

# A Glimmer of Hope

by Keiry Fuentes

Last night, I couldn't sleep. My mind was racing, tangled in a web of worries and overthinking. As a high school student about to start my senior year, the weight of the past summer and the draining junior year loomed over me. The pandemic had taken its toll, leaving me feeling isolated, unmotivated, and struggling with my mental health.

Lying in bed, I gazed at the moonlight filtering through the window, illuminating my dark room. The hum of the air conditioner provided little comfort as I tossed and turned, growing increasingly frustrated and exhausted. The insomnia was relentless, refusing to grant me the rest I so desperately craved.

But as the night wore on, the darkness gradually gave way to the soft glow of dawn. The first rays of sunlight peeked through my window, stirring a glimmer of hope within me. The glimmer of hope that emerged within me was a spark of belief that things could get better. It was a tiny flame that flickered amidst the darkness, reminding me that even though I felt lost and overwhelmed I still had the power to take control of my life and seek the help I needed.

With the rising sun, a shift occurred within me. I realized that I couldn't continue on this path alone. I made a promise to myself to talk to my older sisters. As we sat



together in our cozy living room, I mustered up the courage to make a heartfelt promise to my dear

sisters. With tears in my eyes, I told them that I was committed to getting the help I needed. I promised them that I wouldn't keep my struggles to myself anymore. I would reach out to professionals who could guide me through my challenges and help me find my way back to happiness. I wanted them to know that seeking help wasn't a sign of weakness but a brave step towards feeling better. I expressed how much I loved and appreciated them, and how their unwavering support had given me hope. Their belief in

me inspired me to face my fears and embrace the unknown, knowing they would be there for me every step of the way. As I made this promise, the room filled with love, understanding, and compassion. It wasn't just words; it was a commitment to my own growth and to preserving our strong bond as sisters. In that moment, I felt a weight lifting from my shoulders. I knew that with their support, we would navigate this journey together, turning darkness into light, and finding comfort in our shared pursuit of healing and happiness.

This summer has been tough, no doubt about it. It forced me to confront my vulnerability and acknowledge my own struggles. But amidst the difficulties, I discovered a

newfound strength, a resilience buried deep within. It revealed to me a path to healing and growth.

As I looked out at the gradually brightening sky, a sense of peace washed over me. The warmth of the sun's rays touched my skin, offering solace. At that moment, I whispered to myself, "I might be lost right now, but I'm not gone. And that's where my journey begins."

If my words had the power here, I would want to influence those who are also grappling with their own challenges, particularly young individuals navigating the complexities of school, mental health, and the impact of the pandemic. I would want to offer them solace, understanding, and a sense of hope. By sharing my story, I hope to let them know that they are not alone and that seeking support is a strength, not a weakness.