

Memoir

[Linguistics](#), [English](#)



Memoir In my family, each member's birthday is a very important event, and there is a tradition that we celebrate birthdays at home. I do not even remember when this tradition was established; I guess it was before I was born. As long as I remember myself, it was only a couple of times that we did not celebrate birthdays all together at home for circumstances were just so. However, at one time that I celebrated my birthday not at home, in the bosom of my family, circumstances were not the key factor. In fact, it was my wish to do so.

One of my close friends and I have birthdays on the same day. Usually, I used to celebrate my birthday at home and only call my friend to wish him a happy birthday. One day, as we approached our birthdays, my friends suggested that we went hiking and celebrate surrounded by nature. That was a completely new experience for me, and I agreed. The only thing left to handle was to ask my parents whether I could do that. They allowed me to go hiking and celebrate my birthday with friends but they were upset because our tradition would be broken. I said I was old enough to decide how I wanted to celebrate. Now that I am recollecting that moment I deeply regret I said so.

On the day we went hiking, the weather was perfect, and I was cheerful and optimistic. I could not wait to halt, put up tents and start celebrating my friend's and my birthdays surrounded by nature around the campfire. I really enjoyed spending my special day with my friends; they gave us presents and said a lot of great words to us. They even managed to bring a small cake and light candles. Everything seemed to be perfect. I felt some discomfort though. At first, I thought it was caused only by the unfamiliar environment

for I that was the first hike in my life.

With some time passing, however, I understood what was wrong. I realized that it was not only the environment but people that made me feel that way. That discomfort was caused by the absence of my family and the atmosphere of a holiday that our house always has at such days. I have never really thought that our family ties are so strong. Also, I have never thought of myself as of a stay-at-home person. In fact, I have always thought I am not tied to my home and believed that I am able to leave it any time I want to do so. In reality, it appears that my family and the home we live in are the most important things in my life.

All these memories and feelings were inspired by photos which I tend to look through from time to time. When I opened the page with the photos of our family celebrations, I have understood that there is nothing more important for me than my home and that my emotional independence from my family is a fake.