

A childhood memory about the story of a street



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It is quarter before seven in the morning and my chauffer-driven vehicle hurried itself within the busy streets of New York. Although not restricted by the Bundy-clock system of reporting for work, it is already in my body and professional system to be at the office early in the morning and even before the whole workforce of the New York Times starts its typical workday. Yes, being the publisher and editor-in-chief of one of the prestigious print publications in the country definitely requires one to set work standards.

My focus was interrupted with a remark from my driver who said we have to make a detour because of a road construction. I responded with a simple nod and after few right and left turns, we were already traveling along a familiar street and it occurred immediately to me that we were in an old street and, I just recognized, an already closed elementary school.

Who could have best remember the street and said building, despite its worn-out structure and paints, than me? It is because once in my lifetime, I walked through this street as well as along the halls while studying inside the room of the now shut down St. John Elementary School which now sadly stands along this now idle street of Hudson. In fact, I used to be a part of this old, yet at that time, very well-known Hudson community.

I suddenly felt that my eyes are now filled with hot tears due to the reality that my first ever primary school is now a thing of the past. However, the sadness immediately turned into pleasure as I soon realized the pride it brought me. That is, being a former student of this school and the story behind the street of Hudson were the significant factors that led me to where I am now.

As my driver maneuvers the car through the traffic, I was instantly engulfed by my childhood memories of that old school where the initial phase of my education was developed and most importantly, of the story behind the Hudson street where my dreams were drawn. I no longer have in my sight the actual and current condition of my elementary school nor I could no longer see the used to be lively stretch of the Hudson Street but the memories were still vivid.

“ Mom, I’m afraid of this place” I recalled the then six-year-old child frantically said.

“ It’s alright sweetheart. We’re here at Hudson Street. Now look at this place and your friends, they are all wonderful and before you know it you’ll love this school,” assured the mother.

Sure enough, I did not only love the school or my friends or all the people I’ve met during my elementary school days but I also admired the gained knowledge and definitely adored not only the people of St. John Elementary School but most of all the warmth of the whole community that formed part of the street of Hudson.

While my primary school and its teachers taught me the fundamentals of elementary education, it is the people outside the school particularly the society along Hudson Street which I grew up with that mold my personality and eventually my ambition to become a well-respected print media personality.

And beyond recollecting the memories of St. John Elementary School and its people is my memory of Hudson Street itself. Even now that I am already few

blocs away from the said street, I can still recall the gentle wind during spring and even the warmth of the summer which are felt all throughout the street. Aside from the atmosphere, Hudson Street used to give off a distinct bliss to its regular visitor like me and offers sincere hospitality to those who just pass by.

There, opposite my school is the Hudson Chapel which houses those who are with spiritual needs. The enchanting plaza is just in the middle of the street and few meters from the corner of the street is my favorite ice cream store where a lovable woman, whom I fondly call Auntie Ann, sells me my favorite flavor of ice cream.

The reason why I am now remembering all the happy and warmth thoughts of Hudson Street is simply because the memories of such street inspired me to become what I am now and ultimately removed the fear of a child who has evolved into becoming a strong person.