

The Keeper of the Flame

(Read this to the class or print for groups)

Ben was 14. He was loud, messy, and obsessed with basketball. He wasn't a saint—he hated homework and fought with his sister. But he was kind. One night, after seeing a news story, he told his Mum, 'If anything ever happens to me, I want to help people like that.'

Two years later, Ben was in a car accident. He didn't survive. His parents were in the darkest room imaginable. The doctors told them Ben was gone. But then, the donation nurse checked the register. Ben had signed up (conceptually) and had told his Mum. The nurse asked, 'We know Ben wanted to be a donor. Are you okay with honoring that?'

Ben's Mum later said: 'In that terrible moment, it was the only light we had. We didn't have to guess. We didn't have to decide. Ben had already decided. All we had to do was back him up. Knowing his heart is still beating somewhere, and his lungs are breathing air for someone else... it doesn't fix the loss, but it gives it meaning. He is still our hero.'

