Prescott, AZ 86303

2 July 2013
Rosemary Miller

To: The Honorable Members
of the Prescott Fire Dept.

Dear gallant and wonderful firemen:

My name is Rosemary Miller, a former WWII Air Corps vet, aged 90 yrs.. And I've had many occasions to have had the privilege of excellent medical care from you gentlemen.

Only last Saturday, in answer to the 911 call for our mobile home, which I share with my buddy of 13 yrs; a Viet Nam vet who, sadly, is in the "Final Stages" of COPD (Emphysema); your great guys responded in about 2 minutes. My heart rate was 200 (usually 65 or 70), and one of your great big, strong (I must mention good looking), carried me to the gurney & accompanied me on the trip to Yavapai Hospital. Although I usually go to VA, the ambulance drivers say the VA won't take "Heart Patients." Anyway, your fellow workers administered the shot for the I.V. I didn't feel a thing. And that means a lot to this old gal who experiences all kinds of worthless jabs by inept amateurs.

I have proven many times when you firemen have saved my life and one time I had a very embarrassing fall in my apartment, resulting in a horrible mess, necessitating rags, clothing, etc, (shoes, too) being thrown into the garbage. She dear firemen cleaned me & saw that I had my clean P.J.'s on & went to bed.

(over)

That's what I call "performing above & beyond your call of duty".

I was planning to write this letter of thanks and commendation to you all on Sunday, but to my extreme sorrow and chagrin, I learned of the terrible loss of those brave, wonderful boys and it took me aback. Actually, my heart rate was 170 and I cried & cried. Because I love all of you and your lives are much more in danger than most L.A's.

Respectfully with love,
Rosemary Miller

P.S. I always was wishing I could send you guys one of my Pineapple Upside Down Cakes. But I haven't been able to bake one for years.