

Christ Is Alive!

Last year my family went through hard times. My mom was pregnant with baby Theo and the doctors told her that if she did not abort him then he would die and also she would die, too. My sister and I were so excited for her to have a baby, but we didn't want our mom to die. Mom chose baby Theo and to trust in God. She said, "You don't know the end of a story at the beginning."

We prayed for her and the baby every day. It was very tough and terrifying for me and my sister. But we also felt God close to us. Everyone was praying for my mom, even strangers were praying for her. Even though we were all scared, God continued to show us that he was still there for us. Every week baby Theo's pictures got better and better every day.

We prayed rosaries, we prayed Angeluses, and we venerated the relic of Saint Jude. We asked the Apostle of the Impossible to show the world that Christ is alive through baby Theo and my mom. Every day our faith grew stronger. When she was 20 weeks along, her doctors said she must have been misdiagnosed. Whether you think it was doctors being wrong or a miracle, it showed everyone that Christ is with us.

My baby brother Theo was born 7 weeks early in September. His birth flower is morning glory which symbolizes heavenly things. His name means gift from God. He was in the NICU for 6 weeks but God was with him. Now he's a happy, healthy, chunky baby. I love my baby brother and I also love my mom. I'm so glad that God is close to me and takes care of me and my family. He is truly alive and I know I can turn to him.

On November 24th, the day after Thanksgiving, my dad's job called my mom and gave her bad news. They told her that my dad had a stroke; and they had called the ambulance. My mom went to the hospital and the doctor told her that my dad had a hemorrhagic stroke which caused his brain to start bleeding. The next Monday after school; my mom picked us up so we could see my dad in the ICU. He was paralyzed on his left side, could not eat, and could barely talk. I remember the nurse said his blood pressure was still very high.

Three weeks later, they sent my dad to rehab in another city. Unfortunately my dad had another stroke while in rehab. His social worker asked my mom to discharge him to a nursing home, because his blood pressure could not be stabilized. My mom, dad, and I were crying because my dad did not want to go to a nursing home. My mom went out to her car to call my dad's mother. I stayed with my dad in his room. While I was there I put my hand on my dad's forehead and started praying. My dad fell asleep as I continued to pray. Then, I began to feel cold and it felt like someone was touching me. I could hear whispering in my ear, but couldn't make out what was being said. At this moment, I started to feel close to God.

Three days later the rehab called my mom and said that my dad's blood pressure was stable, and that he would be able to go home instead of a nursing home. Now, my dad is home with us! Although he is still paralyzed on his left side, I am so happy I am still able to hug and kiss him goodnight, everyday.

I'm still praying for my dad and still believing in God. My biggest fear is losing God's gift of bringing my dad home. This is my story of how I felt closer to God.