
God and I: College Admission Essay Sample

Here it is: my journal entry for October 8, 2010. In applying to college, I have written countless essays, each one carefully crafted to fit with what I thought each school would want me to say. Well, this one is different. Nothing is specially worded. Nothing has been edited or revised. Nothing is fake. It's just me -- me and my relationship with God.

"You know, God's an old friend of mine. He's kind of a family friend, but as I have grown up and gotten to know him better, it turns out that He's super-duper awesome.

"We went for a walk this morning, God and I, and we were just chatting. I was telling Him about my life and asking for advice. That's one thing about God... He always has an answer. Even if He doesn't reply right away, He says He'll get back to you on it... and He does. I love friends who keep their promises.

"This morning on our walk, we explored the edge of Westmont's campus. We found a pond with ducks in it, an old soccer field, a couple of hidden dorms, and lots of trees. My favorite part was the bridge that, as proclaimed by a sign, must be walked upon as if one is a dinosaur. I honestly attempted to traverse the bridge in the proper fashion, but then I realized that I have no idea what a dinosaur walks like. My rendition must have looked something like an oversized chicken. Forgive me if this is theologically unsound, but I believe that God is slightly above acting like a dinosaur, so I was quite alone in my foolishness. He had a good laugh, though.

"While we were exploring and laughing at my ridiculousness, I realized that I don't do that with Him enough. If God's really my best friend, why don't I invite Him over more often or go on walks with Him or take Him out for coffee to discuss the book that he wrote? I mean, who could better answer my questions about the Bible than God?

"Well, that's my not-so-deep thought for the day. By the way, you should laugh with God more often."

I think that's how my whole relationship with God is. We learn together (well, He teaches me), we laugh together, we cry together. In short, He's my best friend. It doesn't mean that our relationship is perfect. Yeah, I forget to talk to Him every once in a while, but for the most part, I'd say we get along pretty well.

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