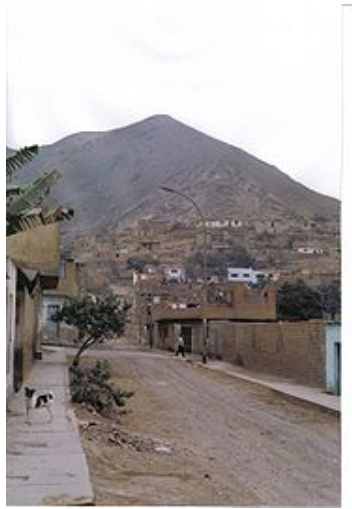


My Beloved Neighborhood

By Esther Lizana



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Comas_Lima.jpg

My neighborhood: that beautiful city where I was born and I lived all my happinesses and sadnesses until right before I came to the United States is called Collique. I am writing and my memories return to me just like when I walked along those paths that directed me to the store of the Lady Chili; to the bakery of the location where they baked some delicious cakes; and to its people who were so warm and good; but above all a “cream house” that remained at the same corner on the avenue where I lived.

I am writing and I imagine all my family seated at the table devouring a delicious meat casserole like the ones that we had when there was a birthday, and I cannot contain the tears that fall from my face. But also I know that some day I can expect to see my family again. I’ll return to my neighborhood and I will find myself with my darling family in my neighborhood Collique.

At times I ask myself, was it worthwhile to have come to a country so far away? It is a country that has given me many opportunities and much satisfaction, but at the same time I am left with emptiness and a deep hole in my heart.