

I Know What I Am Supposed To Do

I saw a broom resting in a doorway of a store. Its owner was probably interrupted from finishing this very mundane and repetitive chore. However, I no longer look at brooms as my enemy. I now get this warm inviting feeling and a moment of realization. I now realize that that broom represents my life's mission.

The broom represents to me my life of service. This once hated household chore is now something I glory in. As a teacher and life traveler my mission is now to "sweep out" darkness, and despair out of the dark musty corners of Life. It does not matter to me anymore that I have to re-sweep and re-clean that corner again. It is the job that a teacher must do. A teacher must repeat the lesson, repeat the sayings, and continue to love the same annoying and/or wonderful student.

My life's mission is not grand or glorious in terms of history—or is it? Hmmm!

*Sonia Varra
Writing Fellow*