



## Miracle in the Gobi

I suddenly awakened in an intensive care facility, but I immediately noticed everyone was speaking in a language I did not understand. Then to my surprise my two boys and wife gathered around the bedside. I was on a ventilator and could not speak, so my older son (who works at KnightHawk) asked that I blink once for yes and twice for no. My 16-year-old son played old time country gospel music he'd downloaded. I remembered it from when I was unconscious, but I thought it was a dream. It wasn't. While I was in a coma they played the music and sang to me. My wife started unfolding the events that occurred, starting with, "You are in Seoul, South Korea, in the University Hospital." The story unfolded over the next weeks and, to this day, I can't believe the story was about me and the struggle my family had. I have no memory of it, but the story goes like this.

Like most of the projects at KnightHawk Engineering, we were called to help a client with problems at a copper and gold mine in the Great Gobi Desert in Mongolia. By that afternoon, I was on a flight to Ulaanbaatar (UB), Mongolia, and subsequently to the company airport at the jobsite.

After a hard week of work, a part was needed from Houston on an emergency basis. Purely by chance, my older son was chosen by our COO to bring it in from the United States. The evening of the day my son arrived, I started feeling under the weather. The next morning I decided I better go to the site clinic. Within a matter of hours, I had a high fever. Within one day, I was very sick. It was decided I must be air evacuated to UB and was transported to a major clinic.

I got worse and was transported across town to one of UB's hospitals. I was in critical condition and was not expected to live. All of my major organs were shutting down. My wife and other son were called in from Houston. My older son was told I would soon die. With my wife and younger son in the air, my older son had to make a decision on his own for major surgery with little or no chance of survival. I made it through surgery and was in guarded condition. I was thought to be dying by hospital staff just as my wife (a certified critical care nurse) and younger son arrived. The Mongolians called the U.S. embassy to start paperwork to transport my body to Houston. They told my wife I would die, but my wife and family refused to accept it. My wife injected her knowledge with the help of Houston doctors into the situation. Changes were made and, against the Mongolian doctors'

advice, my wife and boys made the prayerfully thought out decision to life flight me to Seoul. The Mongolian doctors said I would not survive the flight.

I was on a ventilator and had to fly below 4,000 feet at 500 mph to Seoul. China gave approval to cross their territory at low flight elevation (due to the ventilator) for a three-hour flight. I arrived in Seoul at death's door and was immediately taken to the Seoul National University Hospital and put into the intensive care facility. My family was given the grave news I was not expected to live through the night. As with everything up until this point, I was in the Great Physician's hands and He was the only hope. As the word went out, prayer went out throughout the world. I made it through the night and in four days had another major surgery. Being on a ventilator, my hands were tied down by my side. I was fighting for my life. In about seven days, my eyes opened up and I became responsive. For the first time in three weeks, there was hope.

Then one night I woke up suddenly and a voice inside me said, "It's time to go home (meaning Houston)." My hands were left untied in the middle of the night and I ripped out my ventilator and nasogastric tube. For the first time, I was breathing on my own. My vitals and blood work went normal at that moment. The next day the doctors said I could be medically evacuated to Houston. The last conversation with the doctors in Seoul the night before I left was surreal. One doctor told me, "We have no idea why you are still on this Earth and how you recovered." After six ambulance trips, two major surgeries and two air evacuations, I made it home to Houston and spent some time in St. Luke's Medical Center.

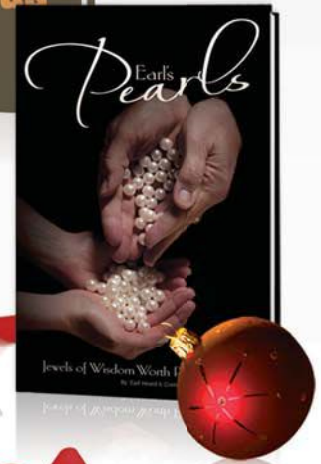
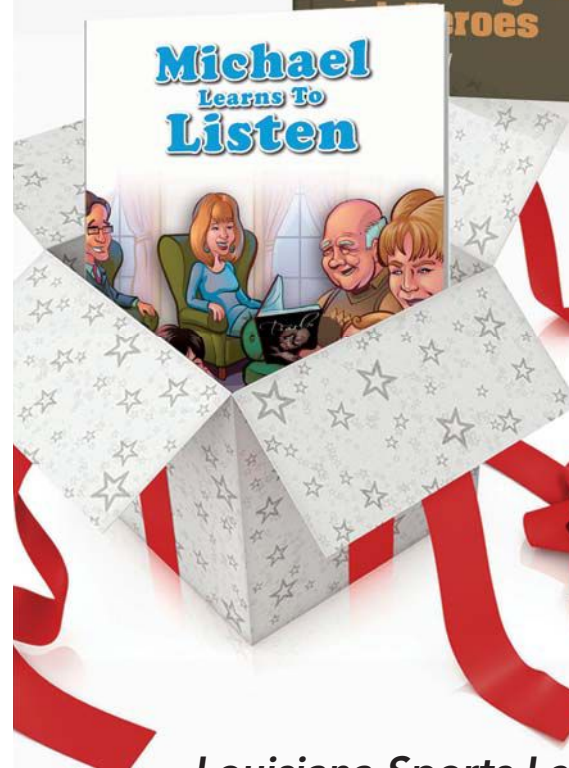
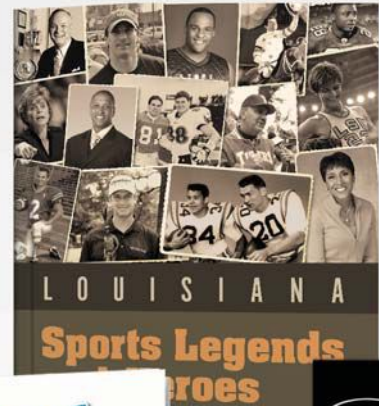
With prayers from countless churches and people, hardworking doctors and nurses, dedicated KnightHawk staff, a family with tenacity that would not stop and a miracle from our Lord, I am here and alive.

*Publisher's note: Cliff Knight is recovering well and is back at KnightHawk full time. ●*



KnightHawk Engineering's Cliff Knight is airlifted to Seoul, South Korea, for treatment.

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