

Caleb's Star:

Chapter 1: The Alarm

My phone rang again, as I boarded the flight in Philly, heading to Boston. It was Caleb's Mom, her speech was calm, but I could tell she was disturbed as she spoke. The news was the kind I could never have been prepared to receive. Suddenly, the tone of the conversation grew somber, as she exclaimed to me. "The Insurance Company isn't paying for the Medevac". I was devastated and silent for a moment, and then asked her to explain, please.

Sarah, had explained to me, the best that she could, that my policy didn't cover medevac services. In that moment, I wanted to grab a gun, and go on a rampage. But the spirit of GOD restrained me, and I managed to control my emotions. I had to be able to speak to someone at the insurance company, to get some answers, for what the Mother of my first born, was telling me.

It was enough to cause me to have a heart attack, or stroke. I was flying into the unknown, with the weight on my shoulders that my child could possibly die. Not due to his injuries, but because he couldn't get to the hospital for care. During my drive home, I managed to get on the phone with United Health care. And tried to explain the urgency of the situation to the customer service team. I repeatedly asked them to honor the flight and bill me for the trip. No one would help, no one offered any assistance at United Health Care.

My Son was laying on a stretcher, having suffered a life threatening motorcycle accident, causing a significant brain trauma. And needed to be Medivacked, to Mass General in Boston, to see the Chief Neurosurgeon, and the Insurance Company, United Health Care was denying coverage of the necessary Medevac flight. A feeling like having swallowed a concrete ball, took over my body. And as I sat in my seat awaiting the departure, I tried frantically to get a hold of someone at United Health Care, to assist me. I was in a desperate situation, and I needed someone to care, and someone of Authority to help.

I didn't know if I should quickly get off the flight, and detour to the Bahamas. I had to make a quick life or death decision, before the doors of the plane would close. And now it was time to take off, and turn all portable electronics were to be shut off. I was on hold with United Health Care, and had to hang up, during the critical call. It was an agonizing place to be in. I was on a plane, going the hospital to meet my child, who had been gravely injured. And was being denied air travel, by my insurance company. It was an unbelievable situation that caused me and Caleb's mom, tremendous stress and anxiety.

I said a quick prayer to the Father, asking what to do. His spirit spoke to me and said, "peace, be still". I decided at that moment, to press on and go to Boston. Not having confirmed that Caleb would be on a flight to the hospital. And not knowing his current condition. I didn't what was happening, I only knew I had to have, and keep the Faith.

Two months prior, I had begun consulting as an independent contractor, and elected the new insurance policy, for my entire family accordingly. Unaware that there was a clause, that didn't cover Medevac flights. It was a horrible time learn this. I pleaded with them, that whatever component wasn't a part of my plan, should be disregarded given the circumstances. I begged and pleaded with several people in authoritative, and leadership capacities, to grant leniency. But no one was willing accommodate us with allowing the Medevac flight, from the Bahamas to Boston.

Like most parents catapulted into a tragic situation with their child, there is a range of emotions. Ones you can only know, once being exposed to such. There is fear, there is guilt, there is sorrow and pain. And in that moment, you have to find the strength to carry on. You have to find a way to be able to cope with the medical staff's instructions and questions. And be able to articulate what you know about the event, leading up to your child's or loved ones accident. You have to adapt to a surreal new world, that is fragile, much like a soldier in dealing with casualties. And the passing on of fellow soldiers, that he was just talking to.

I arrived home, and tried to keep my composure, as I informed my wife of what happened. I told her that I only knew as much as I'd told her. But that I knew it was serious. Then I was able to have a conversation with the Neurosurgeon taking care of Caleb, at the hospital in the Bahamas. He indicated that he had done all he could, within the resources that he had on the Island. And that Caleb needed to be flown to Mass General for care.

As he explained, Caleb had suffered a massive head trauma. And the CAT scan that he'd had performed revealed the criticalness of his injuries. After speaking with Dr. Davis, I turned to my wife, and let her know that I needed to be in Boston. I found a cheap one way ticket, online. Kissed my kids at home, and made my way to the airport, for Philly. I was sober yet numb, at that point.

That night, on the flight to Boston, I felt defenseless and unable to do anything or change the situation. Or help my child, or Sarah, who I pictured having the worst day of her life. But I remembered to pray, so I did. As I sat in the seat, on the way to Philly. The flight was the longest in the world for me that night, to Boston. I hadn't spoken to Sarah since I'd boarded the flight, and I didn't know Caleb's condition. I hadn't had an update, and was left to manage the news that the insurance company wouldn't fly my child, to awaiting Surgeon at Mass General. Time stood for me on the flight, would I do, what would I tell my family. Would Caleb survive, the ordeal. And how this would impact his Mom.

The stress was excruciating, I had been thrown into a vortex of pain and anxiety, with what seemed at the time to be like a blender, with a tight lid on it. I was in agony, and my mind raced with thoughts. I was trapped in a chair on a plane, proceeding in Faith. Hoping that everything was going to be alright. And as I looked at the clouds outside the window of the aircraft, tears ran down my face, as I pondered the situation. But I knew the Lord was with Caleb, I knew he cared about him. And as I sat in the midst of a perfect storm, I strengthened myself in GOD, by focusing on his word, and his promises.

At that moment, I knew I had to find the courage to look Caleb's Mom in the face, and show strength. I would have to be strong for both of us, while my heart was split into. I would have to allow the Lord to carry this burden. And as I sat quietly weeping, all I could think of, was how I felt. And that no one on the plane, could understand what I was going through. No one could be feeling the pressure I was, at that moment. I needed a word from GOD. I needed to hear that things would work out fine. And a still small voice spoke to my spirit, and reminded me that the matter was in GOD's hands.

And the spirit of GOD spoke to me again, and said "all things work together for the good". Then I knew he was in control, and that I needed to not focus on the immediate issue. But consider the Lord and all he had already done, in my life. And Caleb's. I remembered how GOD looked over his as a baby with Asthma. And he grew out of it. I remembered how the Lord had guided him through his teenage years, to make the righteous decisions. And the feelings of resentment and revenge against the Insurance company, began to fade. As the spirit spoke to me again saying "my grace is sufficient".

Earlier that afternoon, as I was driving home, on I85. I received a call from Caleb's aunt, which was odd. Why would my niece in the Bahamas, that I hadn't heard from in years, would be calling me. Unless there was something wrong. In that moment, I thought of all the elderly in laws that I had on the Island. And scanned the list in my mind. I was driving down the expressway, drinking from a half pint bottle of Brandy, which was my terrible custom, during the period. *I never drank during the day though.* I could always make it to work the next day. I guess that means I was a functioning alcoholic.

The next call came, when I answered, she said it's "Linda. Caleb has been in an awful accident, I can't tell you the details right now, I'm in the E.R. with him and Sarah. I will call you back with details, as soon as I can. With that, she hung up. I hadn't seen my Son, in 6 months, and there I was driving on the expressway after work, hearing news that I couldn't believe. I turned the bottle of Brandy up, and had a big mouthful. And waited for the callback. I was trying to numb my wounds, but still remain coherent.

Moments later, the third call comes in. It was Caleb's Mom, on the phone. I told her I was sorry, I couldn't fully appreciate what she must have felt. This was her first and only child. Her man child. She managed to get the words out. "Caleb has been in a terrible motorcycle accident, and they can't help him here on the Island, he will need to go to Boston. The Neurosurgeon, has been in communication with the Chief Neuro Surgeon there, and he is awaiting Caleb's arrival".

Arriving in Boston, and in terminal, the first thing I did was to call Caleb's Mom back. I caught up with her, just in time. She had managed by the Grace of GOD to find the \$17,000.00 for the flight, through a charity organization. the I took the train from the airport to Mass General. And then made my way to the Trauma Center, and checked in. It was about 3am.

Up until that day, I thought things had been going well in my life. Until this day. I had come through my Mothers passing, my daughters technical dependency years from being prematurely born. And Caleb's teen years. A storm was arising, all the while, unbeknown to me.