

Grace Disguised, Chapter 1 & 2



Hey guys! This story is focused on an experience that happened to my sisters and I. (*names have been changed*)

Key Points

I was about 6 years old. My little sister, Clara, was five years old. We were both close friends with Mia, a four-year-old girl. We lived in a small town in Idaho. Practically, everybody knew everybody.

“Hi Mia! I’m almost ready. Let me grab my shoes. Clara! Becca! Come ride with us!” I invited.

Mia shaded her eyes from the sun. “I see it coming. It’s coming!” She jumped up and down. The golf cart climbed slowly up the hill.

“Come on! Lets go!” said Ms. Alice. She was my favorite. She had a British accent and her niece, Crystal, was my best friend.

“Hi Ms. Alice! Hi, Lucas and Crystal!” My sisters and I yelled. “Hop on, we are leaving!” We zoomed down the hill.

Ms. Alice pulled me on her lap. “Wanna steer?” I nodded happily. We drove off.

That's one of many things we would do. After we would go to Mia's house to play. Then, for some strange reason, we didn't see them as much. Life continued as normal. We missed them. Then one Friday evening, it all changed.

"May I have your attention please? It is our sweet girl Mia. Please pray.."

"Mom, listen. They're saying something about Mia!" I strained my ears to hear the words that would change our friendship forever.

"Our sweet girl, Mia, was diagnosed with a brain tumor. Everybody, please pray!" People sucked in their breath. Women gathered around Mia's mother, Audrey, showering her with hugs and words of comfort. My mom and I had started to walk up the hill towards our home. I froze. I just remember being shocked. My arm felt shaky. I didn't cry, I was still in shock and I was scared for my friend. My friend, Mia Vance, now had a brain tumor. The next few days went on normally except for the fact that lingered in everybody's mind. Mia had a brain tumor on her brain stem. That was almost fatal. I don't remember crying much. I mean, there were sometimes where I would cry at night. I guess the fact just didn't fully wrap around my mind. I would still hang out with Lucas and Crystal. I hugged them both.

Crystal would tell me about how soaked her pillow was from all the tears that she'd cried. Sometimes her big brown eyes would water while she was talking. Years passed this way, with Mia in serious condition. Crystal and I grew older and became even closer. My other friends that lived nearby, hadn't known her as much but wanted to help. The best we could do was donate money to pay for the expensive treatments that she was being given. We would make little stands, selling lemonade and rosemary. We'd pick the rosemary and make the lemonade on our own. We also gathered all of our toys that we didn't use and had a sale. I knew it wouldn't make a big change but we did it anyway. My mom and dad both reposted the donating website for Mia. They would come back and visit. I remember Mia had this headband for the tumor or whatever. I don't know why I remember that.

Anyway, there was one week I remember most, The week my friend was at her worst point. My dad, a pastor, went to visit. He came back, a bit shocked. Audrey was refusing anybody to hold her Mia. Mia would throw up everywhere, but Audrey never refused to let go. My dad offered to hold her but was firmly refused. My dad says to this day that the picture in his mind of Audrey caring for Mia. so helpless in her arms, was the true definition of a mothers love. I went and got ready for bed. I came out to say good night. My dad was texting Audrey. I read them. It said, "She's not suffering any longer." My breath caught. Maybe he was talking about something else. I asked. He confirmed what we had been praying wouldn't happen to Mia. She was gone.