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A First Generation Goodbye

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A First Generation Goodbye

MADIE NEELY

"See you tomorrow"

quickly turned into "see you next month," and before I knew it, "see you next month" began to sound like "see you next year."

Will it ever stop, I wonder? Will this separation ever come to an end, or will it continue until I say my final goodbye?

I want to make *you* proud. To see you smile at me through the screen. For you to speak about me to our family over dinner.

I want to make *everyone* proud. To take the path not traveled before. To break the narrative that is tied to us.

I want to make *myself* proud. To wear my graduation gown and smile as I hold up

my degree. To prove to myself that I could become the exception.

But saying goodbye never gets easier. And every time I come back, the separation grows larger. Not just in distance, but in something else profound.

I wish I could share it with you and give you half of what you spent your life giving me. I wish I could bottle it up and let you feel the journey I've been on.

But I will continue to say goodbye. I will continue until I have lived a life that is rich enough for the both of us. I will continue until I have honored your sacrifices. I will continue until...

"see you next year" starts to sound like "I'll see you soon, I'm on my way home."