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Blankets to Masks

Before the Covid-19 pandemic began, my mom made quilts when she was stressed, now she makes masks. She told me that this is her coping mechanism, the only way that she can help others. This to me is difficult to hear, because my mother is an essential worker in the medical field. As a specialist in genetics and metabolism, she deals with some of the sickest kids here in Texas. Her department at BAMC is one of the only ones that existed before the pandemic that is still seeing patients at near full capacity. I remember when they shut down the pediatric ward to make more room for COVID-19 patients my mom cried. Every visit into the hospital could be a death sentence for her patients, and I think this factor scared her. With the help of our family, my mother has managed to make and donate over 4,000 masks to the hospital, the patients, and people's families. She often tells stories of small children coming in without a proper mask because their parents could not find one that fit. How the parents were so relieved when she fitted their child and gave them one in a Frozen or Dinosaur print. My mom is a good person, but I am scared for her. She is an essential worker, but like many of her patients, she is immune compromised. It scares me to think in her quest to help others that I may end up losing her. The only reason I moved back to Texas was to be with her when she got sick, and now this. Every time I hear new stories of people going out and partying without social distancing or getting into fights with grocery store workers, I get so very angry. It's not fair to our essential personnel, and I wish people would just listen and wear a mask.