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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:23:18 GMT

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Wednesday, September 26, 5 PM; Kansas (10 AM Thursday on Tracy Island)

Jeff and Dianne had settled to watch the news before going out for dinner. They'd been out all day, running errands and making decisions, and wanted to unwind first.

It was the local news report, and it began with the all-too-familiar car accidents during rush hour, holding up traffic more than usual. Then there was a report of a trial going on. Two men had robbed a convenience store and shot the clerk, seriously injuring him. Then there were two political reports. Finally, some good news came on.

The female anchor said, "August fourteenth was a day no one is likely to forget for a long, long time. It was the day several tornados roared through, causing damage, death and destruction to all in their path. One twister even damaged an International Rescue vehicle, injuring its medical staff. I hope somehow they are watching, because we have an uplifting story to tell.

"We go to Murray Gill High School, and our reporter on the scene, Roger Cambry. Roger, what's happening there right now?"

The scene shifted to the school grounds. A thirty-something man, with wavy dark hair and a moustache, was standing a short distance away from the school's entrance. Behind him was a fairly large group of people. "A month and a half ago, this was the scene here." Footage of the school, recorded after the tornados had ceased was replayed, with Roger still on camera in an inset in the lower right hand corner. "This is what Murray Gill High School looked like three days after one of the tornados hit it. A Special Olympics Challenge Day had been held here, and the awards had been given out, when the sirens sounded.

"Everyone headed inside the school, but the tornado hit and blew the doors in. The sponsor of the event, Michael Hart, owner of Hart Construction and a well-known philanthropist, was among the injured. As soon as he could, he got his company to begin work on rebuilding the damaged structure, and it is now completed. Today they are having a ribbon cutting, and the school will reopen tomorrow morning."

Roger moved closer to the entrance, so the cameraman could pick up the ceremony more easily. Now Dianne could see a few familiar faces. She started to tell Jeff who they were, when the reporter continued.

"Mr. Hart is here with us today, along with some of the participants from the SO Day. It looks like the ceremony is about to begin; let's listen in."

The camera zoomed in on Michael. He and some of the kids, including Peter Valerian, were holding a long pair of scissors. Michael began to speak. "I am proud to be here to do this, and I thank you all for coming. Those of us who were here on that terrible day have a lot to be grateful for. And thanks to International Rescue, we can do what we're about to. So, without further ado," and he and the children began cutting the ribbon, "I declare that Murray Gill High School is once

again..."

"Open!" shouted Peter, as the cutting was completed and the ribbon fell away. He raised his small arms straight up and yelled, "Yay!"

Michael looked down at him in astonishment, and Peter's mother, Carol, gasped, as the audience stood and applauded. Carol rushed up to her son, and the camera showed her squatting down beside his wheelchair and talking to him. He answered her, hesitantly, as Michael bent over to try to hear them. He was leaning on a cane to do so.

Roger, sensing a story, headed toward them, as the people headed inside to see the changes that were made. When he reached them, he said, "Excuse me. Would you mind telling us what just happened here?"

Seeing that Carol was so focused on her son that she was oblivious to the reporter and the cameraman, Michael moved away to answer. "Peter is five years old and one of the boys who participated in the Challenge Day. He had been in the accident that killed his father about fifteen months ago. Not only did that put him in the wheelchair, he hasn't spoken a word since that day. Until," he stopped and swallowed hard, "until just now."

A giggle drew their attention to Peter. His mother was smiling, although she had just wiped away some tears.

Roger moved closer to the boy. "Hello there, young man. I hear you've been pretty quiet until now. Do you want to say anything to the people watching you?"

Peter giggled again and ducked his head shyly. His mother whispered something to him and he looked up again. Grinning widely, he said, "Hi, In-nash-al Rescue. Thank you." And he waved at the camera.

"Thank you, Peter," Roger said as the camera panned back to him once more. "Well folks, there you have it. Not only is a school open once again, but a little boy begins to speak once again. Very good news here today. Back to you, Nora."

The camera cut back to the anchor desk, and Jeff's attention turned to Dianne, who had two fingers crooked over her mouth. Tears filled her eyes, and as she blinked, ran freely down her cheeks.

"Are you okay, love?" he asked, putting an arm around her shoulders.

She nodded quickly. "Yeah, Ah'm okay." She sniffed loudly. "Oh, God, that's so amazin'! He's talkin'!" She turned to her husband. "Ah remember him. His mama was so worried. He'd broken his arm... but seein' the Thunderbirds... that seemed to perk him right up!" She leaned her head on Jeff's shoulder. "Moah than evah Ah'm so glad we do this."

"D'you think the boys will remember him? We can let them know. I bet there'll be a repeat of this later, too."

"Gordon might remember him, maybe Virgil or Alan. It was mostly the new recruits though, who were theyah workin' with us."

He pressed her to his side with a gentle squeeze. "Then perhaps the commander of IR needs to ask for a copy of this report to show our people back at headquarters."

With thanks to Tikatu for writing Jeff and Dianne's reaction to the story.

Posted by hobbeth on September 18, 2007

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