

Home

By: Kathryn Anderson

In elementary school I was always told
That Home is where the heart is.

Home is where you feel welcomed,
Where you feel loved.

I believed it was crazy,
Unordinary, and cliché.
Home isn't where the heart is,
Its where my family was.

In middle school I was continually told
That home is where the heart is.

Home is where you feel welcomed,
Where you feel loved.

I felt that was still ridiculous.
Home is where my sisters and I argued,
Where my parents brought take out,
And where I could go to sleep with my family down the hall.

In high school that phrase was again present.
Home is where the heart is.

Home is where you feel welcomed,
Where you feel loved.

For 18 years, I heard this phrase repeated.
It was like a Hallmark card,
I'm pretty sure it is on a card somewhere,
Or a pot, or a mug, or a t-shirt.

Yet, it wasn't until I lived in Hume,
That I believed it.

Truly believed it.

The common room continually buzzing
With my friends, who I consider my family
Make Hume a home.

Eric continually smiling at me,
Offering me craisins,
Uplifting my spirits,

And telling me when I am wrong.
He is family.

Juliana getting my jokes,
Allowing me to say stupid phrases,
Laughs with me not at me,
And being my best friend.
She is family.

Izzy teaching me Jiu-jitsu,
Dancing with me at midnight,
Listening to classical music,
And teaching me Spanish.
She is family.

Jason, or JJ, exuding joy,
Always giving me a hug,
Being a friend to laugh with,
And offering me a shoulder to cry on.
He is family.

Diego pushing me to write better,
Always giving me hand hugs,
Going on one run with me (because I don't run),
And always saying I did good even when its false.
He is family.

Quang says out of pocket statements
That makes me smile on my worst day,
always asks me how my day is going,
and always tells me to have fun on my way out.
He is family.

Even Akhila and Anya,
Their humor always brightens my day,
They understand my jokes,
They make me feel heard.
They are family.

Back to that phrase.
Home is where the heart is,
 Where you feel welcomed,
 Where you feel loved.

I don't think it's as false
As I once presumed.

Home is where my heart is,
 Because Hume is where my heart is.
Home is where I feel welcomed,
 Because Hume is where I feel welcomed.
Home is where I feel loved,
 Because Hume is where I feel loved.

Hume is my home,
Where I found my family,
And where I am proud and excited
To start each day and end each night.

These people make it my home.

Family I used to believe was by blood,
But it's just a feeling inside.
If I feel safe, valued, and wanted
That is who and where my family is.

I unexpectedly found my family here,
At a top five institution,
But more specifically,
 in the Hume East,
 third floor,
 near side,
 common room.