

He Rode With Me

A testimony of God's mercy, protection, and purpose in a near-fatal motorcycle crash

"I shall not die, but I shall live, and recount the deeds of the LORD." — Psalm 118:17 (ESV)

On May 28th; my birthday, I was in a horrific motorcycle crash. I'm writing this down for one reason.. to glorify God and tell the truth about what **He** did. By every measure, I should be dead, or living with severe brain damage, or still lying in a hospital bed unable to lift my arms. Instead, I'm sitting here typing this out one week after getting home from the hospital. What follows is my best attempt to recount the deeds of the Lord, mercy by mercy, in the order they actually happened.

Let me be honest up front, I don't remember the crash. I remember riding, and then I remember opening my eyes, looking straight up at the sky and unable to move. Everything in between is simply gone, a black void. So with that being said, much of what I'm about to tell you was told back to me afterward. Either by first responders, by sheriff's deputies, or by doctors and nurses. A lot of it, they kept telling me should not have been possible.

I shared what happened with my Discord and Twitch community from a hospital bed, and within minutes my story was shared across the Twitch Christian communities and hundreds of people were praying. This testimony belongs to them too. They've prayed for me through it all. So here is the whole thing, as best I can put it together.

Mercies, Not Just Miracles

Before I walk you through everything that happened, I want to explain one word I keep using, because the choice is deliberate.

When I first started telling people this story, I called all of it miracles.. and honestly, a few of these were miracles in the plainest sense of the word. As I've sat with everything, I've mostly landed on calling them mercies instead, and I think it's worth telling you why.

A miracle describes the event.. something extraordinary happened. A mercy describes the heart behind the event.. that God, who owes me nothing, leaned toward me anyway. The word "miracle" can quietly drift toward *look at what happened to me*. The word "mercy" keeps the focus where it belongs, on *how **kind** God is and was to me*. That's the whole point of this testimony. It isn't about my strength, and it isn't about anything I did. It's about a God whose kindness I never earned.

Lamentations 3:22–23 (ESV) — *"The steadfast love of the LORD never ceases; his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness."*

There's an honest reason too, and I'll say it plainly, because I know some of you reading this aren't sure God is even real. If I call the helmet a "miracle," it's easy to fold your arms and say, "that's not a miracle, that's just a smart decision," and wave off the whole list. But a mercy isn't a claim about physics that you have to accept.. it's my confession about how I read my own life. You can disagree with me about miracles. It's a lot harder to argue with gratitude. When you see all of these mercies stacked on top of each other, I think the sheer weight of them speaks for itself.

So "mercy" is the word you'll see the most, but don't miss the few on this list that flat out broke the normal rules of how things work.. a 911 call from a dead zone where the deputies' own radios don't work, and an arm that lifted the very moment after I prayed for the strength to lift it. Some of these are mercies. Some are miracles. Every last one of them is God.

The Helmet I Almost Didn't Wear

The first mercy happened before the crash ever did.

In the summer, I almost always ride in a half helmet. It's hot, it's open, and that's just my habit this time of year. On this particular day I had some phone calls I needed to make, so I wore my full face helmet instead, purely so I could talk through the Bluetooth system in my helmet. There was nothing spiritual about that decision at the moment. It was simply a convenience and logistical decision.

That full face helmet is the reason I do not have brain damage and it is one of the reasons I am alive today. I'll come back to it, because what I later saw on that helmet is hard to put into words.

Waking Up

When I came to, I was lying on my back staring up at the sky and I couldn't move. I didn't need anyone to explain it to me, I knew I had been in a terrible crash.

My motorcycle, which I later learned was completely totaled, was a long way from my body. My phone had been mounted on the handlebars, so it went where the bike went. I don't know the exact distance, but it had to be significant, because the Bluetooth connection between my phone and my helmet was spotty and cutting in and out.

I could hear cars going by. Whizzing past, one after another. Not one of them stopped. Wherever I had landed, I could tell that people couldn't see me and that nobody driving by even knew I was there.

The Call That Shouldn't Have Gone Through

By the grace of God, using nothing but voice commands through my helmet's Bluetooth, I was able to call 911.

I told the dispatcher that I had no idea where I was and they were going to have to triangulate my phone. They got a rough area of my location. Then I laid there and did the only thing I could think to do.. I listened. I told dispatch when I could hear the sirens getting closer... getting closer... they're getting closer... and then, suddenly, right on top of me. "I think they're here, tell them to stop!". Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the first man running down a hill toward me and I told the dispatcher she could hang up. Help had finally arrived.

I vaguely remember the first responders reaching me. One of them said something like, "You're pretty messed up, but you're okay. You're alive. We've got you." To this day I don't know exactly where my body had come to rest, but the deputies later told me I was down in some kind of hole. I remember lying there listening to the men grunt and strain as they worked to lift me out of wherever I was and get me onto a stretcher. From there I remember a very short ride to wherever they loaded me onto a helicopter, and then I was in the air, headed for a trauma center.

Psalm 40:2 (ESV) — *"He drew me up from the pit of destruction, out of the miry bog, and set my feet upon a rock, making my steps secure."*

I didn't have that verse in my head as I laid there, but I've thought about it many times since. I was in a pit, and I could not get myself out. Someone else had to lift me.

Thirteen Days

When I reached the trauma center, there had to be thirty people around me. They loaded me with pain medication, ran somewhere around 200-300 X-rays of my entire body and CT scans, and put my right arm back into place.

In total, here is what they pieced together: my right elbow was completely dislocated and shattered. My left shoulder, which I'd already had surgery on two years before this crash, was also completely shattered. My left knee was torn open; as I understand it, the quad tendons and ligaments were exposed and fully torn. I had several broken bones in my left foot and three broken ribs.

Due to the extent of the injuries, putting me back together took surgery. They placed around four or five screws in my right elbow. My left shoulder needed the most work, I believe somewhere around thirteen screws, a plate, and some bone implants. The surgeon was honest with me afterward.. She told me that essentially I'm too young for a full shoulder replacement, so while they were in there, they were doing the best they could with what they had and there's a real chance I'll need another shoulder surgery somewhere down the road. They repaired the torn quad ligaments and tendons in my left knee and I came out of that one with a long, Harry Potter looking lightning bolt shaped incision I'm a little proud of. That might make for a cool tattoo down the road. The broken ribs and the broken bones in my foot they left to heal on their own. In all, I spent thirteen days in critical care.

In the middle of all of that, I had a strange and honest reaction that I want to share, because I think it matters. Part of me was actually disappointed. I thought I might get to

go be with Jesus, to be home with Him forever, and a piece of me was let down that I didn't. On the other end of that, I felt encouraged, because I realized that if God had spared my life, He did it for a reason. It means He still has work here that He wants me to do.

I didn't know it at the time, but the apostle Paul wrote about this exact tension:

Philippians 1:21–24 (ESV) — *“For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain... My desire is to depart and be with Christ, for that is far better. But to remain in the flesh is more necessary on your account.”*

That's it. That's exactly what I felt, lying in that bed. To die would have been gain. The idea of being with Jesus for eternity is so exciting and I cannot wait for that day, but God decided that for now, remaining here with you all is more necessary. So I'm still here.

I wasn't alone in that room, either. My mom and stepdad came. My little brother and his girlfriend came. Friends from my apartment complex came. So did a few people from the church I had left only a couple of weeks before the crash. The whole time, my online community kept lifting me up in prayer. God made sure I was surrounded and I am so thankful for it.

The First Hallelujah

There's a moment from those early days in critical care that may be the most precious one of all.

I was lying in my hospital bed, before I could move my arms, listening to worship music. The song “Gratitude” by Brandon Lake came on. It built to the part about throwing your hands up and giving God your praise and as I was lying there, unable to lift anything, I just started to pray. “God, please give me the strength to raise my arm. To raise my hand. To worship You.”

Right after that prayer, I raised my right arm for the first time since the crash.

I lay there and bawled. I cried and cried while I worshiped Him, my hand in the air, lifted to the God who had spared my life and was now giving me the strength to praise Him with my own body again.

There's a verse that has been running through my mind ever since, over and over again:

Psalms 115:1 (ESV) — *“Not to us, O LORD, not to us, but to your name give glory, for the sake of your steadfast love and your faithfulness.”*

None of this is about my strength. It isn't about anything I've done. It's about what God has done, and the strength He keeps giving me. I cannot do any of this on my own.

Walking

I began to walk in the hospital after about two weeks.

The doctors and nurses were genuinely stunned. They told me, more than once, that they didn't think it was possible for me to be moving the way I was moving. Every time they said it, I got to answer with the truth: **It's possible through Christ. I've got a lot of people praying for me.**

That became the theme of my entire hospital stay. Between the doctors, the nurses, the CNAs, anyone and everyone who was willing to listen. I've gotten to talk about Jesus more during this crash and recovery than I think I ever have in my whole life. I even got to speak with the state trooper who handled my crash report over the phone and share the gospel with him too. God took a trauma center and turned it into a mission field, and He used me flat on my back, to do it.

After critical care, I was transferred to a live-in physical therapy and rehab hospital. When they set up my care, I had been scheduled to stay there for thirty days because at the time the plan was made, I couldn't walk or even move my arms. By the grace of God, I was healing so fast and already walking and moving so far beyond what that facility was built for, that I was discharged after just four days. Some of the other patients there couldn't walk at all. Some couldn't talk. Some couldn't move their limbs.

I got home around 9:30 at night on a Saturday. After everything, I was finally back in my own bed, with my cat Delia. I can't fully put into words what that moment felt like.

I want to be honest about the recovery too, because it has had its own challenges. The pain has been significant. There have been humbling challenges I never used to think about.. Things like relearning how to change my own clothes, how to use the restroom on my own, the kind of basic things you don't notice until you can't do them. To me, those are just the normal things that come with going through something like this; they don't really stand out. What stands out is that through all of it, I've mostly carried a deep and steady sense of peace, and gratitude that God spared my life. My gratitude has been more prevalent than the challenges at hand.

What the Deputies Told Me

The following Tuesday after getting home from the rehab hospital, I went to meet with the deputies who had been the first responders at my crash. I wanted to shake their hands and thank them for what they had done. I also needed to pick up my driver's license, my firearm, and the other things that had been in my pockets that day. While I was there, we ended up talking about Jesus, and about what a miracle it was that I was alive.

Then they started telling me things I hadn't known..

They told me that two months earlier, at that exact location, two other motorcyclists had died.

They asked me how on earth I had managed to call 911 from out there. I explained that I'd just used my helmet's Bluetooth and voice commands. I honestly hadn't thought twice about it. That's when they shared with me the next part.. at that location, there is

no cell service. None. Their own radios don't even work out there. When they needed to call for the medical helicopter, they had to physically leave the crash scene to radio it in, and then come back. I was absolutely mind-blown. By the grace of God, I had made a phone call from a place where the people whose job it is to make those calls couldn't make them.

They told me something else. In the right side pocket of my vest, where I carried a spare magazine for my gun, something had hit with such force that when they opened that pocket, the rounds were loose and the magazine was completely disassembled. The spring had popped out, the whole thing had come apart. They said the amount of force that takes is enormous, and that the magazine sitting on the right side of my vest had very likely saved my internal organs, because it took an impact that would otherwise have gone into my body.

They explained that the area where I crashed was a big patch of sharp, rocky ground and that my body had essentially tumbled through jagged rocks, which is why the damage was as bad as it was.

Then I got my helmet back. When I looked at it, I just felt overwhelming gratitude that I had worn the full helmet that day. I could see, all the way around it, the places where the rocks had struck my head. Every one of those marks was a blow that my skull didn't take. Without that helmet, I would have severe brain damage or I would be dead. There is no version of this where that isn't true.

He Kept Providing

The mercies didn't stop when I left the hospital.

My friend's mom runs a nonprofit for veterans, and while I was still recovering she posted about my crash and my story. She mentioned that all I owned was a motorcycle, which after the crash, meant I had nothing left to get around in. She put it out there honestly and humbly "I know this is a big ask.. But Dan is going to need some wheels after all of this, let's see if we can do it for him."

A veteran I'd never met, all the way in Maryland, saw that post and offered to give me his truck, a 2012 Ram 1500. It arrived in TN the same day I was discharged from the rehab hospital.

I need to be honest about why that hit me so hard. My years of addiction destroyed my credit. If I'm telling the truth, I don't think I could go out and buy a vehicle right now if I tried, that's the whole reason I only owned a motorcycle in the first place. It was the cheaper, simpler route for where my finances were. I had no way to fix that on my own. God moved a stranger in another state to hand me the keys to a truck, delivered the very day I came home. I've never met that man, but that's often how God's provision comes, through someone else's hands.

There's more. Being home means I need physical therapy at least three times a week. That's a heavy thing to ask of a friend or a family member, driving me to appointments three days a week. The hospital was able to put in a referral for home health, so a

physical therapist will be coming directly to my apartment to work with me. The care is coming to me.

Just like I couldn't lift myself out of that pit, I couldn't provide any of this for myself. God did it anyway. He is so good, and He keeps providing for me even when I don't deserve it, which is the only way grace has ever worked.

The Chain of Mercies

I want to lay these out side by side, because any one of them by itself might look like luck. Stacked on top of each other, they look like something else entirely.

- **The helmet I almost didn't wear.** In summer I rode wearing a half helmet. The only reason I had my full face on that day was to take phone calls. That helmet is why I'm not brain damaged or dead.
- **Consciousness.** I woke up from a crash violent enough to total my bike, shatter three joints, and break my ribs and foot.. But somehow conscious and clear headed enough to make a phone call and direct my own rescue.
- **A working phone, thrown clear.** My phone was on the handlebars and went with the bike, far from my body, on a spotty connection.. and it still worked, and I could still reach it through my helmet.
- **A call from a dead zone.** There is no cell service at that location. The deputies' radios don't even work there. They had to leave the scene to call for a helicopter. I got 911 on the line anyway.
- **Guiding them in blind.** I didn't know where I was. I found the rescuers by sound, telling dispatch when the sirens were on top of me, until a deputy came running down the hill.
- **The same deadly spot.** Two motorcyclists had died at that exact location just two months before. I didn't.
- **The vest pocket.** A spare magazine on the right side of my vest absorbed an impact strong enough to blow the magazine apart and likely shielded my internal organs in the process.
- **The healing.** I had reconstructive surgery on my shoulder, elbow, and knee and I was up and walking within two weeks, then discharged from a thirty day rehab program in four days, while patients around me couldn't walk at all.

I'm not a statistician, and I'm not going to put fake numbers on any of this, but I can do basic math on probabilities, and I can tell you that the odds of all of these things lining up.. the helmet, the consciousness, the phone, the impossible call, the vest, the survival, the speed of healing, etc. are so small they round to nothing.

I don't believe it was luck. I believe it was God.

He Rode With Me

There's one more thing, and for me it's the part that brings me to tears. For those of you that have read my written testimony or seen the video of it online, this will resonate with you as well.

Back in November of 2025, I went to a men's retreat, and I came home with a new habit. "I don't own a car, just my motorcycle. Ever since that retreat, every single time I ride, I don't just pray for protection. I invite Jesus to ride with me. Out loud. I say, **'Okay Jesus, put on your vest with me now. Put on your helmet now. Hop on the back.'** and then I picture Him there with me as I ride."

I had been doing that, every ride, for about six months when I crashed.

Then I survived a horrific crash.. because of a vest and a helmet.

The full face helmet I almost didn't wear is the reason my head is intact. The vest I had been asking Jesus to put on with me, ride after ride, carried the very thing that took the impact meant for my organs. The two pieces of gear I had been spiritually handing to Jesus before every ride are the two pieces of gear God used to keep me alive.

I can't read God's mind, and I won't pretend to, but I'll tell you what I see. Scripture tells us to **put on the breastplate of righteousness and the helmet of salvation** (Ephesians 6:14, 17). For half a year I'd been inviting Jesus, in my own clumsy words, to put on a vest and a helmet and come with me.. and when the worst day came, a vest and a helmet are what He used to spare my life. In my testimony I've always said I keep seeing little "coincidences," little reminders that God is present and with me. This one isn't little. This is the loudest one yet.

He really did ride with me.

Why I'm Still Here

I have to say something about the two riders who died at that spot, because I've thought about them a lot.

I don't believe I lived because I'm more deserving than they were. I'm not. I don't know why I was spared and they weren't and I'm not going to insult God or them by pretending I do. What I know is that I was shown mercy that I certainly did not earn. That's the only kind of mercy there is. The right response to mercy you didn't earn isn't pride. It's gratitude, and it's a question: What do You want me to do with the life You gave back?

I think the answer started showing up while I was still in the hospital, every time a nurse or a doctor or a trooper let me tell them about Jesus. God didn't just keep me breathing. He gave me thirteen days in a trauma center as a pulpit, four days in a rehab as a testimony, and the rest of my life to keep telling the truth: that He is real, that He is merciful, and that He saves.

I've been thinking a lot about the timing, too.. that the day I was born nearly became the day I died. People might call that a second chance at life. If I'm honest, though, I lost count of my second chances a long time ago; this one is probably closer to my hundredth and every single one of them was grace I never earned.

I am going to spend my life recounting the deeds of the Lord.

Worth It for One

Here is where my heart has landed on this whole thing.. This crash handed me a platform to point people to Jesus that I never would have had otherwise. Doctors, nurses, a state trooper, the deputies, and now all of you. I mean this with everything in me.. if even one person comes to Christ because of this, I would crash a million times over. As painful and as hard as this has been, and it has certainly been both of those things, leading a single soul to salvation would make every bit of it worth it.

So let me talk to you directly, whoever you are. I was facing death on my birthday, in a pit, in a dead zone, with no one coming.. and God was already there. **There is no hole so deep that He can't reach into it and lift you out of.** He drew me up. He will do the same for you. You don't have to clean yourself up first. You don't have to understand all of it. You just have to say yes to Jesus.

If you're ready, you can tell Him right now. It doesn't take the right words, just something honest, like: "Jesus, I can't save myself. I need You. I believe You died and rose again for me. I'm Yours, take my life." If you prayed that and meant it, please find a Bible believing church and tell another believer. You're not alone and the truth is, you never were.

"For you have delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, my feet from stumbling; I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living." — Psalm 116:8–9 (ESV)