

## Crossing Continents

by Sydney Lee

I stepped off the plane, breathing in my surroundings. There I was with my mom and brother. China. My mom got a job teaching elementary school in Shanghai, China, so we packed up our house in Kuwait, a country in the Middle East, and moved to China.

I'd moved before, but China was a whole new challenge. Along with the typical struggles that moving presented like a new school, I also dealt with a foreign culture and an intense language barrier. Eventually, school started, where everyone was an expat away from their homeland, making it easy for me to make friends.

A few months went by and I felt comfortable in China. I felt that I'd found friends that I really connected with, and I finally understood the metro system. It felt like home.

For a few weeks, my mom felt sick with a cold. After she realized that it wasn't normal to be sick for weeks, she went to the doctor. Within two weeks, we were packing up our home in Shanghai and were ready to move to the US. My mom had been diagnosed with cancer. The big, bad, scary "C" word. So, for stable healthcare, we moved to Utah.

I stepped off the plane once again, this time in a place that felt even more unfamiliar and scary than Shanghai, China: St. George, Utah. The moving process began again with the added element of cancer. Life is unpredictable and I've learned that it is crucial to cherish what we have when we have it; but, when life's changes inevitably come up, I've learned to face them with resilience and adaptability. It was daunting, but if I could move to China and survive, I knew I could probably get through Utah too.