“Ring, ring, ring,” Qu Cong picked up the phone. On the other end of the line, all she could hear was her son’s small faint voice, saying, “Mom, my legs are broken. Quickly get some money and bring it to the hospital!” Then immediately she heard a stranger’s voice saying urgently, “Come quickly! Your son fell from a bridge. Both his legs are broken. Bring plenty of money. The ambulance is on its way. Quickly! Quickly!” The call had come from the site of her son’s accident, and before Qu Cong even had a chance to react, the phone was hung up.

Qu Cong was stunned by this abrupt phone call. Something bad had happened to her son! She felt her legs sway beneath her and cold sweat run down her back. She had no time to think. She picked up some money and rushed toward the hospital.

Forty minutes later, Qu Cong made it to the county hospital. As soon as she got out of the car, she rushed to the emergency room, where she found the doctors busy giving her son a full body exam. Qu Cong looked at her son lying on the hospital bed, covered head to toe in wounds, crying out in terrible pain, and his legs bruised and swollen. Qu Cong was distraught, and tears began rolling down her face.

At that point, a doctor came running out of the emergency room and said to Qu Cong: “The first round of tests shows that your son’s left calf and a right thigh are both broken. His right collar bone and two of his ribs are fractured. He also has internal injuries. His lungs are seriously damaged and there’s bleeding in his chest cavity. He could lose his life at any time. We have to try and save him immediately. You’d better sign here right away!

Qu Cong felt as if her heart were breaking. Trembling, she signed her name. She thought of her son—only twenty-five years old. If his injuries were so serious, could his life really be saved; and if he died, how could she go on living? Her husband was still working abroad and wouldn’t be able to make it back for some time. How was she supposed to deal with this on her own?

God’s words encouraged her. Now, she understood. God is almighty; God is sovereign; God presides over man’s life and death. It was God who would decide whether her son lived or died: it didn’t matter what the doctor said. She should maintain her trust in God and rely on Him to help her face this crisis. No matter what happened, she should submit to God’s sovereignty, not complain to Him. Guided by God’s words, Qu Cong felt a little stronger.

At that point, the paramedic, who had brought her son into the hospital said: “That guy is really strong. Nobody at the scene of the accident thought he was going to live. After his motorbike broke through the railings around the bridge, he landed on the only patch of grass below: The ground around it was all stones. If he’d landed on them, he would have died on the spot.” Hearing what the driver said, Qu Cong thought that for her son to have survived such a dangerous situation, God must already have been protecting him. In her heart, she thanked God again and again…

…It was God who had healed her son’s injuries. Qu Cong thought of the four living creatures from the Book of Revelation in the Bible, how they had witnessed God’s great and formidable authority and praised Him day and night. Now Qu Cong had experienced God’s authority. She knew that compared to the four living creatures she had only a superficial understanding. However, after experiencing the events of her son’s accident, she truly saw that God’s authority was unparalleled. In her heart, she praised Him over and over.

Qu Cong sometimes thinks back to her son’s motorbike accident— those scenes in the hospital, the pain and helplessness she felt. She knows that God was always there, by her side, His words bolstering her faith, and leading her through one crisis after another. She thinks of God, wonderful and unfathomable, knowing that she has personally experienced His almighty sovereignty, she feels her heart drawing closer and closer to Him.