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## Far From Home "The Inevitable Goodbye"

By Tommy Miers



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

broken elevators.

Now that the parents are finally gone, things have calmed down and the true personalities are starting to show. Groups of friends are inevitably forming, but we all know that this is just the beginning and that it will take a while to form real friendships. Making these new friendships is equally as important as keeping in touch with the old ones. Whether it be through text, Facebook, or one of Colin Cramer's video messages it's always nice to have that reminder that I'm never that far from home.

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It is 4 a.m. and I'm jolted awake by the sounds of blow horns tearing through the walls all around me. As I sit up in bed, my eyes adjust to an unfamiliar sight of bare walls that seem to be closer to me than they have been for the past 18 years. But as my mind calms, I realize for the first time, that this place is nothing to be afraid of, it is simply my new home. However it is a home where the upperclassmen have apparently decided to run down every single freshman dorm hall in the school with bullhorns at four in the morning. The cacophony was our unofficial welcome to the first week of school. While I was welcomed with blow horns, many of my friends had much different experiences: Whether it was Andrew who is adjusting to University of Arizona without knowing anyone or my friends back at DVC learning what it's like to be so close to home but feel so far away, every freshman experience is unique.

People claim that saying goodbye to your old friends is the hardest part about beginning college. But probably the most daunting task of them all is simply reaching across the dorm hall to introduce yourself to new ones. "Move-In Day" was a definite leveling of the playing field: no one here really has a "past" and we all start without a reputation following us from elementary school.

Every freshman got to see every other freshman with overstuffed Target bags filled with the essentials of college life, and of course the parents who are biting their lips to keep from crying. Regardless of the dorm or the room our faces all turned red with either embarrassment caused by our over-concerned parents or the 98-degree heat and