Another semester draws to a close, the snows move in, and it’s time for a relaxing winter holiday.

And here I am freaking out like it’s the end of the world.

I mean, in some ways it is. I’ll be graduating in May (unless I royally screw something up) and that’ll be the end of my UMass and undergraduate world. People keep telling me “You can always go to grad school, though!” and “You don’t need to ever stop learning,” along with similar platitudes. While that may be true, I still get the feeling that things will never be the same.

Even if I go straight to graduate school, I will no longer be living in dorms with friends. I will have different academic and living expectations. I will not have the flexibility in course selection that I have now. Even my history professor said that the culture itself really changes. She said that it can still be fun, but it’s not the same.

And that’s what I’m afraid of, I guess. Things not being the same.

I haven’t been so scared of change since I was a little kid moving from New Mexico to Massachusetts. Leaving all of my friends in high school was sorrowful and scary, but I knew that I still had great things ahead of me in college.

Now, I don’t know what’s waiting for me.

No one seems to talk about what happens right after you graduate college. Maybe that’s because it seems to be different for everyone. Regardless, I’m terrified of what will happen because I have almost no clue as to what could happen. I’ve had a course set out in front of me my entire life, more or less, that I have had control over with guidance from my parents and peers. Now it feels like I’m being cut adrift.
My parents say I shouldn’t panic like this.
My teachers say I shouldn’t panic like this.

**My rational mind** says I shouldn’t panic like this.

But I still do.

I’m calming down now. I can see that the options aren’t nearly so bleak or few as they seem, but that doesn’t make the process much less confusing or frightening.

And so I keep finding myself taking refuge in the memories I’ve made while at UMass. While they can make me sad, knowing that those are good times gone, I still smile at them.

I will always have those memories with me. At least that part of my life will never change.

Song of the Week: Well, the song should be self-explanatory. Also, can someone please explain to me why Nickleback gets so much crap in the first place? It’s better than the country or rap trash that most people listen to, at least.

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**Blog Column:**
**Love, The Old Man**

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