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Dreams

By Caitlin Boyenton

No matter who you are or where you're from, everyone has a dream of some sort. These dreams can range from traveling to simply taking a first step. My dreams are simple. All I have ever wanted from life is a family of my own. Some people have it easy growing up, and while I'm not saying it couldn't have been worse for me, it definitely wasn't easy. My family has always been a little challenging. Things have certainly improved for me, but I don't want my children to have to worry about anything, no matter how minor it may seem.

Growing up, my family and I moved around a lot. My mom was working, and my father stayed home to do drugs with his buddies; he wasn't the best man to be around. I don't know why my mom stayed with him for so long. I think she was afraid to leave. To this day I still have no idea how my mom managed to support four kids and his bad habits, but she never stopped trying. Since she was the only one with a job, paying rent wasn't easy, which is why we moved so much. I don't remember ever finishing a year out at one school until we moved to Hinton. My dad left my mom when I was around nine, consequently causing my mom to get a second job. Around this time she also decided to start going back to school leaving me to care for my younger siblings. In my heart I know that she only did it for the greater good of the family, but I wouldn't want my children to worry about something like that. Taking care of those kids wasn't easy, and because of it I never really had a childhood. I learned to grow up really fast. I'm always going to do my best to make sure my family is taken care of, no matter the cost.

It wasn't always bad though. When I was eleven, my mom met what would soon be my stepfather. He has been such a blessing to our family. I don't quite know where we would be without him. Since marrying, my mother has not had to work a single day. He has done everything in his power to make sure she gets to spend as much time with us as she possibly can. She finally gets to be a part of our lives, which is great for my younger sib-

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lings. Unfortunately, now I work and have other obligations. Even though I
don't get a lot of quality time with my mom, spending any time with her is the
absolute best feeling I have ever felt. Knowing I now have a shoulder to cry
on if I ever need it is indescribable. I can see how much it hurts her when she
thinks about how much she missed out on. I don't want that. I want to be
there every second my child says my name.

All of this is why I crave a family of my own so desperately. I want
the opportunity to raise children of my own because my mom didn't have the
chance to raise me. It may not make sense in the minds of others, but it's all
that has ever made sense to me. It's like I need the chance to make something
that someone else can't break. The family I had growing up was broken. I
need the chance to make one that isn't. My children will never have to worry
about whether or not they will have dinner or if they will get to finish the se-
semester with the friends they try so desperately to make year after year. I will
always spend quality time with my children because I feel that it is a vital part

of growing up. More than anything, I am going to give my children a life
that they don't have to recover from.

Everyone has a dream or two of their own. Some are a little more
far fetched than others, but I feel like none is impossible. Mine comes from
the heart. It's something that I'll carry with me for the remainder of my
life, no matter how long that may be. A family that has time for each other,
one that cares—that's my dream. As simple or as complicated as it sounds,
that's it. Whether I will have the opportunity to obtain this dream or not I
do not know. What I do know is that I'll never stop trying, because any
dream is possible, so I'm definitely going to give it my best shot.