

Local firefighters thanked for their efforts

Many moons ago, I joined my family on a cross-country ski trek across the rolling hills of New Tecumseth. It was late February, the conditions were icy and did I mention rolling hills? You can see where this is leading. After falling three times in about a 10 minute span, my intuition told me that this expedition of going to our family's farm back country was not a good idea, and I was concerned that someone was going to get hurt. I clearly wanted to head back (when God speaks one should listen) but was convinced by my loving husband (I still love you) that "Hey! It's just one more hill."

Well, that was all I needed and just at the end of what I thought was a simple run my left leg did something that no leg should ever do on skis.

We were about 500m from the 3rd Line, our sons went searching for help and my husband tried calling family to perhaps get me out by skidoo, but to no avail. After a half hour of agony, I said "Just call 911!"

Not long after, I was surrounded by several firefighters. They put me on a stretcher and walked me out carefully and gently and it was clear to see how they worked so well as a team. One firefighter, a former Grade 4 student of mine, even reminded me to focus on my breathing, helping me to stay calm.

While they were taking me out of the field, I was quite embarrassed thinking that all this is probably just for some silly accident (maybe it is just a strain and I am just wimping out). Well, it was no silly accident, I did to my knee what professional footballers often do to theirs "I tore my ACL, MCL and flipped my meniscus! Otherwise, known as the "unhappy triad" (that's for sure) and after two surgeries, months of physiotherapy and re-learning how to walk again, it was evident that it definitely, wasn't for not!

However, at the time when you have about 10 people taking care of you on a cold winter day it was a little embarrassing to say the least.

How grateful I am for what the Tottenham firefighters did for me that day, and more importantly how careful and wonderful and caring they were! I feel so lucky to live in this country where people are willing to sacrifice their time to help on a given notice, and on a Sunday to boot, when I am sure they could be hanging out with their families instead.

So, from the bottom of my heart, thank you for all you did, your sacrifice, your kindness, amazing teamwork and professionalism to get me out safe, will never be forgotten.

And, don't worry, you won't catch me on skis in crusty snow ice conditions again. I've taken up snowshoeing instead!

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