

A Personal Narrative of When I Moved..... Again

I used to live in the small state of Rhode Island and the city of East Providence. I had lived there for almost my whole life and had tons of friends and family not even ten miles away! Well at least it felt like that... My family and I went to a large church in Seekonk Mass, My mom and dad were both in the choir so we would have to get up real early to get there in time for them to practice. Church started at 8:00 every morning and ended at 1:00 every Sunday morning.... and that was just the first service! Second service started right after the first ended so I had to get picked up from children's church right away so we could get out in time. It was a rush...

We owned a pretty big house in my perspective but that was probably because I was smaller then. My sister and I would play in our back yard which took up the space of three houses and sometimes we would play in our front yard which was right next to a bike path and would ride our bikes or scooters or go rollerblading on it. My dad worked at a boat company called Hinckley Yachts and sometimes would take us on rides when he tested out boats for his costumers. Once in while he would have customers like Martha Stewart and he would work on their boats for them. My mom worked at our church's office and would order props for events like VBS and the church school. I went to that school for kindergarten and second grade. The rest of the years I was home schooled... or office schooled. When my mom was fed up with trying to get us to do school while she was working she dropped us off at our friends house to go to school with them, because they were home schooled too.

After a few years I had found out we were moving. I was really nervous because I had never actually made friends before. All the friends I had, I had grown up with. So the thought of having to go out and "make" friends was kind of hard to do. But when we moved to our new house in Maine it didn't take long to have found a new (small) church and some new friends! Our new house was in the town of Bass Harbor which was on Mount Desert Island. You could fit the whole state of Rhode island in that one part of Maine! I didn't get outside much when we moved because there were so many mosquitoes! I still look paler then I did in RI and I'm much more tired and can't run or bike as far as I used to... but that's what happens when you don't get exercise. There were a lot of animals there including deer, moose (which I never got to see) coyotes, and the occasional bear but thankfully I only saw footprints of those.

We lived there for two years and I was still trying to get used to my new home, when my dad called me into the living room. Then he told me of an email he had gotten from his uncle Lou who owned a cattle farm in Virginia. He said that God

was telling him that he should choose my dad to be the new manager since the previous one was moving away. He also said that part of the pay would be the farm house that the previous manager lived in and that he would pay for any repairs needed! Which I think might be a lot.

While I listened to my dad I was in shock. Part of me was jumping for joy! And the other part wanted to curl into a ball and cry. I had just gotten here and made friends and now I had to leave them again! While I was zoning out thinking this through I heard the dead line... we had to be there in less than three months!!! That was when I woke up... we would have to start packing today!! Sure not all of our other boxes were unpacked, but still! Two more years of stuff! I was a little overwhelmed.

When we had packed up everything from our house in Maine we had a family from RI come up for a few days and pack the boxes into the moving truck. Once that was finished, we all left for RI to stay there for a week which felt like home to me. After a week passed by I still didn't get to see any of my old friends because my cousin's spoiled rotten daughter took up ALL of my time and as you can probably tell I'm still very angry about that. (sorry mom if your reading this but it's the truth) We finally got back on the road. Yes we drove down that's why we stayed in RI for a week. It took about ten or twelve hours to get to Virginia. When we got there we stayed overnight at my great uncle's house or "mansion" if you will. Then we went to our "new" new house and waited for the truck to arrive with our stuff. When it did arrive, we opened it up, took out all the boxes, set up my room and almost all the other rooms in under three hours! And I thought our church in RI was a rush...

After a week or two I had explored almost everywhere on our HUGE property, I'm talking three hundred something acres!! Of course we didnt own it, my great uncle did, but we lived on some of it so... yeah.

After a few more days we set up our internet, then came the TV and DVD players, and then finally the cable. Yes!!! It felt like forever since we had it! But it was really for only a week or two.

We found a church that was even bigger than the church in RI that I liked it but I'm not sure about the rest of my family. I want to sign up for a winter camp there having already!

Now I'm starting to get settled in and hopefully I won't have to move ever again.... or at least until I get my own house but definately in the same state this time.

Unless its in Florida.

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