

The Perfect Wedding Chapel

The two walked down the beach as they left their footprints behind them. The waves crashed down on their young feet as they walked carelessly. They couldn't be any happier as they were completely in love. Holding hands, they kept their stride matching each other's steps. They were in search of the perfect place to have their wedding, in the beautiful month of July. She wanted to have her dream wedding in a large chapel where her family had history. He, the more calm and peaceful of the two, always had the dream of his wedding down on the soft sand where the water playfully raced up the sand as if it was chasing the land. He envisioned a beautiful sunset behind them as a pastor pronounced them one.

They kept waltzing down the beach in their search. The sun started to set and made the most beautiful sunset the two had ever seen. They saw a building out in the horizon. The sun was setting directly behind it. They could see a cross sitting high up on top of the building, staring down at the waves which ran up the sand and touched the doors of the building. The young man knew that this place was the church in which he would be married in. The girl set her eyes upon the building and had the same feeling. She also knew that they had found the church that would be perfect for their wedding.

The two raced each other down the beach, seeing who could make it to the church first. They both ran full speed all the way to its steps. Once they arrived at the building, they knew it wasn't just a figment of their imagination but a real sanctuary. They walked through the wonderful stained glass doors and walked straight down the aisle that stretched down the center of the church. They both thought to themselves, "This is the most beautiful place I've ever seen." The girl looked at the boy and said, "Honey, this is the place I have dreamed of all my life, I love it."

The couple found the pastor sitting at his cluttered desk, in his office in the back of the church and told him about how they found the church while they were walking side by side down the beach. They explained that they were in search of the perfect church to have their wedding. The pastor was

overwhelmed with how excited the two were with finding his church as the perfect setting for their wedding. They set the date with the pastor and started to walk out of the church. As they walked down the aisle, they stood in awe. Staring out the open doors, they saw a brilliant sunset and the waves crashing right in front of the building. They knew they made the perfect decision. They looked deep into each others eyes and kissed. The two were later married in that beautiful church and began their life together.

My Bread and Fish

There was such great commotion in the city; everyone was wandering around and talking about this man named Jesus and the wonderful things that he had been doing in the area. According to what I saw and heard, he had a great following at the time and our city was the next town in which he would speak. I knew I had to hear him speak, I was told he could change your life; he could make you a new person. The stories of this man are great and his reputation great. I immediately ran home to ask if I could go to listen to Jesus speak later in the week. I said to my mother, "Mother! A great rabbi, named Jesus, is speaking in our town tomorrow, I have heard of great things that he has done, I must hear him speak" I told her all that I knew and she agreed that I should go said, "Darling son, I believe you should go listen to this man speak, it seems like there is a lot you can learn from him. I will pack you a lunch tomorrow morning to take with you so you will not get hungry." I became very excited and decided I would leave

bright and early so I could be as close to Jesus as possible, I have heard of a woman who touched the man and she became healed of an illness she had at the time. If a man can be that powerful I can only imagine what he is capable of.

It was in the middle of the night and I could not go to sleep. The anticipation of seeing Jesus and how amazing a man he was, was completely torturing me. Although this man has many that follow him, I heard that there were twelve boys that were always with him, they were his chosen disciples even though they had already started other careers, Jesus chose them to always be with him, there must of been something very special about these young men. Jesus was to be here early in the morning and I expected there would be a lot that I would here from him that day. I invited my friends to come with me to see how special the man was. I told them, "He can change your life, like he has changed many you must come", they did not want to put me down and all called me crazy for believing in such "magical" stories "they just can not be true events!" my friends exclaimed. I walked away with my head bowed, I was upset that my best friends did not see how amazing Jesus was I thought to myself. "Why would they not believe the stories I have told; the great multitudes have confirmed them all."

After I put that mornings events behind me, I headed home to get ready to go for the day. My mother greeted me at the front door and had a basket for me. My sweet mother had made lunch for me, and it was a pretty good size lunch if you ask me; 5 loaves of bread and 2 whole fish, I thought to myself, "There is no way I will eat all of this food". I thanked my mom as I ran out of my house and down the street carrying a blanket and my lunch basket. When I arrived at the field where Jesus would be speaking I could not believe my eyes. Spread out amongst the rolling hills were thousands of people. More people than I had ever seen in my life, it was truly amazing how vast the crowd was. I was not able to find a seat towards the front like I had hoped because of the large crowd that now occupied the field.

After everyone got situated Jesus began to speak on how great the Lord in heaven was and everything we needed to know about him and to be able to be with him one day. This man,

Jesus, truly was as amazing as i had heard from the people in town. It became to be around lunch time and I, just like the rest of the crowd was becoming very restless because we all had not eaten all day. Jesus noticed that everyone was hungry and sent those 12 special followers down to find food, they could not find anything, no one had one piece of food....until they came to me. They came up and the one named John said, "Little boy, do you have any food, the Rabbi, Jesus, requested that food be offered up." When he saw my basket and noticed the bread sticking out he asked, "Boy would you mind donating your food to the community, we have not come across any and everyone is becoming very hungry." Understanding the situation i agreed to give up my food so that all may eat, although even though the food in my basket may have been too much for me it would have never fed everyone there that day. Having a feeling that something amazing was going to happen I requested that I could come with the 12 to present the loaves of bread and 2 fish to Jesus. The 12 agreed that I may accompany them to bring the food to Jesus. When we arrived where Jesus was, John said, "Rabbi, all we could find is what this young boy had." Jesus without thought said, "Do not worry, it will be enough."

After Jesus acquired the food from me he said, "Thank you son for generously offering your lunch to the crowd." Once Jesus got the crowd to settle down he decided to pray over the food. Still with the feeling that something beyond awesome was going to happen I snuck a peak during the prayer, and my jaw hit the floor when I saw what happened. As Jesus prayed over the food, baskets upon baskets of bread and fish appeared all around us. This was truly something from God, and it was so wonderful to see one of Jesus' amazing miracles happen right in front of me, and for me to play a part in it. All the people ate, and ate as much as they could eat without exploding, it definitely an event that was amazing to witness. I had never seen so many people in my life and for all of them to be fed from my bread and fish is just astonishing. There was so much food left that each of the 12 had a basket left over just for them to eat!

I ran home after the 12 and Jesus left the hillside and told everyone I knew, what had happened. Jesus is truly a great rabbi and I understand why he has such a great following. I am quite sure everyone in town will go next time Jesus is around. I hope he comes soon so that I may see his greatness once again.

The Horse Named Ticonderoga

It has been a long time since that day. I remember when I first saw Ticonderoga, she looked so majestic, so powerful. I was awestricken in what an amazing animal she was. Ticonderoga was the fastest horse I had ever seen as she blazed across the large field. Her all white hair was covered in by dirt which had been kicked up from her hooves. My family was driving down the 5 interstate highway when I first saw her. Right away I knew that I had to have her, so I asked father if we could get her, and from the grin on his face I knew that father's cowboy ways were about to come out; he definitely was interested in wrangling himself a new horse. Ticonderoga was not an easy horse to catch, she outran our stallions for miles, it felt like days, we were forced to camp overnight three times out in the wilderness not a city in site. We made camp at the foot of some mountains and the only thing that reminded us that civilization was somewhere near was the train tracks and the electrical

wires near by. The electrical wires ran on for miles, they stretched the length of the tall mountains which stared down on a large field. That night as we laid in our tents sleeping I had the greatest dream a kid could have while on a horse chase. I dreamed that we had caught Ticonderoga and I, myself had been the one to tame him and make him comfortable, from the very start we were like two peas in a pod. We were made for each other. She was so much fun to ride, in my dream i rode her for days with no end, she had great endurance and didn't stop running until I was ready to go in. The dream did not end too happily though; Ticonderoga became old and frail and no longer could run as fast, or jump as high as when she was younger. I was no longer able to ride her for I became too heavy and she had become too old. It came to the point where we were going to have to put her down, and that is when I woke up. I woke up with a tear in my eye as if it had all really happened and Ticonderoga was dead.

The hard ground that I had been sleeping on had reminded me that I was still in the chase. It reminded me the best part was still to come, we woke up early that morning and I looked up to the mountains and then the sun rising and knew that it was going to be a spectacular day. We set out, I was riding my pony Pipsqueak, who was not very fast. Because my pony was not very fast we had to rely on Rocky, my dad's stallion that he named after the movie that Sylvester Stallone starred in. So we took down camp and hopped on our horses and once again started the chase to capture Ticonderoga. We first spotted her after a few miles of trotting around on Pipsqueak and Rocky, then we turned on our burners, I had never seen Rocky or Pipsqueak run so fast or so hard, we finally caught up to Ticonderoga when she decided to turn on the burners and once again leave me and dad in the dust. The amazing part was that Pipsqueak was not about to give up the chase he kicked it into gear and ran as fast as he could, we caught up to Ticonderoga in no time and I had my lasso ready. I began to swing my lasso above my head getting my aim just right, knowing this would probably be my only shot at capturing the beautiful white horse. I threw the rope and to my surprise I had got it around Ticonderoga's neck. Ticonderoga instantly reared back as she

felt the lasso tighten around her long neck. I then rode Pipsqueak right up next to Ticonderoga where I would then be able to jump from my pony to my prize horse.

Then I took the leap and for the first time I was sitting on top of Ticonderoga, I was riding her, but it was not all easy, for a few minutes which felt like years my new horse did everything she could to knock me off, but just like Pipsqueak would not give up on the chase, I did not give up on Ticonderoga. I finally got her to settle down as she became comfortable with me as her rider. Just like my dream it was as if we were made for each other, it just felt so perfect to finally be riding Ticonderoga. My dad was very proud of me for taming my first horse and that it was Ticonderoga, because she was a very tough horse to catch. After catching my new horse we took her back to our farm where I went on to ride her every single day. I thoroughly enjoyed it every single time and Ticonderoga became my best friend and came closer and closer as the days, months, and years went on. Ticonderoga became older and weaker and was no longer that horse that I had saw while driving on the freeway. She now needed much more care and could not be ridden as much as in our earlier years. I could tell that she was in pain every time that I rode her. I decided that I could no longer ride her and she needed to be free for the last part of her life. What I did next was the hardest thing I had ever had to do. I drove Ticonderoga back to the fields where I caught her and rode her one last time before I let her go free. I cried as my best friend trotted off. I will never forget my favorite horse and will always look back on the good times I had riding her.