

Lannie Rivas

Once More to Saint Rose

I was around the age of 11 when I used to live in the village of Saint Rose in Quebec, Canada. After a few years, my parents decided to move back to Los Angeles where my dad's side of the family lives. After a year or two, my mom began to miss her family so we decided to take a two week visit back to Quebec. We traveled by plane, which was obviously really convenient compared with when we used to travel by car (It would take us 7 days by car). It was very nice of my aunt to let us stay at her house for two weeks. We arrived and settled in, then decided to visit our old house in Saint Rose. Saint Rose seemed to be very different from what I remembered.

My parents and I drove around for a while until we arrived to our old house in Saint Rose. It changed quite a bit; I didn't even realize we had arrived. I was shocked when I didn't recognize my old neighborhood. I looked around and realized a few stores and buildings were torn down. I was disappointed when I looked around and didn't see the old ice cream shop I always used to go to. My old house was about the same but the street was very different and not as joyful as how it was.

Saint Rose is known for its antique stores, houses, and burgundy brick streets. I remember when I would walk around and pretend I was in an old black and white movie. My favorite place to go to was the ice cream shop. I was bored in my house when my mom first took me to the ice cream shop. I would usually get the cookies and cream or

cookie dough ice cream and my mom always got the vanilla and strawberry ice cream. We would collect stamps after every ice cream to eventually receive one for free, which was extra delicious due to it being free. There was also a library in front of my house but it was torn down just like my dear old ice cream shop.

While my parents and I drove up the street, I felt as if my younger spirit was still there. My imagination wondered and I saw myself on a bike riding alongside our car. When I lived there, there were times I would pick up my bike and ride around my block. I loved the sensation of having no worries and feeling the air running through my hair. It was a treat to look at everything there was on my old street; the antique houses and old fashion trail ways were eye-catching. It was still nice after we revisited, but it just didn't feel the same

It was a disappointment to see how much my old neighborhood had changed. When visiting, I was expecting to see everything exactly how it was when we left. After seeing how much my old street changed, all these memories started coming back to me. I felt like I was in my childhood again, until I snapped back into reality and faced the facts: nothing stays the same.