



Therapy is where my brother goes to learn to walk and talk. It might seem like he should already know how to do that, but he needs extra help because he has disabilities.

Just like I need a piano teacher to help me learn the notes, my brother needs therapists to help his body know how to move.

I don't always understand what the kids are saying or why they act the way they do. Mom says it's because God made everyone unique. We all give him glory in different ways, and if we look closely, we can learn a little bit about God through each of them.

"It's a privilege to know another human being, no matter what they look like or how they act. Don't ever forget that, kiddo," Mom says.



Mom comes into my room to kiss me goodnight. Before she leaves, she says, "God made you, God loves you..."

"God is kind to you!" I finish.

"Yes, my love," she smiles. "Three truths, if believed, will change your life forever." She gives me a kiss and turns out the lights. And I dream of sledding and cocoa and wait for my dog to wake me up for another day.

