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Far From Home "Sack Lunches to Suitcases"

By Tommy Miers



Tommy Miers

Tommy Miers is a 2009 Miramonte grad on his way to Chapman University; the following is the first in a series of columns sharing his experiences as he heads 'far from home.'

As the dog days of summer wind down, I watch from afar as the families in my neighborhood struggle to remove the "Swim Fast Max!" or the "Go Waves" engraved in their windows in yellow and green car paint. All the while, the visions of sack lunches, freshman hazing, and "all-nighters" (to finish some horrendous history project) seem to inevitably loom in the near future. While it may be the fear of starting high school, the anticipation of finally being able to drive a car to school, or the stress of starting to think about college applications, the road back to school seems to always bring a palpable excitement into our homes. However, for many others and myself there is a much different feel in the air. Instead of the freshman hazing, it's the freshman 15, instead of sack lunches it's a 3-foot mini fridge, and the idea of an "all-nighter" might not be completely related to schoolwork anymore. Living in Orinda has undoubtedly prepared me for the academic rigors of college, but how could it ever prepare me for what is to lie outside of the classroom? It will be like nothing I have ever experienced before to wander into a Safeway and not know at least half of the families shopping inside. Or, to walk into a classroom and not have

my last name read aloud with either delight or despair by a teacher who has already made up his or her mind based on my older siblings. It is this idea of finally being alone that seems to overwhelm me more than freshman hazing or college applications ever did.

Although it may seem like fear and uncertainties cloud the lives of my peers and I, now is more of a time for rejoice than anything else. It started when we were young playing recreational soccer, baseball, and 7 a.m. swimming. It continued to build throughout tri-city dances and made the transition from AIM to Myspace to Facebook along with us. In the weeks to come, these bonds that we have formed will get packed away tightly in the suitcases and cars around Lamorinda, and eventually find a new home wherever we may be. For we may be far from home, but the world of sack lunches, freshman hazing, and "all-nighter's" has left an indelible footprint on our lives.

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