

Jon Kalvin

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### Goode Times, Bad Times

In Walter Goedecker's "The Wake-Up Call", he describes how close he came to losing his best friend. A friend whom he had known since he was a child. As you read the story you learn that he and Dave (his friend) have known each other their entire lives. They were the stereotypical childhood friends. They lived 3 miles away from each other, grew up together, and went to high school together. After graduating high school the two of them were finally away from each other. With Goedecker enlisted in the Air Force and David in the Navy. They were both doing fine, until one fateful afternoon, Goedecker received a phone call from a hospital. They were wondering if they can identify a man that was recovered from the scene of a car accident, it was David.

In the end, David miraculous recovery, and than they regained their lost childhood friendship and stay in-touch more often. I have a story similar to that one. It has the same story line, but a different ending. This story is about my best friend, Troy Goode. Troy and I were together at birth, only two days apart, we were even next to each other in the delivery room together. Strangely, we never meet until the fourth grade, but it was an immediate friendship. We did everything together, go hunting, fishing, exploring, and even blowing stuff up. As was David, Troy was the craziest of us two. Always patronizing me to do stuff I was hesitant about, like when we jumped off his roof, or ate Table Spoons full of pure Coco powder.

Troy was a tall, lanky kid that stood about 5'10", and weighed only 140. He had dark skin, big brown forgiving eyes, brown hair that was straighter than an arrow, and the biggest, whitest, and brightest smile that I have every seen. It was impossible to be mad at him when all he would do is flash that smile and everything would be a ok. Middle school comes around and

were still inseparable. With several of the same classes together we stayed mostly in touch, staying over, going canoeing and going on mission trips all over the globe.

There was one thing that Troy and I had in common which was always a surprise to people. That was the passion of playing the Drums. It was unnoticed at first until we saw each other at Morning Star Music and found out we had the same drum instructor. All through middle school we were in band together. Sharing solos and wowing the audience with our skills. Once high school came around things changed a little.

With both of us still pursuing our love of music freshman year everything looked like it was going to be a great four years. Even though we were older, we never acted it. We still do all the crazy things that we used to, like stay up for hours on end taking apart an old vacuum, or a broken computer. Through the past six years we had done everything, but freshman year I did something he didn't do, play football.

As we moved onto our sophomore year I had to make a decision, football, or band. I ended choosing football and as a result spent more time with the football team and less time with my band friends. Junior year follows shortly and Troy and I still keep in touch with. Stopping in the hallways to talk about a squirrel that we shot or something we blew up, but then something went wrong Senior year.

Senior year Troy quits band and decides to show the world one more incredible talent he has. Becoming the school's top artist and one of the area's best. With senior year almost half through, Troy takes an Art Scholarship to University of North Florida. With success on his mind, Troy is looking to fly right through the remainder of the year. In late October Troy gets Strep Throat, and even though it seemed like a simple problem with a simple solution, it was far from that.

After no more than two days out of school rumors began that Troy had been sent to an Intensive Burn Victim Center in Tampa, Fl. After hearing them for no longer than two hours, I had to find out the truth. After finding out that he was indeed in Tampa I couldn't believe it. Several hours after receiving his treatment for Strep Throat, a common Antibiotic called Sulfa, Troy began to feel hot and feverish. After noticing the condition of her son. Sally, Troy's mom rushed him to the very same hospital that we laid side-by-side so many years ago. The allergic reaction caused his skin to break out in burn like sores on both the inside and the outside of his body. Realizing this was more than they can handle, Naples Community Hospital, flew him to a Burn Victim Center in Tampa.

That first week of November was probably one of the worst weeks of my life. 90 percent of his body was covered with third degree like burns, even his eyelids. He was looking at 10 months of physical therapy and surgery. He was wrapped up like a mummy for eight days with his dressings being cleaned hourly, it was a hard time for him. Barley conscious due to all the pain killers he was on, he could barley able to communicate. About midweek his mom tells me that he is recovering, she said that they reduced his pain killers so that he was a little more coherent than prior days. Talking and even walking round the room.

On the night of November 8, 2007 a received devastating news. I was sitting at home and watching T.V. Just enjoying the night. Suddenly my mom burst through the door and runs over to the couch and holds me. She is obviously upset, I ask her, "What's wrong mom?" Through sobs I could barley make out the words that will echo through my mind forever. "He's gone Jonathan, Troy's gone." I was stunned, unable to move a sat there for what seemed like eternity. Eventually I gathered myself up and had to go outside. Calling my friends to share with them those dreadful words they came over one by one. As we mourned together of our fallen friend.

I look at Troy's passing as a wake up call, similar to that of Walter Goedecker.

His was a wake up call to renew his friendship with his childhood friend. Mine was a wake up call to cherish friendship, and every memory of every friend that you will ever have.