



## Go HOME

We thoroughly enjoyed the movie *A Dog's Way Home* recently and still have fond memories of Bella's adventures. It was chock-full of classic challenges, close calls and heartwarming connections. There were sad moments, scary moments, exciting moments and of course a happy ending. It made me think about going home. We recently attended a multi class reunion in Cary, NC, where I grew up. It was awesome visiting with classmates I have known since childhood, revisiting old memories and reconnecting through new shared experiences, while one of our buddy's band belted out our favorite tunes. It felt like home even though we were in a local tavern. The best part was spending Saturday at the Cary pool where I grew up competing on the swim team, diving off the board and perfecting my flips and tricks. Summer meant living on hot dogs, freeze pops and Cornies, walking to cheerleading practice in the sweltering heat, and hanging out at the ballpark chewing big wads of Super Bubble, eating green snow cones and showing off our tans. Those were the days my friend. There was even a little league ball game going on next-door at Franklin Field, where I used to play softball myself. A food truck in the parking lot was a modern addition and made our day complete. We were in no rush to return to the island, which we both found a little surprising.

Last week we headed to Hildebran where my husband was raised and enjoyed his favorite hot spots like Burke

County High School football stadium and Curley's Fish Camp where he remembers mixing coleslaw in a giant trashcan with his arm. We picked up mom in Claremont and headed for the hills of West Jefferson, where our sister and her husband plan to retire. So many homes, so little time.

Home is not as much a place as it is a feeling we carry in our hearts. We even felt at home rolling into our favorite Fairfield Inn at 2:30 am, where we checked in to our ground floor family friendly room with backdoor access to the fitness room, pool and breakfast. 'Who lives like this?' we often ask each other, and the answer is always the same: WE DO. Like a church, home is not a structure, but a community of camaraderie, a feeling of warmth, acceptance and love. Most people have several homes over the course of their lifetime. Having grown up in the same house from childhood to college, moving to a new home always seemed exciting and glamorous. Yet when my friends move from where we live now I can't help wondering why? Times change, people change, things change, but one thing stays the same: You can always go home, even if only in your heart.

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