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A Lost Tribe
By Tyler P. Fick

“Nothing will ever be the same, so I am just going to say goodbye.” I remember when I uttered those very words outside some random apartment buildings. I gathered them together in the morning, I made them be together the entire day, I wanted to look them in the eye before they said goodbye. The very thought...*nothing will ever be the same...* rung out like a dog whistle. Only the five of us heard it, but it shattered our ears as well as everything we have heard from that day and on. A raw moment of true friendship captured and glorified for me to remember. Without them by my side, I cry. *“Lets just hold on now...”* But now is yesterday and yesterday is today. I remember not wanting to look at them with my sad eyes, so instead I stood back and took pictures. An easy way out, and easy way to remember. Show me a moment in the past with no documentation and the moment is lost to me, show me a moment with a picture, a song, a piece of the past and I will remember as if I am still there... *“...locked in the past...”* Still today we talk almost everyday, but I was right that day, *nothing will ever be the same.* An innocence has been lost. An innocence that was given to us through our pleaded skirts, high pony tails, and hands wrapped together in prayer as we passed notes behind Jesus’ back. We thought we were so bad when we broke the dress code or when we came into school hung over. At our last liturgy, huddled together in our gymnasium transformed into a church for the afternoon, I passed my light to my four best best friends. One of them spoke and said... *“Nothing here matters but each other...”* I worshipped their shadowed faces as the candle light flickered past their cheeks then to their chins then back to their cheeks. Sometimes I still am in that moment ... *“locked in the past...”* I can feel the light of the candle... *“This little light of mine I’m gonna let it shine...”* I can feel our five hands holding on *“I’m gonna let it shine...”* I can almost feel a vein ripping out of my own body moving, weaving in and out of our five connected hands, adjoining us. It was all so spiritual. *“this little light of mine...”* So on the day the first of us left for college, outside with the scenery of an old run down apartment building and the music of dogs barking and distant car horns, I take five strands of string. I move them together and I weave in and out. I take out their hands and wrap the string around them until each girl has a piece tightly around her wrist. *“These are our binding bracelets...this is me on you and you on me...this is my past and all the love I need for the future.”* Then I cut the string. *“Until we meet again....”*