

2025 Application for the Inspiration Award for Principals, Coaches, ADs, and Community Supporters

Name

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High School with which you are associated.

Armuchee High School

What do you do for this school?

I am the Assistant Cross Country Coach for both the boys' and girls' high school teams. Additionally, I am the head coach for the girls' middle school soccer team.

Nominated by Dawson Wehunt

Coach Nabors lost her leg in a horrific car accident during last school year. Her family, herself, and her community showed an amazing amount of resilience and support during this time. The entire Armuchee community, as well as the Rome community, united together to raise \$ and support for her prosthetic leg, to make sure students and athletes felt supported, and an ultimate understanding that the Good Lord has his hand on all of this.

Nominated by Leah Anderson

Hannah Nabors was recently in a wreck where her leg was amputated. She was a HUGE runner, working out, etc. As soon as she received her prosthetic leg, she was eager to jump into physical therapy to get back into working out and running. Recently, we had a Love Your Nabors 5k where we raised money for her to receive a running leg where she is now training for the Boston Marathon. She has been a HUGE inspiration to the runners in our community, along with everyone else on what it looks like to successfully persevere despite the circumstances around you. She is amazing!

Nominated by Brock Holley

Coach Nabors was involved in a serious car wreck in February 2025 on her way to school. As a result of the wreck, Coach Nabors lost a portion of her leg. Coach Nabors continues to teach and coach cross country at Armuchee High School. She is an inspiration for all due to her perseverance and ability to overcome adversity.

My name is Hannah Nabors. For nearly sixteen years, I've been married to my husband, Josh, and together we are raising two boys, ages nine and twelve. I am a Special Education teacher at Armuchee Elementary School and a multi-sport coach, serving as an assistant for Armuchee High School Cross Country and the head coach for Armuchee Middle School girls' soccer. In January of this year, my husband and I became approved Winshape foster parents through the state of Georgia. I also co-coach the LiveWires youth running club and serve on the board of Extra Special People (Rome), a nonprofit focused on creating transformative experiences for people with disabilities.

My life of teaching, coaching, and running was irrevocably changed at 7:45AM on the morning of February 24, 2025, when my youngest son and I were involved in a car accident caused by an impaired driver. The driver was driving under the influence of illegal drugs, had drugs in her vehicle, was already on probation for drug charges, and was driving on a suspended license, without a seatbelt.

That day began like normal, with a five-mile run at 4:30AM before work, one I didn't know would be my last on two legs. Heading to school, my youngest son, Cole, and I were singing along to the radio and talking about my team's soccer game that afternoon. As we were approaching the high school, I saw a white car run a stop sign and hit the back of a truck in the turning lane. Impact was inevitable, as we were in the inside left lane, with a car on our right and nowhere to turn. I thought we would just barely be clipped. Seconds later, I realized I was terribly wrong. We were t-boned by the truck, with the driver's side, my side, taking the bulk of the impact. Our car would go on to rotate 180 degrees in the air, before landing, hitting a culvert, flipping onto the driver's side and sliding to rest.

I awoke amidst the wreckage, pinned between the dash and center console. My first awareness was the cries of my son, who hung suspended by his seatbelt and backpack, miraculously uninjured. He woke me up hollering, "Mommy, you're bleeding!" A nearby state trooper and ambulance were on site instantly. Within five minutes, good samaritans were able to break a back window and safely extract Cole from the car.

For the next two excruciating hours, I remained trapped in the vehicle. I had a deep gash just above my eye, my left leg was in agonizing pain, and both legs were out of view, crushed beneath the dash and front of the car. I was covered in glass, and could only move my arms. I worked with the Fire Department, Police Department, and EMTs to brainstorm an extrication plan. We used a chain and a vehicle to pull the dashboard back just enough for me to free my right leg, which had only one deep laceration. However, my left leg remained hopelessly pinned. After a prolonged, difficult effort, rescue workers ultimately were able to gain access from the bottom of the car. There they were able to see the full extent of the damage to my left leg, amid the twisted metal. As I was finally loaded into the ambulance, the last instruction I gave my family was, "Fight for my leg." Despite the immediate attempts by doctors, the irreparable damage to my left foot meant the limb was not viable.

My left leg was amputated below the knee on Thursday, February 27th. The full list of injuries included fractured facial bones, internal bruising, numerous lacerations, a broken leg, and unrecognizable ankle/foot. As a runner, coach, and educator, the loss of my leg was heartbreaking. Running was my outlet, my mission field, and the way I connected with others. The following weeks were a physical and psychological battle. I was wheelchair-bound for weeks, unable to live at home due to accessibility issues, and lived in a constant state of fight-or-flight, sleeping only a few hours a night. For years, I've told my special education students that their disability doesn't have to hold them back—that they can do anything anyone else can, just maybe a little differently. This spring, I had to

believe it for myself. A month after the accident, I was back on the soccer sidelines, in a wheelchair or golf cart, drawing strength and joy from my athletes. I received my first prosthetic on May 9th, worked the state track meet on May 10th, and returned to work, hobbling into school on May 15th for the last week of classes.

The last eight months have been a focused fight to reclaim pieces of my life, to turn devastation into restoration. My faith has deepened, and my family has found profound gratitude for every small gift. Our community's support has been overwhelming, culminating in a 5K fundraiser hosted by the parents of my athletes in August. That morning 745 people in our community showed up to participate, reminding me that I'm not alone in this fight. That morning also marked the beginning of my athletic comeback, as I worked for 5 months to walk the entire 5k on my prosthetic. Crossing that finish line, surrounded by community is a moment I'll never forget!

Professionally, I am back to teaching and coaching full-time and have embraced a new role as an advocate. I joined the national disability movement, So Everybody Can Move, which successfully helped pass House Bill 87, requiring commercial insurance plans in Georgia to cover active prosthetics. Now, I am fighting to extend this coverage to the State Health Benefit Plan, which applies to state employees like myself. On March 10th, I will represent the state of Georgia at the capitol, speaking at the legislative briefing!

Athletically, I am preparing for the 2026 Boston Marathon. The morning after my amputation, I declared to my family I would run one of the nation's top marathons. After missing the qualifying time in 2022 by just 13 seconds, I will now get the chance to run it! The Born to Run Foundation has generously granted me an entry bib for this year's race, April 20, 2026! Thanks to my community's efforts, I got my first running blade on September 25th and have already begun training. I WILL cross that finish line, even if I have to crawl!

My story is not about what I've lost, but what I've gained: deep gratitude, an unwavering faith, and a renewed purpose. I am choosing joy and transforming devastation into advocacy, proving to my sons, my students, and my athletes that you can emerge stronger and more determined than ever.