Love, The Old Man: Not So Far Away

It’s weird to think that we can stay connected with people over thousands of miles.

As I’ve mentioned before, my father sends me occasional emails, just chatting and telling me about life back home. Even though I haven’t seen him in months and the two hundred miles between us might as well be two thousand, it still feels like I can be connected with him and my mother just because we can chat like this. Honestly, to me it feels like an even deeper, truer connection than what chatting over the phone or FaceTime grants. Maybe it’s because my father and I are better at expressing ourselves in writing. Maybe it’s because a disembodied voice over the phone doesn’t sound as real as me as imagining their voices as I read their messages. Maybe it’s because FaceTime always has a somewhat grainy image that forces me to remember how artificial that contact is.

Yet there’s something personal about a letter or any written message. This sort of thing reminds me to get in touch with friends from high school or anyone else that I miss, but have not gotten around to messaging in too long. I mean, last time I heard from my friend, Michi, he had just gotten a job with a Malaysian-run company in Japan, but that was months and months ago. I have no clue what’s happened since then.

I guess that’s the downside to these thoughtful, thought-provoking letters from people I know and care about. They make me nostalgic. They make me miss those I haven’t actually seen in too long. They make me want to spend the next few hours sending Facebook messages and emails to all of these people, even though finals are on the horizon and I’ve got three papers due on Monday.

Still, despite the sadness and regret, it’s nice to remember that these people care. It’s nice to know that I can reach out to them at any point and just pick up wherever we left off last time. I miss them all, even if I don’t think about them every day, but this sort of thing just brings us closer, or at least closer to me.

Maybe that’s just me though.
Anyhow, I wish you all luck on your final exams and hope that my fellow graduating seniors are making the most out of these last few weeks that they can.

Take care!

Song of the Week: “Miss Missing You” by Fall Out Boy. It’s just the first thing that came to mind, for obvious reasons, I guess.

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