



I find this post and event particularly relevant in light of my own anniversary and the rethinking of the decisions that brought me to today

Unlike Louie, this has a more immediate and gut wrenching feeling to me. Will my kids (if any) or my partner know Chile like I did, more, less. Do I ever know the Chile of today versus the Chile I know and the Chile I remember.

I was an adult when I moved to the US and mom was already here... but it

was a learning experience, not always fun but certainly a necessary one. It has forced me to grow and accept things that haven't always been on my list of things to deal with and accept.

Subo al techo a ver el huracán
Y me senté a esperar
Y sin pensar
Saco fuerzas de donde no hay
Dejo mi mente en libertad
Vagabundear

Y, sin pensar – Miguel Mateos

But things change and not always in ways you'd expect them to. I don't know if I was really ready to deal with Chile 5 years after I left... I don't know if I want to be ready to deal with Chile 24+ years after I left.

No, I don't regret the choice of leaving. I do question the choice of not returning. Part of me is at peace with the 20+ extra years I've spent in the US and part of me regrets the missed events and the missed friends.

As Neruda says in Poema 20: "Nosotros los de entonces ya no somos los mismos", "We of that time are no longer the same". I've reflected on how much and how differently we've all changed over the years. Those I knew when I was in high school and college have changed in ways I don't think I'd ever recognize today.

Weddings, children, moves, more children... there's a lot of things that I wasn't there for and I've always wondered how many of those things would have actually had an impact on my life growing up had I decided to go back?