

When I saw my sister ,Miranda, in the ICU at Hasbro Children's Hospital, I broke down at the sight of the monitors surrounding her. Her beautiful head of black curls had been shaved off. The nurses had cleaned her up the best they could to make her seem like the fifteen-year-old girl she had been two months and fourteen surgeries earlier. Her face has been imprinted in my memory forever. I was nine years old.

Miranda defied the odds and awoke from her coma, which was a medical miracle due to the brain damage she suffered. The first time she spoke to my parents after waking up, Miranda thought that she was in the third grade and did not remember that our parents were divorced. However, she did remember my name and the name of our sister, Anna, who is autistic. Anna spoke to Miranda as if she had never been gone, but I was anxious about Miranda's future.

When Miranda learned how to speak and eat again, I was elated. With determination, patience, and the excellent rehabilitation care at Mass General in Boston, Samantha was able to graduate from high school and became a medical assistant. During this time, I worked with Anna by involving her in activities that helped her come out of her private world and interact with others.