Margaret's family moves from New York City to New Jersey. Adjusting to life in the suburbs is not easy: a different school, and a whole new group of friends. It also meant leaving her Grandmother back in the city. Everything is changing and there are some things about growing up that are hard to talk about, even with your best friends or your mother. So Margaret finds someone else to talk to.

**Preview:**

Are you there God? It's me, Margaret. We're moving today. I'm so scared God. I've never lived anywhere but here. Suppose I hate my new school? Suppose everybody there hates me? Please help me God. Don't let New Jersey be too horrible. Thank you.

Mom explained it to me this way: my father could commute to his job in Manhattan, I could go to public school, and my mother could have all the grass, trees and flowers she ever wanted. I never knew she wanted that stuff in the first place.

I think we left the city because of my grandmother. My mother says Grandma is too much of an influence on me. She wants to take me to her Jewish temple and my mother doesn't like that. I will miss her. She's a lot of fun, considering her age, which is 60.

Live influence on me. She wants to take me to her Jewish temple and my mother doesn't like that. I will miss her. She's a lot of fun, considering her age, which is 60.

Now that's my point about my mother. I mean, if she understands so much about me then why couldn't she understand that I had to wear loafers without socks? I told her, "Nancy says nobody in the sixth grade wears socks on the first day of school."

By the time I got to school, my feet hurt so much I thought I wouldn't make it through the day. Why are mothers always right about those things? As it turned out, half the girls had on knee socks anyway.

In November, I asked my friend Janie if I could go to church with her. The funniest thing was it was just like temple. Except it was all in English. But we read from a prayer book that didn't make sense and the minister gave a sermon I couldn't follow and I counted eight black hats, four red ones, six blue and two fur. At the end of the service everyone sang a hymn. Then we stood on line to shake hands with the minister. By then I was a pro at it.

Janie introduced me. "This is my friend Margaret Simon. She's no religion."

I almost fainted. Why did she say that? The minister looked at me like I was a freak. Then he smiled with an Aha—maybe I'll win-her look.

Are you there God? It's me, Margaret. I've been to church. I didn't feel anything special in there, God. Even though I wanted to. I'm sure it has nothing to do with you. Next time I'll try harder.