



[« Back](#)

Life isn't about smooth sailing

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Not everything works out as planned, even when you have the best of intentions.

A good example of dealing with minor hiccups came about last week.

It started out innocent enough when I dropped by the East Ferris Township council meeting Tuesday night to cover one of those official presentations "off the clock."

It's hard to imagine a journalist having a life outside the job, but sometimes I like to pretend there's something called personal time. Unfortunately, I can rarely finish my tasks during the day and often spend an extra hour or so of the evening completing a story or making up for sloth-like work habits.

The problems usually start with one of those late return calls from a key source. Government workers are pretty good at getting back to reporters at 4:55 p.m., or later, as a slick strategy to keep their name out of a story.

Sometimes, it's my own fault because I just whittled away the morning or afternoon and left too much on the plate.

Regardless, I wanted to take this photo after talking for more than a year or two with people about the Corbeil fire rescue truck needing one of those chest zappers for heart attack victims.

I was even going to do a fundraiser for one before deciding there were too many political things going on to start asking people for money.

Fortunately, the North Bay Professional Paramedics Association kept its eye on the ball and was determined to get an automatic external defibrillator in the Corbeil rescue truck.

There's already one at the Astorville arena and in the fire truck nearby, and there's another one in the Corbeil community centre. But we needed a mobile unit to cut down on the time it takes to reach rural homes out my way.

So I really wanted to get a decent photo and had the idea of shooting up from the ground - like a heart attack victim - with the paramedics, politicians and firefighters in a tight semi-circle looking down.

After a few chuckles about me lying down on the job, it looked cool enough and I went to bed that night thinking I had done something extra.

But technology and karma don't always work in my favour. Another reporter needed the camera while I ducked out for a coffee, neglecting to download my treasures, and it came back devoid of my fun little photo.

I had to count to 10 twice to get over that little hiccup.

As for the paramedics and firefighters, I'm going to need a little more of your patience to get this albatross off my back.

Dave Dale's column runs Mondays. His blog is available at nugget.ca

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