

# “Who Hit My Son?”

By Sandra Beatty, Ontario, Canada

*I envisioned myself yelling at the person who had hit my son, but then I came face to face with the driver.*

I had just dropped off my daughter at a friend's house when I received a call from my husband, Jonathan. He told me that our 11-year-old son, Aiden, had been hit by a car while he and Jonathan were crossing the street.

The driver had made a left turn in front of Jonathan and didn't see Aiden on his bike. The driver hit the front of Aiden's bike. He flew up into the air, still holding on to the bike, and hit his head on the side of the car when he came down. Then he landed on the road with his bike on top of him. Thankfully, he was wearing a helmet. The driver and several other people stopped to help while Jonathan called for an ambulance.

My mind and emotions suddenly went into a frenzy. I sped toward the intersection where the accident had occurred, hoping to catch the ambulance so I could be with Aiden.

Thoughts of lashing out at the driver raced through my mind. “What on earth was the driver thinking?” I thought. “Were they drunk? Were they on their phone?” I was furious and beyond worried.

I had no idea how badly Aiden was hurt.

When I arrived at the scene, the ambulance had already left. Only a couple of police cars and a car parked on the side of the road remained at the scene. A distressed-looking woman stood next to the car.

I approached her and asked, “Did you see who hit my son?”

She quietly said, “I did.”

I envisioned myself yelling at the careless person who had hit my son, but when I came face to face with the driver, the negativity disappeared. I found myself crying and hugging her. She apologized, and I told her that everything would be OK. I found out later that those were the exact words Aiden had said to her before the police arrived. In the end, Aiden made it through with only some scrapes and bruises.

I am grateful that at that pivotal moment, our loving Heavenly Father blessed me with the strength to extend forgiveness instead of hate, even when I didn't ask Him to. I know He is aware of us and always offers us His help. ■

