



On a Personal Note

Revelation Teaching Advancing the Kingdom Age and the Immortal Son

The picture above left is the off duty EMT/Fireman-paramedic who helped save Christian's life. We are forever grateful to these two messengers of God. Jim and Suzette, our hearts are yours forever.

November 13, 2005 our son Christian was in a severe motorcycle accident. Here is the account of the accident written by my husband. It will move you.

Restoring of Family – Even Flesh and Blood

Three men on bikes

A father and two sons
A sport bike and two Harleys

The sun on my face
The wind in my hair
The November countryside fills my senses

Two-lane Texas highway
3 rail fences and livestock
The expansive fields going brown

Running at 70
Side by side
Life is good

The Sport bike is passing
Christian is passing
The mini-van

The sound of acceleration
Then the sight of hesitation
Just past the Mini-van

An oncoming truck
A red 250 Ford
Coming

A sense of danger
Then a flash of anger
About the unnecessary risk

Alarm comes up from my stomach
And rushes to my head
As it becomes clear

My boy is not aware
Of the oncoming Ford
The grill becomes large

The screech of the brakes

The sway of the truck
The explosion

The vehicles collide head-on
The echo of the impact lingers
The bike debris fills the air

I shout out
The moment processes slowly
Time slows, reality dulls

The scene is a blur
I'm braking hard
Rear wheel sliding

The sport-bike appears
The engine centered on the road
I shift to avoid it

My son Keith on the Harley
Is within inches of me
I move back to the center

We ride through a curtain
A film from the debris
The road opens up

We finally stop
I see Christian
On the side of the road

He is on his side
Gray and motionless
His tongue hanging out and down

Eyes closed
No left arm at all
Left leg wide open

I roll him on his back

I look at his face
I recognize death

My son is not present
I lay on his chest
And I wail

My cry is unknown to me

I finally rise up
I lose strength in my knees
I fall and cry

I rise up again
A woman approaches
An off duty EMT

I state he is dead
We will need an ambulance
To carry the body

“No he’s not”
And I look back
He is breathing hard

His chest is rising and dropping
He is drawing deep breaths
We rush back to him

His color is back
Eyes closed tight
He is writhing in pain

He feels the pain
He speaks his first words
“Stop...stop...stooooooooop!”

More off duty EMT’s
We hold him still
Bungee cord tourniquets

First the arm, then the leg
 Leg open mid thigh to ankle
 I pick grass from the wound

The femur visibly in two
 As flesh and muscle are gone
 Where is the ambulance?

Time begins to slow
 Reality nudges me
 I feel dim

A man approaches
 He has my son's arm
 The familiar gray color

He carries it with one hand
 From the elbow
 His arm hangs down on either side

The man places it on the road
 A vein protrudes
 From the gray lifeless limb

His fingernails seem unusual
 On his motionless hand
 The image stays with me still

Time drags on now
 The sheriff arrives
 They carefully question

I finally see and acknowledge my son Keith
 As the sheriff asks questions
 It is surreal

The hear the ambulance
 This interrupts questions

We anticipate the sight

The ambulance arrives

They access the scene

They prepare to move him

The gurney

Backwards now corrected

Into the ambulance

We wait on the Life-flight

The loss of blood threatens

Chris is semi-conscious

EMT's communicate with each other

"The left arm is severed"

My Chris asks, "Whaaat?"

My heart sinks

The sound of the helicopter

The expectation

The quick info exchange

The move to the helicopter

I can't ride with my son

The Life-flight lifts off

I feel weak

I sob on my knees

I see Keith again

He says he is ok

With tear filled eyes and a shrug

We walk past the Fire-truck

Hosing the road

Of accident debris

We arrive at the F-250

A boy of 25
His sister and mother

Are you the driver?
He nods his head yes
It's not your fault

I call my wife Barbara
With Keith's cell phone
To relay the news

Chris has been hurt
A broken leg I say
See you at the hospital

Keith and I return to the scene
The sheriff offers a ride
We discuss and decline

Keith wants to ride
We ride to the hospital
To Hermann Memorial

We ride through Houston's downtown
The accident and scene
Flash through my mind

I physically shutter each time
The scene runs through my head
I try to reason why

We stop for needed gas
Share a bottle of water
We discuss the accident briefly

We arrive at the hospital
We see Barbara and Joanna
His fiancée came also

I pull them aside
I tell them the truth
They collectively yelp

Barbara reminds me of my dreams
Of Chris with no arms
Two months earlier

We huddle and cry
We search each other eyes
No one has answers

We go to ER
Chris on the bed
Pool of blood on the floor

Dark rich scarlet red
The blood seems to stack
Rather than run

Chris is talking to us some
He asks Joanna for a kiss
Then taken to surgery

We wait in a hallway
Outside of the STICU waiting room
We sit on the tile floor

We wait in silence
Sense on time escapes me
I feel numb

The surgeon suddenly appears
We need to take the leg
He is in trouble up there

Joanna cries out in a burst
I can't seem to process
My wife, my Barbara, nods yes

Later the surgeon reappears
He has survived the surgery
There are concerns of blood loss

He has a good chance
Of making it if
He can hang on for 48 hours

Friends of Chris and family
Begin to appear
The gathering consumes the hallway

Night turns to day
The crowd goes back home
Our waiting begins

We wait in the STICU waiting area
And take turns visiting Christian
In bed number 10

The walk up the stairs
Two at a time
To STICU A

The sterilized smell of the stairwell
Prepares and reminds us
Of the world we are about to enter

Christian is tagged on his wrist
Life Flight identified him as
“Uniform 957”

He has a hose down his throat
To assist with his breathing
And more up his nose

IV's pump fluids
Wires check vitals
Our Christian fights on

Christian's features are bloated
His eyelids can't close
He looks battered, beaten, and bruised

The various responses
From visitors of Christian
Teach us to prepare visitors first

Christian's condition
Improves every day
Everything is relative

Five days in STICU
Five nights on the waiting room floor
As we begin to take shifts

We meet and share tragedies
With families of other wounded
And admitted to Hermann

We see families defeat death
We see some that do not
Tears, sorrow, and hope fill this place

More operations for Chris
Plastic surgeons will close
His wounds we call stumps

A skin graft taken from Chris
Placed over the stumps
The tendon sown

I pray for my son
When I haven't for years
It seems curiously right

On day three
He begins to respond
To voice commands

Subtle movements in his fingers
Then he wiggles his toes
We celebrate each victory

His progress is slow
Progress seems steady
His prognosis is good

We give thanks to the Lord
For saving our Chris
From near certain death

Chris begins to pull at his tubes
As the conciseness resumes
And aggravation sets in

He becomes more restless
Delirium becomes his companion
As day turns to night

Chris comes to know us
Recognition then fallacy
Worry follows hope

ICU psychosis is warned
They move him to a room
On the fifth floor

Dr. Red Duke visits later
He states Chris needs better care
We go back to SIMU the next day

Three more days and nights
Delirium stays more than goes
Our Chris struggles within

Long sleepless nights
My Barbara is strong
Unwavering determination

I have known for years that my Barbara is the best thing that has ever happened to me. Recently, it has become clear that she is the best thing that could happen to anybody.

Chris becomes stronger
Delirium disappears during the day
He is moved to Floor 6

Re-Hab discussions bring hope
His memory is coming back
Our Chris is returning

Day 16 brings the first restful night
We feel some weight
Lifted from Christian

Christian comes home
To finish healing his stumps
A month after the explosion

He is in good spirits
We are a thankful bunch
As Christmas approaches

When Chris is told that our definition of “normal” has to change. He rejects it. He says “Normal is two arms and two legs, I’m not normal, but I really wasn’t all that normal before the accident...and I’m ok with that.

I continue to learn from Chris
From our family and friends
My heart has been opened like never before

Our family will gather for Christmas
The Sun is warm on my face
Life’s simple pleasures are recognized

Chris overcomes struggles that life presents
He transitions remarkably back into the game
His attitude and perspective make me proud

My son stood today
He is making his way
Life is good

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