Heartbreak: A Necessity

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Heartbreak is not only when you find out that your first love isn’t the boy you will marry or when you hear one of your parents utter the word “divorce”, rather when you realize that something so sweet can only last so long. It is not a sharp pain that you can’t get off your mind but a dull bruise that you only notice when you twist a certain way or somebody bumps you exactly in the right spot. After two months at Deerfield, I returned home for the homecoming of my old high school. The irony in the word was enough; “homecoming” to a home that was no longer mine. The absence of the pride that I had once felt for this school was enough to tell me I had made the right decision to go to Deerfield. Heartbreak is an opening, a position that needs to be filled but is so necessary. Had I stayed where I was comfortable, had I not searched for other homes I would have never discovered nor grown. Change is the only constant in this world, not every change is going to be easy, some are going to make you want to rip your hair out and shatter plates but at the end of the day, when that’s all over, something will sprout from the absence; the same way that even a delicate flower can push through strong cement.