

Feb 2, 2023
Samantha Cecchi
8:04am-8:11am

When I was thirteen my parents made a life altering decision in our lives. They almost lost their home because of the recession at the time and decided to move to Minnesota from our decently sized home in California. My dad could not find a job in California, and we were on the brink of losing our home. So, my dad and mother gathered all our things packed it into a U-Haul. The drive was long and yet it was so beautiful passing through the deserts of Arizona. The night sky was so magical, the stars appeared to me so close you could pass your fingers along them. As we drove through Arizona at night. I looked out my window in curiosity as to what it would feel like if I ran my fingers along the surface. I remember mountains that had the appearance of tables for giants. When we finally reached a landscape, I was not familiar with I curiously started to feel at home. What I saw next astonished me, I saw a plethora of green grass, trees and a bounty of fresh air. It was a place that felt familiar and yet so distant from myself. It was a place I once called home, as a child. I was about 5 years old when we moved from Minnesota to California. I considered Minnesota home, it felt welcoming and somehow full of hope.