Eric J. Pierzchala

In Intermediate French I (Fr 23201), Dr. Ruth Capasso assigned journal entries, to be written in French, in which one could explore a range of topics. What Eric Pierzchala found in his journal writing was a common thread of self-discovery through reflection back to the days of first rememberings. “Le Petit Miracle,” or “Little Miracle,” is one of Pierzchala’s favorite entries from his collection. Upon the request of the editorial staff, Pierzchala provided an English translation for our readers.

Le Petit Miracle

Quand j’étais petit, je voulais avoir une patinoire derrière ma maison. Mes amis avaient une patinoire de temps de temps et je avais besoin d’une patinoire aussi.

J’ai demandé à ma mère chaque année mais la réponse était la même toujours. Ma mère me disait annuellement…


Après j’ai pelleté le trottoir, j’avais le temps à jouer. Quand je jouais à l’après-midi, j’ai trouvé une surprise incroyable. À cause du temps bizarre, il y avait de la neige mais au dessous de la neige il y avait une patinoire naturelle! Incroyable! Une patinoire naturelle à cause de la pluie! Je ne le croyait pas! Rapidment, je suis allé vite pour obtenir mes patins, mon bâton, et le disque de caoutchouc. La glace était forte.

Pour deux jours j’ai eu mon patinoire. Ma mère était dans une incroyance quand elle a découvert ce que j’étais fait. Ma mère a ri quand elle a vu son garçon patiner. Quand je pense aujourd’hui de cet evenement, d’une vie simple, je le considère un miracle de la jeunesse. En effet, il y avait un autre qui l’a suivi. Ma mère m’a préparé un chocolat chaud. Je pense que le miracle était un aussi un chocolat chaud.
Little Miracle

When I was young, I wanted to have an ice rink in my backyard. My friends had one from time to time, and I needed an ice rink too. I asked my mother each year but the answer was always the same. My mother told me every year...

"No... No... No..." "It is too... It is too dangerous..."
But when I was ten years old, a miracle arrived.

The night before the temperature had been very strange. The magic hour came when the telephone rang. When my mother yelled, "They have closed the schools," I was struck with excitement, but I went back to bed. The morning star disappeared into the light of the day, a day that would be filled with wonder.

After I had shoveled the walk, I had time to play. While I was playing in the afternoon I found an incredible surprise. Because of the bizarre temperature, there was snow, but on top of the snow there had formed a natural skating rink. Incredible! The rain had caused a natural ice rink. I could not believe it! Quickly, I went and got my skates, my hockey stick, and a hockey puck. The ice was strong.

For two days I had my ice rink. My mother was in disbelief when she saw what I was doing. My mother smiled when she saw her boy skating. When I think back to this event, a time when life was simple, I consider it a miracle of youth, but there was another miracle that followed. My mother, after I had been skating all day, had made me hot chocolate. As I think back to this event now, although the ice from the heavens was a miracle itself, I now believe that the true miracle was not just the ice rink but also that hot chocolate.