safe. Not so; In shock and barely able to process what was happening around me, I grabbed my dog, a Bible, and my car keys. Two years prior, I was gainfully employed, and my husband had millions, so my sudden change in circumstances seemed more like a bad dream. I have two sisters, and I stupidly assumed I could call them for help; one lived about three hundred miles from me and had problems of her own, and the other lives in DC. She's a raging liberal, and my theories and ideas caused a lot of tension, so her door was closed. I've always been the type to give if I have it. I've given tens of thousands to friends and family, including my sisters. Funny how quickly people forget when the tables turn.

As I grabbed my keys and turned to leave, one of the police officers stopped me and asked if I wanted to take anything. Of course, I did. But I had no one to help me, so I said no and left. I didn't even cry; I was in complete shock. Within moments every trinket of my life was fair game for looters when hired helpers threw out everything I owned onto the sidewalk.

I was in complete disbelief; maybe it was a prank, I thought as I drove to a nearby CVS to get bottled water. I left my car running with my dog inside. When I returned from inside, a stranger was inside my car, and I watched in horror as he drove away with my dog and whatever else I owned. I had nowhere to go, no phone, no clothes, just whatever clothes I was wearing and my bottled water. I spent the next ten days walking the streets. After nearly two weeks of solicitations for sex and sleeping under a bench, I sucked up whatever pride I had left and walked 25-miles to the house I once shared with my ex-husband. I showed up on his doorstep late one night and asked for help. Rather than help, he called the police, and they took me to a mental hospital. He said the taxes he pays should provide support through government assistance.

I tried to remain positive. Maybe someone at a hospital or shelter would help me; I wasn't on drugs; I ran out of money and needed some help getting back on my feet. I was the person all these so-called social programs aim to help, so I thought. One might think the resources for someone down on their luck like me are infinite. They're not, and I soon found out how it works in the real world. States receive funding for various programs, but seldom does it go to help; my guess is many programs' clandestine spending is unknown to the public. I think they spend the bare minimum while the top members of whatever organization pocket the rest. Within 48-hours, I was denied shelter due to limited budgets and sent back out onto the streets with nothing more than a sack lunch.

Meanwhile, I witnessed people who arrived in our country illegally from Mexico get housing and monetary assistance without delay. I spent the next four months wandering the streets, hoping to catch Covid to put me out of my misery. Druggies and criminals surrounded me. People I helped when money was abundant turned their back on me. I was alone. I weighed about 90lbs, and my once enviable skin turned a leathery orange due to excess sun exposure. I was once an attractive woman who, over a few months, resembled a malnourished refugee in a war-torn country. There I was, a college-educated person, who never used drugs, and always had a job, relegated to the life they tell you to go to college to avoid.

I played by the rules and got burned. The same people who cry wear a mask for safety are the same people who watched me dig in a trashcan for food (I didn't dare to ask for money from strangers). Old friends sometimes drove by, and instead of stopping to help, they looked at me with disdain as they went past me because clearly, I had done something to deserve a life on the streets.

By October of the same year, hungry and out of hope, I decided to ask one more person for help after everyone, including my so-called friends, turned their backs on me. I walked a two-day journey to a former coworker's house, and to my surprise, she took me in. By the grace of God, I found a job within a week, replaced my car with something that gets me from point A to point B, and a small place to rent. I've lost faith in many things, except for my faith in God. The only one with me in my time of need was God. The pandemic was never about helping anyone. The people who claim to care are the same ones; if a chance to help came around, they would drive by someone without a second thought. Even the churches, the one place I thought for sure would help, turned their back on me.

The point is, what happened to me can happen to anyone. I could not get a job for nearly two years, not because I lacked the skills or background, but because the government decided to close up businesses and lock everyone inside their homes. This world is a cruel place, and my prayer is for more people to open their eyes, ask tough questions and keep an open mind. Not everyone living on the streets does drugs or wants that life. Our legislatures and the media need to take a long, hard look at the hardships many had to endure due to their draconian policies. The government will not save you when shit hits the fan. I know what happened to me isn't exclusive; thousands more were affected in ways most can't imagine. Entire families have broken apart, and hard-working Americans who never had an issue paying their bills fell into poverty after losing their jobs—due to no fault of their own. Closing the world because of something with a 99% survival rate\* was never about safety.