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St. John the Baptist DHS

10/27/21

With the leaves falling down on the ground, a time of change is rapidly approaching. Not only are the trees turning vivid reds and yellows, not only are the quaint squirrels stocking nuts for the winter, but I am changing too. Usually, spring is considered the season of life and rebirth, but my evolution began in September. I was once closed off, a friend of few and feeling very small in this titanic world. I was unhappy with myself. Like the quaint squirrel who forgot where he hid his food, I was confused and hungry. I was hungry, desperate for any ray of hope that could help me push through these trying times. I thought I would never amount to anything, that I was ignored and seldom thought of, that I was unimportant.

But I forced myself to make a change. I knew that I couldn't live like that anymore. Thankfully, I had my family and close friends to save my life. I forced myself to open up to them, to show them how I was feeling. I wanted to be happy. I wanted to change my ways. Like the quaint squirrel who found his stockpile, I found myself. I was fulfilled. I found who I am. I regained my spirit, my passion, my drive. I was seriously down, but those closest to me picked me up. They listened. They gave me advice. They stayed by my side when nobody else would. And for that I am eternally grateful.

Like a flying squirrel, I can now soar.

Mom. Dad. Grandma. Matt. Gillian. Taylor. Sam. John.

Thank you.