

## Chapter 8

### The Barretts

With the past events in the past, I felt like a bottle of soda ready to explode at any moment. I was so enraged inside and I really felt like I was going to snap. Even though I was eighteen years old at the time, I figured I would let my inner child come out so I went outside to have some fun despite my age. I have friends (who I haven't really heard from in a very long time) named Cera and Anthony. We did fun things even though I got looks from a lot of people but I didn't care, I was making the kids happy. Then they decided to run to a house on the corner of the street which I had seen once before but I never went to the house.

When I finally got to that house, I remained outside and then suddenly a new kid appeared. I never really seen him before but there's a first thing for anything, right? I had no idea who he was, who his parents were, if he even had a brother or sister. Those questions just circled in my mind but I never really asked those questions. Finally, the new kid spoke first, "Who are you?" and naturally I just stare at him and then I reveal my name in a calm way. "I'm Ryan and yours?" I asked him and the kid said, "Brandon."

Eventually as time went on, Brandon and I have grown in our friendship. Brandon told me one day that he considers me his "God Brother" but at the time I didn't really believe it. Eventually as time went on, I accepted the title "God Brother". One day I looked at Brandon and said, "Brandon, I may or may not be your God Brother but if I am, then I am proud to be your God Brother." Suddenly as soon as I said that, Brandon hugged me and I patted him on the back. "You and your family are very nice compared to mine." As soon as I said that, Brandon looked at me. "How, Ryan?", Brandon asked. It took me five minutes for me to answer but I turned and faced Brandon face to face. "Brandon, if I tell you what has happened to me, would you not get scared?". Brandon looked at me for a moment then nodded. So, with his mother Tammy next to Brandon, I decided to let my God brother and his mother know more about me by telling them what I been through that lead me to this point. When I finished the story, Brandon didn't say a word but instead stared into space. "Brandon? Are you alright?" I managed to ask him and when Brandon didn't say anything I tried again. "BRANDON!" I yelled a little louder and his mother was like "He's still processing what you told him, give him time." Brandon moved his head and looked at me, "Sorry I was thinking about your story." I looked at Brandon and said, "I'm sorry, I should have been more patient. Forgive me for my impatience."

Ever since then, as I got closer to the family, I have been helping them with snow shoveling, grass cutting, taking trash out, everything I could do to help them. It has been at least over three to four years and Tammy comes outside onto the back deck and tells me that she has something to tell me. Without hesitation, I stop what I am doing and focus on Tammy and listen very carefully. She tells me what happened in the hospital and how God was telling her to tell me things about how much of a big help I have been to the family. I decided to come back the next day and that's when I noticed that they were packing up to go to Tennessee. This is the first time I met Aunt Barbara and not only that but I have never been prayed upon like this and I couldn't help but notice that I was sweating in a room full of air conditioning. It had my wondering, was I really sweating or was it the baptism of the Holy Spirit? We left the house and everyone got in their respective vehicles and I stood on the sidewalk waving goodbye. This wasn't goodbye however, for I knew that I would see them again soon and that's when I realized that they will always have a place in my heart and I will always remember them.