

# MY COVID-19 STORY: STAY-AT-HOME

A PHOTOVOICE PROJECT



## ALOGIA

Prolonged despair, severe isolation and abuse resulted in a state of psychosis. Everyday seemed like an impossible attempt to escape and a reality I felt I was in too deep to even imagine a way out of. My thoughts became voices and a source of socialization. I believed the lies that said nobody would believe me. So I turned any voice I had left, inward. After all, survival is built in the human spirit.

## ORDER ANNOUNCED

I remember this cold and eerie day. Exclaimed as a tyrannical response by many. The tyranny I dreaded was mimicked in the house I was to call home. Twofold orders to stay under surveillance and under control. I took this picture from the only place I could hide in solitude. I whispered to the neighbors for help, I prayed for a miracle that one day they'd act on all that they could hear coming from behind these doors. While the neighbors feared going outdoors, I feared what it now meant to be commanded to stay in

doors.

I lost hope.



## LIBERATION

Something shifted. While identifying the lies that kept me in bondage, I began to seek truth and help. Truth is, some people really do care and I am not alone. I could no longer enable the lies to shackle me. I am a human being with purpose. Seeking help, meant choosing life for me and my child. Hope was no longer an imaginary idea, but a journey to restoration and freedom.

Human Trafficking Hotline

(888) 373-7888

Domestic Violence Hotline

800-799-7233