

I-90 to I-680

In early February 2020, my Dad moved to California. In a week, we will go to India and join him after six months. The House lease terminated, and we moved to a hotel. The next day, mom got very sick and couldn't move. She called her friend, Mrs. Anshul, for help while we ate breakfast. After I and Aarav went to school, Mrs Anshul accompanied her to the nearest urgent medical care. After school, mom wasn't there to pick us up, so we went to our friend Rishi's house. It was a long wait. In the evening, Rishi's mom, Mrs. Shalini, informed us that mom is hospitalized.

We, along with Mrs Shalini, rushed to the hospital. We saw her on the bed with tubes and a lot more things. I got worried, with swirly feelings in my tummy. We were nervously staring at all the stuff while Mrs. Shalini talked to her. Late evening Dad showed up. Mom had to stay at the hospital overnight. For the next few days, we shuttled between the hotel and a friend's house. At the same time, traveling came to a halt around the world due to the COVID pandemic. After mom's discharge, we moved to Dad's friend's basement, as all our traveling got canceled. We stayed in that small dark basement for about two months. I and Aarav were attending remote school, and my Dad was working from the same shared room. With the pandemic restrictions and our current situation, it was quite a mental stretch. We could not travel anywhere. It was a challenging time. Amidst the peak pandemic period, we decided to drive from Chicago to California. It took us five days and a lot of planning to reach California safely. We moved to a new house, and we overcame all the hurdles.

Like MLK Jr said, "If you can't fly, then run. If you can't run, then walk. If you can't walk, then crawl, but whatever you do, you have to keep moving forward." We did not let the bad time weigh us down. We kept MOVING.