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Far From Home A Visit Home

By Tommy Miers



Tommy Miers is a 2009 Miramonte grad at Chapman University; the above is the third in a series of columns sharing his experiences as he begins an adventure 'far from home.'

Cal had already lost pitifully to Oregon, and I knew from the start that the game against USC would not end up any differently. But strangely the game was the last thing on my mind. A voicemail suggesting that I come home for the Cal vs. USC football game left me feeling like I was holding the golden ticket. When I arrived at the airport and was greeted by friends whom I had known since I was a little kid, it began to sink in how much I missed home.

The second I returned to school I wanted to turn around and get back on the first plane home. Because here at Chapman I have to worry about classes, my fraternity, even whether or not I'll have enough meals left to eat by the end of the week; while at home everything seems so easy.

But as I walked up the three flights of stairs to my room and reluctantly put my bags down, I heard the sound that has become all too familiar to me. It is the voices of my suitemates, casually insulting each other until they realize that I'm back. They rush across the bathroom that joins our rooms, shirtless (as usual; it's southern California), with the widest grins on their faces; eager to inform me of all the things I've missed. After continuing to insult each other for a few more minutes, they then begin to ask me about what it was like going home. It is then, in these brief moments, when I realize that somehow I truly missed this place.

As much as we wished that schoolwork would change in college, it is still a challenge. In the same way, old best friends are still best friends, drama is still drama, and parties are still parties. Sometimes all it takes is remembering that I'm not in this alone. Whether it's Andrew, Connor, Colin, or anyone else; the struggle to find yourself again in a whole new world is apparent in all our lives. As much as I can't wait for the lazy days of summer with my best friends at the pool, I know there is still a part of me that will miss the comfort of room 334, where I gaze across the Los Angeles sky as the fireworks of Disneyland launch into view night after night.

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