

# Miracle Mom

By: Mary Ceh



**M**y mom discovered her initial diagnosis with breast cancer just prior to the birth of her first granddaughter, my daughter Jennie. She arrived at my home to aid me after finishing a chemo treatment. The seven hour drive, coupled with the results of the medication, had taken their toll on her. She was fatigued from the long day's journey. I gazed at the two contently sleeping with more love than I ever imagined possible, as I prayed for my mother's survival.

Ten years passed. We were enjoying our traditional, annual mother-daughter trip with my two girls, Jennie and Carrie (then ten and eight years old) as I noticed my mom was experiencing pain in her left arm. I had to open sugar packets for her to place in her coffee. She was suffering with excruciating pain along her arm to her neck when she attempted to complete certain tasks. The doctors were not overly concerned, but she admitted the pain had worsened. Several doctor appointments later, we learned her breast cancer had returned in the same area. She had a mastectomy, which made it difficult to detect because the growth was behind the bone just below her neck. The biopsy confirmed our worst fear that not only had the cancer returned, it had metastasized to a nine millimeter tumor. She was whisked back into Duke Hospital with daily radiation and chemo. We watched, in horror, her battle and exhausted spirit, and we prayed.

The doctors were not as positive with their prognosis, yet, tried to provide the gift of simple expression while encouraging her to fight. She would live the remainder of her life on a daily chemo pill. Therefore, she and my father decided to take the trip of a lifetime to Italy. Just prior to the trip, she had discovered a lump on her neck that had developed. She remained silent, ignoring the endless possibilities that spiraled in her head, and boarded the plane.

While in Italy, she learned about the healing churches. One woman she had befriended in their tour group insisted they visit this church the next day on their own. As my mom entered the small chapel, she was completely overtaken by the power of the Holy Spirit and feeling of God's presence. As she slowly approached the altar, her friend whispered to her to place her hand on the altar, kneel and pray. As my mother obeyed this ceremonial act, praying with her heart and soul for her

recovery, she felt a burning sensation where the cancer had prevailed. She shared this information with no one for six months.

She returned to the states and made an appointment to have the neck lump checked. The doctors were furious. She had developed a blood clot, and they informed her she could have died instantaneously if it had ruptured. She explained nothing could have kept her from going and God watched over her. They shook their heads in disbelief and sauntered out of the room. She was placed on blood thinners and monitored weekly.

One year after the second diagnosis, she was waiting confidently in the waiting room. When the doctors spoke to her in the exam room, they admitted they were completely baffled. My mom inquired as to why. They replied to her with stunning news that they could not detect any signs of cancer. They were medically convinced it would return and her situation was severe. My mother smiled as she asked them if she could discontinue the chemo pills. Their lack of faith told her no.

My mother informed the doctors of the power of prayer, and that they shouldn't question a miracle from God. She appreciated their help and reassured them they did their jobs well. She gently smiled as she exited the waiting room holding my father's hand and said to him as they departed, "Too bad everyone doesn't share our faith."

She is going to be seventy-five next year, and her first granddaughter Jennie is now twenty.