



**1 OCTOBER MEMORIAL COMMITTEE**  
**Clark County Government Center, BCC Chambers**  
**500 S. Grand Central Parkway**  
**Las Vegas, NV 89155**  
November 24, 2021  
9:00 AM

**MINUTES**

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Board/Council Members: Tennille Pereira, Chairperson  
Karessa Royce, Vice Chairperson- **Absent**  
Harold Bradford  
Robert Fielden- **Absent**  
Rebecca Holden  
Kelly McMahill- **Absent**  
Mynda Smith

Secretary: Mickey Sprott, 702-455-8685, [Mickey1@ClarkCountyNV.Gov](mailto:Mickey1@ClarkCountyNV.Gov)  
Business Address: Sunset Administration Building, 2601 E. Sunset Rd, Las Vegas,  
Nevada 89120

County Liaison(s): Mickey Sprott, 702-455-8685, [Mickey1@ClarkCountyNV.Gov](mailto:Mickey1@ClarkCountyNV.Gov)  
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1. Call to Order, Roll Call, Pledge of Allegiance, and Moment of Silence.
  - **Meeting called to order at 9:14 AM by Chairperson Tennille Pereira.**
2. Public Comment.
  - **No public comment.**
3. Approval of the Agenda for November 24, 2021 (*for possible action*).
  - **MOTION by Rebecca Holden**  
**2<sup>nd</sup> MOTION by Harold Bradford**  
**Action PASSED (4-0) / Unanimous**
4. Approval of Minutes for October 27, 2021 (*for possible action*).
  - **MOTION by Harold Bradford**  
**2<sup>nd</sup> MOTION by Rebecca Holden**  
**Action PASSED (4-0) / Unanimous**
5. Discussion of key elements, functions that may be desirable at the memorial (*for possible action*).
  - **Report on sub-committee progress by Rebecca Holden. The sub-committee will continue to strive for a mutually agreeable process which honors all those who are participating.**
  - **Presentation of original recommendation and alternative direction for RFQ process by Punam Mathur.**

- Discussion by the committee geared towards alternative direction and to have other Memorial communities present to the committee. Considerations include adding 4-6 months to the invitation timeline, artists standards, and copyright/legal implications. Process to be confirm with County Purchasing.
6. Committee is to review and approve the mission, vision, and goals for the Memorial (*for possible action*).
- Draft of potential mission, vision, and goals for the memorial presented to the committee by Mindy Meyers.
  - Discussion and edits made by the committee to the mission, vision, and goals statement for clarification and to better reflect data collected from previous surveys and focus groups.

• **MISSION STATEMENT**

To provide a space that will remember the 58 who perished in the immediate aftermath as a result of the 1 October, 2017 tragedy at the Route 91 Harvest Festival, Las Vegas, NV and those who succumbed to their injuries thereafter, honor the survivors and the many heroes who inspired the nation with their bravery, and to celebrate the resiliency and compassion of our community.

**VISION STATEMENT**

To provide an experience that brings healing, peace, respect, community, strength, unity, love, comfort, and resilience while education about the events and impact of 1 October, 2017.

**GOALS**

- Convey the magnitude of the tragedy and its far-reaching impacts
  - Provide an artistic feature that honors the 58 victims who perished
  - Provide educational and/or artistic components that may offer:
    - Victim biographies
      - Survivor stories
      - Community heroism stories
      - Support for mental health
      - Lessons learned by first responders/hospitality industry
      - Celebration of Country Music Community
  - Provide an alternative feature to water to offer tranquility
  - Provide controlled opportunities for incorporate mementos
- Motion for approval of draft changes.  
MOTION by Mynda Smith  
2<sup>nd</sup> MOTION by Harold Bradford  
 Action PASSED (4-0) / Unanimous

7. Donation report by staff (*not an action item*).
- Donation report presented by Mickey Sprott.
  - A donation of \$50,000 was made towards the memorial.

8. Report by staff regarding monthly summary of activities, including survey topics, marketing, research, and financial (*not an action item*).
  - **Update about the usage of the Route 91 name in the memorial provided by Carolyn Campbell.**
9. Identify emerging issues to be addressed by staff or by the Committee at future meetings; receive updates on activities and direct staff accordingly.
  - **Sub-committee to meet and develop concrete recommendation for the alternative direction for RFQ process.**
  - **Next meeting, the committee anticipates presentation from other communities.**
10. Comments by the General Public.
  - **No public comment.**

Public comments received by [1OctoberMemorial@ClarkCountyNV.Gov](mailto:1OctoberMemorial@ClarkCountyNV.Gov) before 11/22/2021:

**From Josh Pennington:**

With 44000 hands in the air, the crowd was electric that night, it was said by one of the lesser known artists to be the “most alive crowd” he’d ever seen.... As we lifted off that Friday morning we were totally excited about the venue, the artists and the hotel. We had been planning this since February. It all began with the *Holdin My Own* tour, we are absolute super fans of Eric Church. It would be the last time for us to see him in 2017, so we planned and saved our money for this last hoorah!

10:08 PM Sunday night Aldean is rocking, “any old bar stool” POP then POP POP POP! What the hell was that???? Amanda and I crouch down along the aluminum rail that separates the crowd from the stage. We both are thinking “that sounds like fireworks” or “maybe a grounded speaker”...”it’s not a gun!” several people yell. Others still are screaming “get down” “get down.” As we are crouched down the pop pop pop starts again this time a full sustained pop pop pop pop pop pop pop pop.....then a pause. Eerie silence and then girls screaming in terror not like some weird fake ass Hollywood movie but a real “I’m scared of dying tonight” kind of scream.

I begin to count the seconds between fire, maybe 45 seconds or less between the series of pops, Amanda and I crouching the entire time. After 9-10 minutes of no fire, we decided to move from the corner of the rail we had crouched in. Amanda and I had developed an exit plan in that 9 minutes. We would crouch along the rail till we came to the end of the stage then we would cut along the back fence, along Giles Street, and hit the exit near the food vendors. By now the shots had subsided and we were ready to move.

In the 9 minutes we crouched down along that rail we saw a girl get cut down as she ran for her life, sent several ladies along the rail to the nearest exit, witnessed acts of defiance and seemingly clueless people scramble to get atop the catwalk stage!

As we took off along that rail I was speaking to Amanda “stay low keep your head down and we’ll be fine.” We made it to the end of the stage and now had to cut across the killing field, although the fire had subsided we were not sure if we were completely safe. We had to make it to an exit that was not full of people. We skirted a handicapped area that was elevated to provide some sort of cover, we passed the House of Blues two story viewing area holding hands and running in a low crouch. As we passed the House of Blues a woman from inside screams “in here there is an exit through the fence” we did not stop, we stuck to the plan.

We passed out of the handicapped area and headed towards the vendor area, we began to run to the Giles street exit when we came upon a wounded girl laying under one of the portable bars. We stopped to see if she needed more help, other men had stopped to help as well. We determined she had a gunshot wound in her lower back, one of the men around her had his finger in the entry wound. As a security guard came around the corner he shouted “let’s get her moved” the other men and I picked her by the waist and legs and ran with her to a nearby medical tent. The security guard knew exactly where it was and guided us to it.

As I carried her into the tent it was now glaringly clear we were in a mass shooting situation! I left Alicia with the medics in the tent and secured Amanda with a plain clothes officer (later we find out Don was a retired officer working for MGM) between 2 steel shipping containers located behind the medical tent.

As I made my way around the four deceased people lying on the ground outside the med tent, I began to take some deep breaths knowing that some folks were injured badly. I entered the tent to find multiple folks with multiple gunshot wounds, and EVERY SINGLE one of them had a tourniquet tied around some part of their body. As I began assessing injuries I was handed an IV kit and asked to start it on a female patient awaiting transport by an ambulance. Another girl was head to head with her with unknown injuries and a male, Lt. Harp, I don’t know if he was injured but his friend Lauren was by his side and she had a tourniquet on her right leg. I checked her distal pulse but nothing, I then checked her wrist for a pulse, it was thready and weak, and she was fading and babbling about how she was going to die in this tent. I grabbed her toe and twisted hard, she awoke immediately and said “hey that fucking hurt,” I said to her good now fight this and make it outta here! are you a fighter are you strong Lauren?”

I turned to another wounded girl sitting on a chair, she was with her friend and he was asking to bandage her back she had an entry wound on her left shoulder, I immediately started looking for gauze and tape, which took a bit to find but I got it and bandaged her up as she screamed when she leaned forward so I could see to bandage her. When I finished with her I checked on her friend he said he was fine.

I found another person laying in the corner of the tent near the door, I heard someone say he was a Dr. He was on his phone with his wife, saying to her “honey calm down, I am fine do not come down here it is chaos, I will let you know where I am going and will call when I get to the hospital. I have NEVER seen a man with a gunshot wound so calm cool and collected. He had a pressed white shirt on, nice shorts and then his leg, covered in blood, and only half his shirt was covered in blood. I wish I knew his name, I would tell him he was an inspiration to all of us helping and hurting. He had a tourniquet on his right leg and it was up on a chair. I leaned down to ask him what he needed and how long his tourniquet had been on “about 40 minutes” he says. “Ok” I said, as I put a back pack under his head.

As I turned to the next person it was Alicia who we’d brought in just a few minutes earlier. Later I would find out from Amanda that I had been in the tent over 90 minutes. As I turned to Alicia another medic was working on her and calming her, I leaned over her head and got her attention “hey sweetheart how we doin?” “did you get hold of daddy?” She answered “yes I did thank you” “what do you need ma’am?” “nothing I guess except to get the fuck outta here,” as she laughed! “Yes ma’am we are working on it” I said.

I got up and began checking others tourniquets and trying to get eta's on ambulances. Another gentleman was lying on a cot with a tourniquet on his upper thigh, he was smiling but in pain, another man on a cot was turning blue. As an officer entered the tent holding his neck bleeding pretty severely, "where's the next one out" we sent the next woman out by fireman carry, as another man was brought in and laid down on the ground. This gentleman had several wounds I could not see, he was with another woman who was a nurse I think. We tried an IV on his left arm but he kept bending his arm and had collapsed the catheter, we had to start another line in his hand.

As a large man screamed "hey shut the fuck up" everyone in the tent was quiet. A small spitfire nurse or doctor said "hey we need to triage this tent I am going to check each of you and see whose going 1st etc." She began checking each person and ordering those who were not medical out of the tent. She then started the IV line in the other gentleman's hand and we taped it behind her as she moved to the next person.

Then ambulances began to arrive we sent out Alicia on a piece of cardboard, another on a gurney, then another on a cot, then another on a cot, then one by fireman's carry. At this point the Dr. with the white shirt was moved out then the girl with shoulder wound I bandaged.

At this point I left the tent to get some air and retrieve some water for people inside. I went to check on Amanda and make sure she was safe, when I found her with the plain clothes officer she was fine. She had been helping contact kids parents and calming down the kids that were near the shipping containers. She had contacted our folks and told them we were safe. The steel shipping containers, come to find out, were the vaults for the vendor proceeds coming in all night. The plain clothes officer was there to guard it. Don, the plain clothes officer had several employees inside the container who had taken shelter in it. I grabbed some water and returned to the tent, it was finally empty, except the medics gathering gear and assessing the scene. I gave water to each one of them and helped clean up.

I went back to the shipping containers each time stepping over or around the now growing number of dead bodies. One in a wheel barrow, one covered by a sheet, one covered by only a plastic trash bag. I found Amanda safe and sound with Don and his employees. An LVPD officer came around the back of the containers where we were, he had orders to clear the area. Don and he discussed that he had 20 plus employees in the containers and needed to secure the money, and his employees. The officer replied ok "let's get them onto Giles." As Don prepped his people to move the officer was asking us "who are you guys? Don quickly replied "they are with us."

As Don's employees filed out one of them mentioned another was shot, I immediately said who and where, "it's Joe" one of them said "ok where's Joe" I stated firmly. "He's right here" another employee says. "Ok Joe, where are you hurt?" I asked. "Just in my shoulder sir, the 6'4 giant of a man says. "Ok well let's have look" Don and I say as we examine Joe's shoulder. Joe had a graze wound on his left shoulder and had put a Band-Aid over it, I cleaned it with water and a clean bandage and then applied ice.

The LVPD officer was now really eager to get us out of this area, he said we have to move now, so we followed him out to the edge of the green fence on Giles Street, "ok now put up your hands as you walk out and the officers will direct you from there" says the LVPD officer. We ramble out one by one with our hands up, two LVPD officers with 12 gauge shotguns aimed directly at us direct us across the street. This was the moment I realized our lives had been forever changed!

As we assembled across the street this mismatched band of money counters, police officers, MGM employees, and festival vendors, and perhaps the last concert goes to leave the venue alive, I was in

complete awe of Amanda, Don and this gang of people who survived with us. And this is just the beginning.

As we walked along Giles Street, Don, us, and others, we had decided to head towards the Strip, until SWAT officers directed us that the Strip was locked down and we could not return to our hotels. In fact we could not even go west of the Strip. So we followed Don to a warehouse owned by a 3rd party vendor of MGM's. Don said we'd be safe there. The group headed this direction. We were the last folks in the group when a Fox News crew caught us crossing the street, "hey were you folks involved in the shooting?" asked a tall reporter in khakis and a blue shirt. "Yes we were" Amanda and I both said. He asked a few questions and we answered then he moved along for a closer look. We continued to follow Don as he led the group to the warehouse.

When we entered the warehouse more than 40 people had sheltered in place as the LVPD had asked us to do as they still had not secured the scene or confirmed 1 or more shooters. As I entered another room of the warehouse/ office someone said "are you Josh the paramedic?" "Yeah" I said. "Can you take a look at my friend, and another person in the bathroom?" "Sure no problem" "Josh there is also a pregnant lady here" "ok" I say "we will get to all of them."

I assessed a woman in the bathroom who had a graze wound on her eyebrow, and jokingly ask her "so what were you doing to get this???" She laughs "you know it was a bullet" she says matter of factly with a sly grin. "I know" as I gently smile. I clean her up with a wet towel and tell her to get a tetanus shot at the urgent care tomorrow when they are less crowded. The girl next to her has swollen ankle and right shin. Her friend tells me she's been run into by a car. "So why'd you run in front of that car?" I ask. She laughs, then says she was weaving between cars getting out of the concert, and this car just barely bumped her but it is hurting a bit. I gently palpate her shin and calf, "nothing seems broken, some deep bruising and a scrape or two but you'll be ok." I tell her to watch it close if the pain increases or it gets red more swollen or turns purple really fast to get to the ER." She says "ok" and I move onto the pregnant lady.

I go into this main conference area and immediately recognize the pregnant lady from Friday night, they stood behind us on the rail for all of Friday's concerts and we talked about kids and their 20 hour drive from Oregon. I sneak up behind her and whisper in her ear "hey lady don't I know you" well she almost jumps out of her skin, but I swing around to her face so she can see me and she is calm immediately, "Hi...man am I glad to see you guys" she says." I say "hey how's that baby doin?" She says "well she hasn't moved in 2 hours and she's pretty active at night" "well don't get too excited maybe she's tired or the music was just too loud," I say jokingly. I take her pulse it is a bit racy but not overly so for what we had been through. I ask her about her pain level and she says she's not in any except her feet from standing all day. "ok well Amanda is gonna stay with you and I have one more wound to tend to", another police officer was there and he had directed me to Jeff who had a graze or shrapnel wound on his right ankle right above his shoe. I cleaned him up told him the tetanus speech, and he went on his way he was an MGM employee and needed to coordinate with the police and the venue.

As Amanda and I settled into the warehouse the officer asked me to take a look at another girl who was pretty banged up, I finally had a first aid kit and cleaned up some cuts and scrapes and gave her the tetanus speech too. As the entire room watched the news on two TVs in a conference room it was becoming painfully obvious that this was bigger than any one of us, and it would change 22000 people's lives forever. As 5:30AM Monday dawned in Las Vegas the police had called an all clear and we were able return to our hotel, the Luxor.

As we left the warehouse with the off duty officer and his girlfriend we had to weave our way behind several hotels and casinos. We passed the Tropicana on our left took an escalator up to Excalibur then down to the sidewalk. As we walked to our hotel the officer and his girlfriend peeled away somewhere as we shook hands and hugged goodbye, these people who were complete strangers just hours before. As we walked bloody clothes, bandages, socks, shirts, and even paper towels or napkins were at our feet every so often. As we approached our hotel lobby another couple joined us and asked if we were involved as they were. "Yes" we replied, "glad you all are safe" we exclaimed to each other. The husband and I picked up a people barrier, that had been used as a stretcher, and set it out of the walkway. We approached the lobby doors and a bleary eyed security guard was checking our room keys, we had ours luckily, a small orange electronic card, with... of all people on it.....Carrot Top...was all this a joke? A dream? Maybe we were in some sadistic reality show where the end is just around the corner...

**Destination Route 91**

*(Email end.)*

11. Next Meeting Date: **December 22, 2021.**
12. Adjournment.
  - **Meeting adjourned at 12:32 PM by committee.**