Guided Imagery – Immigration

Picture yourself packing. You can only take one small suitcase. You must carefully decide what to take because you don’t know if you’ll ever come back. As you pack, you begin to touch the things that are so familiar to you in a way that you have never done before… Your bed, your bureau, your feather quilt that your grandmother made…your books, your chair. As you walk out of the house, the memory of the smell of freshly baked bread, and the traditional Friday night supper begin to make your mouth water. You can hear the silverware and dishes being set on the table in preparation for the evening meal.

As you open the door, you see the waiting wagon and glance back for one last time at the house you have known all your life.

The short ride to the train station seems endless. The jarring motion of the wagon brings back a flood of memories and you are overwhelmed by a fear of the unknown future…You look at the faces of the strangers awaiting the same train and their expressions mirror your own fears…You begin to hear the vibration of the oncoming train. The smell of the smoke begins to cloud your thoughts. The approaching powerful engine makes you feel small and powerless. The steady rhythm of the train’s clicking wheels begins to hypnotize you. You peer out the window and see the horizon slowly changing…fewer open fields, flowers, and birds…Unfamiliar sights of the approaching city suddenly jar you out of your hypnotic state.

As you exit the train, you can almost taste the salt from the vast ocean which lies before you. You are carried along by a stream of strangers and are caught up in a sea of emotions – excited to be finally going to America, but grieving for everything you’ve known as home.