The typical narcissism of a teenager barely fades when we get to college: visiting my freshman-year dorm room as a sophomore, I couldn’t help but fume silently at the four current occupants for intruding on my life. That must have been the way those members of the class of 1977 felt as I led them around Harvard Yard, showing them the places they used to live, telling them about the myriad ways in which my school was now different from theirs. Had I been those men following me around the paths they had walked on a decade before I was born, I might have asked myself what on earth this little girl was doing, giving me a tour of my own house.

I chose to go straight from Harvard to New York this summer without spending time in Illinois. Although this was my own decision—and something I was ultimately happy about—I was jealous when my cousin Rachel visited my parents, went to “my” movie theater, shopped at “my” mall, slept in my bed. When my mom confided that she had let Rachel “take a few things she liked” from my closet, I snapped. The idea that another five-foot, three-inch, 20-year-old brunette who shared half of my relatives might actually replace me was crushing. Selfishly, I thought home was supposed to be waiting for me whenever I wanted it: never did it occur to me that things might change if I weren’t there.

My experience with the class of 1977 marked the halfway point of my time at Harvard. And however comfortable I feel most of the time, there are still days when I feel as though I have just arrived and, frankly, just want to go home. As I wandered around campus early in June writing about graduation, it was hard to ignore the fact that the grins of the class of 2007 often masked apprehension and fears about the future.

What are they scared of? What am I scared of? I’m scared that I’ll end up alone in a big city, feeling as if I’m stuck somewhere in between the places I’ve lived. I’m scared that I’ll get back to Illinois and not recognize the person sleeping in my bed, that I’ll go back to Harvard and not recognize the people writing for the Crimson, or the mascot of Winthrop House.

I wish I had answers to some of the questions I’m asking. But I know that I’m already nostalgic for things I still have, and to be a 20-year-old yearning for the good ol’ days may be unhealthy, if not downright twisted. More important than the physical places I’ve lived will be the people and moments I take home (away from home away from home) with me. In “The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest,” Bob Dylan sings, “What kind of house is this...where I have come to roam?” He answers himself, reassuring the scores of young college students nostalgic for music from before their time: “It’s not a house,” said Judas Priest, “It’s not a house, it’s a home.”

Berta Greenwald Ledecky Undergraduate Fellow

Liz Goodwin ’08 and Samuel Bjork ’09 will work in a pediatric health clinic in Botswana during the fall and winter this academic year. The Ledecky Fellowships are supported by Jonathan J. Ledecky ’79, M.B.A. ’83, and named in honor of his mother.

Far-Flung Fellows

Harvard Magazine’s Berta Greenwald Ledecky Undergraduate Fellows for the 2007-2008 academic year will be Liz Goodwin ’08 and Samuel Bjork ’09, who were selected after an evaluation of writing submitted by 30 student applicants for the position—the largest pool of candidates in the program’s history. The Fellows, who join the editorial staff during the year, contribute to the magazine as Undergraduate columnists and initiate story ideas, write news and feature items, and edit copy before publication. Goodwin, of Galveston, Texas, and Eliot House, concentrates in history and literature, with a focus on Latin America and North America. A Crimson executive editor, she spent the summer setting up a newspaper in a home for street children in La Paz, Bolivia. In previous summers, she has taught English in Panama and studied literature in Argentina. Bjork, of Minneapolis and Eliot House, as well, is concentrating in chemical and physical biology. He has done a tour as a Let’s Go researcher/writer in Germany, and has written for the Harvard Book Review and the Crimson. Bjork is also involved in the undergraduate Writing Center, serves on the fiction board of the Advocate, and is a violinist in the Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra. During the summer, he worked in the laboratory of George Church, professor of genetics at Harvard Medical School; he