

**Izul Mendoza – 8th Grade
Catholic Citizenship Essay
Council Winner - WRA**

There have been many times where I have struggled through tough times and asked God for help. Each time He has answered my prayers and helped me through the rough times. However this essay won't focus on me and my prayers, but on my Aunt Pualina and my family's prayers being answered by God.

It was about seven years ago. I was around six years old, and still way too young to remember things. My Aunt Paulina had recently been diagnosed with cancer in her kidney. She needed surgery to get rid of it. But with all surgeries comes a risk, and Paulina was scared. She didn't want to go through the surgery and have the procedure go wrong. After a few days of thinking it over, she made up her mind to go through with the surgery.

Everyone said their goodbyes in case something went wrong with the procedure. The people who could, sat outside, praying that everything would go well. Although my family wasn't there physically, we were still praying for her at our house. A few hours later we were heading to the hospital.

My dad got a call from my uncle and was told that something had gone wrong with the procedure. We wanted to see if everything was ok so we drove to the hospital. When we got there everyone was crying. The doctor told us that something went wrong during the procedure. They told us she was in a coma and would most likely never wake up. Even if she did wake up, she wouldn't be able to do anything for herself. She would no longer be able to eat food on her own, walk on her own, or even do something as simple as talking.

Everyone in the family was shocked because she told everyone about how she was scared of something going wrong and then the worst thing happened. At first, only a few people in the family were praying that she would have a successful surgery because almost everyone thought the surgery would go as planned but when they heard that it didn't go well, they all started

praying for her recovery.

After almost a week of mourning and praying, my Aunt Paulina woke up from her coma. When she woke up, the doctors realized that she would need special care from a different hospital. Everyone was rejoicing and thanking God for answering their prayers. However, they still kept praying. The problem of her being disabled remained and they didn't know to what extent her recovery would be.

At first it was hard to communicate because she was not able to communicate or move. It took weeks for her to be able to communicate a little bit with them. They learned to communicate by asking questions and she was able to answer by nodding or shaking her head. They figured out that she was being abused by the hospital staff. After that, they were able to continue her recovery treatment from home.

With a lot of hard work and continuous prayers, my Aunt Paulina was able to communicate a little a bit and was even able to walk with a walker. She was around the age of 44 when this happened and got to live 10 more years. She recently passed away when the cancer came back and spread to her lungs. Although everyone was grieving for her death, everyone was still extremely grateful for the extra years in life she was given, especially her kids.