

Memorandum

To: All Employees

From: Chuck Kearns, Vice President /Chief Operating Officer

Date: May 8, 2009

Re: Bi –Weekly Memo

Celebrate EMS Week: May 17th through 23rd, 2009 is National EMS Week. The theme this year is, ***“EMS, A Proud Partner in Your Community.”*** This is the time of year that we remind the nation’s citizens about the great job EMS professionals and all of our support personnel do, to ensure we can take good care of them, when they need our help.

We also take this opportunity to thank each and every one of our employees for the excellent work they do in a sometimes, very dangerous job. It is honorable that you put yourselves on the front line of serving others every day. We also appreciate your family and the sacrifices they make to support you in your important work. Thank you again for taking good care of our patients, our customers and for all you do to make our company a great place to work!

Service Excellence: What is “On Stage” and “Back Stage” Behavior? **Onstage Behavior** is when we are on our best behavior, out in the public or with a patient, just as if we were on stage, performing in a Broadway production. **Backstage Behavior** is how we may act when we are out of the public’s eye. An example would be in crew quarters, where we can relax a little since we are not with any customers.

Most of our time at work is “Onstage.” Since others will judge us and our company by what they see and hear, we must always be on our best behavior. That means; respond promptly; call facilities when we are going to be late; look clean, neat and act professionally at all times. This will help us maintain long lasting relationships with our customers. Keeping a positive demeanor and giving excellent service, every day to everyone will make us the Service Excellence Leader in our industry.

If you notice a co-worker who is not behaving professionally, you should say, ***“You’re onstage right now.”*** Hopefully, they’ll get the hint, correct the behavior and we’ll all be better off for it.

CAAS Accreditation Update: We have submitted our applications for CEMS and HealthLink to become CAAS Accredited. Out of thousands of ambulance services in the world, only 123 are accredited. CAAS has reviewed our applications and will be scheduling on site reviews this Summer at both operations, as well as at REMS for their reaccreditation. In coming issues, I will share information to help prepare you for the on-site reviews by CAAS. For now, make sure you have received and reviewed copies of your policies and procedures.

Safety on the Job: Protecting You and Your Patients: The H1N1Virus is big news for us with the confirmed number of cases climbing every day. We are posting and handing out regular updates. You may subscribe to the “What’s New on the Swine Flu” website from Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC). This information is frequently updated, at the [CDC H1N1 Flu](http://www.cdc.gov/h1n1flu/) website. Remember to clean your unit, stretcher, supplies and wash your hands after every call to prevent the spread of germs.

There is a Free on-line, two (2) hour CE Pandemic Flu course being offered by Rapid CE/EMS. The website is www.rapidce.com. Scroll to the bottom of the page and click on the link for more information. You will have to register on the site.

Biweekly Memo

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Full and Part Time Work is Available: Beaumont Medical Transportation is hiring! Even if you currently work for CEMS or another Joint Venture company, you may be eligible to work at Beaumont as well. Contact Human Resources or Doug Gruenwald (DGruenwald@Beaumontmedicaltransport.org) to learn more.

From Your Operations Manager:

CE's

It has come to our attention that the Genesee County medical Control Authority REQUIRES that each company keep track of the number and type of CE's each of our employees have acquired. This is something that we have not done previously but are now in need of asking your assistance. Please bring copies of your CE's to station 30 so that we can copy them and make available to the GCMCA as part of our response to the violation.

EMS Can Be Tough

As we approach the onset of EMS week, it seemed a logical time to reflect on the work we do and how in many ways the new technologies and pharmaceuticals have not really changed our job. When it comes to customer service, we are still expected, and rightfully so to be on time, look good, have smiling faces and be polite.

Several years ago I came across this article and I thought I would share it with all of you. It helped me through my first several years in EMS and I hope you take something from it too. In brief, the more things change, the more they stay the same.

I QUIT!

This morning I told my supervisor that I was coming to see him. I had finally had it, and was throwing in the towel on my emergency medical career. I was fed up with always being tired, tired of never getting fed, sick of being plagued by sick people who really aren't, supervisors who really don't, co-workers who sometime won't, professionals who aren't, and drunks who are... constantly.

The week started out very typically on Monday morning. I overslept, and in trying to shave, brush my teeth, shower, and cook breakfast all at the same time, I managed to cut my face, slip on a bar of soap, scorch my best (and only skillet), and catch my breakfast, and almost my, kitchen on fire. I arrived late to work still bleeding around the neck area, only to be harassed by the opposite shift, who wanted to know why I was never on time. ((this from the guy who conned me into working for him so he could attend his aunt's funeral). His poor aunt died 11 times last year).

My partner, Dave, and I were then informed that the unit had to be restocked due to a busy shift, decontaminated because of a patient they just found out had meningitis, and by the way, "things are a little wet back there" due to a burn victim they had just had. I opened the back of the unit to find it virtually empty, except for of course, Lake Michigan. As our opposite shift left us knee-deep in (formerly) sterile water, Craig the Con Man called back to me that I might have to work for him next week because his aunt was sick and sinking fast.

Needless to say, just as Dave and I were half-stocked and half-dry, we got a call. A girl had broken her ankle at junior high school. We took the standard precautions and locked the unit at the scene, but someone must have climbed through the exhaust pipe because when we came out of the school with our patient, there were enough kids swarming through the ambulance to stock Disneyland. Several had discovered that backboards make passable sleds on grassy slope others were playing Star Trek with the demand valve, and one person found out that the PA system opened up a whole new world of self-expression. Herding the screaming multitudes out of Adventureland and gathering up our equipment proved to be as easy as getting toothpaste into the tube. In retrospect, this call turned out to be the high point of the week.

Dave and I decided to wash the unit. It went pretty well but next time we probably try it with our front windows rolled up. We squished and squirmed all the way to our next call, a 350-plus pound human with a broken leg who lived on the third floor of a three floor walk-up. I won't go into the painful details, but I may have been a tad too vocal. All the neighborhood kids now think that "Holstein" is a medical term. We continued getting the great calls: a kid who decided a chemistry set might be fun to eat, 30 minutes clean-up time in the back of the unit. A lady who got her hand stuck in the toilet and didn't want us to come in because she was in bathrobe. We suspected somehow she was cleaning her john but it being California and all, this act could have been some new religious ritual. We had a man who devoured half of the contents of his medicine cabinet trying to kill a headache and after examining the contents of the cabinet, we discovered that he will never have to worry about getting pregnant. We transported a lady who, every minute or so decided we were either the nicest, bravest people in the world, or the most vile inhumane monsters she'd ever met. She couldn't make up her mind, things like that tend to get to you at 2:00 in the morning. We got no sleep to speak of, because we kept getting such charming calls like the guy at 4:30 a.m. who had a head cold, couldn't sleep, and decided that calling us would be cheaper than calling a doctor, and would give him someone to talk to who was undoubtedly up anyway. If only strangling a patient didn't involve so much paperwork....

Our last call before shift change was tragic and almost did us in. A half-drunk father decided that his 13 year old daughter was playing her music too loud while she was getting ready for school, so he threw her down the stairs. She was still alive when we got her to the hospital, but the doctor wasn't very encouraging. Dave and I didn't say a word as we changed into our street clothes. I know that you have to get away from the job to keep your sanity, but my day off, Tuesday, was virtually ruined. I went to a movie matinee, but half-way through I realized that I hadn't heard a word. I kept picturing this small, pretty child...crumpled at the bottom of the stairs. I called the hospital. Nothing new to report. I went to a park and just sat...thinking about my chosen profession. It had all seemed so glamorous in the beginning, so full of promise. Now it seemed to be full of "if onlys"... If only people wouldn't solve fights with guns or boredom with speeding cars or failure with pills... If only people would appreciate, maybe even say thank you... If only...if only...all old thoughts. I'd run them through dozen of times, and I knew that after a leisurely dinner and a good nights sleep, I'd be ready to go again.

The first thing Wednesday morning I called the hospital. The girl would recover but was faced with some challenging therapy due to extensive nerve damage. I drove to work with an all too familiar feeling of mixed emotions. Our day started slowly, which was fine with me. By mid-afternoon, however it was evident we were in for a virtual replay of Monday. We ran our blood pressures high and our boiling points low and never seem to accomplish anything worthwhile. The call at 4:00 in the morning was the proverbial straw that broke the EMT's back. A girl in her late teens had fallen through a window while fighting with her boyfriend, and she was still in a fighting mood when we arrived. Although the police helped us restrain her, her aim at spitting from a distance was uncanny, and her vocabulary would have made a longshoreman wince. She had decided that we were the Neo-Fascist Ruling Class and she let us know it.

So I walked into dispatch after getting off duty this morning to tell the supervisor that I'd had it. I was tired of being spit on, bled on, flipped off and ticked off and was bidding adieu to the glamorous world of emergency medicine. I wanted to get a job that was appreciated more and was leaning heavy toward making whoopee cushions and plastic barf. "He'll be right with you," said the dispatch supervisor. She poured me a cup of coffee. "By the way," she said, picking up an envelope, "I think this was one of your calls. Did you handle a cardiac on Rosewood Drive last week? A 38 year old male?" "Well," I said "they kind of all run together, but that sounds familiar. What's the complaint? Did we track mud into the living room?" I really didn't care. I was getting out. "Read it," she said. The envelope was addressed in a childish scrawl to "Perrymedics and Ambulance People" and had been mailed to City Hall. Inside there was a piece of notebook paper, on which was carefully printed: Dear Perrymedics and Ambulance People, My Daddy was very very sick yestday and my mom said that you saved his life. I love him very mush, and I love you. I am seven and I want to be a perrymedic. Can girls be perrymedics? love and xxxxxxxxoooooooo Cheryl. I looked up at the dispatcher, who just smiled. "Your call" she asked? I nodded yes.

The personnel supervisor stuck his head around the corner. "You needed to see me?" he asked. "Well?" he said. "Yeah" I answered. "I just wanted to tell you that I'll be working for Craig next shift. He has to go to his aunt's funeral."

Author unkown.

FEMA/ NIMS certifications:

We have made significant progress in collecting all of your certifications but we still have some employees that are short of the full requirements. It is a mandatory requirement that you submit all of these documents to the HR office. If you do not have them all in, or there is reason to believe that there is a problem and all of your certifications are not showing on your eCore profile, then contact us immediately.