

In the Wake of Katrina: A Surgeon's First-Hand Report of the New Orleans Tragedy

Wednesday: Post Storm, Day 2

Was in Madisonville, Louisiana, for the storm. Took 2 days to cut out of St. Tammany Parish because of all the trees down.

While cleaning up after the storm in Madisonville, I heard Dr. London Guidry (surgery resident at Charity Hospital) put out a call for help over Clear Channel Radio. Decided to leave and try to get into New Orleans. The Causeway Bridge was not open nor was I-10 (Interstate 10) from Slidell into the city. Decided to go to Baton Rouge and then take I-10 in. After multiple, failed attempts, found gas at a Shell station near LSU's [Louisiana State University's] campus and got on I-10. Really wasn't sure where I was going. Rumors abounded about looting and bridges being blown out. Evacuees wandering the city. A levee break and the "bowl filling with water." Decided to try a back way into New Orleans through Destrehan. Got off the I-10 at Laplace and headed to Airline Highway. I met multiple police officers but was wearing scrubs and a white coat. Guess I didn't look like a looter. Laplace police, State police in Norco, and Destrehan police -- no one knew how to get into the city. All communication was down. No army or national guard anywhere. Made it down to Destrehan where Airline Highway was under water and blocked by 3000-lb sandbags. Spoke with a local police officer who had lost everything and was out working security on the highway. Told me to go back to 308 and get back to I-10. The stories of looting in New Orleans had caused everyone to be on the alert. A cop had been shot? All the gun stores had been looted and criminals were heavily armed? I was very nervous driving up to roadblocks with police officers on high alert. I learned that in my old truck in the pitch black with my lights on, every police officer had a gun drawn as I pulled up. I started to turn my lights off about 100 yd prior to roadblocks and turning the lights on in my car. This allowed them to see me in a white coat and alleviated me from breaking out in a sweat every time I had a gun pointed at my driver's seat. With my 38 in my lap, I was now back on I-10 from Highway 308. One more roadblock, and after giving a couple more bottled waters to state troopers, I was on I-10 at Kenner heading into the city. It was eerie. No lights anywhere. No police. No people. Couldn't see anything but what my dim headlights were illuminating -- a complete blackout. As I neared Causeway and I-10, I could see a mass of police cars and people.

I parked my car and walked into a sea of people. It was overwhelming. Helicopters were landing on the Westbound circle and having evacuees walk from the helicopters across the I-10 median, and people were placed behind barricades. Nonambulatory patients in stretchers were being placed on the 2 inside lanes of the inbound I-10. There were about 20 state police officers, 2-3 small trailers, of which one was loaded with medical supplies. As I walked up and viewed the scene, 2000-3000 people on the edge of the Interstate: standing, sitting, or lying down behind barricades. Between them and the highway lanes were barricades and state troopers. Two of the 4 traffic lanes open for passage. The remaining 2 lanes and the inside shoulder of the Interstate

were crowded with a site out of a bad dream. Patients were laying on broken gurneys, were laying on cardboard boxes, were laying in the street. Some were extremely old and decrepit appearing -- unable to speak. Nursing homes and hospitals had somehow been evacuated to the I-10 and Causeway Interchange. Patients were laying on the ground and in small cots with their medical charts used as pillows. They numbered in the hundreds. On top of these, evacuees of all ages began to succumb to the elements and horrible conditions in which they were being held. A steady flow of elderly persons with chest pain and shortness of breath streamed across the barricades and into our "triage" area. Children ages 4-6 with seizure disorders began having seizures. Asthmatics and evacuees with emphysema began to come to triage seeking oxygen and respiratory treatment. Dehydration was apparent, especially in the elderly and mentally retarded patients who were laying in the streets. It was myself (a urology resident) and ER [emergency room] resident, Pat Dennis; a neurologist; 2 psychologists; and several nurses (Kelly Tourere and Danny Dickson); and some staff from Acadian ambulance. *One FEMA* [Federal Emergency Management Agency] official was on the ground and helping to coordinate transportation, although for the first hour there was none. Supplies were very low. I was wiping off ventilation masks and reusing them to save supplies. There were sick people in need everywhere you walked. A highway of patients. The helicopters continued to land. Patients continued to come to our triage with their entire medical charts from whatever hospital they had been in -- a postoperative knee replacement, a postoperative coronary bypass, a mentally retarded nonambulatory lying there in diapers. What was going on in their minds? Someone's mom or dad who earlier had been in a hospital was now in our care lying on a highway. We had 3 oxygen tanks -- people had to wait to receive oxygen therapy. Triage became a 15-second read of a patient's medical chart and allotting people into a general 1, 2, or 3 category for priority transport onto one of the few ambulances. Around 2:00 am, a line of Acadian ambulances arrived to transport ill patients. That was the toughest part -- choosing who goes. "I've been laying here for 24 hours now." "Don't separate grandma or mom from us." I split up families, and sent mom with one epileptic child who had decreased consciousness for the past hour and left the other 3 kids with their 70-year-old grandmother to fend for themselves. There was nothing we could do. One family member with each medical patient. Buses did show up to take the "healthy" patients but short of causing a riot; there was no way to get the women and children or the elderly onto these buses. The weak had given up trying to get onto the buses. The young and strong pushed their way onto the buses without concern for the weak. It was sad to see. I met a gentleman who had recently finished his EMT [emergency medical technician] training -- Nick Pieper. He was bagging a ventilator-dependent cystic fibrosis child whose battery-powered ventilator had run out of juice. The child did end up getting onto one of the ambulances around 3:00 am, but to where I did not know. I spoke with someone who said that FEMA was setting up a hospital at the airport, and some would be going to Baton Rouge. The transport was slow. There was no central command. No definite place for these people. Didn't know how many more were coming, but that they just kept coming -- helicopter after helicopter. Supplies low, one of the psychologists contacted EOC [Emergency Operations Center] or DHH [Department of Health and Hospitals] in Baton Rouge and placed me on the phone to give a description of the supplies that we needed. *Pedialyte*, formula, oxygen, aspirin, IV [intravenous] sedation, and *transportation*. This chaos went on into the next morning. There were several bodies placed in the median behind our trailers.

Thursday Dawn

Thankfully, an overcast morning. People had now been there for 36 hours. I was getting tired of lying to people and telling them to hold on a little longer for a ride. Ambulances and buses were more frequently arriving to transport patients, but again, getting the elderly and large families aboard was problematic considering the pushing and shoving when a bus arrived. One of the volunteers approached me and said that there was a medical convoy that had arrived to help and wanted to know where to set up. I walked about 2 blocks and met Gordon Bergh and the Austin City [Texas] EMS [Emergency Medical Services]. Gordon asked how he could help and where I wanted them to set up. They had a command and control station, 4 ambulances, and 8-10 EMTs. We discussed a plan to set up a triage station on the opposite site of the current one. Now our "hospital" had swelled to encompass both the East and Westbound lanes of Interstate 10. Helicopters still landing. About 3000-5000 people still in our location. I received word that the FEMA official said that they were pulling out. Until this point, FEMA was providing no medical assistance, but they were helping to obtain transportation for these people. The transportation was inadequate to say the least, and now they were pulling out? I approached the official and asked him whether it was true that they were pulling out and if so why. I was told that yes they were leaving, and he was unsure why. His comment was that the decision had been made by "people above my pay grade" as he shrugs his shoulders. Rumor was that shootings in New Orleans had spurred someone higher up in FEMA to pull back. This was ridiculous. We were 1.5 miles outside of New Orleans proper. At that time, we had no security problem. We did not have a security problem until later that day when transportation slowed almost to a standstill. No more FEMA, very little transportation. No coordination. It is Thursday -- 3 days post storm! There was no gunfire at our location. Only people in dire need of medical assistance and transportation. The lack of transportation for the people caused more of them to become medical patients. Dehydration and exhaustion. The FEMA official walked away leaving our crew, the local EMS crew from Austin City, and a mass of people -- patients lying on the Interstate in their own urine and feces. Supplies were still minimal -- oxygen, albuterol, IV fluids. I was rationing 2 bottles of nitroglycerin. No aspirin for ACS [acute cardiac syndrome]. Found the largest bottle of 2 mg of alprazolam (*Xanax*) I had ever seen -- 500 count. Immediately rolled one up in some cheese from an MRE (Military-issued meal ready-to-eat) and fed a big pitbull that had been scaring patients and myself for the past couple of hours. He went to bed until Friday morning (he was OK). State police were there to keep the general population off the Interstate lanes: about 3000-5000. Every time a bus would pull up to take the general population, the elderly and young would get shoved out of the way, and there was nothing that we or the state police could do without causing a riot. We attempted to put mothers with small children into some of the ambulances, but there were just too many hospital patients.

Triage continued through the day (Thursday) (Figure 1). Helicopters continued landing. We did accomplish to clear out the initial side of patients. With Austin EMS's help, they took over the triage while some of us tried to clean the area. There was trash everywhere. People had urinated and defecated where they lay waiting for transportation. We had cut holes into some of the cloth cots and placed boxes under the holes for sick patients to relieve themselves. It was a mess. This area was something out of a UNICEF [United Nations Children's Fund] commercial.



Figure 1.

A small portion of the general public stranded at our triage station during the day on Thursday.

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Figure 1.

A small portion of the general public stranded at our triage station during the day on Thursday.

I ran into one of my Charity Hospital patients under the I-10 on Thursday morning. He had been evacuated from an apartment building in midcity with 150 seniors without water. He said they were in dire need of help. We spoke with the air traffic controller (military) and talked with Gordon from Austin City EMS. Coordination between the state police and the communications trailer from Austin was our best asset. *Still no FEMA. No transportation and no coordination* other than among ourselves on the ground. We were allotted a BLACK HAWK helicopter to fly water into the building. I hate flying. Two EMS technicians from Austin City, 4 state police

officers from Houma, Louisiana, armed with AR-15 semiautomatic rifles, myself, Nick the EMT from New Orleans, and the ER doctor from Baton Rouge. Also accompanying us was a news crew from Austin KXAN 36 (an NBC affiliate) with reporter Rich Parsons. Austin City EMS would be pulling out of this area as soon as we returned. Bulletproof vests on, we loaded the chopper with water and MREs and took off. This was the first (and I hope only time) I would be seeing patients with a bulletproof vest, a 38 revolver in my scrub pants, and a white coat with 38-caliber cartridges jingling in my pocket. We flew into the city around 6:00 pm. Amazing site of destruction and flooding. The city where I grew up was under water. We found the building and circled a few times, but could not land on the roof. We landed at a softball field next to Cabrini High School by Bayou Saint John about 2 blocks away. Found a pirogue (a Louisiana flatboat), filled it with supplies, and waded through water about 2-3 ft deep and brought water and MRE's to the Park Esplanade Apartment complex. Triageed the grateful patients and went back to the LZ [landing zone]. Our chopper had taken off, and we were unable to get a lift out. Night fell and we were stranded. The state police officers contacted their commander by radio. Helicopters were no longer landing at night possibly secondary to gunfire. At this time, getting more and more nervous, we started popping glow sticks and laying them in a pattern to call in a chopper. Rich Parsons called into Austin and gave a television phone interview. We heard 3 shots fired from across the bayou. After 3-4 hours and hearing gunfire on the other side of the bayou, a BLACK HAWK finally landed and got us back to the LZ at Causeway and I-10. Nick the EMT and myself couldn't move. It is late Thursday night, and the triage center again has swelled to its prior state. *Still no FEMA* -- little transportation has these people languishing in horrible conditions. Austin City EMS pulled out and headed to the airport where FEMA was supposedly set up. Nick and I remained at Causeway and I-10 for a couple more hours and had to leave secondary to exhaustion.

Late Thursday Night/Friday Morning (About 1:00 am)

In my old Toyota 4Runner, we headed to the airport to see what FEMA had set up, considering that they had abandoned us. We arrived and saw Austin City EMS and their trucks. Spoke with them, and they said they were going to find a place to sleep and head back into the city and set up on their own tomorrow (Friday). I walked into the second floor of the airport and then down to the first floor. There were patients laying everywhere. I saw a lot of the same patients who had spent 2 days on I-10 now sitting and lying all over the first-floor baggage claim and outside on the cement drop-off area. A man lay in the corner with bilateral chest tubes and no medical care. I felt horrible that this was where I had sent my patients. This was not the better place I had promised them that they were going. Went through security back on the second floor and saw a man that was helping at Causeway and I-10 the previous day. *Why did FEMA leave us?* I was told "off-the-record" that the official statement would be this:

When city planners (Dr. Maestri) had discussed this doomsday scenario in New Orleans, FEMA officials had told them that the city would have to hold out for 48 hours; then the Feds would be on the ground to provide support. The excuse for taking so long was going to be that the hurricane hit on Monday, but because of the 17th Street canal break which happened Tuesday night-Wednesday morning, this would be classified as an evolving disaster. Not until the lake

equilibrated with the water in the city (hence not until the city was 80% underwater) and the water stopped rising did FEMA consider to be on the clock. This did not happen until early Thursday morning.

My reaction was less than doctorly. After a few expletives and expressing my frustration with the whole situation, including now the deplorable conditions on the first floor at the airport, Nick and I left. We were told to check in at EOC in Baton Rouge tomorrow.

Drove to Baton Rouge to get some sleep.

Friday 11:00 am

Pick up Nick and we went to EOC at Bluebonnett Street in Baton Rouge. Walked in and spoke with DD (a woman who had been at Causeway and I-10). She was coordinating supply deliveries and volunteers. Not much going on. We walked back into the central room. Large map hanging on the wall. Spoke with some men in uniforms. Still no real command and control. I told them of the 150 trapped in the Park Esplanade, but was told that there was no way of communicating with search and rescue teams in New Orleans. Again I asked, but no one knew of the status of the staff in Charity Hospital. Frustrating. Everything was still being done independently. With that, Nick and I decided to stop wasting time and get back to New Orleans and see what we could do. DD told us where some supplies were in the middle of the parking lot. Took an hour to load up the car with IV fluids, *Pedialyte*, wound supplies, and as much medications as we could fit. On the road to New Orleans 1:00 pm Friday.

Friday Day

Return to New Orleans Causeway and I-10 still going stronger than ever. It has ballooned to approximately 5000. Entire families still sitting under the overpasses. No transportation at all. No FEMA. Parked my car and saw the FEMA official. "Y'all are back finally" was my comment. "Not officially," he said. "We are here to collect the bodies." *What?* His comment was that he was not officially on the ground and that they were there only to collect bodies -- not for other support. *No transportation coordination.* Great, I thought -- thank you FEMA! Arkansas State Police had arrived and were assisting the Louisiana State Police. Evacuees were behind barricades like cattle. Walking back to my car, we spoke with a 3-man SWAT team from Arkansas. "Who's in control?" they asked me. At this time, when people would ask me that, I would laugh and say, "You are." Obviously, no one was in control. I pointed some areas out on the map where I knew of people stranded and asked them whether they had heard of anything about the evacuation of Charity Hospital. They had not. Nick and I left the area and went about 2 miles south to Airline Highway. Mentally, we needed to see something other than poor, indigent people herded like cattle under an interstate. How could this be happening in my city, in the greatest country on Earth? I was jaded at this point -- 4 days now and no FEMA presence on the ground.

We rode in our car down to Airline Highway. There were a few boats sitting in the water, 1 Jefferson Parish police officer, a federal court judge, and a man named Pat with a shotgun. They said that there were still people in the area around Xavier University. We loaded up to the boat with a few medical supplies, the shotgun, 2 handguns, myself, Nick the EMT, Pat, and another gentleman whose name I cannot recall. We drove down Airline Highway, filled with 4-6 ft of water, in a 20-ft boat. Bodies floating and caught up on fences -- stinking for they had been baking for days now in the hot sun. We entered a neighborhood off Airline Highway and crossed from Metairie into the City of New Orleans. We were in the Carrolton Avenue area. A house was burning 2 blocks from our position.

A dead body was lying on dry ground in the middle of the intersection. We ran our boat aground on Carrolton Avenue as a boat overflowing with 12-15 people approached. Tense situation with guns drawn. We were unsure of their intentions. Pat had heard of an earlier rescue boat being hijacked. After speaking with them (from a distance), we then took some of their passengers on our boat. We again navigated throughout the neighborhood to bring these persons to dry land. Every other block there was a "floater" -- usually a dead elderly man or woman floating in a front yard. You could tell because you could smell the bodies a block away (Figures 2 and 3). There were people who did not want to leave and refused to get into our boat. After a few hours of this, we made it back down Airline Highway with the 15 persons, and Nick and I went back to the triage area at Causeway and I-10. *Still no FEMA.*



Figure 2.

Unfortunate, elderly gentleman floating after his death near Airline Highway.

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Figure 2.

Unfortunate, elderly gentleman floating after his death near Airline Highway.



Figure 3.

Another unfortunate death. At first we thought that he was alive, but after running aground near his resting place on Carrollton Avenue, we realized that he was dead.

[\(Enlarge
Image\)](#)

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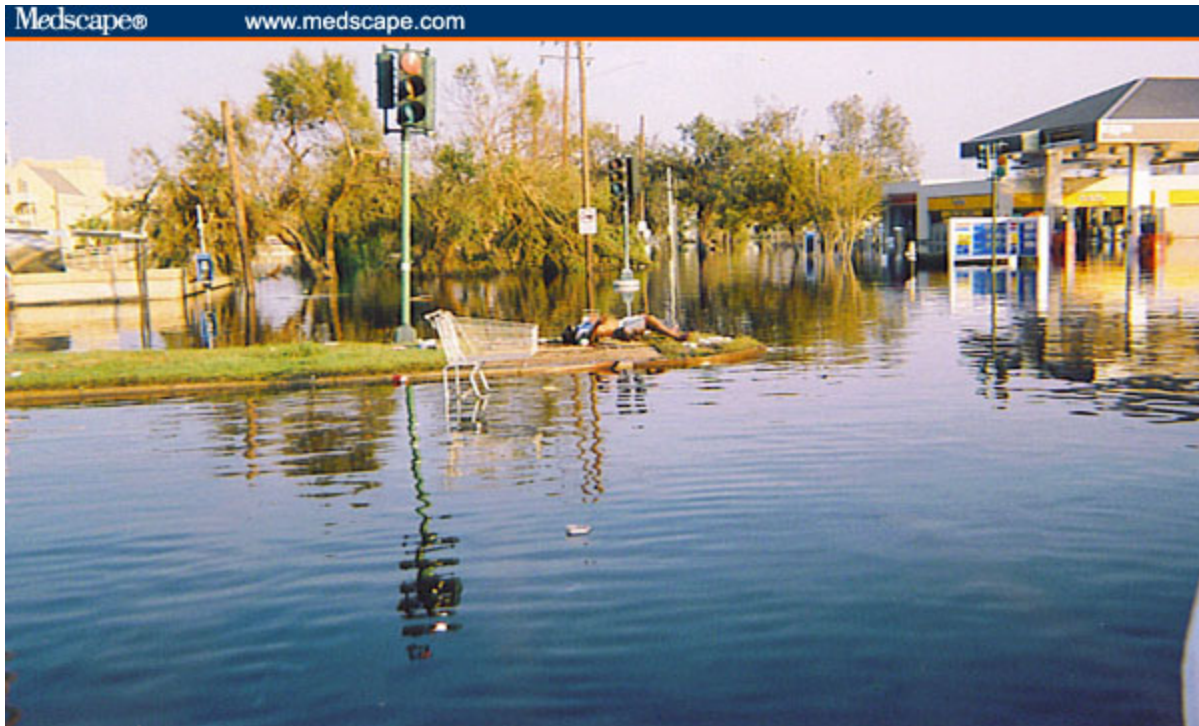


Figure 3.

Another unfortunate death. At first we thought that he was alive, but after running around near his resting place on Carrolton Avenue, we realized that he was dead.

Hell on earth is how my first patient back at Causeway and I-10 described the situation. "My family and I have been here since Wednesday." She went on to describe her 6 kids and her elderly mother. "Please let us come sit over here in the medical area." That was sad and tells of the conditions that the general population was in. For a woman to beg to come sit among dying persons and in excrement of patients left for days. I started recruiting families with children to sit on the I-10 out from the mud puddle from the side of the Interstate where the general population was sitting. They were not going to make it onto a bus as a family anyway. I was still hoping for more transportation. Where is FEMA?

Midnight Friday Until 10:30 am Saturday Morning

Nonstop helicopters of all types landing. We collected the sickest patients first and transported them out. As the morning grew closer, Operation Cloverleaf (as it was called) became more and more hectic -- 3 helicopters landing at a time. Groups of 8 placed into the helicopters. Those who were reluctant to get on a helicopter again received a dose of bravery in the form of a *Xanax* tab. Coordination was done with the 20-25 National Guard officers, Nick, Kelly, Danny, and about 15 other EMTs. We evacuated thousands out in a 10.5-hour period. A group of Arkansas SWAT and a National Guard unit were there wanting to get directions into the city to Charity Hospital to help evacuate stranded staff. I received word from Baton Rouge, 1 hour prior to their departure

(at about 4:00 am), that the hospitals had been evacuated of all personnel. What a relief. My friends were safe. I was organizing families together for transport. All medical care ceased so that we could coordinate this transport. I found a family of 8; their son (Kendall) had died of neuroblastoma about 3 years ago when I was in medical school. I was his "big buddy" at Children's Hospital. We were close. The only thing that they had salvaged from their home was a picture of Kendall. I put them to the front of the line, and we wrapped the picture in a plastic bag. They were all together on the same chopper. Helicopters were still landing with patients to drop off. I ran to these and waved them off, told them to take them to the airport. It made no sense to continue having this as a drop-off LZ when we were trying to get every last person out of here. At dawn lines of buses began arriving. Finally, it is *Saturday morning and we are now getting real help!!* Sometime that morning, as I was loading persons onto a helicopter, a crew member said to look up. President Bush was flying over our area. I stepped back after the last person was loaded onto the helicopter, and there were possibly 100 people left; only dogs were running where people had been in such turmoil. There was trash everywhere. The smell was atrocious. Kelly , Nick , Danny , 2 nurse anesthesia students who had helped during the past 10 hours lay on cots to rest. At 10 am, the two local hospitals still open (Ochsner and EJGH) showed up with supplies, new cots, personnel, and doctors (20 of them). With all patients gone, we took a break. We thanked the 2 air traffic controllers who had been relaying to us the incoming air traffic. Without these 2 guys (Danny Page and Bill Sprake), we could not have gotten these people out. We had done it, finally. Senator Frist toured throughout the freshly evacuated area. It was puzzling that we received transportation for our people in the immediate 12 hours prior to the President's and Senator's visit.

Rested for an hour. One of the new doctors went to the airport to see whether all of these new doctors and supplies could be of use. He returned with a grim face, saying that the airport was atrocious and that he had been told by FEMA that we could provide no medical care because we were not government-licensed physicians. I spoke to EOC/DHH in Baton Rouge (Jimmy Guidry) who was extremely upset at the FEMA Bureaucracy. *FEMA denied help at the airport from well-staffed local doctors even though people were in need. Bureaucracy at its best.* We could not even place an IV on the patients. The same patients who I had been caring for for days. What *nonsense*. The 2 hospitals Ochsner and EJGH pulled out at this time because there were no patients left and FEMA at the airport *refused* assistance because they were not government doctors. Myself, Kelly the RN, and an orthopaedic surgeon loaded up our trucks with the new medical supplies and headed to the airport. If conditions were still poor, I couldn't believe that they wouldn't let us help. I wanted to see them refuse medical care. We arrive back to the airport. It was the same nonsense. Patients all over the first floor and outside. People outside, persons were laying on the first floor, but once again there were some of our patients who we had just evacuated of the highway and we could not care for them. What bureaucracy. We were not government doctors. With that, we went back to our trucks. We all exchanged numbers as we watched helicopters fly into New Orleans International Airport, and at 7:00 pm we headed *back to Baton Rouge* for some sleep.

Drove back into the city. I-10 and Causeway were abandoned. Good -- a sense of relief. Took River Road into the city, then St. Charles to downtown through the French Quarter. Relatively

minor damage in the Garden District and the French Quarter. We made it past the Quarter onto Elysian Fields. Following us was a car with 3 LSU medical students and a Sky News crew. Down St. Claude Avenue where the water began. Close to getting stranded ourselves, we made it onto the I-10 and found South Texas K-9 rescue (Shane Rominger) at the next exit. They were launching boats and retrieving evacuees from these flooded neighborhoods. We met J. Campbell of the Los Angeles Fire and Rescue (Figure 4). He had been to Sri Lanka, through 9/11, and the earthquakes in Turkey. Unbelievable guy. The elevated I-10 in East New Orleans was the LZ for the patients as we triaged them from the boats and onto awaiting helicopters. The aluminum light poles had been cut to allow the helicopters to land. Entire families were still being rescued from these flooded neighborhoods. We continued this until nightfall and then made our way back through the city. We found respite (3 medical students, Nick, Campbell, and myself) at Ochsner Hospital on Sunday night and were given more supplies. Monday we set up a triage area on I-10 out the back of my car and continued to see patients. We did this through *Monday* afternoon. Organization was apparent, and there was central command for the police action in the city and the evacuation of these people. Monday evening we left for good. Sunday we had triaged about 400 patients from the I-10 exit and Monday about 50. People who wanted to leave had mostly left.



Figure 4.

Evacuation site on elevated Interstate 10 in New Orleans East. From left to right: Dr. Scott Delacroix, MD (author); Nick Pieper EMT; J. Campbell Los Angeles Search and Rescue; Henry Hawney, fourth-year LSU medical student; Curtis Bush, fourth-year LSU medical student; and Ben Frischertz, fourth-year LSU medical student.

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Figure 4.

Evacuation site on elevated Interstate 10 in New Orleans East. From left to right: Dr. Scott Delacroix, MD (author); Nick Pieper EMT; J. Campbell Los Angeles Search and Rescue; Henry Hawney, fourth-year LSU medical student; Curtis Bush, fourth-year LSU medical student; and Ben Frischertz, fourth-year LSU medical student.

Monday afternoon. Decided to check out my home. Glad I live 3 blocks on the stable side of the 17th Street Canal instead of the other side. I was very fortunate. We all had a warm beer (no electricity) overlooking the helicopters, picking up sandbags, and dropping them in the canal. Cheers to the City of New Orleans. Here is to someone in Washington DC learning something about the ineptness of how this tragedy was run until early Saturday morning.

Why did FEMA pull out on Thursday morning? Why would FEMA not accept medical help on Saturday for an obviously overrun evacuation center at the New Orleans International Airport? What kind of excuse is this evolving disaster explanation? To come back on Friday in front of 1000 needy people and say that FEMA is technically not back and is here only to collect the bodies? There are problems with our current coordination of mass disasters that need to be resolved so that we do not repeat these mistakes again.

Thanks to those who stuck this out and did above and beyond:

- EMT Mr. Nick Pieper (with me throughout);
- Mr. Kelly Tourere, RN;
- Mr. Danny Dickson, RN;
- Mr. Jay Seymore SRNA (student nurse anesthesia);
- Mr. Scott McCain SRNA;
- Danny Page, Bill Sprake, and Tom Deschene of the Airforce Special Tactics out of Louisville;
- Gordon Bergh and the Austin city EMS Team
- Hiro Santania, MD;
- J. Campbell of the Los Angeles Fire and Rescue;
- Ochsner Hospital and the Department of Urology;
- Arkansas State Police;
- Louisiana State Police, especially those 4 guys from Houma (Lieutenant Marcel);
- US Army National Guard;
- Shane Roniger and the South Texas K-9 Unit;
- Jimmy Guidry at DHH in Baton Rouge;
- New Orleans Police Department;
- All those doctors and staff stranded at Charity and University Hospitals, and
- AMDG [*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* -- for the greater glory of God (Latin)].