

Let's think about this for a moment. Your ten year old boy comes to live with you in a troubled district. You spend the next eight years helping him navigate his way around the enticements and traps lurking behind every corner of teenage years. You provide all his needs—you protect him, coach him, build a father-son bond with him, teach him that it's sometimes okay for men to cry and now you're looking forward to sending him off to a university. His future looked bright and full of hope. As a father you are about to exhale because those thorny teenage years are almost behind you. Then one day he violates all good sense, jumps through the window, and aligns himself with troublemakers in a moment that could cost him his reputation, his freedom, or his life. And it's all out of your hands.

After Trey's exit through the window, the next few moments were tense and frightfully frustrating for Furious. Parents who love their children know all too well, the gripping feeling of fearing the worst—that hollow vacuum sensation when your stomach sort of collapses inside you, that thumping of the heart, that feeling of breathlessness and dryness of the throat. It is at this point in the movie that the true power of mentoring is tested. By the way, there comes a time when things of value are tested—systems, ideas, methods, and philosophies. From time to time, a friend of mine would say to me, "Make sure your formula works!" Of course he is referring to my life formula, my philosophy of life. This was one of those times for Furious. He was about to find out if his fathering formula worked. Both his own resolve to steer clear of violence and his philosophy of fatherly mentoring were under examination. The next scene will be forever etched on every attentive viewer's mind. It is the climax of the entire narrative.

Furious finds himself at a loss for what to do next, and that was just the trouble, he could do nothing. He did all he could and it was in his son's hands to do what he thought was right. Dad had to trust that what he poured into that which he loved most in this world, his only son, will accomplish its intended purpose. That central guiding principle: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," was being put to the test.

But this was the moment of reckoning. All those times spent exposing, guiding, teaching, coaching, and mentoring Trey, will have to stand for something. Will he apply the "cost versus benefits" principle they went over so many times? And the inevitable questions, did he neglect to teach him something important? Had he done enough? Later that night, as the gang drove up and down the streets of the city, all good sense returned and settled Trey's turbulent emotions. It was clear to him now that he didn't belong in that car on its way to the worst mistake of his life. He grew increasingly uncomfortable about the whole ordeal and eventually got out of that battle tank before it entered the war zone. He couldn't go through with it; he just couldn't do it. Something within prevented him from following through. Something happened to sap all his drive and determination to avenge his friend's blood—mentoring happened. Trey then took the bus home and was safe from the

everlasting grip of a momentary bad decision. His friends went on to find the rival gang and ended the night in a blood-fest. Their lives were now spoiled forever; but, Trey still had a chance to do something meaningful with his life. Fatherly mentoring proved sufficient to turn around a potentially devastating incident for Trey.