



DEAR GOD

Ray Melnik

Twelve year old, Jimmy Taylor washed up for bed after a birthday that came with no cake, no candles and no presents. But there was still a smile as he looked into the small round mirror resting on the sink. Before getting into bed, he looked up.

“God. I know you are really busy, but I hope you’re listening. Dad’s unemployment ran out and Mom says she doesn’t know what we’re going to do. We’re already behind on all the bills. You know it’s been hard since Jenny got sick. And Mom worries that something will happen to Jenny if we can’t control her diabetes. There hasn’t been enough money to pay for health care since Dad was laid off. The city gives Jenny care for free now, but Mom and she spend hours waiting. Mom did say she was grateful that it at least covers the insulin. Dad looks for work every day, but Mom can’t go back until we get Jenny stable.

“I understand why you didn’t help me the other times I’ve asked. You can’t grant every prayer. But I really need you this time, God. Mom and Dad are putting all our things in boxes right now. There are too many months of unpaid rent due with nothing to pay it with. They won’t say where we are going. I don’t think they even know yet. Please, God, I don’t want to move again.

“But what hurts the most is that Mom and Dad were arguing. Dad got angrier than I had even seen him and even raised his hand to Mom. He stopped himself and never touched her, though. I went to Mom when she was in her room crying and she told me that Dad is a good man. She said that all he ever wanted was to be able to care for his family. But when he lost his job he lost his dignity, she said.

“So you can understand why I need your help so badly. I know you’ve been around. Marylyn, the deli owner’s daughter, told me you answered her prayers when you gave

her beautiful weather for her wedding last weekend. And Billy Barnes told me his whole team prayed to win the Little League regional championship this past week and you blessed them with the prize.

“So if you are still around and listening, please know that we have always believed in you. Mom and Dad say you have a plan for us and we should never question your judgment.

“But please, God. If your plans don’t include a job for my Dad soon, would you please consider changing them? I’m asking for him. I can do without the other things I’ve been praying for. My wheelchair still has a few more years of life in it.”