

Reference Docket #20250011-El

I moved to Florida in January 2005 . At this time, so much movement was going on all over the United States and especially if you were affiliated with the Federal Government as I was in the midst of a Mass Migration away from the City to places like Florida, Georgia, Texas.. The Retirees from NYC were leaving after their 20 or so years of service with the New York Police Department., Port Authority Police Department of New York/New Jersey, and New York State Police were collectively leaving the cold for a new climate somewhere. This was a workforce that worked tireless hours of service for the better half of their 20 plus years of service looking for a place where they did not have to brave the cold or shovel snow or warm the house with their stoves during bad winter weather.

While everyone wanted to go to the Carolinas, Georgia, Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, and I had a choice of going to California or Pennsylvania, I chose Florida to continue my work with the Drug Enforcement Administration. Because of my demand, I can remember not being in the State of Florida for too long upon arriving. . At that Point my title was Operation Supervisor for the Miami Field Division. I worked as a Subject Matter Expert (SME) for the Asset Forfeiture Support Program (AFS) and I was still a part of the Training Team with the AF. Again, I arrived in January and I had not really been to the office as much as 2 weeks at a time. The one consistent theme about my time when I got down here was the regiment of the term "Hurricane Preparedness" . I had been through many catastrophic moments where we were training in Raleigh, North Carolina during the Oklahoma City bombing. Or, Training in Dallas during a Managers Conference and hearing the news of the Columbine mass shooting, And the event that changed the landscape of this country, 911. The one day I did not drive into NYC because My Daughter, Brianna had her 6 Month pediatric appointment that day. But this new term, Hurricane Preparedness, was foreign to me, but a part of the everyday protocol of the Floridian, because Tis the Season.

Fast Forward to getting back to the office to get everything setup for work in July 2005 and the alerts and lists for Hurricane Preparedness became a part of our every day regiment. The storms had names and everyone spoke of how Hurricane IVAN from a year prior was able to torment and ravish South Florida. Well I thought surely, they have never met 3 to 4 feet of snow. Well I would soon find out it would be the other way around. . In New York City and New Jersey, we got power two different ways, Gas and or Electric and in

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many instances, both. But each was very unique.. In NY they went underground a lot for their electricity. And in New Jersey, the Power Lines were above Ground. Each posed its own challenge when compromised. The Northeast only had one Colonel and that was Winter. and it did what it wanted to the Northeast, because he owned the ground he landed on. Where the Colonel said he was going to bring it all to a halt and shut everything down, there was no reversing course. We took what little reprieve he gave us and considered ourselves lucky to not get anymore. Her name was KATRINA. History would never have thought there was not a better name for a foreign spy looking to infiltrate your confines than this name. History would never see the amount of Power, damage and Human destruction she would cause in the Northern Gulf.. But she would take a deep dive through South Florida first. On August 25, 2005, South Florida, to include Doral, Florida was the first place in the United States for hurricane KATRINA to make her presence known as a Category 1 Hurricane.. The familiar sound of a train coming through a station at max speed is the only thing I could liken it to. The only difference is that it was the longest train I had ever heard. And you knew that she was moving things around outside and eventually she made the Power succumb to her force as it went out around 11pm. I have never seen Glass Breathe the way my Terrace thermal pane glass door did . But with No Power and her majesty being able to move anything she wanted to around me and I had no communication outside of me anymore, I could only go in the bathroom and sleep in the tub and hope the winds would surpass.

It was 6AM and KATRINA had blown through us and made her way out to a more attractive companion for her weakening strength, The Gulf of Mexico. where she would pick up the Strength that would change life for many across the I 10 corridor. The silence was as deafening as the storm and the devastation was undeniable as pieces of clay everywhere off the roofs. Leaves and vegetation all over my condo community. I could see the window of my vehicle from my second story apartment smashed from flying roof clay debris. Nothing was working and no phone and cellular power was available and the Sun was next. I was laying down and it was around Twelve when I heard some air brakes that appeared to have come from a Truck. And I hear the voice of people talking about cutting away the tree from the area so they can get to the main area to assess the damage. It was two trucks, one bigger than the other with a teal and blue stripe going across it. I was amazed by the efficient way they were trying to carve through what I saw was a mess. I had already conceived to throw out some food that was still relatively cold because of the freezer still maintaining its cold air. I then began to hear chainsaws and more voices. I went to my terrace and walked onto the patio to see all the residents looking with concern and distress at the gentlemen in white hard hats and work gear. and were having

conversation amongst themselves.. It was now almost 2pm and I was starting to gather some garbage bags for cleaning up what I thought would be an inevitable waste of food when I felt a rush of energy go through the walls. I then heard people rejoicing on their patios and yelling "Thank You" as I approached the Patio and gpt to the window and saw my patio light come on and went to the edge of my railing to join the celebration and praise. I guess you can call it the Miracle on 114th Avenue. I know in NYC we would have been waiting 5 and 7 days to get some energy from Con Ed and in New Jersey, they would have to wait for the thaw before they can get anyone out there on the pole with PSE&G

We are approaching the 20th anniversary of Hurricane KATRINA. And so many named Storms have come through the area. Notably Wilma, Matthew and Irma and all have had their effect on me one way or another and came with a level of devastation different from the last one.. But, they were consistent, vigilant and relentless and did not stop until the problem was solved.. They are the Men and Women in the White or Blue hard hats riding around in their Blue and Teal wrapped trucks who work tirelessly to make sure we have restored power. From the Bucket truck to a big machinery transporter, they are firing on all cylinders when it's Go time. Personally speaking and working with First responders, I know the sacrifice they face and we are all here because of those sacrifices.

They are Florida Power and Light (FPL), The reason why I stayed in the State of Florida.

I thank you for taking the time to allow me to share some words that are probably long overdue

Continued success in being the Model and providing quality Service.


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