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## ***Through the Difficulties***

Why? Why me? Why is this my life? Why god? Why? I asked over and over again. It felt unfair. I'll never forget running away wanting to escape my reality. I couldn't stand seeing what was going to happen. I couldn't see that person hurt herself. I just wanted it to be over. What was I going to do without her? How couldn't they care?! Why didn't they do something about it!? I cried in frustration as I saw her feel like there was no reason to live.

Fresh in my mind I still remember handing in the yellow form with the agreement of my parents' consent to allow me go to the camping trip, I was ecstatic. I looked forward to the adventures and challenges that we were going to be exposed to while it was also a way for me to run away from my problems. However things didn't go as planned. I couldn't just leave her like that?! I couldn't bare carry such a burden if something happened...And so I decided to stay. I had to make the difficult choice to care for someone who needed me instead of going on the adventure that I had been so excited to experience. When the individuals came back I was sadden by hearing all the great courses they had experienced. It was disappointing but the only thing I could do was listen and feel as if I were there with them.

The camping trip was something that people who went kept talking about. When the next Freshman class came in, I heard my friends talk about their experience, and felt bad when my response to 9th graders asking about it was, "I didn't go" because I wanted that chance.



The summer after junior year, I found myself flying to Omaha, Nebraska, because I had earned a scholarship to attend a wilderness course with all expenses paid. I was amazed on how life had granted me an even better experience! I was thrilled and couldn't be Happier! Writing 3 essay questions about why I wanted to take the trip and leave my comfort zone was worth it.

On the second to last day, secured with ropes, helmet on, I stepped onto a ropes course. My teammates had already made it across, and I was the last one, afraid to not make it. "Meryn! I can't do this!" I said anxiously. "I'm right here, Val. Hold my hand!" my instructor said, believing in me more than I did myself. "I can't," said the part of me who was self-conscious and afraid. The real me inside replied, "Are you serious? Go on, you can do this! You've been waiting for this moment for a long time, Don't stop." I looked down, and 35 feet from the ground seemed like twice as far. Meryn said, "Hold on and follow me!" I took small steps, shivering, eyes closed, until I found myself touching the other side of the platform. I made it, but I was not fully satisfied. I decided to go back across by myself, and I did.

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