

Remembering



Carol Irene Taylor

Goldsboro Fire Department — North Carolina

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: November 14, 2008

Age: 41

Carol "Irene" Taylor was born on July 29, 1967, in Belle Glade, Florida. She decided at age 12 that she wanted to become a firefighter, which was a surprise to all of us, as she was afraid of fire trucks. She would run and cry so hard when she heard a fire truck siren. Who would have ever thought that becoming a firefighter would become her love? She fell in love with the idea of becoming a firefighter.

I remember her saying when she was trying to become a firefighter that she was too short to take down the ladder from the truck and put it back without standing on her tiptoes. That, and whether she was strong enough to carry someone from a burning building, worried her a lot. She used me as a "dummy" to practice with. I weighed 195 pounds to her 110-120 pounds. She used to cry and say, "Bay-Bay, you're too heavy!" I would ask her, "Are you going to tell that to the person in that building whose life you must save?" She would then say, "OK, man, come on!" She would drag me about 5-10 feet every day and, by the grace of God, she made it. That was the proudest day of both our lives. Our mother passed several years ago, so I was very proud to be at the college watching Irene become a full-fledged firefighter.

Irene had gone from pickle packer to curtain maker to shoe turner to bartender to PROUD firefighter for the Goldsboro Fire Department. She said, "Bay-Bay, I got my career now!"



Irene's passion for her career made a lot of people think she was better than they were. They soon realized that she was not going to allow anything or anybody to tarnish her dignity and pride for her position. She loved life, her son, and her family more than anything else in the world. She had a passion for God and put Him first in her life.

The last eighteen months of her life were difficult for her. She and I lost touch with one another, but we found one another again. She lost her best friend, her dog Buddy, who was killed in front of her house. Then, ten days after losing Buddy, her son was shot and killed. He was the only child she had.

We will always remember Irene as someone who fought very hard to become a firefighter, a passion that she had for years and a job that she did well for 12½ years with much love and joy. She will be missed by her fellow firefighters and her family.