

Mr. and Mrs. Buchner,

I've only been a fire fighter for 4 years. By department standards that still makes me a fairly young pup. So, when I say that caring for Crosley was the most emotionally trying run of my career, it doesn't have that long of a list of competition. But my partner on the ambulance that day has been a paramedic for over a decade, and he echoes my sentiment. Your little girl got a place in each of our hearts that day that will never belong to anyone else.

It's often easy to keep a professional level of separation in my duties. We do the job we are called upon to do, and we are able to wash our hands of the matter when we are finished with the run. However, with Crosley we called often for updates. We talked to her nurses. We talked to mutual friends in the community. My partner and I even made plans to come visit the hospital, but we knew we wouldn't be able to stay composed if we went. That sounds so empty now to say that was our excuse...

I don't have children of my own. I can't even begin to imagine your level of loss. But my heart breaks for you. Mr. Buchner, I hugged you in the hospital hallway. I wanted it to be for you. To show you we cared. But it was for me. I needed to show you I cared. I didn't have the words then. I didn't know any other way.

Death of a loved one is never easy. Trying to find the right words to say, the right actions to take. There are no easy answers. But Rabbi Harold Kushner once said, "Sometimes all there is to do is weep with those who weep." Though we may actually weep together only under special circumstances, we have wept together in spirit often over the last few weeks.

I hope for you to find strength and peace and comfort in each other and in your loved ones.

Sincerely,

