

The Barn Door

Seeing the world through midwestern eyes.

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There's No Place Like Home...by Suzanne M. Brazil

What defines someone as a Midwesterner? Though born in Missouri (my father was in the Air Force), I've lived 39 of my 48 years in Illinois with brief stints in Tennessee and California as a child and seven years in Texas in my 20's.

San Antonio was the first city I lived in and it was a fun, accessible and dynamic environment. Still, as I strived to enjoy my first apartment, nightlife on the Riverwalk and the start of a career, something told me I would never be anything but a Midwestern girl.



Maybe it was the relentless sun, the gargantuan insects or the rough "lawns" full of fire ants that made me feel I was in somewhat alien territory. I can remember craving the cool winds from a thunderstorm turning the sky green and the feel of soft, non-lethal grass between my toes.



We made a decision to return home when we had our first child. We wanted her to grow up around family. The move meant I'd have to leave my best friend and her family behind. It was a sacrifice and

remains so to this day. Great culture, friendly people, delicious food and a festival every other weekend bring me back to San Antonio for annual visits.



I've never regretted the move back to the Midwest. There is nothing like the cool crisp crunch of an autumn bike ride with warm sun on my cheeks. There is nothing like the first stretch of summer days after a long winter. It's more than just the weather, though; it's the landscape, the people and the history we have here. I'm a Midwesterner because it's home.


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