

## Where I Am From

My roots are from a house divided, but two hearts united, two parents with the intent of nurturing their only child. While they couldn't find love for each other, they would forever be held together by a son.

My desire comes from that which I cannot achieve. It is from things that no one in their right mind would want. My desire is from what I define as an evolved theory of optimism. For those who question why I would long for these that are out of my reach, I simply answer that I will only be content when I am striving for something more.

My respect is from my father, who spent *his* high school career in a southern military school. With every question he asks I crisply respond yes sir or no sir. But respect, after all, is more than just a formality; it is an active part of everyday life. One of my favorite sayings is that you must first respect yourself before you can respect anyone else. Speaking for myself, I know that I have respect from Where I Am From.

My faith is from that which I cannot see. It is placed in more than just God. It is placed in all the people around me. My faith is put in my doctor, and that he will correctly diagnose me. It is placed in my teachers, that they will teach me to the best of their abilities. Like most of us I put faith in people everyday without knowing. Does this make me an optimist? I certainly don't believe so, I simply believe this makes me, like a certain Anne Frank, have faith that people are mostly good.

My purpose...is unknown. What is known is that I will forever attempt to make my purpose whatever my better this world.

**Poem by: Sam Barkley, High School Freshman**

**\*\*\*Kathy McHugh's brilliant nephew who has been *Passing On Hope* to her and the world for 15 years...and counting.**