

# "CASM"

How it all Started!

It was September 8, 2001, I spent every weekend that year racing Micro Sprints and Sprint Cars in Central California. That year my general contracting business was booming, and I decided to build an entire new Sprint Car. Like most racers, I never had the money for all new cars. I always found good, secondhand parts. This time I decided to start with new stuff, from the car to my safety equipment.

I needed a new helmet, so I went to see my friend Blake, at BR Motorsports, about a mile from my Shop. I ordered a Bell Dominator, as that seemed to be the Helmet of choice for many racers at the time. About a month later Blake called. He said, " I have your helmet, but it's not a Dominator? They sent something completely different." I went to see it. The Helmet had zero air vents and was very egg shaped at the rear. Kind of like a head from the movie "Alien". Blake knew I needed a helmet, so he said "If you want it, I will only charge you what I paid." I took him up on his offer.

I also really wanted to have it painted to match the new car scheme, so I gave the Helmet to Lynn Anderson a racer I have competed against for years, to paint. I got it back before the new car was even complete. The weird thing I noticed about the helmet is how light it was and the very sweet smell in the Interior Padding Material. I didn't think about it at the time, but it was odd! I was just happy my new helmet was painted and ready for action!

Once the car was finished and ready to go, I was excited to head to the track to race! It was the first night out in my new car and gear. All I can remember was in the Main event I was entering turn 3 and a car started to get sideways in front of me. I tried to go above it but hit their bumper and started to spin myself! From that point on the details came to me from fans and racers at the venue that night. This is what they said happened. A fellow driver hit me in the dead center of the car at top speed entering the corner. The impact was so hard it launched the car air-born for about 90 feet. The car never rolled over, it was just one hit and landed on the left side!

My head hit the steel bar of the chassis upright just behind my left shoulder. I was knocked out instantly! The car completely folded around me, trapping my left leg between the crushed frame and driveline. They said I was unconscious for 54 minutes and I would only breathe about once every 30 seconds or so. All I remember was everything was black! I woke up when they were putting me on a stretcher. I looked at my crew guy and asked, "what happened?" He said you were in a crash, and they are taking you to the trauma center in Fresno. The only thing I remember thinking as they were loading me into the ambulance is that I had not been to the doctor for a physical in so long, who knows what they were going to find wrong with me! I wasn't even taking into consideration the accident that just occurred. However, I do remember the ambulance driver asked them to bring my helmet.

## The Hospital Experience

Going to the hospital after a traumatic experience is, very often, not as nice as you would like it to be. The first thing I remember upon getting there is the doctor immediately wanting to cut my race suit off! I started thinking, no way did I want them to cut it off and ruin it. I had just purchased it new! So, I made a deal with the doctor. I said to him, "if you let me squirm out of the suit you can do whatever kind of probing you want to check me for internal bleeding."

That first night at the hospital was very vague. My brain was not working as good as it should've because of being knocked out and the fog of meds! I remember the doctor I had was a young female neurosurgeon. She repeatedly looked at my brain scans and my helmet and she kept questioning herself and me. She kept asking, "how can it be that you have no brain bleeding?" She then informed me that if a helmet usually cracks three inches, it's enough impact to cause severe brain bleeds that most often will kill a person! My helmet was cracked five inches!

She told me that I would be staying for a few days because they wanted to do more testing. Their plan was to attempt to evaluate why I did not have any kind of head injury after that kind of head trauma. The first night they didn't have any rooms available. I was in a room with someone having a nervous breakdown and someone that seemed to be deceased, at least from what I could tell.

The next day they moved me to my own draped area in the emergency room. I remember lots of friends came to see me, but the morphine overpowered my thoughts and surroundings. All I wanted to do was uncover myself because it was hot! According to my wife, I embarrassed myself in front of some of my best friends. I was naked and I kept flipping the covers off because I was hot. It wasn't embarrassing to me though; I didn't know what I was doing! "It was the morphine".

The doctor came in to see me around 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I told her that I was fine, nothing was wrong with me, and I could go home. She agreed that if I could walk to the bathroom and back, she would release me, no questions asked. I agreed with no hesitation. It was at that moment that I stood up, got dizzy, fell into the wall, and poked myself in the eye with one of the oxygen outlets sticking out of the wall. From that point on, everyone that came to see me just asked what happened to my eye.

The next day they moved me to a regular room upstairs where I had the pleasure of listening to the same Spanish TV channel for about eight hours. During this time the doctor paid me visits three or four times and brought other doctors in to show them my helmet crack while examining my CT scans. They couldn't figure out why I was still alive. They kept me for two more days, testing me constantly. They told me I was lucky to be alive and topped it off with letting me know it would be at least a year before I could race again, as that's how long it would take my brain to heal.

My brother came to see me while I was in the hospital because he thought it was the end for me. But it was nowhere near the end for me, it was actually just the beginning. My brother is a very religious man and he prayed with me while he was visiting. I reassured him that I would indeed race again. As a matter of fact, I let him know it would be in a year to the day and this was by no means the end of anyone or anything for me.

Going home on September 10th, 2001

I remember gathering all my things from the hospital, got home, and went to bed. I was very tired and all I could think about was sleep...in my own bed. The very next morning I woke up to the TV being on and I asked my wife, "what movie is on the TV?" There were planes flying into the buildings and I'd never seen it before. She informed me that it was news of events occurring in New York. However, to me it was a movie, it probably took me two hours to understand that it was a tragic event that was happening to the United States at that moment. She went off to work and to drop the kids at school and left me there by myself with food and necessities.

On the second day of being home, I received a call from the track promoter Dave Swindell. Dave wanted to do a radio broadcast with me describing how good the safety team was at Kings Speedway and how they handled my accident. I didn't mind doing the interview with Dave to begin with but once we were on the air, he promised that he and the track were going to pay for all medical bills and expenses from my accident! It was a huge, unexpected blessing!

That same afternoon there was a knock on my door from my pastor, Chip. He was my Sunday school teacher from the Pentecostal church I went to with my wife at the time. I feel it's important to note that I believe in God and Jesus, but the Pentecostal religion was a bit much for me. Chip asked if he could sit down and share the message he had received from God about my wreck. He said that he needed to talk to me about it. If I had my wits about me, there is no doubt, I probably would've said something I regretted, but instead, I just asked chip to tell me what he came to say.

He said he was supposed to come tell me firsthand, that God had orchestrated a bunch of events so that I would live through this crash. He went on to say that God told him that one day I would be having a son who would take over my company. Then he said I would become a very important person in this world. First, I didn't know what to think of it because my wife could no longer have kids. She had three of her own sons from a different relationship, but we didn't have any children together. I didn't know what to think of me having a son.

About two weeks later, I still had not left the house. I asked my wife to box up my helmet from the crash, send it back to Bell Helmets, and request another one just like it. About three weeks went by and then I received a call from the vice president of Bell Helmets. I don't remember her name but her first question was "where did you get your helmet from?" I told her that I got the helmet from B R Motorsports in Visalia, California. She then told me that I probably need to go to church, pray, and thank God over and over. Intrigued, I asked why? She informed me that the

helmet I had on when the crash occurred was one of the 10 helmets made for Michael Schumacher, of Formula One. She also said it was designed to handle a 300 MPH crash from the rear. The helmet came up missing after production from the order of 10 that were made. Due to its missing status, three people were fired because, fun fact, the helmet cost over \$10,000.

It was then that she told me that if I would have been sporting a regular Bell dominator, I would have died instantly! Her suggestion to take the helmet and a cross and place them in a glass case with a description of the events that occurred because I should not be alive! I was no longer a skeptic of God! I was starting to believe what Chip told me about a higher power stepping in and orchestrating the past few months' events. This was very hard for me to believe but I had no choice, it was right in front of me. There is no way to disprove what was true!!!

### The Boy

It was about a year went by and I ended up getting a divorce. I did not see it coming but it gave me time to prepare for the upcoming race season. I was always thinking about what Chip had told me that day about the coming of my unborn son! It was not 8 months that went by and a girl I was dating became pregnant. And guess what? It was a boy!

Let's cruise through about 6-7 years and I witnessed my stepson's accident where he damaged two vertebrae in his back and hurt his neck. It was that wreck that caused me to rethink the way seats were mounted in race cars and how technology has not changed since 1980. I somehow now was really thinking about how seats are currently mounted to the frame and just how the body takes an impact when a bad crash happens. I can recall many nights waking up and knowing I should get up and go write these Ideas down? I can't say for sure when God talks to you hear a Voice? But I now know when he talks to me it's a vision that I see and I never had to get up and write it down, why? Because he burned it in my brain, so I still remembered everything I Dreamed of. I started the process of building the very first Compression Absorbing Seat Mount! From the initial design to the process of bringing the design to life, this product has had nothing but Divine Intervention every step of the way.

There are so many people to thank and not enough time to write them all, much less, read them. However, I will say this, I now whole-heartedly believe in God and his Divine power! I know I will never be worthy of God's grace. But I know without a shadow of a doubt that my God, my Creator, my ORCHESTRATOR, put things in motion to protect me so that I would be able to build this product to help others! With all the backlash we get from bringing new technology to the world. There is a light at the end of this tunnel. And it's now here to save lives and keep your Children Safe. Always remember please that we are all put here for a Purpose, And I now know what my Purpose is.

Scott.