

Alysen H.

Faith

Hi, I'm Lilian. Here's how I found *Faith* when I thought this nightmare would never end. Hopefully, you'll find *Faith*, too while you read my story. I remember it vividly, it was on February 17, 2003.

I was playing a round of soccer at our local park. I left my phone on a rusty table in the corner of the field. A few hours later, the score was 8-6. Wind started to pick up and blew over my face. I kicked the ball when I heard ringing. It was my phone. I ran over to the buzzing sound and picked up. It was my mom. Why would my mom call me in the middle of a game? She normally doesn't do that. I answered and heard crying. I dropped my phone when I heard, "Your Father was in an accident when he was driving back from work and he didn't survive! It was freezing here in Chicago and he caught hypothermia on the way to the hospital and froze completely!" She cried. I felt a tear as it trickled down my cheek. I couldn't speak. "You okay?" Marley asked? I didn't answer and I ran home with my broken phone.

I lost *Faith* in everything. School days were hard. Weekends would never end. I cried everyday even on June 17th, my birthday. DAD WASN'T THERE FOR MY 15th BIRTHDAY! I slammed my hand against the wall and cried. Drenched tears until November 23rd, 2003. It was church. We went to his funeral...dreadful.

I brushed my hair and wore a red dress with a blue ribbon. Those were my Dad's favorite colors. I tied my hair in a bun just like my dad always did. Painted my nails red and wore blue heels. Also, I had red lipstick. I wanted to be what I was going to be today...Dad's birthday. I miss him so much. Another trickle of a tear rushes down.

I was being baptized by the priest. My head soaked in the water as I flipped back up and a towel was handed to me. I wiped my head as the priest smiled and I kneeled. "One," He signs and says, "I give you this Bible. I want you to cherish this and pray every night for *Faith*. I want you to read a page every night. I need you to do this. You will have it all again if you just pray for the *Faith* to come in." "Second, I'll be joining you and your mom. I promise I'll treat

you good. I'll be rambunctious and loving just like your dad." I froze. He hugged me as I dropped the Bible and cried. I smiled.

I found *Faith* by reading and praying. God was by my side the whole time and never walked away. I pray that you will never go through this. If you do, God is with you and will help you through your tough journey like he did with me. You still have *Faith*. It comes from your mind, heart and soul and it's powerful. Love yourself. Just like I did this whole time even though I sometimes doubted. What do you know? It can help you so much.