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A Perspective on Progress

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*A Perspective on Progress*

While growing up, my way of thinking was highly shaped by the ideals and values of those around me. For example, growing up in America led me to believe that progress was always a good thing and should be encouraged. However, as I progressed through life, I was faced with an experience that would lead me to the formation of my own opinions of progress. This experience was the destruction of my house during Hurricane Katrina. Due to the destructive power of the storm, my old house was torn down and my family was forced to move into a new one. Though our new home was larger and contained most of our old belongings, it did not bring along the memories of the good times I had there. It was then that I was struck with a sense of loss. I had lost something that held great sentimental value to me, and I did not notice until it was gone. After thinking that, how could I feel that progress was always a good thing?

Being born and raised in America, looking forward to a bright future was a common thing to do. New technologies and the acquisition of new information not previously known before helped to simplify and save the lives of millions. As a child, I believed that progress would only enhance what was already going on and make the world a better place to live. However, the days of my ignorance were limited as Hurricane Katrina stormed its way into my life. Still being in elementary school, I had no idea why everyone was worried about the storm making its way to Louisiana. All I understood was that I did not have to attend school for a while, and I for one was glad it was coming. That was my naive way of thinking at the time, and it persisted even once the storm had passed.

It was only when I returned to Louisiana a year later that I understood the full impact the storm had on my life. The water from the storm and the levee failing flooded my house. Instead
of trying to rebuild the house, my parents decided it was time we moved into a larger one to accommodate our growing family. At first, I thought of the new house as a new adventure since I had no idea what it was like, but something in the back of my mind kept bugging me. And then it suddenly hit me. My time living in the old house had ended. We had moved into our new home, and though it was larger than our old one, it did not feel like home. My memories were all made at the old house, and I had no memories of the new home yet. I started thinking that progress was not as great as it was put out to be. The new house was bigger, but my old home held all my precious memories when growing up. Now with more room, our living conditions improved, but at what cost? The place in our memories was gone.

After thinking about this, I questioned whether progress was good or bad. In the end, I could not find a clear answer. However, one thing was clear. Progress was not always a good thing like I had originally thought. This is not to say that progress is bad either. After settling in my new home, I began to make new memories. I went to a different school to fit my new surroundings and made new friends that I would have never met if I had not moved. After finally settling in my new home, the negative feeling I had once felt about progress had diminished. They were still there, but progress had led me to my new life that I am living now. So while progress did have home positive effects on my life, my experience has taught me to look back at my past in order to fully gauge how I feel about a certain situation.