

Back at home, recalling memories

Written by Julius Cesar F. Morada

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I was inspired to write this essay by a Simaranhon, my native fellowman, who wrote an article in a website. I thought that it was better to express your love to you native land in writing an essay that to just comment what the others have said about it. When I'm planning to write this, I have remembered my past days that was full of love, hatred, success, and failure. Those days, I have said to myself, have constructed me to become a better person. As the time passed, I have visited those memories I have collected in my stay at there like my spent time with my neighborhood, classmates, teacher, and to my crush.

Now, while I'm writing it, a smile appears to my face when I remember my first year Araling Panlipunan teacher. The first thing that reminds me of her is my credits. I do have credits at her because I ate snacks at their house every afternoon. And all I can say is, she has a great talent in cooking and her food was really great. As the other students said, teachers are our parents inside the four corners of the classroom; this teacher of mine was my mother not only in class but also outside. She was the only person who I shared my problems and she shared hers. Those things are the main factor that made me missed her. And we created a lot of memories.

Then, I remember my beloved friends. One of our best memories was when we enjoyed swimming at the crystal clear sea while eating raw mangoes. One of my special friends was Christy Rocafort. The day that I saw her, I felt something and then I realized that I have a crushed on her. In her stay at Simara, she has experienced severe rashes. Instead in leaving

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her alone, I've been there for her in times she needs me. I always visit her to give comfort. When the time has come, I want to courtship her but her father said that it's not the right time so I have to wait. But the time that I need to leave, it's the worst day of my life. I missed her a lot.

I have studied there since day care until First year then I have transferred here in Manila. Studying there helps me to cultivate what I have, those talents I have now were first discovered when I was there. My school was inspiring to its students, there was good govern in my school days. A lot of my friends have studied there so we see each other and spend more time.

Simaranhon were very kind, respectful, helpful, humble, and very caring to what they have, the island of Simara. Hoping in these coming years, Simara will be known for its inspiring and stunning beauty.