



**MILES FOR
MEDICINE**

the **JOURNEY**

What does an eighteen-year-old kid with a dream have that most adults don't? Ignorance.

Yeah, I was ignorant as to what I was embarking on. I had an idea that turned into a plan and a new Kickstarter account by the end of the day.

I drafted my roadmap in English class, opened every type of social media account at lunch, and had a financial goal posted by the last school bell.

The steps I set in motion that day changed my life forever.





Mom was dying, and we were broke. She had lost her job, had no insurance, and the cancer wasn't responding to treatment. I wasn't about to stand by and do nothing. That's when Miles for Medicine was born.





Her doctors reached out to an experimental clinical facility in Seattle. Mom was accepted into the trial under the conditions she moved there for treatment and paid for the patient care costs since the sponsor covered the research costs. It was simple. Raise money for Mom's medical expenses by skateboarding from our apartment in Texas to Washington.

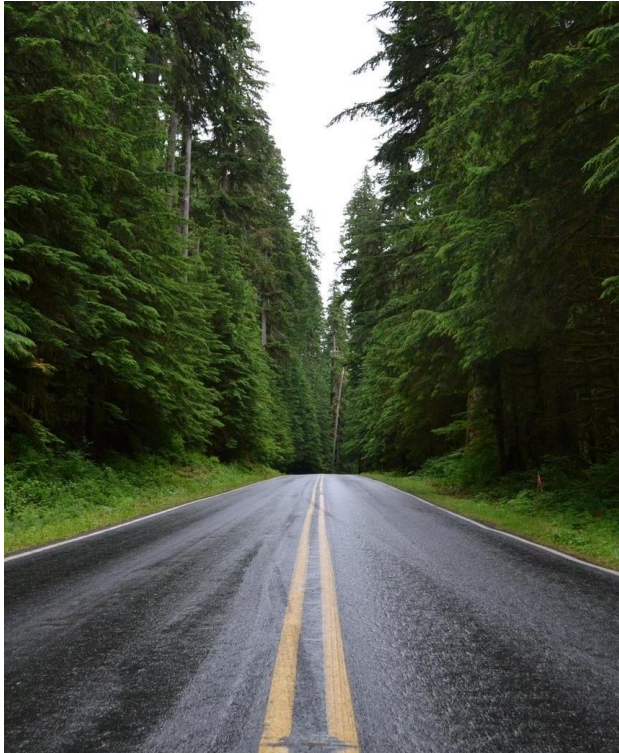
I thought it was a brilliant idea, Mom didn't. At first, she refused to go, intending to sacrifice herself for me. It took some convincing her that I needed her longer on Earth than Heaven needed her early. In my opinion, I had nothing to lose and everything to gain.

She relented, only because she knew I'd do it anyway. We sold everything we owned and bought only the essentials we needed for our trips. Everything else went into her account, which was still ridiculously short of the amount she needed.



The day she flew out, we hugged, cried and made a pinky promise to celebrate her remission over smoke infused macaroons at the top of the Space Needle. It was something she saw on the travel channel and thought how grandiose it was. I thought it was the perfect way to celebrate both our future victories.

I started skating the next day, going live on social media for part of it and posting pics along the way of cool or funny things I saw. I decided to create this scrapbook to share my journey with Mom, since she wasn't on social media.

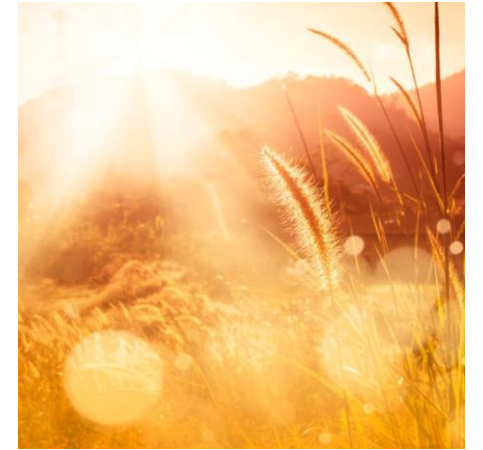


I didn't always have smooth concrete and wiped out often on rough roads. It reminded me of Mom. Her treatments were brutal. The vomiting, sickness, and weakness were too much at times. I didn't complain about each skinned elbow or torn knee I incurred, or when I broke my arm and battled stomach flu, she was going through so much worse. I rolled on raising money and staying healthy to make it to back to her.



hit the **ROAD**

The miles grew long, the weather was humbling, and my only companion was good 'ole America, In all her majestic beauty, she was magnificent, diverse, and challenging. From dry Texas heat, where prairie grass chased me for miles, to the curves and valleys of the Rocky Mountains and her whipping winds. Some days I took more pictures than skated. Other days, the landscape remained the same for miles contributing to my boredom. I wanted to quit, many times but Mom never did, so I skated on. It was the craziest and toughest thing I have even done. I vowed to never do it again, until I did it again.





The sunrise was so beautiful, it changed the blue morning hue to orange.



I nearly froze in my sleeping bag on this night.



In awe of the raw power of nature.



Wind gusts up to 30mph



Grandfather of them all, guarding the mesa floor.



So many stars, it was like glitter through in the air.



I called her Majestic Momma, she was the grandest of them all.



Cactus' so tall, they touched the sky.

I made it! Albeit stiff and sore. I lost a bunch of weight, my joints hurt, my legs looked amazing, and I had more followers than people in my hometown. I met so many wonderful people, both on the road and online, that some will be my friends for life.

More importantly, Mom made it! She was doing well, the medicine was not making her ill, and the cancer was responding to the treatment.

When I saw her, I collapsed into her arms and cried. Relief, fatigue, love, happiness, and a myriad of emotions overtook us. Turns out someone snapped a picture of our reunion, and it went viral.

I learned Mom's remission was further down the treatment road than initially disclosed. Thus, we celebrated anyway. Rejoiced in our milestones over smoked macaroons at the top of the Space Needle. That's when it hit me, continue my platform to raise awareness and funding for women's issues.

The picture and my journey launched the next five years of Miles for Medicine saving women. It also kicked off a second leg to celebrate in my hometown, where a detour in the desert changed my destiny forever when I met *Him*.

the **CELEBRATION**

