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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 26 Jul 2012 01:51:00 GMT  
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From: Tikatue Sent: 3/18/2007 8:09 PM

Friday, August 17, 2068, 10:45 p.m., Tracy Island

"International Rescue wishes to thank all of those involved in the treatment and care of our personnel following the recent crash of our medical vessel. We would like to particularly extend our gratitude to the Kansas Region II EMS team, to the staff of Mercy General Hospital in Los Angeles, including Dr. Theresa Mercado-Tucker, Dr. Andrew Carmichael, Dr. Rajeev Singh, Dr. Stephen Mansfield, Mr. Geraldo Montoya, and to Mercy General's Ms. Carol Ferris and the LAPD for their sterling work in helping us maintain our security.

"Our personnel are recovering well, with no complications whatsoever. We would also like to express our heartfelt thanks for the letters, gifts, prayers and support from so many people in the Los Angeles area and around the world. We appreciate everything you have done, and it gives us the strength and courage to get back on our feet, and back out doing our job. On behalf of International Rescue, God bless you all.

"The Commander"

"That sounds good, Jeff," Emily said as she listened to him read it aloud. "But how are you going to send it?"

"I plan on having our transportation gurus in both Los Angeles and in New York hand deliver it," Jeff explained as he saved the final draft and attached it to an email.

"New York?" Emily asked, puzzled. "Why New York?"

Jeff glanced up at his mother. "Confirmation. If Ned Cook gets a copy of this at the same time that the hospital does, it's more likely to look like it has come from us, and not be something concocted by the hospital. I was also thinking of having Scott call, or add a recorded, 'Yes, this is legit' bit for Cook. He'd recognize Scott's voice as the man who helped save his life."

"I see." Emily nodded. "Shouldn't you get Scott up here, then?"

"He'll be here in just a minute," Jeff said, frowning. "Hm. When did that arrive?"

"When did what arrive?" Emily asked, a slight exasperation in her tone.

Jeff paused to rub his temples. It had been a long day, one filled with drama and high emotion, and it occurred to him that he and Dianne still hadn't spoken with the children about their vacation. Finally, he stopped his massage and replied to his mother's question. "An email from the human resources department. I asked them to flag Luke Morel's application and interview if or when it came through. Seems he had an interview with the Los Angeles office yesterday afternoon -- their time." He put his fingers on the keyboard again. "I'll read it over, then decide if I want to have him

come out."

"Luke Morel? Who is he? And why do you want him out here?"

Jeff sighed. "Since you're so all-fired curious, Ma, Luke Morel is a rescue expert, one of the people who pulled Lena Matumbo out of the ravine where her plane crashed. He applied to Tracy Industries for the position of Environmental Specialist. Lena suggested he'd make a good addition to the IR team, and with the uncertainty of Brandon's return, we could use another hand or two."

"So, you plan on bringing him out here?" Emily folded her arms. "How's he going to get here? And when? We have so many guests here already... and I'd like to know where I'm going to put him!"

Jeff sounded weary. "There's plenty of room in the Round House, Ma. And if things work out, he could be here as early as Saturday. Callie's due to return; maybe we can work it out that he flies out with Alan and Elise when they pick her up in L.A." He glanced at his mother. "I'll let you know one way or another. But first, I have to read over his application and interview results."

Both mother and son glanced up as the sound of someone opening the grillwork door reached them. "You wanted me, Dad?" Scott asked as he came down the steps. He stopped to give Emily a kiss on the cheek. "You're up late, Grandma."

"I know. I needed to get a few things straightened out with your father. Now that you're here, I'll say goodnight." She glanced up at Jeff. "Let me know if this Morel person is coming and when."

"I will, Ma," Jeff replied. "Goodnight and sleep well."

"I'll try, but with Big Momma and those kittens crying..." She shook her head and her words trailed off as she left the room.

"Goodnight, Grandma." Scott watched his grandmother go. "Morel?" He hooked a thumb over his shoulder as he turned back to his father. "What was that all about?"

"I'll explain later. Right now, Scott, I need you to record something for me..." Jeff began to explain to his oldest son just what he wanted.

A few hours later, two emails, one with an attached sound clip, appeared in the IR email boxes of Hernando Garcia and Bernie Levine for printout and hand delivery to their respective destinations. And an email also appeared in the Tracy Industries box of Bob Rawlings, Human Resources director in Los Angeles, informing him of his employer's desire to meet personally with one Luke Morel.

--thanks to both Lillehafrue and Hobbeth for their help on this one.

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