



transitioning heart

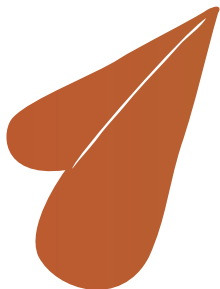
July 19<sup>th</sup>, 2009

**Dearest,**

Please imagine this is a nice letter that was written on beautiful paper that made it expeditiously and inexpensively to Europe... because it was so sweet to see yours waiting for me when I arrived in Indianapolis last Sunday!! Thank you!!

As H L has put it, "from one transitioning heart to another..." I like what you said about thinking about blessings over the years, working simultaneously on remembering well and defining yourself for future use... You're right, art is such a good outlet for all of this. I've also felt more than usually inspired!

I'm appreciating your poem immensely, especially the ocean's depth of faces, and seeing yesterday in each other. I really like the challenge of your allusions... You've captured complicated emotions in a beautiful way. Does it have a title? Or are you naming it à la Emily Dickinson?



My mom and I are spending our last few days together, and that's been killing both of us. I'm trying to make every minute with her quality now!

I think the biggest problem is that Indianapolis is supposed to be 'home' for me now, but it doesn't feel like that in any way at all. That has been making me feel irritable and panicky... and I felt really far from God, because there is no familiar structure to help me or

You know, I used the envelope of your letter yesterday afternoon as proof of address at the library when I signed up for a library card. I think libraries are a part of American culture I'm really ready to embrace! One of the first things I checked out was the album that was my personal Rome trip soundtrack – I wanted to reminisce so badly!

America had been mostly all right for me until I got here, to Indy – and then this last week has been a really hard time of transition. At least according to our senior transition seminar notes that described the symptoms and suddenly make a lot more sense.

February 1<sup>st</sup>, 2009

## Dear Friend,

Sigh. I'm really very happy right now.

You know, (in regards to what you said 62 days ago) there's America, and then there's America once you're actually inside it, in the little place that you're actually up with you in mind, doing the things you love, discovering the things were meant to be with, the people you America you find when you come over.

I'm happy because I found a family here: people who love me even though I haven't done anything in particular to deserve it. Church, youth group, my relatives... even my school is small enough that it's starting to feel kind of like a family — but one where it's small risky to reach out to other members. I need to work on that.

The framework of life (driving, banking, eating, etc.) is where most of the differences and newness lie. Some of those areas I've mastered (driving), others have yet to be tackled (banking)


remind me to go to Him, as if I'd almost forgotten who He was.

Yesterday I felt the numb sadness (lft a bit, though. Some good things: crying it out, listening to familiar music, glad to hold my about God as my Father, glad to visit a helpless, hopeless self, going to visit my really artistic family with a daughter here), age (she dresses JUST like E! I didn't know such a breed could exist here... dancing around in my new room...

More will have to come to soothe the grief. But perhaps I will survive after all!

You've been accumulating beautiful moments in different countries, but I don't know much more than that... Tell me more about your transitioning heart. I'd love to listen.

**Missing you,  
Rachel**



But I take on stuff as I can. I remember  
that the flood of newness in the beginning  
was SO tiring. BFA life is pretty  
simple in comparison, I feel.  
I know I've definitely gotten past  
the worst of the differences. My first  
semester wasn't awful by any means, but  
it was a bit lonely. I wrote old friends all  
the time to take the edge off. Then, just  
before I left for break, I started noticing  
and appreciating the friend potential in  
a lot of people. That has only increased  
since I've been back. That has only increased  
forward to friends making more of a  
difference, making my world here more  
'complete', it's a funny thing to have more  
a world here and another half there. It's  
transition — of the heart, mostly.

## Much love, Rachel



By the way, this is ALL God. Song of  
Songs: "His left arm is under my head  
(supporting), and His right arm embraces  
me (I feel His presence, He demonstrates  
His love to me directly, personally)."  
Without Him, I would have none of this.  
Since you asked... art classes are the  
most fun thing ever!! EVER!! I was made  
for them. Right now, I am in Photoshop,  
Illustrator, & Typography. Blog? Art?  
Mine? Seen it lately? It's the best  
explanation of what art classes entail.

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