



MIRACLE

MARJORIE GRACE ABELA

"Dial, keep on dialing!" this was my brother's desperate line for us to never ceased trying a call. You can sense the desperation in his voice and his eyes. And I, on the other corner of the house, was trying to gather all the strengths I have as I watched over my mom who was fighting for her life.

It was a very crucial moment for all of us. Every second was important. For in every missed second, mom's life was risked death.

"Mom, please try your best to breathe. Hold on. The rescue will come." These were my words, trying to make her believe that we already had one for her.

I said this repetitively. I said that as exact as t failed. It was the exact times we lied. But our determination to fight for mom was strong. We will fight no matter what. It was almost midnight. Some of us were already crying. We thought it was over for us. Until we reached our last two calls.

"Hello, sir. We badly need your help. My mom has COVID and she can't breathe. Please help us," I said.

"Okay, give us details. We will come in a minute."

This was the best answer we had that night. Relief answered that it made us think that finally, mom's struggle will now be cured.

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"Mom, we found them. We now can rush you to the hospital," I confidently told her.

A few minutes, a man in a complete white overall suit with his two companions stepped into our house as they carry a medium-sized stretcher. One of them seemed familiar to me. As they move closer to the isolation room, my eyes got stuck looking at the familiar face whom I know I met somewhere.

They talked to my brother. They brought out the oximeter and tested mom's oxygen level. It was too low that they decided to grab mom's blanket and use it to take her onto the stretcher.

While they were doing this, that familiar face come to me.

"Ma'am?", she asked. This time, I had a confirmation of my thoughts. The woman was one of the parents of my pupils.

"Thank you for taking care of my kids. I know it is the right time, but I just want to express how good of a teacher you have become to my children."

I was shocked. Never did I know that I would hear those words in that situation. However, my thoughts were consumed by my worries about mom. That I only left her a nod and replied, "thank you."

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Suddenly, my brother approached me. "They said we should have coordinated with the hospitals." So I had a minute of talks to the rescue. We tried to explain how hard we tried to call and how it all turned out. But the matter had become another concern to settle.

This time, my family, together with the rescuers drew our best attempts. While we were all trying several phone calls, mom, who was lying on the stretcher got weaker. Her face was getting paler, and her breathing became more complicated.

"Wait, let me call my friends."

Years ago, I met a group of friends in the church. All of them were professionals. They had different jobs, but they were sisters in faith. They were some of the kindest friends I had. They were sisters to me. As I remembered them, I tried to chat with them in a hope that they could help.

"Marj?", said one of them.

"Ate, I know it would not sound good to say this after not hearing from me for a long time, but my mom, we need help...."

She tried to calm me on phone. I told her the details. Then without any hesitation, she said, "Take her to the hospital now. That is an emergency case. Rush!" So we did.

As we reached the hospital, I saw Ate patiently waiting for us. I almost burst in cries. Then, she said, "Do not cry, little sister. God has his best plans. Believe. A miracle is coming."

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My mom finally found medical care. She had been in the hospital for two months. She had an operation on her right lung to remove the excess water in it that caused her not to breathe.

One day, Ate called. I immediately picked the phone up. "Marj, I have good news. Your mom will be discharged in two days," Ate announced.

I cried over the phone to thank Ate for the help. I also texted the rescuers who also tried their best to help us. I, Ate, and the rescuers, were in our best moment during the calls as if we were teammates in a battle. We were all happy.

And if you think the happy ending ends there, well, God had his best miracle. Ate helped us in settling our bills. We got zero bills upon mom's discharge. Now, mom is safe. She is back as if she had never been in the bed of death.

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