

From a Big City to Small-town Nebraska

Cozad, Nebraska

Story Narrative:

How did your family come to live in your town?

"I had never lived in a rural area before. For eleven years, I spent my childhood in the suburb of the ninth largest city in the United States. I remember when my grandfather died. My mother came to my sister and I before school and let us spend the day at home. We were too young to understand, and we weren't close enough to our grandfather to spend the day mourning the loss of our mother's father. But we knew about how life worked and eventually you won't be alive anymore. My mother had been anticipating his death. She knew about the condition he was in and had come to terms with the inevitable. She talked to us one day before he passed away and told us that when he does move on, we would move into his home in Cozad, Nebraska.

It was the summer after my fifth grade year when we left. I didn't want to go. I had my best friend and my beautiful house, my big yard and my pool, my tree swings and everything that would make a fifth grader enjoy their childhood. I was excited, too, though. I enjoyed traveling and was looking forward to the new people and new experiences. When we arrived, it was only a couple days before I would start middle school. When I walked into the school that first morning, it wasn't at all what was expected. When there's a town with only 3,000 people and, of these people, the children all in one spot, there's not real much diversity. Everyone seemed just like everybody else, but I tried to adapt. Currently, being a Junior in high school, I understand a little more about how people are, and after knowing them for five years, I can get along. I've learned quite a bit about how people change with their environment."

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