

My “Texas Flood” Background

Born in Austin, and raised in San Antonio and the Hill Country, “Flash Flood Alley”.

June 12. 2025 ~ Cancer diagnosis. Dual headed dragon as big as two fists.

July 2. 2025 ~ Walk into St. Luke’s hospital in San Antonio for the major surgery.

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

July 3, 2025 ~ 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. 2025 4 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. 2025 Day ~ Back to back news coverage of the flood devastation ~ I live on the Guadalupe 20 miles south of Kerrville, TX. I form a plan to help my neighbors, and force a “self-release” with an IV hanging out of my arm and **no** take home narcotics. That evening, my nurse friend stops in to check on me and quickly picks up on the overwhelming pain.

July 5. 2025 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 safety harness. I don’t stop until after dark.

July 5. - 8. 2025 ~ 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 cure in the form of a light 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. 2025 ~ 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. 2025 ~ I stop by my former nurse’s house to thank her for seeing me through. We become closer still.

July 19. 2025 ~ 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, while the river gurgles pleasantly along.

*I believe that licensing the song “Texas Flood” by Stevie Ray Vaughan would both highlight this screenplay acoustically and lyrically; plus befit his legacy.