

Chapter V

Guardian Angel

February 27, 1954 – March 26, 1954

The telephone rang. Janet called out, "I'll get it. Its probably for me."

She raced to the telephone and piked it up. "Hello." she answered. "Oh, hi Olivia. I've been waiting for your call." ... "Just a minute. Let me ask my mom." She put the telephone to her chest to mute the conversation, as she was accustomed to doing.

"Mom." she began to ask, "Can..."

Just then her whole body shook violently as she fell to the floor, without even a scream. At the same time, the electricity went off. Instantly, Ramona was hovering over her as Janet's head laid in a pile of her strawberry blond hair. Ramona looked at the faint freckles on her lifeless face. The telephone still in her hand was blackened and charred, her hand was burnt. The spot on her blouse where she had held the receiver against her body was burnt and smoldering.

Instinctively, Ramona checked for a pulse. There wasn't one. She listened for breathing. It was faint and erratic. In a split second she summed up the situation. An electrical charge had come through the telephone line and passed through her body, sending her into cardiac arrest.

Sheffield, Norma, and Takara came running at the commotion.

"Get my first aid kit!" Ramona ordered.

While waiting for Sheffield to get it, she ripped Janet's blouse open, sending buttons flying in every direction. There on her chest, just above her left breast was a burn about the size of a silver dollar.

"Hand me the scissors!"

Sheffield was kneeling by her side with the first aid kit. He had the presence of mind to have it open for her. He pulled the scissors from their place and handed them to her. Sheffield and the other girls watched dumbfounded as Ramona used the scissors to cut through her brassiere, right between her breasts exposing them and baring her chest.

"Was that necessary?" Sheffield asked in shock as he gazed down on his daughter's bare breasts.

"She can't have anything restricting her chest." she explained. "She's having enough trouble breathing as it is."

Ramona knelt beside her body and with the palm of one hand directly over the back of the the other hand she placed the heel of her lower hand over Janet's sternum, and began pushing down with her hands in a rhythmic motion.

"Call an ambulance!" she shouted without missing a beat.

"But Mom," Norma pointed out, "the phone's dead."

"If Craig hadn't taken the Satggerwing to Norfolk this morning I could call from the radio in the plane."

Sheffield said. "So that won't work."

"What if I ran to the neighbors down the road?" Norma asked in desperation.

"They're all on the same line as us, so their's will be dead too." Sheffield pointed out.

"Then we'll just have to take her ourselves." Ramona said while she kept pumping on Janet's chest. "Go get the back seat of your Buick ready."

He leaped to his feet and ran for the door, glad to be able to do something helpful. He had felt so helpless seeing Janet in that way. He felt a sense of guilt and shame for having seen a part of his daughter that a father ought not see.

After several pumps, Ramona put her ear to Janet's chest and listened for a few seconds. Still nothing, so she resumed the chest compressions. After several more she stopped to listen again. This time there was a faint heart beat.

With her heart pumping again, Ramona turned her attention the burn on her chest. "Get me a bowl of cool water and a clean washcloth." she requested.

Momentarily Takara got it for her.

Sheffield came back in and announced, "The car is ready. I pulled it up as close to the doorstep as I could get it."

"Good." Ramona acknowledged as she began by rinsing the burn on her chest. The cool water lowered the temperature of the scorched tissue, preventing further damage. "Her heart is beating and as soon as I dress these burns, we'll be ready to go."

Next she cleansed the area with some mild soap to wash away any loose burnt skin and fabric or other debris to prevent it from causing an infection. Then she applied a generous amount of Bacitracin ointment to the burn. Since the skin was not broken, in the interest of time, she didn't apply a bandage.

While Ramona was taking care of the burn on her chest, Sheffield gave Janet a quick blessing.

When he was finished, Ramona directed Norma and Takara, "You two, Set her up for me."

With Norma on one side and Takara on the other they lifted her up to a sitting position and held her there. "Now completely remove her blouse and brassiere so I can gain access to her back."

There just inside of her shoulder blade was another burn where the charge had exited her body. It too was about the size of silver dollar. There was a big hole in her blouse with burnt edges. Ramona applied the same treatment to that burn as well.

"Now lay her back down."

With Janet laying on her back, Ramona again listened to her heart. It was a little stronger but still too faint and erratic, as was her breathing. Ramona quickly turned her attention to her hand. She peeled the charred and melted hand piece from her burnt hand. It was worse than the the burns on he chest and back.

She had Takara hold her hand in the bowl of water for a moment to cool the tissue.

“Norma, go fetch a blanket.” she directed while waiting a moment before proceeding.

“That’s enough. Now, Takara, hold her hand open for me while I treat it.” she said.

Ramona took care of her hand in much the same way, only it required more attention due to an open wound.

Norma returned with the blanket. “Thanks. Go ahead and cover her up while I take care of her hand.”

“Hand me the gauze.”

Takara handed it to her and she began wrapping it.

With that done she said, “Now lets get her out to the car.”

Sheffield lifted her from her shoulders while Ramona held her head up. Norma picked her up by the knees and Takara went ahead to open the doors. Norma backed in though the car door and made her way across the back seat and out the other door while Sheffield and Ramona laid her down as gently as possible.

Ramona hovered over her monitoring her heart beat and breathing while Sheffield got in behind the wheel.

“Hurry!” Ramona yelled. “She’s not out of the woods yet.”

Sheffield sped out of the driveway and onto the highway heading east, toward the Lewis-Gale Hospital about five miles away. Sheffield was hurrying as fast as he could without being completely reckless. In the process he attracted the attention of a City of Roanoke police car. With its lights flashing it came up behind them. “Oh great. Thats all we need.” Sheffield mumbled.

“Actually this is exactly what we need. Pull over.” Ramona encouraged from the back seat.

Sheffield complied and pulled over, with the police car right behind him. Sheffield rolled down the window as the officer approached. “Whats the hurry?” he demanded.

“Its our daughter, she’s been electrocuted and trying to get her top the hospital.”

The officer looked in the back seat and saw Ramona hovered over someone wrapped in a blanket stretched across the back seat. “In that case. Follow me.”

The officer ran back to his car and pulled back onto the road with his lights flashing and siren blaring. Sheffield pulled in right behind him and tailed him at high speed across town, right up to the ambulance entrance of the hospital.

The officer had radioed ahead and a doctor and some nurses and orderlies were waiting for them. They opened the door and Ramona hopped out and began explaining what had happened. The doctor listened as the orderlies removed Janet from the backseat and placed her on a gurney and wheeled her into the hospital.

Janet was unconscious with a weak heartbeat and erratic breathing and was barely alive. The attending physician, Dr. Cavanagh took charge. He listened to what Ramona had done for her while she was being hooked up a cardioscope and respirator. Ramona was allowed to stay with Janet, but Sheffield was asked to wait in the waiting area just outside of the emergency room.

The oxygen mask helped her breathing while the the cardioscope beeped out her faint, irregular heart beat as indicated by the wave on the monochrome display screen. While Dr. Cavanagh worked to stabilize her, suddenly Janet went into cardiac arrest again. The cardioscope went silent and the display showed a flat line.

“Her heart has stopped.” the doctor called out. “we’re loosing her!”

Ramona stood by, her own heart nearly stopped. Dr. Cavanagh and his team worked feverishly to restart it with chest compressions. Thirty seconds went by agonizingly slow, then a minute. Still nothing. The next thirty seconds went even slower as Ramona felt like she was about to burst from holding her breath. Then after a minute and fifty three second, the monitor began emitting beeps again and Ramona breathed a sigh of relieve.

While Dr. Cavanagh and his team continued to work to stabilize Janet, the beeps became stronger and more regular, indicating that it was beating stronger than what it was when she was brought in.

“Now, Missus Brason, now that we have her somewhat stabilized, I want to take an x ray to see what kind of internal damage we’re looking at so I know where to go to from here. Why don’t you go get her checked in. Wait for me in the waiting room and I’ll come see you after I’ve had a look.”

Janet was wheeled away on the gurney with all of the equipment tagging along behind the gurney. Ramona made her way to the office to take care of the paperwork. She was all to familiar with the process after all of the times that she had to have Janet admitted to the hospital.

When she returned she joined Sheffield in the waiting room, the wait seemed to take forever. Eventually Dr. Cavanagh came back out to talk to them.

“From Janet’s charts, I see that this isn’t here first time in the hospital.”

“I’ve never known anyone so accident prone as that girl.” Ramona said. “I don’t know why these things always have to happen to her.”

“I see she has had a broken arm, a broken leg, and a sliver in her eye. She has lost her big toe, had a concussion and a resulting seizure, and now electrocution. I’d say she’s been through a lot.”

“And that doesn’t count the times that we didn’t have to bring her in.”

“Well, this time, she’s lucky to be alive. I don’t know if you folks believe in such things, but I’d say that she had a guardian angel looking after her. The charge just barely missed her heart by less than a half an inch but it was close enough to stop it. Your quick thinking saved her life. If you hadn’t got it going again, she

wouldn't have made it here alive. Where did you learn how to do chest compressions like that?"

"I was a Navy nurse for twenty years. I used to teach it to combat medical corpsmen."

"That explains the nice job of the dressing on her burns. Because of that, the burns should heal more quickly. Now we have to find out what kind of damage was done to her heart tissue." Dr. Cavanagh continued. "But that's not all. As the electricity passed through her lung, it caused some damage there as well. That's why she's having trouble breathing. She is still unconscious, and it's uncertain how soon she'll come to. I can tell you that this is going to be a long ordeal for her. I'm not talking of days, this is going to take weeks if not months."

"We understand." Ramona said for both of them. "Can we see her now?"

"She's in intensive care and I can let the two of you see her for just a few minutes. I'll write up my report and turn it over to Doctor Mendon and he can take it from here."

"Thank you for all you've done for her Doctor Cavanagh."

Sheffield and Ramona went into her room. It seemed as if she was asleep. Her breathing was still erratic, even with the ventilator. Her heartbeat was stronger, although still quite irregular. She had all kinds of wires and tubes connected to her, including a ventilator tube down her throat.

Sheffield took Ramona's hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "She'll be alright. I'm going to go home and check on the girls and I'll bring Walt back with me so we administer to her and give her a proper blessing."

"Good idea, Babe. I think she'll be alright now, but it is going to take a lot of faith and prayers."

They stood over her for a moment longer before a nurse said, "I need to ask you to leave her now."

They reluctantly left her there alone and returned to the waiting room. They held tight to each other for a moment and then Sheffield went home, leaving Ramona there to be near Janet, in case there were any developments.

Sheffield stopped by Walt and Sarah's to tell them what had happened and asked Walt to go back to the hospital with him, to which Walt was more than willing to comply.

"I've got to go home and check on the girls and I'll come back for you."

"Great, that will give me time to change my clothes." Walt replied.

As Sheffield was about to pull into the driveway, he noticed a utility truck from the power company up the road a ways. Suspecting that what they were doing had something to do with the source of the electrical charge that hit Janet, he decided to go see what had happened. Sheffield pulled up and got out and asked one of the workmen "What happened here?"

"Do you see that tree limb over there on the ground? From the looks of things, it probably broke off during that wind storm a couple of months back. I suspect it was lodged up in that tree." he said pointing up.

"It evidently worked itself loose until it fell free. When it did, it severed the power line and the phone line. I'd say the power line came in contact with the phone line long enough to send a charge down the line. I sure hope no one was on the telephone when it happened."

"My daughter was on the phone and got electrocuted."

"My God, man. I hope she'll be alright."

"My wife managed to restart her heart and we rushed her to the hospital. I've got to go back and tell them what happened."

Sheffield left abruptly and hurried back to the house. He jumped out of the car and ran to the house and told Norma and Takara all that had happened. He quickly changed his cloths and grabbed his consecrated oil and left to pick up Walt. He too was dressed in his suit and ready to go. Together they drove to Lewis-Gale Hospital.

He found Ramona where he had left her. "Are there any new developments?"

"No, Babe. She's still the same."

"I found out what happened." Sheffield said.

"What?" Ramona earnestly wanted to know.

Sheffield explained to her what the lineman from the power company had told him. Then he added, "Do you think they will let us in to see her?"

Just then a nurse happened by. Sheffield asked, "Would it be possible to see Janet? I'm her father and we're Elders from our church and we want to administer to her."

"Let me check?"

A few minutes later, she returned and said, "You may go in, but don't stay too long." She showed them into the room and left them alone. Walt took the vial of oil from Sheffield and anointed her by placing a drop of oil on her forehead, since the crown of her head was unassessable. He placed his hands gently on her head and pronounced the consecration.

Then Sheffield and Walt placed their hands on her head and administered to her. Among other things, in the blessing Sheffield promised her that she would recover, and would walk across the stage to receive her diploma and go to college in the fall.

When they were finished, Sheffield wondered if he had been too ambitious in what he said. Walt assured him that with faith and continued prayers, the blessing would be fulfilled. As they left Janet's room, her condition was unchanged.

"Say, how long has it been since either of you had anything to eat?"

"Gosh, since last night. We were about to have breakfast when this happened."

"Let me take you to the cafeteria and get you something to eat."

They consented.

When they got back, Dr. Mendon was making his rounds and had just looked in on Janet and had reviewed her chart. "Janet is one fortunate young lady." he began. "The poor girl has been through a lot. Its still too early to be sure but I'm optimistic she is going to pull through. Of all the things that I have treated her for over the years, this is by far the worst. Its a good thing that she has you, Ramona. Once again you did everything just right. If you hadn't got her heart going it would have been a different story. First of all she probably wouldn't have survived until you got her here."

"I just did what I'd been trained to do and had trained others to do."

"Most people wouldn't have known to do chest compressions. There are some studies underway to make them a common response in cases of cardiac arrest. And by the way you treated the burns, you have greatly increased the chance for healing without too much scarring.

"Now, I am quite concerned that there may be some permanent damage to her heart tissue, much like that of a heart attack. We'll have to see how it heals, but just be aware that it can affect her for the rest of her life. I would definitely advise that she not participate in track or other strenuous activities for at least a year."

"That's going to break her heart." Ramona replied. "She was doing so well this season."

"I know. She's a determined young lady. Just look at how she came back after she had the seizure, but this is much more serious. If she pushed herself, she runs the risk of causing even more damage."

"How long do you anticipate that she will be unconscious?" Sheffield asked.

"I'd guess any where from a day or two to a week. If it goes longer than that, I'd get concerned. I don't know if it is true or not, but I believe that unconsciousness is the way in which the body heals itself. Everything shuts down so it can concentrate on mending the damage."

"What about her lung?" Sheffield asked.

"Ramona knows the answer to that . But let me say that the best thing for her right now is the ventilator. If she were to wake up now, it would have to stay on for a while. Naturally she wouldn't be able to speak and we'd have to keep her on the feeding tube. We've also got her on antibiotics to fight the risk of infection."

"How long are we looking at here?" Sheffield wanted to know.

"My guess is that she'll need to be in intensive care for at least two weeks. Then we'll need to keep several more days after that. But it all depends on how she responds. I'd hope to have her back in school after a month or six weeks, that is if everything goes well.

"Now, I'd advise you to go home and get some rest. There isn't much you can do here. Even if you did stay, I'd only let you see her for a few minutes twice a day. If anything comes up, we'll call you

immediately.”

“But our telephone is out of service due to the surge that caused this whole thing. We won't be able to get it fixed until at least Monday.”

“Is there anyone near by we can call who can contact you?”

“I listed Walt and Sarah as an alternative contact if we can't be reached.” Ramona said.

“Very well then. I make my rounds at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon on weekdays. On weekends I typically just stop in once around two, unless there is an emergency. If you stop in to see her anywhere up to an hour after those times, I'd be happy to discuss her progress with you.”

“Okay then. As much as I hate to leave her here alone,” Ramona said, “we might as well go home. We'll come by tomorrow to see how she's doing.”

At that, Dr. Mendon went on his way. Sheffield called out to Walt who was reading a magazine, “Come on Walt. We'll take you home now.”

They dropped Walt off and went on home. When they got there, the power was back on but there was still no telephone. Edith and Little Geannie were there when they got home. They had come up with Craig that morning. Her plan was to stay with her folks after dropping Craig off to fly to Norfolk in the Staggewing. Word had gotten out after Sheffield had stopped by to get Walt as Sarah took it upon herself to let the rest of the family know what had happened to Janet. Edith, Norma and Takara were anxious to hear the latest news when Sheffield and Ramona got home.

They were emotionally exhausted after the events of the day. Supper was the farthest thing from Ramona's mind, although everyone was getting hungry. It turned out that she didn't need to worry about it after all. Sarah and Emily had got together and made supper for them and brought it over.

Since no one could call in, people began stopping by to express their concern. All through the evening there was a steady stream of people as the word got around. Eventually they had to turn out the lights to discourage anyone else from dropping by so they could go to bed and get some rest. Edith decided to stay so she could help in any way that she could.

The next morning, Sheffield got ready and went to his presidency meeting, as usual. He felt helpless that he couldn't do anything for Janet. Going to his meeting at least gave him something to focus on and feel useful.

With no way to call and check on Janet, Ramona went up to the hospital first thing in the morning to see for herself. She was still unconscious but had improved during the night as the rhythm of her heart and breathing had become somewhat more regular and her blood pressure had began to rise.

Ramona came home and took the girls to Sunday School. She immediately went looking for Sheffield and gave him the update. Naturally everyone was concerned and in every prayer that was offered,

a blessing was asked in behalf of Janet and the Brason family.

After Sunday School, they came home to have lunch from the leftovers of the meal that Sarah and Emily had made. At two o'clock, Sheffield and Ramona were at Janet's side in intensive care, waiting for Dr. Mendon to come around.

They didn't have to wait long until he came in to check on her. He glanced over her charts and said, "She's made amazing progress in the last twenty four hours. Her heart and lungs appear to be getting stronger and her burns are beginning to show signs of healing. I had hoped to see some improvement by now, but this was more than I was expecting. Like I said yesterday, its a waiting game, but with the progress that she has made, she could wake up at anytime, or it could still be a couple of days, if not more. Needless to say, I'm optimistic about the prognosis."

Dr. Mendon left to go on about his rounds, leaving Sheffield and Ramona to stay with Janet for only a few more minutes. Sheffield had one arm around Ramona, while Ramona took Janet by her right hand, the one not burned. "Hold on Janet." She said. "Everyone is doing everything that they can for you, but a lot of it is up to you."

"That was a good report that Doctor Mendon gave." Sheffield said to Ramona. "Is that kind of progress normal?"

"Not really. Its more than I would have expected too." She admitted, still holding Janet's hand. "I attribute it to the blessing that you gave her."

Ramona turned her attention back to Janet. "Well, Janet." she said "I guess we need to be going now. We'll check on you tomorrow." As she went to loosen her grip on her hand, Janet gave a slight squeeze; enough for Ramona to feel.

"Oh!" Ramona gasped. "She just squoze my hand. Run and see if you can catch Doctor Mendon."

Sheffield left the room on the double. Ramona said to Janet, "Janet, honey. If you can hear me, squeeze my hand again."

Ramona burst into tears as she felt a gentle squeeze.

"Listen, squeeze once for yes and twice for no. Do you know where you are?"

Two faint squeezes.

"You're in the hospital. Do you know what happened to you?"

Two more faint squeezes.

"You were talking to Olivia on the telephone. You put the receiver to your chest to ask me something. Just then a bolt of electricity came through the phone and through your body. Do you understand?"

One squeeze.

Just then Sheffield and Dr. Mendon came into the room. "She's responding to me." Ramona said. "She didn't know where she was or why. I explained it to her and she understood."

Dr. Mendon moved in closer and gently lifted one eyelid and shined his light into her eye. Then he did the same with the other. "Her pupils responded. That means she is waking up. Keep talking to her and I'll stay around a while longer and check back with you before I leave."

With Sheffield at her side, Ramona told Janet what happened in short pieces, each time she responded with one or two squeezes, depending on whether or not she understood. If not, Ramona put it another way until she understood. She explained what happened to her heart and lung, and that she had a tube down her throat. Finally she asked, "Can you open your eyes?"

There was no response from her hand, but after a moment, her eyes blinked open momentarily.

"Good girl, Janet. We love you."

One squeeze.

"You're going to be alright, sweetheart."

One squeeze.

"You need to rest now."

One squeeze.

"We need to go now."

Two squeezes.

"Its best that we do."

One squeeze.

"Goodbye Janet, we'll be back tomorrow."

One squeeze and Ramona let go of her hand and gently touched Janet on the cheek. Her eyes fluttered open again for a brief moment.

Sheffield and Ramona left her room and found Dr. Mendon and told him what had happened.

He replied, "Thats a very good sign. Let her rest and we'll see how she is tomorrow."

From the hospital, Sheffield and Ramona went to Sacrament Meeting and shared the good news. Sheffield asked Bill Casper to cover his government class the next day and Ramona decided to cancel her classes altogether. When Craig came back that evening, he learned of what happened to her little sister.

On Monday morning, Ramona left early and went by Hollins to explain that she had to cancel her classes for the day and then went by Jefferson High School to inform them that Janet would be absent for the foreseeable future and why. Meanwhile, Sheffield waited for the telephone repairman. He still hadn't come so Ramona went up to the hospital to see Janet while Dr. Mendon was making his rounds.

Janet had continued to improve during the night as her vital signs had improved somewhat. The

nurses had reported that she had opened her eyes once or twice. When Ramona arrived at the side of her bed, her eyes were closed, but fluttered open at the sound of her voice. Ramona took her by the right hand and Janet gave it a squeeze of recognition.

When Dr. Mendon came around, he was not only pleased but a little amazed at how much improvement Janet had made since yesterday afternoon. "At this rate," he said, "she could be off the ventilator in a few days and moved from intensive care a day or two after that."

"Shes a strong young woman." Ramona reminded him.

"Yes, she certainly is." he replied. "Because of that, her body is healing itself."

"We give credit to God as well."

"I agree. In all of my years of practicing medicine, I have seen things happen that have no other credible explanation. It certainly wasn't from anything I did. There is great power in faith."

"That is one thing that Janet has a lot of." Ramona assured him. "That and determination."

"I'll be back around to check on her again this afternoon."

When Dr. Mendon left the room, Ramona tuned to Janet and asked, "Did you hear that?"

One squeeze.

"Well its all true. You'll be home in no time if you keep this up. I just wish there was more I could do for you. I love you sweetheart."

Janet gave her another squeeze and Ramona thought she saw an attempt at a smile at the corners of her mouth, despite the respirator.

Ramona lingered a moment more before being asked to leave. When she got home, a new telephone had been installed and was working. Later in the afternoon, Sheffield accompanied Ramona as they paid Janet another visit. Little by little she continued to improve.

Sheffield and Ramona both returned to work on Tuesday, taking time to go see Janet during their breaks. Janet was now fully awake and alert. Rather than squeezes, she was communicating with a writing tablet and giving more than yes and no answers.

Among other things, she had written, "My mother was my guardian angel watching over me and helping me through."

By Thursday Dr. Mendon removed the respirator. At first her throat was sore from it and speaking and eating were difficult. On Saturday, one week after the accident, she was moved from intensive care and was able to receive visitors. The first to see her were Norma and Takara. Craig and Edith made a special trip up from Blacksburg just to see her. Grandma Brason and the aunts and uncles came to to see her as did Beverly and Olivia and several people from the branch.

She had to be careful not to let herself get worn out from all of the visitors. At times well wishers had

to be turned away so she could rest. Her burns were healing as well. The ones on the chest and back had diminished considerably, but were going to leave a bit of a scar. Her hand had been more severely damaged and was taking longer to heal. She was going to need some therapy to restore it to full use. It too was going to leave a scar.

Her heart and lung were healing nicely, although Dr. Mendon cautioned that there could still be some permanent damage that may limit her abilities. Janet was disappointed that the track season was over for her. She was also concerned about falling behind in school. She asked to have her assignments brought to her. From her hospital bed she began working on some make up assignments. Her government teacher helped her get caught up from her bedside.

Towards the middle of the week, she was allowed to get out of bed to walk around, even venturing as far as the hospital cafeteria. She was tired of the hospital gown and couldn't wait to put her clothes back on. Each day she got stronger and could do more. By Thursday she began therapy for her hand.

Then on Saturday, two weeks since the accident, Dr. Mendon saw no need to keep her in the hospital and let her go home, but he didn't want her to go anywhere until he saw her the following Friday. She was just happy to go home and to wear some real clothes and have some home cooking. While in the hospital she had lost several pounds and was looking a little underweight. She spent that week, working hard to get caught up with her school work. Each day Sheffield would bring home the assignments from her classes and the next day he would return what she had completed.

On Friday, she saw Dr. Mendon again. Although she had made good progress, he wasn't ready to release her to go back to school, but he did lift some restrictions allowing her to leave home on short excursions, not to exceed two hours. He also told her to start walking but no running and not to do anything strenuous, which precluded her from helping with the round up.

As predicted she ended up with scars about the size of a quarter making the places where the bolt of electricity entered and exited her body. The open wound on the palm of her hand had closed but was still healing. Once it healed sufficiently, she would begin more intensive therapy.

At the end of March, just twenty seven days after the accident, Dr. Mendon released her to go back to school and resume her normal activities, but restricted her from participating in track for at least one year.

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CPR as we know it wasn't introduced until 1956 but the techniques that had been around for a while.

Bacitracin ointment is an antibiotic used for treating or preventing infection in minor skin wounds. It works by stopping or preventing bacterial infections by either killing susceptible bacteria or inhibiting their growth. It was approved by the FDA in 1948.

Defibrillators weren't available for another five years.