

March 27, 2006

Florida Highway Patrol  
Major McCarter  
1011 Northwest 111<sup>th</sup> Ave.  
Miami, FL 33172

Billy Pantili

[REDACTED]  
Princeton, WV 24740  
[REDACTED]

Dear Major McCarter:

On Sunday March 5, 2006, my parents, William and Linda Pantili, were traveling to Key West on a Harley Davidson motorcycle when they were struck by a motor vehicle on Rt. 1 near Marathon, Florida. They started their trip from West Virginia several days earlier in a truck with the bike being towed behind in an enclosed trailer. They stopped in Titusville, Florida where they parked the truck and trailer, got on the bike and headed to Key West for the next few days. On that Sunday morning they left Titusville in perfect weather and full protective clothing including leather and helmets. Approximately five miles before Marathon, they decided to stop, take a break from riding, and remove the leather and helmets they had worn the last few hundred miles. Upon the removal of the protective gear they didn't make it ten miles before the motorist changed lanes improperly and struck them, ultimately taking them and the bike down on Rt. 1.

Upon the arrival of the EMS and the Florida Highway Patrol, it was determined that my father's injuries were quite severe with profuse bleeding and wreckage all over Rt. 1. My mother was doing a little better than my dad, but was still quite beaten up from the 45mph crash to the asphalt. Both of my parents were transported to Fisherman's Hospital in Marathon where their injuries were assessed and treatment begun.

At about 4:00 in the afternoon, I received a phone call from Trooper Susan M. Josephson explaining that my parents had been involved in a severe accident. My mom told me not to leave for Florida until she determined the best way to handle the wreck. Trooper Josephson told me that despite what my mom said, I needed to get to Florida as soon as possible since my mom was released from the hospital but my dad was going to be flown to Miami for further testing due to his head injuries. My mom had nowhere to go since she could not be transported with my dad to

Miami; also, she had no transportation since she could not ride the bike, regardless of its condition, and no one to help care for her considering the extent of her injuries.

The next phone calls were between Trooper Josephson and me, which were all about how she was going to help my mom and how she would help me gather up the pieces once I arrived in Marathon. I left work Sunday, went home, threw some clothes in a bag and started driving to Charlotte, NC, the closest airport to WV. After the three hour drive and two hour flight, I arrived in Orlando, FL with no transportation to Titusville. Trooper Josephson told me that if I couldn't find a ride to Titusville from Orlando, since I was arriving at 1:00 AM, that she would find someone in that area to get me to my parent's truck. From that point forward I knew that she was an angel that was sent to help my parents. By the grace of God, I had a friend whom was staying in Daytona for bike week and he agreed to pick me up at the airport and get me to Titusville. This super Trooper had arranged for my mother a place to stay, a way to get there, someone to take care of her, something to eat, and even arranged for the delivery of her prescriptions that were ordered by Fisherman's Hospital.

The next morning, I got the truck and trailer hooked up and started my drive to Southern Florida. I made it to Miami to pick up my father from the hospital and drove the latter part of the evening to Marathon to meet my mom and finally get to meet the trooper who had already done so much for my family.

Upon my arrival into Marathon, Trooper Josephson realized that the daylight hours were gone, and my father and I had nowhere to stay either. Without my knowledge, she arranged for us to stay in a beach house for the next two nights, while her friends were taking care of my mom, whom at this point was extremely sick and needed much care. I got my dad into the house and got him settled in for the night. The next day Trooper Josephson helped me find the wrecked motorcycle, get it picked up and continued to watch over my entire family and their well being like some unbelievable protector.

At this point I realized that with the condition of both of my parents, who are in their sixties, they were unable to make the 17 hour trip back to West Virginia. Once again with the help of Trooper Josephson, I made arrangements to leave the trailer in Marathon and take my parents on to Key West where they could rest for the next few days and receive medical attention. Trooper

Josephson even arranged for a medic to meet with my parents to help dress their wounds; in addition, she got us the name of a doctor in Key West who could reassess their injuries and whom gave my parents additional medical attention.

After staying in Key West for the next four days we decided to head back north and attempt to return to West Virginia. When we arrived in Marathon we stopped, retrieved the motorcycle trailer, and got to have lunch with Trooper Josephson before we headed back up Rt. 1.

In conclusion, I have never seen a more caring public employee in my life. I have never saw someone with so much compassion and love for complete strangers in my life. Trooper Josephson certainly went out of her way to take care of my parents as if they were her own. Moreover, she went above and beyond the call of duty to help someone who was really in desperate need. I don't know how I could ever repay her or thank her enough. She deserves a metal of honor for helping my parents, who were so thankful to have met her. While I am writing this letter, it brings tears to my eyes that we were so fortunate to have met this woman of honor.

Trooper Josephson, and the Florida Highway Patrol officer who investigated the accident, Trooper Donis, were both so helpful in this unfortunate accident. I know that they see this type of accident too many times in a year; however, if I didn't know better, I would assume that this was the only one they were working on. If they always take that much time and compassion for others, it is no wonder why they have been selected to be two of Florida's finest in law enforcement.

Please make sure that both of the officers understand just how appreciative my parents and I are. I want them to know that the work that they did was second to none.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Billy Pantli". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Billy Pantli

cc: Florida Highway Patrol  
Colonel Christopher A. Knight, Director  
2900 Apalachee Parkway  
Tallahassee, FL 32399