

Natural Healing Express Weekly

Column 399 Hit and Run

This week and I suspect next, my articles will be a little bit more raw and authentic than they have been the “past little while” as my grandma used to say. For one, I actually have a nice block of time to spend connecting to the emotional side of things. Not that I don’t on every article, but some topics are not as charged as others. Ya know, like the ones about soup versus the ones about real life slapping you upside the head. And, this past week, real life did just that.

I don’t want to go into too much detail about everything, but quite recently, our van (more on its meaning to our family in a bit) was totaled by a hit and run driver. Imagine eating your dinner, catching up on everything that went on for the day and then, upon leaving the restaurant, seeing your van all bashed in and coolant leaking down the asphalt from the dripping radiator. Not cool.

Praise God no one was injured! We always try to count our blessings, but when the 15 year old tries to soothe her Father with, “well, Dad, look at the bright side” while he is still in shock and cussing out whomever left us like this, a lesson is learned on discernment and timing. However, we are truly grateful no one was injured, including the driver himself.

We are blessed to live in a village with pretty honest folks and outstanding Officers of Law, so it wasn’t long before the owner of the car whom bashed our van was located. Our family immediately caucused after the initial shock and made a pact to forgive whomever caused this harmed. We even prayed for their future whatever it may hold as we knew this could have been a lot worse. At that moment, we had peace.

We went on to commend special people like the restaurant employees, Officer Tom Madigan and an eye witness that came forward. Quite amazing for a hit and run incident to end like this. We have been treated well by everyone including the insurance company of the person who hit us. All is well and all is forgiven.

Now, about that van. When I got together with my fiancé, I was more than a little bit concerned that he had four kids all at home with him. See, in my earlier days, I had chosen career over family, a life of adventure versus changing diapers and a lovely sports car over a soccer mom mini-van.

When it became evident that I would be in these children's lives for the next chapter, which included being the one responsible for their transportation the majority of the time, I knew my sports car days were coming to a close. But, I fought it. And I fought it hard. I am guilty of cramming a lot of kids into a convertible and going for ice cream. Or whatever.

But then the day came. They were too big and had too much stuff and going too many different directions to keep up the sports car charade. Then, with words under my breath, I purchased the dreaded soccer mom minivan. Boy Howdy. What a change. But, I could now haul things. And a lot of kids!

At that moment, a whole new side of me that I had no idea existed, opened up. We piled in the whole family plus an additional kid per child and went to water parks. We went up North and had a ball in the middle of winter. We went to the Super bowl. We carried our beautiful puppy of 16 years back to the beach one more time before he passed.

Fast food items exploded in it, heavy plants fell over in it. It has delivered several pizzas, most of them intact, from one of the kids part time jobs. It has carried an injured child to the hospital while I was able to administer aid like being in a rig (ambulance). It's been to several concerts. It's carried an entire group of veterans to an Air Show. It's been the scene of tears being wiped away, from graduations, to moving to college, to saying good bye to dear loved ones at the cemetery, to welcoming home our jet. It was at the scene of my brother's accident and collected many of his belongings off of Route 20. It has delivered many supplements and meals to shut INS. It has also been my place of solace with the radio blaring at peak volume playing classic country songs.

Yes, that van became family and provided a shelter on wheels for our active and forever growing clan.

Rest in Peace Soccer Mom Mini Van, you were something I never knew I needed and now something that is hard to let go. You have served us well and never left us stranded. However, your timing is almost perfect as the last kid is getting her license soon. Hello, sports car!

Dr. Susan is available on Wednesdays and Saturdays and by appointment!

Enjoy! Hope to see you soon and as always, please contact us via one of the following methods. Natural

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