

PAXCENTURION

The Newsmagazine for the Boston Police Patrolmen's Association

4/15/13



The moment the first bomb exploded at the finish line of the 117th Boston Marathon, April 15, 2013 at 2:50 PM.

Courtesy NBC News

Special Marathon Bombing Issue 2013



Thank You



BMA2013

Thank you from the BPPA leadership

**President Tom Nee • Vice President Ron MacGillivray
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We are very much aware that “*Thank You*” is a wholly inadequate way to express to our membership our feelings for what you did and how you performed during and after the horrific events of April 15th, 2013. There are simply no words to express the pride and respect we have for our membership who performed at the highest levels of professionalism under the most chaotic of circumstances.

No similar incident of such magnitude has occurred within our collective memories in the City of Boston. Such savagery and callous indifference for innocent human life seldom occurs in our city on a similar scale, but on April 15th, 2013, Marathon Day, it did. And all of you rose to the occasion, in a wide variety of different ways.

Whether you were an optimistic new recruit in brown khakis or a jaded veteran of many years, all of you experienced the horror of what can happen when savages hell-bent on terror and killing people perform their cowardly deeds. Whether you were present at the scene on Boylston St., assisted in the capture of the animals in Watertown, or stood a lonely security post in West Roxbury, Brighton, East Boston or anywhere else; it doesn't matter. You all contributed in important ways. Some deeds were highly public and widely photographed, other duties were performed unseen and unknown to anyone but your fellow officers. As the old saying from a retired BPPA member/former “tin-can” sailor goes, “We also serve, who sit and wait.” How true...

During that terrible week, BPPA members and EMTs worked 12, 16, and sometimes 24-hour shifts – *or more* – often without relief and without so much as a bottle of water being delivered from our own department. BPPA officers greatly appreciated help from our own Boston EMS, the NYPD / PBA and NY/NJ Port Authority Police Department's canteen trucks – they managed to supply some much-needed food and water during this exhaustive week. Some officers sustained injuries they still aren't aware of, both physical and psychological, and getting our department to recognize that will undoubtedly be yet *another* battle in the weeks and months to come. We urge you, in the strongest possible terms, to seek assistance from either your personal health care professional or to contact the BPD Peer Support Unit at 617-343-5175 / emergency 617-594-9091.

There will be time in the coming weeks to critique the department's performance, to examine what happened and what *didn't* – (but should have!) happened. But this special issue of the *Pax* is not for that purpose. We have plenty of people, organizations and businesses to thank for a myriad of services rendered to our members. Please forward your personal “thank yous,” recollections and remembrances to the BPPA via fax or e-mail for inclusion in the next *Pax* (May/June, 2013).

For this special edition, however, please accept our humble and inadequate “*Thank You,*” for a job performed above and beyond the call of duty.



The Nation's First Police Department PAXCENTURION

**Boston Police Patrolmen's Association, Inc.
Boston Emergency Medical Technicians**



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With the exception of a few political events, I cannot recall many instances of printing a special edition of the *Pax* over the last 30 years. But the events of April 15th, 2013 and the ensuing days resulting in the apprehension of the criminal terrorists warrants some sort of immediate commemoration.

When directed by President Nee to produce a special issue to commemorate this horrific, singular event, we decided that putting an honest face on the events of April 15th would best honor the sacrifice of our members and of those killed, maimed and injured. Without showing the goriest of photos (and there are many which are truly stomach-turning), we wanted to somehow capture in photographs and stories the horror of what many of our members experienced that day. To achieve that goal, there are no “glad-handing” photos, pictures of politicians and administrators posing for photos, or anything that does not truly evoke a remembrance of the reality of that day. The photos express what happens when terrorist savages decide they are going to target innocent children and civilians to glorify some warped, twisted ideology that has its origins in the twelfth century and desires to propel us back to the dark ages.

There will be time for critique and criticism in future

issues of the *Pax*. This is not the issue to achieve those goals. Undoubtedly, there were mistakes and omissions made over that terrible week. Whether you can actually “plan” adequately for such horrific events is another question.

As we all know, today’s thanks and praise from a grateful public and fawning politicians desiring a photo-op won’t mean a hill of beans the next time we pull somebody over for a traffic violation, arrest their kid at a wild party, or become embroiled in a contract dispute. It’s simply the nature of the beast; a fickle public’s memories fade quickly, and yesterday’s heroes don’t win today’s ballgames. This issue is meant to be a keepsake for each member to show to their children or grandchildren. A sincere thank you to assistant *Pax* editor **Mark Bruno** (C-6) for all of his hard work and to the *Herald’s* **Joe Fitzgerald** and the *Globe’s* **Kevin Cullen** for giving us permission to re-print their excellent articles which may have been missed by many due to the chaotic nature of the past few weeks.

I’m not a religious man, but as this issue will be distributed during the middle of May (National Police Memorial Week), I thought the words carved into the granite walls of the National Police Memorial in Washington, D.C. were apropos:



**“The wicked flee
when no man
pursueth,
but the
righteous are
bold as a lion.”**

(Proverbs 28-1)



In memory of the victims

**(clockwise from upper left) Martin Richard, Lu Lingzi,
Sean Collier & Krystle Campbell**

We must confront, defeat acts of evil

By Joe Fitzgerald, *Boston Herald*

These things always happened someplace else, until yesterday. It was simply unimaginable that we would hear governmental messages telling us, over and over on the airwaves, “Stay off the streets of Boston! If you’re in town for the marathon, do not leave your hotel room tonight. If you planned to enjoy the Boston Symphony Orchestra or root for the Boston Bruins, you must cancel those plans because both Symphony Hall and the Garden will be dark and locked tight.”

Did that shock you? Of course it did. But it should have infuriated you, too, because on a day that was becoming another charming slice of what this city is all about, savages, attacking anonymously as cowards always do, turned the festive finish line into an instant war zone, randomly killing and maiming and terrorizing unsuspecting marathon fans as they were enjoying a sun-splashed afternoon.

Does the word “savages” bother you? Then guess what? You’re part of the problem America’s facing today, because no matter how loud liberal dolts may squeal, or how indignant it makes the ACLU, the inescapable truth emerging from yesterday’s bloodbath is that evil is a reality, not a theological myth. (emphasis added)

Look at what’s happening in this city.

We’re now talking about surrounding our bus drivers with Plexiglas to protect them from savages who think it’s cool to punch and spit at them.

When shopkeepers end their days by lowering metal grates to protect their property and secure their merchandise, it’s understandable, but it’s also a perversion of what used to be called traditional American values. And so are gated communities.

It used to be that the bad guys were the ones we put behind bars. Remember?

How did we get to a point where the good guys now hide behind metal restraints while savages roam the streets?

There are those who will say this is unkind, ignorant, even hateful, but enough is enough, because what happened here yesterday was more than barbaric; it was evil, and there’ll be no apology here for calling it by its name.

Don’t walk the streets of Boston? Stay in your hotel rooms? Stop the music at Symphony Hall? Forget all about hockey?

Oh, the savages must have loved that! How it must have delighted their warped, verminous minds. Void of conscience, they lack any instinct for remorse or compassion.

So yesterday was their day, no question about it. But there’s coming a tomorrow when we will have a reckoning with them, and here’s what will happen.

Some shrink will try to explain how their neurosis mitigates their culpability, while some whore with a law degree will scheme to free them on a technicality. The anguish of the victims? It’ll be forgotten. All that will matter will be the showering of rights upon the perpetrators. Welcome to Massachusetts.

If nothing changes, nothing changes.

It’s not complicated. Evil need not be understood. It simply needs to be eliminated, by any means necessary.

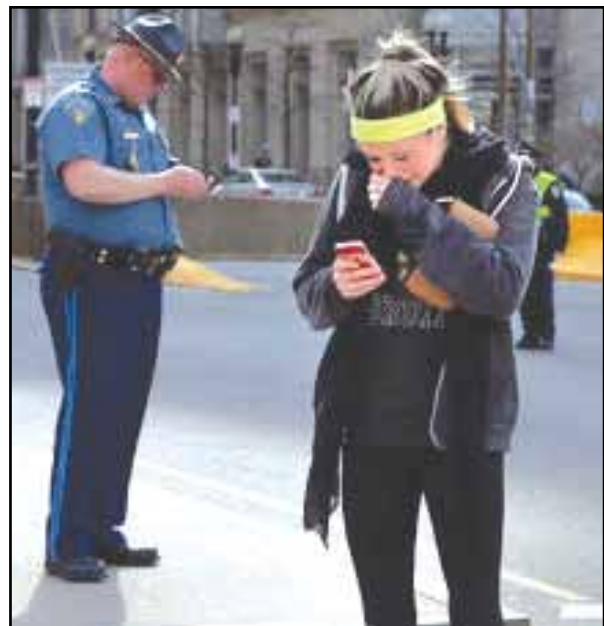
That’s the only way to honor those lives that were savaged yesterday, and the only way we will begin to rebuild the America we once knew.

(Reprinted from The Boston Herald, Tuesday, April 16, 2013.)



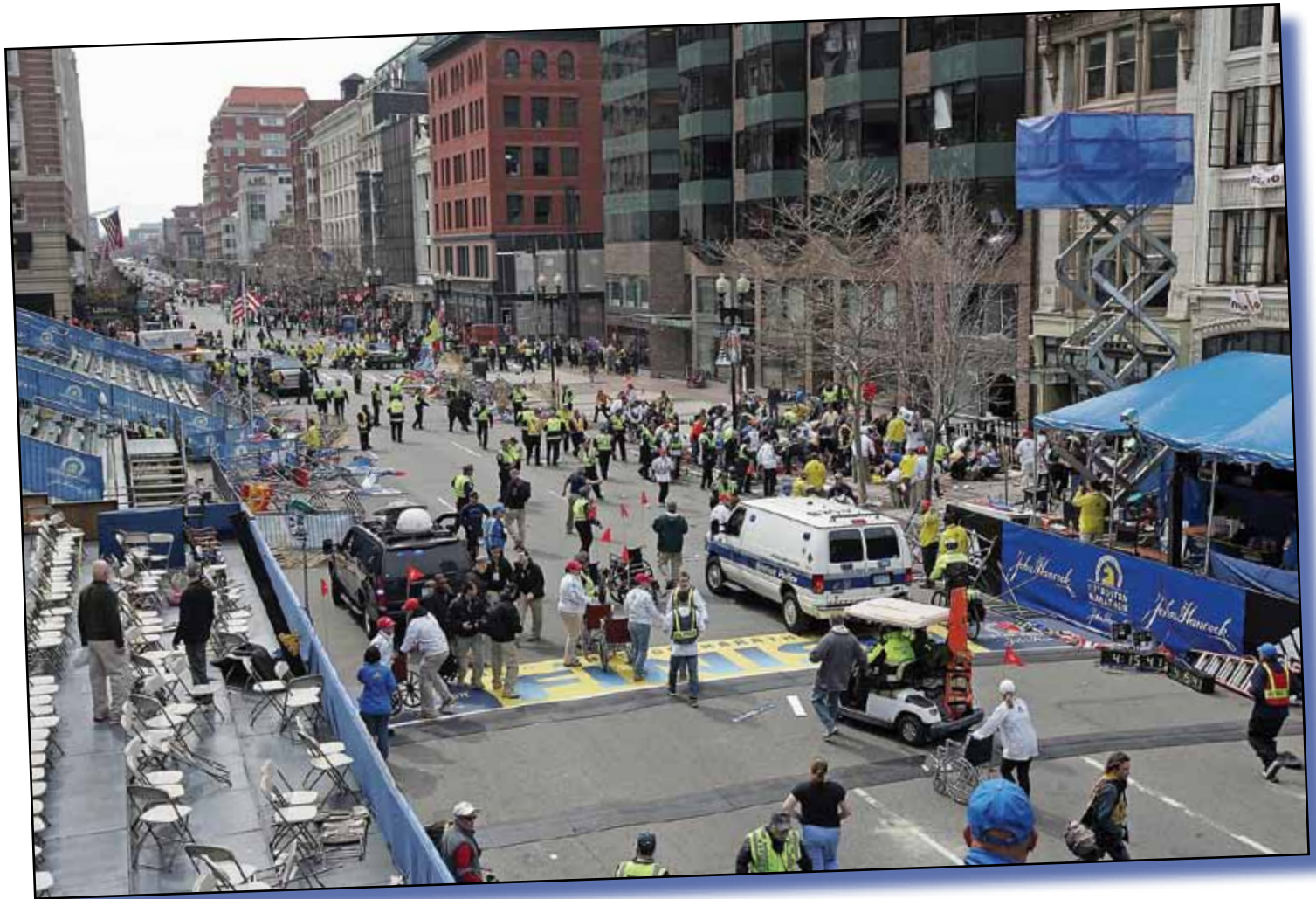
Nicole Niles of Manchester, NH who ran in the Boston Marathon hugs Kerry Smith of Wakefield after the marathon bombing.

– Photo by Matt Stone, Boston Herald



A runner texts in the aftermath of the explosion at the finish line.

– Photo by Nancy Lane, Boston Herald

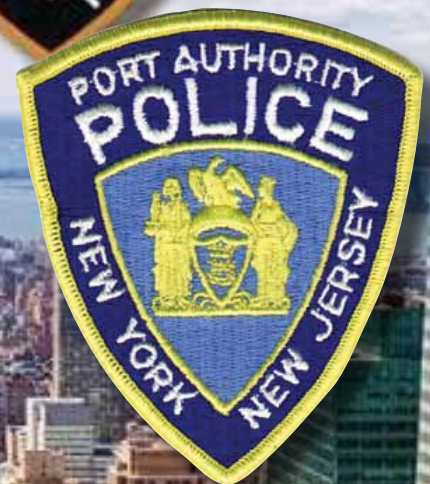




The irony of this photo cannot be understated.
 Look at the man fleeing with the MIT logo on his sweatshirt.
 Four days later, Bomber #2 (circled) killed
 MIT Police Officer Sean Collier in cold blood.



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of the City of New York



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Thank you NYPD & PA of NY/NJ Police for all of your assistance!

Name of victims, first responders worth remembering

By **Kevin Cullen**, *Boston Globe*

I shudder to think how many trees will die as we in my business spend countless days, weeks, and months trying to figure out why the Tsarnaev brothers allegedly repaid all the good will in this country with bombs.

I believe this journalistic and societal pursuit of the “why” is absolutely necessary as much as I believe it is entirely pointless. The idea that we can figure out why a resentful, angry young man and his stoner little brother would purposely kill and maim innocent human beings and somehow learn from this a way to dramatically reduce the prospect of it recurring, strikes me as hopelessly idealistic.

The younger of the Tsarnaev brothers told federal agents his big brother’s radicalization was rooted in his opposition to US intervention in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Hey, I opposed those wars, too. I thought going into Iraq was unnecessary, that the justification for it was bogus, that the amount of blood spilled, both Iraqi and American, was not worth whatever the people who pushed for the war wanted to achieve. If we had a draft, if everybody had to go fight that war, including the kids and grandkids of the big shots in Washington, we never would have fought that war.

Afghanistan? Don’t get me started. The initial incursion, after 9/11, was absolutely necessary. Afghanistan was like spring training for terrorists who want to kill us. But we should have found, killed, or captured bin Laden and got the hell out. Diving into Iraq made that task far more difficult. Trying to drag Afghanistan into the 20th, much less the 21st, century with Western standards is a hopeless task. They’ll evolve at their own pace.

But enough about unnecessary wars and unrealistic nation building. Let’s be honest here. The ideology reportedly claimed by the likes of the Tsarnaev brothers as reason enough to kill and maim innocent Americans, not to mention innocent Muslims, predates the misadventures in Iraq and Afghanistan. The first attack on the World Trade Center was in 1993. The people who do this stuff will find any and all reasons to hate and kill Americans and other non-believers. I really don’t want to spend much of my limited brain power trying to figure out how to appease the unappeasable.

You may have noticed I’m not using the Tsarnaev brothers’ first names. That’s because I’m in the process of forgetting them. I don’t want to remember their names. I want them to vanish from my memory bank, which is too busy trying to remember the names that matter.

First and foremost, I want to remember **Martin Richard** and **Krystle Campbell** and **Lu Lingzi**.

Martin was a beautiful boy, who was kind to all his classmates, including the daughter of **Sean O’Brien**, one of the firefighters from Engine 7 who rushed to find little Martin lying dead next to his badly injured mother, Denise, and sister Janey, an Irish step dancer who lost part of her leg. **Krystle Campbell** was a kind young woman who was everybody’s best friend: She was a bridesmaid 17 times. **Lu Lingzi**, a graduate student from China, embraced all the opportunities the Tsarnaev brothers spurned.

I want to remember the names of O’Brien and the other firefighters from Engine 7 and Tower Ladder 17, who rushed to the wounded even as they assumed they would die in secondary explosions. I want to remember Lieutenant **Joe Roach** from Ladder 15 on Boylston Street, who waved off any talk about how brave he

and his firefighters were by talking about the courage of the injured.

I want to remember the names of **Jimmy Hooley** and his EMTs and paramedics from the city’s Emergency Medical Services, who saved lives by stabilizing and transporting dozens of badly injured people to all the hospitals.

I want to remember the names of the injured, like **Jeff Bauman**, who lost his legs in the blast but not his ability to identify the bombers.

I want to remember the names of all the Boston cops, including the policewomen from District 4, who ignored every natural instinct and ran toward the bombs.

I want to remember **Dan Linskey**, chief of the Boston police, who rushed headlong to help one of his officers, **Jared Gero**, as he ripped the clothes from the mortally wounded bomber to make sure he wasn’t wearing a booby trap.

“Don’t forget **Carlos Arredondo**,” Linskey told me. Carlos lost a son, a Marine, in one of those unnecessary wars. But Carlos refocused his grief, became a pacifist who helps military families, and when those bombs went off, Carlos went flying over the barriers to get to the wounded.

How can I, how can any of us, ever forget Carlos in his cowboy hat, holding Jeff Bauman’s femoral artery so he wouldn’t bleed to death?

I want to remember **Sean Collier**, the idealistic young MIT police officer who was assassinated by a pair of morons who killed him for his gun and then were too stupid to figure out how to get it out of his holster.

I want to remember the Watertown cops: **Joe Reynolds**, who first spotted the alleged bombers; his supervisor Sergeant **John MacLellan**, who returned fire with Reynolds and had the wherewithal to let his cruiser drift toward the suspects, and succeeded in getting one of them to empty his gun into the empty vehicle; Sergeant **Jeff Pugliese**, who had the presence of mind to run through some backyards, outflank the older Tsarnaev brother, and take him down with some expertly aimed shots.

I want to remember the names of all the cops who cornered the Tsarnaev brothers, including MBTA police Officer **Dick Donohue**, who may well have been felled by friendly fire. I want to remember all the cops who sprang to Donohue’s side and saved his life, like Cambridge patrolman **James “Matt” Brown**, the first officer to reach Donohue and pull him to safety.

I want to remember Boston Police Officer **Ricky Moriarty**, firing at the suspects at one point, doing CPR on Donohue moments later. I want to remember state trooper **Chris Dumont**, a paramedic, and the two Watertown firefighters, **Pat Menton** and **Jimmy Caruso**, who together kept Dick Donohue alive.

I want to remember FBI agent **John Foley**, who stayed on the street for days until the bitter end, and **Billy Evans**, the Boston police commander who got them to stop firing at the boat and ensured that one of the suspects would live and fill in the blanks.

I want to remember all those names. And I want to see **Janey Richard** dance again.

As for the alleged bombers, and their nutty mother, the sooner I forget them, the better.

(Reprinted from The Boston Globe, Tuesday, April 30, 2013.)

A city rises

By **Mark A. Bruno**, PAX Assistant Editor

How do you put into words the senseless tragedy that unfolded at the Boston Marathon? What should have been a fun, celebratory day out for many individuals and their families and friends, turned into a day they will never forget. The chaos and confusion that unfolded on live television was horrific. How could this happen in Boston? Who would want to hurt children? Who would want to hurt innocent people? Marathon Monday is a sacred event in Boston—one that features runners from all over the world. People of all races and religions come together for a fun-spirited competition; a day to enjoy life. Unfortunately, life meant nothing to those responsible for this heinous act. We expect these acts of terror to take place anywhere but here, but that all changed on 9/11. We try to lull ourselves into a false sense of security, but the reality is that acts of terror can be inflicted upon us at anytime, anywhere.

For my fellow officers who were at ground zero of this tragic event, nothing can ever prepare you for the chaos and carnage that ensued. You brave officers rose to the call of duty, hitting the ground running, and along with EMS and Fire, managed to save many lives and comfort those who were in shock. You took control of what would become the most horrific crime scene in Boston's history. It has become Boston's 9/11. We shared in New York's grief but never felt the sting firsthand until this day. Most amazing was how everyone rose to the occasion; from first responders to regular citizens who helped strangers who were injured from the blast. No one is looking for hero-status; everyone was merely doing their jobs. Terror has come to Boston and all of you stepped up to confront it. The pictures show what most Americans consider to be heroes in their eyes. They were not wrong. These pictures were powerful, heartbreaking, and gut wrenching. This was a full-on display of heroes in action. Never have I been more proud to be a Boston Police Officer.

I think most officers will agree that dealing with children can be very emotional. Most of us have kids of our own so we understand, as parents, how precious life is. To lose a child is the hardest thing



a parent can ever face. Young **Martin Richard** was the youngest fatality of this attack. This eight-year old boy from Dorchester, full of life and whom everybody loved, had his life stolen. You cannot imagine the impact of the blast on this precious little boy. I thought about this when I went home and saw my kids. I sat alone and cried for this little boy and his family. Cops are human too and we feel the emotional impact of this senseless loss of innocence. Captain **Frank Armstrong** stood post over this young boy until he was sent to the morgue. Officer **Fran Deary** and **Paul Downey**, along with MOP Officers **Jimmy Scopa** and **Billy Zubrin**, also stood by with Captain Armstrong at the scene. This young child was given the dignity and respect that a General on the field of battle would get. Officer Scopa stated "there was no way this little boy and young lady were going to lie there alone in the street while a crime scene was processed around them." Such compassion and dedication is what we have come to expect from all our members. At the morgue, several officers stood guard and waited for the family to arrive to pay their final respects before they sent him off to the funeral home. Our members saluted the family as they walked in. The Richard family was moved by the respect given to their son. Father **Sean Connor**, our Chaplain, escorted the family in to see their son's body. What a heartbreaking scene to hold your child for the last time. As police officers, these episodes drain us emotionally. We are not made of stone like most people think. There isn't an officer who didn't cry for this poor little boy and his grief-stricken family. Our heartfelt thoughts and prayers are with the Richard family during their unimaginably difficult time. Our thoughts and prayers are also with the other victims and their families.

The BPPA, BPSOF, Detective's Benevolent Society and Local 718 (Boston Fire) along with several other unions put up a reward of \$50,000 for the arrest and conviction of those responsible. The outrage felt by all these unions brought forth this collaborative effort to catch those responsible for these heinous acts. The ringing theme for all was that we would not cower to terrorism, and our resolve would be swift. Every union leader expressed their condolences to the victims and their families.



Martin Richard

We saw a man in a cowboy hat (**Carlos Arredondo**) who applied pressure to a leg vein of a victim (**Jeff Bauman**) who lost both legs. He gave true meaning to “cowboy up!” These are acts of kindness that go above and beyond. We watched our second-to-none Emergency Medical Services jump into action. This was like an episode of M*A*S*H for these EMTs. Life went from a still calm to utter chaos in a matter of seconds. The preparedness and level of professionalism shown by these individuals who are doing God’s work cannot be measured in words. We are truly blessed to have such talented people in this field. God bless all of you.

Boston Fire Fighters along with other Fire Departments from around the surrounding Boston area also were present and jumped into action. All of us first responders working towards a common cause: the preservation of human life. When we watch these videos and look at the pictures of heroes in action, we realize how lucky we are to be living in such a great city. We are the Hub of the universe.

When I heard and read the tributes from around the country which are too numerous to mention here, I was moved with the rest of the people from this area. Boston has always been a world class city and has stepped up for others in times of need. This loving support will not be forgotten. For the two cowards responsible for these despicable acts, know this, you may have bloodied our nose, but our spirit and resolve on the matter are unbroken. Vice President **Joe Biden** said it best when he called them, “Two twisted, perverted, and cowardly, knock-off Jihadists.”

What was amazing to all around the country and the world was how fast these two miscreants were caught. The joint effort of local, state, and federal law enforcement to bring this matter to a swift resolve was incredible. The general public and the media could not say enough about the fine job done by our law-enforcement community. It was really nice to hear so many people say, “thank you for your service!” We can all hold our heads high for a job well done. As the world looked on, justice was served with the shooting of and capturing of the two terrorist brothers. It was a combined effort by all agencies involved that helped to bring this matter to a quick resolve.



Not one member of this department looked for accolades, rather it was a team effort, and that is how it should be acknowledged. Many issues arose for our officers during this critical incident that shall be addressed by the BPPA leadership, but now is not the time.

Boston Police lined up along Albany Street to pay tribute as the hearse carrying MIT Police Officer, **Sean Collier**, drove by. The Memorial service held on his behalf at Briggs Field in Cambridge was filled with police and citizens. Fourteen-thousand seats had been set up and police officers from all over the country and Canada came to pay their respects. There were roughly ten thousand cops in attendance. This was very touching for the family of Sean Collier, and a perfect sendoff for the fallen hero. Sean’s brother stated how impressed his brother would have been with the bagpipes, lights and sirens, and all the other speakers who were in attendance. Our Boston Police Honor Guard, along with many other departments, lined the side of the field next to the audience. I had never seen so many flags at one venue!

MIT Police Chief **John DiFava** highlighted how Officer Sean Collier, in his short career, had really made an impact on his fellow officers and the student body who really respected him. Officer Collier got involved in student activities and befriended students of all nationalities. The Collier family should be proud of the impact this young man had on so many lives in so short a time.

Vice President Joe Biden spoke very eloquently of the victims and their families. Putting politics aside, today was about being a strong and proud American, and having pride in the freedoms we enjoy. These are hard-fought freedoms which some of our soldiers and citizens have laid down their lives to protect. We may not be a perfect society, but we are free! I don’t believe God made any of us perfect. I don’t believe God agrees with killing children or innocent people. I thought Vice President Biden’s speech was passionate and showed how much he respects law-enforcement officers and their families.

See **Rises** on page 14



From **Rises** on page 13

There are so many people and organizations to thank for going above and beyond during this crisis. If I fail to mention you here, rest assured you will be mentioned in follow-up articles. To all the local hospitals and doctors that handled all the wounded, your magnificent efforts saved lives. We truly have the best in the world when it comes to healthcare and Emergency Medical Technicians. God bless you all! To the hotels and businesses that opened up their doors to see that law enforcement officers were hydrated, fed, and had a place to sit for a couple of minutes during their long tours of duty, your acts of kindness and that of your staff were greatly appreciated by all who wear a uniform. To local vendors, Shaw's and Stop and Shop, for providing water and food to our officers in the impact zones, thank you so much. To Mul's and Amrhein's of South Boston, thank you for your kindness. To Harpoon Brewery, thank you as well for your donations and support.



hesitated when it came to giving your support. All of you placed three food trucks on the road and headed up to Boston to feed and keep our troops hydrated while we were working long hours in the impact zone. Our friendship with New York Police and New Jersey goes back many years. The respect we have for our brothers and sisters in the Big Apple and New Jersey is second-to-none. We always enjoy our sports rivalry but we have nothing but the

utmost respect for the profession we share. On behalf of the Boston Police

Patrolmen's Association and all our other respective unions within the Boston Police Department, thank you so much for your kindness and support during this crisis. **Like 9/11, we will never forget, and like the phoenix from the ashes, so too will the City of Boston rise.**

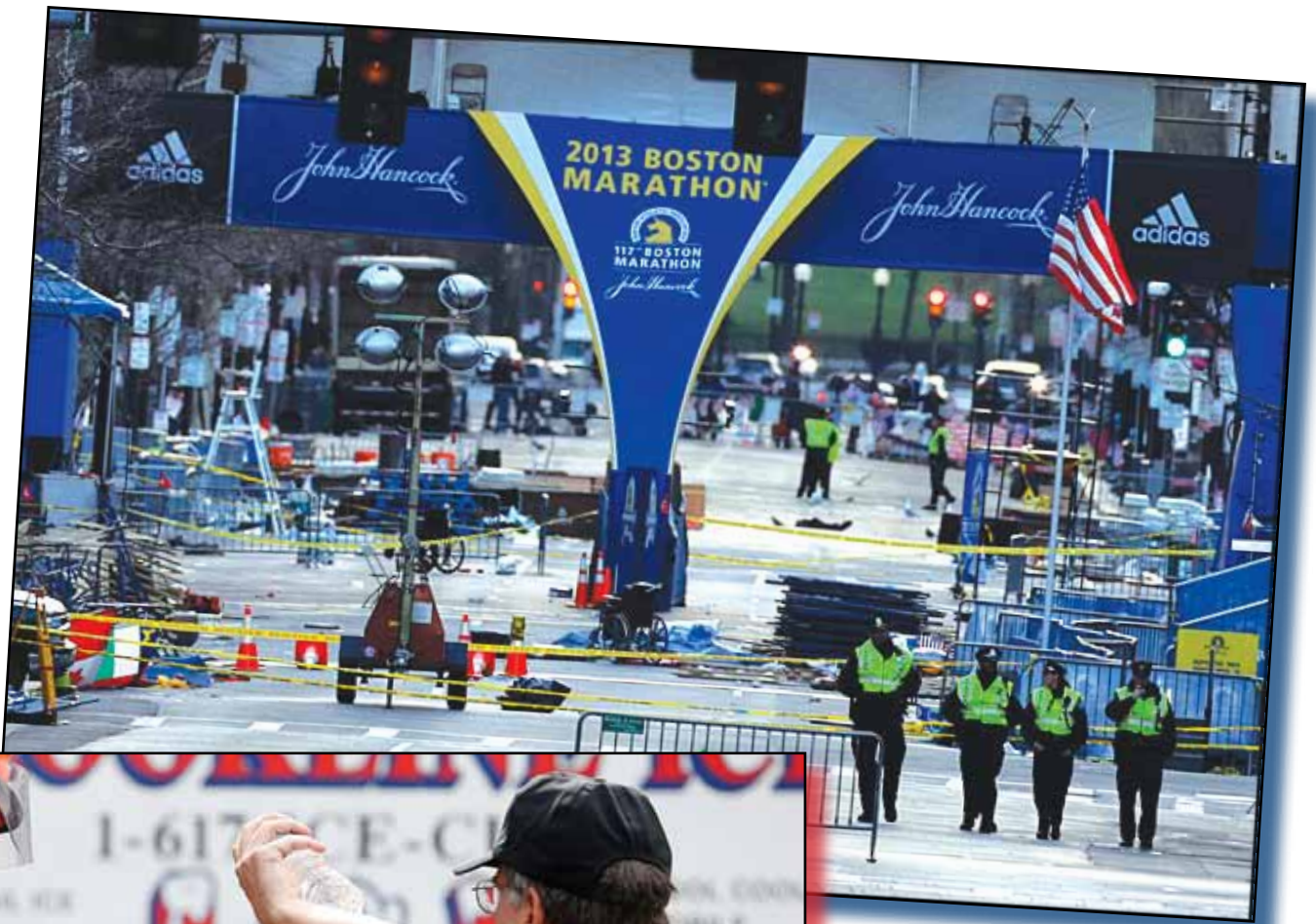


To all those police officers from across the country and from Canada, words cannot describe the support you gave the Collier family during the Memorial service. What a fitting tribute to a fine officer. Talking with many of you later on, I learned just how much respect Boston Police Officers got for a job well done. Many local police officers from surrounding towns came into Boston and made their services available to assist Boston Police during this time. Boston was proud to have all your support.

Finally, the last thank you goes out to the New York Police Departments Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the Sergeant's Benevolent Association, and the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. You never







A new appreciation for the police

By Joe Fitzgerald, *Boston Herald*

He's now the senior man on Ladder 9 in Charlestown, which is pretty much where **Damon Mercer** dreamed of winding up when he was a kid living on Mission Hill.

Becoming a Boston firefighter was always the goal.

Becoming a cop? No way.

"I'd see people applauding firefighters, knowing they had come to help," Mercer, 52, recalled. "I'd hear of Officer Friendly, but in my mind Mr. Friendly was always a firefighter. People would get mad at the police, especially when they came to lock up someone, but firefighters never made anyone mad."

Perhaps those memories contributed to the euphoria he felt Friday night when he and his wife, Carmen, sat together in their Dorchester home with eyes glued to televised coverage of Dzhokhar Tsarnaev's capture, ending a widespread wave of civilian trauma not seen around here since the days of the Boston Strangler.

"When all those residents stood on the side of the road to cheer officers as they left the scene," Mercer said, "I don't mind telling you I cried. It was so beautiful, and what made it all the more beautiful to me was that it was spontaneous, as if an unbearable weight had just been lifted off their shoulders."

Two nights earlier, in another spontaneous moment, a Bruins crowd bellowed the national anthem as passionately as possible. An old joke tells of someone going to a fight where a hockey game broke out; on Wednesday night, Bruins fans went to a hockey game where the Fourth of July broke out.

Maybe this will be the start of a new appreciation for what cops are called upon to do. Firefighters, as Mercer noticed when he was a kid, have always had the public's admiration and gratitude.

Cops? If they're killed on the job, you'll hear all about the perils they face on our behalf. But when was the last time citizens cheered them just for doing their jobs?

That's what made what happened in Watertown such a

watershed moment for law enforcement personnel everywhere. More than a century ago, **Edward Croker**, a



New York fire chief, made a declaration about his profession that's no less true of cops.

"It's a hazardous occupation," he said. "The risks are plain. Consequently, when a man becomes a firefighter his act of bravery has already been accomplished. Everything else is his daily duty."

So it is with cops, knowing they become targets for the madness in this world every time they venture out in uniform.

Here's hoping they know those cheers they received in Watertown came from all of us.

(Reprinted from The Boston Herald, Monday, April 22, 2013.)





A Very Personal Thank You

First and foremost, I want to say to each and everyone of you, outstanding work and great job. In my almost 19 years on the job, I have never been more proud to say I am a Boston cop than I have been the last few weeks.

On April 15, 2013, terrorism came to Boston. It came in the form of two fools who had no idea what they were really doing. Two selfish, spoiled idiots who thought we would lay down and roll up into a ball. What they didn't realize or understand was that along that route were men and women in blue uniforms, with silver and gold badges who would never allow them to win! On that day, I saw the best in our Department, the EMS, the BFD and the citizenry. All of whom came together and selflessly charged towards the victims, despite the underlying possibility that other devices may be present. There were only two cowards on Boylston St. that day. Rather what I saw was literally hundreds of heroes. Coward #1 is dead and Coward #2 is locked up like an animal and will undoubtedly die that way.

Over the next several days, we all worked countless hours. We had our kids' school vacation stolen. But we remained strong. Our friends from New York came to our side to help in any way they could. The President came and we stood watch, daring them to try something else.

Then on Thursday night we heard the call we most fear. MIT Police Officer **Sean Collier** was ambushed and killed by these cowards. They wanted his pistol, but were too dumb to figure out his safety holster. They carjacked a car and made their way towards Watertown. Due to the fact that the investigation is still going on, I will refrain from the details. I will say I was in the right place at the right time. I only did what each and every one of you would have done if you were on Laurel St. And that brings me to the reason for the letter. This letter is not about what I did, but about what **WE** did, and what you've done for me after that night. I want to say to all of you, **THANK YOU!** Thank you for easing my heart and mind on Friday by catching Coward #2. I wanted him to be found dead, that makes me human. But **YOU** didn't kill him and drag his body through the streets, like their ilk did in Benghazi, Mogadishu or Iran. And that makes us **AMERICANS!** That makes us better than them. They attacked us, they killed and maimed our children. They attacked our friends and families. And we did our job! **YOU** caught him and **WE** will bring him to justice.

I want to thank you for the support you've given me in the days since. I literally cannot keep my phone charged, due to all of the phone calls, text messages and e-mails I've received, and continue to receive. In no way do I mean to leave anyone out, and if I do I apologize in advance. There are a few people I feel I must mention – **John Moynihan** and **Walter Suprey** who were with me that night in the VK05, **John Noberini** of D-14, **Ryan Stanton** and **Michael Rea** of the Harvard University PD, and **Chris Dumont** of the MSP. There's been a lot written and said about my efforts to assist Transit Officer **Dic Donohue**. I want it to be known that it was a total **TEAM EFFORT**. These six guys did as much and probably more than I did in making sure that Dic survived. I visited P.O. Donohue this past Saturday, 4/27/13, and am proud to report that he was up and walking, taking ten steps with a walker. From that point on Thursday, so many walked up and said, "Are you OK. Great job," so that unfortunately I cannot remember them all. A few I must thank personally. From the YVSF – **Jamie Conley** and **Taylor Small**. They were directed to stay with me and they refused to leave my side until I left the scene a few hours later. This despite the natural desire to get in on the hunt that was underway for Coward #2. My first partner and classmate **Terry Joyce** from C-6 who put his hand on my shoulder and calmly said,

"Are you hurt? What do you need?" I didn't need anything, but I knew if I did, he'd have gotten it for me. Also from the YVSF, **Lt. Bailey, Sgt. Cogavin** and **Sgt. Det. Earl Perkins** who got me away from the mob of people who naturally had 100 questions for me. None of whom were doing anything malicious, they were just being cops. I want to thank **Kenny Conley**, D-14 DCU, who despite having been through an extremely harrowing event, that I did not even find out about until the next day, had but one concern, my welfare. The two EMTs from H&H whose name I don't know who allowed me to be stubborn and stay on the scene for several hours, because I didn't want to leave until Coward #2 was caught. They were understanding and professional. Also, **Sgt. Det. Kevin Wagget** and **Jason Nunez** of D-14 DCU, who despite also being directly involved were more concerned with my wellbeing than their own. Also from the YVSF, I'd like to thank **Greg McCormack, Dennis Simmons** and **Jean Jean-Louis**, who had the confidence and trust in me to reach out for my help after their involvement on Thursday night. I hope I was able to help. The last thing I want to say about that night is this, and I want to make it very clear, I was absolutely **NOT** mistreated by anyone from the Boston Police Department, up to and including the highest levels of the Command Staff. I had a description of Coward #2 and it needed to be put out forthwith! That is all anyone asked of me. Any rumors or stories to the contrary are false.

Over the next few days, the calls, text messages and e-mails came from all over the department. From literally every rank from Patrolman on up. I hope I replied to all of them, if I am remiss I hope I will reply as soon as I can. Some have called or texted me daily, in no particular order, my partner **Tommy Noto, Danny Griffin, Lt. Bailey, Bobby Boyle, Sgt. Fleming, Kenny Conley** and **Sgt. Det. Keeler**. Without prying or asking too much, they have asked, "Are You OK?" or "How are you doing?" When I replied "I'm good," they let it go.

From the BPPA, I want to thank my classmate and friend **Pat Rose**, who despite being the senior Union official on the scene at that time, was trying to juggle about 60 things at once, was still most concerned that we were OK, and being taken care of. You were once again "The Commander," as we called you in the Academy. Attorneys **Tom Drechsler** and **Ken Anderson**, whose sound advice and calm demeanor made the interview process seem like nothing at all. I want to add that the day after my interview, Ken called me to see if I was OK. Not as my attorney, but as a friend. A friend who heard my account of Thursday firsthand and was worried about me. I cannot say enough about what a classy a guy and how great a human being he is. Lastly, my great friend and former partner **Chris Broderick**, who stayed with me in the ambulance when I was making jokes one second and being overcome with emotions after being told (incorrectly, Thank God!) that P.O. Donohue had succumbed to his wounds. Chris sat with me at the hospital and then took me home. I'll leave it at that. Those of you who are familiar with our relationship will understand why, if I say any more, I'm sure I'll hear about it later. As long as he's a part of it, I'm sure that the BPPA's future is extremely bright!

Lastly, I don't have the words (I have longevity, not the Quinn Bill) to properly describe how proud I am of all of you, how proud I am to work with you, how proud I am to be your Brother and your Friend. And how proud I am of our City and of this Department. God willing, the worst days are behind us now, but I will never forget that week and all that **WE** did!

*Semper Fidelis,
P.O. Rick Moriarty*

MIT Officer always looked out for others

By **Kevin Cullen**, *Boston Globe*

When he was 6 years old, **Sean Collier** was sitting in a booth at a Papa Gino's with his mother, **Kelley**, and his little brother **Andy**, having a pizza.

There was a woman in another booth, alone, and she was crying.

"Mum," Sean Collier whispered, leaning across the table, "you've got to go talk to that lady."

Kelley looked over at the woman and tried to reassure her son.

"Sean," she said, "I'm sure she just wants to be alone."

"Maybe she has no one," Sean replied. "You're a nurse, mum. Please go talk to her."

Her conscience nudged by a 6-year-old boy, Kelley walked over to the woman and asked if she was OK.

On Monday morning, as they prepared to bury their brother, the siblings of **Sean Collier**, the MIT police officer murdered by inexplicable hatred, asked me to listen to what they call Sean stories. They knew that people all over the world knew Sean was a dedicated, compassionate police officer. But they wanted people to know about the 27-year-old who was a loyal brother, a dutiful son, a doting uncle. They wanted people to know that in a sprawling family that grew up in a sprawling house in Wilmington, the second youngest of six kids was their moral compass. That the internal question asked so often by **Joe Rogers**, his wife, and their kids was, "What would Sean do?"

When he was a little boy, from the age of 3 or 4, Sean was obsessed with the American flag. He drew it constantly. With crayons. With pencils. With magic markers. And then he'd hand them out to family, friends, and total strangers.

From a tender age, he was an entrepreneur. He would gather rocks, paint them vibrant colors, then set them out a table on Lorin Drive and try to sell them.

"Sean," his brothers and sisters told him, "no one is going to buy a painted rock."

But he was irrepressible, and some people in the neighborhood couldn't resist the earnest young Collier kid. They bought his rocks.

His sister **Jenn Rogers** and he were close in age, and they were inseparable as kids. They sat together on the big recliner in the living room, brother and sister, and they'd build forts with blankets draped across furniture.

Andy Collier looked up to his big brother Sean. Once, when Andy went to step on an ant in their kitchen, Sean stopped him.

"You can't kill it," 7-year-old Sean Collier told his brother. "It's a living thing. Pick it up with a napkin and put it outside."

Jennifer Lemmerman was always close to her brother Sean but



Sean Collier was second oldest of six children and his family's moral compass. Clockwise from lower left, siblings **Andrew Collier**, **Nicole Lynch**, **Sean Collier**, **Jennifer Lemmerman**, **Jenn Rogers** and **Rob Rogers** posed for a family photo.



MIT Police Officer **Sean Collier**

they really bonded one summer, when Sean was in high school and Lemmerman was in college. They shared a summer job at a medical office in which they had to transfer a series of medical records into a computer system.

To pass the time, they listened to the radio, and at one point the station ran a fund-raiser for the Jimmy Fund. Sean was transfixed by the stories of little kids getting cancer and getting better.

"Sean was so profoundly affected by those stories," his sister said. "He went home that night and made a donation. He was in high school. He didn't have any money, but he set up an automatic withdrawal from his bank account. He had that automatic withdrawal until the day he died."

His big brother **Rob Rogers** was in awe when Sean helped a family that lives down the street. The father had a stroke. The son got in an accident and lost his leg.

"He was in the police academy, paying his own way, but somehow Sean scraped together \$1,000 for that family," Rob Rogers said. "I still don't know how he did it."

Sean's sister, **Nicole Lynch**, was the oldest and the first of the siblings to have children. When her oldest, 5-year-old **Kailey**, complained about getting glasses, saying it would make her look awkward, Uncle Sean came over for a visit.

"You look beautiful in those glasses," he told his niece. "They make you look smart."

Kailey smiled, and her uncle handed her a case that he had used

when he wore glasses as a child. Kailey treasures the case and still keeps her glasses in it.

At MIT, **Sean Collier** looked after the students with the same paternal concern he had for his nieces. If some people dismissed some of the MIT kids as nerds, Sean was fiercely protective of them.

When a young woman was assaulted on campus and was terrified at the prospect of identifying her attacker, Sean showed up and literally held her hand.

“When people say he was born to be a cop, they should know that didn’t start when he was 18,” **Rob Rogers** said. “It started at 3, when he began looking out for everybody.”

Sean Collier grew to love country and western music. One of the country music stations plays the national anthem at noon every day, and when ever Sean was in his cruiser at noon, he would turn on that station and listen to the national anthem. The love of flag he developed as a little boy never left him.

And yet he was especially welcoming to the MIT students who came from countries where the police are not trusted. He won them over with his easy smile, a kind word, his remarkable ability to remember even the most unpronounceable names from far-flung lands.

His brothers and sisters sat there Monday, preparing to say goodbye a final time, and they smiled and laughed more than they cried because Sean Collier did so much in 27 years, and one thing he did was teach his siblings how to live a good life.



A memorial was created for fallen MIT Police Officer Sean Collier.

“I am so proud to be his brother,” **Rob Rogers** said. “He made me want to change the way I live. He made me want to be better to people, to protect people. He made me want to be like him.”

(Reprinted from The Boston Globe, Tuesday, April 23, 2013)



A moment of silence for MIT Police Officer Sean Collier.



A report from the blast sites

By **P.O. Thomas Barrett, ID #96731**

I respectfully report that on Monday April 15, 2013 I was assigned as the MD693S to Boylston St., between Ring Road and Fairfield St., even-numbered side of the street. My supervisor was Sgt. Hobson. There were no issues on post that day that were unusual or out of the ordinary. The fans and spectators were well behaved. At approximately 2:50 PM there was a large explosion near the finish line on Boylston St. at Exeter St. I heard a large blast, similar to the firing of a large cannon. I saw a large white cloud of smoke, followed by an orange flame and black smoke. As I began to walk towards that event, another loud explosion occurred in front of 755 Boylston St. There was a large explosion, followed by a large orange flame. I ran to the blast site and observed numerous casualties.

I immediately saw a W/M laying on the sidewalk on Boylston St. nearest to the green mailbox in front of 755 Boylston St. The W/M victim sustained a major injury to, I believe, his right leg. The W/M had no clothing below his waist and his upper body and clothing were on fire. I used my gloved hands to extinguish the flames on the front and back of his upper body, mid torso, upper legs. Another person, unknown, poured a drink on the flames to assist in extinguishing the flames. After the flames were out, a W/F. was administering first aid to the serious leg wound. She was applying pressure to his lower leg/knee. I asked people to remove their belts, or straps to bags and purses, so we could apply tourniquets to the injured that were missing limbs. It appeared that many victims had traumatic injuries to their lower limbs. I was handed a belt by a person and applied a tourniquet to the W/M nearest the green mailbox. The W/F was still tending to his injuries. I placed the tourniquet on his, I believe, right thigh and tightened it. I instructed the W/F to keep it tight. I moved to the next victim. I observed other persons tending to the injured. I observed a W/M that had an open stomach wound with his organs extruding from his body.

As I began to attend to a victim, an unknown persons) yelled that there was a child in the blast site. The person yelled to me "get this child out of here" (something to that effect). I was handed a W/M child. I grabbed him under his arms and walked from the sidewalk onto Boylston St. I placed the child in my arms and carried him towards the BAA Medical Tent I could see that the child had a head injury and was bleeding. I ran towards Exeter St. and could see a Boston EMS (found out later P-40) Ambulance coming down Exeter St. from Huntington Ave. I waved the ambulance over, the two paramedics exited the ambulance. I handed the child over to them, told them of his injuries, and told them about the second blast site located at 755 Boylston St. I ran back to the blast site to continue to assist in helping the injured.

When I returned there were numerous injured that were being attended to by police officers. EMS personnel, fire personnel, and citizens. I was approached by two people who identified themselves as doctors. I told them to "jump in!" They did jump in and began treating the injured. A Boston EMS Ambulance had pulled up to the scene from Exeter St. Fire personnel had asked for stretchers to carry the injured. I went to Boston Fire L-15 which had pulled up to the scene. I began to open the various compartment doors on the truck. I found a metal litter and slid it over to the sidewalk. I located two red backboards and slid them over to the sidewalk. The next victim I helped to treat, with assistance from numerous persons, had also received serious lower leg injuries and tourniquet(s) had been

Boston Police Officer Thomas Barrett carries an injured child out of harm's way in the aftermath of the Marathon blasts.



placed on his leg(s). Approximately six of us loaded this seriously injured person into the metal litter and brought him to the Boston EMS Ambulance. We placed him inside the rear. There were three victims, the one child I had given them earlier and two others, inside being attended to by Boston EMS personnel. Boston EMS stated that they could not fit other victims and were transporting these victims to Mass. General Hospital. I found out later that his ambulance had been routed to BWH and Children's Hospital. I then went back and tried to help in any way I could. There were people yelling concerns about possible secondary devices. However, I saw no one leave the injured over the concerns of a possible second explosion at 755 Boylston St.

The next victim was a W/M who had sustained injuries to his legs, possibly two broken legs, injuries to his chest, back, and neck. The victim was rolled over as safe as possible, and I slid the backboard under him, and we rolled him onto the backboard. We used belts to secure him to the board. We carried him to another waiting ambulance and placed him in the rear.

After returning to the scene, all of the injured were being removed and officers were being directed by **Sgt. Det. Keeler, Sgt. Det. McDonough, Sgt. Det. Perkins, Detectives Jack Joyce, Jimmy Simpson, and Tom Connolly** were beginning to identify evidence located at the scene. The front windows of the businesses had been smashed and glass was on the sidewalk, along with blood and body parts. There were severed limbs on the street. Officers had been clearing civilians out of the scenes once the injured were removed. **Sgt. Det. Keeler** then began clearing all police personnel from the immediate scene, securing the perimeter, and beginning to bring in EOD members to sweep the area.

I removed myself to the Shaw's Supermarket on Ring Rd. I remained at this post with Boston Police Officers, Mass. State Troopers, and Federal Agents. After approximately one hour. **Officer Pat Murphy** and I went to Huntington Ave. and Harcourt St. to assist with crowd control and traffic.

While assisting at this location with **Officers Fred Stevens and Angel Hernandez** from MOP, and **Officers Joe Glynn and Bill Louberry** from D-4, there was a report of a possible device located in the pedestrian bridge connecting the Westin Hotel, Marriott Hotel, and Prudential Center. We began directing pedestrians out of the area and down Harcourt St. towards the South End. I had the Marriott Hotel secure the outer doors exiting onto Huntington Ave. to prevent pedestrians from entering the area. I remained at this post, on Huntington Ave. and Exeter St. until approximately 11:30 PM when I was relieved by a supervisor.



One of the least publicized impressions of the standoff in Watertown was this photo of a Brookline Policeman bringing milk to a family with young children in the immediate area during the lockdown.

A message from Transit Police Officer Richard “Dic” Donohue

I cannot begin to properly thank everyone involved in my recovery, as many fearless individuals stepped up and acted heroically that night. To start I must thank my brothers from the Transit, Boston, Harvard, Watertown, Cambridge and State Police, as well as fire department personnel and the various other first responders, all of whom put their own lives on the line to save mine. In the midst of a firefight they dropped to the ground and assisted me when I was shot. My family got through those first few days through the community’s outpouring of prayers and endless support. I am told that when I arrived at the hospital I had almost no blood and no pulse, and the team of medical experts at Mount Auburn miraculously brought me back to life. I am now awake, moving around, talking, and telling jokes (much to my wife’s dismay). I am able to walk briefly through the use of a walker. My pain varies day to day and I still have a long road of rehab and recovery ahead, but I am optimistic I’ll recover back to 100%. The bullet will remain in my leg as it is not obstructing anything or causing any pain. However my wife has informed me that the bullet will ultimately cause her the most pain, as I will be using it to get out of things such as mowing the lawn, doing laundry, and painting the deck.

My wife and I send heartfelt condolences to the Collier family. Sean was one of my good friends out of the Academy and I arrived on scene soon after Sean’s attack. There is not a single day we are not thinking or speaking of Sean. And we are certain Sean was watching over me and assisted in saving my life. He could not save himself that night, but Sean could save me.

We want to again thank everyone for their prayers and concerns. I, however, have very little memory of the week’s events and am working with officials to piece everything together. When the full



Transit Police Officer Richard “Dic” Donohue

story of that evening is accounted for, it will be wilder than any movie you have ever seen. And it will contain more heroes.

My wife and I understand the news value of what has occurred, but we ask you to give us the time and space we need during my recovery.

Thank you for your understanding.

*In utmost respect,
Richard “Dic” Donohue*





BPD/EMS employees on duty during the Marathon bombing: BE NOT AFRAID...

By **Jim Carnell**, *Pax Editor*

To ask for help, or to talk to someone... 617-343-5175

As we all know, the events that occurred during the Boston Marathon of April 15th, 2013, were the most horrific events witnessed by our members and BPD employees in anyone's recollection. What began as an enjoyable day in mid-April sunshine announcing the unofficial beginning of spring in Boston ended in horrible agony, death and dismemberment for hundreds of people.

Exactly who is responsible and what their motives might have been will be discussed in a later issue of the *Pax* (May-June, 2013; please feel free to send along your personal recollections, photos, thoughts, etc. to the BPPA). That doesn't matter right now. This commemorative issue of the *Pax* will be dedicated solely to the tragic events of that day and that week, acknowledging the heroic actions of all of our members, whether present at the scene or standing lonely outposts performing vital security tasks.

What officers, EMT's, firefighters, and many civilians witnessed that day was typical of Baghdad and Kabul, not Boylston St. That happens *there*, not *here*. Unfortunately, it *did* happen here, and there are many of you who are and will have difficulty dealing with what was seen, heard and experienced that day and that week in April. The purpose of this article is simple: to tell you that you're not alone, and don't be afraid to ask for help from the BPD peer support unit at telephone # 617-343-5175, emergency # 617-594-9091, located at 251 River St., Mattapan.

Stoicism and refraining from any visible displays of emotion is an important part of our profession; it goes without saying that we simply cannot allow ourselves to become emotional at homicides, vehicle accidents, or any of the myriad of bloody tragedies that might occur during the "routine" day of the average police officer, EMT or firefighter. We must remain in control, directing the outcome of the incident at hand, assisting the wounded, and eventually returning the scene of the tragedy to civility and order. But sometimes, things are so horrific, unexplainable and unable to be put into context as to be beyond any one individual's ability to understand. This is one of those circumstances...

Oftentimes, the officer, EMT or firefighter who pretends that "nothing bothers me" is the most needing of attention. The façade of fearlessness we put on is just that, a façade. What might not have bothered us yesterday might wake you from your sleep a month from now, in a cold sweat and gasping for breath, and you don't understand why, or, quite frankly, *don't want to know*. **YOU ARE NOT ALONE.**

Many in our profession experienced the horrors of that day, in a variety of different ways. Some saw little limbs in sneakers, some picked up body parts, some stood guard over dead bodies and were then directed to perform traffic duties. Some rushed victims without legs or arms to ambulances and then returned time and again to help another victim. It was said that ALL of the victims had been removed from the bombing scene- from the very start- ***in a mere 18 MINUTES.*** That is truly incredible, and it was only due to the skill of our EMT's and the close proximity of so many nationally-renowned hospitals that many others did not die.

But please, (and this is from the ultimate cynic, yours truly) don't feel bad about picking up the phone and asking to talk to someone! What you officers and EMT's went through was **not** normal, it was horrific and abominable. If you're concerned about confidentiality issues, consider this: I am personally aware of several officers who experienced a temporary downturn of one kind or another in their lives, for a variety of reasons. Naturally, they were concerned about the department's response to them vis-à-vis, having their livelihood impacted by losing their ability to perform details and overtime in order to provide for their families. Being sent to the hinterlands and labeled as "crazy" is not enviable, therefore, many officers decline to seek help. (If you've ever read the famous novel "Catch-22", you will immediate-

ly recognize the similarities to the BPD.) But I can personally guarantee you that under the direction of Sgt. Brian Fleming and his entire staff, the vast majority of officers were quickly returned to their assignments, and **without the department's knowledge.**

Some have grumbled that all are being sent to de-briefing sessions, insisting "I don't need it". OK, that's fine, but shutup and go for the officer next to you who might need it. On the bulletin board in my office at the *Pax*, I have several photos of officers who committed suicide recently. John Ridlon and I used to bust other's chops at every union meeting, insulting each other relentlessly. I never knew another side of him other than a goofy guy who loved being a cop. A week or so after the last time I saw him, they found his body in his own car, dead of a self-inflicted gunshot. I should have asked him out for a beer when I last saw him....

Officer Kaitlyn Keaney worked the morning-watch shift in my station, Area A-1. She was always a vibrant, happy person who made you feel good by asking how you were, making a joke, or being genuinely concerned about an arrest or incident you had been involved in. One Friday night, while dropping off a key to pass to a morning-watch unit, I noticed Katy sitting there, despondent, not seeming her usual self. I should have inquired what was wrong, as she would have done. I should have said something, in retrospect. But I guess I figured it was just the usual blues and disgust that every young cop feels at having to come to work on a Friday night and know your night is going to be filled with drunken idiots, morons and people who might seriously hurt you. So I left, and I didn't say anything. A week or so later, I stood with Sgt. Dave O'Connor outside Katy's house in South Boston, waiting for the M.E.'s office to remove her body from a self-inflicted gunshot. I regret not saying anything now, but that means nothing.

This job is not worth killing yourself. It is unforgiving and the politicians—both in uniform and out of uniform—will send you to the wolves when it is politically expedient. Don't let them win. Fight back. Make a call- 617-343-5175/ 617-594-9091. So far, the BPD peer-support unit has held almost 200 personal sessions with individual officers and over 300 officers have attended group de-briefings. There's nothing to be ashamed of. Please don't become another photo on my wall....

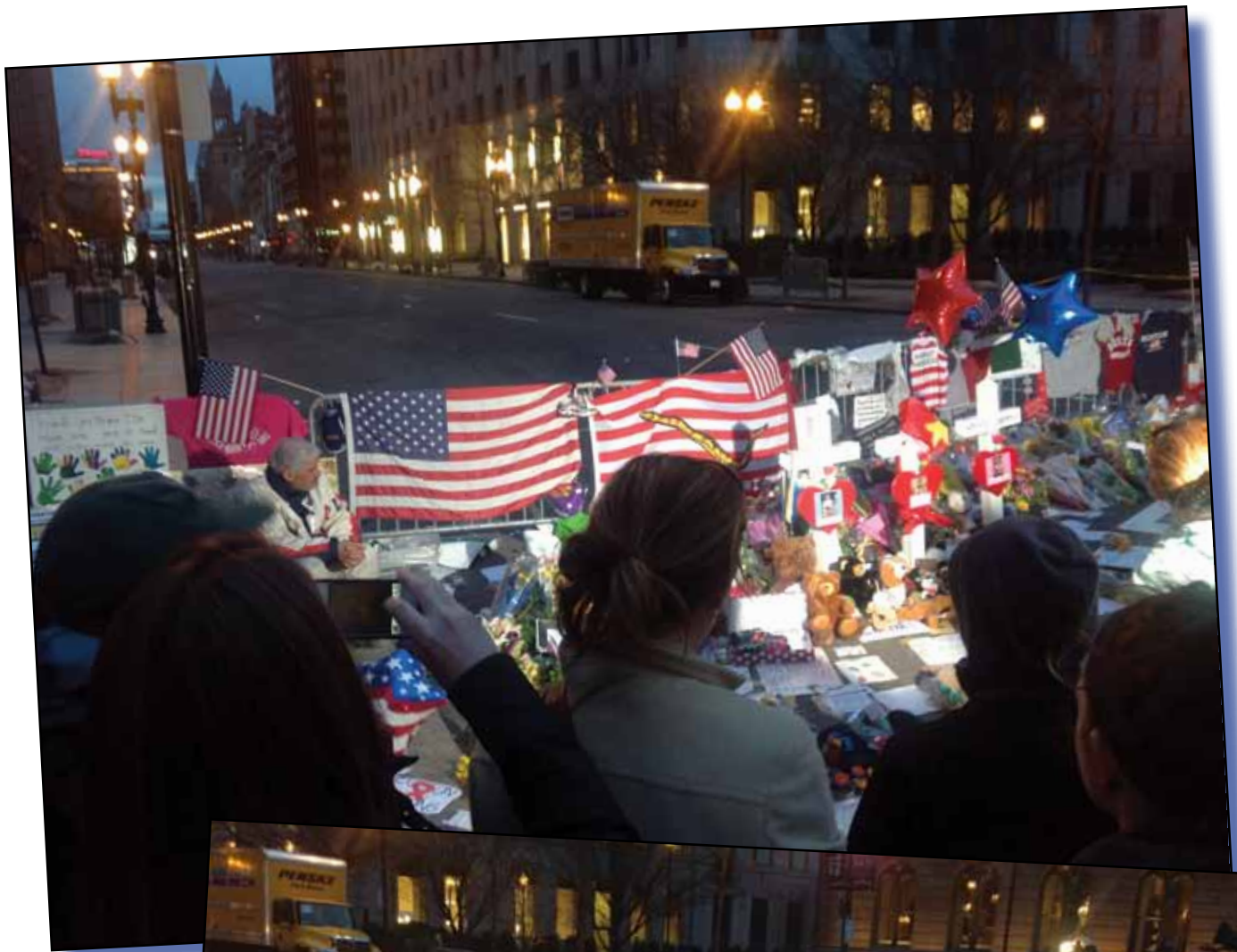
Special thank you to all the members of the BPD peer support unit who have worked tirelessly over the last two weeks and have their work cut out for them for the foreseeable future: Sgt. Brian Fleming, Officers Monique Cesar, Det. Tom Famolare, Officers Moe Smiddy, Lisa Clark-Morgan and the family assistance unit consisting of Jack McCarthy, Julie Colburn, Billy Carroll, Mike Jones. We know we probably have missed many others who helped in a myriad of ways- we thank all of you and apologize for this rushed issue of the *Pax* that may have missed your contributions. Thank you all.

NOTE: The peer support unit has an on-line quiz you can take to see if you might need assistance. Go to www.bostopeersupportquiz.org and follow the prompts. You will need to confirm that you are a Boston Police Officer, and then sign up with a username and password. You can make up a username that has no connection to you. If you are suspicious or apprehensive, use a computer belonging to a friend or family member, or use Yahoo, Gmail or one of the other sites to set up a new email account that does not use any part of your real name. **NOBODY** will use your information or contact you unless **YOU** want them to.

There are past members of the stress unit of whom I may have been suspect.

But, I have complete trust in **Sgt. Brian Fleming.**

That's a lot coming from the ultimate cynic...



Boston Police Peer Support Unit

Critical Incident Stress

You have experienced a traumatic event or a critical incident (any incident that causes emergency service personnel to experience unusually strong emotional reactions which have the potential to interfere with their ability to function either at the scene or later). Even though the event may be over, you may now be experiencing or may experience later some strong emotional or physical reactions. It is very common, in fact quite normal for people to experience emotional aftershocks when they have passed through a horrible event.

Sometimes the emotional aftershocks (or stress reactions) appear immediately after the traumatic event. Sometimes they may appear a few hours or a few days later. And, in some cases, weeks or months may pass before the stress reactions appear.

The signs and symptoms of a stress reaction may last a few days, a few weeks or a few months and occasionally longer depending on the severity of the traumatic event. With the understanding and the support of loved ones, stress reactions usually pass more quickly. Occasionally, the traumatic event is so painful that professional assistance from a counselor may be necessary. This does not imply craziness or weakness. It simply indicates that the particular trauma was just too powerful for the person to manage by themselves.

Here are some very common signs and signals of a stress reaction:

Physical

- Fatigue
- Nausea
- Muscle tremors
- Twitches
- Chest pain *
- Difficulty breathing *
- Elevated Blood Pressure
- Rapid heartbeat
- Thirst
- Headaches
- Visual difficulties
- Vomiting
- Grinding of teeth
- Weakness
- Dizziness
- Profuse sweating chills
- Shock symptoms
- Fainting
- Etc.

Cognitive

- Blaming someone
- Confusion
- Poor attention
- Poor decisions
- Heightened or lowered alertness
- Poor concentration
- Memory problems
- Hypervigilance
- Difficulty identifying familiar objects or people
- Increased or decreased awareness of surroundings
- Poor problem solving
- Poor abstract thinking
- Loss of time, place or person orientation
- Disturbed thinking
- Nightmares
- Intrusive images
- Etc.

Emotional

- Anxiety
- Guilt
- Grief
- Denial
- Severe panic (rare)
- Emotional shock
- Fear
- Uncertainty
- Loss of emotional control
- Depression
- Inappropriate emotional response
- Apprehension
- Feeling overwhelmed
- Intense anger
- Irritability
- Agitation
- Etc.

Behavioral

- Change in activities
- Change in speech patterns
- Withdrawal
- Emotional outbursts
- Suspiciousness
- Change in usual communication
- Loss or increase in appetite
- Alcohol consumption
- Inability to rest
- Antisocial acts
- Nonspecific bodily complaints
- Hyper alert to environment
- Startle reflex intensified
- Pacing
- Erratic movements
- Change in sexual functioning
- Etc.

* Definite indication of the need for medical evaluation

Things to Do After a Critical Incident

- WITHIN THE FIRST 24-48 HOURS periods of appropriate physical exercises alternated with relaxation will alleviate some of the physical reactions.
- Structure your time – keep busy.
- You're normal and having normal reactions – don't label yourself crazy.
- Talk to people – talk is the most healing medicine.
- Be aware of numbing the pain with overuse of drugs or alcohol. You don't need to complicate this with a substance abuse problem.
- Reach out – people do care.
- Maintain as normal a schedule as possible.
- Spend time with others and talk about what happened to you.
- Help others who were affected as much as possible by sharing feelings and checking out how they are doing.
- Give yourself permission to feel rotten and share your feelings with others.
- Keep a journal. Write down your thoughts and feelings about the incident. Research has shown this is very effective for symptom reduction and resolution of the trauma.
- Do things that feel good to you.
- Realize those around you are under stress.
- Don't make any big life changes.
- Do make as many daily decisions as possible which will give you a feeling of control over your life, i.e., if someone asks you what you want to eat – answer them even if you're not sure.

- Get plenty of rest.
- Reoccurring thoughts, dreams or flashbacks are normal – don't try to fight them – they'll decrease over time and become less painful.
- Eat well-balanced and regular meals (even if you don't feel like it).

For Family and Friends

- Listen carefully.
- Spend time with the traumatized person.
- Offer your assistance and a listening ear if they have not asked for help.
- Reassure them that they are safe.
- Help them with everyday tasks like cleaning, cooking, caring for the family, minding children.
- Give them some private time.
- Don't take their anger or other feelings personally.
- Don't tell them that they are "lucky it wasn't worse" – traumatized people are not consoled by those statements. Instead, tell them that you are sorry such an event has occurred and you want to understand and assist them.

Please feel free to contact the Boston Police Peer Support Unit for further information, available resources, or any questions at 617-343-5715 or 617-594-9091.

EMS Division: “Our Finest Day!”

By Ed McCarthy

“It was Boston’s worst day, and our best day” Those were the words of Deputy Superintendent **Michael Bosse** when asked to sum up the events of April 15th, 2013. No easy task when trying to describe an event that rivals the Boston Massacre of 1770 in historical importance to this great city. The bombings of the Boston Marathon brought the very real threat of terrorism to our front doorstep, and in an instant, all eyes of the world turned toward Boston.

Three people were killed, and over 280 injured, dozens critically. And even before the smoke cleared, and the echoes of the blasts died, EMTs and Paramedics of Boston EMS swarmed the sites, and attended the injured. I will not try and describe with feeble words the challenges those first brave EMTs faced when arriving on scene. Even when ordered to evacuate the area by police, as more suspicious packages were seen on the sidewalk, EMTs refused, unwilling to abandon those in need. Many lives were saved by the immediate emergency care provided on those shattered sidewalks. EMTs were not alone. Volunteers, other first responders, and bystanders swarmed in to help. Observers later remarked that in Boston, when the bombs exploded, people ran towards the blasts, and not away from them. As has been quoted by so many, when you need a hero in Boston, you only have to look to the person standing next to you.

The performance of Boston EMS in responding to the Boston Marathon Bombings was unparalleled in the history of disaster

response. According to EMS Chief of Department **James Hooley**, over ninety victims were triaged within moments, and categorized by severity. The most seriously hurt were transported to receiving hospitals within fifteen minutes of the blasts. By the time 30 minutes had elapsed, ALL of the injured from the blast zones were assigned hospitals, and were en-route to definitive care – a miraculous feat. The fact that the management, dispatch, C-Med notification, and other communication functions of Boston EMS were handled by experienced EMTs in the operations center paid off in great measure in this time of crisis. Receiving hospitals praised the swiftness of the EMS response. **Dr. Peter Burke** at Boston Medical Center, among others, commented that he could not sing louder the praises for the EMS response to the scene. “Their actions saved many lives.”

The training at Boston EMS is such that no one need be told what to do. Radio traffic was strangely quiet as crews went to work treating and extricating the injured. Boston EMS crews are simply the best of the best. EMS has long been a forward-thinking agency when it comes to disaster and attack response. EMS Special Operations Specialists plan for the unthinkable regularly, and had units and resources in place, ready for use if needed, as they do at all special events. The French newspaper *Le Figaro* foolishly speculated that unlike Los Angeles or New York, Boston was “relatively unprepared for acts of terrorism.” Silly, smelly Frenchmen. You could not be more wrong.





Boston is a big city, and unfortunately, other things do happen, even in the presence of such a huge event. Non-marathon related calls for help from Boston residents still came in. Motor vehicle accidents, cardiac disorders, and the like still happened in other parts of the city. Not losing sight of the rest of the city as all eyes were focused on Boylston St., EMTs across town stepped up to the plate, responding to the roughly 280 calls a day for service that still happen. Units in outer lying districts, of course, handled those calls with aplomb. EMS crews ready to go off shift volunteered to stay, trying to shift the workload away from the crews trying to manage the disaster.

“Putting on the uniform feels different today.” Commented **EMT Lisa Hines**, a longtime member of A-11 in Dorchester a few days after the attacks. “I am honored to be dressed the same as the best EMTs and Paramedics in this country.” Later on that week, Boston EMS was called upon to provide support for the visit of the President of the United States, and a large memorial service.

Boston’s ordeal, unfortunately, was not over. As a few short days later, the murder of an MIT police officer led to a chase, and gun battle culminating in nearby Watertown. Once again, Boston EMS was called in, and in the presence of unexploded IED’s, a suspect in the bombing incidents was transported by our units to the nearest trauma center. That suspect received the same care from Boston EMS that the crews’ own family members would have received. Impressed with all the efforts expended, **Dr. Jackson** at Mass Bay Community College commented “That’s what makes us better than them. That’s why we’re going to win.” Despite EMS’s best efforts, that suspect succumbed to his various injuries.

A manhunt ensued for the remaining suspect; the entire city in lock-down, gripped by fear. Boston EMS units were at the forefront, shadowing police units as the sectors were methodically searched. When the injured suspect was discovered, it was Boston EMS, once again, who was called upon to care for, and transport the injured individual, who survived his wounds and is now in police custody.

It was a week of hell. The dust is settling in Boston only now as the enormity of events wash past us. The city is slowly returning to normal. Boylston St. has re-opened to traffic, and commerce. Sidewalks in the area are filling with flowers, candles, and stuffed animals; memorials to the injured, and the dead. The phrase “Boston Strong” has now permanently entered the national lexicon. EMT Jennifer Archila described a feeling of “sweet victorious closure,” and thanked God we as mere mortals were able to accomplish what we did.

The response by Boston EMS to the Marathon bombing incident will have more far-reaching effect than we realize as this paper goes to print. Ambulance agencies, other municipalities, and even foreign governments will closely study the methodology used by EMS in Boston. The response by Boston EMS will become THE global model for how sudden disasters and acts of terrorism should be handled.

It was indeed our finest day. I have never been prouder to be a part of this department. The City of Boston is in good hands, and if our example is followed, the rest of the world is too.

Boston Strong.



