

Essay – Communication is More Than Words

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I believe in the power each individual has to communicate with each other. But communication is more than simple words. Communication is a transfer of one's strength to another, and a way to lift up one another. No one is exempt from leaving an impression on someone else, and that is why communication is so important.

As a child, I relied upon my parents' strength and love. Just like everyone else, however, I experienced disappointment. After every disappointment, I sat at the foot of my parents' bed, and listened eagerly to their words. They always found a way to inspire me and motivate me to work harder. This was a talent my parents had with me, but I never realized how important this gift was.

I have a friend that I have known for almost 10 years. One day last year he mentioned that he was on anti-depressants, and had been for the last two years. He told me he even became suicidal at times. But, he reassured me he had, since then, received help.

One night, I asked him to help me move tables out of my dad's truck, and while we worked, I told him about the "bad day" I had had. He then continued to tell me what happened to him in the last week. The story was a tangled mess of bad decisions and complicated circumstance; he didn't know what to do. I told him how much I loved him, and that I was there for him whenever he needed. He smiled and hugged me, then went home.

Later that night I answered my phone. I could tell it was him from the caller ID. But when I answered, all I heard was a quivering soft voice in the background choking back tears. I told him to come over right then, and I would meet him outside.

Ten minutes later I walked outside, and when I opened my arms to give him a hug, he clenched his arms around me and shook as he sobbed on my shoulder. I had occasionally seen boys cry softly at the loss of a loved one or during a disappointing moment, but never had I seen a boy so broken. Under the sobs I heard him mumble, "Maggie, I came here tonight because I wanted to kill myself, I almost did, but you were the only person I knew I could go to, and who lived close enough to stop me."

I don't remember what I said, all I know, is that night, as I sat there with my friend, we did more than talk. My friend and I communicated, and as we did, I felt my strength transfer to him, much as I recall my parents doing for me.

Communication is more than words; it's our ability to see into each other, to use our strengths to uplift those with weaknesses. And in the end, everyone is stronger for it