



Monday, 20 May 2002

Dear Sir,

On Friday afternoon May 10th--after a 4,000 mile 14-state driving trip my old '85 Cadillac died, transmission, westbound on I-10 in Tallahassee.--Less than 5 minutes after I punched the emergency call box Trooper MIKE RUDD arrived. I have never met a more kind, helpful person. The first suggestion he made was for me to sit in the patrol car to get out of the heat. The best option I could think of was to find a wrecker to haul the car--and me--back to Panama City Beach, and Mr. Rudd made several phone calls to successfully arrange this transport..shortly after my car broke down a van also broke down right behind us and Mr. Rudd helped them as well. I'm afraid I'll have to admit I could not handle his thankless job, putting your life on the line day in and day out. To have this man out there is an asset to the Florida Highway Patrol; if there is any way I can help Trooper Rudd on the Florida Highway Patrol, please let me know.

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