

# Someone Who Understands

*Blair's friends didn't understand what it was like to have Crohn's disease.*

**By Haley Yancey**  
(Based on a true story)

*This story took place in the USA.*

"I can't come over today," Blair said. Her face felt hot from embarrassment.

Her friends stared at her. "But you said you would!" Sammy said.

"I know." Blair looked down at her feet. "I'm not feeling very good. I'm sorry."

"That's what you said last time," Jessica said.

Blair didn't know what to say. She wished she could go to Sammy's house. But her stomach really hurt today. She needed to go home and rest.



Blair had Crohn's disease. It made her stomach ache, and it really hurt. Most days her stomach hurt at least a little. But some days were worse than others. Today was one of those days. She wished she could pick which days she hurt more. It seemed like her stomach hurt the most when she wanted to do something fun.

"Let's just go," Sammy said to Jessica.

When Blair got home, she took her medicine. Then she tried to sleep. But she hurt too much.

Mom and Dad came to check on her. Dad sat on her bed. "How are you feeling?"



"OK. The medicine helped a little," Blair said.

"I'm sorry you couldn't go to Sammy's house," Mom said.

Blair felt tears in her eyes. "It's not fair! My friends don't understand what it's like." Blair threw a pillow at the wall. "I just want to get better."

Dad gave Blair a hug. "I know. Would you like a priesthood blessing?"

Blair nodded. Blessings usually helped her feel more peace.

Dad put his hands on Blair's head and blessed her to rest and feel comfort. It was a nice blessing. It helped her remember that Heavenly Father loved her. But she still felt sad about her friends.

After the blessing, Mom and Dad gave Blair a kiss goodnight. They left so she could sleep.

Blair lay back down and closed her eyes. The blessing had helped, but she was still hurting.

She knelt by her bed to pray. At first it was like most of her prayers. She told Heavenly Father what she was grateful for and asked to feel better. But this time she kept going.

"Heavenly Father, I feel really sad. I miss being with my friends," she said. "I feel lonely. No one understands how much I hurt each day. I miss what it was like before I was sick."

The longer Blair prayed, the more she felt that Heavenly Father was listening to her prayer. She couldn't hear or see Him, but she felt His love. She knew He cared about what she had to say. Blair didn't want the feeling to end.

Blair prayed until she had told Heavenly Father everything she felt. Then a thought came to her mind. Blair's friends might never know what it felt like to have Crohn's disease, but Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ did. They knew how much she hurt and how lonely she felt. They would always be there for her.

Blair felt like she was getting the biggest hug. After she finished her prayer, she went to find her parents to tell them what had happened.

"Did you have a nightmare?" Mom asked.

Blair smiled. "No. I've been praying."

Mom looked surprised. "We said good night a while ago. Were you praying that whole time?"

Had it really been so long? Blair nodded. "It was like getting a big hug. Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ know how I feel. Because of Them, I don't have to feel alone!" ●



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