

## The Last Chance

By Alexis C.

“Oh my God!” I shouted. “Is there any cure? This can’t be happening.” My doctor replied in a monotone manner, “I am sorry Christopher, it is an incurable cancer.” I pleaded with my doctor, “there has to be. Do you know how long I have?” The doctor responded “well, it’s hard to tell, maybe 3 months from the looks of it.” I began a slumped walk to the door feeling an empty pit in the bottom of my stomach.

I am so cold. Six months tomorrow, I have been out on my own. No one to love me or teach me right from wrong. No one to help me or care for me. Now, all I have is to worry about dying from cancer.

It will be six months tomorrow since my dad died from a heart attack. He was diagnosed with heart disease and his heart just gave up on him. My dad and I had been on our own since I was young and when I was finally old enough, I started wondering and asking about my mother. Once I started questioning where my mom was, that’s when everything began to change. I had begun asking questions and dad would try to change the subject and say “when you are older”.

Then one day, he finally got the urge to tell me. He said “ok son, you are finally old enough to know the truth.” I had actually forgotten about it for a while. Dad solemnly said “the day you were born, I had gotten into a little disagreement with your mom. We were talking about how we were going to take care of you. Tears formed in my eyes as my dad explained in detail everything. I couldn’t believe that I was the reason my mom decided to just leave, without any explanation. My dad continued “she was overwhelmed by your birth, by everything, that she felt the only answer was to run away. It is not your fault, it is min.” Then, he just got up and continued doing what he was previously doing, like nothing ever happened.

I still had many questions. Then, that day came. I went to school like any other day and when I got home, my driveway was filled with an ambulance and police cars. I wasn’t allowed in the house. An officer pulled me aside and said that my father had died from a heart attack. I was speechless. What was I supposed to do? Where do I go? I am a 17 year old boy with no one left in this world now. I decided to go to my local church. As I sat in the church pew, I prayed and cried. I left the church in a daze and just stumbled into the park, still not knowing what I was going to do or where I was going to go. I curled up on a park bench and fell asleep.

The one thing that I still had was my home. I wasn’t sure how I was going to go to school and pay bills, but somehow, I managed. As time went by, I started feeling sick. I brushed it off at first, but it got to the point that I couldn’t ignore it anymore, so I went to my doctor. Upon hearing his diagnoses, I decided that it was time to find my mother.

Two weeks later, I still had no idea where to even begin in locating my mother. I have nothing to even start with, other than her first name. My church has been helping try to locate her too. A month passed, and my Pastor called me. He believes he would a woman who just might be my mother. She lives in the area, about 23 miles away.

As time passes, I am getting weaker. At my last doctor visit, he told me I only have about 3 weeks left to live. I know my time is slowly coming to an end.

I continued searching for my mother, knowing that I do not have much time left. I researched the address that my Pastor gave me and decided it was time to pay her a visit. After all, what did I have to lose? I had just enough strength to drive home. I hesitated before I knocked on the door. For the first time in my life, I was possibly about to meet the woman who gave birth to me. The woman who abandoned me. Memories of my father came flooding into my mind. I knew he would want me to have a relationship with her, even as brief as it may be due to my illness.

A slight pause occurred after knocking and a woman opened the door. She was dressed in blue jeans and a tank top and looked to be about 35 years old. She looked at me puzzled as if she knew me. "How may I help you?" she asked. Her voice was soft and spoke in a girlish manner. "I am looking for Kristi Richardson"< I replied. "Are you Kristi"? Her expression answered that question, however she responded "yes". Well, there is not turning back now. "You probably don't recognize me, but I am Christopher. I am your son." My mother was standing right in front of me for the first time since I was born. I wasn't sure how I was supposed to feel, but at this moment, a wave of relief rushed over me. She teared up and cried out "Oh my God! You don't understand that I have been wondering my whole life about you and if you were looking for me." Her wish came true. So did mine. I do have a mother.

She invited me into her house and we talked. For many hours, we laughed and cried and laughed some more. I told her about my dad. Then the hard part came. I told her that I was dying and that I did not have much time left. She held me and cried.

The next week, I had another doctor's appointment to see if there were any changes. He had changed my medication, and I have to say, I was feeling better. But was it the medication or something else? Only God knows the answer to that question. Dr. Gary walked into the room and sat down. He told me that he had a few tests that he wanted to perform to see the progressions in the cancer. Once the tests were completed, Dr. Gary came back in. His look on his face was of pure amazement. "Christopher, there are no signs of the cancer in your body. You are a true miracle! I am still in shock, but I can tell you that you have a clean bill of health! This is a true testament of God's work!" said Dr. Gary. I told him that I owe it all to God and to my church family and to my mother.

Soon after, I decided to move in with my mother. It is like I have a second chance at a new life. I miss my dad every day, but I know he is always with me. My Pastor reminds us every Sunday that with God, all things are possible. I am living proof of that.