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Moving Forward by Giving Back



Do you remember the day you were born? Of course not, but we know the date. Mine was April 9th, 1996. How about the day you died? March 13th, 2015, another day I don't remember but the date, like my birthday will remain with me the rest of my life. On that day, mid-morning I laid on the ground several feet away from a totaled vehicle bleeding out, brain swelling and lungs collapsing. On that day I died and on that day I sustained a severe TBI. After given a 5 percent chance of survival, I underwent a surgery that required them to remove half my skull. Within a span of 24 hours, my heart stopped twice. Though I survived, the doctors had little hope for me to live a normal life. On life support for days and a coma for two weeks I finally woke up. The doctors told my family that even though I survived, I might never be the same person again.





Living with half a skull for months, brain surgeries for the next four years, life threatening infections, relearning how to walk and talk and struggling with seizures, this was not the pain that led me to my purpose. I faced demons far worse than forceps, needles, infections or even a coma...the demon I faced was a broken mind. The Traumatic Brain Injury had done more damage to my Frontal Lobe than expected, I was teased with a miracle far too good. Once out of the hospital I became violent, an emotional wreck and suicidal. Battling your mind is much like going into a mirror house, everywhere I looked or went was just a different side of me. Anger was the worst side, lashing out with verbal threats and at some points tipping over into the physical side. Eventually I became stable long enough to call 911 on myself, I still remember the call today.

“911, what’s your emergency?”

“I need you to come arrest me. If I can hurt those who love me, I don’t know what I would do to a complete stranger.”

Soon after that call I was admitted into a Mental Hospital, and this was the beginning of my transformation. In the midst of my recovery I realized that my pain had a purpose, that my Rock Bottom was the foundation to my future successes. Today I am a husband and father, a coach, speaker, and author. I am thriving instead of surviving.

Once regaining control over myself, I knew that I could not move forward in my life without giving back. I volunteered for several months at the local rehab helping those with brain injuries, I became a certified coach and speaker, published a book "Recycling Pain", I have spoken on dozens of stages, and started my own LLC. I will never stop giving back. I will let my miracle spread to those around me.

