

## "A FIGHT, WORTH FIGHTING"

By Johnelle Allen

I don't know where to begin. I came into the year 2009 with a mother of 59 years of age diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. From January to April my mom was in the hospital fighting for her life, I drove back and forth from Salinas to Monterey, leaving my child with various friends from Church. This was a struggle. I would come home, praying the whole drive home because I had to function as a single father and show courage and strength which only came from God to my daughter.

Thank God for Pastor Jack Alisea from "Church of The Rock." I was bombarded with prayers of faith and words of wisdom. Through this encouragement my relationship with the Lord increased, and I got to do more of the Lord's work. I became blessed in so many areas of my life even after my mom passed away, her last days were amazing, she was a true woman of faith, she said, "her Father needs her in heaven so she has to go." On August 4, 2009, I held my mom while she took her last breath in my old room. One last prayer I prayed as she went away. *Walk by faith not by sight II Corinthians 5:7*, a lesson learned here.

I made a difficult decision at work, I left a job that was going to get me in trouble (by the law, because the employees were doing illegal things) God gave me peace with this decision, considering it was October and the holidays were approaching. I believe God had a plan to prosper me and not hinder me. I had no job and I was fighting for what I believed in (God loves me). All the bills were paid and there was food in the cupboards. I like to believe because of Mathew 6:33 that I kept seeking God with all my heart and believed for that new job to come before Christmas.

Now it's December and I had no job, and I am planning my daughter's 13th birthday party. My friend shows me how much the party will cost and I thought "OMG (Oh My God)." I agreed and said, "Let's do it," and I am wondering all this time where will this money come from? Pastor Syndy Alisea, Hector and Kim Vargas, Jessika Mendoza, and Christie the party planner pulled it all off. And then I received a big check that came in the mail two days before the party, wow! God showed up again.

I shared with my daughter, how I cannot buy her the things that I would like this year, and as those words came out God took over, the Holy Spirit pointed out how thankful we should be that God died on that cross for us, and that is what Christmas is all about (the Gift of God to us, giving us His Son Jesus Christ, to die for our sins so we can have everlasting life) When my conversation was over with my daughter she tells me "I am not "tripping" because I have my father and he provides and loves the Lord and he loves me." Later that night I broke down and wept, because I was thankful to God for all He has done for us. In the end my daughter had so many gifts, and I shared a wonderful Christmas at my pastors house, lesson learned.

In conclusion, my fight was to keep pressing towards God, in the mist of all the turmoil and lack, so as to not distract me from keeping my eyes on Him, the Author and finisher of my faith.