

What Hume Means to Me

Home.

For me, this word calls to mind memories of walking around my farm beneath a red-streaked sunset sky; of painting by the afternoon light of my west-facing window; of studying with my siblings; of laughter around the kitchen table; of joy, of peace, of hard work, and of a life well-lived.

This is what home means to me. And this is why leaving it freshman year was so hard. I wouldn't have those beautiful dusk walks or those wild conversations with my family every night. I wouldn't have my designated study spot at my kitchen table. I wouldn't have my piano, or my art desk, or my friend living next door. I was excited to move into a new phase of life, but deeply saddened to lose these things.

When I moved into Hume Hall, I was resigned to the idea that life would never again regain the peace and vitality of my childhood. The sheer cinderblocks of the dorm walls loomed, cold and impersonal, reminding me that I was not home, and my familiar bedroom was very far away.

But little by little, home has followed me here, revealing itself around Hume Hall, and helping me live and breathe in the same way I did as a child. Hume has given me a beautiful backyard to walk around when I'm feeling overwhelmed. It has provided me a huge amount of study spaces scattered throughout the complex. It has given me a community- two roommates I've come to know as sisters, and floormates who have become best friends. My room is now no longer forbidding, but comforting, the cinderblocks lovingly decorated with my art. After two years here, Hume has become a second home to me.

In this painting, I have tried to portray the famous façade of Hume Hall, but with elements reminding me of home. I have replaced the palm trees with the two sycamore trees that stand in my front yard, and I have planted blueberry bushes, which grow in my backyard, in front of the Hume Arches. The doors to Hume Commons resemble the French doors leading to my kitchen, and the trees enveloping the common area are reminiscent of the great oaks found around my farm. Even though Hume Hall has housed countless students, I have really been able to make it *my own*. And that is what Hume means to me: Hume, with all its rooms and fields and washing machines and cinderblocks, has become my home.

