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Sister Love.

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Class of 2023

Sister Love

“Merry Christmas! See you in New York!” I exclaim as we all wave our goodbyes to my sister, Mikayla, after a visit this past December. We would be taking a sister’s trip to New York City to see Frozen on Broadway in a few months. It would not come to fruition.

This would be the last time we saw each other for six months, the longest period of time spent apart in our lifetimes.

On March 12th, coincidentally my younger sister Lindsay’s birthday, my world as I knew it turned upside down. Returning from college, I realized that I would be spending a lot of time with Lindsay, which was a silver lining. We sisters had always been close and were each other’s best friend. The first month of quarantine went by slowly, and Lindsay and I would often call Mikayla to check in. March 28th rolled around, and the three of us lamented over the fact that we would have been together in NYC if not for the pandemic. We promised to reschedule the trip, but the future seemed so distant at the time.

With everything shut down, it was easy to become frustrated and easily irritable, which was even easier to take out on family. As the weeks went by, Lindsay and I had our arguments, but we were still the best of friends. We longed for a time when we would be reunited with our older sister.

Finally the good news came: the governor would lift the county’s stay-at-home order. Right away we called Mikayla, living in Massachusetts, to pack her bags and come visit. We settled for June 6th, the big day that we would see her again.

Glancing over at Lindsay, then back at my watch, I realized the time was drawing near. June 6th had finally come along and our hearts were racing at the idea of seeing our sister. Coming down the street was a familiar black sedan; Lindsay and I jumped up and rushed towards the curb where she now parked. Mikayla popped out of the car, and as we ran to each other I felt my heart swell with happiness. We collided into the biggest hug I have received in months. The embrace communicated the love we all had for each other and the joy of being reunited in such a seemingly different world.

“That hug felt illegal,” Mikayla giggled as we released each other. The three of us just looked at each other with the widest, happiest grins on our faces, all in disbelief to see and to be able to hug each other again. All my worries of the world and the future were silenced in that moment and I knew I was so lucky to have such amazing sisters, and the best friends.

“There’re my girls!” our dad’s voice, filled with pride, called from the front door. Arms wrapped around each other, we smiled, ready to embark on a new adventure together.