

# Away from home essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Chang ray lee's article " Coming home again" is extensively written about his relationship with his mother and his childhood home place which he left when he was 15 for studies, and how he feels about leaving his home, leaving his mother, leaving something for cause of another. He tells us details of his childhood character, always in the kitchen watching his mother cook good food for him and the family, one of his daily pleasures. His mother didn't leave him any recipe; this is how he learned to cook.

Chang also writes how dear he was to his mother although she often said no to him for many things, but still he was much too prized. His mother was so simple yet so multifaceted for him. He states incidents when there were some disputes between him and his mother. He wanted his mother not be confined in the walls but to face the everyday world. He thought may be the only thing she did was cooking, and he tried to change her but in vain. He learns how her mother feels bad about his going away from the house but still for a good reason.

She feels that his going away made him more self-dependent and grew his love for his mother. Everybody faces the phase of life when he or she goes out in the world leaving his or her parents for some reason. There is no discreet point at which one can decide that is it good or bad. Even I am away from home for more than a year.

I remember all of my childhood and teenage life when I used to be with my mother and father. Being the only son in the family I had all rewards. When my father works five days outside, my mother and I used to be the only two people in the house. In the noon when I used to come from the school my

mother would get up from the bed, a afternoon nap she used to take while she had nothing to do, as she cooked fresh for me. The first thing I did after coming from school is throw my school bag on the couch.

I would run into the kitchen without removing my shoes. I knew my mother would come yelling, to shoeing me out of the kitchen. Then she would scold me as usual to remove my shoes, take a shower, and keep my cloths in the closet. Then she would occupy herself in the kitchen. While I run into my room arranging my things.

I always enjoyed the food she cooked, and I realize how pleasant it was now when I am so far away. She always said me learn to cook cause it would be very helpful to me although I don't need to cook as long as she is there with me. In Indian family it is the wife or mother who does most of the house work. Many times she used to tease me that what will I do when I will get married and my wife wont be able to cook such food. At that time I used to ignore what she said, but however I had interest in cooking special dishes, sort of experimental. At times when I used to go out with friends for outings of picnics she would always be reminding whether I packed all the necessary things I need for the trip.

I always thought that she would do everything for me but, all times I found her yelling at me asking me whether I washed my undergarments, ironed my clothes, packed my toothbrush and soap. Sometimes I thought she is overcautious about me and thinks I am not capable of managing myself, and would shout at her telling that I am a big boy now and take care of myself and know what I need to do before I leave for the trip. After high school I

decided that I would do my engineering from the university in the United States. The day I told about my opinion my mother started acting very differently. She thought I would never be able to survive alone, especially without her. She said I would not be able to cook food for myself and due to all my mismanaged character it will be difficult for me to study at the same time.

In her opinion it was the stupidest of all ideas from me. But I was very serious about my decision after all I wanted to be the best of what I wanted to be. The day I got my visa my mother was very sad and started teaching me her recipes. She would first give a demonstration and then write it down in her diary. When I left my place and came to the USA I started thinking about how right my mother was about the difficulties I would face without her. From the very first time I started cooking my own food I realized that what I had cooked wouldn't even sell out for a penny.

Slowly I found that I was changing and was very careful with whatever I did. I found that my leaving to the United States was wrong decision, as I no longer had anyone like my mother to help me with all the things in daily life. But slowly I learned from experience to change my way of living to be self-dependent and self-supportive. It was a big change and I never expected something like that ever. Now every time I visit my parents, my mother always welcomes me like someone very important in the family, she appreciates the change in me. She says that I am away from home and that makes her very sad, but wherever I am and whatever I am doing does not makes much difference if it brings prosperity and success in my life.

She asks me about my studies and also what I cook daily. She asks me to cook for her, not because she does not want to cook anymore, but because she wants to confirm that I am capable of doing it. For me being away from home is always painful, despite what good it did to me. But then I admit the truth that there is one time when we need to leave our parents and step into the world to prove ourselves and learn how to survive. Moreover it strengthens the family relation.

If we want something we need to sacrifice another, deciding on what is more important for us. If a person can use the sacrifice in a practical way he would never lose anything in life and all his sacrifices will appear to be valuable and would return themselves one day.