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United in pain

Through out my life, I have overcome many conflicts. The most notable to me is when I was faced with leaving the school I had attended for the last thirteen years of my life. When I was in the seventh grade, a situation between my dad and administration at my school arose, resulting in my dad not being allowed on campus. To both of my parents, this posed a safety issue, and the administration at my school began to treat me differently and limited my opportunities. For both these reasons, I found myself in my bedroom, with my parents, sobbing, discussing me leaving the school I was at, St. Paul's. To me, St. Paul's was more than school; it was my home. I had gone to school with the same 24 kids since I was two years old, and I grew into the person I am today with them. After three days of crying for hours on end, consistent persuasion, and many pros and cons lists, I told my dad, "I love St. Paul's with all my heart, and I never want to leave, but I know this has to happen so I'm ok with switching schools." With those words a little bit of me died inside. That very next day I said goodbye to everything I had ever known and walked out the big brown school door for the last time. The weekend came and went, and that next Monday, I drove past St. Paul's and into the Assumption parking lot. I was very quiet for a very long time, and I boxed myself into a dark hole. I had no friends, and it seemed like I blended into the walls when I walked around school. When I would wake up in the morning, all I could do was cry; I sat by myself at lunch and would let silent tears run down my face, and I would come home and cry until I fell asleep. My whole body had been shattered and not a single person seemed to notice.

Because of this experience, I learned a lot of things about the world. The most important being that change is scary but necessary. I lost the person I was before, and I was hurt for a very long time, but now, as a sophomore in high school, I found a new version of myself and even hidden traits I didn't know I had. The second important thing I learned is that pain is temporary, but scars last forever. The pain of leaving my home was a stab into my heart, and it hurt for a long time. Now, almost four years later, I don't feel that sharp pain anymore, but it is easy to see the scar where I had once been stabbed. There are good days, and there are bad days still; however, the scar reminds of what I lost but also what I overcame.

While this event has a lasting effect on me, it allowed me to grow into a passionate person. I can see the pain in people that I wished someone had seen in me because I am not a stranger to it. No one in today's society is a stranger to pain. Because none of us are strangers to pain, we are united in it. The golden rule states "treat others the way you want to be treated." For me, I always wish someone would acknowledge the fact that I am struggling. If we all formed together, united in pain, and took a second to understand and relate our pain to others, we would see and understand how our behavior is a result of our past. Rather than say, "I'm sorry" and move on when someone expresses their struggle, try saying "How can I help?" Sometimes all you need is a little help. To conclude, my life has shown me what feeling hidden looks like. It hurt me so bad I made it my goal to help any person who seemed hidden. If the world could recognize those people like I attempt to do, we all would be united in more than just our pain, but rather in our peace.

