



# Healthy Stories

"DID YOU HEAR THE STORY ABOUT THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT THAT..."





# Healthy Stories

## A Note from the Deputy Secretary for the Florida Department of Health Office

At the Miami-Dade County Health Department, we fully understand the importance of getting our message out. Story telling significantly improves that your message is not only out there, but will be remembered for a lengthy period of time. By creating a book of healthy stories we are memorializing our institutional memory. We believe that healthy positive stories strengthen, engage and advance our organization. Stories about our journey must be compelling so that other Health Departments and Government Agencies will follow in our path. I am proud of the legal/contracts department team of editors for having come up with this highly creative educational tool. The contracts/legal department team's motto is: "The people who make a difference in your life are not the ones with the most credentials, the most money, or the most awards. They are the ones that care." This book demonstrates how much they care.

I personally hope that you enjoy these stories and if you want to contribute to the next edition of this book contact the editors at the following e-mail: [tracie\\_dickerson@doh.state.fl.us](mailto:tracie_dickerson@doh.state.fl.us).

*Lillian Rivera, R.N., M.S.N.*

*"Live your public health life,  
share your public health story."*



# Healthy Stories

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# *Introduction*

**W**hen we started publishing our healthy stories on the intranet, the response was extremely positive. Employees stated the stories were “absolutely fascinating”, “inspirational,” “awesome” and “amazing”. One reader e-mailed, “this is such a great story of persistence, commitment to community, innovation, quickness and just [is] simply marvelous. Thanks.” With positive feedback like that, we knew that the Departments’ mission, vision and values were being taught by our true-life stories.

We hope that these compelling and powerful vignettes enlighten and inspire you. Storytelling has thought provoking implications for advocacy. Good stories ignite action. Healthy Stories was written to serve the public health community as a memory bank. Our public health lives are filled with special memories that define and enrich us.

We have selected the campfire cartoon on our cover because by examining the eyes of the listeners we realize how a good storyteller can captivate his audience as the story progresses.

We know that these stories can ignite your desires to Go the Extra Mile; Do the Right Thing; Do Random Acts of Kindness; Remember your public Pat Yourself on the Back and when all else fails, use Laughter As The Best Medicine.

For those of you wishing to contribute to Healthy Stories, here are a few thoughts. A classic definition of a short story is one that should be able to be read in one sitting. A short story usually focuses on one incident, has a single plot, a limited setting, a limited number of characters, and covers a short period of time. Story telling is an ancient art of conveying events in words images and sounds. Stories have probably been shared in every culture and in every land as a means of entertainment, education, preservation of culture and to instill knowledge and moral values. Crucial elements of storytelling include plot and characters as well as the narrative point of view.

*The Editors*



**I**t was another humid, scorching Miami August day in 1985, and Mort sat in his air-conditioned office, thinking about how lucky he was to be inside. After reviewing his schedule, he noticed he had a meeting with a family in the community who had some environmental health concerns. Ronnie & Maria had a complaint about their eighty-two year old neighbor, Grandmother Mary. Mary lived alone for the last forty years in a home surrounded by fruit trees and a chain link fence.

Ronnie and Maria introduced themselves to Mort and promptly presented him with photographs of Grandma Mary's fence. These photographs unmistakably showed the fence shared with Mary and numerous well fed, one and a half foot long Norwegian rats. From his work with Environmental Health, Mort was acutely aware that the Norwegian rat is one of the best known and common rats, and also one of the largest. This type of rat typically lives wherever humans live, particularly in urban areas. Although many rats are beneficial in biological research, Mort knew that wild rats can be extremely dangerous and are directly responsible for the spread of many diseases.

Ronnie & Maria were concerned that their children would be bitten by these huge rodents. They wanted them exterminated immediately. Mort was in agreement. These worried parents were not being overprotective. Rat's teeth that are constantly

growing, which causes rats to gnaw any items they come in contact with, keeping their teeth sharp and ready for their next meal. Rats contaminate 10 times as much food as they eat, with urine, droppings and hair. Rats are carriers of at least 10 different kinds of diseases including bubonic plague, murine typhus, spirochetal jaundice, leptospirosis, rabies, rat bite fever, and bacterial food poisoning. A rat bite from even domesticated rats can cause "Rat Bite Fever" which has been fatal in 7-10% of cases. Many times rats bite sleeping children while trying to get bits of food on the child that were not washed off before going to bed. These parents were acting for the good of their children. Mort wondered about the health of the elderly woman living in the home.

Mort knew rats are statutorily considered a sanitary nuisance and the Health Department can take steps ensure the nuisance is abated. He wanted to act quickly on this pressing matter. He developed an action plan. First, he would send out the Health Department photographer to take photos of the house and fence at twilight. Second, he would draft his lawsuit to seek an injunction to eradicate the rodent infestation.

The next day, the Department's crack photographer, Michael Rybolowik, delivered unbelievably graphic photos of numerous rats hanging out in Mary's window sills and at other locations at the property. While Mort studied the

photos, he began to picture the worst case scenario: *A process server delivers the lawsuit to Mary. As the elderly woman has the lawsuit read to her, she has a heart attack, and despite great efforts for resuscitation, she dies from shock. The local press is contacted, and Mort is criticized for their improper handling of this case and for the killing of this wonderful cookie-baking grandmother.*

This was not an outcome Mort could live with. He decided there must be a better way. He decided before filing a lawsuit, he would instead visit Mary to see if she would cooperate and leave the house while the rats were being eradicated. Mort ventured into the direct sunlight, heat and humidity to see if Mary and he could work out this problem.

As Mort approached Mary's home, he was confronted with his greatest fear of rats. Although his mind was focused on forgetting, with every approaching step to Mary's door, a scene creepy Orwellian scene from the movie, "1984", was on constant replay: A prisoner's greatest fear of rats is successfully exploited as he is tortured in a room full of caged rats. Each time he is not compliant with the torturer's requests, the angry vermin are moved closer and closer to his face. Mort shivered with the memory as he knocked on Mary's door. There was no answer at first; Mort was ready to leave. As he raised his hand to knock on the door a second time, he felt his whole body wanting to run down the steps to the sidewalk and to the safety of the street. Mort pounded his knuckles into the heavy wooden door. The door opened slowly. Before him stood Mary, an extremely frail elderly lady that reminded Mort of his own grandmother. Mort quickly noticed that both of Mary's ankles were wrapped in gauze. He wondered if this gauze was covering the bites from the ever nibbling rats.

Looking beyond the opened door, Mort saw

multiple rats scampering across Mary's living room. On the floor was a pan filled with water for the rats to drink, an antique coca cola platter with white bread for the rats to eat. There were rat droppings covering every inch of the floor and furniture.

Mary invited Mort inside her home. The vision of the 1984 tortured prisoner again flashed in Mort's mind. Nothing could have prepared him for what he saw next. As he looked at the living room couch he noticed Mary used the couch as her bed, her pillows resting on one end of the couch. He was disturbed by an oily contour of Mary's head rested as she slept. This oily stain was a "rat run". Rats leave an oily trail in areas they frequent. This rat run showed the rats had pushed their oily body between Mary's head and the wall next to the couch.

Mort now had to make a legal-moral decision.

The legal decision, try to convince Mary to leave her house voluntarily, and if she did not leave voluntarily, seek a court order to get her out of this rats nest (which would take at least eight hours). Or order her out of her home without any legal authority.

The moral decision, if Mort waited the eight hours to obtain the injunction, and Mary died of rat bites, he would never be able to sleep peacefully again.

Mort ordered Mary out of her house.

She said she would move into a local motel. Now Mort had to act fast, find a pest control company that would kill the vermin. Hire exterminators, who would tent the house and pump it full of a rodenticide.

After the tent was removed, the exterminators filled eight Hefty bags with dead rats. Mort calculated that each bag was filled with fifty rats. Ergo, four hundred rats had been living with Mary. The smell of 400 dead rats in 90 degrees Fahrenheit

temperature was more than Mort could handle. His mustache was filled with the noisome odor. He went to Burdines (now Macy's) and got some paper strips soaked with perfume which he held under his nose for days on end to kill the smell of the dead rats<sup>1</sup>.

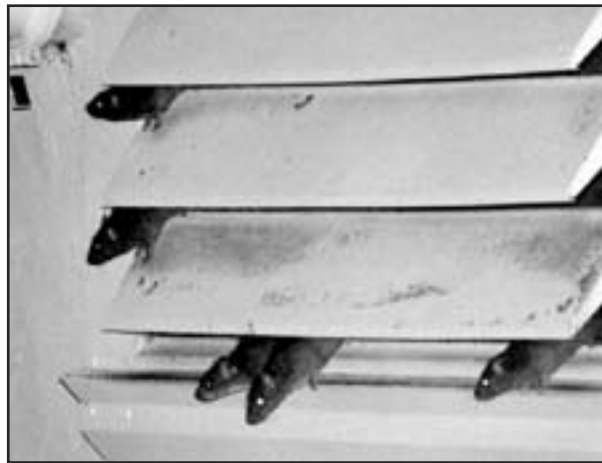
Now that the house had been made rat free, a troop of Boy Scouts came in swept, mopped, polished and disposed of the litter and garbage through out the house. Then the Scouts went the extra mile, and painted every room. Mary was able to move back into her house one week after she moved into the motel.

But, the story does not end here.

One of the Health Department's Environmental Inspectors, Jack Freidan, decided to adopt Mary;

he would visit her at least once a week, bring her flowers, drink coffee with her, and constantly insure that the rats did not return. Mary lived in the house for another five years. Until her death, Mort received updates from Jack about Mary's health and safety.

The question Mort get asked most often when he tells this story is, why didn't you commit Mary, and have her placed in a nursing home? Mort answers, that having inspected nursing homes during his career, he thought of them as a place of last resort. He would give his own grandmother another chance to live in her home, and Mary was his grandmother for that hot, humid and scorching August week in 1985.



<sup>1</sup> "Perfumes were used to counter putrescence s early as Hippocrates and Galen. Indeed, as Roy Porter observed in the introduction to Alain Corbin's *The Foul and the Frgrant...pre Pasteurian orthodoxy helad that "stench was, in fact, disease."* In the 17th century, aromatics such as civet, must, and ambergris were enlisted to increase resistance to infection, reduce exposure, and correct affected humours. People also turned to perfume for protection during epidemics." Giselle Weiss, ScienceDirect – The Lancet: Scents and Sensibility, <http://www.sciencedirect.com>.



“The best laid schemes o’ mice  
an’ men/gang aft a-gley”

*To a Mouse by Robert Burns*

# The Best-Laid Plans

A long time ago, 1986 to be specific, I learned a life lesson. Here it is: no matter how carefully a project is planned, something will go wrong.

It was a cold December morning, at 9:00 a.m. as we met on the tenth floor of the old courthouse. I, Mort, the Health Department attorney with a team of expert environmental specialists, Wally Livingstone, Dick Strait and Mike Rybolowik, were preparing for our big day in court. We were fighting a slum-lord by seeking an injunction to have him either repair and clean up his building or have it shut down. Mr. Slum-Lord owned a forty-unit apartment complex in downtown Miami. He was a skinny hallow-faced sixty year old and looked like he didn’t care how his tenants lived as long as he got his rent money. Mr. Slum-Lord’s poverty-stricken tenants were living in a building with piles of rubbish throughout the complex, which of course lead to a mouse problem.

Wally, the head of the Environmental Health Unit, was prepared to testify that mice can be harmful pests spreading diseases through their parasites and feces. Wally would testify that mice carry and cause the following diseases: rickettsial pox, rat bite fever, food poisoning (namely salmonellosis which is spread to people when food is contaminated by saliva, urine or feces from the mouse). Mice can spread parasites to people such as trichinosis and tapeworm. We not only had photographs taken by Mike Rybolowik of the mouse infestation, but also Dick Strait had caught a live mouse, caged it, and named it Stuart Little. Mort excitedly said, “This would be the best

demonstrative evidence to convince the judge to rule in our favor.” And after introducing Stuart Little into evidence, the Clerk would have an interesting time keeping Stuart alive.

Mort knew that his witnesses were well prepared for the 9:30 a.m. hearing. While we waited in the Judge’s chambers for the trial to commence, we admired Stuart Little in his make-shift home. Little did we know that Stuart was laying his own plans.

The Health Department hadn’t bought a professionally-made hamster or gerbil cage or purchased a small aquarium with a mesh top. But, instead, we made our own sturdy-looking wire-mesh cage with removable top. We were all admiring our cute little three-inch common house mouse, when the cage fell out of Wally’s hands; the lid flipped open and Stuart Little made a mad dash for freedom.

We scurried around the Judge’s chambers trying to look inconspicuous while attempting to find and catch Stuart. Sadly to say for us, Stuart had escaped. Mort then whispered to Wally, Dick and Mike to get the mouse cage out of the courthouse and not mention what happened that fateful morning.

We won the case. Mr. Slum-lord fixed up the apartment complex and eliminated the mouse problem.

As Mort enters the old courthouse twenty-one years later, he wonders if any Stuart Little’s relatives are still living on the tenth floor. He smiles and remembers the life lesson: the best laid plans of men, (not always mice), often go awry.

**I**t was spring 2003 and SARS<sup>2</sup> was quickly making its journey around the globe. The world watched as this scary disease killed 744 people. With over eight thousand people sick, no one knew which country would be affected next. Americans grew more frightened when our northern Canadian neighbors began dying.

All told, forty-three Canadians died of SARS.

## Speak softly and carry a big stick, and you will go far.

Toronto was quarantining its citizenry. The Miami-Dade County Health Department's Epidemiology staff, under the august direction of Chief Physician Fermin Leguen, was anxiously awaiting the first case of SARS to hit America.

### **Was SARS destined to be our modern-day plague?**

Our stomachs dropped as we received notice from the Centers for Disease Control that Miami had a viable SARS threat. An Orthodox Rabbi, working as a jeweler, had recently returned from a business trip to: China, Hong Kong, Taiwan and the Province of Ontario, Canada. These nations had the highest rate of SARS cases in the world. The Rabbi was now ill with many SARS symptoms: fever, cough, sore throat, and gastrointestinal problems. He lived alone at his home on Miami Beach. His social life revolved mainly around his religion and daily trips to the Synagogue.

His humble temple was located four short blocks from his home. Despite his ailments, the Rabbi continued his daily devotional journey to pray with approximately twenty fellow congregants.

Dr. Leguen warned the clergyman that his daily journey to the Temple could spread this deadly

disease to the whole community and most affect the Synagogue members. The Rabbi did not heed the good doctor's warning.

Michael Greif, a Tallahassee Health Department Attorney with an expertise in SARS, requested that Mort Laitner's and Judy Elfont, the local health lawyers intercede to convince the Rabbi to stay at home. Mort and Judy called the Rabbi and

explained about the transmission of SARS and the high mortality rate. The Rabbi had done a lot of reading about SARS during his lengthy

trip around the world, and politely requested that he speak with another medical doctor about his condition. The Rabbi, in classic Talmudic style, questioned why he was getting medical advice from attorneys. Mort realized he would have to bring in the state's Division Director for Disease Control, Dr. Landis Crockett.

Dr. Crockett had the credentials that would impress the religious leader. He had a medical degree from an Ivy League school and a Masters in Public Health from John Hopkins. Although Mort hoped the Rabbi would listen to Dr. Crockett, he wanted a back-up plan.

An avid history buff, Mort thought about former president Theodore Roosevelt's famous quote which came from a West African proverb,

*"Speak softly and carry a big stick, and you will go far."*<sup>3</sup>

Mort knew in order to protect the community he would need to have more than just a soft speech from a highly qualified doctor. He would need to carry a big stick as well. It is not without great thought that the Health Department undertakes measures to quarantine individuals *against their will*. However, in a case such as this, the involuntary

<sup>2</sup> SARS is the acronym for Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome.

<sup>3</sup> Big Stick Diplomacy or Big Stick Policy was the slogan describing U.S. President Theodore Roosevelt's corollary to the Monroe Doctrine. The United States, he claimed, had the right not only to oppose European intervention in the Western Hemisphere, but also to intervene itself in the domestic affairs of its neighbors if they proved unable to maintain order and national sovereignty on their own. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Big\\_stick\\_diplomacy](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Big_stick_diplomacy).

quarantine stick was the only one that would wield enough strength to keep the Rabbi from infecting the city with SARS.

Mort didn't want to go as far as to meet the Rabbi in person. However, he gathered his N-95 masks, his anti-bacterial hand gel and a quarantine order. His plan, should the doctor's conversation with the Rabbi fail, was to visit the Rabbi's home with the police.

Dr. Crockett, Michael, Judy and Mort managed to get the Rabbi on the phone. The doctor did an admiral job of explaining the risk of exposure to the community, the epidemiology of the disease and how extremely important it was for the Rabbi to stay and to pray at home until his period of communicability was over.

Then Mort added in a soft voice, "Rabbi, if it is determined that you have gone back to the Temple after this verbal warning we will immediately place you under home quarantine and surround your home with yellow police crime scene tape and around-the-clock police surveillance until you are no longer considered a threat."

Finally, the Rabbi understood. He followed the Health Department's orders and prayed alone at his home. Alone in his office, Mort also prayed. His prayer dealt with thanks for not having to risk his life, to President Teddy Roosevelt and to the wise West African proverb writer.



## A Good Idea Takes Time to Hatch.

This is a story of forethought, vision and collaboration by the Miami-Dade County Health Department.

In October of 2005, the Legal/Contracts team brainstormed for ways to protect people from an "Avian Flu" outbreak and for steps the government should take.

In November of 2005, the team published "It's Just a Matter of Time: Fifteen Recommendations That Can Save Your Life During an Avian Influenza Pandemic." Our book was sent to the Center for Disease Control "CDC" for their review. One of the recommendations read "the government should implement a color-coded alert system similar to the national terror alert system and commence publishing it at this time."

Fourteen months later, (February 1, 2007) our excitement soared as we read the CDC press release unveiling a new effort to advance pandemic flu preparedness. The new tool unveiled by the CDC is called the Pandemic Severity Index (PSI). This color-coded index is modeled after the National Weather Center's Hurricane Warning System.

Dr. Julie Gerberding, CDC Director, stated, "I'm proud of the CDC's efforts to guide the efforts of many federal and state partners to develop the severity index."



# The Joy of Caring

On a warm summer day, Nick, a youthful, enthusiastic and knowledgeable Environmental Health specialist, received a complaint from a concerned mother. The mother knew her elderly neighbors, Louise and James, had hired an unlicensed septic tank contractor to fix their faulty septic tank system. As a result of the faulty repairs, there was now a foul stench as well as fecal matter seeping onto her property. The mother also expressed her concern that her child was unable to play in her backyard.

Shortly thereafter, Nick went to the house and met the two homeowners, both in their mid-eighties. The married couple lived on a bare-bones fixed income. While at the home, Nick photographed the affected area. Upon reviewing the septic tank repair contract, he confirmed that the elderly couple had hired an unlicensed contractor. Nick advised James and Louise that based on the fecal matter seeping from their septic tank system and the unlicensed repair, the system needed to be dug up and pumped.

When returning to his office, Nick consulted with Amy, a promising, caring young attorney, and learned that there was a legal process in Florida

that allowed us to repair a deficiency and seek reimbursement through a lien on the home. As long as the couple was alive and did not sell the property, they could live there and not pay the lien. Amy and Nick visited James and Louise to advise them of this possible solution. James expressed his appreciation for the solution and thanked Nick and Amy for coming to his house.

As agreed, the health department hired a licensed septic tank contractor who repaired the system and eliminated the health hazard. Amy filed the necessary paperwork to obtain a lien on the property in order to repay the health department in the future.

On the day of the hearing, James, Louise, Amy and the judge put the agreement into a formal judicial order. James then looked at Amy and extended his hand in appreciation, "Thank you for being so caring and kind. It is really nice to meet a lawyer like you." Amy acknowledged the compliment with a humble "thank you".

Once again the Miami-Dade County Health Department has proved that we can protect the health of the community while serving the interests of our less fortunate neighbors.

# DEAD

(A Health Department Mystery)

## LETTER BIN

It's Thursday mid-afternoon, the day before New Year's Eve. The Miami Dade County Health Department is winding down. Many employees are already on leave. Others are fleeing work a little early to get a jump on the extended holiday weekend. At the Administrator's Office, folks are in a festive mood – only a few hours to go 'til quitten' time. The day has been routine – no problems, no crises. Ahhh.

Like every other work day, the postal worker has just arrived with the afternoon's mail. The holiday season has made today's collection of envelopes and small packages lighter than usual. It's an added bonus for the secretary who begins to sort today's delivery. She smiles. Other than the lighter than usual mood and the lighter than usual mail delivery – good things both – it has been an otherwise exceptionally quiet, blissfully uneventful day.

One package stands out among the mail. It is large but not exceedingly so – about 14 inches to a side. But it is odd. It has no mailing label. A secretary picks up and inspects the rather sloppy writing slanting across one side. Something turns over ominously inside. Her brow furrows as she reads. She tenses suddenly and quickly puts the package down. The contented smile is gone, replaced by a very troubled frown. She picks up her phone and punches buttons rapidly.

She is getting that sinking feeling that the day's ordinariness and quiet is about to be shattered.

Miles away, in his office, the Health Department legal team gathers around a speaker phone. The attorney grabs a pen and legal pad and starts to scribble furiously. A mysterious parcel has arrived by mail at the Administrator's Office. The box bears no mailing label, no stamps and no postmark. The Health Department's name and address have been scribbled directly on the cardboard in black magic marker. The box has no return address and something hefty and solid inside jostles around

when the package is moved. The secretary explains that another inscription has been scrawled in red magic marker beneath the Health Department's name and address. The attorney stops writing and blinks as she reads aloud: "Found loose in the Mails. CREMATED REMAINS."

Now it's the attorney's turn to wear the troubled frown. And like the secretary, he is dialing as fast as he can. Police

and postal authorities are alerted and appropriate Agency personnel advised. Employees are ordered to evacuate the Administrator's Office. Police summon a HAZMAT team, who test the parcel for radiological and chemical contamination – both negative. The parcel is whisked away to the State Laboratory for further testing for infective agents.



An hour later, the evacuated personnel are discussing the matter with police outside the Administrator's now-abandoned offices. Employees teem around – some with anxious faces. Everyone wants to help, but there is very little to be done but wait. And everyone is waiting for the laboratory results. When they arrive, a collective sigh of relief seems to escape from all concerned. All is deemed well. The box's contents are just what the box's handwritten inscription claimed them to be – a smaller box containing cremated remains.

Information contained in the box allows Health Department employees to Google-track the package back to South Carolina, where the deceased had lived. Inquiries to a South Carolina cremation society reveal that the deceased's remains had been shipped to a New York funeral home. Further inquiries revealed that, from New York, the remains had been shipped again to the bereaved family in New Jersey. It was during this last and final leg of the trip to return the deceased to his family that the remains were lost. *It was a simple matter of an envelope containing the death certificate* and affixed to the box coming loose. Apparently, when the United States Postal Service investigated the now-unidentifiable package, the Miami-Dade County Health Department's name and address had been found inside on an advertisement listed as an important web link. A postal worker must have decided that the Health Department would be better suited to handle the situation, and simply forwarded the parcel – cremated remains and all – to MDCHD.

When the all-clear signal was given, police allow the area to be reopened and employees to return to their offices to pick up their personal things, turn off computers and close up for the weekend. Despite the holiday weekend having begun, the mood in the Administrator's Office could no longer be described as festive. Tired, relieved and thankful would be better descriptions.

This may sound like an upcoming episode of CSI Miami. But this was a real life incident that occurred on December 30, 2004, at the Miami-Dade County Health Department. And it poses a serious question: What would you do, as an employee of the Department of Health, if such a parcel arrived at your desk?

Health Departments have protocols for suspicious packages. Remember the action you must take if a suspect parcel arrives: 1) Do not open or even touch the package if it can be helped; 2) Evacuate the area; 3) Immediately contact law enforcement and postal authorities; and 4) Contact your county health department's safety officer.

Not long ago, the anthrax deaths in Palm Beach County brought to bear the importance of proper screening and securing of the U.S. Mail. This incident underscores that even in the absence of an imminent threat from contaminated mail, Health Department employees must remain vigilant in their observance of proper procedures to identify and secure suspect mail.

The Happy Ending: After talking to the South Carolina cremation society and the New York funeral home, the Health Department returned the cremated remains to the son of the deceased.



# WHEN ANIMALS ATTACK

**A**t 4:30 p.m., on a Thursday the Health Department attorneys were notified that a five-year old girl had been mauled by an 80 pound cougar at a birthday party. The child suffered lacerations and puncture wounds on her head and lost a part of her ear. The question was would this child contract rabies? Euthanizing and examining the brain of the animal is the only way to definitively test for rabies. The owner refused to give the cat up. Upon hearing this, the legal team sprung into action preparing a Search and Seizure Warrant.

At 11:00 a.m., on Friday, the Legal team with a Health Department doctor appeared before a judge requesting the Warrant. The counsel for the wild animal show argued to save the life of the cougar. Understanding the public health exigencies, the Court granted the Warrant at 1:00 p.m. The Judge ruled in favor of protecting the little girl's life.

The collaborative effort between representatives of five different governmental agencies (Wildlife, Fish and Game, Animal Services, State Laboratory, Sheriff's Office and the Health Department) and the victim's father and their attorney had to be coordinated. It was agreed that the agencies would rendez-vous at the cougar's quarters.

At 4:30 p.m., the officers served the Warrant

on the owner's agents. The wildlife show maintains three cougars. Only two of these cougars were capable of having inflicted injuries to the small girl. Shockingly, the police officers learned that only one of the cougars was at the facility. The other cougar was performing at a show in Pompano. Health officials contacted the owner by phone and learned that it would take about two hours before the performing cougar returned, and the mauled could be correctly identified.

While we waited, in a futile attempt to obstruct justice, a female employee of the animal attraction placed an additional lock on the gate to the cougars' cage. Upon witnessing this act of desperation, a police officer asked if she had a key to the lock, the employee smirked and said "Maybe". At which point the officer slapped handcuffs on her wrists. After reality sunk in, the handcuffed employee was uncontrollably sobbing on the telephone trying to convince someone to bring the key for the cage.

At 6:45 p.m., the cougar's owner arrived. The father and the owner agreed and confirmed that the performing cat was the possibly rabid offender. She vehemently argued that her big cat did not have rabies and that this was a witch hunt and a freak accident. She cried and begged for the animal's life. The Wildlife and Game Commission employee took out his tranquilizer rifle and shot the cougar.



The sedated cougar was transported to Animal Services where it was humanely euthanized, and the cougar's head was removed.

At 9:30 p.m., the head was brought to the State Laboratory for rabies testing. At 11:30 p.m. State Laboratory contacted the Health Department who relayed the results and the good news to the five-year old girl's family. The family could rest easily that night knowing their child was not *infected*.

#### **Lessons Learned**

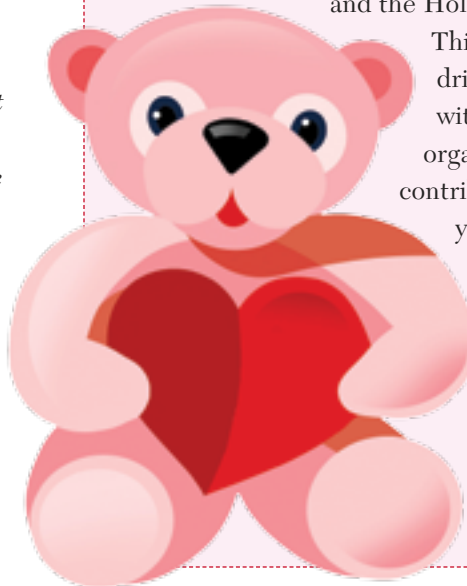
1. *When any wild animal bites a human, contact the Epi and Legal departments immediately.*
2. *With all projects that involve a human life, be ready to go the extra mile to see the project through to its completion.*
3. *When it comes to protecting the life of a small child, justice can be swift.*
4. *When animals attack, we respond.*

## Gifts from the Heart

A five-year-old girl reclined in the hospital chair at Holtz Children's Hospital. A monitor counted out her heartbeat. As her eyes fell on the new Barbie doll, she smiled and her face brightened. Her heart monitor registered an increase in heartbeat. This showing of wordless appreciation would not have been possible without the contributions of the Boy Scouts, FIU and the giving hearts of MDCHD employees.

This year's holiday toy drive was a resounding success. Beginning in November 2006, MDCHD collected a record 250 toys, worth approximately \$2,500, for donation to Jackson Memorial Hospital. On December 26, 2006, Christian Larriviere, JD Shingles and Amy Tejirian delivered these toys to the children at the Rehabilitation Center and the Holtz Center.

This year the toy drive blossomed with additional organizations contributing. Thank you to all; you showed great heart in giving to the holiday toy drive.



# Moving Mountains



for Children

Once again the health department has come to the rescue of a newborn. Home births, without the help of a mid-wife, are rare and create unique obstacles to issuance of a birth certificate. Add that the mother was unavailable to come to the vital records office to sign the necessary documents. Although the task seemed daunting, with a cooperative effort the mission was accomplished.

Vital records was asked to issue a birth certificate by the father of the home-birth child. Because it is a rare situation, vital records contacted legal for their assistance. The birth certificate was necessary for the family to receive benefits including Healthy Start, WIC and necessary childhood immunizations and pediatric care.

After a review of the laws regarding birth certificates for home births, the Legal and Vital

Records unit developed an action plan. The team was clear on its mission: help the parents secure a birth certificate.

Because this family lived in South Dade and relied on a local minister and public transportation it was difficult to schedule appointments. This situation would require going above and beyond. The team made a decision to conduct the application process at the parent's home. A vital records employee brought her typewriter to the home and typed the application so the mother and father could sign and have the request notarized.

Once the document was notarized, the team personally delivered the request for birth record to the West Perrine Vital Records Unit for processing. By the end of the day the baby had a birth certificate that was paid for with donated funds.

Another mountain moved another child protected.



*“Kindness gives birth to kindness.”  
Sophocles (447 BC)*

# *kindness inspires kindness*

**O**n a cold February winter day in our nation’s Capitol, I was attending the public health preparedness summit. I was fortunate to attend a story telling seminar. The teacher offered students an opportunity to tell their story and be critiqued by the class.

The third student to speak was a graying old timer nick-named, Tag. He had spent a year of his life helping Katrina survivors in New Orleans. He spoke about giving a motivational speech to tired and totally drained social workers in the Big Easy.

The speech went something like this: Tag was on a precipice, a hanging cliff between two mountains. Tag was so tired. He was ready to give up his journey, when he noticed a wire extending between the mountains. Tag was too frightened to walk across the thin wire on this windy day. Then a man pushing a wheel barrow appeared and asked, “Tag, what is your problem?” Tag explained his predicament. The man said, “do not worry I will take you across.”

At this point Tag raised his voice, who do you think you are?

The man quietly responded, “God. Get in the wheel barrow and let’s go.”

The crowd in the room responded with a warm amount of applause. Then the student critics rapidly fired off five negative comments about Tag’s story. He looked crest fallen. Feeling that a positive comment was called for I raised my hand but the lecturer moved on to the next story.

After lunch I thought I would never get to say my kind words to Tag. Walking out of the auditorium there he was. Extending my hand in greeting, I said, “Tag I really enjoyed your story, you said it with such feeling and emotion.” Tag’s face lit up like a light bulb.

In a matter of a New York minute, he gushed out a deeply felt thank you. He explained that he was a part time minister and an emergency preparedness planner, as well as an alcoholic in recovery. We exchanged business cards and said that if we were in each others cities we would look each other up.

At this point I put my hand in my pocket and realized that I had lost my cellular phone. I apologized to Tag for having to leave so abruptly but the phone that I had borrowed from my wife was lost.

I rushed back to the auditorium where I had eaten lunch, and discovered one of my lunch mates waving the phone at me. I laughed with the relief of one less headache in my life.

On Monday morning I was back at my desk when the phone rang. Lo and behold, it was Tag. He inquired if I had found my phone. I told him I had and he said, “I am glad because I prayed that you would.” I thanked him for his act of kindness.

Sophocles was right. Kindness does give birth to kindness.



# *Dan Richmond* Larger than Life Even in Death

The year was 1985 and HTLV111<sup>4</sup> testing was about to begin. The three first HIV counselors/ testers/friends thought it would be very important to go through the experience before offering it to the public. We had been following the news of GRID (Gay Related Immune Deficiency) for a few years and now it was time for the Health Department to take the lead for testing. With nervous anticipation, the process began. Testing was easy, the wait (and for us it was the same day) was excruciating. Results were back and as we all expected but feared, Dan and his test were positive. Welcome to the real world of testing!

Dan in true activism style allowed the devastating news to serve as a motivator, rather than a death sentence. Dan expanded his role as a leader, teacher and mentor for his co-workers in the STD (Sexually Transmitted Disease) Program, the Health Department, doctors, psychologists and the community. His personal story inspired many to re-evaluate their lives and protect themselves from acquiring AIDS.

We began anonymous testing for the gay community in the garage of his home. He used to joke around saying: “My garage is busier than the local drug dealers!” as worried men, their partners and friends would knock on his door at all hours of the day and night to be tested. Often we gave between 10 and 15 positive results in a day.

As the Health Department began offering expanded testing in clinics, Dan began looking around his community for new site and founded

the Little River 80th Terrace Clinic. Dan also saw the need for turning the Miami Beach Clinic into an HIV Prevention, Education and Treatment site approaching pharmaceutical companies for funding to help get it started. Today the PET Center is still providing these services.

We trained Health Department staff and community health care professionals on providing counseling and testing services, offered confidential counseling which included stress reduction for counselors, listening to staff as they revealed personal information about their own or a loved ones HIV status, and for supervisors dealing with staff issues. We even had a small team that would make hospital/home visits including holding hands with friends/patients as they died so they wouldn't be alone. Imagine how hard it must have been for Dan knowing that, back in those days, it was a death sentence; but instead he used it as a “Live Life” sentence. Stress reduction for Dan included his increased hosting of many staff get-togethers, beach barbeques, and parties (especially known for his annual Halloween party).

Dan fought a courageous battle, never giving in or up to AIDS. His legacy lives on with the people he saved, taught, mentored, loved and the health department clinics that continue to provide the services he started.

*Remembered by Lori Saxon Jordahl, MBA - HA  
Lori is a Senior Human Services Program Manager  
in the Miami-Dade County Health Department's  
STD program.*

<sup>4</sup> Human T-lymphotropic virus (HTLV) is a human, single-stranded RNA retrovirus that causes T-cell leukemia and T-cell lymphoma in adults and may also be involved in certain demyelinating diseases, including tropical spastic paraparesis. Adult T-lymphotropic virus (ATLV) is a strain of this disease that affects primarily adults. A closely related virus is bovine leukemia virus BLV. [www.wikipedia.com](http://www.wikipedia.com). This was also the first “name” for what is now known as HIV.

# Tears for Fears<sup>5</sup>



Lori, a health department employee, who had seen only 21 summers, was learning what it was like to work in the world of AIDS in the mid 1980's. In those early AIDS years, daily calls and visits from ordinary people were filled with panic, hysteria, anger, loss, and sadness.

Ring...Ring...

**“Good morning. Lori here.”**

*“I heard that the person in my apartment complex has AIDS. Please investigate so I can get out of my lease.”*

Ring...Ring...

**“Good afternoon.  
Can I help you?”**

*“Make the manager put in a separate washer and dryer for people with AIDS.”*

Ring...Ring...

**“Good evening. What is your question?”**

*“If I stuff a whole bunch of tissues in my date’s mouth and there is no blood, is it safe to kiss?”*

Ring...Ring...

**“Good morning. You want us to do what!?!”**

*“Empty and clean all public pools and put signs up that people with AIDS can’t swim.”*

Ring...Ring...

**“Good afternoon.  
Can I help you?”**

*“Can you make my boyfriend get tested and give me the results?”*

Ring...Ring...

**“Good evening. You want what?”**

*“Inspect and test doctors, teachers, restaurant workers, nail stylists, then post their results for everyone to see.”*

Ring...Ring...

**“Good morning. You want to bring what?”**

*“I want to bring someone’s blood samples on tissues and razors to be tested.”*

Ring...Ring...

**“Good evening. You want us to do what?”**

*“Can’t you quarantine everyone who tests positive?”* Lori and the AIDS team felt totally overwhelmed. They wanted to scream.

**“Shout, shout.**

**Let it all out.**

**These are the things I can do without.**

**Come on.**

**I’m talking to you.**

**Come on.”**<sup>6</sup>

They were like infants in the fetal position expressing their tears for fears.

Every day, the team was giving 10 or more positive results which would tear up even their toughest counselor. Next, they had to explain the lack of treatment available.

Lori had to explain “the facts” or “give results” to people in denial who literally put their fingers in their ears.

The team bargained with patients to adopt safer sex practices. Some listened. Some did not. At-risk patients who received negative test results thinking they were lucky and immune would often find out the next time their luck had run out.

Even some of Lori’s co-workers were diagnosed with AIDS.

The most challenging aspect of this time was trying to be patient with the ignorance and prejudice.

How did Lori and the team survive this flood of ignorance and prejudice?

**THROUGH PASSIONATE  
PUBLIC HEALTH!**

Written by:

Lori S. Jordahl MBA – HA

Editing by: Mort Laitner,

Heather Beaton, Ninfa Urdaneta

Frederick Villari

<sup>5</sup> Tears for Fears are a popular English pop band formed in the early 1980s. Tears for Fears have sold more than 21 million albums worldwide. The band’s name is derived from the Primal therapy treatment of the same name developed by Arthur Janov, which was made famous after John Lennon became Janov’s patient. While undergoing primal therapy, a patient is encouraged to “re-experience” his early, dramatic emotional states (even perinatal ones), including screaming like an infant, hence the expression “tears for fears”. Wikipedia, <http://www.wikipedia.org/>.

<sup>6</sup> Excerpt from Shout, by Tears for Fears.

# Triplets

## on a Plane



I, Denise, Director of the WIC and Nutrition Program in Miami, was sitting with my husband in the Miami International Airport waiting area for a flight to New York City. My attention was drawn to four adults hovering over three infants and lots of baby equipment. “Probably the parents and grandparents of triplets,” I guessed. Pre-boarding was announced and I watched them work together to take all the babies and ‘equipment’ down the ramp. I was surprised to observe the grandparents exit the plane and thought, “Oh my, what a handful the three will be for those parents!”

As I took my seat, I realized I was behind this family; they had five of the six seats in the same row. The plane

filled quickly and a young man in his twenties came to take the sixth seat. His face seemed unsure ....”Would you like to trade seats with me?”

Denise volunteered. He looked at the triplets, then at me, and responded,

“YES, MA’AM. THANKS!”

Moving forward, I told

the mother I would be glad to help if needed. She hesitated, and then asked if I would be willing to use a hand sanitizer. ‘Of course,’ I replied, as I took the plastic bottle from her and I gently rubbed the cleanser on. We took off and the time was quickly filled with holding babies, helping feed them and chatting. I learned the triplets were six months old and this was their first visit to meet their grandparents in NYC.

“You seem comfortable with children. What do you do?” the mom inquired. I work for the Miami-Dade County Health Department in a program called WIC- a nutrition program for Women, Infants and Children.<sup>7</sup> The mom exclaimed, ‘I know all about WIC! The WIC staff has been amazingly helpful and so patient!’ The story she told me is written below in her own words:

In January, I gave birth to triplets who arrived prematurely at 29 weeks. The social worker at the hospital recommended that I apply for WIC support, so I did. I am glad I did so, and I have been so grateful for the assistance I have received.

My journey with WIC began



<sup>7</sup> The Special Supplemental Nutrition Program for Women, Infants, and Children (WIC) is a Federal assistance program of the Food and Nutrition Service (FNS) of the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) for healthcare and nutrition of low-income mothers and children under the age of five. USDA’s revamping of this program would provide more fruit, vegetables and whole grains to the diet while cutting back on the amount of dairy products. USDA has proposed these changes to reflect updates to the food pyramid introduced in 2005. In many poor areas, “WIC stores” exist that only sell food for vouchers issued by the state WIC program, and do not accept any other form of payment. Wikipedia, 2007.

with a phone call. I ended up speaking with Madge Chin, who was understanding of my circumstances and assisted in arranging an appointment for me the following week. Next, I met Monique Legros, who has been patient in dealing with my case as my babies have had to change formulas several times for medical reasons. Monique is always pleasant to deal with and is genuinely concerned about the progress of my babies. Monique referred me to Lissa Nirenberg, the lactation specialist, because I was having some difficulties trying to breast feed my babies. Lissa arranged for lending me a breast pump and called me weekly to see how things were progressing and to answer any questions I had. Lissa even came to my home a couple of times in order to give me hands-on assistance in helping me with proper positioning and techniques to help the babies develop the skills they needed for nursing.

I have been very impressed with the professionalism of the above mentioned women. The two women who work at the counter of WIC (at Borinquen) have also always received me and others very respectfully, which I appreciate. I do not know their names, but they surely recognize mine as I have been a frequent visitor in their office.

So I extend my thanks to all the support my triplets and I have received from WIC.

Signed, An appreciative mom.

What an amazing coincidence to sit next to a family that had been so impacted by the WIC Program and had wonderful customer experience. I was so proud of the staff!

As I exited the plane with one of the babies and handed her into the arms of an anxiously awaiting grandmother, I was on cloud nine knowing that again our exceptional customer service made a significant difference in a family's life.

*Written By: Denise West, RD, LD*



**F**or anyone who has ever thought they suffered oppression at the hands of the Landlord from Hell, take heart:

Even the Miami-Dade County Health Department has had its share of petty tyrants from whom the Health Department has rented office space. If you never dealt with this type of landlord, think about the bully who constantly harassed you while you were in elementary school.

Most infamous among this dubious cast of curmudgeons was the owner of an office building located in downtown Miami. We shall call him "The Little Napoleon"<sup>8</sup> for his irrational rages, dictatorial manner, and his short stature<sup>9</sup>. Known for cruising the building's halls at all hours, this bully liked to lay in wait in the stairway shadows. The Little Napoleon would pounce, verbally lambasting any unsuspecting tenant or visitor who he considered to have violated any of his many rules – rules which seemed to change from moment to moment to suit his whim.



# THE BULLY

To make matters worse, The Little Napoleon expected complete obsequious and observance within his building fiefdom, but gave little back to tenants for the trouble. The building was in a state of abject disrepair. If it rained too hard, water leaked through office windows. The Little Napoleon response: Enraged refusal to properly seal the windows or remove spoiled carpets. The smell of wet carpets permeated the upper floors.

Tenants, too traumatized or terrified by Bully's unprincipled and bizarre theatrics, dared not face him and simply put up with the building's substandard condition. The

Little Napoleon ignored the sounds of universal sneezing among tenants who suffered mold allergies and sinus troubles<sup>10</sup>.

The Health Department, which housed two programs at the facility, was not so easily cowed as

<sup>8</sup> "In 1798 Napoleon Bonaparte conquered Egypt with an army of 55,000 men. With his army was a party of 300 men of science and letters whose objective was to record the culture of Egypt. The result was an extensive series of writings and engravings known as the Description de L'Égypte. Part of this great work was devoted to recording the health and wellbeing of the people of Egypt, as observed by Bonaparte's surgeons and physicians." Napoleon was concerned by sexually transmitted diseases, "at Cairo, higher on the infantry's list of misfortunes were the classic scourges of syphilis and gonorrhoea. Prostitutes were numerous, and 400 of them were decapitated in an attempt to control the spread of disease." <http://www.pubmedcentral.nih.gov/articlerender.fcgi?artid=300809>

<sup>9</sup> The Napoleon complex is a term used to describe a type of inferiority complex that drives the person to overcompensate in other aspects of their lives. This can sometimes include the desire to dominate those that are larger than the short person.

<sup>10</sup> Some mycotoxins produced by molds are harmful to all people. Other mycotoxins cause immune system responses that vary considerably, depending on the individual. The duration of exposure is a key factor in triggering immune system response. Farm animals often die or suffer from mycotoxin poisoning. Mycotoxins resist decomposition from cooking, and remain in the food chain. Mold spores can be allergenic. When inhaled, mold spores may germinate, attaching to cells along the respiratory tract and causing further problems in those with weak immune systems. One example is *Stachybotrys chartarum* which has been associated with sick building syndrome

other tenants, and called in its Duke of Wellington – Morton Laitner – to wage war and conquer The Little Napoleon.

A series of bitter skirmishes by letter and telephone ensued. Finally, after establishing his field of battle by documenting The Bully’s bad faith, Morton advised that based upon the facility’s unsanitary condition, The Little Napoleon was in breach of contract, and that the Department would stop paying rent and take its business elsewhere.

The threat of losing business drove The Little Napoleon into frenzy. He screamed his threat to sue the Health Department if it did not concede by continuing to pay rent after it moved. Morton ignored the threat and scheduled a moving day. Anticipating that The Little Napoleon would be unable to contain himself and create his own Waterloo, Mort sent his associate, Michael Cover, to oversee matters on moving day.

Sure to form, in the midst of the move, The Bully stormed in, physically barred the building back exit door and demanded that moving cease until after 5 p.m. To back up his statement, he walked to the building’s loading dock, locking the padlock on the chain link gate. Michael tried to reason with him, but quickly realized it would be to no avail. Then it dawned on Michael that the locked fence represented an opportunity, as forcibly imprisoning people or holding their property hostage is clearly illegal and potentially a crime. Michael advised The Little Napoleon that he was calling the police. Shortly thereafter, The Little Napoleon was looking up at the badge of a police officer who bluntly communicated that The Little Napoleon had the choice of unlocking the gate or going to jail. Faced with the prospect of having to prove his convictions in the slammer, The Little Napoleon quickly backed down.

Once the gate was unlocked, moving proceeded unabated. The Little Napoleon threw a tantrum or two, but took no immediate action to relock the gate. Morton, who had joined the battle, observed The Bully’s emotional distress and decided to bend a rule to ensure that moving was not further delayed. Morton discretely “borrowed” the lock from the fence gate. (Morton would later return the lock to the gate upon the move’s completion.)

The Little Napoleon, beaten but not yet defeated, threatened, “You will be out of here by 11 p.m. or this time I will be the one calling the police.” Morton responded, sensing the hollow ranting of a small-minded bully.

“We will be gone when we are finished!”

The Bully, seeing that his hot-headed threats no longer served him, said nothing and stalked away. The Little Napoleon had been banished to his emotional Elba.

To ensure that the move proceeded with ease and without further provocation, Morton and Michael remained at the building until the move was completed – until 3 a.m.. With tired eyes, but subject to no further interference of The Bully, the two called it a night.

Despite some landlord dramatics, a police intervention and a “borrowed” lock, and with a little help from the Legal Team and the bending of a rule here and there, the Health Department had survived the reign of The Little Napoleon and learned a useful lesson about bullies. When bullies are confronted by brave people who stand up for their cause the bully becomes the coward.

*Written by: Michael Cover*

*Edited by: Contracts/Legal Team*

# ROCKY RACCOON



The azure-blue summer sky was lined with feathery cirrus clouds, as Nancy, a five-year-old blond-headed girl, was streaking across Naranja's Plants-Are-Us Nursery. She was looking at a burly raccoon named, "Rocky". Rocky Raccoon was chained to an olive tree.

As the girl reached over to pet the raccoon, the scared carnivore snarled his teeth at the child. However, the message did not register. As her hand inched closer to Rocky's mouth, Rocky's teeth sunk deep into the Nancy's left hand. Nancy's parents (Lil and Dan) heard their child's curdling howl. Her parents hurriedly drove their crying, bleeding child to their family doctor. They worried that Nancy would need to undergo a series of painful rabies vaccine shots. The physician taught the family about rabies<sup>12</sup>.

The Doctor reported the bite to Health Department's Epidemiology Program. The family wanted the raccoon tested<sup>13</sup> so their child could forego the painful shots.

The telephone call came into the legal department, requesting a court order to search the property and seize the raccoon for testing. The Health Department attorney knew the routine; he drafted his lawsuit; he called the father of the girl to testify; he gathered the Health Department's veterinarian, Dr. John Black, and walked across the street to the court house. The attorney introduced himself to the Judge, who carefully listened to the victim's father, and the veterinarian about the transmission of rabies and the risk of death to the child.

The Judge also listened to the testimony of the owners of Ricky. But after

hearing of the risk to the life of the five year old girl, the Judge ruled that the raccoon had to be tested.

With the order in hand, Dr. Black and the Attorney now had to coordinate seizure of raccoon with the police and County Animal Control.

Here was the game plan: we would all meet a block away from the nursery. On the way down, we met three Wild Life and Fish and Game Officers in their patrol car.

Here's the picture: one car with the Health Department Lawyer and Veterinarian, two animal control vehicles, one police car with two officers, one Wildlife vehicle with three Fish & Game Officers, for a total of five vehicles and ten Government officials, all for Rocky.

As we drive up to the property, we are met by an 80 year old man holding a Gideon Bible and wearing bleached out overalls and a t-shirt emblazed with the logo of "Plants r Us" Nursery.

The lawyer handed the old timer the search and seizure warrant. The old timer looked at the ten government officials and in a slow southern drawl, inquired, "Why didn't you bring the Judge too?"

We all laughed knowing it looked like an army had attacked the nursery but realizing that a five year-old girl's life was on the line.

Rocky tested negative and the girl did not have to seek further medical intervention.

<sup>11</sup> A Beatles song from the "White" album, 1968. Apple Records, Lennon/McCartney

<sup>12</sup> Rabies (Latin, rabies, "madness, rage, fury") is a viral zoonotic disease that causes acute encephalitis (inflammation of the brain) in mammals. In non-vaccinated humans, rabies is invariably fatal after neurological symptoms have developed, but prompt post-exposure vaccination may prevent the virus from progressing. Only six humans are known to have survived rabies after the onset of symptoms. There is only one known case of a person surviving rabies without treatment. Wikipedia, 2007.

<sup>13</sup> Any mammal may become infected with the rabies virus and develop symptoms, including humans. Most animals can be infected by the virus and can transmit the disease to humans. Infected bats, raccoons, foxes, skunks, dogs or cats provide the greatest risk to humans.

# The good old days!

I was a patrol officer with the New Haven, Connecticut police department from August, 1972 until October, 1984. I was long off of my probationary period and working a cold and dreary midnight shift. I heard a fellow officer, Anthony “Crazy” Kryzminski dispatched to a complaint about a rat feeding somewhere in his assigned patrol area. There was a complainant who wanted to speak to an officer. He answered the dispatcher with the usual acknowledgment that he received the assignment saying, “Roger.”

It is useful to know some of the radio codes we used, as well as some of the jargon:

*Signal 53 ...report of a sudden death*

*Signal 109...report of gunshots*

*Signal 78...(officer) resuming normal patrol*

A short while later, after he gave the “Car 83 arrived,” we heard Officer Kryzminski call in to the control center the following message:

“Dispatcher, Willard the rat was as big as a cat. He is now a 53. Disregard any reports of 109’s in the area. I’ll notify Public Works in the morning. I’ll take a 78.”

Not only were the rest of us laughing about the incident all night long, but the officer never even said, in what should have been a disposition code, that he was writing a report about it!

The good old days!



*Story Submitted by Mike Zarnowski. Mike works in the Nursing Program for the Monroe County Health Department.*

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