

This last Sunday at Outback Raceway, my son Tyler crashed while going over the finish line in the 65B class. He bounced off the top of the jump & went over the bars & landed face first on the downside, I was standing in the mechanics area when it happened & rushed over as quick as a Vet rider can, which isn't that fast. My wife was already there when I got there, his eyes were half open but he was out cold. Albert (Moto) was there right after us & quickly took charge of everything, which was good because I was almost in shock from seeing my son unconscious & expecting the worst. He had a team of our finest moto medics kneeling around him, giving him oxygen, yelling his name, being careful not to move him & clearing everybody out of there. He was unresponsive for close to 5 minutes until he slowly came around, which quickly turned into crying & then screaming for his Mom & Dad. At this point I was completely overwhelmed with emotion as they put him on the backboard, restrained him & finally into the ambulance. I've never felt more scared, useless or guilty in my life. I won't get too long winded with details, but he was taken to Beausejour & then eventually to The Children's Hospital. Tyler, like a lot of kids, started racing because his Dad did/does and was at his first race when he was 3 months old. It's all he's ever known, & while I never pushed him to race I was proud when he started. All who know me know that I've never been, nor never will be fast, we do it because it's fun and more importantly we enjoy the feeling of family at the races & I've tried to instill this into Tyler. I don't care where he finishes, having fun & being safe are first & foremost to me and I tell him this every time he lines up. Anyway, I ended up wandering around aimlessly in between motos after Coleen insisted I stay at that track, assuring me everything would be ok...even though we both knew that might not be the case. This is when everybody showed their true colors...it was overwhelming. From Duane & Diane, Damien & Stephanie, Kim, Mel, Peter, Rob, Wade, Jeff & Melissa & especially Lawrence who told me never to doubt myself & Coleen for supporting Tyler's racing, people who don't do it will never understand, it's who we are. I would also like to thank our "family" at the races, the Blairs & the Wiebes who I'm sure were bewildered why I still finished out the day (my "voice of reason" made me, thanks Lisa).

But most importantly, thank you to Moto & his team who were all helping Tyler. A truly amazing group. I would like everyone to know (but I hope they never need to find out) how important & efficient Moto & his team are, they are first rate & never once while they were working on him did I doubt what they were doing, although that was the longest 5 minutes of my life.

For all you young guys & gals who are new or fairly new to the sport, stick with it, the people you will get to know are amazing. Tyler is home & doing fine now, although a little battered & bruised, and very disappointed that he will not get a plaque this year, but can't wait to get back on the bike in a month or so. While at the moment I'm not too pumped about him riding again, I'll never stop him from doing what he loves and it's comforting to know we have the best medics around when we need them.

The Groenings