

The Call - My Personal Story

Shaye Nelson

Betty Montoya Gift of Life Scholarship

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### The Call

It had been a pleasant Tuesday afternoon when I received the call. I was practicing for my state cheer competition and doing other school activities when I got the call. This call, though, was one that I had not answered. I seemed to have been busy at the time. It was simply a just a missed call from my nana. I did not expect anything less than a “Hey, Shaye Shaye! How was school today?” but of course I was very wrong.

As I listened to the voicemail while driving home, my eyes filled with tears and my heart with worry and fear. This call was one that would change my life forever. My nana’s panicked voicemail was something along the lines of “Shaye this is nana, your cousin K’dyn has been in a serious horse accident and he is on the helicopter now, headed to Roswell. Please call me back as soon as you get this!”

Of course I dialed her back as fast and as safe as I could, since I was still driving. After a few dropped calls she finally picked up the phone and told me, in just a few short words that the accident was horrible, but he was now in better hands with the paramedic flight crew that was helping him on the helicopter. She also told me that we needed to get to the Roswell hospital to be with him as soon as they landed and when they brought him off the helicopter, so that he would not be alone or afraid. In a state of panic, my mom, sister, and I rushed to the hospital. A few short moments later, that didn’t really seem so short, I saw them bring K’dyn up the sidewalk on a stretcher. I couldn’t really see my cousin because there were nearly ten

paramedics surrounding him while one performed a series of chest compressions. I became filled with horror and disbelief.

A nurse led my mom, sister and myself back to a room where we knew that something horrid was awaiting for us. The gloominess in the room gave me a gut-wrenching feeling that I would never be able to stomach. The doctor came in and told us the news that we had all been praying against. The doctor told us that K'dyn had suffered too much trauma to the head to be able to survive. My reactions were only what one could expect when receiving such grieving news.

The days that followed were truly a blur. First came the reminiscing. Each member of the family would tell the others of the great times that each had experienced with K'dyn. Next came the planning. What should have been preparing for a vacation with the little seven year old, but instead arrangements were being made for his funeral. Finally came the funeral service. Even though it was a beautiful service, it was still filled with such grief. As everyone sat and grieved during this time period, I could only ponder on one thing.

“Who has my cousin’s heart? Who has his beautiful brown eyes?” I remembered, in the midst of all of the sadness, that K'dyn’s mom, my aunt Chandra, had said that K'dyn blessed a few other people by donating his organs. Due to my selfish desires, this angered me at first. “K'dyn was supposed to live!” is what I kept saying to myself. He was supposed to be the one who overcame death by the power of organ donation, through the works of God. After a while of questioning and praying over the circumstances, I finally came to grips with the situation.

How great it was that such a young soul had the power to save not only one life, but many more lives. It was what God had instilled in him. This was truly K'dyn's God given purpose in life. He was supposed to bless others, and so he did. His heart, eyes, and all of his other organs were placed perfectly by God. These organs gave K'dyn life, and all of them are now giving somebody else life. Personally, one of my biggest wishes is to see whose lives K'dyn has saved. If I could only see K'dyn's eyes, or hear his heartbeat in someone else one last time, maybe I would feel more comforted.

Before this whole ordeal, I chose (for myself) to not be an organ donor. I was young when I made the decision. I was also not given a lot of time to decide whether I really wanted to be a donor or not. On top of all of that, I thought that being an organ donor was weird and unnatural. My mindset was, "God gave me these organs for me, and only me. He brought me into this world with these organs, and I will be taken out with these organs." Thinking back now, that was very selfish of me to feel that way. I am sure that some people have a better reasoning for why they choose to not be organ donors, but mine was all out of selfishness.

This speedbump in my life has done many things to change me, and has overall, affected me and challenged me in many ways. One of the ways being that I have since changed my mind about not being an organ donor. After seeing that K'dyn can, and is still living through others, now I want to live through others as well. I want to be the light that gives someone else a hope to live, both while I am still living, and when I die as well.

I know now that the call that I received was not by mistake. K'dyn's death was not a mistake. God knew what he was doing when he gave K'dyn life and God knew what he was

doing when K'dyn took his last breath. This is exactly what K'dyn wanted! He wanted to make others happy, he wanted to see others smile. K'dyn wanted to be that breath when another person didn't have one. K'dyn wanted others to see what the world was like through his eyes. K'dyn wanted people to have the heart that contained a never ending love for Jesus. K'dyn was K'dyn, and now K'dyn is in others. The craziest thing about all of this is that it all started with the call.