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## "I'm there for you"

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“I’m **there** for you”.

A home: what seems like an insatiable desire for the better part of our population.

Seemingly nuanced, and yet so simple. Such a cloudy outlook has surely delayed many in their search for self-fulfillment. What these certain people take too long to accept, is that they will forever be their one true home. Never will there be anyone that feels more ‘you’ than you.

Still, as social creatures, we yearn for a sense of stability, as we surround ourselves with so many others. Seeking relationships, some are lucky enough to find a genuine connection with another person. To obtain the security initially sought out, they must both make a subconscious commitment to remain ‘there’ for the other. They form a place within one another’s consciousness, beliefs, adorations, and soul. Often referred to as, ‘holding space’ for each other, we form something of a home, within our minds. As we revisit, we remember simple things about one another. This allows for a release of the stress attached to providing context or fresh introductions to significant circumstances in our lives. When we reference something, especially personal, it is an ultimate comfort to have another listen and immediately understand.

Physical places can also offer this sort of intimacy. Kya, in Delia Owen’s *Where The Crawdads Sing*, for example, found a space she could return to, against any odds. ‘The marsh’, as she called it, assured Kya that despite wherever she has been, or whatever she has experienced, it has held space for her. If she chooses to return, she can do so, certain that the life and soul within the marsh has held steady.

While we, and Kya, all share the truth of inborn self-reliance, it bears no guarantee of security. So, it is natural, and respectable, that we have sought homes within other beings.

After all, the common factor between a true interpersonal relationship, and Kya's marsh, is a dependability, that the place held will always be open to a revisit.

Along with the fleeting nature of circumstance, it is reasonable for many to find new 'places' to depend on. Personally, I am a child of three separate countries. Not officially, but it is indisputable with regard to matters of the heart. My first twelve years were spent in the United Arab Emirates. Worlds away from my home country Lebanon. A 'home country', which I only spend about two months visiting each summer. Five years ago, my family moved to the United States. With no relatives here, the two months I spend in Lebanon every year have become a transitional space between the many variations of my life.

My family from the UAE, come back to Lebanon every summer, same as I always have. Often, they reference memories, for which I would have been there, if I had not immigrated. Every time, I am forced to imagine myself in the background. Against my greatest efforts, my mind immediately positions me within the story, and I can do nothing but embrace it. For it feels absolutely natural, and it proves to me that the place which I have so longed to revisit, is entirely present within the people and characters that have eternally dominated my memories of it.

Certain, telling, habits have repeatedly revealed this reality to me. Whenever I dream of where I have previously lived, it is instinctive that I imagine myself at whatever age I am at that moment, interacting with all of the people from these respective places, at their current ages. In spite of my absence from the UAE, since being twelve years of age, familiar dynamics have pushed through. The places I have found, within people, are timeless; unaffected by the countries and cultures that have pulled us apart. There forever remains a promise of security, and a gratitude fastened within it.

Whoever it may be, if significant enough, any space we have held for each other is immediately revitalized, and turned into a home, upon our reunion. Although such a bond is most often found within other humans, simply due to our prevalence, there surely remains a prospect of reliability through inanimate objects. While not human, the marsh had a life of its own. Filled with living creatures, Kya also shared the comfort brought on by predictable dynamics.

Another, personal, example is a teddy bear that I was gifted at birth. It has followed me around my whole life, and every so often, I pull it out of the back of my closet. Upon a glance, I recall the extent of my whole life. What has passed, and what will come. Memories of all the other times, and stages of life, at which I have admired this teddy bear, come rushing back. It serves as a reminder that against all that comes and goes, our individual lives are the only ones we lead. Being tangible, this teddy bear has, profoundly, been able to hold space for this eternal truth. Almost ironically, proving the need for a balance between self reliance and validation through the security a 'place' provides.

The marsh, being a part of nature, is the ultimate display of the aforementioned reflection. As we, humans, will come, and soon go, we have been fated to live surrounded by giants that eternally precede us. Offering the purest form of affection, in the shape of permanence, and security. It comforts us as we deal with the reality of our hectic search for one true home.