

Joanna

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English 10.1

This I Believe

I believe in love. And not the love in the movies that entails two people meeting, dating, getting into an argument, making up, and living happily ever after. I am talking about the love that everyone deserves to experience. And still I am not talking about finding a soul mate or being in love. I am talking about loving someone. Not worrying about being with someone every second of every day, but knowing that they care for you in the same way that you do. The kind of love where you can always rely on that person no matter the circumstances. In movies the characters fight and the love fades, but the love I believe in, never fades.

I know everyone is programmed to love their parents, their siblings, and their pets. To love their family and their friends. I know everyone says that they love someone, but saying you love, is different than knowing you love. The first time I knew that I loved someone was on March 21, 2014. I know I am programmed to love my family, but this was the first time that I felt it.

My big brother, Nicolas, has been a marine since October 11<sup>th</sup> 2013, and I haven't seen him in 196 days and counting. Throughout those 196 days I have not really thought of him or "missed" him. But on March 21 2014, I talked to him. At that moment I hadn't talked to him in 4 months, and I realized I had missed him without even knowing it.

That Monday night I was lying in bed at 7:30 when my sister cracked open the door holding her phone and said, "Do you wanna talk to Nicolas?" I replied shyly, "No... no." And she left with a sigh, and I was quite relieved because my brother had always intimidated me. My brother and I had never really been siblings who talked to each other. But minutes pass and my sister bursts open the door and forces the phone to my ear. At first I was nervous. I did not know what to say or what to expect or anything. But then, out of nowhere, I just start talking to him, like it's natural, like it's not new. Out of nowhere my brother and I were talking, just talking, not talking about when he was going to return and give his *favorite* sister a hug, but what he was doing, and what I was doing.

We talked for minutes when I suddenly just drew a blank. But that was okay, because my body had helped me, my lips moved and some surprising words came out. I said, "Well this was nice Nicolas I really miss you," he replies with a chuckle (my brother and I aren't that close, but at this moment, we were), "I miss you too." Blessed to hear that I said, "I love you." And in that moment I felt like I wasn't obligated to say I love because he was family, but because I wanted to. Then he replied (still with a faint chuckle, but I knew he was serious), "I love you too." It's not often that I hear an I love you from my brother to me. My mother and my sister were in my room saying, "don't cry," and me saying "Come on!! I won't!!" with an enormous smile on my face.

As my mother and sister exited the room I lay on my bed looking up at the ceiling. When the door shut and I was alone, without a warning, or even a notion, I just started crying. Not because I was sad or mad, but because I was happy. I was

happy because I felt the love transferred from me to my brother and back again. It was the first time that I knew I had felt love in my heart. At that moment, with tears in my eyes, I felt warm. That love was more than what they show in romantic comedies, and that's the love I believe in.

I believe in love.