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 Its all a Plan

It was a warm July morning with chances of gloomy rain showers in the afternoon; turns out the rain was not the cause of the gloom that came later that day. Seven a.m. I was out of bed and on my way to take care of two of the brightest little kids I chose to nanny everyday over summer. The morning was a drag, ten o’clock passed, naptime and lunch went after that; I remember the smell of dinosaur chicken nuggets still filled the small apartment when I heard my phone ring from the other side of the room. Nonchalant and unaware of the situation I slowly walk over to answer the phone and when I do I can hear the distress and sadness in my best friends voice, as she cry’s my name. The conversation was short and quiet, as I was expecting to make plans for a day at the pool when I got off work but instead the knowledge I received from that phone call changed the game forever.

 I was a sophomore when I met her, she was a freshman, 14 years old, alone and 6 months pregnant. “I know what you’re thinking, my life might be crazy, but I promise I’m not.” That was the first thing she said to me. As she went on about the ‘asshole’ that left her like this and how she hasn’t had a cigarette in months, all I could see was a lost girl who needed a friend. I asked her if she wanted to come to youth group with me that night and at first she disagreed but with a little convincing I finally got her to agree. That night at the church everyone was a little taken back at first by this new girl I had brought but within ten minutes I knew it was the right place for her. The night ended and as I was telling her to come again next week I was interrupted by a deep, harsh voice “Lets, go” she looked at me for a long second started walking toward the car where the voice just came from, and left without another word.

 The next week all I wanted was to see her walk through the door. Every 5 seconds I caught myself glancing over my shoulder hoping it was she. The music was starting and my hope for her was fading. Weeks went by and every Sunday night youth group I still didn’t see her face. The Sunday before Christmas was the day I saw her again. That night she became another familiar friend that was in my day-to-day life for the next 2 years.

 I remember her Baby shower like it was yesterday. She looks so pretty and happy and she deserves a day that’s all about her and her precious daughter. A big thing like this wasn’t usually her thing. She was a keep to herself kind of person, didn’t like to share much about her home life or her feelings, but even looking around the room, the absence of her parents, shows enough. Her parents were divorced, she had been in and out of foster homes, went from public school to alternative school, and now pregnant at 14. That night we all decided to go to our friends and to watching movies, and of course knowing her she hadn’t told her parents where she was. Barging in on our girl’s night I can still remember that same deep toned harsh voice “Where is my daughter!!” We all stand and help her up followed with him grabbing her hand, rushing out the door, slam, and then silence. After that night our friendship began to fade seemingly that she didn’t come around very often after that.

 The year passed her baby was born and my senior year at our youth group finally came and it was time to start preparing for our senior mission trip to Jamaica. It was months before we were planned to leave when she insisted she came on the trip too. “I know I’m a junior and I’m not supposed to go until next year but please let me come.” All the seniors and our leader were taken back by this. Would it be fair to the other juniors? Her only argument was “I need to go, if I don’t I wont go next year so just let me come this year, please?” All the seniors talked about it and we really had no reason not to take her along. She is better friends with all the seniors, she might enjoy it more, we wanted her to experience Jamaica and if she insisted she wouldn’t go the next year then she might as well come this year. Her face filled with joy when we told her what we had decided, that decision was the best decision my friends and I had ever made.

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It’s the first day the food is odd, sleeping on the floor was just the worst and the waters already not working. “Are you kidding my hairs a mess I look like a disaster”. “Do you want me to braid it for you?” She’s so sweet she hasn’t complained once and now she’s helping me. I’m so happy we decided to bring her with. We’ve been good friends for two years now but I’ve never seen this side of her. She looks happy, genuinely happy.

The heat here is incredible thank goodness we are back on the air-conditioned bus, and thank goodness she always comes prepared with her goldfish. No one else thinks so bring gold fish when you’re going to be in another country for a week I guess. The day was great, we went to the schools today and spent it teaching and playing with these kids. They all loved it, almost as much as we did. She did so well with all the children, she took care of them like she took care of Madison. The open adoption has worked so well for her, she obviously has motherly instincts considering all the little children loved her so much. It was a good day at the school one I will always remember.

 We’re all so sad its almost over, its been such an incredible week with incredible people what are we going to do when we have to go back to reality? I wonder if we will all be as close back home as we’ve been here. I’ve seen a different side to everyone, including her this week and I thank you god for putting her in my life.

It’s the last day in Jamaica and sadness fills the air at breakfast. It has been such an incredible week spent with the most amazing people. The friendships and relationships gained this week will be ones of a lifetime, I know it. I can’t stop myself from crying over the thought of leaving this paradise. I look at her and I can tell she feels the same way. The comfort from her and all these people I couldn’t imagine a better group of people to experience this with. I know she’s a junior and wasn’t supposed to be here, but god, me and you both know she was supposed to be here.

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We all got to know her so well, she was so happy in that time, why didn’t we see something, why didn’t we help. It was the text from our youth pastor that ended those questions in our minds. It was comforting to remember all the good memories of her, and how she impacted all of our lives positively but in different ways. It’s what we needed in the moment. It’s what any kid, teen, or adult needed in a time of sorrow. The other topic on everyone’s mind came in the next text which read: Monday, July – 2015.

We were all dreading it but the day had to come. Walking through the same doors of the church that I once walked through with her gave me the chills. It was a beautiful ceremony for such a beautiful girl. “Why god, why did you take her from her family’s life, her daughters life, why did you take her from my life?”

My closure came with the thoughts of how troubled her life was. She was in a hole and every time she tried to climb out she just go further back in. Her parents weren’t there for her like other parents were, her mind was tearing her to pieces and she had the unhealthiest escape but what else could she do? She is in a better place now, the most beautiful place and she deserves to be exactly there. She came on that mission trip when she was a junior and not a senior because god had planned for her to be with him long before she became a senior.

Waking up this morning hasn’t been any easier since the morning after I got that phone call. Weeks passed now months, and I still find myself thinking about her every now and then. I think of the happiness she brought to my life and the realization of myself that came to me when getting to know her better in Jamaica. I miss her everyday, but I know I have a sweet angel watching over me from heaven.