

Dear Francis Thompson,

"That Special Someone" touched my life deeply. The summer before my fifth grade year my best friend, Megan Fiech, was diagnosed with a brain tumor. At first, I did not think it was a huge deal because I always heard about people getting tumors and surviving. Then, in the middle of fifth grade, my close friend and classmate since kindergarten, Lindsey Wien, died of a brain aneurysm. This was absolutely horrible. I cried so hard for so long. I did move on, but horrible thoughts raced through my mind about Lindsey, Megan, and me.

My sixth grade year started out really great. I was taking challenge courses, making new friends.....and then one Saturday morning, four days before Megan's twelfth birthday, the phone rang. Shortly after the call, Mom took me into my room to tell me that Dave Duncan had just phoned. He said Megan slipped into a coma during the night and had just passed away. Her death was another horrible shock to me. I haven't gotten over it completely, and I never will.

After Megan's death her parents phoned me and asked if I would like to speak at Megan's Memorial Service. I said I would, and that is when I came across your poem. I shared your poem at the memorial service. Your talk about our dreams and how our outlook on life can change because of someone we have known truly apply to my friendship with Megan. Your words are still of great comfort to me because my life most definitely was enriched by having known someone as special as Megan.

I think of your poem often. It helps me get through hard times, a tough day, and sometimes--just life in general. Your poem makes me think about Megan in many different ways. I still don't understand Megan's death. Megan was so young, but I realize people who loved her got to spend almost twelve years of life with her. Megan and I had so many fun times in the years that we had together. I will have these memories to hold onto forever, and no one can take those away.

Now that I have your poem inside of me, I look at the world and the people around me differently. I try not to stress over school. If I miss an assignment, I am not going to stress about it, nor will I use it as an excuse to slough off. Life is too short to waste. I think I need to be open to new opportunities and grasp life with both hands. I am also learning that friends are an important and natural part of life.

I want to thank you for your poem. When you wrote this, did you think it would have so much of an impact on one twelve-year old girl in Lafayette, Indiana? It did.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

Lauren Wallace