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My Turning Point

My turning point was when my parents separated. It was really hard to understand why my parents got separated. I was very young. I was 5 years old. It was hard for me and my brother who was two at the time. He was always asking for my dad. I did too, but not as much. After they separated, my dad didn’t visit us not he picked us up and takes us some place. It was almost a year since we hadn’t seen him until he finally called us saying that he wanted to see us. We were really excited to see him. We went to the park, the store, and McDonald’s. After that, he kept visiting us for about two months and the he stopped again. I got really mad at my mom because I thought she told him not to visit us anymore. That was one that I learned, and really well. Now these days, it has been more than a month since we haven’t seen him. I understand that my mom didn’t tell him anything, but I also understand that we are not his toys so he could be playing with us, but when he gets tired with us, he leaves us. The other lesson was that I understood that not all couples will stay together forever like I thought they would. The turning point was that I was a better person from then and on and I understood everything that I needed to understand.