

2024

Grade 8

I experience God in someone else, someone's kindness, their love. My mother was under a lot of stress. My pop pop had broken his femur and had been in and out of the hospital. He was sick and losing too much blood, other than breaking his femur. Between picking my sister and I up from school, dropping us off at all our activities, working, and visiting our pop pop, my mom was really stressed out. Her co-worker, Cindy, noticed how stressed out she was, and, without making a big deal out of it, she sent my family a large box of smoothies, dinner and breakfast bowls, and other varieties of snacks. When we were driving home from school one day, my mom was telling us about how Cindy sent us the food. My sister, my mom and I were all talking about how kind and sweet it was of Cindy to send us the gifts. Throughout the conversation, and the moment my mom told me about this generous gesture I knew it was God. My parents don't believe in God, and I know they didn't realize it was Him, but I do believe in God, and I knew it was Him. God was acting through Cindy. God IS love and that is exactly what Cindy showed my mom, love. Cindy did not have to do anything for us, but she did, and she never made a big deal out of it. I knew she didn't have to do this for my mom, but she did, and I think this gesture is something I will never forget. When we got home I prayed and thanked God. With all the hate and fighting in this world, I thanked him for those people who are still so kind. I prayed for Cindy.

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He Chose God

A few months ago, I was visiting my Grandpa, who unfortunately was diagnosed with Alzheimer's a few years back. My grandpa was always a very religious man, and he would go to church every Sunday. While I would visit him, he would always want to play with Legos. My grandpa doesn't really speak anymore because his Alzheimer's is progressing worse and worse, so he just points to the Legos, and that's how we knew to give them to him.

On this particular day while I was visiting him, he never pointed to the Legos, but when I looked at him, he was praying with his hands folded, saying the "Our Father." This was so bizarre because the last time I saw him pray or even talk was a long time ago. His prayer wasn't very loud that everyone could hear, but he was saying it under his breath, so that I could barely hear it. After he was finished praying, I was speechless because he used to say after every dinner prayer, "God protect anyone who is suffering and trying to seek you in their hearts." And he said that! When he was finished, I felt God's presence, and I was getting very emotional because I haven't heard my Grandpa's voice in so long and I just missed hearing his voice. This moment was so surreal, and I felt that God was watching over us. I'm so grateful that God was alive in this moment.