



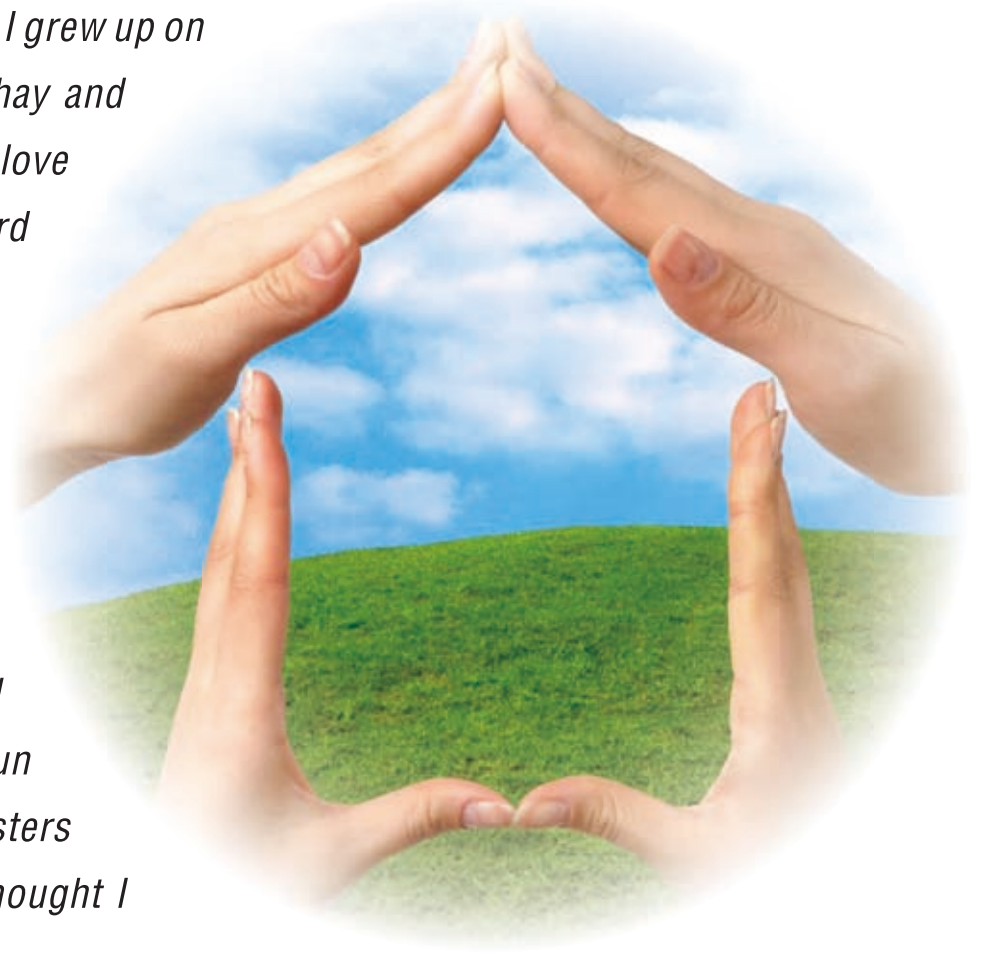
I Am Home



Hilda

Do you love your childhood? I always heard that some people started to realize they loved their childhood only after they grew up. For me, I always knew that I had a great childhood when I was small and the memories of that happiness took me home.

My huge family and I grew up on a farm – a place full of hay and horses. There was lots of love and lots to do. The word ‘bored’ never found its way into my vocabulary. My family and I were very close, and living in the country kept us all at home most nights. I would play games, tell stories, laugh and have fun with my brothers and sisters after supper. I always thought I was very lucky.



When I was 16, something unexpected happened that would change my life forever. I had a chance to study in the U.S., a place that had never appeared in my mind, a place that I had never thought I could go and a place that was so far from my family. But at the end, I had to go, leaving behind my family, friends and the happy times I had.

It wasn't difficult for me in the U.S., I had new friends and a new way of

living. Sometimes I went on dates, too. I soon found that I liked the air in the U.S. Though things were different and strange to me, they were also very exciting and fun. I realize that an unexpected change can be a good thing.

After my university studies, I was approached by a business manager who asked me if I had ever thought about working in the insurance field in the States. After giving it some thought and talking it over with my parents, I decided to work in the States for a while. Once again, I had to leave my dear family for a while.

My career grew and I became successful in the insurance field. Though my parents missed me a lot, they felt proud of me. I truly loved my job and my success was more than I could have ever dreamed of. But in my mind, I realized something was missing. I tried to figure out what was missing; I made new friends and lost touch with old ones. I went to clubs and parties, but nothing I did seemed to fill the void. I tried to remember the days when I was the happiest. I asked myself what was important to me. Finally, I had the answer.

I called my mom and dad and said, 'I miss all of you, I'm coming back for the union dinner this New Year. Mom, I miss your food. Dad, I miss the dining table you made. I also miss the laughter of Suzanna, Albert, Tim and Nancy.'

During my long journey back home, the memories of my happy times with my family occupied my mind. The dark void that gnawed inside me began to fade and a sense of serenity returned to my soul. I knew I was home again.