

Life Choices

“Mom, dad, can you come down to the living room please. I need to talk to you guys about something.” I yelled to them from the living room. They came downstairs and sat on the opposite side of the couch as me. They looked at me as if I was about to tell them the worst news of their life. “I’m not going to transfer to Temple University anymore.” They were beaming with light. To them, that was the best news. My mom cried out of happiness, “Oh thank god, you give me a heart attack every time you go down there on the weekend, then I watch the news and see someone was shot one block from where you stay.” I nodded my head agreeing to a worried mother. I wasn’t sure whether the next thing to roll off my tongue was going to change the mood. “Instead, I’m going to move to Charleston, South Carolina. By myself.” My mom put her head into her hands, while shaking her head. My dad yells, “why would you do the same mistake your sister did, move out mid-college, by yourself. You see how lost she is in California. Why are you doing the same thing? You know she regrets a lot.” I explained, “I have a plan though, Danielle didn’t have a plan when she moved out to California. She just dropped out of DCCC and moved without anything planned.” Swallowing my tears, I told them that I would be moving to South Carolina, taking a year off from school and working to pay for my rent, once I live there for 12 months I will become a resident of South Carolina. Therefore, I would be able to receive in-state tuition for when I go back to college somewhere in South Carolina, preferably College of Charleston. My parents started to ease up and understand where I’m coming from. I wrote down the points I had to moving, I wouldn’t be losing college tuition in case I don’t like it and want to come home within the 12 months, it’s not as far as California, I have two friends in South Carolina so I wouldn’t be completely alone, I’d be working 24/7, I’d have my associates degree after this year of school, and I’d be finding who I am as a person and how to be on my own. They saw how I took it into my own hands, and they said they are proud of me. They believe in me and said if it’s what I want to do, then I should follow my dreams.

Delaware County is a trap in my eyes, if you don’t get out you’ll never get out. There is so much more to see and I don’t want to do what my parents did. They lived in Havertown which is where I live now, they’ve spent their whole life here and haven’t explored or taking risks or done something out of their comfort zones. I cherished all my memories here and I have the best friends and family, but it’s time for me to do something for myself. I’m so content with all the people I met and what I have done in my life and I’m ready for a new challenge. No one is stopping me and I’m ready to adapt to a new way of living. It’s scary to think I won’t have my 14 best friends to call and ask them to come over when I need them, or when i need my parents to help me with a payment or talk to them about what I’m struggling with. Each day something new pops up in my mind that I’ll be missing. Whether it’s all my families birthdays or all my friends 21st, it’s little thing that creep into my mind that makes me doubtful. I have to look on the brighter side though. I will be meeting new people, making new memories, I won’t be losing my family or friends. I have to stay positive. This could be where I spend the rest of my life, or meet someone I marry, or my new job for my career. It’s going to be all new beginnings for me. I’m looking forwarding to starting a new life.

I have a goal and I’m going to achieve it. I’m going to prove to everyone that you don’t have to follow the social norm of going to the same university for four years, earning your degree and getting a job. I’m going to find out who I am first and move on with my life.

When this theory of moving first came into my mind I did not tell anyone besides my sister. In hindsight, my sister's boyfriend was the one to introduce the idea of the residency to me, but she was the first person I told. He didn't finish four years of college at Temple University and has been working since he dropped out. He sat me down and asked what I was doing next year and I said probably going to Temple. He was like, "Meg, you're there almost three times a week, don't you do and see the same people every week?" I agreed and said, "yes, I feel like I've already been at Temple for four years. But I don't know what else I want to do." He explained the residency idea and the loopholes with that and it was like a light bulb in my head. My eyes brightened and I never felt that way about something I wanted to do before. It was like something in my brain clicked and I saw a future for myself. I researched everything I could about it and I fell in love with the idea more and more. It was like a whole new world opened up for me. No one else could make it happen besides me, so I was determined to do this. I didn't formally tell any of my friends first, I would only tell them if they asked me what my plans were for next year. Slowly, one by one found out and I didn't receive the best reactions. Everyone was happy for me but a lot of them confused me by saying how much I'm going to miss everything. It's hard to think about what and who I'll miss, I try to look at it like what I'll be doing and the new people I meet.

Each day eats me alive with emotions ranging from nervous to excited. I think my biggest fear or problem I'll face is not getting along with people. I'm used to being around people that can relate to me and the area I live in. This is like me being born again. I have to meet all new people, adjust to their accents and language, how they do everyday things, what's right and wrong to do, the weather, or if I'll fit in. I'm worried about "what if's" mostly, just bogging up in my mind of what I should've done or what if I stayed back home. I talk to my family and friends about it and they remind me that I can't think like that. Their support helps me get through those deep thoughts.

As I make further plans about getting an apartment or job, my family and friends have been supportive the closer it gets.. My dad gave some pointers on what job would be best for steady income to pay rent. My mom said that she will help me move in and take me shopping once we get down there. My sister offered to spot me some money just to help me get off to a strong start. For my birthday, my brother got me a South Carolina bracelet and a book all about South Carolina and where interesting places to go are. My other sister gave me all the advice she could about moving away from our family and what to do so I don't regret anything. My friends promised me they will all visit me. During the summer, my family said they would vacation down South. It seems like it will all work out for me.

This life decision could be my best or worst decision. Questions overpower my brain contemplating if I'm making the right decision or not. Am I going to be happy? Will I find myself? Am I wasting my time? These questions won't be answered until I come across them physically. Regret is creeping up on me every second of the day, but my mind needs to stay focus and I need to be confident in my decision. In life, decisions to better yourself can happen only if you make it happen. It's all in your own hands. You single handily can do anything out of the ordinary, you don't need to follow these social norms. I'm taking a risk and I'm proud of it. My adjustment down South will only be up to me. I will see where my journey takes me.