

On November 26, 2018 at 2:36 am the only thing I can remember is reaching back for my daughter as her head repeatedly hit the window next to her car seat. The screeching tires and my car spinning as it bounced off the cement barrier that blocked the highway construction. My adrenaline was pumping and I remember being conscious enough to yell her name as I watched her little 6 year old body repeatedly having seizures. This wasn't the first accident I had ever been in, but the first one that I felt like all my control had been taken away. Smoke was coming out from under my hood and at that point I didn't even see what had hit me. On-star started talking to me and I have no clue what they asked me but my only response was I don't know but my daughter is not okay. My daughter was still unconscious at this time and I remember looking forward and seeing my windshield gone. Then it hit me that our dog was not in the car. I yelled for him and I could feel myself starting to panic again. Then I felt someone pulling at my drivers side door. A younger man kept crying "I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. We have to get out." I looked at him and said "Please get my daughter. She hit her head and she's a severe epileptic. She's not okay." At that moment I saw the man go back to her and pull her out still buckled into her car seat. I finally got out of my car and took my jacket off to put it around my still unconscious daughter. Then I saw flashing lights coming down the highway. As the car parked a tall man got out and came towards me. He immediately picked up my daughter in her car seat and set it in the back of his car, then guided me to sit in there next to her. The next two weeks after that were some of the scariest times I have ever had as a mother. My daughter was immediately taken into Duke and admitted there until they could get her seizures under control. For 4 days straight I wore the same exact clothes from that initial night. I only went as far as the restroom in her room without her. Although she spent most of the time sleeping, I could not bear the pain of what might happen if I walked away. When my mom flew into North Carolina from Texas I finally got the courage to step away. I am pretty sure the nurses were happy to see that I had finally changed clothes and showered. She stayed in the hospital for 2 weeks hooked up to monitors with a camera in front of her to help get her stable again. Here we are 6 months later and we are still struggling to get her seizures under control. She has been admitted for additional testing and also had to do a 72 hour ECG at home. Every 3 weeks she goes back to Duke to evaluate how things are going. All of this was because a 19 year old man decided to drink and get behind the wheel. An innocent 6 year old little girl was having uncontrolled seizures because he thought it

was a better idea to drink and drive than to just sleep in his car or get a ride home. Every action has a consequence and we are the only ones that can control that.