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FLOOR DEBATE

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injuries, was in a comma for a day and a half; in the hospital for I believe about a week, maybe four or five days, but then for 30 days at home I was what they would say in the community, I was probably 15 minutes short of a full hour. I didn't know, you know, what was really going on. Some people still say I still don't know what's going on. But very fortunate to recover from that after about 30 days. Then in 1974, a bale pile fell on top of me, and I've got a big scar under my chin to prove that, as I hit the loader of the tractor. Was able to get out of the pile by myself and made it and had to go to the doctor to get sewed up. Then I think it was in 1998, riding a four-wheeler, chasing cattle, the four-wheeler... a cow was stopped. I rolled up on the leg of a cow; four-wheeler on top of me. I pinned my leg underneath it and, believe me, those four-wheelers are heavy. Was unable to get it out, but I had my one son, one son to... was in the area. He was able to lift the four-wheeler off. My grandson saw it all happen. He was really, really worried that something was going to happen to me, but rolled it back over and took off riding again. But then I think one of the things that where I really was very close to being a statistic, and I possibly should have had a hard hat on at that time, I was working with livestock and some of the farmers, the cattle feeders can relate to this. I had an animal, a thousand-pound animal, that had bloat, had bloated, and I had worked it up into the circle into the working alley and could not get it into the squeeze chute to relieve the bloat. So I stepped in behind, by the palpating gate of the squeeze chute, tried to put the hose down the animal to relieve the bloat pressure, and the next thing I knew I was laying flat in the squeeze chute on my back with the heifer on top of me. And then the heifer died, and before she died she kicked the heck out of my head, so I should have had a hard hat on. And I'll tell you what, when you're laying there with a thousand-pound animal on top of you and you're laying flat on your back, with your one hand pinned under your back and a thousand pounds on top of you, and you're breathing very short because you don't have very much air, and you think, how long will I live? If I holler real loud I'll waste a lot of energy and waste a lot of oxygen, so I says, well, I guess I'm here. I prayed a little. Fortunately, two of my sons were on the farm at that time...