



A Rec

Dear Rec,

Where I liked and disliked growing up. A free place to run into the fields, a place where tons of kids skinned their knees, a place where the droplets of water would splash out of a 10- holed pipe. Where throwing water at each other and chasing each other was a game. A place where smiles widen and droplets of water your eyes created ran down your face.

I memorized your entire address and how to get there. You walk to the end of the block, pass the big tree that has cherry blossoms, then make a right turn to the fire hydrant and walk two blocks down near the daycare center and there you reside.

A place where racism, segregation, and sexism evaporates into the air. A place where financial situations are not factors into the community. But people are blinded by your background. Almost like a portal into a new world. This new world is filled with different types of people. White, Black, Hispanic, Carribean, Indian you name it! Everyone unites and gets along just fine. You eat off the kindness of your Rec mates. You learn life skills that carry you during your stay there. Given to me by the one above, THE REC.

Sincerely,

A rec mate