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I remember being in a village, and I had gone out, and we were responding to some alerts that there might be some people sick in this village. And we showed up. And we didn't have an ambulance, it was just myself and Sister Mariama again, and our driver, in an SUV. We show up in this village and I thought, okay, there's probably a couple sick people. Looking around, there were sick people everywhere. It was obvious this village was infected with Ebola. I remember thinking, I'm the only CDC person out here. I don't even have cell reception right now. I'm in the middle of a village in the middle of nowhere and everybody's looking at me, asking me what we're supposed to do. And I have no idea. If I can get an ambulance here, if, who's gonna get in that ambulance? And where are they gonna go? This elderly woman in one of the homes walked into her home, and I mean she was weak and elderly and I believe she had Ebola as well. As best she could, carried, but it was more like dragging this little child out of the home and laid him on the ground in front of me. His eyes were closed and he had just like a light windbreaker-type jacket on that was zipped maybe halfway and nothing else. Of course, I figured, you know what, he's sick, he's dying, they probably took his bottoms off because he was just going to the bathroom nonstop. It was probably easier for them. And I'm looking at him and all I can think about is my daughter because they're like the same age. I looked at Sister Mariama and I said, "We're gonna get an ambulance, and we're gonna get an ambulance right now, and I'm not leaving this village until the ambulance gets here." And so, several phone calls, several phone calls, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, and I'm just monitoring this child. I thought he was dead. I thought he was dead when she drug him out. So I got some water and I handed it to her and I said, "Can you please see if you can get him to drink some water?" She picked him up by the back and put the bottle to his mouth and he opened his eyes, and that was the first time literally that I realized he was alive. I did not think he was alive. He drank water and I thought, oh my gosh, that's really significant for him to open his eyes and drink some water. Maybe we can save this child, not to mention the rest of the village. I was just so focused on him that as I was focusing on him, Sister Mariama was able to get an ambulance to that village. And then I finally look back, and the back of the ambulance is open and there are probably, I don't know, at least ten people shoved in the back of the ambulance. So we made room for this child, and the grandmother gets in with him, into the back of the ambulance. We were calling to see if there was any beds open anywhere for any of these people. The nearest ETU I believe at that time was in Bo, which was like a four-hour drive. And when we said the name and the village and all the information, I remember them saying, "We think his mom is here." So now I'm happy, I'm excited, I'm like okay, well maybe, we can't, gosh, well now what? We've got like ten, twelve people shoved in the back of this ambulance, and they're not going to take all of them, and it's four hours away. How is this going to work? So what ended up happening was, the ambulance went to a holding facility, dropped everybody off including the four-year-old, and I thought, okay. First thing in the morning we're going to go back there with the ambulance, get him, transfer him to that Bo facility, and by the time I got back he was dead. So it was, um. It was too late. It was too late. I just remember thinking, how amazing would that have been for that mother to see him again? But that's what it was: making decisions that had to be made and wondering why I was making these decisions, but

nobody else was going to make them. And then ultimately, knowing that them being at a holding facility was no better than them being in the village other than they weren't going to transmit Ebola to anybody else. When he sat up and opened his eyes, that's the picture I have. But I think that's the picture that makes me want to go back. Because it's just not fair.