



BELLS AND WHISTLES

Algonquin Lake in the Hills Fire Rescue Newsletter

March 2009

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS STARTS MARCH 8TH!

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Accountable to the public
Life safety
Fire Prevention
Public Education
Desire and dedication

Happy St. Patrick's Day!!

Bells and Whistles
 Algonquin Lake in the Hills Fire
 Department

Station 1
 1020 W. Algonquin Rd
 Lake in the Hills, IL 60156
 (847) 658-8233
 fax (847)854-2609

Station 2
 2440 Harnish Dr
 Algonquin, IL 60102
 (847) 658-8224

Station 3
 1691 Cumberland Pkwy
 Algonquin, IL 60102
 (847) 658-0930

Birthdays

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| March 6 th | Steve Guetschow |
| March 6 th | Mike Murphy |
| March 6 th | Kevin Rynders |
| March 11 th | Dominic Vassos |
| March 13 th | Tamara Pullin |
| March 15 th | Fred Schau |
| March 25 th | Leonard Murray |
| March 27 th | Chuck Bumbales |

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!

Personnel Status-February

Work Comp

Kim Matz

EMPLOYEE TOTAL 78

| | |
|------------------------|------|
| Officials | 6 |
| Full time | 52 |
| Firefighter/paramedics | - 34 |
| Firefighter/EMT | - 11 |
| Firefighter | - 1 |
| Salary | - 4 |
| Civilian | - 2 |
| Part time | 23 |
| Firefighter/Paramedic | - 6 |
| Firefighter/EMT | - 10 |
| Firefighter | - 0 |
| Paramedic | - 3 |
| Civilian | - 3 |

Anniversaries

In March the following people are celebrating an anniversary on the Algonquin/Lake in the Hills Fire Department.

| | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| Phil Maksymonko | 22 years (PT) |
| Marjean Diercks | 14 years (FT) |
| Eric Busby | 8 years (FT) |
| Craig Allen | 2 years (FT) |
| Kevin Rynders | 1 year (FT) |
| Josh Roberts | 1 year (PT) |
| Ryan Artner | 1 year (PT) |

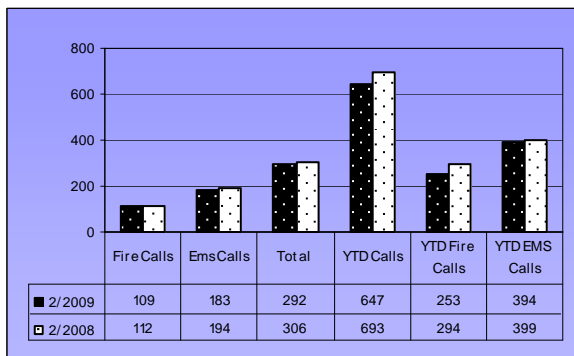
Grandma and Grandpa

Mary and John Christiansen are the proud 1st time grandparents of Eleanor Mary McKay, 'Ellie' born February 11th, 2009 weighing in at 8 lbs 3 ounces and 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Statistics

February 2009

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| Fire calls | 109 |
| Ems calls | 183 |
| 0130 | 69 |
| Station One | |
| 0151 | 116 |
| 0154 | 2 |
| 0181 | 15 |
| 0141 | 137 |
| Station Two | |
| 0152 | 87 |
| 0142 | 113 |
| Station Three | |
| 0153 | 30 |
| 0143 | 66 |
| Grand Total | 292 |



NFPA Fact

Cooking is the leading cause of home fires and home fire injuries. Unattended cooking is the leading factor contributing to these fires. Frying is the leading type of activity associated with cooking fires.

Source: NFPA's "[Home Cooking Fire Patterns and Trends](#)" report.



Reflections

Three Days Old

Three Days Old From Chicken Soup for the Soul: Christian Kids

The first time I held my little brother, Michael, he was only three days old. I was nine. It was the morning after he and my mom came home from the hospital. I woke up because I heard him crying from within my parents' bedroom. We lived in a pretty small apartment, and I could hear my parents awake and moving around in the kitchen. So, why didn't they hear him crying? I thought. I lay in bed waiting for someone to go to him. I decided that as soon as someone did, I would rush out of my bedroom to meet the baby. But Michael kept crying. Then I sensed an opportunity... should I go to him? Quickly, before anyone else could hear him, I crept toward my parents' room.

I had only seen him once before, at the hospital, when I looked through a big glass window into a nursery with a lot of babies lying in tiny plastic cribs. When my dad pointed to him and said, "Congratulations, new big sister, that's your new baby brother!" I secretly felt terribly disappointed. Michael was the ugliest baby in the

whole place! His face was all red and blotchy, his nose was mashed down to one side, the top of his hairless, pointy head seemed kind of orange, and compared to the other newborns, he looked like a blimp! I imagined the kids in the neighborhood teasing me for having such an ugly brother. Well, I had thought to myself at the time, I still love him and at least he's mine. I've waited so, so long for him.

Now that I was inside my parents' room, I was nervous and excited as I did a fast tiptoe over to Michael. This was our chance to be alone with one another. To really meet for the first time. There in the crib, which used to be mine, lay the most [beautiful](#) baby in the world. (In my opinion, anyway.) Yes, it was the same baby from the hospital, all right. But he looked much better! He was still practically bald, but now there were little indications of reddish-blond hair. His skin looked [smooth](#) and soft. He had these big, blue eyes that so resembled marbles, I wondered if they actually were. I just stared at him for a second. Was he real?

Carefully, I picked him up. I made sure to place one hand under his head for support. I held him close to me, closer than I had ever held anyone before.

"Hi," I whispered, "...hi." I wondered if he could understand hi.

I was in love -- love that I knew would never go away. Not the mushy kind of love like girl-boy love. Not like the way you love a friend. And not like loving a mother or father, either. It was special. I had been waiting for years to share it, because I had been an only child. I had always been lonely, especially when it rained and I had to play at home by myself. I felt empty when I

watched my friends get hugs from their little sisters and brothers when we all arrived home from [school](#). My parents were fun, loving and kind. Yet, I sensed a blank space in our family. An extra picture frame with no photo. Something missing. I felt it. And it made me feel alone. Finally, after all these years of waiting, I didn't have to feel that way anymore. "How come you took so long to get here?" I breathed.

I was finally a sister. Better yet, I was Mikey's big sister. And he was my little brother. My own brother. He was so small -- so dependent on me -- yet, I needed him, too. I whispered more secrets to him. I told him I would love him no matter what. Good or bad, together or apart, I would always have love for him in my heart for the rest of my life. I wished with all my soul that he could understand me, even though I knew he couldn't -- he was only three days old. Still, I wanted to tell him how lucky I felt. After nine years of growing up without him, I was old enough to realize something that most kids took for granted when their own brothers or sisters were born. Having a sibling in one's life is a gift straight from God.

I had friends, but my cousin had always told me, "Friends will come and go; family is forever." At the time, it seemed to be a weird thing to say. Holding Mikey now, I understood that special bond. Nothing could ever come between us. And, this very morning, I was given a chance to tell him that in private. I was smiling and sniffing all at the same time.

Mikey rested his little bald, orange head on my shoulder. He wasn't crying at all now. He closed his marbly [eyes](#) and fell fast asleep in my nine-year-old arms. Maybe, deep down, he had understood me after all.