It is unbelievable to think that the COVID-19 pandemic started five years ago. It seems like lockdown began yesterday, and the world came to a standstill. While it was a terrifying time for everyone, I was honestly very lucky. I didn't get COVID for the first time until last year, and after the first year of lockdown, I actually got to travel more than I had before the pandemic. As soon as we were allowed to travel again, I shuffled between my father's home in Midlothian, Virginia, my mother's in West Palm Beach, Florida, and my apartment in Gainesville, Florida.

As soon as I was able to get on a plane with a mask, of course, I did. It was incredibly freeing, after spending over a year stuck back at home in my childhood bedroom, to be able to see family that I hadn't been able to and go to museums again. While perhaps not the most exciting trip to take during the pandemic, it was exactly what my suffering mental health needed at the time. Going from a full-time on-campus student to being full-time at home was very difficult, and while it was risky, traveling and getting to spend time with my family really helped.