



GOD WITH BEETA

When I think about my first year of college, I do not think about one inch research papers. What comes to my mind is cancer. Not only was I a college freshman, but away from home for the first time. One check-up at the college health center led to several appointments. While most of my peers stayed up late at night, I was exhausted from dealing with school and my health. When my x-ray proved to be something serious, I went home. All my classes were dropped after my diagnosis and the college withdrew me for the semester. I wanted to go back in the fall after chemotherapy, but my doctor informed me that I needed radiation. I did not have the energy to go back for the spring semester, putting me a year behind. I will not graduate with the friends I started college with, but I realized life is not a competition. My sickness has taught me that there will always be disappointments. Yet it is more disappointing when we let them destine our lives.

Experiencing cancer has shown me the true meaning of life. While praying that God would keep the food in my stomach, I wondered why people drank until they puked. I see people smoking packs of money away and think about parents' struggle to pay for treatments. I saw the importance in taking care of my body and never giving up on life. Even with my body beaten down, my faith in God kept growing. It is comforting to know God is blessing me with another day and holding my hand through difficult times. I am motivated to take each day as a gift given to me for a purpose.

For the future, I am preparing to become a physician. Bringing my personal experience into work will give people hope when they see living proof of survival.

BEETA'S JOURNEY

I can understand the fear patients can have stepping into a hospital because I have walked through the scary doors myself. When I was in the clinic, there were kids all around me; some that had not even learned how to ride a bike. Getting through one of the toughest challenges in life, I can give another child a chance to ride a bike.

No matter how hard the wind might blow, or how big the sound of thunder might be, there is always something to look forward to at the end of a storm. A rainbow waits. I have seen my rainbow after the storm in my life. Although at times there seemed to be no end, my faith in God and a positive attitude shined through the clouds. Just like a storm, I did not know that cancer was in my future. However, I had to learn many things and wait patiently for the rainbow. It is leading me towards a destination where there are others beaten down by the rain and need help seeing their rainbow.

REMARKABLE PURPOSE