

Written around March of 2004 – My account of my motorcycle accident

In November 2003, my Pastor was teaching on following your dreams and overcoming fear, specifically referring to working a job that you hated, etc., instead of doing something you loved and had a passion to do. I felt God urging me to take that step of faith and do what I loved to do. After the service, numerous friends aware of my desire confirmed this as well. My wife who loves the Lord very much, also felt the confirmation (although reluctantly) that I was to pursue that which God had so blessed me to do...to finish the development of my commercial software product called, "ATCsimulator2". To date there have been over 30,000 copies sold worldwide, but that was through a publisher who pocketed most of the revenue from the sales. My royalty portion was very little in comparison. I knew that God had blessed me with a talent that was intended to support my family and I, while also blessing us abundantly. I am now self-publishing the product. But, I had been doing all of this, part-time, from home, while maintaining a fulltime day job with a very prestigious company (I'll not say who they are), who regarded my talent as a hobby, not as a serious and viable skill. I was coming home from work everyday distraught, upset, stressed, and completely miserable. One thing that helped to calm and comfort me, was riding my motorcycle. After a stressful day, there was nothing better than to jump my 1999 Honda Aero and cruise down the road.

After listening to the Pastor, and also hearing from God, I decided that I would take that leap of faith and devote my full attention to completing the project I started. I would leave my day job, and commit myself to finishing "ATCsimulator2" by December 1, 2003. We had been advertising since Nov. 1, 2003, and the pre-sales had reached over 200 by mid-November. This also confirmed what God had in store for us. I submitted my resignation letter and I was to leave my day job on Nov. 20, 2003. But Satan was already at work, seeking (like a roaring lion) a way to stop me from pursuing my dream, and even devising a way to end my life. I was not aware of the forces at work, but they would come to meet me full force on Nov. 19, 2003; one day before I was to leave my day job to pursue my dream.

Here is an account of what took place on my way home from work on that fateful day.

November 19, 2003

That morning I drove my car to work because it was a little chilly. When I came home for lunch, I rode the motorcycle back to the office because it appeared the temperature would be in the 50s or 60s for the rest of the day. I was feeling very happy that day, contemplating the fact that only one more day and I would be free from the bondage of that job that I despised!

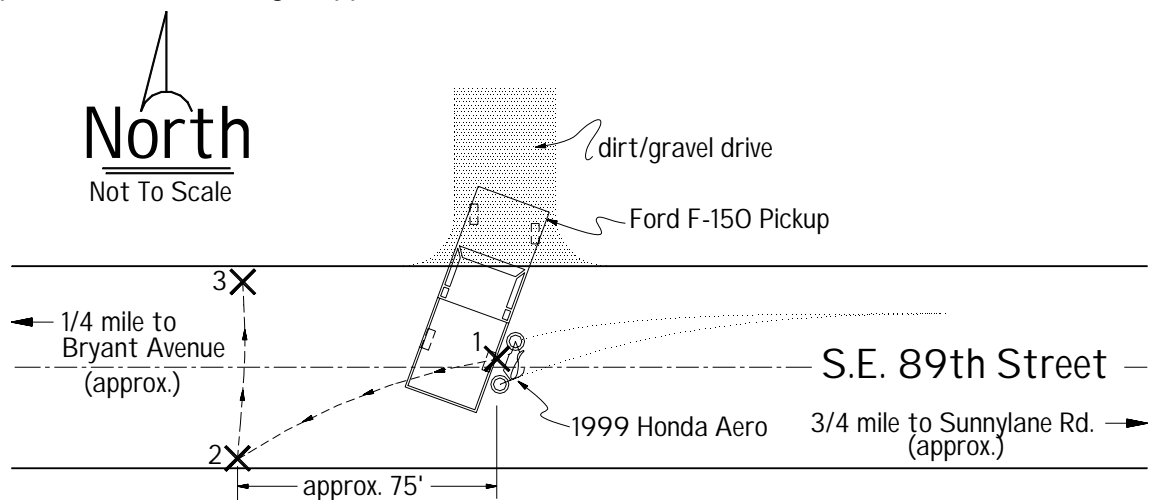
At the end of the day, I left work to start home around 4:30 or so. I only live 7 miles from the office and the trip is usually brief (15 minutes). I turned right at S.E. 89 and I was heading west from Sunnyslane toward Bryant. At about the half-mile point to Bryant Ave., I noticed a patrol car pass me going in the opposite direction. And, I glanced down at my speedometer to make sure I was going the speed limit of 50 mph. I also noticed about ¼ mile ahead a truck coming slowly toward me with its blinker to turn left clearly visible. As I approached, still at least 1/8 mile away, the truck started to cross the centerline, but then stopped abruptly, with the driver side headlamp about 1 foot over on my side of the road. At first I thought to myself, "oh...I guess they saw me and are going to wait till I pass by". But then, I also thought it odd that they decided to wait since they had plenty of distance and time to cross the road in front of me. I dismissed that thought and decided that "oh well, I guess they're going to wait.." I then continued on without slowing down.

When the space between this truck and myself was only about 100 feet, the truck suddenly lunged across the road into my lane, and abruptly stopped once again, completely blocking

both lanes, and then began to move very slowly across the roadway. I had to react quickly with only 100 feet between us at 50 mph. I had 2 choices; either t-bone into the truck and risk flipping end-over-end, or turn the bike sideways and hope for the best. I locked both brakes and gently leaned to the left, which caused the rear tire to immediately skid to the right, and I turned the handlebars back to the right and created a controlled skid with the bike on a collision course that would cause the bike to collide parallel to the truck. As I approached the truck, it was evident to me that I would strike it. For a split second, my eyes met those of the passenger in the truck. His face expressed the horror of what was about to take place.

I struck the bed of the truck. The collision up-righted the motorcycle and my right arm went over the top of the bed with my right chest cavity absorbing the full force of the collision. I was catapulted through the air approximately 75 feet further down the road, landing in the opposite lane of travel, completely turned around. The concussion was so great that I blacked out for a few seconds. I could still hear the sounds of breaking glass and crunching metal. I discovered myself lying in the roadway now facing an easterly direction when peering over my feet with the truck and my motorcycle in sight. I could see the front forks and front wheel protruding beyond the end of the truck into the roadway. My first thought before raising up was that something was surely ripped from my body due to the amount of force experienced on impact. I checked to see that all limbs were attached, and to my surprise, everything was together.

My right foot was throbbing terribly, my lower back was on fire, and I felt as if someone had punched me in the stomach and I could not catch my breath. I raised up from the street using my hands; my first words were, "oh God." I was gasping and writhing in the street trying to find some position that would allow me to breathe easier. I struggled and struggled to no avail, and eventually crawled across the road to the north side, using the truck to shield me from any possible traffic that might approach.



1. Struck truck under right armpit, breaking ribs
2. Landed on back, breaking vertebrae.
3. Crawled to here, and layed on back.

Figure 1 - rough sketch of scene

I was laying on my back and realized that death was very much a possibility if I could not get my breath. At this point, I kept my eyes closed and would only occasionally open them. But, I was very aware of everyone nearby.

My first reaction was to pray...I said;

"God, thank You for my wife.."

"thank You for my children..."

"thank You for all the goodness in my life..."

"thank You for all you've done for me.."

"but, right now, if I am to live, You need to tell me what to do.."

"or tell these people around me what to do, because I don't know what to do..."

In a voice just as plain as you or I talking, God said;

"roll over on your right side..."

I immediately began to move in obedience to God's instructions. People around me began to yell at me;

"Don't move, stop, you could have a neck injury..!!!"

I responded with (as best as I could in my condition) "I don't have a neck injury!"

I told them with all the strength/breath that I had,

"I am rolling over! You either help me or I will do it myself!!"

Oddly enough, the men around me started helping. The passenger from the truck was leaning down speaking to me, telling me things like;

"Sir, I'm so sorry, is there anything I can do?" etc.

He removed his jacket and formed a pillow for me to lay my head as I rolled to my right side.

I did not understand why God told me to roll over on my side; now was not the time to debate his instructions. I simply obeyed what he had spoken to me. I outstretched my right arm next to my face, and rolled over to my right side, and was looking to the west down the street. My face was resting near the white line painted on the north shoulder of the roadway.

It was not until much later at the hospital, was the truth revealed as to why I was to roll to my RIGHT side. When I struck the truck, I had suffered 5 broken ribs on my right side, and one broken rib on my left side. One of the ribs had punctured my right lung and it had collapsed. By laying on my right side, all of the blood could pool toward the ground, thus allowing room for my lung to expand. Within a few moments, I was able to breath much better. I know now had I not been obedient to God, I would have suffocated in my own blood.

As I was regaining my breathing capacity, a woman asked if there was someone they should call? I told them to call my wife Teresa, and gave her the cell phone number. I must have laid in the street for quite some time. I recall people yelling that they could see the ambulance, but that they had turned the wrong direction; left at Sunnyslane, instead of turning right. It seemed like 15-20 minutes before the ambulance arrived.

I then heard the voice of my sister-in-law Tonya, who exclaimed!

“Oh my God Brad...oh my God, there’s so much blood”

I had been spitting blood, not really certain as to where it was coming from. I did not know it, but I had almost bitten my tongue in two. My mouth and chin were covered in blood. With every breath I would cough, and spit up blood onto the roadway. Between the lung injury and damage to my tongue, I’m sure it created an awful site. I felt so bad for Tonya because she was so upset. But, her presence also brought a little comfort to me just having someone from my family nearby. Tonya was asking me where I was hurt, and I began to tell her what I was feeling. I then felt Tonya remove my shoes from my feet and wallet from my pocket.

The ambulance finally arrived and an EMT approached and began talking to me. I explained to him that I could not be positioned on my back or I would possibly start suffocating again. I pleaded with him to just strap me down as I was! He refused and told me,

“Quit telling me how to do my job!”

He jammed the board under my back, rolled me onto the board and strapped me down and placed me in the ambulance. Within a few minutes, I began to struggle to breath once more, as I suspected I would. Had it not been for the oxygen mask, I don’t think I would have survived the ride to the hospital.

My wife came to me in the back of the ambulance; she was very upset and crying and shaking as she approached me. I tried to reassure her that I was ok (although, the site of me probably said otherwise!). They closed the doors, and off we went to University Hospital Trauma Center in Oklahoma City, OK. I recall thinking that they better hurry before I can’t breath any longer!

Once we reached the hospital, I was rushed into the emergency room. I remember the classic image of being rolled down the hallways, staring into the ceiling watching the lights go by (like a Hollywood movie, etc.). I then found myself surrounded by dozens of doctors, nurses, etc, each one performing a different task; taking blood, starting an IV, cutting off my clothes (they cut my most favorite jacket into pieces!), etc.

A female doctor starting describing my injuries to me, she said, “Mr. Davis, it appears you have a broken right foot, possibly a spinal injury, and multiple broken ribs. But, there’s not a lot we can do about those ribs...” Even in the midst of my trauma, I answered back; “well, at my house we usually barbeque’em!” She did not laugh...

She then explained, “Mr. Davis, we are going to insert a chest tube so you can breath”. I was not prepared for what happened next, all of which was performed without receiving any anesthetic! A nurse grabbed a scalpel, cut an opening between my broken ribs, and forced a tube about ½” in diameter into the incision! She then began to twist and turn the tube, forcing it deeper into my chest cavity as to pierce my lung that had filled up with fluid. A second chest tube was also inserted in the same manner to remove fluid from the chest cavity itself.

I, of course, was screaming all the while from the pain of this procedure! (that was almost as bad as the accident itself!) But, within about 30 seconds, I could breath normally.

After my condition was stabilized, I was x-rayed and taken to the Intensive Care Unit where I would spend the next 17 days.

The Doctors reported that my spinal chord had been 80% compromised and that surgery was needed to repair the damage to all 5 lumbar vertebrae. One vertebra had all but disintegrated, and 4 others had fractured. There was a possibility that I could be paralyzed from the surgery alone. The Doctors were amazed that I had suffered absolutely NO neurological damage. I had all of my feeling in my legs and feet. They claimed with the amount of damage to my spine, I should have lost all bladder control, and other organ related failure at a minimum. I had NONE of those symptoms, everything was intact and functioning normally. My Doctor explained that he had another patient with the exact same injuries as I, who was paralyzed and would never walk again. I too was astounded. But I also knew that God was taking care of me. It started the moment I prayed to him on the roadway. Before surgery I had to also sign a statement that I understood I could be paralyzed from the surgery because of the severe damage to my spine. That was a scary document to have to sign. My only other option was to spend no less than 6 months confined to a bed, completely immobilized to make sure the fractures to my vertebrae healed properly.

Surgery was performed on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving. Due to my lung injury, they could not perform surgery until it had healed well enough in order to avoid using a respirator.

Another amazing fact is that I did not have a scratch on my entire body, except a small scrape on my ankle. Most motorcycle accident victims have road rash and terrible scars from their ordeal. I escaped completely untouched. I also was not wearing a helmet. I had a vision a few weeks ago during church service, that God had stretched out his hand and caught me as I struck the ground on my rear, and gently laid my head upon the roadway.

The stay in the hospital and the few days I spent in physical therapy deserve a chapter all their own. I came home on December 5, 2003.

Between Dec. 5, 2003 and today, I am recovering well. I am free of my back brace and foot brace. My foot has healed, but is still swelling and will continue to do so for quite some time. My wife, bless her heart, was my angel who took care of me, bathed me, fed me and comforted me when I felt so weak and helpless. I was stripped of any ability to provide for my family, or to provide companionship to my spouse. My wife is the love of my life, and my soulmate, and I thank God everyday that she was here for me. I had always been the strong one to take care of and protect her...and now I needed her. And I also thank God that she was not riding with me when this happened.

And now, after 3 months (3-6 months earlier than predicted), I am recovering, and once again functioning. My software was completed on Feb. 8, 2004. We mailed 408 copies of the program on the first day of release. God has truly blessed my work. Satan may have slowed me down a bit, but God is greater and is always there to protect us. Satan is still the loser he always has been.

I just wanted you to know, and others to know that sometimes obedience to God can be costly...even dangerous. But I still held onto my faith in God, and followed my dream in spite of the devil!. And the Lord God Almighty has prevailed. Hallelujah!

And this is not a pitch for my product, but I felt it important to note that it was because of this product and my desire to complete it, that I stepped out in faith and trusted God to see it through. And, as is always with the Lord, He has delivered on His promise to me, and will do so for anyone who will trust in Him.

God Bless, Brad Davis