



Gaby Posada was struck by a car and left on the side of IH-10, unsure if she would survive

Forever Changed

A Katy teenager and eyewitness to a traffic accident was struck by a car while trying to aid victims

Written by Gaby Posada

Photo by Sara Isola



I never thought something like this could happen to me. It was October 3, 2015 and I was excited to go to a concert that night with some friends. When I was driving home on IH-10, the two cars in front of me crashed into each other. Before I could even think, I pulled over into the emergency lane and got out of my car to aid the victims. Once I made sure they were not seriously injured, I walked back to my car to grab my phone and call the police to report the accident.

As I was walking back to my car I heard tires screeching. I turned around to see headlights swerving across the lanes toward me. I started running, but wasn't able to get out of the way. The car hit me. The driver fled the scene and began driving into oncoming traffic. The driver struck five additional vehicles before getting away.

With my back against the wall of the concrete barrier, I sat slumped over struggling to grasp what had just happened. I had a deep gash that went from my right thigh all the way



Posada underwent multiple surgeries and post-op physical therapy



Posada had to have over 150 staples put in her leg

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back to my buttocks. Strangers rushed to help me. A man and his daughter helped me put pressure on my wound. It was so deep that I could see the bone. I was losing blood rapidly and starting to float in and out of consciousness. I thought this was the end for me. The people helping me called my mom and I remember telling her that I loved her, and that I was sorry that I went out that night.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We would like to thank Gaby for sharing her story of strength and hope. If you have an inspirational story you would like to share, email editor@katymagazine.com.

Surviving a Hit-and-Run

I graduated from Morton Ranch High School in 2014. Following high school, I had begun working on my basic classes at a junior college. My regular routine consisted of going to school and working as a nanny. I guess you could say I was just your average college student, but the accident changed my life forever.

By the time I arrived at the hospital, I had lost two-thirds of the blood in my body and had immediate surgery. I remained in the hospital for 13 days recovering and doing physical therapy. Given the nature of my injuries, I was forced to take time off from school and leave my job indefinitely.

My life changed drastically in the months that followed. I struggled to learn how to walk on my own and was not allowed to be in public for three months following the accident due to a high risk of infection. I went on to have two more surgeries and spent another two months in recovery.

Throughout these difficult months I found strength in the love and support I received from my friends, family, and the hospital staff. I had the most amazing nurses and surgeons who always did their best to help me feel as comfortable as possible. They rallied behind me and showed me that it was okay to feel whatever I needed to feel, whether it be pain, confusion, or even sadness. I am eternally grateful to everyone who followed my progress and supported my family as we endured months of medical procedures and other obstacles.

An Overcomer

Through everything, I learned that although I got hit by a car and went through this extraordinary life event, life goes on even if it is in a different way than planned. Currently there is an open police investigation into my case, but that's not my focus.

I started a blog and it quickly became a great way to express my emotions and an outlet to share my story firsthand. I am excited to say that I have been cleared by my doctors to return to college. In the meantime, I am enjoying spending time with my family and friends, which I have come to realize is truly the most important thing to me.

Something that has continued to bring me comfort are the people who helped me at the scene of the accident. They risked their lives to help a total stranger just like I did. Their kindness and act of selflessness reminds me every day that there are good and kind-hearted individuals in the world. They restored my faith in people.

I try not to dwell on what happened to me. Instead, I use my story to support and encourage others. For example, I urge everyone to donate blood if they have the chance. I know that it could save someone's life, because it saved mine. **KM**

