

Standing aside with an intriguing look in his eye stood a YOUNG BOY no older than ten. Aaron had short reddish-brown hair and a heavily freckled face. His eyes were full of sparkle and desire, like the boy was hungry to learn and experience. He was dressed in a long hospital gown that seemed about three sizes too big for him. Around his wrist was a plastic bracelet reading, "Illinois Children's Hospital." One could imply from this scene that the boy had died from some tragic disease and indeed, Aaron had battled Leukemia for six years now and finally lost the struggle. Aaron's family lived on a small farm in Illinois. He had one younger brother, Tucker, whom he dreamt of one day teaching how to fish, hunt, and be a good man. Aaron wished he could do all the normal stuff he knew most kids do. It was a calamity that Aaron be cursed with such a hard and trying life. Most people pitied the child, seeing how he was stuck in a hospital room all day for over half his life. However, that time ultimately was a blessing for Aaron. He had knowledge beyond his years and understood that there was more planned for us than the short life we live here on earth. Aaron was a miracle in the works and he touched everyone's life he knew.