

Home Again

CATHERINE (36)

I remember the old saying, 'You can't go home again.' And I guess I believe that...or maybe I just used it as an excuse.

It's been more than fifteen years since I left my home and my family. The specifics aren't important, but the reasons are painfully familiar. Ego...jealousy...words said in anger that weren't taken back in time. Wounds that could have been quickly healed with an apology, were instead left to fester in the unclean environment of bitter pride.

Time can make the original arguments seem silly, but still too massive to overcome. Twenty years...I've spent an irretrievable portion of my life denying the very people who's love and support made me who I am.

A few months ago, my mother took sick...and I knew, deep inside, it was time for me to go back home. For weeks, I imagined all the possible scenarios...icy stares and heated arguments. I prepared myself for the worst.

When I pulled up to my old house, all I could do was sit in that beat-up yellow taxi for twenty-eight minutes. It costs me an extra \$42, and I'm sure the cab driver thought I was crazy.