

A Day in My Life

Two blocks. That is the extent to which my life is now limited. I get up in the morning, get myself ready for work and enjoy the 2-block commute to the bank.

My days at the bank have remained normal, to a degree. Our lobby is closed, open only for customer appointments. All banking is done either by phone or through our drive-up. We are still running a full staff of 14 with regular hours, which I know is rare. As the top community bank in the area, we serve most of our community; only 3 other banks are open, with minimal staff or limited hours.

I wear many hats here at the bank, and during these times, I'm thankful for that. Our Heritage Club events have been cancelled through mid-June. We are trying to stay optimistic on what is left on our calendar and hope that nothing else has to be postponed or cancelled. So far, the customers have been very understanding and appreciative of our handling on things.

The bank phones have been extremely busy, answering questions about the PPP program, or looking for stimulus checks that have been or haven't been deposited into accounts yet. Because of the change in roles, everyone is stepping up, being a team player, helping wherever needed.

I usually leave the bank around 3pm on a typical day. With four very active kids, I am usually rushing off to a game or running multiple kids to practices. Most nights were filled with multiple events, jumping from one to the next, or splitting the duty with my husband, Ryan. Since school has closed for the rest of the year and sports have come to a halt, I can now stay longer at the bank to help with the phones or whatever else needs to be done. So, banking life is pretty much normal. Home life has been rocked.

Two blocks. My life has been reduced from miles and miles daily in the car, eating concessions or fast food a couple nights a week, to two blocks. I hated to cook the few nights we were home, now I have to cook every night. To some, it would be a blessing to leave their home and go two blocks. For me, I never thought two blocks could be so claustrophobic.

~Melanie Davis, Farmers Savings Bank & Trust (Vinton, IA)