



Bells and Whistles

Algonquin Lake in the Hills Fire Rescue Newsletter

September 2008

Fall is in the Air!

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Citizen Fire Academy-Class of 2008

By FF Matz

The second class of the ALFPD's Citizen Fire Academy was graduated at a ceremony in the Training Room on August 13, 2008. A/C Rynders emceed the event, which was attended by nine of the 12 participating students. Graduates received their certificates after proceeding through a receiving line of well-wishers including A/C Gaughan, Lt. Didier, Trustee Corless, FF Matz and A/C Rynders, while a collection of photos taken during their classes played in the background.

Before accepting their certificates, each student was asked to share their favorite part of the course. Everyone indicated the hands-on portion of each class was the most satisfying, from making their way through the SCBA trailer, to flowing water during Engine Ops, to going on calls during their ride-along. Many students said they had no idea how much we train, and that there were so many areas in which to specialize. All of the students expressed their appreciation and newfound admiration for the job of "Firefighter".

As with any day in the fire service, adjustments had to be made along the way to accommodate unforeseen incidents: 181 went out of service just before for the Truck Operations class; and an impressive thunderstorm blew up just as the students were gearing up for auto extrication. Other than a little tweaking and reorganizing, things ran well.

Bells and Whistles
Algonquin Lake in the Hills Fire Protection
District

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

After each class students filled out evaluation sheets asking them to critique both the topic/presentation as well as the instructor. They are being asked now to complete a comprehensive program evaluation to ensure that as we move forward with this program we are presenting an effective, interesting and memorable experience for the residents of this district.

I would like to thank the lead instructors (FFs Kennedy, Saenz, Berg, Teson, Escamilla, Gruenes & Lt. Didier) for stepping forward and sharing their knowledge and expertise with the students, as well as the shift commanders and duty crews for adjusting their schedules and assisting with the classes. The students assured me that they will be spreading the word about this class to friends and neighbors, suggested that the class be run twice a year to educate more residents, and would like to see us put on a Junior CFA for kids.... As always, your ideas and suggestions for the continued success of this and other programs are welcomed. Anyone interested in joining the Public Education Committee may contact Lt. Didier.

Bear Necessities Run

October 5th, 2008

By Captain Joe Teson

Once again, I am looking for volunteers to help with the Bear Run. As we have done in the past, by standing on the corners at intersections along the run route, we can save the Bear Necessities Organization the expense of hiring police officers. This will add to the amount raised for pediatric cancer research.

For those of you who are wondering what is Bear Necessities, a little history about Bear. Bear was young boy growing up in Algonquin and attending Eastview Elementary School, when he was stricken with childhood cancer. He was the same age as one of my kids and several other members, past and present, of our organization. His disease spread. Bear put up a courageous fight, but at the age of eight lost the battle. It was his wishes that other children would not have to suffer as he did.

With his memories in her heart, his mother Kathleen Casey decided to try to keep his wish alive and founded Bear Necessities. This has grown into a huge fund raising operation that has gone from a small dream in Algonquin to an office now located in Chicago, with offices also being opened in Florida and Houston, Texas. The money raised goes to cancer research, equipment for cancer patients at care facilities and to make a child's dream come true through the Small Miracle Foundation.

For the past 16 years, we have been hosting the Bear Run in his memory here in Algonquin. It consists of a sanctioned 10k and 5k run around the Eastview School area and on the bike path. Last year the run was able to raise over \$12000.00.

The run will take place on Sunday, October 5th. We will meet at Eastview School, 540 Longwood Dr, at approximately 0800 for a briefing and be finished by 1030. I need 15 volunteers to assist with this project. Please e-mail me your support.

Personnel Status

Resigned

Shane Cummins, FF/EMT full time (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ years)

Status Change

Eric Busby, Firefighter to Lieutenant
Scott Olsen, Part-time to Full-time

Work Comp

Kim Matz

EMPLOYEE TOTAL 80

Officials 6

Full time 50

Firefighter/paramedics - 30

Firefighter/EMT - 11

Firefighter - 3

Salary - 4

Civilian - 2

Part time 24

Firefighter/Paramedic - 6

Firefighter/EMT - 12

Firefighter - 0

Paramedic - 3

Civilian - 3

Statistics

August 1-August 31, 2008

Fire calls 117
EMS calls 228

0130 66

Station One

0151 103
0141 106
0181 23

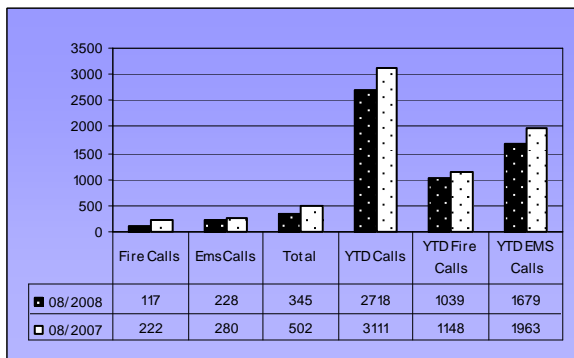
Station Two

0152 107
0142 84
0154 2

Station Three

0153 47
0143 67

Grand Total 345



'ID ten T' error

I was having trouble with my computer. So I called Richard, the 11 year old next door whose bedroom looks like Mission Control, and asked him to come over.

Richard clicked a couple of buttons and solved the problem. As he was walking away, I called after him, "So, what was wrong?"

He replied, "It was an ID ten T error."

I didn't want to appear stupid, but nonetheless inquired, "An, ID ten T error? What's that? In case

I need to fix it again."

Richard grinned. "Haven't you ever heard of an ID ten T error before?"

"No," I replied.

"Write it down," he said, "and I think you'll figure it out."

So I wrote it down: I D 1 0 T

I used to like the kid....

Anniversaries

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

Rick Kempe	15 years FT
Bill Hough	10 years FT
Bill Pelinski	9 years FT
Charles Cox	6 years FT
Dan Teson	2 years FT
Kevin Rather	2 years FT
Rob Nieman	2 years PT and FT
Eric Surmin	1 year FT
John-Paul Kilanski	6 months FT

Birthdays

September 10 th	Wendy Hoover
September 14 th	Ron Nelson
September 18 th	Mike Gruenes

Reflections

Carl was a quiet man. He didn't talk much. He would always greet you with a big smile and a firm handshake. Even after living in our neighborhood for over 50 years, no one could really say they knew him very well.

Before his retirement, he took the bus to work each morning. The lone sight of him walking down the street often worried us. He had a slight limp from a bullet wound received in WWII. Watching him, we worried that although he had survived WWII, he may not make it through our changing uptown neighborhood with its ever-increasing random violence, gangs and other unwarranted attacks on innocent people.

When he saw the flyer at our local church asking for volunteers for caring for the gardens behind the minister's residence, he responded in his characteristically unassuming manner. Without fanfare, he just signed up.

He was well into his 87th year when the very thing we had always feared finally happened. He was just finishing his watering for the day when three gang members approached him. Ignoring their attempt to intimidate him, he simply asked, "Would you like a drink from the hose?"

The tallest and toughest-looking of the three said, "Yeah, sure," with a malevolent little smile.

As Carl offered the hose to him, the other two grabbed Carl's arm, throwing him down. As the hose snaked crazily over the ground, dousing everything in its way, Carl's assailants stole his retirement watch and his wallet, and then fled.

Carl tried to get himself up, but he had been thrown down on his bad leg. He lay there trying to gather himself as the minister came running to help him. Although the minister had witnessed the attack from his window, he couldn't get there fast enough to stop it.

"Carl, are you okay? Are you hurt?" the minister kept asking as he helped Carl to his feet.

Carl just passed a hand over his brow and sighed, shaking his head. "Just some punk kids. I hope they'll wise-up someday."

His wet clothes clung to his slight frame as he bent to pick up the hose. He adjusted the nozzle again and started to water.

Confused and a little concerned, the minister asked, "Carl, what are you doing?"

"I've got to finish my watering. It's been very dry lately" he calmly replied.

Satisfied that Carl really was all right, the minister could only marvel. Carl was a man from a different time and place.

A few weeks later the three returned. The same threats were voiced. Carl again offered them a drink from his hose.

This time they didn't rob him. They wrenched the hose from his hand and drenched him head to foot in the icy water.

When they had finished their humiliation of him, they sauntered off down the street.....

throwing catcalls and curses, falling over one another laughing at the hilarity of what they had just done.

Carl just watched them-then he turned toward the warmth giving sun. He just picked up his hose, and went on with his watering.

The summer was quickly fading into fall - Carl was doing some tilling when he was startled by the sudden approach of someone behind him. He stumbled and fell into evergreen branches. As he struggled to regain his footing, he turned to see the tall leader of this summer tormentors reaching down for him. He braced himself for the expected attack.

"Don't worry, old man, I'm not gonna hurt you this time." The young man spoke softly, still offering the tattooed and scarred hand to Carl. As he helped Carl get up, the man pulled a crumpled bag from his pocket and he handed it to Carl....

"What's this?" Carl asked.

"It's your stuff," the man explained. "It's your stuff back, even the money in your wallet."

"Why would you help me now?"

The man shifted his feet, seeming embarrassed and ill at ease. "I learned something from you," he said. "I ran with that gang and hurt people like you -we picked on you because you were old and we knew we could do it. But every time we came and did something to you, instead of yelling and fighting back, you tried to give us a drink. You didn't hate us for hating you. You kept showing love against our hate." He stopped for a moment. "I couldn't sleep after we stole your stuff, so here it is back." He paused for another awkward moment, not knowing what more there was to say. "That bag's my way of saying thanks for straightening me out, I guess." And with that, he

Carl looked down at the sack in his hands and gingerly opened it. He took out his retirement watch and put it back on his wrist. Opening his wallet, he checked for his wedding photo. He gazed for a moment at the young bride that still smiled back at him from all those years ago.

He died one cold day after Christmas that winter. Many people attended his funeral in spite of the weather. In particular the minister noticed a tall young man that he didn't know sitting quietly in a distant corner of the church.

The minister spoke of Carl's garden as a lesson in life. In a voice thick with unshed tears, he said "Do your best and make your garden as beautiful as you can. We will never forget Carl and his garden."

The following spring another flyer went up. It read: "Person needed to care for Carl's garden." > The flyer went unnoticed by the busy parishioners until one day when a knock was heard at the minister's office door. Opening the door, the minister saw a pair of scarred and tattooed hands holding the flyer.

"I believe this is my job, if you'll have me," the young man said.

The minister recognized him as the same young man who had returned the stolen watch and wallet to Carl. He knew that Carl's kindness had turned this man's life around. As the minister handed him the keys to the garden shed, he said,

"Yes, go take care of Carl's garden and honor him."

The man went to work and, over the next several years, he tended the flowers and vegetables just as Carl had done. During that time, he went to college, got married, and became a prominent member of the community. And he kept the garden as beautiful as he thought Carl would have kept it.

One day he approached the new minister and told him that he couldn't care for the garden any longer. He explained with a shy and happy smile, "My wife just had a baby boy last night, and she's bringing him home on Saturday."

"Well, congratulations!" said the minister, as he was handed the garden shed keys. "That's wonderful! What's the baby's name?"

"Carl," he replied.