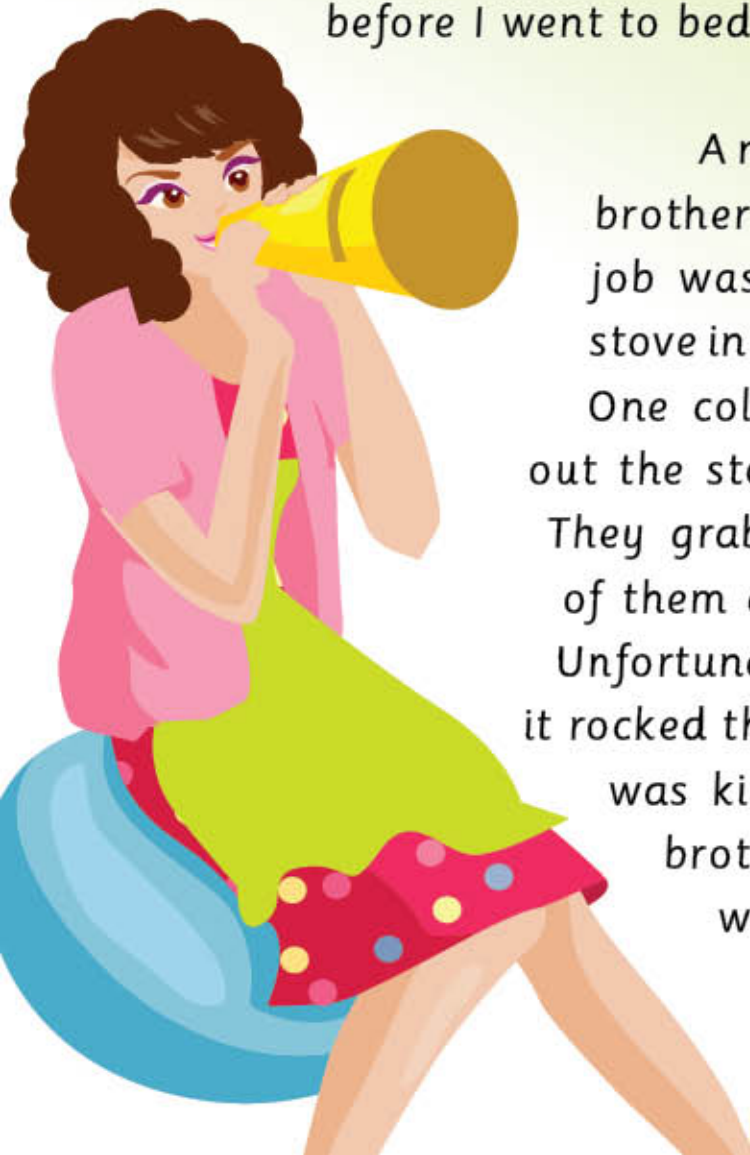




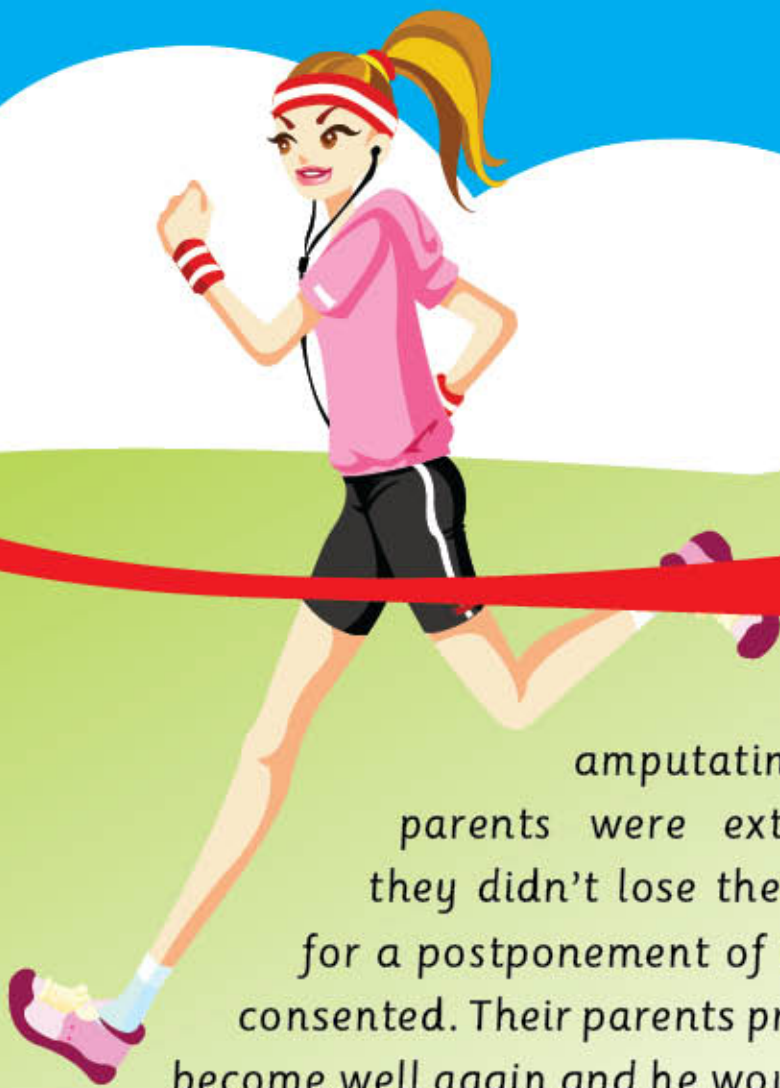
My mother's story

Queenie

I remembered the running race I participated when I was studying in Senior one. I attended the training classes after school and was very exhausted when I got home at around 8pm each day. My friends and I expected that I would win in the race. However, I lost the race and was so depressed. I said to myself: "I will never join the running race." I didn't eat well that night. But before I went to bed, my mother had told me a story.



A number of years ago in Kansas, two brothers worked in a local school. Their job was to start a fire in the potbellied stove in the classroom early each morning. One cold morning, the brothers cleaned out the stove and loaded it with firewood. They grabbed a can of kerosene and one of them doused the wood and lit the fire. Unfortunately, this led to an explosion and it rocked the old building. The elder brother was killed and the legs of the younger brother were badly burned. Later it was discovered that someone had accidentally filled the kerosene can with gasoline.



The doctor advised amputating the young boy's legs. His parents were extremely devastated. However, they didn't lose their faith. They asked the doctor for a postponement of the amputation and the doctor consented. Their parents prayed that their son's legs would become well again and he would walk again. As a result, they never amputated their son's legs. However, it was discovered that the young boy's right leg was almost 3 inches shorter than the other and the toes on his left foot were almost completely burned off when the bandages were removed.

Though the young boy suffered in excruciating pain, he forced himself to exercise daily. He recovered slowly and finally threw away his crutches and started to walk almost normally. Soon he was even running.

The young boy's determination carried him to a world record in the mile run.

I was so curious about his name. My mother replied, "Glenn Cunningham". I looked for his details on the net that night. Though I found nothing, I understood what my mother meant.