

# Returning to my past

[Family](#), [Mother](#)



Returning to my past It wasn't just a house; it was a capacious, pastel, lemon colored house overflowing with numerous memories, accompanied by two spacious acres of land filled with a smelly horse stable and another small house with a gigantic RV next to it. It was everything that you could ask for, but it started to go downhill when her dad was diagnosed with a brain tumor. It was fifth grade and we had just gotten new seats. I sat right across from this extremely bothersome, chatty girl. I tried to ignore her but found it to be too difficult. We eventually started talking and she began to grow on me. We became really good friends until I met her sister who I clicked with. I mean don't get me wrong, I really liked my new friend, but I liked her sister more. Ever since then we became inseparable. They had a family of six; a mom, a dad, two boys, and two girls. I loved everything about her family; their brainless arguments over stupid things, their weirdness, and their craziness. Every time I visited their house, there was always an unexpected surprise or adventure that would arise. Some nights we would climb up onto the roof and we would talk for hours at a time, spilling all of our inner most secrets and worries. There were other nights also, where we would stroll along the backwoods admiring the stillness of the night. Most if not all of my memories came from her house. We had many memories in that house and I loved every single one, including the dreadful ones. I remember aimlessly wandering late at night through the itchy, insect filled trail behind her house, where we lay on the dewy grass for hours staring at the stars. I remember ignorant arguments we had over things such as " which cup of coffee is mine? ", " or you forgot to bring it again? ", but within ten minutes, we would forgive each other and be rejoicing again. The memories that brought me the

most joy were the most mischievous ones. I was often quite afraid her mother's veins would explode from all the yelling she did when we caused a ruckus, but in the end I think all the trouble we caused was worth it. That house meant so much to me and although I wasn't related to their family, I was a part of their family, and I know that house meant even more to my friend than to me. It was a safe haven. It was a place where we could sit on rainy days, sipping coffee and watching movies. It was a place where we could laugh, cry and share secrets. It was our home, and I was even there to experience the bad memories, like when she found out her grandmother died, and when they couldn't find her lost puppy named flora. It's crazy how fast things can change. Her dad was diagnosed with a brain tumor and six months later he is dead. Nobody expected it to happen as fast as it did. I remember that night so clearly. She was on the phone with me telling me that the nurse was calling, claiming that her dad was in the final stage. She told me she could hear him breathing from all the way up the stairs. It was not until then, that I realized how bad her father was. I lived only two minutes away and I wanted to be there so badly, so I could be there with her but I couldn't. I found out he had died the next morning. Even though he wasn't my dad, I felt horrible. Her dad was an amazing doctor and an even better husband and father. He has the kindest eyes and a great head on his shoulders. I think he was what kept them sane during most times.

Sometimes when the kids were having a bad day, he would comfort them by bringing big apple grins to their tear-stained faces. Most of the support in the family came from him. When he died they had to move, and it wasn't like they had any other choice. Visiting that house after all those times was like

visiting an empty shell. I can't describe exactly how it felt, but I missed that house terribly. Each room held a special memory, and leaving each felt like someone was ripping my heart apart. Before they moved, my friend and I painted all sorts of wonders in her room. Paint was splattered onto the walls, into all sorts of elements; Vibrant trees, hypnotizing eyes, silly faces, and much more. We never finished, but the whole point was so that we would not leave the house empty but instead, fill it with our most treasured memories to remember us by. I miss that house, and I continue to think about from time to time. It's funny how the smallest action can bring back an avalanche of memories from that house. Since then, her family has moved into a smaller, but nice house, and we continue to share memories. We often reflect back to the good times we had back then, and it brings much laughter and many smiles to our faces. She and her sister carry an urn of their dad's ashes in their room, and I can't help but know that he smiling upon them right as I speak. Sometimes it kills us to let things go, but eventually you have to in order to go on. Visiting that house was both physical and mentally painful, but at least I was able to move on.