



**Letter from Phillis  
Received January 2011**

To the ETM Men and Women of Nanaimo

My name is Phillis and I am a senior living alone.

On October 29, 2010, I fell in my home and broke my hip. It was a rather painful effort to elbow slide my way from the living room to the kitchen where the phone is. To grab the phone I had to get under the kitchen table. That is where I was when the medics arrived.

On the heels of the two ambulance gentlemen came my neighbor across the road. I understand a couple more came but were sent home. It was more funny being found under the kitchen table wearing a nightgown. But these gentle men took it in stride and were very consoling.

After a week in hospital I had to have recovery for two weeks at the Origin Sr Home. When I arrived home to stay, I looked about me. I saw newspapers piled on the chair, mail piled on the table (mostly junk). My loved laminated wood floors were covered in foot prints; many of them. I looked and felt very down because now I had to clean this up and I sure didn't feel like it.

Then God gave me a nudge and told me to "smarten up". If it had not been for my good neighbor next door, bringing those papers inside day after day they would have been soaking wet and strewn all over my back yard. The footprints. I looked and each one and they seemed to be a beacon. Each boot print or shoe print was a reminder of all those who came to help me. Each imprint was a reminder that I am in a country where we have caring men and women who can be here in a minute. Wonderful neighbors who will come into my home and get supplies I needed while away. I was not so anxious to wash those footprints away anymore.

I want to say Thank you for all you do...for your care... for your gentleness. May God Bless you all.

Sincerely

Phillis



## British Columbia Ambulance Service

### ***Phillis Lamoureux***

18-6325 Metral Drive  
Nanaimo, BC V9T 6P9

To The E. T. M. Men and Women of Nanaimo.

My name is Phillis Lamoureux I am a Senior..living alone in Sharman Mobile Park.

On Oct. 29 of this year...I fell in my home, and broke my hip. It was a rather painful effort to elbow-slide my way from the living room to the kitchen..where the phone is. To grab the phone..I had to get under the kitchen table. That is where I was when the Medics arrived.

On the heels of the two E.T.M. gentlemen...came my neighbour across the road. I understand a couple more came..but were sent home. It was more funny..being found under the kitchen table..wearing a nightgown. But these gentle men took it in stride and were very consoling.

After a week in hospital...I had to have recovery for two weeks at the Origins Sr. Home. When I arrived home to stay....I looked about me. I saw newspapers piled on the chair....mail piled on the table (mostly junk). My loved laminated wood floors, were covered in foot prints. Many of them. I looked and felt very down..because now I had to clean this up..and I sure didnt feel like it.

Then God gave me a nudge and told me to "smarten up". If it had not been for my good neighbour next door, bringing those papers inside..day after day..they would have been soaking wet..strewn all over my back yard. The footprints. I looked and each one seemed to be a beacon. Each boot print..or shoe print..was a reminder of all those who came to help me. Each imprint was a reminder that I am in a country where we have caring men and women who can be here in a minute. Wonderful neighbours who will come into my home and get supplies I needed while away. I was not so anxious to wash those footprints away anymore.

I want to say **THANK YOU** for all you do....for your care.....for your gentleness. **May God Bless you all.**

Sincerely Phillis Lamoureux 18 6325 Metral Dr.  
Nanaimo B.C. V9T 6P9