

Scott's Airplane Accident Story

To God be the glory! As I sit here typing, I am reminded of God's ever-sustaining help. On July 17, 2005 I had the most



unexpected day. It was a pleasant Sunday afternoon in Bonners Ferry, Idaho, a small town near the Canadian border, when my friend, Jake Bushnell, asked me to join him for an airplane ride after church to which I readily agreed. Little did I know that this day would change the rest of my life. After flying over the log cabin that was under construction and was the reason I was in Idaho, I sat back to enjoy the flight. The cabin was comfortable as the sun warmed the cabin, and a beautiful blue sky surrounded the small aircraft. All of a sudden, without warning, Jake frantically says from the pilot seat, "O my God, we're going to crash! We're going to die. What am I going to do? There is nothing I can do. We're not going to make it. There's nothing I can do! O my God, O my God what am I going to do?" I looked over at his anxious face as I put my hand on his and said, "Jake, that is all right. I am ready to die. I know Jesus. Let's go to heaven."

I heard the low altitude siren sound. Through the windshield, I could see the

mountain a short distance ahead and closing in at 75 miles per hour. The first impact came as we hit a pine tree, leaving a hole in our wing 8 inches in diameter. The shocking jolt was intense! I looked out to see the right wing split a second pine tree, producing another awful blow. The two trees reduced our speed to where we did not have the velocity to cut through the third tree. When the wing hit the third tree, we were thrown into a downward spiral straight into the rocky mountain ground. I saw three beautiful angels as the plane spun to the ground.

Both gas tanks burst open upon impact, and the mountain tore off one of the wings, leaving extensive damage to multiple parts of the plane. Both Jake and I were knocked unconscious and were therefore unable to report the accident to authorities. Approximately two hours after the collision Jake regained consciousness, and smelling the gas, he quickly sensed the potential for fire as the ignition was still on. Next he realized that I was not responsive. In this confusing situation he tried to get my attention by hitting me across my face. I have a vague recollection of feeling my face being hit from side to side and him yelling, "Scott!, If you can hear me squeeze my hand." According to his account, I squeezed his hand very hard.

Jake made every effort to report the crash on his cell phone and then on mine, but he was unable to gain reception on either in this remote area. After crying out to God for help, he tried again and successfully reported the crash. However, he failed to file a flight plan as required by NAFA and so authorities did not know our location. A border patrol helicopter spotted the site first. One of the border personnel knew of a veterinarian who was scouting for elk

hunting in this particular mountain range. God miraculously allowed border patrol to find this vet and ask him to rush medical aid to the crash site until the medical chopper would arrive. Upon arriving at the site, the vet quickly assessed I was in critical need of an I.V. as I had lost much blood. Border patrol dropped a first-aid kit with an I.V., and the vet had sufficient knowledge on how to start it as he had started many IVs on animals. So he was able to successfully begin this critical I.V. on me. God's all-powerful hand continued to work as the medical helicopter could not find a suitable site to land on the mountainside. Border patrol dropped a radio to the vet on the ground. They wanted him to carry me out to an access road on a stretcher, but he was convinced that I would not survive the journey. He earnestly urged them to try landing even calling for a chainsaw to clear a spot to land. Moments passed and there was no chainsaw, but the chopper was overhead, waiting. He begged them to bring it down slowly, getting one skid on stable ground. Then, the vet took available logs and stones and braced the other skid as the medical team quickly loaded Jake and I into the chopper and took off for the hospital. Later, during training the same helicopter pilot was asked to do a similar maneuver, but he was unable to accomplish it. I am convinced that God was present in all of this, and it is all because of Jesus that I am alive today. All of my strength was used and I was completely unable to anything to help myself. But God, in His great mercy, was in control of the entire event. How majestic is His name! Let everything that has breath praise Him!

Jake was treated and released with only minor injuries. I was not expected to survive as they assessed my condition at Kootenai Medical Center, intensive care unit. I suffered traumatic brain injury as a blood clot formed on the right side of my brain, which the doctors operated on as soon as possible. The first insertion to my

skull sprayed liquid as the intense pressure on my brain was released. In addition, my back was fractured, my right arm broken, my left lung collapsed, and my right knee deeply punctured with a wound the size of a penny. I was in a comatose state for nine days. However, God allowed a speedy recovery, and my doctors and nurses were shocked at how fast I recovered. No doubt, God heard the many prayers that were lifted on my behalf by friends all around the world who heard about my condition.



As I reflect on this time of my life, it was the darkest trial of my life. However, it has resulted in the biggest blessing of God sustaining my body and spirit. He has used this story to strengthen my faith and others'. Because of God's miraculous work, I am resolving to live my life for His greatest glory. I desire to have each minute, each dollar, each blessing, each talent, each dream, and each ounce of my body to be leveraged for His ultimate glory. He is my savior and my king, and I will ever serve Him! I welcome any questions or comments you may have via email me (Scott Miller) at scottlamarmiller@gmail.com or via call or text at 301.697.8934