

I complained for weeks sitting in the same chair. As if we all weren't stuck. I longed for my "normal" routine. Other places and stranger's faces. I wanted my life back. I wanted freedom. I suppose I didn't realize at the time that I was getting exactly that. The long walks I'd take with my puppy would have been replaced with hours in class or at work. The bond I built with my roommate as we spent 138 days together laughing could have never existed. A new appreciation for fitness and filling my body with more could have been spent worse. A spark in my love for writing that had been brushed aside long ago, never discovered again. Finding love formed by hours on the phone because now all I had was time. And that was exactly it. I gained time in my life to do things that filled me with joy. That really I wasn't missing anything from my "normal" previous life. That this new life, while different, scary, and sometimes lonely, I had more to love and enjoy than the things I had left behind. That somehow my life had become better. That out of this disaster came good. And for that I am thankful.