

Six years had gone by, and I still had not gotten over the passing of my grandmother, until I heard a word from somewhere. I was sitting on the beach on a Sunday evening watching the sunset. I seemed like there was no one on the beach but me that day. Suddenly, I felt the wind blow through my hair and I heard a voice say, "Let go." At the time I was in a state of total confusion and I had no guidance. My mother tried to help me get through it, but I didn't want her help, I wanted my grandmother. It was placed on my heart to ask God for answers. Throughout these six years, I still went to church every Sunday because I had no choice. However, there was a total disconnect between God and myself.

That following Sunday I went to church seeking for things to be revealed to me. I asked God why he took my grandmother who was my backbone, my supporter, my best friend, and the only person that understood me. I had never expected to get an answer from God that same day, but before church was over, I had all the answers to my questions. It was revealed to me that I could not rely on mankind to motivate me, I had to motivate myself. I could not put all my faith in one person; I had to put my faith in God. I had to realize that I was stronger than I thought and capable of doing anything I put my mind to. I could not be selfish and let my grandmother suffer on earth when she deserved to rest in heaven.

From that day on, my relationship with God has grown to be better than ever. I have pushed myself to the highest level and have succeeded in everything I have done so far. I know that I am making her proud and doing great things in her name, and this is just the beginning. "Let me tell you the secret that has led me to my goal: my strength lies solely in my tenacity."-unknown author.

Both of these paragraphs are very well-written and moving, again I just wish you gave the reader a little more -- how were things revealed to you in that church on Sunday? Was it the sermon? Was it a feeling that came over you? What made these two days so different?

I like this, though you might put it as an epigraph at the beginning.

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