

5-1-1994

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Recommended Citation

Cooper, Stephanie (1994) "What's Right About My Life," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 1 , Article 31.

Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol1/iss1/31

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What's Right About My Life

Stephanie Cooper

Looking through the window of the children's home playroom, I realized how incredibly lucky I was. As I watched those children struggle to speak a single word, when they should have been out laughing and playing with their friends, I suddenly became thankful for everything I had. To be severely disabled, deprived of the simple joys of life, such as laughter, emotion, and even simple pleasant conversations, must be so devastating! That day in the hospital had a major effect on me; I began to look not at what material items I owned, or who my friends were, but instead that I was able to enjoy these things and these people.

What is right about my life? Everything: The fact that I wake up every day and get out of bed without having to use a wheelchair, or struggle with every step; the fact that I am able to make my own decisions, that I can determine right and wrong; the fact that I know what goes on in the world around me, and that I can be an active part of that world. The very fact that I can go about my days as I please, and I am free and able to do what I wish, is what is right with my life.

What is right is that I am fortunate enough to live, while people die every day. I am blessed with the ability to walk, run, think, act, read, understand, express, and communicate. These are

not exceptional feats to many of us, but any one of those helpless children would have given anything just to be able to perform one of them. If I have a problem, I have someone to turn to. If I need help, I immediately know whom to call. The children in the hospital had problems. They needed help, yet they had no one they could call to care for them and listen to them. Their parents had abandoned them, left them there emotionally on their own. They had no real friends and no one they could really trust.

Often people don't realize what is really right about their lives. Things taken for granted should be cherished and appreciated_ every word, every step. There are things we don't think about every day but do every minute, while there are some who think about them every minute yet can't do them at all. Sometimes those who cannot speak or cannot act have more of an effect on us than we could ever imagine, that is, if we really listen to what they are trying to tell us.