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St. Williams

Throughout my life of around fourteen years, I have always wondered why my life had to have it's difficulties, and why others had to have problems as well. As a kid, I never really knew how much a smile or a warm greeting could lift someone's spirit. I never really paid attention to how happy my great-grandmother was every time my family came to see her. My mother has always been the adult, in my life, that will do her best to keep me and my family happy. She has always been the one that makes hot cocoa and treats for all the kids in my neighborhood during the winter season, and that lends a helping hand when she can. My mom is also in a block club to make our community a better and safer environment, and maybe someday to all of Price Hill. I really look up to her for that. Someday, I want to be like her. I want to not only be a good mother, however a good role model for people. What I plan to do to start off that dream, is something big. This one thing, is how it started in my mind.

At St. William, we have a Student Council group. Ever since the sixth grade, I have participated. Every month or so, there is a trip to a local nursing home. At first, I didn't want to go. I never thought I was good with the elderly, and I disliked going into nursing homes. My mother said I should go. Now, I do understand when she says, "Student Council is not only about fun, but making a difference. You should be expected to go on not only fun field trips, but the others, too". On my first bus ride there, I noticed there couldn't have been more but twelve kids out of more than forty. I did find that disappointing. Before, I thought if other kids didn't go, why should I have to? One trip to a nursing home with Student Council, changed my thoughts and I won't forget it.

In seventh grade on one of the many trips I had been to, I pored up to play bingo with a lady. Her name was Ellie. She was talking with another lady, and they had been discussing their favorite color with another student from St. William and myself. Ellie's favorite color was purple. When I had the bingo card out, she had to leave for a moment to take care of something. I watched her wheelchair go down the hall as I played her card for her. I had never been good at bingo, and hadn't won a game before. That day, I did win. Ellie still wasn't back, so I had to go up and pick a prize for her. I knew she'd love whatever I would pick, however one thing caught my eye; purple. A purple scarf had caught my sight. I lifted it up into my hands. Not only soft, but purple as well. I knew Ellie would like this. Just then, she had come back into the room where we were. To her, I presented the purple fleece scarf.

Tears were welling in her eyes as she smiled so warmly it touched not only her heart, but mine as well. She hugged me, and thanked me many times. As much as we tried to win again at the bingo game, we didn't win by the time of four thirty, which was when we had to leave. Ellie was sad that I had to leave, and in a way, so was I. Never did I think I'd have so much fun at a nursing home. She hugged me tightly, and kissed my cheeks many times. Knowing that what I did gave her much joy, still makes me feel wonderful. I promised her I'd play bingo again with her next time I came to visit. I said another farewell, and left back to the school bus that brought us. I now understood why my grandparents had always been so happy to see me. Now, I'd look forward to seeing them and visiting the nursing home.

This planted in my head, at the end of May, something much bigger. There was something I really wanted to do, and I knew just how to start. With one of my teachers, I am planning a fundraiser to donate money to Invisible Children to benefit children in Uganda, Africa. I plan to do something big to help people in the world who are in need.

Everyday, I may do something to cheer someone up in school, or someone around the city and not even realize it. All of this started on that visit to the nursing home with Student Council, that made me realize there is something more I can do to help someone. And this fundraiser, in the making, is how I plan to start.