

Re: Testimony of Maurice Frisella, 5/18/06

The Menace of Hurricane Katrina or Where Be Out Elected Officials

Orleanians have endured hurricanes in the past. Courageously we will face this Katrina too! Our hundred year old house is high and sturdy-Victorian. We decided to remain within our own shelter, See Katrina to the finish. Slowly the monstrous wind began to rise...blowing apart the security of our world. Rain and wind began to lash the house. The old place seemed to tremble, wind beneath the house-The floor creaked. Suddenly! With no warning the electric power was cut. Candle power was blindly groped for in the black-eagerly sought and found. Gas and water soon suffered the same privation. No radio Batteries lay long unused. I ventured to look out the front door. The high wind snatched the door from my hand. Rain lashed-in and in an instant I was wet. The trees were in furry-Flying trash seemed endless. The wind blew me backwards. Fear caught me! Was there to be help? Was there a warning? But when? I had no knowledge, surely the city fathers must have given warning? I saw no police prowl vehicles. No national guards-No light! No neighbors. In the dark, I sensed water was gathering about the house. But how high? I heard the screech of tearing timber! Something had fallen-Something awful-I braved the beating wind. I could not see too well. My God! The upper bathroom was gone! The onslaught of wind increased more fearfully. I closed the front door, not feeling too secure, in the flickering glow of candle light. The draperies billowed and trembled. Wind! Wind! Invading every chink and crack. Somewhat short of breath, I paused to gather my intelligence. Then for a moment-the wind stopped. The world was silent! The house seemed so dreary. A dead calm, in the calamity. Peggie, began to meow and cry-We waited for Dawn. It would not come. "It's Ok, Peg!! The frightened cat was in my lap. As for food-There was bottled water. Canned food. Crackers. Peanut Butter...Some candy. I tried to rest on the sofa.

The candles were burning low. Too low I feared fire. Surely some help would come. A skiff-a guard. Somebody-Please! It was still calm-cold, damp. I looked out. I knew instinctively water was there. But would it rise more? No humans-No sounds, only blackness and fear. Where was the police? Where was the militia? Finally after three days within the house-The third of September, 2005 I went outside. I stepped into water, up to my knees. Filth! Garbage..Branches-Pieces of furniture floated. Believe it.....even a wingchair. Being fatigued, after prowling the street- I dare rested in the floating chair. Ha! Ha! Suddenly! I jumped to my feet, foolishly, trying to get the attention of helicopters. I waded to the St. Rock Ave Parkway, about 100 or more yards from my residence with heart fear, Nobody in sight. Silence! Water! Bedraggled trees. I waded back to the house for my adopted brother, Buzz. Once indoors, I demanded-We gotta get outta here-! Come on-step into the water. It is not soo deep". I managed to gather-up some valuables-stuffed all in to my little leather shaving kit. We waded...waded... Good Lord! What happened to our world? Finally-I was seized with wild joy! Hope! A National Guard vehicle came into sight. Boy! They spotted us! Two young guardsmen boosted us up. I felt a hot hand on my backside-Buzz too. So with soggy trousers. And heartfelt thanks-we were seated on something presumably a bench-Handed a sandwich and a drink- We rolled wildly and roughly away-

Down St. Claude avenue toward Canal Street. The young guards, no more than boys- were in a crouched position-with rifles paused looking for trouble. However, to end this winded episode-We were driven to the Arena. next to the Super Dome. Some kind Medics-changed our damp clothing-I know I was dressed in a blue paper suite. A helicopter took Buzz and me to Baton Rouge-and then...to a nursing home in Gonzalez- about a half hour drive from the Capital City. In the nursing home, we unhappily lived from September 3rd, 2005 til April 2006. We missed every joyous holiday. I was cursed in the home-hit and informed by Aides: Kiss my "Gluteus-Maximus". Render the cursive meaning! There were other incidents too- Food was awful! Buzz went into decline-He of the United States Air force-his knowledge of Botany and Food-Could not eat-!!! The Kitchen was filthy-! I was simply helpless in the nursing home. So awfully slow, and troublesome to get help from FEMA. Call! Call! Wait!-Call-! FEMA, and that Spanish!!! I was offended- This is an English speaking Nation.

My home has been looted. Valuable antiques-gone! Pigeons have invaded my home. My home has been closed since September- Today I was presented with two \$500 bills from Entergy-why? My house has been closed for seven months. Nothing done! The levee-neglected! This may be rumor-? This was certainly overheard?-“Nothing wrong with that son of bitch Levee-It has Ok since I known myself”-This is my sorrowful Lamentation- Our elected officials are not taking care of our nation-!!! As for the Corps of Engineers! By thunders! They Blunder. Does no one see the U.S.A. is in a Decline!??? Divine Father, spare our Nation!!! So, Humbly I lift my being to God. Pray my words are not false. The elected ones; are true only for! Privilege-Prestige- Possession-and Power! They are exalted-above the citizens. The End.

Closing verse-In essence of Shakespeare's Richard III-“Base, court...come down”.