

Dear God

Dear God,

I remember when I loved you, down to the depths of my heart. When I would want to go to church everyday, give money to the poor, and become friends with everyone I met. That's till the accident came and nothing was ever the same again.

I remember when I hated you, all the way down to the bottom of my guts. I wouldn't speak to you, wouldn't show kindness to you, and wouldn't even share with you. To me you were nothing, until I met Katherine.

My parents were probably my best friends. We would practically go on mini trips every weekend to new amazing places. We once went to this butterfly farm and a bunch of them flew and stuck to me like glue. I looked like a big colorful flower! That was the weekend before their big business trip, where they were going to share their new product idea. So they went and... lets just say they never came back. I was so mad at the world, the trip, but mostly *you*.

After that I started getting moody, and angry for no reason all the time. My friends tried to help, so did the teachers and councilors, but then they decided to just stop bothering me about it. I definitely started getting bullied a lot, due to the fact of me being alone by myself, but I've learned to ignore these people.

One year later, still my moody self, I'm sitting in the cafeteria away from everybody else, when a girl comes and sits next to me. She was the type of girl that was not popular but had a good amount of friends, so I was wondering, why was she sitting here? Of course I was not the first one to start talking, but it was the question she asked me that struck me. "Do you want to be friends?" she asked. I knew that I should have said no or ignored her, but I have been alone to long and I was in

need of a friend so I said yes. We shook hands, she said her name was Katherine, and lets say it was the best decision I had ever made.

We became better and better friends as the months went by, but then one day she stopped coming to school, stopped answering my phone, and stopped everything good in my life. I started being moody again, more grumpy. A few weeks later her mother called me and explained what was happening. After the call I climbed into my bed and cried myself to sleep, because what she said really brought tears to my eyes, Katherine was *sick*. She said that Kat was on the verge of death, and that I could come visit her at the hospital if I wished to. I had no choice I had to go.

The next day I went to the hospital, and couldn't help bursting into tears at the sight of her, fragile and weak. So I did the only thing that I could do, I prayed. I hadn't done it in a while so don't say if I did something wrong but I think it really helped her. In the next few months she started healing and getting better. The point she started coming back to school, was the point I knew I had my best friend back again. She was still sick and looked fragile, but I had her for now and that was perfect for me. *Thank you.*

With all my love,

Riley