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# The Bittersweet Adventure

Margaret "Tiye" Hazelton  
*Xavier University of Louisiana*, [pathways@xula.edu](mailto:pathways@xula.edu)

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Margaret “Tiye” Hazelton

*The Bittersweet Adventure*

“Get in the U-Haul, Tiye!” my mother yelled.

I knew that I heard her screaming at me loud and clear, but I just could not get in. It had all happened too fast, but I knew the day was coming. Why could I not just jump in the U-Haul?

It all started in July of 2010; I was only fourteen years old. The only home I knew was Wichita, Kansas. That was where all my family and friends lived. I could not see myself living anywhere else, but one phone call messed it all up. My mom received a call from a career fair she had taken part in the week before. The call was from the principal of Burbank Middle School in Houston, Texas. She was amazed with my mother’s determination and love of teaching. It did not take the principal long to ask if my mother would be willing to come join their “wonderful” staff. In my head, I immediately knew that she would reject this outrageous offer due to the fact that Kansas was our home, not Texas.

“WOW! Yes, of course, I would be honored to!” my mother said as she accepted the offer.

My heart began to ache and my head started spinning. She had to be kidding, right? Why would we leave a place where all our family was to move to a worthless city with no one we knew? I began to think, maybe she had no clue that the woman on the phone said the school was in Houston, and so like any other child might, I approached her.

“Mom, I overheard you on the phone accepting an offer from a school; I believe you misheard her because she mentioned that the school is in Texas” I said.

“Tiye, it is not going to be an easy transition.” My eyes filled with tears as I saw that it was not a misunderstanding. “But I am ready for something new and a place with better opportunities for you and your brother.”

As soon as she finished, I raced up the stairs to beat the tears from falling in front of her. As soon as I hit the bed, my emotions broke loose.

I knew how adamant my mom was, so there was nothing I could do to stop her from this. I thought about where I could go: granny and grandpa’s house, an aunt and uncle’s house, a friend’s house, or anywhere that would allow me to stay. Scenarios ran through my head about this bizarre situation. I called my granny first to tell her the news and hoped she could talk some sense into my mother, but that plan did not work out. My granny said, “I know this may be a scary move for all of you, but there is so much more to see outside of Kansas baby girl.”

As I listened to my granny speak, I knew she was taking my mom’s side, but I let her finish anyways: “I am so grateful that your mother is taking such a huge step to allow you all to see it.” I stayed dead silent so I could hurry off the phone, because I realized no one saw my point-of-view.

Then again, did I even have a point-of-view, or did I not want to go because it was something new and unknown to me? Once I questioned my motive, I began to see it as selfish on my part. Why couldn’t I allow my mother to be happy with a new job she had been offered, instead of making her feel like she was making the wrong decision? This promotion meant the world to my mother, and it was written all over her face, so I refused to let my self-centered ways get in the way.

One month later, we were packing up the U-Haul getting ready to head to Houston. As I dreadfully said my goodbyes, my eyes burned so bad from the nonstop waterfalls. I knew that

this would not be the last time I saw my family, but at the same time I knew that I could not wake up in the morning expecting to see them daily. To make such a bittersweet moment less heartbreaking and more optimistic, we all said, “see you later!” as if it would not be forever before we saw each other again. My mom yelled at me to get in the car, and it felt surreal to me. In the end, the bright smile on my mother’s face made it worth it. I knew that God would see us through what seemed like such an unbearable challenge. Even though I could not see all the amazing opportunities to come, something began to tell me this move would not let me down.

After the move, I went to an amazing high school where I was offered lots of different opportunities – including one to sing. Singing was always my passion, so when I was able to go to contests and sing solos, I was so happy. Also, I was doing very well in AP classes, so I could not really complain about anything. The move turned into one of the best things that ever happened to me. By going through that struggle in life, I learned that I actually reached my goal, which was to be happy and successful.