

## Chasing a Taxi

A boy named Eddie was 6 years old when his mother, a very confused young woman, left him at an orphanage.

Standing on the steps of the building, he watched his tearful mother wave goodbye through the back window of a taxi.

Eddie was stricken by fear and anger – and rejection. Suddenly, he wrestled free from the stern-looking woman gripping his hand, and he ran after the cab, shouting at the top of his lungs, “Mommy, Mommy, I hate you! I hate you! I’ll never forgive you!”

He wasn’t to see his mother again for years. Despite the lack of close family ties, Eddie never adopted a defeatist attitude. He became one of those remarkable human beings who waltz through stumbling blocks as if they were stepping stones.

Eddie became a professional ice skater at an early age. Later, he started a career as a competent public accountant, ultimately owning his own firm. After several highly productive years, he acknowledged a need within himself to serve others in a different capacity. That awareness led him to the seminary and priesthood.

Immediately after Eddie was ordained, he performed an act that was, for many of his fellow seminarians, the greatest lesson in preparation for his ministry. He picked up the telephone one afternoon, called his mother long-distance, and said, “Mom, I love you and I forgive you.”

After a long, sobbing telephone conversation, the longest journey in years was ended.

For 40 years, Eddie had been chasing that taxi in his mind. Now it was over.

What about you? Is there resentment lurking in the depths of your heart?

Is there someone you need to tell *I love you*? Is there someone you must forgive?



*Judge not, and you will not be judged; condemn not, and you will not be condemned; forgive, and you will be forgiven (Luke 6:37).*

– Beecher Hunter