

My "Texas Flood" Background 2025

Born in Austin. Raised in San Antonio and the Hill Country, "Flash Flood Alley".

June 12. – Cancer diagnosis. Dual headed dragon as big as two fists.

July 2. – Walk into a major hospital in San Antonio for the surgery.

Operation a success and they get it all; five gaping holes and the pain is unbearable.

July 3, – Assigned a beautiful Day nurse who is also an "End of Life", hospice nurse. We have a lot of background in common and quickly bond.

July 4. 3 AM – Summer vacationers and their camp counselors are washed to their doom, as well as other residents up and down the Guadalupe River.

July 4. Day – Back to back news coverage of the flood devastation in my hospital bed ~ I live on the Guadalupe river 20 miles south of Kerrville, TX. I form a plan to help my community, and force a "self-release" with an IV hanging out of my arm and **no** take home narcotics. That evening, my former nurse stops in to check on me and quickly picks up on the overwhelming pain.

July 5. Morning – I crawl up a little step ladder, rigged to a lift rope, and into my massive pickup with a front-end remote controlled winch. Head out at first light on search/rescue missions, wearing a Swift rescue vest. I don't stop until after dark.

July 5. - 8. – Rescued two people and called in more requiring boat rescue.

I learned water-rescue the hard way. I also saw countless former lives ensnared by the flood on these missions, and almost joined them. I'm not afraid of much, but I was scared to death each time I entered that churning cesspool of mud, trees and debris.

Rescue, compartmentalize, repeat, repeat, repeat as four days blur to one.

Pain unbearable. Unfortunately for me, I carry the quick fix in the form of red liquid and small white bars - lots. The nurse sutures and glues me back together each night. Develop a nasty short term Methadone addiction.

July 9. – The major Flood terror slowly resolves itself, and my efforts become redundant, as the more qualified State and Feds move in. I collapse and sleep for two sickening days; the sound of the flooding river never subsides in my nightmares.

July 11. – I stopped by my former nurse's house to thank her for seeing me through. We become closer still.

July 19. – 135 people have died and dozens are still missing in the worst Texas Hill Country flooding event in history. We woke to the noise of choppers circling constantly. We walked the quarter of a mile from my home down to the low-water crossing bridge of the Guadalupe river in Comfort, TX. Everything is scoured clean to its base of white limestone

July 25. – I can't breathe. ER>same hospital. Emergency ANGIOVAC – Blood clot shrouding both lungs, as big as a can of dog food. Plus dead gallbladder, and an e-coli infection from swimming in that cesspool.

July 26. – My birthday gift: a torso that looked like a war map (13 incisions).

And a *Realization*—I was dying. She's 39 and living. I didn't answer her calls.

August 1. – Went to her home to explain the realities. Lost her twice. Heart breaking for both.

Sept 1. – Diagnosed cancer free. CT shows no clots on lungs. The Doctor: "**You're the .1 percenter. You could live to be a hundred.**" ~ Rough two months.