

COLLIDING WORLDS

*To man belong the plans of the heart,
but from the Lord comes the reply of the tongue.
Proverbs 16:1*

Scott was lying on his bed, propped up against the headboard, nose in his favorite book, *Calvin and Hobbs*. Peering into his room I paused for just a second, relishing the thought of just being his mom. His short, dark-blond hair just a bit mussed; his longish nose, so much like his dad's, and his now-developing muscular body. I was thinking, *He's going to be the male image of the athletic me.*

Our relationship was something I treasured. We had a few bumps here and there, as to be expected, but overall we were close. In many ways he was my buddy, participating in activities with me that Gary wasn't able to do and some of my friends were not about to do! We skateboarded, snowboarded, played

basketball with the neighbor boys, played tennis, and rode bikes. We even engaged in a little football with the guys. Summer evenings, other friends would drop by the house. The basketball hoop in front of the neighbors' house across the street held an invitation.

One evening several of the guys began shooting around. I was doing yard work so I wandered a little closer to the front yard to see the action. Without hesitation they asked if I would join them for a pickup game. When I said yes, I was immediately picked as the first member of Scott's team. That surprised me, but I assumed the choice was based largely on the fact I was Scott's mom. Later, I asked him what he thought about that, to make sure I wasn't embarrassing him. "Heck no, Mom, you're the best out there!"

We talked about a lot of things. When he saw me peeking into his room that day, and asked if he could ask me a question, I didn't think it out of the ordinary.

It started out innocently enough. Many tweens are grappling with changes in their bodies, their attitudes, life in general. I remember having lots of questions at that stage so I thought I could be of help as I certainly had "been there, done that." However, this particular day he asked the question that would change our relationship in many ways and cause our worlds to collide.

"Mom, did you ever think you should have been a boy?"

Oh, my, how many thoughts flooded my mind and memory, thoughts Scott couldn't have imagined that his question had triggered!