

My Sanctuary

The people that protect me are my parents and my sister. My sister is bold, and even though we might get into arguments, deep down she has a huge heart for me, a heart that cares for me and lifts me up when I am feeling low. Even when we fight or annoy our parents, I know she will be kind to me in her own unique way. She loves me, she just doesn't always show it openly. But she does love me, and she shows it in a way that I love - sweet but sour. My mom cares about me in a way that cannot be described with words, it can only be felt in the heart - the one part of us that no one can deny and that makes everything special. My mom picks me up when I fall and tells me never to give up no matter what happens, she helps me in every possible way she can find and makes sure I never get hurt no matter what the problem is. She does not let people make fun of me or hurt me. If they do, they'll regret it. My dad never gives up. No matter what happens, good or bad, he keeps on trying to improve what he can do and what he can fix. In the same way, he takes care of me. He is raising me to become like him, helping me grow into a whole new person with my own interests. He helps me become a better person in life, so I don't have to worry about what happens next when I am alone. My family cares for me in every way possible, and I care for them just the same. They provide me with a safe shelter, when the weight or pain from the outside world hurts me, my family helps me heal. They lift me up during my darkest moments, cheer me up when I need it, and keep me on the right track. These three people have shown me the difference between right and wrong. In my sanctuary, my parents and my sister are my shepherds and the walls that keep the storm away. Thank you.

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