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Home

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I went home the other day, to the place where I grew up. The houses all looked the same--same colors, probably not the same people. Nothing was the same anymore. As I sat on what used to be MY front porch swing, I saw some boys playing step ball across the street I-wanted to join them. I wanted to explain that if the ball went over the hedges in my front yard, it was only a ground rule double. I wanted to tell them that if they hit the red brick columns on the porch, it was a homerun. They were playing all wrong. I wanted to yell at them, tell them they weren't playing right."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1992/iss1/46
I went home the other day, to the place where I grew up. The houses all looked the same—same colors, probably not the same people. Nothing was the same anymore. As I sat on what used to be MY front porch swing, I saw some boys playing step ball across the street. I wanted to join them. I wanted to explain that if the ball went over the hedges in my front yard, it was only a ground rule double. I wanted to tell them that if they hit the red brick columns on the porch, it was a homerun. They were playing all wrong. I wanted to yell at them, tell them they weren’t playing right.

As I swung back and forth, I was reminded of all the nights in high school that I sat on that swing, either alone or with my best friend, Kevin. I wondered whatever happened to him. Everyone thought for sure we’d get married—the perfect little Irish family and all. I looked up and saw his initials were still carved in the ceiling, something my father never saw, thank God.

That house holds so many memories of a loving family, my family. When my parents told me they were selling it as soon as I graduated from college, I was heart-broken. I tried not to be selfish. I knew in my head that it was just the two of them. But in my heart, I was screaming at them. “Why can’t I show my kids where I grew up? When we say we’re going to Grandma’s house, it won’t mean the same thing to my kids as it did to the other grandkids. What about Christmas?”

Christmas. The first Christmas out of the house was the worst. Sure, my mom still had the same ornaments for the tree—little ceramic angels, one with each family member’s name on it, a few pine cones and lots of red bows. “It’s tasteful and simple,” she’d say. It didn’t seem normal. Who has ever heard of a Christmas tree with pine cones in Florida? Certainly not any of their neighbors. Yea, Christmas was weird that first year. No snow, not that I’m fond of snow. But Christmas without snow is like Christmas in someone else’s home. And that’s the way it was for me that first year.

I wondered what my room looks like now. Once, it was covered in pictures of all my friends and family. I had posters of Mickey Mouse and James Dean and men without shirts. My mom used to tell me that I was the only person who could pull off that kind of combination. My room, my beautiful pink room, with its wall of shelves for all my books and figurines. And my closet, that was actually the size of an average bathroom, with my window seat. I could look into the backyard and into the park behind our house. I watched the boys playing basketball and heard them into the wee hours of the morning during the summer.

I was interrupted by the shouts of the boys playing. The ball landed within the hedges. I got up to retrieve it as they shouted and laughed. “HOMERUN!” I thought about telling them that it was only a ground rule double, but as I threw it back to them, I decided not to.