The Day I Died

In the spring of my senior year I was working parttime at Len Daley Chevrolet. My boss, Steve Ingraham, asked me to do a dealer trade; I was to drive a Camaro up to another dealership in Lompoc and bring back a Monza.

Steve gave me a hand drawn map, taking 33 to 101. When I reached 150 I decided to take Casitas Pass. I was going the speed limit and was quite comfortable with the route since I had driven it a couple times in driver's training with Mr. Siefken.

I was close to the county line, coming up a hill that then curves, almost 90 degrees to the left. As I entered the curve, I had let off the gas, but it seemed that the car just did not slow down. I started to leave the blacktop and then froze as I drove up into the chaparral.

I then over reacted, jerking the wheel to the left, sped across the road and then off the side. There was berm of dirt on the edge of the road so that the front end popped up… I saw nothing but blue, then green, and then black. I came to lying on the ceiling of the car. The engine was still running so I turned it off. The roof was crushed to the point that the driver's side window was maybe 3 to 4 inches. The passenger side window was broken out but had not been crushed so I crawled out and up the hill to the road.

I flagged down a guy on a motorcycle, told him what happened and asked for a ride to the ranger's station by the lake. As he looked at me, he kept looking over my left shoulder and asked me if I was alright. I told him I was fine though a bit shook up. I hopped on back but as we started to go, I saw the ranger truck coming up the hill, tapped the guy's shoulder and pointed at the truck. The guy stopped and let me off.

When the ranger got out of the truck and came walking toward me, he kept looking over my left shoulder and asked me if I was alright. I told him I was fine though a bit shook up. He looked at the Camaro then walked back to the truck and made a call on the radio.

Eventually a CHP showed up. As he came walking toward me, he kept looking over my left shoulder and asked me if I was alright. I told him I was fine though a bit shook up. He then asked me to unbutton my shirt and turn around so he could see the back of my neck and shoulder. He then told me to pull my shirt back on a button up.

Mr. Adamson showed up with his tow truck, pulled the Camaro up the hill, I jumped in and road back to the dealership with him. I hopped out as we arrived to go get the keys to the back gate; as I walked passed the staff I heard more than one person say, as they looked at the Camaro, “you’re dead”!

When I finally got home and was getting undressed, I saw what everybody was worried about; a large spot (3x6”) of blood on the shoulder up against the collar on the left. I went in the bathroom and looked in the mirror to see where the wound was but there was none.

Later when my mom got home, I told her what happened, and she asked what time it was. It turns out that at exactly the moment I was going off the road, she was working as a volunteer at the Catholic thrift store and had the sudden urge to pray for me.

Ever since then I have had a strange feeling, like itching and as if bugs are crawling around on the spot where the blood stain was on my shirt.

I can only assume one of two things; either there is transcendent reality of absolute infinite essence who listened to my mom’s prayer or my mom was magic.