

Reflections from my past:

[Experience](#), [Happiness](#)



Reflections from My Past: Actually, I made this short essay during our recollection last semester. Our facilitator at that time, made us watch a short video about a father and his son. It was actually a very touching story. Afterwards, he told us to reflect upon it and made a short essay which explains or narrates something about our past experiences. Thus, I have created this short essay. So, please enjoy reading it . . .(scan., scan..., scan...,) As I scan the wonderful memories I had in the past, I already started to cry :(. Tears were already falling from my eyes. I can't help it. They just remind me of the great, happy and sad moments I once experienced. Great memories are unforgettable and surely a thing to be treasured. To be honest with you, most of my wonderful memories came from my childhood days. From the memories my loving family had shared with, but now I seemed to forget. I once remember when I was just a child, my parents and I used to go to the church as a complete family. I'm the only child of my parents that's why their full attention was given to me. Yes! I remember it now! We were a happy family back then. Reconciling with God and sharing our love for one another. I always love going to church with them and every Sunday I was really full of joy. An innocent child with simple pleasures and happiness in life. Yes! That was once me but now as I try to reflect myself before and now. I just started to realize that I've already changed. My simple satisfaction of going to church with my family has gone. I was no longer that innocent child. But because of this recollection I started to regain my memory about that event and now I wanted to get back the old times the old times, wherein I was already satisfied and happy just being with them in the church. Maybe, it's not bad to change but for some reasons getting back something about

the past is not also bad. For me, it is a way to reflect myself as a person, as a daughter, and as an innocent child who had nothing more to ask. . . nothing more. . . nothing less :'(. *P. S. : Sorry for all the drama ...hehehe : P. My emotions got carried away while I was writing this essay so, I deeply apologize if you find it a bit emotional. Anyways, I'm just expressing myself so you can't blame me! Oh! By the way, I'm open for all your comments and questions but not criticisms. Okay! I repeat NOT CRITICISMS!