

My Name: Max Primmer

My Town: Daylesford

My Covid experience

I was quarantine for 180 days. No hugs! No physical contact with another person! I have a compromised immune system because I've had a kidney transplant and have to take medications that suppress my immune response. So I'm vulnerable to Coronavirus.

For 180 days there was no physical contact with other people and no hugging. I think hugs are the most amazing thing. I love hugging people. People who know me, know I am a hugger. To not hug was a little bit distressing because it is so much a part of me. I missed it so much. There was no physical contact. There was no seeing people's faces. What helped get me through is that I have always been very, very positive. I consciously enjoy every minute of every day. I walked 10 kms a day and I discovered a little bit more about myself because I was alone with my own thoughts. I discovered that even though I am a social person. So, I did everything I usually do – but not physical contact.

I haven't had a haircut for almost 12 months. I'm loving it because I'm 71 soon and I've got thick, healthy hair and I get a lot of compliments. People are telling me not to get it cut. I love it. I'll keep it for as long as I can.

I live on a horse farm and was able to hug the horses and feed them every day and that really helped. Every morning I woke up and I could see beautiful country and sunshine and that helped me to feel more buoyed. I was also really connected on social media, so I didn't feel completely cut off.

I survived on a farm in quarantine for 180 days because of the beautiful amazing friends I have. They picked up my groceries every week and then would ring me and tell me what time the drop off was. I would leave them out the bag on the front veranda and they would put the groceries into the bag, which I would then disinfect. We would talk through the fly wire door with our masks on. They would also bring me home made jam and honey and fruit from their trees. Others would ring to tell me they were putting a bag on the front gate and it would have home cooked meals in it. Others picked up parcels for me and also my medication. I have a gratitude I will never be able to pay. I wouldn't have been able to isolate without having food and supplies delivered.

Now there is more freedom. It is beautifully, lovely and I still have to be careful. But I can see people's faces again. I still can't hug people. I'm closer – but not that close. It feels better to be back in the car and doing radio presenting again. I'm moving around more freely.

My act of intersectional kindness

I have a young friend who is prone to depression. I have been supporting him a lot during Covid. I am there for him. I talk to him every day. I check in on him and make him laugh. He says that this contact makes him happy. It's important for me to do this because I'm in a good place.