

Healing Hearts

314 words

By Finley Kaye

I wish I could heal people. Not with beauty, health, kindness, personality, or passion. Just my heart. And I don't mean healing sick people or hurt people, I mean mentally or emotionally pained people. My power comes from my soul and the bottom of my heart. In a world filled with so much hatred and suffering, that so many people are dead every day because of it, it isn't okay, and it never will be. If people are going through accidents and emergencies both physiologically, mentally, and emotionally, I want to be able to help them in the best way possible.

Every single day, suicide occurs every 11 minutes. Eleven minutes! That means in the time it takes to grab a snack, send an email, and scroll past a video on social media, someone is at their breaking point. Please, let that sink in. If I were able to heal people, maybe, just maybe people wouldn't pass away from that so often.

Depression is so serious, but some people can't see that. In a lot of people, it's practically invisible, but that doesn't mean it's impossible to spot. People often feel trapped or unstable. They might even just hide it behind a smile or a busy schedule.

Healing people would come with the ability to see when people are feeling down or heavy-hearted. My power would be like a medicine. But not a medicine you swallow. A medicine you can see over time. My heart would be a medicine. A medicine you take that not only helps you, but makes sure you never experience those aching, traumatic, bitter, and painful feelings ever again.

In the end, the world is a big place, filled with so many people. And so many of them are mean. That's why it's important to be kind. And that's why I choose healing people with my heart as my superpower.