

Chris Richardson



August 6th, 2007. That day has forever changed my life. I was involved in a motorcycle crash and when I left my bike, I hit a post office sign, ripping both of my legs off above the knee. I don't know any details of the accident, and I have no idea how long I laid there. A man named Steve Stone happened to find me @ 3:02. At 3:21 I was in the air to the hospital, and in surgery within the hour.

Arriving at the hospital, I had bled out, and my veins had collapsed, leaving me with a slim to none chance of living. I remember the Doctor saying that 100% of the people in my condition do not make it. After several hours of trauma surgery, I was alive. I was moved to intensive care, and remained there unconscious for 20 more days. After removing me from the sedation medication, I remember Dad telling me where I was, what had happened, and that I was ok. I think he also said that he was glad I was awake because my Mom was driving him crazy! They did not tell me that my legs were gone, and I could feel them, and they hurt. I was asking if someone would prop them up, and that's when the nurse finally came in and told me. To his surprise and mine, when I looked down, I just smiled and said, "You weren't kidding, they're actually gone!" I have had many conversa-

tions with him since, and he said that would stick with him forever. The first few weeks were having more surgeries, and building strength. After 55 days in the hospital, I was moved to Baylor rehab. At the time, I didn't think I was ready, but it turns out I was. I spent 22 days in rehab, but I was ready to leave after about 10 days. I caught a virus, and had to stay extra time to get rid of it. After going home, my surgeries were not over. Overall, I have had 28, the most recent being on my wrist. I had a vascular bone graft done, and hopefully this will be my last surgery.

After moving to Louisiana with my Dad for about 2 months, it was time for me to go back home. I moved back to the town I was in 5 months after my accident. I immediately returned to work, doing quite a bit of it from home at first. I write mud programs and do corporate sales for Ambar Lone Star Fluid Services in Ft. Worth, TX. I also volunteer time at Baylor rehab 2 - 3 times a week doing peer counseling. I had no idea how much that would change me forever. I have found a passion and a calling in helping others in a similar situation as mine. Just giving them and their families hope that life will go on has helped me probably more than them. I knew that God left me on this earth for a reason, and I have found it. I will start getting fitted for my prosthesis about 2-3 weeks from the date of this letter. I can't wait! I would have never thought that one year from my accident I would be ready to be walking, but it is getting close.

Through my journey, I have met some wonderful people. Cliff Harris and Charlie Waters from the Cowboys of the 70's came to visit me in the hospital. Jim Sundberg of the Rangers also came. Kris Brown of the Houston Texans sent things to my family. The Dallas Cowboys, Mavericks, Stars, and The TX Rangers did so many things to make things a little bit easier and cheer my spirit. My Doctors, Nurses, and Therapist that were taking care of me have formed a bond with me like you wouldn't believe. I am fortunate I get to see them every week. It is kind of neat to be working with some of the people who helped save my life. I have met people who prayed for me who never knew me, some knew no one in my family, but heard about me in a prayer group, or prayer list at church. Things like that are truly amazing, and cannot be put into words. The power of prayer is awesome.

In closing, I must say that my life is better now than it was one year ago. It might be hard to see it that way, but I can honestly tell you that. I was raised to make the best out of a bad situation, and that is what I will do. I really don't look at this as being a bad thing though. To me it is more of a reason to do God's work, and the things I should have been doing all along. There was so much good in that wild and crazy guy who went down Aug. 6th, and now that good is out and shared with everyone. There may be a dusty trail behind me, but there is a beautiful horizon ahead. May God be with us all.

Sincerely,
Christopher Richardson