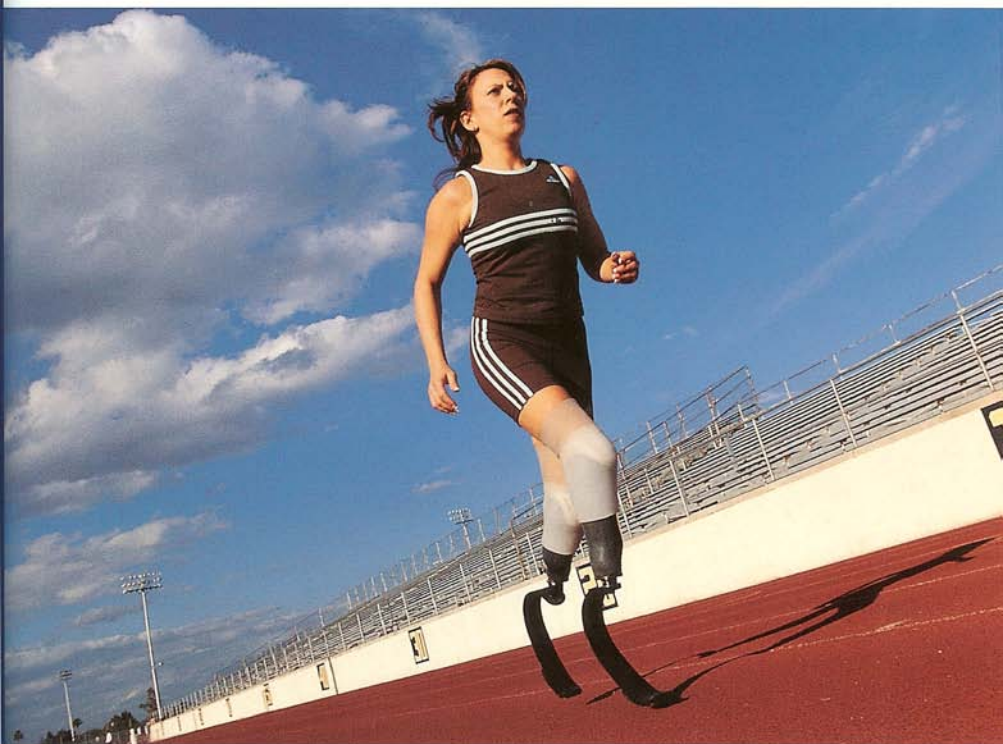




THE
**JAMI
GOLDMAN**
STORY



**UP AND
RUNNING**

Jami Goldman and Andrea Cagan


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...dia, and they were looking at a da... for her release.

In my case, however, no pulse whatsoever had returned to my feet. Dr. Leonard Bodell, the microvascular hand surgeon overseeing my case, had become pessimistic. My feet were not revascularizing, he said, and the concept of amputation was becoming ever more present. Meanwhile, the media were clamoring for a press conference—they were stimulated by the constant reports of wrongdoing by the state—and my parents had been advised to seek legal counsel before they made statements of any sort. If what the media were reporting was true, the state was heavily at fault here. If we intended to sue, they would need to be careful about anything they said publicly. Amid exposure of bad performance by the authorities, unsuccessful pain management, and evidence of gangrene eating my flesh, a new angel entered the scene: Richard Plattner, Attorney at Law, one of the first lawyers to be certified as a specialist in injury and wrongful death litigation.

Everybody knew my story. It had been plastered all over the newspapers and on every local television station for the last three weeks, so when Richard was contacted, he knew exactly who I was. He was at the driving track the day a friend phoned him at my parents' request, engaged in a high-performance-driving training course. When the call came, they literally dragged him out of his car and he responded immediately, making arrangements for a runner to bring him the initial client documents. That night, he met us at the hospital.

He told us that at first glance, he saw a good reason to ques-

as to whether he was making a mistake in taking my case. What kind of client would I be? To his credit, he didn't give up on me, and we were the lucky ones. He advised my parents well and guided them through the press conference that the media was demanding. It turned out that for the next few years, as my family and I rode the hard-breaking tides of a rising swell of legal and emotional challenges, I couldn't have had a greater champion by my side than Richard Plattner.



as they had predicted.

I looked out at the smiling faces and I smiled back. The last months flashed before me. I had done it, I had survived being lost and stranded, I had made it through the whirlpool bath, the hyperbaric chamber, having my legs removed, the tilt table, and now I was standing here to tell my story. Granted, there was a lot of hard work ahead of me, but I had been given a second chance at life and all these people wanted me to succeed. A sudden calm came over me. The worst was over. If I could live through the last two months, I could live through anything. Even a press conference. With Lisa sitting on a chair beside me, I read a statement that I had prepared with help from my parents and my wonderful lawyer, Richard Plattner: