

of the latter. Not only was I becoming accustomed to a new work setting, but we as a staff were working out of a temporary athletic training room. Our facility was undergoing renovations and we had to relocate for the entire year. This also meant that the university had to use 2 practice fields for purposes related to the construction. There was no way that this last camp could take place at our facility. We were expecting well over 300 student athletes. Add in the parents, friends, and coaches that were joining them and we were predicting close to 700 people. In order to accommodate this large number, we had no choice but to move the camp to an off-site location. We were familiar with the site but it was not ideal for a football camp of this size. We made it through the morning session with no real issues. Then the afternoon session began.

My job during the afternoon session was to make sure that all of our hydration stations were fully stocked as the temperature was increasing rapidly. We experienced thunderstorms the night before and the humidity was unbearable. As the afternoon dragged on, my golf cart soon became transportation for several athletes that were experiencing heat-related issues. That number quickly elevated and our undersized athletic training room soon looked like a triage unit with athletes occupying every inch of space. A staff athletic trainer and I were frantically cooling down and hydrating everyone there. The numbers were slightly overwhelming at points during that afternoon. Most of them were able to recover after they were taken out of the heat and hydrated, all but one. This student athlete was an offensive lineman who had walked into the athletic training room with his father reporting nausea and light-headedness. As we hydrated him and monitored his vital signs, he began to slowly deteriorate. He began having full body cramps, ceased sweating, and began to become disoriented. We submerged this athlete in an ice bath and continued to monitor him until he slowly started to recover. I spent a good amount of time speaking with him and his father as he went through this recovery process. He was able to improve enough to walk out of the athletic training room that day. Although the circumstances weren't ideal, I felt that I had done my best.

REFLECTION

To be honest, I had forgotten about this incident as I did not think it was that serious of a situation. The thing I remember the most from that day was how awful it was to set-up and operate efficiently at the off-site location. It wasn't until the following June when I was helping with incoming freshman physicals that I was reminded. I was standing in the athletic training room when I was bear-hugged from behind. I turned and expected to see one of my current lineman messing around as they usually would have done. They weren't there. It was the student athlete from the previous summer. He immediately turned to his fellow incoming freshman and said, "This is the guy that saved my life." This took me completely by surprise. I had no idea that we were recruiting him or that he had signed with us to play football. That moment stands above most experiences I have had as a certified athletic trainer. I know that he was far from the point of losing his life that day; however, in the eyes of that