

## *Being Thankful*

*As I peer down my 18th floor window, I realize how lucky I am. I have a great view out of my window, the whole world is open to me.*

*I can see cars, cars everywhere. Yellow taxis keep appearing, and big fat vans stumble on a straight and narrow road. Long buses slide towards the bus stop; one by one people of all shapes and sizes start filling it. Steadily, my eyes reach the East River. A giant green and white ferry glides gracefully on the water, as if it was an ice skating ring. Soon, little white sailboats come trailing after it, like baby ducks following their mother. My eyes climb higher and higher until they face the endless sky. The color of smoke free sky blue slowly turns into a pinkish color. The halo of light expands over the horizon.*

*As I watch the sky's dim colors, I wonder if there are people like me, people who just stare out of their window and wonder about the mysteries beyond.*

*Suddenly, a thought pierces my mind. I'm not only lucky to have a great view, but not to be walking barefoot, not to be huddled in a corner, shivering under a blanket. . . . I'm glad I'm not one of those people I see from up here living on a crate in a corner. Instead here I am. I'm lucky in many ways. I have a good education, my parents are alive, and I have a nice brother. Then I think that I'm not lucky in one way. I have a hearing loss. Sometimes I wonder "why can't I hear like other people?" In a way I'm still lucky, because if I were living a hundred years ago, I would not have a device called a cochlear implant, to help me communicate. But I do and I am thankful for that, I'm thankful for everything.*

*By Esther*

Esther's writing.