...May our fallen heroes live on
In every mark of kindness,
In every expression of compassion...

— Bill Manning
Before the Memorial Weekend, the Foundation asked families to submit information about their fallen firefighters for the Remembrance Book. If no information was received, the best information available to us for each firefighter was used. We regret any inadvertent errors or omissions. Fallen firefighter profiles can be viewed on the Foundation’s Web site at: www.firehero.org
we honor you and your loved ones.
Mike Gilbreath was born February 21, 1954, in Jacksonville County, North Carolina, to L.C. and Doris Gilbreath. His dad was in the Marine Corps and stationed at Camp Lejeune at the time of his birth. Shortly afterwards, the family moved back home to Alabama, where Mike became a lifelong resident of Double Springs.

Mike joined the Double Springs Volunteer Fire Department as a teenager and was an active and faithful member until his death.

Mike graduated from Winston County High School in 1972 and completed two years of Auto Body and Repair at Northwest Technical College. Upon graduation, he opened his own auto body shop business.

In 1973, he married Ruby Thomas, his high school sweetheart. They were happily married for 35 years. Mike continued to serve his community, and he raised two children who give back to the community as well. Amanda is a math teacher at Sparkman 9th Grade Academy, and Erik works with Regional Paramedics as an EMT.

In 1980, he began his new business known as Mike’s Auto Parts. During this time he also served on the Double Springs City Council. In 1990, he was appointed fire chief, a capacity in which he served for 19 years, until his death. For the past 18 years, Mike was employed by the Winston County Commission, Road Department, where he served as bridge inspector. Mike also served as a first responder and was called out many times, all hours of the day or night, to help someone in need.

The community has suffered a great loss. The fire station where he served as chief has been named in his honor as the Mike Gilbreath Station, and the Willow Run Park in Double Springs has been renamed Mike Gilbreath Memorial Park. The local Panorama Study Club is in the process of erecting a 5-foot granite stone with his likeness and the Fireman’s Prayer etched on it, to be placed at the entrance to the park.

Mike served as deacon at Union Grove Freewill Baptist Church and taught the young adult Sunday school class. He loved each of them and encouraged each one to “be ready.” Those same young adults sang these words at his funeral: My chains are gone, I’ve been set free. My God, my Savior has ransomed me. Mike is now truly free.
Remembering

Joseph E. Juliano

United States Marine Corps, Marine Corps Air Station,
Yuma — Arizona

Lance Corporal
Date of Death: March 20, 1998
Age: 23

Born September 14, 1974, to Elizabeth and Daniel Juliano in Elizabeth, New Jersey, Joseph was the youngest of four children. He was always a happy child and was extremely close to his family. He was called the “All American Kid” due to his love of sports, especially football. He played on the varsity football team for Elizabeth High School in New Jersey before graduating in 1992.

Joseph was a high-spirited, warm soul with a heart of gold that would lend a helping hand no matter where he was. He always had a beautiful smile on his face and made sure everyone around him did as well. His family meant everything to him, and he absolutely adored his nieces and nephew and always made sure to show it. He was very close to his family, and he loved them unconditionally. Joseph had many friends that he cherished, and everyone loved the person he was.

In 1993, Joseph decided to follow in his older brother's footsteps and joined the United States Marine Corps. He served four years, then re-upped in 1997. He was stationed in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. He was trained in Texas for HAZMAT firefighting, then at Yuma, Arizona, where he was an aircraft firefighting and rescue specialist. He finished his exams for firefighting and finished top in his class. Joe loved what he represented and was extremely proud to be an American.

On March 20, 1998, everyone who knew and loved Joseph now had a big piece of their heart missing. He was killed in an automobile accident during a training exercise in California. Surviving are his parents, Daniel and Elizabeth Juliano; two sisters, Sharon and Patricia; and brother, Daniel. A vital part of our lives was taken from us that day, and we still feel the heartache, but it is comforting to know that he is watching over us and his spirit is with us at all times.

He was an amazing person who would do anything for anyone. There is not one day that goes by that we do not think of him and give thanks for all the wonderful memories he gave us. Joe was full of life and lived each day to his fullest potential. He is truly missed, and we cannot wait until the day we will be with him again.

“The guardian angels of life fly so high as to be beyond our sight, but they are always looking down upon us.”

— Jean Paul Richter
Remembering

Eric A. Tinkham
Queen Creek Fire Department — Arizona
Career Captain
Date of Death: August 1, 2009
Age: 44

Do you know your geography? Eric did, and he would always ask you, “What’s the capital of Thailand?” And you’d better know it.

The shining life of Captain Eric Allan “Tink” Tinkham began on January 9, 1965, in Rochester, Minnesota. Larry and Janice Tinkham brought into this world their first child, Eric Allan Tinkham. He soon had a little sister, Lynn, and a few years later a little brother, Thad.

In June 1981, Eric and his family moved from the cooler climate of North East to the hot desert of Gilbert, Arizona. Enrolling in Gilbert High School, he ditched many classes to spend time at the fire station. He received his GED and began working for Rural/Metro Fire Department as a reserve. Eric’s hard work and dedication got him a full-time position on a one-man engine company where he always gave 100%. “Tink,” as he’s known, became well respected with all agencies in the area.

Eric found a new life love in Judy and her 18-month-old daughter, Jessica. On June 19, 1991, Eric and Judy were married. Their family grew, with three beautiful girls, Taleah in 1993, Breahna in 1995, and Shania in 1999. Eric always worked hard to provide for his family; they were his number one priority. Settling in Queen Creek, he continued working for Rural/Metro, becoming a paramedic, then soon being promoted to captain. Eric loved playing practical jokes on everyone; however, he always kept his word on what he said, especially when he said “soul brother,” meaning, “This is the truth, my brother.” Eric always knew how to keep someone laughing even if they were hurting. If he wasn’t making you laugh he was stuffing you with his cooking.

Eric was very active within the community of Queen Creek, always supporting the high school sports programs, participating in many charity motorcycle rides, and helping to start the Queen Creek Firefighters Assistance Fund that would help community members in need after a tragedy.

In January 2008, the little town of Queen Creek would form a new fire department. Eric left his 24 years of service with Rural/Metro behind and was hired as a paramedic captain. With the days of one-man trucks behind him, Eric was proud of his four-person crew and new red fire truck. He died doing what he loved to do.

Eric was a very proud husband, father, son and brother. He took pride in all he did as a firefighter, captain and paramedic. Judy said, “I am so proud and honored at what he did and all he stood for; he was a man’s man. We all loved him and knew him as that wonderful man, “Tink.”
Airman First Class Monex Thomas died in August 1982 in an aircraft training incident.
Tedmund “Ted” Hall was born June 19, 1962, in Fontana, California. He married Katherine Letman on July 25, 1987. His love for his wife and best friend, Kathy, was evident to anyone who spent time with them. It began with a blind date and was mutual attraction from that first meeting. Their sons, Randall and Steven, became part of their family four years later. Ted found special joy in being a father. There were countless trips to different parts of the country for Steven’s ice hockey tournaments and Randall’s motocross races. Ted was very proud of the men they had become.

After graduating from Workman High School in La Puente, where he was voted “Athlete of the Year,” Ted took a fireman Explorer class. In 1983, he became a proud member of the LA County Fire Department. During his 27-year career, he served as a firefighter, dispatcher, paramedic, engineer, camp foreman, fire captain, and camp superintendent. Ted loved being a firefighter, regardless of title. He found his true calling when he left the station and entered the camps. A hardworking and loyal friend, captain, and mentor, Ted served with pride, dedication, and professionalism. He is remembered by his family and crew as one of the greatest men they’ve ever known, gone too soon to save so many.

Childhood vacations instilled a love for family fun which became a road map to his life shared with Kathy and his sons. Ted’s love for his family extended beyond his nieces, nephews, cousins, aunts and uncles; his lifelong friends became part of his extended family, included in camping trips, the yearly Christmas party, and trips to the Colorado River. When Ted returned home from being on duty, he would spend hours sitting on the back porch watching the sunsets and enjoying his time home with his family.

He loved riding and working on motorcycles, water skiing, boating, sitting around campfires, and listening to music with a good cup of coffee or a cold beer. He loved a good practical joke, especially on those he loved, and could laugh at himself harder than anyone else. He was the first by your side in times of need, a pillar of strength, and always the voice of reason. Without a doubt, Ted created fun and generated laughter wherever he went.

What kind of man was Ted Hall? He was a man of humility and strength, a hero to his community, selfless, dedicated, professional, and a whole lot of fun! He said he never wanted to be a hero; he was just a regular guy doing a job he loved. He was and will always be nothing short of remarkable.
Remembering

Patrick G. Henry

CAL-FIRE, Mendocino Unit — California

Career Captain
Date of Death: March 13, 2006
Age: 54

Pat grew up on the Jersey shore, where he spent most of his life surfing and life guarding. He lived in Hawaii for a year, mainly to surf during the day and work at night. He became friends with legendary singer Don Ho.

In 1975, Pat started his career with the California Department of Forestry (CDF) in the Sonoma unit. He was promoted to engineer and then engine captain in the Mendocino unit. He was a skilled contractor and coordinated many construction projects for CDF, later heading the lumber mill on site at Parlin Fork Conservation Camp. Pat trained inmate crews to fight wildland fires and led many crews on strike teams all over California.

In 1999, he and his Parlin Fork crew were cited as heroes for rescuing an accident victim who was trapped beneath her small pickup truck. They pulled her to safety after lifting the truck off of her and performed CPR until rescue personnel arrived. Due to Pat’s quick thinking, she survived and was present at the ceremony commending Pat and his crew.

Besides fighting wildland fires, Pat also led his work crews around the county to perform community service clearing state park trails, clearing brush and dead trees off of local schoolyards and playgrounds, and providing materials for the semi-annual Make-a-Wish silent auctions.

In his free time, Pat loved fishing, diving for abalone, and swimming with his two golden retrievers.

Pat left behind his loving wife, Michelle, and his children, Thomas, Joe, Jehremy, and Ariel.

Pat was a true hero in our eyes and is greatly missed for all time.
Thomas D. “TJ” Marovich Jr. was born on January 3, 1989, in San Mateo, California. He grew up in Hayward, California. From his first memory of hearing the siren of a fire engine, his lifelong goal was to be a firefighter.

While still a child, Tom played Little League baseball at a field across from his home. He was the star catcher on most of his baseball teams. Tom was also a Boy Scout and loved to go camping. “The worse the weather, the better the memory,” was one of his favorite Boy Scout sayings.

Tom graduated from James Logan High School in Union City, California. While a student, he was a member of the water polo team and was voted Most Valuable Player in his senior year.

When he was fourteen, he was old enough to join the Fremont Fire Explorer Program. During this time, he participated in three Firefighter Combat Challenges and put himself through EMT training.

When he was eighteen, he joined the United States Forest Service as a wildland firefighter and was stationed in the rural town of Adin in Modoc County, California.

When he was not on duty with the Forest Service, Tom was busy with the Adin Fire Protection District as a volunteer. Whenever he found time to come home, he rarely stayed. He continued to be busy with the Fremont Fire Explorers, but this time as an advisor. Whenever he found or made time, he was an assistant instructor of fire science at the Mission Valley ROP in Fremont.

Tom enjoyed listening to country-western music, spending time with his best friends, and doing target practice. He was an outstanding son, brother and loyal friend. Tom was a giving person. He always gave of himself to help others, whether it was fighting a fire, rescuing someone, or just helping a stranded motorist along the highway.

**ONE LIFE ONE DREAM**
Matthew Paul Moore was born in Lynwood, California, on September 13, 1964, to Phillip and Carol Moore. He has an older brother, Mark, and a younger sister, Jill. He comes from a family of firefighters; his dad, uncle, and brother were all firefighters.

Matt graduated from Los Amigos High School in 1983. High school sweethearts, Matt and Sherry met in 1982 and were married on September 8, 1990. They have three children, Alyssa Rebecca, who was born in 1992; Trenton Matthew, who was born in December 1994; and Branden Anthony, who was born in April 1994 and became a member of their family in 2006. Matt loved his family and was a great provider, working very hard so Sherry could stay home with their kids. He was the best husband and father. Matt’s universe revolved around his wife and children, and he devoted much of his time and effort towards his family. He also had many, many friends who loved him like family!

A 20-year veteran of the fire service, Matt received an associate’s degree in fire science from Santa Ana College and graduated from the Santa Ana Fire Academy in September 1986. He worked as a reserve firefighter for the Santa Ana, Corona, and Murrieta Fire Departments before being hired by Murrieta Fire Protection District as a full-time firefighter in October 1990. An excellent firefighter, Matt quickly rose through the ranks and was promoted to captain in May 2001. He loved being a fire captain. His passion was mentoring young kids and the Fire Explorer & reserve programs.

In November 2007, Matt developed flu-like symptoms, which were eventually diagnosed as balamuthia mandrillaris amoebic meningoencephalitis. It is presumed that he contracted this illness while working in high winds, protecting the city of Murrieta from the threat of wildfires. Matt passed away on March 10, 2008, after several surgeries and complications. He fought this illness with every last breath.

Matt was a Christian man who loved spending time with his family and his friends. He was a responsible adult, but he was like a big kid. His sense of humor and loving spirit made it a joy to spend time with him. He loved animals, including his own three dogs, three cats, and cockatiel. He was gracious and kind, often mentoring young men and helping them achieve their dream of becoming professional firefighters. Matt loved the outdoors and enjoyed backpacking and fishing with his family and friends. He and his family loved to spend time in Yosemite National Park, where they created lifelong memories.

Matt was an amazing person, husband, father and friend. Everyone who knew him misses him so much. He was one of the good guys.
Arnaldo “Arnie” Quinones
Los Angeles County Fire Department — California
Career Firefighter Specialist
Date of Death: August 30, 2009
Age: 34

Arnie was a remarkable man with a magnetic, caring personality and a charismatic, contagious smile. He had the ability to embrace others and make them feel welcomed, respected and loved. Passionate about his faith in Jesus Christ, his family, his friends, and firefighting, he believed he could “do all things through Christ.” He believed in the principles of honor, compassion, integrity, dedication, justice and pride. Arnie met his responsibilities and fulfilled his promises.

Born in New York City on September 16, 1974, Arnie later moved to California with his father, Ozzie; mother, Sonia; and brother, Ozzie Jr. He was very close to his family. In high school Arnie met Lori, his soul mate and wife. He was deeply excited about the upcoming birth of their first child and would have been a great father to Sophia Grace, born in September 2009.

Arnie’s dream to become a firefighter came true when he was hired by LACoFD in 2001. Committed to working his way up the ranks, he was promoted quickly to firefighter specialist in 2005. He found his true calling as a foreman with the wildland section of the department on Mt. Gleason at Camp 16, where he supervised and trained inmate firefighters. He is credited with creating a familial relationship between fire and CDC staff. A born leader, he led by example and believed in the concept of “team.” His program was filled with discipline, hard work and pride. He made certain his crew was prepared for the worst conditions. Arnie loved his job, his fellow firefighters and the people whom he served. In 2009, Arnie saved the life of an injured inmate.

Proud to be an American and cherishing his Puerto Rican heritage, Arnie was dedicated to duty and country. After 9/11, he covered his back with a tattoo tribute memorializing the Twin Towers and his fallen FDNY brothers; it was inscribed with the words “First In, Last Out.” He believed that these were not simply words, but a way of life. Arnie was a genuine man, the real deal. On August 30, 2009, Arnie delivered on every promise he had ever made. He was brave, strong, and noble. He was the first in and the last out. He gave his life to save others. Vice President Biden said, “Thank God we have people like him.”

Chaplain Peter Marshall said, “The message of life is not the duration, but its donation.” Arnie made a great donation to our lives and the lives of countless others. He made a lasting impression on everything he did and everyone he met. We are heartbroken by the loss of Arnie, who so deeply impacted his family, friends, and brothers of the LACoFD. We miss him.
Remembering

Thomas L. Risk

Neptune Aviation Services, Inc.
USDA Forest Service Contractor — Colorado

Career Pilot
Date of Death: April 25, 2009
Age: 66

Tom Risk was born February 27, 1943, in Lawrence, Kansas, to Lowell and Kathryn Risk. Tom loved music, the mountains, his family, and—most certainly—airplanes.

Tom's love of flight started at the early age of six, when he would ride his bike five miles out of town to the county airport to beg for airplane rides. When Tom was in high school he sang in the choir and later became an Eagle Scout. After high school, Tom moved west to the Rocky Mountains by hitching a ride on a plane. He ended up in the Grand County area of Colorado, at the west end of Rocky Mountain National Park. Tom made a living in those early days as a ranch hand and a ski bum. He sang at local bars for his supper or lodging, and any tips that the locals could spare. Tom described his first season in the mountains as a "skinny" winter.

The draft came, and Tom joined the Marines. He went to Vietnam, where he was part of a helicopter crew, and he was decorated for his service. Tom rarely spoke openly and always modestly of his military service. After returning from Vietnam, he finished his service in the States and once again headed for Colorado. With his GI Bill, Tom was able to get his pilot's license, and his professional pilot's career began.

In 1972, Tom moved to Denver, where he flew jumpers, was a crop duster, and later became an air tanker pilot. During this time, Tom met his future wife, Janie, whom he married in 1975. Tom and Janie raised two daughters, Sunny and Shelly.

Tom accumulated 42 years of aviation experience, 28 of those fighting fires in heavy air tankers. He spent several years working on those same tankers in the off-season as a mechanic. He restored a Cessna from the ground up in his "spare time." Tom's tanker assignments took him all over the Rockies and also to California and Alaska. Known for his kindness, honesty, and strong work ethic, Tom had a wonderful smile and a dry sense of humor. He was generous to his family and others but remained frugal himself, a trait retained from those early skinny winters.

Tom Risk died at age 66, in an air tanker crash while en route from Montana to a wildland fire in New Mexico on April 25, 2009. Tom is survived by his mother, Kathryn; his wife, Janie; his sisters, Peggy and Janiece; his daughters, Sunny and Shelly; and five granddaughters. His family will always remember his high spirits, and he will always be in our hearts.
Brett M. Stearns was born June 30, 1979, in Craig, Colorado. He wanted to be a firefighter from an early age. The challenge of the job drew Brett to wildland firefighting. He began as a seasonal worker right out of high school and worked his way up to engine captain. Brett was a great example and leader to his crew and the rest of his coworkers at the BLM.

Brett had a dedication to learning, both in his job and in his own personal education. He enjoyed the personal touch of the local community college versus a larger university. It also kept him close to family and the job he loved. Brett had a lifelong thirst for knowledge. He had already completed two associate degrees and only had a couple classes left to finish in his third at Colorado Northwestern Community College. He enjoyed such subjects as math, science, and astronomy. He could always be found reading and studying.

Brett also enjoyed traveling and seeing the world. He did a lot of traveling through Europe and hit various countries like Hungary, Czech Republic, Italy, France, and England. It was on a college spring break trip to England where he met his future bride, Joy. They married a couple years later on October 5, 2007. The couple continued traveling through courtship and marriage. Brett loved experiencing different cultures, learning the history, and admiring the architecture.

He also had a strong love of the outdoors and was very athletic. When he was not at work he could be found exploring the mountains and running new trails. He would find a new activity to try and then would dedicate as much time needed to excel at it. He put forth this determination into rock climbing, mountain biking, mountaineering, and running. One of his favorite quotes was from the Iliad, “Always to be the best and to be superior to the rest.” Brett truly tried to be the best at everything he experienced.

There is a Latin quote that fits Brett’s life, Veni, vidi, vici, which means, “I came, I saw, I conquered.” He fit an entire lifetime of adventure and living into his few short years. He definitely was taken too soon, but he will not be forgotten. He lives within the memories of family and friends each and every day. He is greatly loved and missed. Dis aliter visum, Latin for, “The gods had different ideas.”
Ernie Teigita Dela Cruz was born in the beautiful island of Saipan on December 03, 1968, to Ereneo and Cayetana Dela Cruz. He is the second eldest of five siblings. On December 04, 1993, he married Velma Deleon Guerrero, now Dela Cruz. We were blessed by the Lord above with four wonderful children. Chelsea Bianca, the oldest, is eighteen years old. Tasha Renae, being the second eldest, is fifteen years old. Ernie Joe, the third eldest, is eleven years old, and Luis Jacob, being the youngest, is six years old.

Ernie was a great husband and a family man. He was everything to his wife—her friend, soul mate, adviser, lover, joker, and most of all a loving and caring husband. He always made time for his wife and children. He was a very peaceful and happy person. He got along with everyone, be it families or friends. He is greatly missed by all.

Ernie was very much involved in various ways with the community in Saipan, as well as Rota and Tinian. He enjoyed helping out the community in whatever way he could. He was involved with various agencies such as the emergency medical services, public schools, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, American Red Cross, Criminal Investigations Bureau, and many more.

Ernie received his associate of arts degree in liberal arts in May 1999. He loved his job and the challenges that came with it. He traveled near and far for trainings to various areas. He had visited places such as Rota, Tinian, California, Nevada, Virginia, Maryland, and much more. On May 9, 2000, he was named the Division Employee of the Year in recognition of his excellence and dedication in public service within the government of the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands, Saipan.

Ernie was fond of cooking, swimming, fishing and camping. He was a very adventurous and spirited person. I always seem to tell stories of how he was planning to retire and open up a catering service. His children remember how they enjoyed the moments that were shared by either going to the beach for a picnic or camping, or simply just to swim or fish. They also enjoy remembering the times he would be off duty, but would still report to the scene. We would all be in the car as he followed after the ambulance or fire truck. He was a strict father when it was needed, but they sure did enjoy all the family activities with him. We miss him so dearly.
Charles “Denny” Myshrall was born May 16, 1941, in Marlboro, Massachusetts. After graduating from high school, he joined the United States Air Force and enjoyed traveling the world. He kept in touch with many of the folks he met and served with. After his tour of duty, he attended the University of Massachusetts, where he met Sue, his wife of 40 years. At UMass, he was active in APO, a service fraternity. After UMass, Denny joined Aetna Life and Casualty Insurance Company in Hartford as a computer programmer. He and Sue married and moved to Coventry and raised their family.

He is survived to honor his memory by his wife, Sue, and their children, Matthew and Jennifer Myshrall and their son, Griffin; Timothy and Betsy Myshrall and their daughter, Lindsey; Jeffrey and Rebecca Myshrall and their daughter, Laura; and Anna and Christopher Allard.

Denny became active in the Coventry community. He assisted with his children’s sports teams. He and his sons enjoyed Boy Scout activities. He continued being the charter representative and an adult leader with one of his adult sons. He was a communicant of St. Mary Roman Catholic Church in Coventry and was involved in many ministries and committees. After retiring from Aetna, he was a part-time clerk at a post office in a neighboring town. He enjoyed serving another community.

Denny was a member of North Coventry Volunteer Fire Department for 26 years. He served as firefighter, emergency medical technician, EMT instructor, and treasurer. He was NCVFD’s “Firefighter of the Year” for 1987-1988.

Denny died in the line of duty on February 26, 2009, as a result of complications from an injury that occurred while he was responding to a medical call.

A memorial scholarship was created by the Town Council in recognition of his service and sacrifice to Coventry. It is appropriate that this scholarship continues his contribution to the community by assisting a local student to further his or her education.
Donald Trotochaud

United States Air Force, Laughlin Air Force Base — Connecticut

Senior Airman

Date of Death: September 18, 1998
Age: 23

Donald Trotochaud, born July 5, 1975, was the youngest of four children of Paul and Judith Trotochaud. Donald was his dad’s shadow. His father was a Connecticut State Trooper, and often when he would have to go to the barracks during his off-duty time, Donald would go with him. Tragedy hit home when Donald was 11½ when his father died suddenly. His brother Paul and sister Susan were both married, and his brother Alan was off at college. Donald decided that it was time for him to become the man of the house. He would do most of the work that his father would have done with the help of his aunts and uncles.

At 16, Donald became interested in firefighting and joined the East Haddam Volunteer Fire Department as a junior member. He was very proud of the local fire department and always spoke highly of the people and things that they were able to teach him. Eventually, he was able to become a full-time member and was certified as an EMT in 1996.

Donald was a hands-on person. He loved his old truck, spending many hours fixing, changing, and updating the truck so that when it was finished it hardly looked like the 1975 truck he started with. After graduating from Nathan Hale-Ray High School, he attended the New England Institute of Technology, where he earned an associate’s degree in automotive and marine mechanics in 1995.

In 1996, Donald’s plan was to follow his yearning to serve not only his community but also his country, and he announced that he had joined the United States Air Force to become a career firefighter. He entered the Air Force on 21 February 1996. After completing basic training, he entered firefighter training at the Louis F. Garland Fire Academy, Goodfellow AFB, Texas. He was then assigned to Laughlin AFB, Texas. There he became certified to Firefighter II, Driver/Operator-Pumper, Driver/Operator-ARFF, Airport Firefighter, and Hazardous Materials Operations. He was a volunteer CPR instructor for the local chapter of the Red Cross.

On September 18, 1998, Donald died from injuries sustained in a work related accident at Laughlin AFB. The funeral took place at St. Bridget of Kildare Church in Moodus, Connecticut, where he was laid to rest. He is survived by his mother, Judith; brothers, Paul and Alan; sister, Susan; and many nieces and nephews.
Remembering

Michael B. Douthitt

Broward County Sheriff’s Office
Department of Fire/Rescue — Florida

Career Driver/Engineer
Date of Death: July 13, 2007
Age: 48

Michael Brian Douthitt was born in Akron, Ohio, to Clinton and Maxine (Weiss) Douthitt on July 21, 1958. He grew up in Pompano Beach, Florida and graduated from Coconut Creek High School. From there, he served his country honorably as a paratrooper in the 82nd Airborne out of Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. He became an EMT while in the military, and that began his love of emergency medicine.

After leaving the Army he became a paramedic and was hired by Broward EMS on February 6, 1984. After nearly ten years, Broward County EMS merged with Broward County Fire Rescue, and Mike was in the first group of 12 paramedics to become a certified firefighter. Mike was 48 years old when he died on July 13, 2007, of complications from a heart attack that he suffered while fighting a structure fire in the early morning hours of July 2nd. At the time of his death, he was a driver/engineer assigned to Squirt 17 and had worked 23 years and 4 months on the job. He was 18 months away from retirement.

Throughout Mike’s life, he had a love of sports that was unequaled. His first baseball love was the Cleveland Indians, until the Marlins came to town. Mike believed in supporting the home teams, and support them he did! His love of his precious Dolphins, Hurricanes, Marlins, Panthers, and Heat was unrequited. He had season tickets to the Miami Dolphins since 1982 and NEVER missed a home game. He even arranged to be off work on away games so he could watch the game on TV and not have to worry about getting a call and missing part of the game. He also had a Hurricanes season ticket and a Marlins season ticket. He traveled to at least one Dolphins and Canes game a year and often times to an away Marlins game as well. His house is a living tribute to these teams with pictures, rugs, statues, wall hangings, etc.

Mike had one daughter, Heather Michelle, from a previous marriage. In 1987, he married Ruth (Hambel), and they have two children. Their daughter, Shelby Lynn, was born in 1991, and their son, Andrew Michael, was born in 1993. Mike was a devoted father who loved his children more than life itself. Mike and Ruth had just celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary on March 28, four months prior to his passing. Mike also left behind some four-legged “kids.” Mike’s big heart extended to homeless animals as well, and Rexen, Bailey, Nellie, and Willy Wonka also felt the loss of their “Daddy.”

Mike was a true friend to everyone, and he will never be forgotten.
Richard Rhea was born October 12, 1948, in Louisville, Kentucky. He grew up as one of five brothers in the small town of Shepherdsville, Kentucky, next to Louisville. He became interested in the fire department when the elementary school gym caught fire.

Richard graduated from Western Kentucky University with a degree in chemistry. He was also a trained EMT who worked with the ambulance service. Among his other training, Richard graduated from firefighter school first in his class for academic and physical training. He was trained in hazardous materials, as well as other specialized public safety areas. He served on the Big Bend Safety Council, the Wakulla County Planning Commission, and was the loss prevention manager for St. Mark's Power.

Richard served in the Army after being in the ROTC at Western Kentucky University. He served in Vietnam and then joined the reserves for many years at the rank of 1st lieutenant. He earned two Bronze Stars.

Richard was heavily involved in church activities. He served as an elder in the Presbyterian Church and as the building manager. He did everything he could for anyone in need of help. He was a giver to his family, friends and total strangers. He was truly the “good Samaritan.”

Richard was a hero. He saved many people as a firefighter and as an EMT. At one fire he saved the life of a baby by carrying the child out of a burning building. He was “Firefighter of the Year” and was also named the most inspirational person in the county. Many people say he was a public icon of safety.

Richard left a wife of 29 years, two daughters, two sons, three granddaughters and a grandson. He also left four brothers, a mother-in-law, sisters-in-law and a brother-in-law, who all loved him dearly. He was a wonderful husband, father, and friend.

Richard loved movies, ice cream, hanging out with his family, and gadgets. He was most proud of his “Father of the Year” trophy. He never met a stranger. He is forever in our hearts and memories. We miss him every day. Thank God for such a wonderful man.
Robert “Bob” Strang was born in Olmstead, Ohio, on March 9, 1949, to Aida and Stanley Strang. He relocated to the Melbourne, Florida, area in 1973. As a career firefighter, Bob was able to enjoy 20 years of service with the Orange County Fire Rescue Department in Orlando and also served 29 years with the Melbourne Fire Department. He rose up the ranks rapidly, topping his career at the rank of fire lieutenant with the MFD, and was highly respected by his friends and peers alike. He was a member of the International Association of Firefighters, Local 1951, and throughout his career received numerous awards and certificates.

While doing the job he loved the most — firefighting — Lt. Strang gave his life for his community on March 26, 2009. The department and the community lost a vital friend and a valued member of the community. He will surely be missed by his coworkers and by members of other departments including the Melbourne Police Department, Palm Bay Fire and Police Departments, and the men and women of the Orange County Fire Rescue Department.

Bob is missed by his beloved family and countless friends and admirers throughout Brevard County. In his later years with the department, Lt. Strang enjoyed having more free time than he had during the years when he worked two jobs. He enjoyed many hours with his 20-year-old son, Derek, working on family projects in and around the house and just spending quality time together. He motivated Derek to advance his learning skills to a higher level of education, impressing upon him that it was imperative to receive as much education as possible to reach your goals. You could tell that Bob certainly enjoyed time with his son when they were together.

Our thoughts and prayers go out to his family and friends. As a chief officer remarked after the tragedy happened, “It makes you realize how short life is.” Lt. Bob Strang will be sorely missed in this department.
Remembering
Neal Tarkington
Jacksonville Fire & Rescue Department — Florida
Career Engineer
Date of Death: October 11, 2008
Age: 43

Neal was born March 23, 1965, in Jacksonville, Florida. He began his more than 20 years as a firefighter at Jacksonville International Airport, where he was aircraft rescue trained. The remainder of his career was with Jacksonville Fire Rescue at Station #4. There, he was an engineer on the ladder truck and a part of the special ops team, trained in hazardous materials and high angle rescue. He rappelled from the highest point of the Dames Point Bridge. He truly loved his fire house family and his second home. He enjoyed giving tours of the station to school children and watching their faces light up as he told them about the fire trucks. He took great pride in preparing meals for the guys. When we would call and ask what he was doing he would answer, “Fighting fires and saving lives.”

Neal had a contagious laugh, a beautiful smile, and big brown eyes. He never met a stranger and was always willing to help anyone in need. His gentleness and compassion for others made him a great firefighter. Among his many hobbies, Neal liked reading, learning new things and working with his hands making, building, or fixing things. He loved his big truck and fifth wheel and traveling in them. He graduated from high school in Sevierville, Tennessee, and he always loved the breathtaking views in the mountains and making annual trips to visit his brother and family that live there now.

Neal was a loving husband to Debbie, his wife of 19 years; a loving dad to Neal Joseph Tarkington, Mike (Katie) and Chris (Jessica) Payne; and a proud grandpa to Ethan. He was a loving son to Eunice (Charles) Haspel and Otis (Aileen) Tarkington. He and his brother Bryan (Tina) shared a special bond, along with with his older brothers, Dennis (Carolyn), Robert (Gail), and Billy (Kathy) Tarkington and his loving nephews and nieces. His brother Robert, brother-in-law, and nephew are also firefighters. Neal loved spending time with his grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins, showing us all what a great cook he was, telling jokes, and just having fun.

Neal was 43 years young when he went to Heaven on October 11, 2008, after suffering a heart attack. Our time with him was far too short, but he taught us so much and left us with so many wonderful memories. We are truly blessed with having him in our lives. He showed everyone that “it is not the years in your life, but the life in your years,” and for that we will always be grateful to him. He left such a void in our lives and will be FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS.
Paul D. Holmes Jr.
Douglas County Fire Department — Georgia
Career Firefighter/Paramedic
Date of Death: December 28, 2009
Age: 37

Paul was born July 23, 1972, in Miami, Florida. At a young age, his family relocated to Melbourne, Florida, where he grew up. Paul was a very caring, outgoing, social child who loved his family and friends.

After completing high school and trying to figure out what to do with his life, he volunteered for Harbor City Ambulance. After completing schooling to become a paramedic, he went to work for Coastal Ambulance in Brevard County, Florida. There he met Jamie, his future wife. After a brief time dating, they were engaged. They were married on November 14, 2004.

Paul wanted to start a family immediately. Seven months later they welcomed their daughter, Alexandra, to the world, born two-and-a-half months early. Paul knew how fragile and important every day was. “His Girls,” as he lovingly referred to Jamie and Lexi, were the light of his life.

After realizing there was no future in Florida, he moved his family to a small town outside of Atlanta, Georgia. Paul worked for private ambulance companies until he was nudged by friends to have a firefighting career. In May 2008, he was hired by Douglas County Fire Department as a paramedic, with the opportunity to become a firefighter.

Paul loved his job and the people he worked for and with. He loved the rush of the tones ringing out a call, especially fire calls. Paul had a fantastic sense of humor and loved to rile up the nurses after dropping a patient off. One of his most memorable lines was, “Love ya, mean it,” after he would drop off patient after patient. He would even go back and check on patients he previously dropped off.

Paul adored his family. When he was young he swore he would never marry or have children. He was Jamie’s best friend, soul mate, lover, and father to their little girl, Lexi. He was a fantastic son, brother, and confidant to family and friends alike. On his days off, he went with his wife and daughter to play dates to sit and watch. Paul loved to be wherever his family was.

He absolutely loved the Florida Gators, motorcycles, and cruises. There was an ongoing rivalry between him and coworkers on who had the better football team.

Paul’s family was blessed to have one last holiday with him. While he always stated he would die young, they never expected it to come true. Paul loved and lived life to the fullest. He always said, “It’s the small things in life that make it worthwhile.” Even though he is gone, he will never be forgotten.
Derek Edward North
Lanier County — Stockton Volunteer Fire Department — Georgia
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: February 23, 2009
Age: 34

Derek was born December 26, 1974, to Jimmy and Judy North of Stockton, Georgia. He was valedictorian of his graduating class of 1993. He married the love of his life, Ruby Gray, on September 10, 1994. Together they have a beautiful baby girl, Kelsey, and a handsome baby boy, Justin.

Derek had always talked about following in the footsteps of his father, who was the chief of the volunteer fire department where he grew up. But like most young people, life took Derek in many different directions. He became a husband and father at a young age. Derek’s dreams were put on hold due to a job that moved him around. At age 16, Derek began working as a bag boy at a local grocery chain, Harvey’s Supermarket, where he worked for 18 years and became the store manager.

In 2003, Derek got the news that he could transfer back home, and it was the happiest day of his life. He came home that day and said, “I can join the fire department with my dad now.” He proudly served five years, working with his dad, his wife, and two of his brothers on the Stockton Volunteer Fire Department. On February 23, 2009, Derek was sadly taken from his family, friends, and loved ones due to a tragic accident.

Derek loved life, and any community he lived in he was super involved coaching the kid’s ball teams, raising money for muscular dystrophy and Relay for Life, or anything else that helped children in his community.

Extremely close to his family, Derek was survived by his wife, two children, mother and father, three brothers, and extended family. He attended every family gathering. He loved playing ball with the kids and out-swimming his brothers in the river. Derek loved the outdoors—hunting, fishing, dog hunting, skeet shooting, playing baseball, and shooting his bow and arrow with his family. He would have gladly lived outside if he could, if he was able to watch hunting shows indoors. Derek loved nothing more than standing beside a grill. No matter what it was, he would find a way to grill it. There are many things we’ll remember, such as taking the younger kids fishing and teaching them to shoot BB guns and clay targets. One favorite memory is Derek on winter nights, sitting around a bonfire at the hunting club with friends and family, the heat from the fire and a cold beer in his hand, with country music blaring from his truck.

Derek will be missed greatly by many and never forgotten. His love for life, firefighting, and helping others will live on.
Gary D. Street, a firefighter with the Eastlake Sinclair Fire Department, Hancock County Station #2, suddenly passed away during an emergency medical response call on Saturday, October 17, 2009, from an apparent heart attack. After he suddenly collapsed, medical personnel on the scene provided care; however, all procedures failed to revive him.

Gary was 60 years old and had three daughters. He was originally from Florida and attended school there. He was attending college when he was drafted into the Army which, by the way, he thought was the only way to keep from getting drafted. Even though he was drafted, Gary served his country gallantly for four years as a Special Forces troop, spending two of those four years in Vietnam fighting for our freedom and our country. Once Gary finished his tour of duty, he continued his schooling. He worked with companies throughout the U.S., as well as in other countries, in the computer and IT world. At the time of his death he was working for GMC in the IT department, helping college kids.

We were blessed to have Gary come to our fire department approximately six years ago when he arrived in the Eastlake community from New Jersey. He immediately made an impact with his friendly demeanor, ability to make friends, and his untiring desire to help make Hancock County a better place to live. Gary joined the fire department and completed his training and live burn in Sandersville. He then became an emergency medical responder (EMR), along with 12 other individuals. Immediately after graduating from the EMR class, Gary attended a Community Emergency Response Team (CERT) training class so he could teach other personnel what actions to take during any natural disaster or other emergency conditions. He was the only certified instructor for this program in Hancock County.

In addition to all of the above accomplishments, Gary created, edited, and maintained the Eastlake Sinclair VFD Web site. His efforts in this arena have drawn him praise from all his colleagues, as well as other firefighters throughout the state. Gary was extremely involved with other community programs such as the fire auxiliary, where he was elected to serve as vice president shortly before his death. Despite being extremely busy with all his other activities, he was always ready to help anyone in need.

Gary was a unique individual who we all will dearly miss in the Eastlake Sinclair and Hancock County community.
Terrance D’Wayne Freeman, known to family as “Wayne” and to his fire family and friends as “T,” was born June 8, 1972. A gentle giant with a great smile and heart of gold, he left this earth far too soon. He was a wonderful man, husband, father, son, brother, and friend. He loved what he did, and he did it well. He was never too busy to lend a helping hand; he had the heart of an angel. Just prior to his death, he was recognized for his exemplary customer service.

Educated in the Catholic and public schools of Chicago, Terrance worked two jobs throughout high school. He studied construction and carpentry at the Chicago Regional Council of Carpenters Apprentice and Training Program and became a union carpenter. He enjoyed building homes across the city and suburbs. In 2003, Terrance began his quest of becoming a firefighter, something he always wanted to do. He volunteered at the Naperville Fire Department, enrolled in EMT-P courses and applied to several fire departments. Prior to his paramedic graduation from the College of Dupage, he was offered a position with Rockford Fire. It was one of the happiest days of his life. He began his probationary training in 2005, assigned to the busiest station in Rockford. Terrance always got a rush when the tones went off and carried that rush with him away from the station. He loved the brotherhood that accepted him as family and gave him the brothers he never had.

Terrance was a strong and caring person. He made friends everywhere he went and loved being a husband and father. In 2001, Terrance met Lawanda; they married in 2006 and had a son, Torrance, in 2007. Torrance joined the ranks of five other boys, Ladarius, Terrance Jr., Samuel, Rondrell, and Trevon. Terrance strived to be a great father, giving guidance, encouragement and just being there for the older boys. He was an extraordinary husband. He and Lawanda were inseparable and the best of friends. He loved his dog, Roc. He looked forward to building his new home that he had designed. He was meticulous, going over the blueprints over and over because he wanted it to be perfect.

Terrance was thoughtful, full of energy and fun, a prankster, and a sports fanatic. He lived life to the fullest and loved to laugh. A gift to all that knew him, he had a great presence without saying a word. He is loved and dearly missed, especially by his wife. The time God allowed us to have with him will be cherished forever. He was extraordinary and such an inspiration. He had a spirit that made your heart smile. We love you and we miss you!
John William Jeffers died at home after assisting with hose testing at the fire department the night before. He was born April 19, 1954, in Watseka, Illinois, to Bernard D. “Barney” and June (Swartz) Jeffers.

John was a lifelong farmer and had owned and operated Barney’s Garage in Wellington since 1985. He was a member of the Wellington United Methodist Church and a trustee on the Lovejoy Township Board. John enjoyed riding his Harley and loved spending time with his family.

John is survived by his partner, Cindy Arseneau, and her three children, Billy Wayne (Carla) Huff of Calhoun, Georgia; Heather (Chad) Byrd of Dayton, Indiana; and Matthew Arseneau of Calhoun, Georgia; and five grandchildren, Keldan and Jackson Byrd, Mary Elizabeth, Benjamin, and William Huff. Also surviving are two sisters, Bonnie (Alan) Goodrich, of Hoopeston, Illinois; and Bernadette (Paul) Bruner, of Tucson, Arizona; two nieces, Kari Goodrich, of Allen, Texas; and Jennifer Cantrell, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and a nephew, Robert Bruner, of Houston, Texas.
Kerry Sheridan was born December 4, 1932, to Raymond J. and Dorothy M. Sheridan. He died February 12, 2008, while on duty at the fire station.

A founding father of the volunteer fire district in Troy Township, he had served as fire chief of Troy Fire Protection District for 50 years. Kerry was chairman of the Will County Local Emergency Planning Committee, a member of the Illinois Fire Chiefs Association, and a member of the Joliet Junior College Fire Science Advisory Committee.

In addition to his fire service involvement, Kerry Sheridan had served as a Will County board member since 1982. He was president of the Will County Forest Preserve and a member of V.F.W. Post 1080 and the Elks Lodge #296. He was a U.S. Marine Corps veteran.

He was survived by his wife of 52 years, Donna M. Sheridan (nee Frederking); two daughters, Diane McLelland, of Scottsdale, Arizona; and Patricia Sheridan, of Phoenix, Arizona; two grandchildren, Kerry and Colin McLelland; his brother, John F.(LaVonne) Sheridan, of Channahon, Illinois; and several nephews and nieces.

He truly touched the lives of those who knew him well and left a lasting legacy to many. We humbly accept that his life was a gift to us and are eternally grateful for the time we had together. Thank you for the very precious memories.
Jimmie L. Zeeks
Marion Township Rural Fire Department — Indiana
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: August 15, 2009
Age: 54

The fire department and his family were Jimmie’s love and passion. He would do anything for either one.

Jimmie graduated from Mitchell High School in 1972 and received an associate’s degree from Ivy Tech State College. He worked at Lehigh Cement Company for 34 years as a millwright. Honorably discharged from the US Navy in 1976, he fought during the Vietnam War aboard the USS Coral Sea.

A member of Marion Township Rural Fire Department for 30+ years, Jimmie was named Firefighter of the Year in 1987, 1992 and 2006. He received a “Midwest Award” in 2000 from the IVFA for dedication to Fire Service District 17B. Jimmie was also an EMT. Quite the fundraiser for the department, he went to area businesses and always talked them out of gifts and donations for silent auctions. Once he told the firefighters that he would let them shave his head if they reached their monetary goal. They did, and the whole department showed up the night they shaved his head. His picture was on the front page of the newspaper the next day.

Jimmie never met a stranger and would talk to anyone about anything. He was known for the volume of his music on his truck as he went through town, singing right along with the radio.

One winter night after a fire, the guys were sitting around the station. He told them he was going to have to get some new socks because the ones he had on had holes in them. Come to find out, when the tones went off he had put on my legwarmers by mistake!!

Another night at a house fire, the homeowner lost all of his possessions and had no shoes. Jimmie took the shoes off his own feet and gave them to the shoeless man. He came home barefoot that night.

Jimmie is survived by his wife of 34 years, Myra Zeeks. His son, Jason Zeeks, is a career captain with the Bloomington Fire Department and assistant chief with the Marion Township Volunteer Fire Department. Jimmie’s daughter, Ashley Teague, was named Miss Flame for District 17B in 1998 and competed in the Indiana State Miss Flame competition.

As our kids were growing up, Jimmie never missed a game and coached on and off. Now that we have grandkids, again Jimmie never missed a game and always brought his grandkids a “special treat” for after the game. His grandchildren—Eliza, Lilly, Connor, Bryson and Miley—were the light of his life. He loved to give them tractor rides on his Kubota through the fields of our home.
Lyle Lewis was born in Concordia, Kansas, on June 29, 1958, the son of the late Chester Lyle and Lula May (Snyder) Lewis.

Firefighter Lyle Lewis died June 16, 2009, while assisting at the scene of a fire on a day when temperatures exceeded 90 degrees. Approximately one hour after responding and after his second entry into the home, Firefighter Lewis reported a need to cool off. He was treated by EMS personnel at the scene before being transported to the hospital, where he was pronounced dead.

His pastor remembered Lyle as a “happy guy,” a hard worker and a generous man who loved being a firefighter. Firefighter Lewis owned L&L Fencing of Alton, and he was a minister.

He is survived by his wife, Sherry; his daughters, Sandra Lewis, of Glade, Kansas; Jessica Brown, of Ransom, Kansas; and Jennifer Saathoff, of Beloit, Kansas; and sons, Lyle Lewis Jr., of Osborne, Kansas; Ryan Lewis, of Alton, Kansas; and Justin Lewis, of Topeka, Kansas. He is also survived by 11 grandchildren.
Remembering

Dennis M. Simmons
Stafford County Fire/EMS — Kansas
Volunteer Firefighter/Station Chief
Date of Death: April 21, 2009
Age: 63

Dennis was born Feb. 28, 1946, in San Francisco. He grew up in Pacifica, California, graduating from Pacifica High School in 1965. As a teen, Dennis enjoyed racing with his dad and his brother, Harold. Although duty called Dennis to serve with the Army in Vietnam from 1967 to 1968, he returned to take the California State Championship in dirt track racing in 1969.

In the 1970s, Dennis moved to Texas, where he found work as a truck driver and where he met and married Susan Dewey. They raised three children together, Philip Simmons of Louisiana, and Harold Simmons and Brandie McKay of Missouri. He had six grandchildren, Jessica, Kris, Brandon, Ashley and Tré Simmons and Cale McKay. In addition, Dennis and Susan were known as Mom and Dad to many in their community. They opened their home and their hearts to anyone who needed a helping hand.

Dennis loved NASCAR racing and shared this passion with his daughter. They went to as many races as they could, visiting a different track each year. Dennis also loved motorcycles and loved to take his Harley out and “get in the wind,” taking spur of the moment trips with his wife. Because of his service in Vietnam and his love for motorcycles, Dennis felt a strong commitment to the Vietnam Vets Motorcycle Club, where he worked for 17 years with his fellow club brothers to help carry on the search for those MIA. He held many offices while in the club, but the most important thing to him was the brotherhood.

Because of his racing experience, Dennis loved old cars and was a crackerjack mechanic. He often amazed his sons by diagnosing a problem over the phone without having to see or hear the car run.

Dennis and Susan moved to Kansas in 1987. Dennis was appointed to the Radium City Council in 2001, serving until his death. He fulfilled his childhood dream of becoming a firefighter by volunteering with the Stafford County Fire Department for seven years. At the time of his death, he was the acting Radium fire chief. He was dedicated to his responsibilities and spent many hours making sure the equipment and trucks were ready to roll.

On April 21, 2009, while returning home from a field fire, Dennis suffered a fatal heart attack. His family takes comfort in the fact that he died doing what he loved. Dennis is sorely missed by his family and friends. The extent of his impact on people’s lives was revealed at his funeral as one person after another took turns telling their stories about Dennis and how he had touched their lives.
Firefighter Terry L. Sharon, 60, of Monterey, Kentucky, died on September 13, 2009, while operating fire apparatus returning to the department after responding to a call for a motor vehicle accident.

He served with the United States Army in Vietnam.

Terry Sharon was survived by his two daughters, Nicole and Shawna; his half-brother, David Sharon; and his girlfriend, Brenda Cox Bright.
Ralph P. Arabie was born July 1, 1960, to Felix and Nellie Arabie. He was raised with his sister, Janice, in Gretna, Louisiana, a city that he would grow to love, serve, and protect for his entire life.

At age 18, Ralph became a paid apparatus operator for the David Crockett Volunteer Fire Company #1, which provided fire protection for the City of Gretna. Ralph quickly earned a reputation as a knowledgeable, hard worker who went above and beyond when called upon. At the firehouse, Ralph was always the center of attention, making everyone laugh and enjoy their time there. His smile could brighten up anyone's day.

In 1991, Ralph went through the police academy to become a reserve police officer for the Gretna Police Department. On his days off from the firehouse, he applied his work ethic and his love for serving others to police work just as effectively. He was known as a dependable, fair, and professional officer who loved doing the job.

Ralph was in charge of the junior firefighter program for several years, mentoring teenagers who were considering careers in public safety. He was a lifetime member of the Harvey Volunteer Fire Company #2, where he found his specialty in fire prevention and investigation. His biggest accomplishment came when he was appointed supervisor of the Gretna Fire Board. In this role he was able to truly shine, utilizing his personality, knowledge, enthusiasm, love for people, and communication skills by conducting fire safety classes to the public he loved to serve. In 2005, Ralph showed true heroism by staying on duty through Hurricane Katrina. He was awarded the Medal of Valor for his courage, service, and leadership during the disaster.

While Ralph’s career was very important to him, his main passion was his friends and family. On October 9, 2004, Ralph married the love of his life, Jan (Beck) Arabie. He happily took on his new role as stepdad to Jan’s daughter, Casey Christiana Guidry, and her husband, Chase. He also became “Paw Paw” to their sons, Caden and Carter, who he referred to as his “best buddies.” He never missed a birthday, holiday, or karate match, and he always had his camera with him. He couldn’t talk about his family without getting a huge smile on his face. His family was his life.

On September 29, 2008, Ralph was taken from us, leaving a scar on all of our hearts that will never heal. Though unexpected and way too soon, we all thank God every day for the time we had with him. He touched our hearts and brightened our souls. He is truly missed, but lives on inside of all of us.
Richard R. “Ricky” Christiana

David Crockett Steam Fire Co. No. 1 — Louisiana
Career Firefighter/Operator
Date of Death: September 11, 2009
Age: 44

Richard R. “Ricky” Christiana, age 44, died of a heart attack while responding to a three-alarm structural fire in Gretna, Louisiana, on Friday, September 11, 2009.

Ricky joined the David Crockett Steam Fire Company #1 in 1983 and served as an operator for 20 years. He left the fire department for a brief hiatus to focus more on his custom trim carpentry business. Ricky had numerous clients who praised his craftsmanship and his woodworking skills. After a downturn in the construction business, Ricky returned to the fire department in May 2009 and resumed working at the job he dearly loved.

Ricky received the proceeds from the 8th Annual 2009 9/11 “We Will Never Forget” Poker Run, which were used to give him a traditional fireman’s funeral. He was honored posthumously with the Cytec Fire Service Achievement Award and the Appreciation Award for Service to the Community from the Gretna chapter of the VFW. Ricky was honored at the State Firefighters Memorial in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and at the Jefferson Parish Fallen Firefighters Memorial.

Nicknamed “Lips,” because he affectionately teased his colleagues and offered his opinions whether they were wanted or not, Firefighter Christiana was going to get a taste of his own medicine. The burly fire truck operator was the first on the scene of a reported fire in Gretna and saw billowing smoke, so he radioed for additional trucks and manpower. Backup arrived and quickly realized that the source of the smoke was coming from a BBQ grill. Ricky was so embarrassed by this, as he thought the whole house was on fire. After that, the guys would always tease him about that and say, “Another barbecue fire, huh?”

Christiana is remembered as a hands-on firefighter with a take charge attitude. He was a rough and gruff guy who would give you the shirt off his back. He was a kind and generous spirit with a heart of gold and a wonderful sense of humor. He kept true to form the day he died, working behind the scenes at a function wrapping up a state firefighters’ conference earlier in the day. He had given no indication that he was not feeling well and was his usual jovial self.

Ricky is the father of Ashley and Allison Christiana; son of Linda Nungesser and Nicholas Christiana Jr.; brother of Stephen, Lori, Robin and twin Nicholas Christiana III. He was preceded in death by his stepfather, Harold Nungesser, and grandparents, Everette and Rose McCracken and Nicholas and Madeline Christiana.
Remembering

Joseph T. Grace
Saint Tammany Fire Protection District #4,
Mandeville Fire Department — Louisiana
Career Apparatus Operator
Date of Death: July 10, 2009
Age: 47

Following a busy shift on July 8 with the Mandeville Fire Department, Joseph Grace collapsed while at his second job as a paramedic the following day and died on July 10, 2009.

Joseph T. Grace was born on October 23, 1961, in New Orleans, son of the late Mary Elizabeth and Christopher Thomas Grace.

He married Penny Ryan Grace, and they had three children together, Taylor, Ryan, and Peyton Grace. He was a devoted husband and father, always involved in his children’s education, their sports, and their lives, whether it was throwing a ball, fishing, going to the movies, anything. He just loved being around his family all the time. He was always joking and had lots of energy. He loved his wife and kids very much, and everyone loved being around him. He was a happy person with lots of personality. Joseph never met a stranger. He was always willing to lend a helping hand, and nothing was ever too much for him. He loved doing new things around the house and beyond and had many dreams. Joseph was an avid New Orleans Saints fan, and we all loved going to the Saints games.

Joseph talked about being a firefighter. He was always helping people and always wanted to make it his life. So in 2001, Joseph got on with the St. Tammany Fire Department. He was so excited; his dream had come true. From the first day we met, he was always helping people, and he continued to do so with the fire department while also saving lives.

He was then promoted to fire operator and went on to become a paramedic. He again was very excited and really knew this is what his purpose in life was. He was always willing to learn and keep learning. He was a wonderful, very genuine man, always with a smile.

We miss him so much. He is our angel. But we thank God every day for allowing this wonderful man to touch our lives and for the wonderful memories we have of him. God took Joseph, a beautiful man, a great package, the all around best. He will live forever in our hearts and lives. The best will be passed on to his wife and kids forever, and that best is Joseph T. Grace, forever thought about and missed.
Firefighter Alan Hermel died March 3, 2009, as a result of a stroke suffered after responding to a call.

He was survived by his wife, Jan, and his four sons, Daniel, Joshua, Stephen, and Mark.
Frankie Paul Nelson was born September 7, 1957, to Frank Jr. and Cora Nelson in Arcadia, Louisiana. After relocating to Shreveport, he was educated in the public schools of Caddo Parish, where he excelled in athletics, especially track and field. He was offered full scholarships to various universities across the nation for his outstanding athletic abilities, as well as his outstanding academic performance. Louisiana Tech in Ruston, Louisiana, was his choice for higher education because he wanted to be close to home.

While attending Louisiana Tech he excelled academically, as well as earning accolades in track and football. In 1980, he earned the Bachelor of Arts degree in journalism. After graduation, he signed with the NFL’s Houston Oilers as a defensive back and a kick-off punt returner, but an injury soon brought his professional career to an end.

Frankie worked for the local CBS, ABC, and NBC affiliates as a weekend news producer and cameraman before beginning his illustrious career as a firefighter. On August 3, 1981, Frankie joined the Shreveport Fire Department. Ten years later he became a driver, and seven years later he was promoted to captain. During his tenure, Frankie served the Shreveport Fire Department as an emergency medical technician and a battalion safety officer.

Throughout his career as a professional firefighter, he received many awards and recognitions, but the one that meant the most came from a small church in the district he served, naming him a “community hero.” Frankie always cherished that honor and said in his acceptance speech, “This is the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me.”

In 1989, he married his wife, Rosalind, and to this union three children were born, Suzanne, Franklin, and Frederic. Frankie was scheduled to officially retire March 10, 2010, after 28 years of service.

Frankie was always larger than life, and his jovial personality will be greatly missed by all who knew him.
Debra was born January 8, 1969, in Biddeford, Maine. She graduated from Kennebunk High School, Class of 1986. She attended the University of New Hampshire in Durham and later earned her associate's degree in equestrian animal science. Debra had a great love of animals, especially horses. She had three of her own and enjoyed riding as often as she could.

Debra began her career as a firefighter for Goodwins Mills Fire Department in 1997. She quickly decided she wanted to do more to help people, so she decided to become an EMT. After a while she decided to become a paramedic also. In 2001, she received the Richard Mere EMT of the Year Award for her service and dedication to the department. In 2003 and 2004, she received a chief’s citation award and was also promoted to captain within the department.

In 2002, Debra also went to work full-time for the city of South Portland as a firefighter/paramedic. During her time in this department, she received numerous awards and certificates. She worked in the risk watch program, where she would go into schools and teach the children about fire/EMS safety. She was also an assistant instructor in several EMT classes. At both departments she qualified to become a hazardous materials technician. She was trained in high angle rescue and large animal rescue, the latter of which allowed her to continue using her education as a licensed veterinary technician, specializing in and caring for horses.

In her spare time, Deb also worked for Arundel and had worked for Buxton and Westbrook Departments. When off duty, Deb enjoyed NASCAR racing and camping with family and friends.

Debra suffered a stroke and passed away at the age of 40, shortly after returning from a call in South Portland. She left behind two daughters, Samantha, age 16, and Amanda, age 21. We didn't know at the time that she was about to become a grandmother of a beautiful little girl that was named Abigail Debra-Marie. She also left behind both parents and her brother, Mike. Debra had many, many friends, and she is missed by all!

We love you, Debbie!
Remembering
Charles “Buck” Clough Jr.
Sudlersville Volunteer Fire Department, Inc. — Maryland
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: April 15, 2009
Age: 41

Buck was born May 22, 1967, to Charles Sr. and Beulah Clough. A 1985 graduate of Queen Anne’s County High School, he was married for 19 years to Sandy, and they have two sons, Shane and Chase. For 21 years, Buck worked for Maryland State Highway in traffic engineering.

Buck lived a blessed, happy and contented life. Raised by loving parents, he married his best friend and had two beautiful, happy, healthy sons that he loved and adored. Every day was filled with the people and things he loved: family, friends, the firemen’s brotherhood, softball, hunting, camping, and farming. He taught us to live each day to the fullest. Buck’s fun-loving and jovial demeanor won the hearts of everyone he met, and he never met a stranger! He was a man of integrity who cherished his family and friends.

At the time of his death, he was serving his second term as chief. He served his first term at the age of 23, a testament to his unassuming leadership talent even at a young age. Over 26 years, he held numerous positions with the department, including assistant chief, captain, lieutenant and member of the board of directors. A longtime member of the fire prevention committee, he loved teaching fire prevention to children at local elementary schools every October.

On April 15, 2009, our lives were forever changed when he responded to his last call serving his beloved community. In the last seconds of his life, Buck continued protecting the life and property of others, swerving to avoid a car that pulled into the path of his emergency vehicle while responding to a call. His last second evasive action kept the life and property of others unharmed. This is a reflection of his character and the husband, father, and firefighter that we all knew and loved.

Our nation is blessed to have volunteers like Buck who risk their lives for the safety and concern of others. We’re blessed to have mothers and fathers like Buck Sr. and Beulah, who raise sons of such courage and character. And we’re blessed with the mercy of a loving God who comforts all of us who grieve.

Like the men and women honored here before him, Buck left us far too soon. Everyone that knew Buck has lost a huge part of them, but his legacy will live on in his sons, his fellow firefighters, and in the community that he loved so dearly. Rest well, Chief Clough, with your fellow fallen heroes. Your sacrifice in protecting your fellow man exemplifies the best of being an American and deserves your fellow citizens’ unyielding gratitude, pride, and respect. You are greatly loved and missed!
Kevin M. Kelley
Boston Fire Department — Massachusetts
Career Lieutenant
Date of Death: January 9, 2009
Age: 52

Kevin M. Kelley was born March 4, 1956, in Boston, Massachusetts, to Thomas and Margaret Kelley. He died tragically on January 9, 2009, in the performance of his duties. He was a beloved husband, father, brother, uncle and friend to many.

Kevin joined the United States Army in 1973 after graduating from Don Bosco High School. While stationed in Texas, Kevin met the love of his life, his wife Gloria. In 1978, Kevin received an honorable discharge from the Army and moved back home to Boston with Gloria. They were married on October 20, 1979, and they had three daughters, Susan, Christine and Maureen.

Kevin was appointed to the Boston Fire Department on December 6, 1978. In 1988, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In 1989, he was assigned to Ladder Company 26, where he remained for 20 years. He received the Commissioner’s Unit Citation in 1996. He was a member of the Boston Firefighter’s Local 718 of the IAFF.

Kevin was a second generation firefighter; his father retired after 29 years with the Boston Fire Department. He was the 4th most senior lieutenant and could have worked anywhere in Boston, but because of his nature he chose the busiest firehouse in Boston. He even had a starring role on the Discovery Channel reality series Firehouse USA. He was dedicated to the job he loved and was respected by his peers. He was known for his quick thinking, and keeping his fellow firefighters safe.

Kevin’s family gave him the most enjoyment in his life. He was happiest when he was doing things with and for his family. He enjoyed the simple things in life: floating around the pool, barbecuing on the grill, playing cribbage (a competitive sport in the Kelley family), playing Nintendo Wii and hiking in the Blue Hills. He truly was a kid at heart; he loved Disney World and Universal Studios and cruises to the Caribbean. He had a fondness for teasing and possessed a great sense of humor.

More than 20 years ago Kevin bought a pop-up camper, and thus began a family camping tradition. For a week every summer, the whole family would band together and head up to New Hampshire. Those camping weeks have provided our family with a wealth of happy and fun memories, and we have those memories all because of Kevin.

Kevin’s life was cut short, but we can hold on to the memories we have of him and relish the time we spent with him. Everyone that knew Kevin has lost a part of themselves, but the moments that he gave us will live on with us forever. He is greatly missed by all.
Paul James Roberts was 54 years old the day he left us for heaven. A member of a large extended family, he loved his wife, Nancy, and his family, unconditionally until the day of his passing. Paul served in the United States Navy. While in boot camp, he was the boxing and swimming champion for his squad. Those who knew him found it hard to believe his big, gentle hands became a weapon in the boxing ring.

Paul and Nancy were quietly involved with community service. He donated annually to Beverly Babe Ruth Baseball. When Paul learned of a family with a very ill family member, he cooked a batch of spaghetti sauce with meats in it and packed a basket of pastas, breads, and cheeses. Nancy delivered the gift to the deserving family. Paul helped Nancy make quilts for raffles to benefit hospice after his father-in-law used their services. A lifelong resident of Beverly, Paul knew how important it was to give back.

Paul's trade was carpentry. With the help of Nancy and friends, Paul remodeled the first floor and one bedroom of his 160-year-old home. He was a perfectionist, so some of the work was unfinished. We are still working on it! Paul also made flower beds on two sides of his home.

Paul looked forward to going to Mousam Lake, Maine, annually. Here Paul shined. When family and friends came to visit, he was the consummate host, taking guests jet skiing, kayaking, bicycling, and to the store. Paul served his signature American chop suey or barbecue. He bought farm fresh eggs for his famous omelets and French toast. Paul also loved traveling in the Southwest with Nancy.

Anyone who knew Paul could rely on him to be there if needed. We knew he would give the shirt off his back when necessary. Paul spent innumerable lunch hours with his 91-year-old mother-in-law talking, eating, and playing games. Paul was a caregiver for everybody.

An avid sports fan, Paul loved his Redsox, Patriots, Celtics, Bruins, and Redskins and could quote stats for each team during their season. Paul looked forward to going to Celtics playoff games with Paul Anderson and “the crew” and watched many a game with Bubba, Mim, and Nancy during “tea time.”

Paul’s fellow firefighters referred to him as “Mr. 411.” He knew information about most anything you asked him. They also called him “Story Man.” A 2-minute story for most was a 10-minute story for Paul. Paul was also dubbed “The Mayor of North Beverly.” Paul was the most trustworthy, loyal, and compassionate man we knew. His infectious smile, humor, and kind touch will be missed eternally. HONEY, YOU ARE #1!
Vinny was an amazing firefighter/EMT for over 30 years. He served in his hometown of Winthrop, Massachusetts, for ten years before fulfilling his lifelong dream of joining the Boston Fire Department in 1986. The fire department and the accompanying brotherhood were his life. During his 22 years as part of the Boston Fire Department, he prided himself on working tirelessly to ensure firefighter safety, not only across the United States, but as far away as the United Kingdom.

He loved teaching and was a well respected safety instructor to many fire departments and a gas instructor at the Massachusetts Fire Academy, where he invented a safety valve that is still used today. Vinny was so passionate about safety that he served as a commentator and resource for a Boston news television station during the Worcester, Massachusetts, Cold Storage Warehouse Fire and the funeral services for the six fallen firefighters.

Vinny was a Vietnam veteran, serving in the Navy as a corpsman from August 1971 to March 1974. This sparked his medical interest, and he maintained his EMT training for 30 years.

One of Vinny’s interests was cooking. As a result, he was always in charge of the meals while at the firehouse and was always cutting coupons, looking for the best deals to satisfy the hearty appetites during his 24-hour shifts.

Vinny was also a family man and was a much loved son, brother, and uncle. He spent much of his free time attending his nieces’ and nephews’ events. He was generous in time, spirit, and his love. He also had a passion for skiing and always found the highest mountain or the most difficult trail to conquer. He will be truly missed but was so proud to be part of the special firefighter family. He would be thrilled at the honor of this memorial.
Barry K. DeLude  
Minneapolis Fire Department — Minnesota  
Career Fire Motor Operator  
Date of Death: February 13, 2007  
Age: 44

Barry was born on January 6, 1963, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He grew up on the south side of Minneapolis and graduated from Minneapolis Southwest High School in 1981. He attended the University of Minnesota, Twin Cities Campus, and graduated with a BA in economics in 1986, but he always knew his true calling was as a Minneapolis firefighter.

Barry met his wife, Linda, when he was in 8th grade, and they were married on June 29, 1985. Their two sons, Jake and Mark, followed in 1989 and 1991. Linda’s Dad, John Hannon, was a captain on the Minneapolis Fire Department, so Barry had many years of exposure to the work and culture of the fire department and admired the work that they perform in serving the community. When the opportunity to take the test to join the Minneapolis Fire Department came up, Barry took it and became a Minneapolis firefighter in September of 1986.

Barry rose to the rank of fire motor operator and worked in many of the stations, primarily on the south side of Minneapolis, and spent most of his time at Station 17, driving Ladder 5. It was during one of his shifts at Station 17 that Barry and his crew went on a medical run to a local nursing home where the Influenza B virus was present. Barry ended up contracting the influenza virus while on that medical run, and it resulted in his death two weeks later. Barry proudly served on the Minneapolis Fire Department for over 20 years.

In addition to his job on the fire department, Barry loved woodworking and spent time creating and building furniture, which he made to perfection for his family and friends in his garage. The many pieces of furniture he made will last for generations as a reminder for his family of Barry’s love for them. Barry also worked part-time for Katie Rose Corporation, a general contracting firm that is owned by one of Barry’s closest friends.

When not working, Barry also spent a lot of time biking and playing hockey. Most of all, Barry enjoyed spending time with his wife and sons, and watching his sons, Jake and Mark, play hockey, baseball, and football. Barry’s greatest joy came from his sons, and he was so proud of them. They were his inspiration.

*The presence of his absence was everywhere.* — Millay
Captain John D. Thurman was born March 16, 1955, in Pocahontas, Mississippi. He was the seventh of eight children. The Lord called him on Wednesday, October 21, 2009, at the age of 54.

John graduated from Sumner Hill High School in 1974. After graduating, he joined the United States Navy and served three years of active duty and two years reserve. John's career as a firefighter began in March 1988 with the Clinton Fire Department in Clinton, Mississippi. John provided 21 years of dedicated service until his death.

John had a wonderful quality of being a great communicator with both old and young. He was a born leader, and that showed in how he led his life on and off the job. If you wanted an honest answer to your question, he was the one to ask. He put the Creator first in his life always and walked a path that was pleasing to the Lord.

A country boy at heart, he was always on the tractor working in the garden or helping neighbors with their gardens. He raised beagles and loved to see them run. At the fire station it was not an uncommon sight to see him helping the youngsters with their bicycles when they had problems or airing their tires.

John Thurman was a family man and a treasure to his family. He always took time with his family. He was a man among men. He was a light and guide to his wife and children. He leaves to cherish his memories a loving wife, Joe Ann Thurman; one son, John Obadiah Thurman; and four loving daughters, Rachel, Bridgette, Octavia Marie, and Rebekah Thurman.
Remembering

George A. Wimberly

Stonewall Volunteer Fire Department — Mississippi

Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: April 1, 2009
Age: 63

George was a son, brother, husband, father, grandfather, uncle, a servant of God, and a friend to all. Born September 25, 1945, in Mississippi, he married Delois Boutwell on April 25, 1969. He is the father of Lisa Turner, Little George Wimberly (deceased), Ginger Alford, and Johnny Wimberly; and a grandfather of eight. He was respected among his community, friends, and family.

After graduating from high school in 1965, George began working as a sewing machine mechanic in the local knitting mill. He joined the US Army Reserve, where he served for 21 years, retiring as a sergeant first class. In 1980, he began his career as an offshore oilfield worker. George spent 29 years in the oilfield industry and rose to the position of drilling consultant for Chalmers, Collins & Alwell. Both the Mississippi National Guard and Chalmers, Collins, and Alwell honored George for his performance and dedication to duty. Although his professional and public service duties meant that George spent countless hours away from his family, George knew that the children were in good hands with his “bride” (his nickname for Delois) until he returned.

George loved camping, which he felt was true family time. On these trips, he led by example and taught his children about life—fishing, swimming, and enjoying the time you have together. He loved finding a new place to visit, and it is a blessing that George spent the week before his death with family on a trip to Gulf Shores, Alabama. It rained quite a bit that week, but the rain never dampened George’s spirit. George was also an active member of Stonewall Assembly of God, where he was involved in many projects over the years.

George’s firefighting career began in 1977 and spanned over 32 years. He was a founding member of the Carmichael Volunteer Fire Department, one of the first rural fire departments in Clarke County, Mississippi. In 1993, he relocated his family to Stonewall, Mississippi and joined the Stonewall Volunteer Fire Department. He became an emergency medical responder. With his medic bag in tow, George was often the first one to respond to a call.

On April 1, 2009, Clarke County lost a true hero. God called George home as he responded to a fire. George was a man of honor, wisdom, strength, wit and valor; a man who loved his country and the people in it; a man who had no enemies; a man with a solution to problems of every size. He was our husband, Daddy and Gran, our HERO.
David V. Grass Jr.
Ste. Genevieve Fire Department — Missouri
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: July 8, 2009
Age: 34


David's world revolved around his children. He would always stop what he was doing to talk to or entertain his kids. He was completely in love with them and would do anything to bring a smile to their faces. Many evenings, David turned the radio up and danced through the living room with Collin and Alissa. The sounds of giggling filled the house as the family made happy memories. David was a one-of-a-kind father, the type of dad that most kids only dream of.

David graduated from Ste. Genevieve High School in 1993 and was employed at a local lime company for 15 years. David loved his job, but often said that he wasn't fulfilled by it. He wanted to “better” himself while impacting the lives of people in his community. David always put others before himself. He never hesitated to help a family member, a friend, or even a stranger. He was a jack of all trades and could fix almost anything. His love and respect for people is what inspired him to become a firefighter. He was committed to the department and loved the “rush” and the gratitude that the volunteer job offered. David was involved with the Ste. Genevieve Fire Department for less than a year, but left his inspiration and determination behind.

David was a quiet, yet well rounded individual. He was very loyal to his friends and family and loved the company they provided. In the summers, David enjoyed camping with his family and playing horseshoes. He was a fairly good horseshoe thrower and absolutely loved competition. In the fall and winter, David's interests shifted to the outdoors and football. He liked to go to his “quiet place” in the woods and reflect on life while hunting for a big deer. On Sundays, however, David's focus was on Cowboys football. He was passionate about watching the Cowboys and was very disappointed when they lost. People often found amusement in David's enthusiasm with the Cowboys.

David lived every day like he would die tomorrow. He had no regrets and always lived life to the fullest. Although David's life was cut short, we thank God every day for the time he was here with us and the memories that we shared. He will continue to live through Collin and Alissa, and his love will always be present. He is missed every day by family and friends.
Dale Elliott Haddix, 70, was born July 15, 1938, in Schell City, Missouri, and passed from this life on July 4, 2009, in Schell City. He was the son of Elliott Joseph and Dorothy Mae (Davis) Haddix.

Dale graduated from Schell City High School in 1956. Later that year, he joined the United States Navy, where he served his first four years. By the time he was discharged, Dale had attained the rank of 2nd class petty officer.

In 1961, Dale met Dottie Ellen Pryor, and they were united in marriage on January 23, 1962. Dale decided to return to the Navy for what would be a total of 22 years, after he was guaranteed by his recruiter that he could go to submarine school. He served aboard the USS Tidewater, Bigelow, Fulton, Robert E. Lee, Nathan Hale, Henry Clay, and Simon Lake. He was also a recruiter for a time during the early 1970s. During his military tenure, Dale rose to the rank of senior chief petty officer. He retired from the Navy in 1977.

After retirement, he and Dottie moved back to Schell City, where Dale owned an appliance business and was also a Sears authorized area repairman. He became active in the Schell City Volunteer Fire Department and, at the time of his death, was serving as assistant fire chief. He was elected to the Schell City City Council in 1994 and served until he was elected mayor in 2004, a position he was holding at the time of his death.

In addition to his wife, Dale is survived by his three sons, Robert Dale (Kim A.), Kevin Eugene (Kim J.), and Thomas Elliott (Rachel). He is also survived by his six grandchildren, Kirk, Nathan, Bryn, Hunter, Morgan, and Ethan. He was always proud of his children and was especially proud and fond of his grandchildren.

Dale was a quiet and thoughtful man who served his country and his hometown and will never be forgotten.
Roger was born on November 16, 1959, in Kansas City, Missouri. He graduated from high school in 1978 and married his high school sweetheart, Cindy (Johns) Vorwark, on December 22, 1978. They had two children, Jeff (31) and Brandi (28), and four grandchildren, Hunter (13), Sienna (8), Lance (8), and Mason (5). Roger was very proud of his children and loved playing with his grandchildren.

Besides always having a full-time job, the family had a mowing business for eight years. Roger began volunteering as a fireman in his home town of Mayview, Missouri, in 1982 and soon caught the “firefighter bug.” Just like a race car driver does to racing, it gets in their blood. Through all of those years, he helped save lives, homes and land. As with any fire service family, it took a lot of time away from his family. The kids and Cindy spent time at the fire station to see him and help out when needed. He always said, “You would want someone to show up if your life or house were in danger!”

After the kids grew up and got married, Roger and his wife moved to Odessa, Missouri, where he joined the fire department in 2004. Funny—after all those years of being a fireman with all the training and classes he had taken, he had to be on probation for a six month period due to their bylaws. He didn’t mind. He had worked many mutual aid calls with Odessa through the years and knew the firemen and emergency responders. He wanted to continue his passion of being a firefighter and helping people. In May 2008 he became a full-time firefighter, and just before his death he was promoted to a lieutenant position. Both were goals he wanted to accomplish.

His other passion was riding his Harley. Every chance he and his wife got, they would take off with their friends for a day or two. You just never knew where you may wind up, but it was always fun! He also loved going to tractor pulls and watching the “big boys” pull. It’s something he did himself when he was younger.

He enjoyed life, and he never showed if he was down or hurting. His life was cut too short, but he died doing what he loved, and not everyone can say that. He was a hero and a great firefighter!!!
Remembering

Brian J. Buss

Neptune Aviation Services, Inc.,
USDA Forest Service Contractor — Montana
Career Crew Chief
Date of Death: April 25, 2009
Age: 32

Brian J. Buss will forever be in our hearts and memories. He was born on January 2, 1977, in Nazareth, Pennsylvania, to Joe and Cindy Buss. From the start, Brian was bound and determined to make his own path in life.

Through his journey, he had many accomplishments. One of his biggest and most proud accomplishments was his family. Brian married Trina and proceeded to have two beautiful children, Hannah and Madalynn. His daughters were his heart and soul. He wanted nothing more than to give them everything. While on the road fighting wildfires, he made sure to call home every night and tell his girls, “Daddy loves you bigga much. Sweet dreams.”

Brian entered Pennsylvania School of Technology, Penn State, as a non-traditional student in their School of Aviation. He would graduate summa cum laude from Penn Tech with a bachelor’s degree and receive his A&P certification.

Brian did not seek a career in firefighting, but it was in the cards. He wanted to move to Montana after graduating from Penn Tech. His wife said he had to find a job first. So he did. Brian was hired by Neptune Aviation Services in Missoula, Montana, where he became a crew chief, aircraft mechanic, and avionics technician.

Working for Neptune allowed Brian to fulfill a lifelong dream of working on aircraft and living in Montana. Being a part of the firefighting community was an added bonus that he learned to love.

There was nothing that he didn’t enjoy doing. Brian loved to smile, laugh and sing music. He loved fishing, hunting, sitting by the fire pit, watching sports on TV, or playing games. Above all, Brian enjoyed spending time with family and friends. His home was always open to anyone that wanted good food and to share stories and laughter.

The night before Brian died, he told his wife, “I’m completely content and happy with my life.” On April 25, 2009, Tanker 42 was dispatched to a ranch fire in New Mexico. The plane crashed just outside of Stockton, Utah. His family is blessed to be able to say that Brian lived his life to the fullest, and died doing what he loved to do.

This is such a small glimpse of his amazing life. He touched thousands of people with his warm and caring heart and laughter. We all love and miss you, Brian. We look forward to the day we see you again. For now, we must find a way to move forward. Your memory and love will always be in our hearts.
Remembering

David M. Jamsa

Minuteman Aviation, Inc.,
Bureau of Land Management Contractor — Montana
Career Pilot
Date of Death: August 20, 2009
Age: 44

David McKay Jamsa, 44, of Missoula, Montana, died August 20, 2009, when his air tanker crashed while dropping fire retardant on the Hoyt Fire near Reno, Nevada.

David was born December 15, 1964, in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, to Robert and Margaret Jamsa. He grew up on a farm in North Dakota that his great-grandfather had homesteaded, learning mechanical and farming skills from his father. David played basketball, football, and drums at Lakota High School.

After high school, he worked to fulfill his dream of becoming a pilot, earning a degree in aviation mechanics and an FAA certificate in airplane mechanics. He was a military policeman for the Army National Guard and also worked as a machinist, welder, and crop duster. At the time of his death, he was studying to become a flight instructor.

David was a devoted family man. He married his wife, Alicia Marie Rininger, on August 15, 1998, in Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. They had four children, Shelbi, Kayla, Shane, and Karrissa Jamsa. David remained devoted to his parents and his brothers and sisters throughout his life.

David could fix and build anything, and he was always happy to put those skills to use in the service of others. He was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, where he served as a branch and youth leader.

He is survived by his wife, Alicia Rininger Jamsa, of Missoula; his four children, Shelbi Lynn Jamsa, Kayla Marie Jamsa, Shane McKay Jamsa and Karrissa Pauline Jamsa; his parents, Robert Jamsa and Margaret Roberts Jamsa, of Lakota, North Dakota; two brothers, Darrell Wayne Jamsa, of Starkweather, North Dakota, and Ralph Paul Jamsa, of Salem, Utah; two sisters, Connie Jamsa Lefler, of Grand Rapids, Minnesota, and Pauline Mary Jamsa Clauson, of Salem, Utah. David was preceded in death by his brother, Robert Jamsa, and his sister, Colleen Patricia Jamsa Melven.
Recalling

William Conrad Hartsell

United States Air Force, Nellis Air Force Base,
Tonopah Test Range — Nevada

Technical Sergeant
Date of Death: April 7, 1986
Age: 28

Technical Sergeant William “Bill” Conrad Hartsell was born on July 1, 1957, in Reedsville, West Virginia. He went home to the Lord on April 7, 1986, while serving as a firefighter in the United States Air Force, stationed at Nellis Air Force Base. He is survived by his wife, Isabel Hartsell; two daughters, Christina Drake and Elizabeth Hartsell; a brother, David Hartsell; and his mother, Alice Hartsell. Bill’s legacy continues on through his grandson, Noah Drake.

Bill was an honor roll student at Valley High School, where he graduated in 1975. He enlisted in the Air Force immediately following graduation. Bill received a degree in fire science from the Air Force Academy during his time in service. During his time at Valley High School and with the Air Force, he was an ardent fan of football and baseball and was always involved in some form with one of the two.

Bill was best characterized by those who knew him as the guy who would lend a helping hand whenever he could. As a child and teenager, Bill would offer to carry groceries and take out fire ashes for his elderly neighbors. As a teenager, he would offer to tutor other kids in his high school to help them make better grades.

After Bill joined the service, he would volunteer to work with handicapped children in his free time. It was no surprise that a man with such a big heart would choose to serve his country, especially as a firefighter, ready to help those urgently in need.

We thank God for the opportunity, though short, to have known such an amazing man. Bill accepted Jesus into his heart when he was just nine years old. We put our trust in Jesus that we will see Bill again.
Remembering

Manuel Rivera Sr.
Trenton Fire Department — New Jersey
Career Firefighter/EMT
Date of Death: March 31, 2009
Age: 42

On February 9, 2009, Manuel “Manny” Rivera Sr. responded to a residential structure fire. The building was fully engulfed in fire, and Manny Rivera rescued a civilian who was dangling from a window. After descending the ladder, Manny collapsed. He was transported to the hospital, where he remained in a coma until his death on March 31, 2009.

He was born and raised in Trenton, where he often played basketball with his childhood friends. He graduated from Trenton Central High School and the Mercer County Fire Academy.

The first firefighter in his family, Manny Rivera was a 14-year veteran with the Trenton Fire Department and worked at Engine No. 3 at the time of his death. He was a skilled firefighter, respected and well-liked, and had many friends in the fire department.

He is survived by his beloved and devoted wife of 12 years, Dalixa (Montalvo) Rivera; his loving parents, Ernesto Enrique Rivera Sr. and Purificacion Rivera; his five caring children, Christopher A. Rivera, Manuel Rivera Jr., Natasha I. Rivera, Steven A. Rivera, and Caitlin P. Rivera; a nephew that he helped raise, Onix Xavier Montalvo; three sisters, Joann (Benito) Bello, Pura Rivera, and Denise (Joel) Medrano; a brother, Ernesto Rivera Jr.; his grandmother, Maria Burgos; and many friends and extended family members in the United States and Puerto Rico.

Manny Rivera was proud of his family and his heritage. He was a Pittsburgh Steelers fan. He is remembered as generous and fun-loving, a great firefighter, and a family man. His brother-in-law, Trenton Police Sergeant Benito Bello, said, “Manny was the kind of person who would help anybody without hesitation.”
Remembering

Gary V. Stephens
Elizabeth Fire Department — New Jersey
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: January 2, 2009
Age: 57

Gary was a very humble man; he had a quiet, gentle soul and led a very private life. He was a devoted, loving husband above all else. Gary’s passion was sailing his boat with his wife. He loved surf fishing, relaxing on the beach and playing with his many toys. Gary also loved spending time with his good friends and especially his nephew and nieces.

Gary was an Elizabeth native and second generation firefighter and loved his job. He joined the Elizabeth Fire Department in 1980. He was eligible for retirement in September 2005. His late father, Charles Stephens, was also an Elizabeth firefighter from 1949 until he retired in 1973. Gary always put others’ well being above his own. He always gave selflessly of himself to his family, friends and fellow firefighters.

Throughout Gary’s 28-year career, he held various union positions, served on many boards and volunteered at numerous firefighter events. He was a member of the New Jersey State Firemen’s Mutual Benevolent Association Local 9 and vice president of IAFF Local 777. Ironically, his latest project was compiling a benefits guide book for firefighters and their families. Gary received a Valor Award from the NJ State FMBA in 1999 for saving the historic Second Presbyterian Church from destruction during a devastating fire.

Acting Captain Gary V. Stephens was killed at an early morning blaze while directing the rig in backing up to establish a water supply. He was struck by the rig and killed. The fire, which was started by two homeless men, also spread to an occupied adjoining home. The arsonists have pleaded guilty to manslaughter and criminal trespassing in a plea bargain agreement and were sentenced to three years in state prison and deportation.

Gary is survived by his beloved wife, his mother, brother, mother-in-law and brother-in-law. Gary is sorely missed by his family and friends.

And the wind dropped, and there was deep calm.
— Mark 4:39/40.
Remembering

Michael Wayne Flynn
Neptune Aviation Services, Inc.,
USDA Forest Service Contractor — New Mexico
Career Pilot
Date of Death: April 25, 2009
Age: 59

Mike began his career in aviation by skydiving out of planes and was a certified parachute rigger before getting his pilot’s license. His introduction to aerial firefighting happened on one of his early jobs as an air tanker copilot on a B-17 out of Hemet, California.

He met his wife, Marilynn, in Flagstaff, Arizona, where he worked as a charter pilot and instrument instructor, and in 1987 they were married on a beach in Hawaii. In Flagstaff, Mike was instrumental in developing the air ambulance service for northern Arizona, which eventually became Flagstaff Medical Center’s “Guardian Air.” He was appointed director of flight operations there in 1988. In the 1990s he and his wife moved overseas, where he first flew for Air Seychelles before becoming a training captain for Abu Dhabi Aviation.

His favorite jobs were the ones that allowed him to use his skills to teach or to help people, and aerial firefighting was tops on his list. He eventually returned to the air tanker industry, flying for Minden Air, H&P Aviation, and finally Neptune Aviation of Missoula, Montana, where he was employed at the time of his death.

Mike was a quiet man, but if you asked the right question you might find yourself receiving a lengthy lecture in response. His desire to know the details on any subject that interested him earned him the nickname “The Ruminator” at work. He may not have been the life of the party, but once in awhile he’d come up with a zinger that would leave everyone in fits of laughter.

Mike’s favorite hobby was working with computers, and he liked trying out new software, especially anything aviation related. He enjoyed watching old movies, reading science fiction and had recently developed an interest in the Chinese philosophy of Taoism. Mike loved big cats and had a soft spot for orphaned kittens; he and Marilynn adopted seven stray cats. Mike had three grown children from a previous marriage, Heather, Joe, and Jennifer, and was the grandfather of Megan, Jake, Mya, Jessie, and Taylor.

Mike was en route to New Mexico to fight the Four Mile Fire when his plane crashed in bad weather in Utah. Ironically, the fire was near his home in Alamogordo, which meant he would have had the rare chance to work the fire in the daytime and return to his own house at night, rather than the motels he usually lived in during the fire season. Instead, he left behind a devastated wife who thinks the universe made a cosmic error to let such a talented, intelligent man lose his life so soon before his time.
Michael J. Hays was born the son of a locksmith and an avid artist on August 15, 1943, in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. He attended college while working for Western Electric before entering the US Navy in 1962. In 1965, Michael’s sister, Patricia, introduced him to Ramona. After six dates, one year and dozens of letters, Michael and Ramona were married on November 5, 1966, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. They moved to Norfolk, Virginia, then transferred to Morocco when Ramona was four months pregnant with their first child. Lara was born in March of 1968, and in 1972 they would welcome their second child, Heather, in Tennessee. Michael’s two daughters would go on to bless him with four adored grandchildren: Aidan (4), Nathan (3), and twins Gavin and Avery, just eight months old at the time of his death.

Michael served in the United States Navy for 21 years as an electronics technician before retiring as chief petty officer to pursue a home building business in Albuquerque. Michael enjoyed 20 years building custom homes and remodeling. With his mother’s creative talent, Michael became a skilled craftsman in woodworking, leather tooling, embroidery and quilting. Over his lifetime, he created many treasured pieces for his family.

Michael and Ramona began visiting the Brazos in northern New Mexico in 1989, bought their own property two years later and made it their full-time residence in 1998, when Michael joined the Brazos Canyon Volunteer Fire Department. Michael’s dedication to the beautiful Brazos was evident in 2001 when he took on the role as chief of this department. Over the next seven years he led a small group of volunteers and his community to build a station, raise funds, and acquire trucks, training and EMS certification. Michael served as an active EMT-B with La Clinica del Pueblo in Tierra Amarilla, where he was on call the day of his passing. Michael stood committed to providing the residents of Brazos Canyon with a well-equipped fire station dedicated to the safety and care of everyone in this rural community.

Michael retired as fire chief, while maintaining a position in the department, in order to spend more time with his grandchildren. Just a few short days later he was killed in the explosion of his firehouse on February 19, 2008. Michael always had a SPIRIT TO SERVE and a strong work ethic that has inspired others to volunteer their time and advance the mission which he began in the Brazos.

He is dearly missed by a grateful community and a loving family. His spirit lives on in the beautiful things he created, and the lives and community he touched.
Jonathan Simeon Croom, best known as “Sim,” was born November 7, 1974. He joined the Buffalo Fire Department in 1999 and served for ten years. He was a member of the International Association of Fire Fighters, Local 282.

His greatest joy was his love of life, family and friends. An avid athlete, he spent his time playing sports, exercising, and competing in local races. Sim was best known for his great smile and warm personality. His sense of humor knew no bounds, and he could make light of any situation. As a single parent, he devoted his life to raising his daughter, Joanna.

Anything he worked at was done with great pride and courage, so as a dedicated firefighter, his last act of heroism came as no surprise to those who knew and loved him. As a son, he was perfect. Sim would be overwhelmed and very pleased by this year’s memorial.

He is survived by his parents, Duane and Maria Angela Heusinger, and Jonathan Croom; and his two siblings, Gabriel Antoine Croom and Beau Croom. Sim also leaves behind his fiancée, Ingrid Perugachi, and his two children, Joanna Croom-Coronel and Jonathan “Danielito” Croom. We love you, Sim.

“Love is stronger than death, fiercer than the grave.”
Mark Davis was a young man destined to become a great achiever. He had accomplished much during his short life. He fulfilled each of his goals, going after each with vigor and determination. He loved every aspect in the fields of emergency medical services, as well as firefighting, and was quickly becoming “the best” in those fields. He was a community activist, working at the local French Festival, and serving on its committee. He continued to grow, and everyone seemed to look up to Mark...truly a shooting star for Cape Vincent.

Mark’s compassion and ability to put his patients at ease was just one of his precious gifts. Family was extremely important to him, as his biological father died about a month after he was born. Maybe that is why he loved CPR like he did.

Mark B. Davis, 25, was killed in the line of duty in Cape Vincent on January 31, 2009. Mark and another rescue member answered a fire emergency call for a possible heart attack. The patient became agitated and left the room; seconds later, he re-entered the room and started firing a gun. Mark was hit and was taken to Samaritan Medical Center, where he was pronounced dead. On that fateful night, Mark left his brother’s birthday celebration to answer that call for help.

Mark was a volunteer emergency medical worker and firefighter for Cape Vincent Volunteer Fire Dept., Inc. He was an employee with Thousand Islands Emergency Rescue Service (TIERS) and at Guilfoyle EMS as an EMT. He was a student in the Jefferson Community College Paramedic Program, in the middle of clinicals, and an active member of the EMS Club. Davis was a CPR Instructor, HAZMAT and Mass Casualty certified, and received accreditation as a National 911 Dispatcher. Mark was also A+ certified as a PC tech, following his achievements at Stetson University in Celebration, Florida. Mark trained in fire and EMS at every opportunity he could.

He took good care of his family. A true “citizen soldier,” his dedication, devotion, compassion, and love for all were limitless.
The Dix Hills Fire Department mourned the line-of-duty death of Ex-Captain Walter Hessling, on November 27, 2009. Hessling, 54, was a 32-year dedicated firefighter with the department’s Engine Company #2. Hessling suffered a stroke, resulting in a cardiac arrest, at his home on November 21, after responding on a call for a motor vehicle accident.

Hessling was revived by his fellow firefighters, who answered the call after he collapsed and began CPR and advanced life support. Hessling was transported to Huntington Hospital and later transferred to North Shore L.I.J. Hospital in Manhasset. His brother firefighters maintained an around-the-clock vigil at the hospital, where he passed away due to complications on November 27.

The wake was held with a well-attended firematic service on Tuesday evening, December 1, at the A.L. Jacobsen Funeral Home in Huntington Station. The funeral was held Wednesday, December 2, at St. Elizabeth R.C. Church in Melville, with burial following at St. Charles Cemetery in East Farmingdale.

Hessling was remembered as a very kind and dedicated firefighter who served as a driver trainer, former benevolent trustee, and rescue squad member. He was known for his culinary skills at the firehouse. He also helped raise funds for firefighters in need.

Second Assistant Chief Tom Magno, a longtime friend who had known Hessling since he joined the department, said, “Walter was dependable and always finished the task that was put forth to him. Once Walter befriended you, you had a friend for life.”

In 1984, Hessling was awarded the “Firefighter of the Year” by Engine Company #2. Hessling worked as an audiovisual engineer and was a very devoted son to his widowed mother, Hermine. Ex-Chief and Commissioner Phil Tepe remembered Walter as a, “good driver and pump operator, who trained many of the younger members and showed them the ropes.”

“Walter was the kind of person who looked out for his community and truly loved the fire department,” said Chief Robert Adcock. “He will be truly missed by the department.”
Richard Wm. Holst

Huntington Manor Fire Department — New York

Volunteer Firefighter/Chaplain/Fire Police Captain

Date of Death: September 9, 2009

Age: 60

Richard Holst was born on May 19, 1949, in Rockville Center, New York. He was the third son of Martha and Henry Holst. He was educated in the Uniondale Public School system and attended Nassau Community College.

Rich began his career of service in the United States Navy. He served aboard the USS Saratoga, an aircraft carrier assigned to the Atlantic Fleet. Rich was a “yellow shirt,” working on the flight deck of the ship directing fighter jets in for safe landings. Rich’s tour of duty with the Navy began in June of 1968 and ended in April 1972, during the Vietnam War.

After returning home from the service, Rich married his high school sweetheart, Noreen, on October 6, 1973. He began his 36-year career with the utility company Long Island Lighting Co., now known as National Grid, that very same year. By 1976, Rich and his wife had settled in Huntington Station.

The year 1978 was a milestone for Rich, as he joined the Huntington Manor Fire Department, following in his father’s footsteps. Rich’s father, Henry, served in the Uniondale Fire Department, rising to the rank of chief. Rich was a dedicated 31-year member of Huntington Manor. For 26 consecutive years, Rich was elected to the office of chaplain of the department and was also serving as the captain of the fire police. It was his role as chaplain that earned him the nickname “The Rev.” That nickname was lovingly embraced by his fellow firefighters, Rich’s coworkers, and even his personal friends. His license plate reflected his fondness for it: HMFD REV.

Rich was a member of many firematic organizations outside his own department. He was a longtime member of the New York State Association of Fire Chaplains and in 2008 was elected chief chaplain. Rich’s service to the people of New York went beyond his dedication to the residents of Huntington Station; his eminent position as chief chaplain meant that he served each and every firefighter in the great Empire State.

Rich had a commitment to excellence and a spirit of humanity and compassion. He was a courageous firefighter who dedicated his purposeful life and career in faithful service to his family and community. He was passionate about his chaplaincy, looking after his department, its members and their families, and firefighters and chaplains throughout New York State.

Richard Holst leaves behind a legacy which will long endure the passage of time and will remain as a comforting memory to all he served and befriended and to his proud and loving family. He is deeply, sorely missed by everyone whose life he touched.
Patrick S. Joyce Jr.
Yonkers Fire Department — New York
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: October 2, 2009
Age: 39

Pat was born on August 3, 1970, to Kathleen and Patrick Joyce. One of six children, he grew up in the Riverdale section of the Bronx with his brothers, Marty and twin Peter, and sisters, Debbie, Julianne and Katie. Pat loved being part of a big family which included lots of good fun and healthy competition. He never took himself too seriously and enjoyed a good practical joke and harmless teasing. He was very proud of his parents, how hard they worked and all they accomplished. He was fortunate to inherit very strong qualities from them. He had a perfect combination of intelligence, wit, strength and good looks but the things that stood out about Pat were his generous nature and his kindness toward others.

Pat went to Fordham Prep High School and then to Fordham College. Pat took many different jobs along the way. He ran a catering business, mastered construction work and became a contractor. He was restless with these careers until he took a job with the Yonkers Fire Department. He was immediately happy with his choice. It aligned perfectly with the things he loved in life, helping others and being part of a big family. He went to various firehouses but arrived eventually at Rescue 1, where he spent the last ten years. Rescue 1 was the place he wanted to be, the most dangerous and demanding of the Yonkers firehouses.

Pat used his spare time away from the firehouse to build business ventures. He opened his first bar/restaurant, Bliss, in 1999, and many other successful business ventures followed. He had the gift of seeing potential where others saw none and could build something beautiful from nothing. He was a visionary. He had no fear and could accomplish anything he put his mind to. Pat was delighted that he had the ability to use his success and resources to help his family and others and create a sound future for his wife and children.

Pat never wasted a moment and was always helping others, spending time with his family and building a new venture. He accomplished more in his short 39 years than most people accomplish in a lifetime. As his daughter Charlotte said,” He fixed everything; he made everything better.” He loved life and laughter. He was a loving husband to Tara, and he doted on his little girls, Isabella and Charlotte, and all his nieces and nephews. He always traveled with a crew of kids and enjoyed nothing more than seeing a child smile. Pat will be remembered for his huge heart and loyal service, but most of all for the incredible kindness he offered so freely and abundantly to those in need.
Remembering

Francis T. “Frank” Keane
Fire Department of New York — New York
Career Captain
Date of Death: December 11, 2006
Age: 51

Francis Keane was born on March 9, 1955, to Irish immigrants John and Theresa Keane. Born and raised in the Bronx, he was the only son and oldest of three children. He attended Our Lady of Solace Grammar School and graduated from Cardinal Hayes. Before joining the fire department, he worked at Seaman’s Bank for Savings in New York City, where he made numerous lifetime friends.

He began his career with FDNY on September 5, 1981. He was first assigned to Engine 61 and later transferred to Ladder 41, both in the Bronx near where he grew up. In 1994, he was promoted to lieutenant and assigned to Engine 39 on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. In 2003, he was promoted to captain and assigned to Engine 46/Ladder 27 (Cross Bronx Express), where he served until his untimely death. Frank loved being a firefighter and dedicated 25+ years of service and his life to New York City, the FDNY and saving others. He was a brave, dedicated firefighter who conducted every day of his life with the utmost dignity, professionalism and moral character. He suffered a fatal heart attack on December 11, 2006, shortly after a tour of duty which included numerous runs.

A devoted son, wonderful brother, generous friend, and true family man, he loved family gatherings, and always made them special! He was godfather and confirmation sponsor to his nephews and nieces, and never missed a birthday, graduation or family event. He spoiled his family with the most beautiful gifts and his nieces and nephews with the latest video game systems, CDs and outfits. He took great pride each year in assembling his magnificent Christmas village scene.

As a captain, he was a role model to the younger guys and took his job and the safety of his men very seriously. He attended numerous golf outings and charity events supporting those lost in the line of duty and also visited and helped injured and recovering firefighters in his free time. An avid sports enthusiast, he loved to ski, scuba dive, bike ride and play tennis, golf and ice hockey, often with his FDNY buddies. He spent his summers relaxing at his favorite beach club, The Manhem Club, and playing tennis in Pelham Bay Park. An avid reader of world history, he had a keen interest in religious military campaigns and the world’s wars.

He was loved by many, a man of great character, brave, humble and caring. Life is not the same without him. He is truly missed and lives on in the hearts of his mother, Theresa; father, John; sisters, Maureen and Patricia; nephews, Michael and Matthew; nieces, Jillian and Jessica; his friends and fellow firefighters.
Richard J. Layton Jr. was born on October 14, 1966, and was a lifelong resident of Freeport, New York, and a graduate of Freeport High School. He married his devoted wife, Jaime, on October 7, 2001. Ricky knew from a young age that he wanted to become a firefighter; at age 14, he became a member of Explorers Post 406, the Freeport Fire Department junior firefighters.

In December 1984, he became a member of Ever Ready Hose Company #1 and began his lifelong dream as a volunteer firefighter. He served as chairman and co-chairman on many company committees and as recording secretary and financial secretary of Hose 1. He quickly rose through the ranks, serving as second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain. Dedicated to his company, he served as an officer for three full terms. He was very involved with the training division, serving as a company instructor and then as an assistant chief instructor.

Ricky was a rescue diver with the department’s underwater search and rescue squad since 1995. He was a member of the Night Hawks Old Fashioned Drill Team and the department softball team, a NYS Drill Team official, and an EMT. He received a Dive Unit Citation, a Pre-Hospital Save and a Nassau County Award. In April 2006, he was elected third assistant chief of the Freeport Fire Department. He remained one of the most active members of the department and was always one of the first chiefs to sign on the radio when an alarm sounded. At the time of his death, he was first assistant chief.

His wife, Jaime, showed as much love and respect for the Freeport Fire Department as her husband did. It was a rare time that Ricky pulled up to an alarm without Jaime by his side, taking care of paperwork and monitoring the computer.

His life work and civic endeavor enhanced the quality of life in his community. It takes a special dedication, a strong desire to help others and a tireless sense of community to forsake precious time with family and friends to respond to the signal that a neighbor is in need. Ricky was such a firefighter. Throughout his years of devoted service, Ricky heroically performed above and beyond the call of duty those responsibilities which define the task of fire protection.

He never met a stranger, making friends anywhere he went. He loved to laugh and have fun, and he made sure everyone around him was also enjoying life with him. Ricky’s life was cut short, but to all who knew and loved him, his legacy will carry on to those who will serve after him.
Remembering

Charles W. McCarthy Jr.
Buffalo Fire Department — New York
Career Lieutenant
Date of Death: August 24, 2009
Age: 45

Charles W. “Chip” McCarthy Jr. was my brother. He was 45 years old. He was on the job with the Buffalo Fire Department for 23 years and served as a lieutenant for the last 13 years. He received (posthumously) the 2009 “Buffalo Fire Commissioner’s Unit Citation” for assisting other companies in the rescue of a woman in the water. Chip was a member of the Buffalo Firefighters Union, Local #282.

Chip was an extremely dedicated family man, as well as one of those guys who would help you at the drop of a hat. He was a hard worker. He could paint a house with the best of them. He loved his dogs, all seven of them.

I have many memories of the times my brother and I shared. We spent our summers at the cottage in Canada while growing up. We played youth hockey together, and he helped me find my way around the high school that we went to together. We worked the same job together before getting on the B.F.D., and Chip helped me prepare for my career when I got on the B.F.D. He and my cousin studied with me for our promotional exam. Without their help I probably wouldn’t have made it. Chip and I went to concerts and sporting events, and he was there if I ever needed him. I remember his love and dedication to family, his sense of humor and his laidback attitude.

He is survived by his wife, Terri (Browka); two daughters, Stephanie and Shannon; a son, Charles III “Chas;” and his granddaughter, Taliana. He is also survived by his parents, Charles Sr. and Marilyn McCarthy, and his brother, Dan.
Paul V. “Paulie” Warhola was born January 3, 1962, in Middle Village, Queens, to Paul and Mary Warhola, the second of six children. Paul married his childhood sweetheart, Arleen Jeannette Rodriguez, on November 18, 1993, on the beaches of Kona, on the big island of Hawaii. They welcomed Paul Jr., on Father's Day of 1994, and Tiana Rose on March 22, 1996. Paul's wife and children were the joys of his life.

Paul loved to spend time with his family, always looking to have adventures on his days off. He was an outdoorsman in every sense of the word, once catching a 450-pound Mako off the coast of Freeport, Long Island. Living on Long Island and loving the ocean as Paul did, his family spent many wonderful hours on Paul's boat, The Tiana Rose. Paul would take his children tubing, often retreating to “Warhola Beach,” a small island in Moriches Bay. Those moments shared there have left an indelible mark on the memory of his family.

Paul came from a line of firefighters, so moving into that profession was in many ways a part of his destiny. “Paulie,” as he was known in the firehouse, was appointed to Engine Company 221 on January 16, 1994. A great firefighter and engine chauffeur, Paulie’s fellow firefighters have described him as dedicated, loyal, and an excellent chef. But most importantly, he will be remembered as a firefighter who was devoted to the FDNY and who never elaborated on his heroics and bravery.

Paulie’s family will miss his stability, authority, love and, most of all, his humor. He brought so much joy into the Warhola family, and the hole he has left can never be filled. His fellow firefighters and brothers will miss his outlook on life, his mentoring on the job, his knowledge of construction, and his fishing expertise. Although Paul is not with us physically, he is still with us. He is there for us to gain strength from. He has set examples for us to live by, and his spirit will always be alive in each of us.

The Bible tells us, “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his fellow man.” Never has a passage been more appropriate than when looking at the life and death of Paul Warhola. His success as a firefighter was only surpassed by his success as a father and husband. Always humble, always lighthearted, always the authority, Paul was our foundation. At that core were humility, courage, and integrity. We miss him dearly every day. In the immortal words of Paul Warhola, “Take Care, and Comb Your Hair.”
Gregory Carroll Cooke, 60, died March 21, 2009. He suffered a heart attack at the scene of a woods fire on March 11, and was hospitalized until his death ten days later.

He was born in Nash County, North Carolina, on January 30, 1949, to the late Ivey Willis Cooke Sr. and Maybelle Bunch Cooke.

He was a 20-year veteran with the Salem Volunteer Fire Department. He served for 12 years with the United States Air Force.

His wife, Glenda Cooke, and brother, Ivey Willis Cooke Jr., preceded him in death. He is survived by his daughter, Susan Horton; her husband, John Horton; and grandchildren, John Cameron and Connor Jackson Horton.
Remembering

Jimmy Lee Davis Sr.
White Oak Volunteer Fire Department — North Carolina
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: December 10, 2009
Age: 63

Jimmy Lee Davis Sr. was born on October 1, 1946, in Jacksonville, North Carolina. The oldest of seven brothers and sisters, he came from a very hardworking and tight-knit family and community. At an early age, everyone knew there was something special about Jimmy. He had a great work ethic and believed that if you work hard, good things will come. He had a wonderful, kind heart and a joy for life. He helped anyone in need and enjoyed fellowship with others.

Jimmy married Betty Long on April 12, 1972, and they were still married on the day of his passing. Jimmy and Betty built a home and raised their son in the Grants Creek community where Jimmy had lived his whole life. A member of the Grants Creek Baptist Church since childhood, Jimmy served on many boards and was an ordained deacon. He loved the Lord and his church and spent countless hours helping others. He always believed that we are here to help others and we should do whatever we can to make a difference.

Jimmy helped with the White Oak Little League for many years as a coach, and as the president for the last four years. He loved working with the kids and the fellowship it gave families. He enjoyed cooking at the ball park so that the kids and parents had something to eat during the late night games. Jimmy received countless awards and praise for his community service to the White Oak Little League.

Jimmy joined the White Oak Volunteer Fire Department in 1985. He enjoyed answering calls, no matter what time of day or night. Jimmy was the vice president of the WOVFD and was in charge of fundraising. He ran an annual turkey shoot, and people came from all over the county to enjoy the food and the fellowship. Jimmy held many positions on the suppression side of the fire department, including firefighter, captain, and assistant chief. He made chief two weeks before he passed away answering a call. He loved the fire department, the brotherhood, and the communities it served.

Jimmy never met a stranger. If you had a chance to meet him or talk to him for awhile, you always left with a smile on your face. Jimmy was a giver. He gave to his family, which he loved dearly. He gave to his community, to the Lord and his church. Jimmy was a kind, wonderful, gentle man with a big heart. He touched the lives of so many and will be missed by his family and by the community he served so unselfishly. Jimmy was a husband, father, grandfather and great-grandfather. I am extremely proud to be his son.
Chad Eric Greene was born into this world on June 24, 1975, to Wayne and Pamela (Nelson) Greene. In 1983, he welcomed a little sister, Courtney, whom he adored. He graduated from Robert B. Glenn High School in Kernersville, North Carolina, in 1993 and later attended Appalachian State University and Guilford Technical Community College. As a youth, he was an Eagle Scout and enjoyed many sports. Chad married Kimberly (Brothers) Greene, his childhood friend, on November 14, 1999. Through this union they were blessed with a daughter and a son.

Chad’s passion for firefighting started at an early age and never left him. He entered Union Cross Fire Department at the age of 15 as a junior firefighter and, through the years, rose to the rank of deputy chief. He had a passion to make “his” department and its people the best they could be.

Chad was also a career firefighter with the city of High Point, North Carolina, for 13 years. He was a fire equipment operator at the time of his death. He was proud to be a fireman and serve both communities. It was always his joy to teach kids about fire safety, especially at the local elementary school in Union Cross. As well as being a fireman, Chad had a lawn care business that was named after his children, Emma and Jake. When he wasn’t working, you could find Chad at home. He was a family man in the greatest sense. He was his wife’s best friend and a strong and loving father who was looking forward to welcoming his third child at the time of his death. He loved wrestling with his kids and just being silly, but his favorite pastime was taking them to the mountains to ride four wheelers.

He was a great cook, quick to show off his cooking abilities that he had acquired from the firehouse. He could throw something together that looked bad but tasted amazing. He had a great sense of humor, always making the people around him laugh. Chad never knew a stranger. It was impossible for him to go anywhere quickly, because he honestly knew everyone and felt like he had to speak to them.

Chad’s life was cut too short for all that knew him. He passed away on November 4, 2009, at age 34, after completing a 24-hour shift with Union Cross Fire Department. He was a great man and is missed by many. We are thankful for the years that God gave us with him. His memory will live on in the hearts of all he knew and all he touched.
William Gray Parsons was born on August 22, 1950, to Albert Turner and Ruby Dequasie Parsons. He was taken from his family, community, and the fire department while doing what he loved more than anything—helping people in need.

Gray graduated from West Wilkes High School in 1968. He worked with the North Carolina Department of Corrections for 18 years and was very involved as a member of the Prison Emergency Response Team (PERT). He married me, Lorinda Triplett, on April 23, 1979. We had two children, Nicholas and April, and Gray had a daughter, Susan, from a previous marriage.

Gray loved the holidays. As our children were growing up, he would come through the door “ho, ho, ho-ing”—to send our peeking daughter back to bed while gifts were being put under the tree—or cover the hole in our son’s door with wrapping paper covered in small, green Christmas trees. In later years, Gray also treasured decorating the Christmas tree with Susan, whom he hadn’t seen in many years, as she was raised by her mother in Florida. He also enjoyed riding in the county Christmas parade on the Forest Service float alongside Smokey the Bear.

My husband loved bluegrass music and bagpipes, especially Amazing Grace. While April was in high school, Gray was very involved with the marching band, hauling and setting up equipment during football games and out-of-town exhibitions. He was very proud of Nicholas as he completed basic training for the United States Marine Corps.

Gray enjoyed working on his “Tonka Truck,” an old fire truck that he was restoring. I would take him sandwiches and coffee while he was hard at work. When I participated with a local theater group, Gray ran lines with me and helped backstage with props. Gray and I also visited with his longtime friend who was battling cancer, and Gray helped with yard work around his home.

Whenever his pager went off, Gray would “fly up” and out the door, many times stumbling around searching for his boots. I used to tell him, “If you slow down, you would get there faster.” When he ran out the door, I never knew when he would come back. He would tear out of the driveway, gravel flying and dust billowing, as he made his way to wherever he was needed.

Gray left behind a loving wife and children, four grandchildren—one of whom is named for him—and extended family, all of whom miss him greatly.

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” John 15:13
Remembering

Matthew Douglas Tramel
Pembroke Fire Department — North Carolina
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: June 5, 2009
Age: 18

Matt was born on May 5, 1991, in Laurinburg, North Carolina, to his parents, Doug and Sandra Tramel. Matt never walked across the stage to receive his high school diploma, but he graduated with honors from Purnell Swett High on June 9, 2009. He had planned to attend Nash Community College in the fall and work on his degree to become an electrical lineman. Matt looked forward to leaving home and starting a new chapter in his life. He was on top of the world and couldn’t have been happier about his decision.

He never met a stranger, making friends anywhere he went and enjoying their company. His favorite hobby was hunting coon and bear. He loved to laugh and have fun and made sure everyone around him was enjoying life with him. He loved being a big brother to his brother, Brad, and his cousins, Kayla, Drake and Tyler. At the time of his death, he was volunteering for the Pembroke City Fire Department. There, he was loved by many, and everyone looked forward to coming to work because Matt made it a fun place to be.

Matt was involved with the Pembroke City Fire Department for two years and had just officially become a full-time member. His reason for being a firefighter was the feeling that he got helping and even saving another’s life. He said it was the greatest feeling ever. He also worked with the Pembroke Rescue Squad when he wasn’t fighting fires.

Every time Matt was called, he went. No matter what time or what day, he was always there, willing to help. He said all of the sirens and horns of a fire truck or rescue squad gave him chilling goose bumps because of the passion he had for being a helper.

Matt’s life was cut short, but we thank God every day for the memories we have of him. The only reason God chooses to take young firemen such as Matt is because he needs the best with him as well. Everyone that knew Matt has lost a huge part of themselves, but the moments that he gave us will live on with us forever. He is greatly missed by all.
Michael James Darrington was born August 25, 1963, to James and Christine Darrington in Toledo, Ohio. Michael was the second of three children, the oldest being Lawrence and the youngest, Mertes.

Michael graduated from Rogers High School in 1981, where he was a member of the varsity football and baseball teams. He attended the University of Toledo. On May 11, 1984, Michael embarked upon his fire career with the City of Toledo, and on April 4, 1994, he became a paramedic.

Michael had a successful 25-year fire service career. He was respected amongst his peers and well liked. He had a gentle and caring professional demeanor with all of his patients. Combining his love of sports and his service with the fire department, he played basketball in the Toledo Fireman League for many years.

In 1986, Michael met his wife Tracey. They were married on June 11, 1994, and from this union two beautiful daughters, Brittany Lynée and Taryn Mychals, were born.

Michael loved the Lord. He was a member of the Rossford First Baptist Church, where he was a deacon in training and was active in the sound ministry and van ministry.

Michael’s devotion to his family and career ended suddenly at Toledo Fire House 14 in the crew’s quarters at the young age of 45. Michael, the husband, father, son, brother, and friend, will be greatly missed. He will always be remembered by those he helped, saved, and blessed with his great big smile and kind words. We love you, Michael!
The fire service was in Conrad's blood from the very beginning. His father was a lieutenant with Sherwood Fire Department and served for 30 years in the fire service. Conrad began his fire department career at the age of 18, when he joined Sherwood Fire Department after graduating from Fairview High School. He also served on Cecil Volunteer Fire Department and was serving with Delaware Township Fire Department at the time of his passing. Conrad was always there to help with fire department functions and fundraisers. The fire department was Conrad's passion, along with his family and his love for the outdoors.

Conrad was someone who just loved everything! He loved going fishing and camping with his grandson, Brody. He was also an avid Ohio State fan, and he never missed an opportunity to razz members of his family who were Michigan fans! He loved attending the Ohio State vs. Michigan games with his friends. They went no matter which state the game was held in that year. Conrad was also an excellent chef, and he loved to cook for birthday parties and special occasions.

Everyone knew Conrad. He never met a stranger. He was a big clown and loved teasing new members who joined the fire department. Conrad was always the one driving the fire engine, and his fellow firefighters said they always felt safe when Conrad was the one behind the wheel. They always knew he would not put their lives at risk. Conrad LOVED children. He never missed a year of going to the schools for Fire Prevention Week. He was always dedicated to his community. He was very proud of the fact that he was an organ donor, and because of his giving nature he was able to improve and save the lives of over 70 people. He was always the first to lend a helping hand and was committed to making his community safer.

Conrad is dearly missed by his family, his fire department family, his friends, and his community. He leaves behind his wife of 16 years, Mary; his stepdaughter, Patty; his two grandchildren, Brody and Aubrey; three sisters, Olive, Debbie, and Laura; one brother, Gale; and his mother, Ina; along with his many nieces, nephews, and great-nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his father, Gale, and his older brother, Conrad James.

Conrad will always be remembered for the way he helped people. He was truly an angel here on this earth.
Harold M. "Marty" Sparks died in the line of duty on January 17, 2009, from a heart attack while operating a motor vehicle. He was a full-time career firefighter for the civilian fire department at Wright–Patterson Air Force Base.

Marty was born January 13, 1964. He graduated from Fayetteville High School and served four years in the United States Air Force.

He joined the Fayetteville Fire Department in Fayetteville, Ohio, as a junior cadet at age 14. At the time of his death, he was serving as Fayetteville’s assistant chief. His duties with the department included conducting inspections and participating in student education programs in the Fayetteville School District. He loved children.

Marty was a volunteer fishing coordinator at Kamp Dovetail in Highland County, taking special needs children fishing each year. He was an avid fan of Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

He is survived by his wife, Ann Sparks; his parents, Harold and Patty Sparks; his sister, Pamela Daniel; his grandmother, Mertie Sullivan; and his aunt, Suzanne Wagner.

Marty Sparks was well known and well loved in the Fayetteville community. He liked to play practical jokes and was always smiling. He was a giving person who enjoyed helping people.
Paul W. “Rosie” Swander perished from injuries received in a fall at the Ohio City Fire House while fueling a generator in preparation for a predicted winter storm. He was born on July 5, 1933, in Mercer County, Ohio, and married Rhea (Boroff) Swander on September 10, 1955.

He joined as a member of the Ohio City Volunteer Fire Department in 1954 and had served as acting chief since 1984. Paul served his community proudly for many years and was a member of the Northwest Ohio Firefighters Association.

In 1968, along with a fellow firefighter, Paul helped to organize an emergency squad in Ohio City. They ordered their first emergency unit from the Horton Company in 1970. He also helped to organize the Van Wert County Firefighters Association and the 911 emergency system for the county. All three of his sons and two of his grandsons have also spent time serving the department.

He was a member of the Ohio City Church of God. He served as a 50-year member of the Masons through the Eureka Lodge No. 592, where he had served as past master of the lodge in 1965. The Masons awarded him the 2008 Community Service Award by the 881 Masons in Mercer, Paulding, Putnam & Van Wert Counties of the 4th Masonic District.

Paul had been employed by Walled Lake Door Company in Ohio City and retired from The National Seal (Federal Mogul) in 1996, where he worked as a truck driver. After his retirement, he dedicated much time to the department and also helped with one son’s local family business. He was very active in the lives of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Chief Swander was a mentor to the department. After family, the department was his second love in life. His dedication to the department and to the fire service in his community is unsurpassed. To him, and to all the others who are gone but not forgotten, may God bless you and keep you. Thank you for all you gave each and every day so unselfishly. You will always be loved.
Lance Corporal Daniel H. Yaklin, age 21, of Maumee, Ohio, died Monday, September 4, 2000, in Yuma, Arizona, during a fire rescue training exercise with the U.S. Marines.

Dan attended Our Lady of Perpetual Help grade school and graduated from St. Francis de Sales High School in 1997. He attained the rank of lance corporal in the U.S. Marines and was a crash, fire, and rescue specialist.

Dan is survived by his parents, Ken and Judith Yaklin, and his siblings, Sara, Mary, Michael, and Elizabeth Yaklin. He is the nephew of Peggy and Pat Cunningham of Toledo, Ohio, Larry and Alice Yaklin, Bob and Irene Corlew, Steve and Jeannette Prax, and Judy and Gary Marten, all of Michigan. Also surviving are many cousins.
John W. Adams
Silver City Fire Department — Oklahoma
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: February 20, 2009
Age: 45

John W. Adams was born in Oklahoma City on October 8, 1963, to Arther and Katie Adams. His parents brought him home to Sand Springs, Oklahoma, where he attended school and graduated from Charles Page High in 1982. During his school years he enjoyed time with his many friends, playing in the band and going to competitions.

John lost his dad when he was only 10 years old. He helped his mother by going to work as a salesman at the age of 16. John was never one to leave any job undone, whether it was taking care of his family or his job. He always saw everything through to the end, and excelled in everything he did. John’s family always came first, and he helped people no matter the cost.

John took up fighting fire after watching his brother-in-law do it and deciding it was what he wanted. He would always respond fast to the station when the page came in. If he was at work, his boss knew that if they heard his pager go off, they had to get someone to John’s area, as he would be flying through the Lowe’s doors heading out to fight fires. John loved the fire department with all his heart. He loved fighting grass fires. He took the job seriously and very professionally, never getting excited and always thinking.

The day John died, he called in to work to say he was fighting fire. His boss, who lived in the area John was protecting, just said, “Keep my house safe, brother.” Firefighters fight hard to keep lives and property safe. John fought hard. His wife was on the truck with him that day, and they fought fire the whole day together. During a break, the local pastor passed by and asked John if there was anything he could do. John said, “Check on my babies. They’re at home.”

John loved cooking and was always making a mess in the kitchen. Whatever he cooked was going to be good. He was the kind of man that every woman wants, always there to help with cooking, kids, and cleaning. He would put the baby to sleep every night watching the show M*A*S*H.

John died doing what he loved, and he died peacefully. He died with all his brothers and sisters and his wife and son at his side. John is survived by his wife, Marcia Adams; sons, Douglas and James; daughter, Cheyanne; stepdaughter, Nicole Canady; and stepson, Drew Canady. John also had three grandsons, Zackery Dalton, Alex Williams, and Xavier Williams.

He is missed and will be forever loved.
Chris Dill was born the son of Sammie Kaye Nail on February 26, 1966, in Oklahoma City. He was reared in Moore, Oklahoma, where he attended Moore Public Schools and graduated from Moore High School in 1984.

After attending college for a brief time, Chris enlisted into active duty for the United States Marine Corps on January 12, 1987. During his enlistment, he received the Rifle Sharpshooter Badge, the National Defense Service Medal, Letter of Appreciation, the Navy Achievement Medal Certificate of Commendation, and the Sea Service Deployment Ribbon. He was honorably discharged on October 16, 1992.

Chris began his career as a firefighter in May of 1993. Corporal Dill loved being on the engine at Station 25 in Oklahoma City, where he spent almost 16 years of his career. He was a steady and dependable firefighter who excelled in all aspects of his firefighting career. Between rides, it wouldn't be unusual to see Chris snacking on potato chips and ketchup. Chris loved the guys of Station 25 who made the station his home away from home.

On June 23, 2000, Chris married Julie Pemberton in Las Vegas, Nevada. Chris and Julie made their home in Oklahoma City, where they later welcomed their two beautiful daughters, Emily (January 15, 2002) and Lizzy (July 18, 2003) Dill. Being a dad was Chris’s most favorite thing in the world. He absolutely adored his two little girls. He loved spending time with them in their endeavors at playing softball, where he enjoyed being the Dugout Dad. He also loved watching them as they learned to dance and perform gymnastics. He attended every activity that involved his daughters. In his quiet time, Chris enjoyed watching movies with his girls, and he was always purchasing the latest movie release for them.

Chris was a loving son, brother, nephew, grandson, cousin, husband, brother-in-law, son-in-law, uncle, father, and friend. He is remembered with smiles and tears, and we love him very much.
John C. Myers, 61, died January 3, 2009, when another vehicle collided with the fire truck he was driving in heavy smoke conditions at the scene of a wildfire. He was a founding member of the Union Chapel Volunteer Fire Department and had been active with the department for six years.

John was born October 3, 1947, the son of Vernon Clarence Myers and Paulene Marie Dyer Myers, and was a lifelong resident of the Wesley area. He attended Limestone Gap and Pittsburg schools.

John worked as a rancher and tractor mechanic and was a John Deere collector.

He was of the Baptist faith. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, and spending time with his four grandchildren.

He is survived by his wife of 39 years, Stella “Joyce” Robinson Myers; sons, Jason (Ladonna) Myers and Juston (Renae) Myers; grandchildren, Duncan, Cole, Jaxon, and Ellie; his mother and stepfather, Pauline and William Ellison; sister, Verna Ruth (Donnie) Caudill; brother Teddy (Kathy) Myers; nieces, nephews, extended family, and many friends.

He loved people and was very dedicated to the fire department and to helping people in the community.
Remembering

Nolan R. Schmidt

Hydro Fire Department — Oklahoma
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: March 23, 2009
Age: 37

Fire Chief Nolan Ray Schmidt, 37, died on March 23, 2009, while working at the scene of a grain bin fire. He joined the Hydro Fire Department at age 18 and served alongside his two brothers, Warren and Paul. Their father, Max Schmidt, also served as a volunteer with the Hydro Fire Department.

Nolan Schmidt also worked full-time with his brothers at the family’s auto mechanic shop in Hydro. The Schmidt family has lived in Hydro for a long time and is well-known and active in their small, tight-knit community.

Respected and beloved, Nolan Schmidt is remembered by friends and fellow firefighters as a good man, a loving friend and neighbor, and a pillar in his community. He was kind, always willing to help others.

Nolan Schmidt is survived by his wife, Angela, and his two young daughters, Kristen and Kalinda.
Remembering

Albert G. Eberle Jr.
Roslyn Fire Department — Pennsylvania
Volunteer Fire Police Captain
Date of Death: February 16, 2009
Age: 74

Al was born January 1, 1935, to Albert Sr. and Mildred Brodt Eberle, in Abington, Pennsylvania. Al’s father was a lifelong volunteer fireman at both Roslyn Fire Company and Willow Grove Fire Company, and this is where the Eberle family tradition of fire service began almost 100 years ago.

Al and Jane were married in 1952 and had a strong love between them during their 57 years of marriage. Married young, they grew up together learning and experiencing life. Al was loved by his daughter, Trudy, and son, Albert. He was very blessed to have three grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Al was a firefighter with Roslyn Fire Company and Willow Grove Fire Company. As a young family man, he worked two jobs and participated in fire training activities each weekend. He enjoyed all aspects of fire company activities. As a driver, he had a reputation for being able to put a fire truck where no one else could get it. He enjoyed teaching new firefighters about the safety aspects of firefighting. Al was never without his fire radios and pagers, always at the ready should the community need his help. The sound of fire radios was normal in the Eberle household.

While Al held many positions during his 56 years of fire service, the position of chief engineer, which he held at both companies, allowed him to really shine. A mechanic by trade, his mechanical abilities were superior, almost second nature. Al built a Volkswagen for his daughter from the chassis up, even designing a special paint color unheard of in the 1970s. He and Trudy were both very proud of that car.

Al thought of his fellow firefighters as family. While his expectations for firefighters were high, he would be the first to support a firefighter who was in trouble or who needed guidance. A man of plain words, he also had a tender heart that could show great compassion.

For his last 13 years, Al was captain of the fire police at Roslyn Fire Company. No matter where he was or what he was doing, fire service was a top priority. His family understood that and supported his efforts.

On February 15, 2009, Al suffered a fatal heart attack at an accident scene. He died doing what he loved, giving to his community. His family will be forever grateful for the support and love all the firemen have given and continue to give. Though we miss him more than our words can say, we are sure Al is in Heaven finding ways to provide community service, as this was the best way he knew to express his love for his fellow man.
Gary F. Neidig Jr.
Mount Carmel Volunteer Fire Department — Pennsylvania
Volunteer Fire Police Officer
Date of Death: December 4, 2009
Age: 36

Gary was born on July 9, 1972, in Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania. He married Michelle (Aponte) Neidig on August 28, 1994. They had four children together, Stephanie (age 15), Brenda (age 14), Bradley (age 10), and Crystal (age 10). Gary loved starting a family and couldn't have been happier about being a father.

His favorite hobbies were fishing and keeping his vehicle clean. He loved to laugh and have fun and made sure everyone around him was enjoying life with him. He looked forward to taking vacations with his family every year. At the time of his death, he was employed by Universal Forest Products as a laborer in wood products. There, he was loved by many and enjoyed going to work to see a lot of his friends.

Gary graduated from Mount Carmel Area Junior-Senior High School in 1992 and started employment as a laborer. He always wanted to be a firefighter because he loved to help someone when help was needed. His brother started firefighting as a junior firefighter at the age of 14, then continued and became a professional firefighter with Baltimore City Fire Department. Gary wanted to follow those footsteps, but was unable to due to having a lifetime history of asthma.

Gary was involved with the Clover Hose Company as a Fire Police Officer for about 10 months. Due to his medical history, he was unable to be a firefighter, but he still wanted to help and joined the fire police. He was also a member of the Kulpmont Fire Department as a fire police officer.

Gary's life was cut short, but we thank God every day for the memories we have of him. The only reason God chooses to take firemen such as Gary is because he needs the best with him as well. Everyone that knew Gary has lost a huge part of them, but the memories that he gave us will live on with us forever and be passed to his children. He is greatly missed by all.
Robert Paul “Stoney” Stone Jr. was born December 11, 1960, in Maywood-Bell, California, the son of Ruth Viola Solomon and the late Robert P. Stone Sr. He died November 4, 2009, after responding to a call with the Amity Fire Company in Douglassville, Pennsylvania.

Bob graduated from Boyertown High School in 1978 and served with the SeaBees in the United States Navy during Operation Desert Storm. Bob worked as a forklift operator for CEI Company for 27 years. He was a member of the Free Masons.

Bob became a firefighter with the Amity Fire Company in Douglassville, Pennsylvania, in 2007. An active member who assisted with fundraisers and trainings, Bob was always around the station doing something. When he was not helping with a project, he was shooting photos of the members and equipment as the official department photographer.

An avid photographer, he had photos published in many magazines. He always had his camera by his side to shoot that “one-in-a-million” shot. He was very interested in Native American cultures. Bob’s big dream was to go to Alaska to prospect for gold.

He was survived by his mother, Ruth Solomon; his brother, Michael L. Stone, of Mammoth Springs, Arkansas; his sister, Shanna Goza, of Boyertown, Pennsylvania; and extended family.
William D. “Bill” Thompson Sr., 66, died on his way to work on June 18, 2009, from an apparent heart attack. The previous evening, he had responded with the department to the scene of an aircraft that had struck a high voltage power line, and spent several hours securing the scene.

Bill was born on May 2, 1943, in Pine Hill, New Jersey, the son of the late William E. and Betty Larson Thompson. On January 16, 1964, he married Rita Haedrich. He had been a resident of Bradford County for 25 years.

Bill was a lifetime member and former chief of Lower Southampton Fire Department. He was a member of the New Albany and Dushore Volunteer Fire Companies for approximately 20 years. He was a self-employed plumber and enjoyed fishing and being in the outdoors.

He is survived by his wife, Rita; his six children, Rita Thompson, William D. Thompson Jr., Stephania Mulhollen, Jackie (Scott) Hillyard, Matthew Thompson, and Danielle (Scott Lamphere) Thompson; four sisters, Dot (Charles) Johnson, Carol Applegate, Gloria (George) Mongillo, Kathy (Toby) Horn; and eight grandchildren, Christopher and Cheyenne Heinze; Dakota Mulhollen; Austin, Anthony, and Brienna Gowen; and Trey and Trent Lamphere.
Roy Everett Westover Jr., 41, of Westover, Pennsylvania, was born in Spangler, Pennsylvania, on November 9, 1967, to Roy E. Sr. and Mary (Kurtz) Westover. He died October 24, 2009, as the result of a heart attack while fighting a fire.

Roy was a 1986 graduate of Harmony Area High School. He was employed as a laborer with Wicket & Craig of America, a tannery in Curwensville, Pennsylvania. He was a member of Westover Baptist Church. Roy also volunteered at the Westover Youth Center.

Roy was a 28-year member of the Westover Area Volunteer Fire Company and was serving as a lieutenant at the time of his death. He helped spearhead efforts to establish the community’s fire company in the 1980s.

Roy was an avid outdoorsman who loved to take his three boys hunting and fishing. He was a great dad. Two of his sons are active as junior members of the fire department.

Roy leaves behind three sons, Seth, Jordon, and Collin Westover; his parents; four sisters, Tangie, Brenda, Becky, and Jill; and a brother, Danny.

In the words of his longtime friend, Rev. Charles “Bud” Long, “Roy was a marvelous man—a family, community, and Christian hero. No one can take Roy’s place. He was a flat out hero.”
Ryan M. Wingard, 28, died July 6, 2009, after collapsing at the scene of a debris fire at a recently demolished house. He had been active with the Strattanville Volunteer Fire Company for less than a year and was so excited to be living his lifelong dream of becoming a firefighter. He was a former member of the Knox Volunteer Fire Department.

Ryan was born January 7, 1981, the son of Dennis C. and Sharlene R. Minnick Wingard, and was a lifelong resident of Strattanville. He played Little League baseball. He was a 2000 graduate of Clarion-Limestone Junior-Senior High School, where he studied welding in the vo-tech program.

Ryan was employed by Chartwell’s at Clarion University. He was a member of the Church of Christ in Clarion, Pennsylvania. He enjoyed playing sports, fishing, camping, and his pets. He was a Steelers fan and enjoyed watching NASCAR.

Ryan is survived by his wife of eight years, Lynn Ishman Wingard; his parents, Dennis and Sharlene Wingard; his brothers, Brad (Robin) and Doug (Michelle) Wingard; his grandmother, Peggie Wingard, and extended family.

He was a caring person and would help anyone.
Remembering

James Edward “Jimmy” Cameron
South Chester Fire Department — South Carolina
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: June 16, 2009
Age: 47

Jimmy was born on September 28, 1961, in Monroe, North Carolina. He grew up in rural Chester County, South Carolina, amid a community of volunteer firefighters which included his brothers and uncle.

Jimmy’s life growing up involved going to school and learning mechanical skills, farming, as well as carpentry and electrical. He was definitely known as “the jack of all trades.” Many hours were spent helping his uncle in his auto mechanic business and afterwards being covered in black grease and oil.

One of his first jobs was working as a mechanic and wrecker driver for an uncle in Morristown, Tennessee. This began his love for big trucks. He went to a local truck driver school in Chester and obtained his CDL license. After truck driving school, he began working for a friend who owned a small truck driving business. He loved being out on the road and seeing different things he would never have seen otherwise. This was definitely one of his greatest passions! One day out on the road, Jimmy had stopped at a gas station; across the road was another gas station, and it blew up. He pulled a woman out of her vehicle and held her in his arms as she slowly passed on.

His experiences with driving the wrecker and truck driving across the United States sparked his interest in rescue and recovery, as well as firefighting. He was a dedicated member of the South Chester Fire Department for over 20 years and put his mechanical and carpentry skills to good use in maintenance of department vehicles and buildings.

As a volunteer department, many repairs and building construction were done by the members. As he became more active with the department, a common comment in the community was, “Call Jimmy!”

Even though he discovered a heart condition in 1991, Jimmy continued to work and serve his community as much as possible. He had a great desire to help his family, friends, and neighbors in the community. As long as Jimmy was in town, he was always the first to reach the scene. The fire department became his second home.

Surviving are his daughter, Jami Nicol Cameron; his mother; three brothers and two sisters; and many nieces and nephews.

He was loved dearly and is missed greatly.
Mansell Lee “ML” Hopper died August 23, 2007, while working on a crew clearing a fire trail in preparation for fire season.

He was born October 2, 1932, in Ripley, Mississippi, to the late John Dalton Hopper and Emmie Swinford Hopper. In addition to his work with the Division of Forestry, he was a cattle farmer. He was a member of Natchez Trace Baptist Church.

He was survived by his wife of 50 years, Excelle Jowers Hopper, of Lexington, who died January 1, 2010; his brother, B.T. Hopper, of Lawrenceburg; and many nephews and nieces.
Robert M. Weber Jr. was born August 4, 1981, to Robert Sr. and Sue Weber in Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. He married Amber (Hemsley) Weber on May 14, 2003. While the couple did not share any children of their own, Bobby became a loving parent to Amber's daughter, Alexis, from day one. Bobby had many hobbies that he enjoyed, but none could top the 1972 Chevy Nova that he was working to restore.

Bobby joined the Marines in August of 2001, and went to Parris Island, South Carolina, to learn the skills necessary to become the best Marine he could. After leaving Parris Island he went to North Carolina to learn Marine Combat Training. From there he would go to Goodfellow Air Force Base in San Angelo, Texas, to learn the skills of becoming a firefighter. The time he spent in Goodfellow would shape him to become a leader, a friend, but most of all a dedicated firefighter. When Bobby left Texas, he was sent back to where it all began in Beaufort, South Carolina, to the Marine Corps Air Station.

Bobby was kind to everyone he met, including all the new Marines that came to Beaufort to be part of the crash fire rescue organization. As Sergeant Major McBride said, he was “a Marine’s Marine.” He took on challenges at full speed and never turned down the opportunity to do something new.

He was not just a Marine, however; he was a family man. Bobby learned one of the greatest skills possible, and that was to separate the military life from family life. He and his wife would host many dinners so that all Marines would have the opportunity to get a home-cooked meal away from home. Christmas of 2003, Bobby invited his entire section to share Christmas dinner with his family. Many of the Marines said that this dinner was as close to being home as they had been in years.

On August 16, 2004, God decided there was another path intended for Bobby and called him home. While he is greatly missed every day, anyone that knew him knew he would do whatever was needed or asked of him. He is remembered as a strong, caring, and devoted father and Marine. Not a day goes by that he is not remembered by those whose lives he touched.
Cory Galloway
Kilgore Fire Department — Texas
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: January 25, 2009
Age: 23

Cory was born on October 30, 1985, in Lewisville, Texas, to Luke and Regina Galloway. He was their only son. He had an older sister, Jade, and younger sister, Caitlin. He always joked that he wished Caitlin had been a boy, because he always wanted a brother. He finally got his brother, Chase, when his sister got married. He then got a few more when he became a professional firefighter in Kilgore.

Cory was a big teddy bear who loved to spend his spare time with his niece, Ava, and nephew, Ian. He was so great with kids and looked forward to having a family of his own. Cory and Sarah, his girlfriend of five years, were planning to get married and start their life together in the near future. Cory was looking forward to the next chapter of his life.

Cory attended Van ISD and graduated from Van High School in 2004. He attended Kilgore Fire Academy and Tyler Junior College and graduated with his Firefighter/EMT-B. He then began the process of testing for several departments in Texas and was hired at Kilgore Fire Department in January 2008. Cory was a member of IAFF.

Cory volunteered to go to Galveston after hurricane Ike. He spent about two weeks without power, running water, and all the other amenities we take for granted. He did manage to get a haircut while he was there. He shocked his family and fellow firefighters with a Mohawk, but his new do didn’t last long after returning to work in Kilgore. Cory loved to make people laugh; he never met a stranger and always made sure to live his life to the fullest.

Cory’s life was filled with love, laughter, family, and God. He was of the Catholic faith and attended St. Peter’s Catholic Church with his family. God called his name too soon, but God only takes the best, so we just wait for the day that we will all be together again. Cory touched many people in his 23 years. He will be missed by many.
James Arthur Harlow Sr., born May 18, 1959, passed away April 12, 2009. He is survived by his loving wife of 29 years, Debbie Harlow; daughter, Brandy Rooth, and husband, Ron; sons James Harlow, Jr. and wife, Jessica; Travis Harlow and wife, Amber; grandchildren, Avery, Darrah, Payton, and Karrah; parents, James and Virginia Harlow; sisters, Terri Perricone and husband, Phillip; Christie Harlow; brother, David Harlow and wife, Pam.

He served with the Houston Fire Department for 29 years, 3 months, and 15 days. Since 2004, he served as a captain at Fire Station 26.

A devoted husband, father and grandfather, James was also a dedicated, respected, and highly approachable officer. On fire scenes Captain Harlow was quick and precise, always ready to tackle a challenge. With fire victims, he had a caring and helpful demeanor.

Always the optimist in any situation, Captain Harlow would offer reassurance to his crews as he spoke his favorite motto in his East Texas accent, “Everything is going to be all right.”

James will posthumously receive the Medal of Honor from the Houston Fire Department and the Medal of Honor from the International Association of Fire Fighters.
Remembering

Damion Jon Hobbs

Houston Fire Department — Texas

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: April 12, 2009

Age: 30

Damion was born on December 24, 1978, in Galveston, Texas. He grew up in Alvin, Texas, where he graduated in May of 1998.

He enlisted in the United States Army during the summer of 1999, did his basic training at Fort Jackson in South Carolina, and served four years active duty as part of the US First Calvary Unit at Fort Hood in Killeen, Texas, where his main duty was army intelligence officer.

Damion signed up with the National Guard and was stationed at Ellington Field in Houston, Texas. He was assigned to the 1/149th Aviation Attack Battalion, with which he served until his death, including an 18-month tour in Iraq as part of Operation Iraqi Freedom from November 2005 to August 2007.

He entered Houston Fire Academy the first time in November 2004 as part of the Houston Fire Department Class 31. During this training he was called to active duty. Upon returning home from Iraq, Damion again applied and was accepted to Houston Fire Department’s training on June 16, 2008. This time, he graduated and received his badge, walking across the stage on March 3, 2009.

His only assignment as a Houston firefighter was with Station 26 “Dixie Dawgs” B shift. He loved his crew. They made him feel welcome, giving him the nickname “Rookie.” One member of his crew even lent him a t-shirt with that on it, and Damion was proudly wearing that shirt the morning of his death. Being a firefighter was his dream and a passion that his family is happy he got to fulfill. It was his calling, serving others in their worst time of need.

Damion led an active private life, enjoying sports and going fast. He could be found many weekends wake boarding behind his boat or riding his 2007 Honda CBR1000RR Repsol Limited Edition motorcycle, which he would readily boast he had gotten up to 198 miles an hour. Always with friends and always the one to make everyone laugh, Damion was revered by his friends and family as someone who had an uncanny ability to inject levity into most any situation. He was loved for that.

He found the love of his life, Crystal Marin, in the fall of 2008. At the time of his death they were shopping for engagement and wedding rings. He will be greatly missed but never forgotten. Saying goodbye was the hardest thing we had to do, but we try to remember what he always said: “Good times!!”
Cohnway Matthew Johnson  
Houston Fire Department — Texas  
Career Firefighter  
Date of Death: May 4, 2009  
Age: 26

Cohnway knew at a very early age that he wanted to be a firefighter, as evident by his drawings of fire engines. His great uncle, a chief in the Austin Fire Department, inspired him. Cohnway was born October 4, 1982, in Austin, Texas, educated in Pflugerville schools, and graduated from Pflugerville High School in 2001. He went to Steven F. Austin State University for one year, studying forestry and kinesiology. His heart wasn't there, so he came home and enrolled in the Taylor Fire Academy and Austin Community College from 2003 to 2004, making the President's Honor Roll and a 4.0 GPA.

His career began with the Yoakum Fire/EMS Department in November 2004, and Austin called him back to the Oak Hill Fire Department in Travis County from 2006 until 2009. He also worked part-time for the Westlake Fire Department and the Manor Fire Department. Cohnway took every opportunity to grow professionally, obtaining numerous certifications. He later became a part-time instructor with the Oak Hill Fire Academy. In April 2009, he began his training with the Houston Fire Department.

Cohnway was the athletic one, always working out, lifting weights and running. He began early, playing PEE-WEE baseball and football. When he first tried out for football, he was told he was too overweight. Determined to play, he gave up snacks, and he and his dad started running the high school bleachers. He lost the necessary weight to play football that year, and he played every year through high school.

Always a kid at heart, he loved being with his family, together enjoying year-round camping. Cohnway loved any body of water; his favorite was in New Braunfels, tubing down the Guadalupe River. In 1995, his dad built a big barbecue pit and started cooking competitively at area cook-offs. Thus began his love for cooking meats, always trying out new meat rubs, seasonings and marinades. He looked forward to his turn cooking for his “brothers” at the fire stations.

Anyone who knew Cohnway learned quickly that firefighting was his life. His "brothers" were the most important and most influential in his life. He cherished every moment he shared with them, be it happy or sad. On his days off, he was always talking about being at the station. He always said he was just as happy at the station as anywhere else he could be.

Sweetie, you will forever be with all of us whose life you touched. We are comforted knowing you are now with your heavenly brothers, putting out heavenly fires and sharing heavenly stories. Our son and brother, we love you and miss you deeply. One day we will all be together again. Until then, “Peace Out.”
Remembering

Louis T. Osteen

United States Air Force, Laughlin Air Force Base — Texas

Crew Chief

Date of Death: December 28, 1983
Age: 38

Louis was a devoted family man, a tireless worker and a sportsman with a strong competitive spirit. His family summed his personality as, “a man with a ‘can do’ attitude who was involved in many activities, especially those which helped better the community.”

Born March 11, 1945, in El Dorado, Texas, he moved with his family to Del Rio in 1950. After graduating from Del Rio High School in 1963, Louis joined the Navy and was stationed aboard the USS Monticello off the coast of Vietnam. Returning to Del Rio in 1968, he joined the Laughlin Air Force Base (LAFB) Fire Department as a firefighter.

Louis loved being a fireman. His love for his work showed up in the many awards and commendations he received. He was named Fireman of the Month in July 1982, and 1982 Firefighter of the Year for the 47th Civil Engineering Squadron. In October 1983, he received a Certificate of Service for 20 years of faithful federal service.

His competitive spirit and leadership were evident as captain of the firefighting team which participated in the Texas Military Fire Fighters Competition. The LAFB crew won the state championship in the pumper races twice in a row under his leadership.

A volunteer for the Del Rio Fire Department for 10 years, Louis was named an honorary life member. He was an instructor for the Red Cross, an EMT, and was studying fire science at Laredo Junior College.

A deeply devoted family man, Louis spent much of his time with his three sons, Roger, Ricky and T.H. They were all avid sports enthusiasts and rodeo participants, which their father greatly encouraged and supported. An outdoorsman who loved to hunt and fish, Louis was in the process of building an adobe house on his ranch when he passed away.

As a youngster, Louis was always the one who organized the games. He always played to win, whether at monopoly, marbles or baseball. His idea of a good time was to go exploring. He wanted to know the name of each plant and rock, what kind of animals made certain tracks, where did the water go when it went underground, and so on. His curiosity, enthusiasm and energetic desire to know never abated even into adulthood. Louis lived life to its fullest.

Louis died December 28, 1983, of a heart attack. He is survived by his wife, Ramona; his sons, Roger, Rickey and T.H.; and four grandchildren. He will be missed by all who loved him. He was a positive influence in our town and his many accomplishments will be long remembered by all who knew him.
Kyle W. Perkins was born June 19, 1963, in Houston, Texas. He attended public schools in Houston and in Whittier, California, before graduating with the Kilgore High School Class of 1981. He attended Kilgore College, where he was a member of the marching band and the stage band.

While in high school, Kyle worked with his grandfather, Marvin Baird, at Baird Tire Company, of which he eventually became the owner and operator.

Kyle was one of the youngest members of the Kilgore Rotary Club, serving twice as its president. He is also a Paul Harris Fellow. Kyle's passion for the outdoors spilled over into helping our youth as an assistant Scout master of BSA Troup 252 and into his involvement with “The Pineywoods Buck Skinners,” an 1800s mountain men re-enactment group. Kyle enjoyed singing with the male chorus “The Sound Connection” and with the “Sabine River Bottom Tune Shiners” quartet.

Kyle's passion for service to others extended in his more recent work with the Kilgore Rescue Unit, the Kilgore Fire Department, and ParaSafe. His family has been a long-time member of the Chandler Street Church of Christ, where Kyle served as a deacon.

Kyle Perkins died from injuries sustained in a fall from an aerial tower during training at the Kilgore College Fire Academy.

Kyle is survived by his wife, Linda Perkins, of Kilgore; a daughter, Laura Perkins, of Austin, Texas; a son, Travis Perkins, of Searcy, Arkansas; his mother, Loree Baird Perkins Samford, of Kilgore; his father, William Lee Perkins, of Kilgore; a sister, Lanea Cope, of White Oak; his parents-in-law, Larry (Carlene) Partain, of Longview; two brothers-in-law, Alan (Courtney) Partain, of Leesburg, Virginia, and Steven (Cheri) Fallis, of Portland, Oregon; three nieces, La Rea Fallis, of White Oak; Danielle Fallis, of Longview; and Lashea Cope, of White Oak; and several aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, and nephews.
Staff Sgt Ray Rangel of San Antonio, Texas, was born to Federico and Cynthia Rangel Jr. He was taken away from his family on February 13, 2005, at the age of 29, while on a rescue mission in Balad, Iraq. Staff Sgt Rangel died doing what he loved to do—helping others when they were in need.

Staff Sgt Rangel attended South San Antonio High School, where he played defensive back on the football team and was known as “Crazy Ray.” That name fit his image perfectly, because he was always playing jokes, and he got along with everyone. Even as a teenager, Ray had been a selfless leader. He paid for his two younger sisters’ school clothes one year when his parents hit hard times. For a young man his age to think of others made him even more special.

Ray graduated in 1994 and enlisted in the Air Force right after high school. He got married and had four children and settled in Abilene, where he had bought a house. He was deployed for the last time to Iraq in late September 2004, having to spend Thanksgiving and Christmas apart from his family for the very first time in his life. This was very difficult, because whenever he was deployed he always made it back for the holidays.

A firefighter for over nine years, Ray last served with the 7th Civil Engineer Squadron. He attended the Department of Defense Lewis F. Garland Fire Academy at Goodfellow AFB, Texas. His advanced training included Airport Crash Firefighting; Silent War (Infectious Diseases); Nuclear, Biological and Chemical Domestic Preparedness; Emergency Response to Terrorism; Emergency Response to Domestic Biological Incidents (WMD); Terrorism Response/Emergency Care; and Critical Incident Stress Management. His career took him to Lackland AFB, Goodfellow AFB, and Dyess AFB, Texas; Spangdahlem AFB, Germany; Whiteman AFB, Missouri; and Clear AFB, Alaska.

His awards and decorations include: AF Training Ribbon, Small Arms Expert Marksmanship Ribbon (Rifle), USAF NCO PME Graduate Ribbon, AF Longevity Service, AF Overseas Ribbon Long, AF Overseas Ribbon Short, Global War On Terrorism Expeditionary Medal, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, National Defense Service Medal, AF Good Conduct Medal, AF Outstanding Unit Award, and Air Force Achievement Medal. Two awards were named in Ray’s honor: Staff Sgt Ray Rangel Award and the Ray Rangel Noncommissioned Officer Award, which is given to fellow airmen in the 380th Air Expeditionary Wing that epitomize the selfless courage that he displayed. An American Legion was renamed Ray Rangel Post 399.

Even though he has been gone for five years, Staff Sgt. Ray Rangel is greatly missed and remembered as the firefighter who risked his own life for the sake of helping others.
Chief Phillip Averett Whitney of Springville, Utah, died at home on October 28, 2009, after responding to a call.

In 1977, Phil joined the Springville Fire Department as a volunteer fireman, and after much dedication and training, he became Springville's first full-time fire chief in 1985. Additionally, in 1997 he was placed in charge of the Springville Ambulance. He served passionately in this capacity until his death. Under his leadership, the Springville Fire Department became a modernly equipped team of professionals. Phil played a pivotal role in the completion of two new fire stations in Springville. He received numerous awards and recognitions, including National Exchange Club “Firefighter of the Year.”

He was appointed by Governor Leavitt to the Utah Fire Prevention Board in 1997, and in 2008 he was awarded the Lifetime Achievement Award from the Intermountain Utah Valley Emergency Services. But his proudest accomplishment was to provide the training and skills necessary to ensure the men and women he worked with remained safe. In over 24 years as fire chief and thousands of fires and emergency responses, the men and women of the Springville Fire Department and ambulance crew were always able to effectively fulfill their duties and then return safely to their homes and families.

Phil Whitney lived a life of service to God, to his family, to his country, and to his community.
Born on February 9, 1954, to Kenneth and Ellen (Jesseman) Frizzell, Kenneth grew up in Lunenburg, Gilman, and Wallingford, Vermont. He had four sisters and one brother. In 1974, he married Grace Colburn. They lived in East Charleston with their children, Amy and Daniel. He worked 32 years at Tivoly in Derby Line and was a delinquent tax collector for the Town of Charleston. He served the CVFD for 33 years as a firefighter and former treasurer and was fire warden for 20 years.

He received a Vermont Public Service Award in recognition of 34 years of service. He was an active member of the Plymouth Congregational Church, the Charleston Historical Society, and a former Little League coach. He strongly believed in the principles of Freemasonry and held offices in two Masonic Lodges as well as the Eastern Star. He served as District Deputy Grand Master of District 10, State of Vermont 2005-2006. He was a member of Mount Sinai Shrine Temple #3 and the Northeast Kingdom Fire Brigade. He enjoyed parading with the little fire trucks and served as mechanic. He was proud to support the Shriners Children’s Hospitals.

Kenny was outgoing and friendly. He gave freely of his time and was not afraid of hard work. He was well known for his friendly smile and wave to everyone he met. He believed in God and country, held conservative ideals, and believed in being fiscally responsible. He kept informed on current events and participated in town meetings. He enjoyed card games, the NY Yankees, his 1971 Dodge Dart Swinger, his truck, dog, and rock and roll. He loved hunting, working on his land and snowmobile trips. He harvested rocks to create beautiful stone walls. He took pride in his home and surroundings.

Kenny’s family came first. He was always there for his children, cheering them on and supporting them through each milestone in their lives. He beamed with pride at their college graduations and accomplishments. His proudest moment was walking his daughter down the aisle in the same church where he was also married 35 years ago. His happiest moment was watching his son marry the love of his life, as he had also done. His greatest joy was his four little “grandboys.” He loved every minute with them, and he looked forward to watching them grow.

Kenny was a wonderful, considerate and loving husband. He would often surprise his wife with a single red rose for no special reason, just because he loved her. They enjoyed life together with a love that will never die, but that ended much too soon.

Kenny enjoyed his time on earth and his presence made it a better place.
John P. Horton of Cummington, Massachusetts, and Marlboro, Vermont, died in the line of duty on Thursday, August 6, 2009. He was 68 years old. A volunteer firefighter for 47 years, he began serving in Lanesboro, Massachusetts, at the age of 16.

When he married his wife, Jeanette, they moved to Litchfield, Connecticut, where Jack worked as a herdsman at Toll Gate Farms. This was one of the very top Ayrshire farms in the country. In 1965, they purchased their own dairy farm in Cummington, where Jack operated Windswept Farm and raised a beautiful herd of registered Ayrshire cattle. Later he worked as a R.F.D. mail carrier.

Jack served as a volunteer firefighter in Cummington, receiving numerous recognitions and awards. He ultimately became fire chief of the Cummington Fire Department, where he was instrumental in instituting enhanced 911 services in western Massachusetts. For 30 years, Jack also volunteered with the Marlboro Volunteer Fire Company, Inc. He trained firefighters and members of the community in CPR. He also served as the assistant chief of the Marlboro Fire Company.

He was a 1958 graduate of Pittsfield High School and received an associate’s degree in agriculture from the Stockbridge School of Agriculture at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst.

Jack especially loved the outdoors and was an avid hunter, trapper, and fisherman throughout his life. His favorite was deer hunting, and he had many trophies in his living room.

Jack had retired early in life, so he had almost ten years to do whatever he loved most. He enjoyed his retirement. He loved his family. Jack will be greatly missed by all.
Bobby Joe was 52 years old. He was born on January 7, 1957, in West Dante, Virginia.

Bobby Joe was a wonderful and loving father to his four children, Kathy Sue Mullins, Renee Harvey, Melissa Ann Mullins, and Cecil Joe Mullins. He also had nine grandchildren. Bobby Joe married Michelle Mullins on June 13, 2009, and they were married for six months before Bobby Joe's death.

Bobby Joe worked in the coal mines for 15 years, which he loved. He was a talented musician, and he played various instruments. He traveled around southwest Virginia playing and singing gospel music. He also enjoyed playing bluegrass.

He loved to hunt and fish and spend time with his family. He was an instructor for a hunter safety course for adults and children. He had given his last session a week before he passed, and his grandson, Austin, and his son-in-law, Dewayne Mullins, participated. Little did we know that, two days after the course ended, we would never talk to him again.

Bobby Joe was the assistant chief of the Dante Volunteer Fire Department. He was a member of the fire department for ten years, and he dedicated himself to it. All the firefighters depended on him and loved working with him. He loved helping others. He wouldn't ask anyone to do something that he wouldn't do himself. He always said that he wanted to die doing what he loved, and that he did.

Bobby Joe was at the scene of a car fire when he started having chest pains. He went into cardiac arrest and could not be revived. We thank God every day for the memories we have of him. Everyone that knew Bobby Joe has lost a huge part of them, but the moments that he gave us will live in our hearts forever.
Jeffrey Houston Reed was born in Radford, Virginia, to Henry and Wanda Reed. The oldest of four children, he lived in Pulaski with his parents, two brothers, and sister. He was a graduate of Pulaski County High School and employed by the Town of Pulaski Fire Department.

Jeffrey Reed began his service with the Pulaski Fire Department in January 2001 as a volunteer firefighter. He was certified in Firefighter I and II and HAZMAT Ops in less than two years and was hired as a career firefighter in October 2002. Firefighter Reed was also a certified Fire Officer I with over 500 hours of other recognized fire service training. He was an accomplished engineer and firefighter.

One phrase seems to permeate anything anyone could say about Jeff Reed--“You could always count on him.” Jeff was a quiet and reserved man. He was kind and patient. He did for others, not wanting to be noticed for the deeds he had done. He enjoyed helping others who were in need.

Jeff was an outdoorsman, hunting, fishing, gardening, and helping his friends with projects. Jeff was quite an accomplished carpenter and brick/block mason, and he helped the department out many times at the department training center. You could find Jeff on a lot of his days off helping coworkers, friends, and neighbors with projects. He was always looking for ways to help.

Jeff was married to Sheila and the father of two daughters, Carmen (17) and Tracy (11), and two sons, Zachary (11) and Jeffrey H. Reed Jr., who died at birth. Jeff loved being a father and husband. He loved to play in the yard with the kids, to teach them to be respectful and kind, and to remind them to have fun.

Jeff Reed was definitely a role model. His dedication and commitment to his family, the Pulaski Fire Department, and our citizens is greatly missed.
Remembering

Roy D. Smith III
McGaheysville Volunteer Fire Company — Virginia
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: November 7, 2008
Age: 17

Roy Dale Smith III, a firefighter with the McGaheysville Volunteer Fire Company, lost his life on November 7, 2008. Roy died as a result of an accident in his personal vehicle while responding to a structure fire in McGaheysville, Virginia.

Born October 18, 1991, Roy was a second-generation firefighter, following in the footsteps of his father. Most of his childhood dreams were realized when he became old enough to join the Shenandoah Volunteer Fire Company and the McGaheysville Volunteer Fire Company. Roy had a desire to one day become a firefighter with FDNY. The fire service was truly his passion.

Roy was a junior at Spotswood High School and very active in both the Future Farmers of America and Skills USA. He loved his family, his friends, and ANYTHING associated with the fire service. Roy’s smile and laughter were contagious and always welcomed at the firehouse. He just had a way of brightening everyone’s day. His politeness was a testament to his upbringing and to how he lived his much too short life…with respect.

Roy’s passion for the fire service grew following a burn injury he received when he was three years old. As a burn survivor, he attended the Mid-Atlantic Burn Camp, held locally in Rockingham County, Virginia. Over the years he developed many strong bonds with the firefighters, working fundraisers for the burn camp, as well as those helping at the camp. As a firefighter himself, he helped with the local fundraiser for the 2008 Burn Camp and looked forward to returning to camp in the future as a counselor.

Roy’s desire to help others was evident in more than just his memberships in the fire service and his support of the burn camp. He passionately supported the Relay for Life and, even in his death, continued to help others through organ donation.

“Roy Boy” is greatly missed by his mother, Crystal; his father, Roy Jr.; his sister, Taelor; Calvin and Sarah, Sarah Louise and Steve, Jason, Heather, Matt, Anita and “Red,” Jennifer, Brittany, Jordan, Blake, Anna, Barbara, Brandy, Daniel, Sharon and Zack, Missy and Donnie, Heather, Darlene, his many friends, and both fire company families.
Eric R. Lyons
Kennewick Fire Department — Washington
Career Firefighter/EMT
Date of Death: July 5, 2007
Age: 37

Eric Robert Lyons was born on February 15, 1970, in San Fernando, California. He grew up in Southern California, where he lived in North Hills until age seven, and then moved to Canyon Country. He is survived by his mother and father, Carola Barbara and Roland Arthur, of Spokane; his older brother, Roland Edward, of Los Angeles; his grandfather, Robert Lee, of Spokane; and several aunts, uncles, and cousins.

While living in Canyon Country, Eric developed his passion for sports and competition. In 1987, he moved with his family to Spokane, Washington, where he attended Ferris High School and graduated in 1988. While living in Wenatchee, Eric started working as a volunteer firefighter for Douglas County Fire District #2, and he attended college, working towards his associate's degree in fire science. He completed this degree upon his return to Spokane, where he started working as a resident firefighter for Spokane Fire District #8. In April 1994, he married Becky McNamara, who was his wife for 12 years.

In October 1993, Eric began his career with the Kennewick Fire Department, in Kennewick, Washington. Eric faithfully served his community for over 13 years as a Firefighter/EMT. He was an extremely fun-loving and outgoing individual who made his friends and family laugh with his witty stories and his quirky take on everyday events. He was very much a people person, and he loved sharing his time with others.

Eric was passionate about film. He enjoyed critiquing movies and often rated them into different categories, such as “best-made movies,” “best movies with one-liners,” and “best comedies.” While living and working in Kennewick, Eric developed an obsession for the game of golf. He became a Men's Club member at Canyon Lakes Golf Course, where he played in multiple tournaments. Eric was a devoted fan of all major league sports, with a special love for the Anaheim Angels.

In addition to carrying out his duties as a public servant, Eric was eager to go out to local schools and educate the students about fire safety. He regularly provided tours of the fire station for local children's clubs and organizations. Although Eric never had any children of his own, he adored mentoring and tutoring youth and teaching them how to play sports.

Eric made a lasting impression at the Kennewick Fire Department through his dedicated service and numerous friendships. He is truly missed by all who knew and worked with him.
Remembering

Johnnie Howard Hammons
Craigsville-Beaver-Cottle Volunteer Fire Department — West Virginia
Volunteer Lieutenant
Date of Death: February 19, 2009
Age: 49

Lt. Johnnie H. Hammons was born August 24, 1959, to the late JoAnn and Erman Hammons. He was preceded in death by one brother, Robert Hammons, and is survived by three brothers, Gary and wife Debbie, Larry, and Ronnie Hammons; and one sister, Carla (Hammons) Bailey and husband Charles. He has several nieces and nephews, whom he dearly loved.

He was a resident of Nicholas County and graduated from Richwood High School. He was a retired sawmill worker and was a member of Civil Air Patrol, where he fought wildland fires in Montana.


He loved to ride ATVs, hunt, fish, and spend time with family and friends. When he wasn't contributing his time to help the community and assisting neighbors, local businesses, and organizations, he always cut firewood for his mom and anyone else who needed it. He was always there when someone needed help no matter what time of day or night.

The C-B-C Fire Department held a pizza party the Christmas of 1999 for underprivileged children of the community. A father brought his four children to see Santa and to celebrate Christmas, as this was the only way the children would have Christmas. Johnnie had noticed the man carrying two of the children and the other two walking behind. They had no shoes on their feet and only wore long-sleeved shirts for jackets.

Johnnie, without saying a word, quickly exited the building. When he returned, he had several packages wrapped with names of the children on each one. He handed them to Santa. One by one, the gifts were given, and when opened, each child had a new pair of shoes and a warm winter coat to wear home. His generosity will always be remembered, and he will be sadly missed by all.
Timothy Allen Nicholas was born in Nicholas County, West Virginia, on August 23, 1982, to Timothy Leo Nicholas and Bonnie Nottingham. He is survived by his companion, Amber Jackson; daughter, Carlee Jaydon Nicholas; and son, Timothy Allen Nicholas Jr. He was a 2001 graduate of Nicholas County High School, Summersville, West Virginia.

Timothy served his country in the United States Marine Corps from 2001 to 2005, attaining the rank of corporal (E-4), and was a member of the West Virginia National Guard CERF (HAZMAT) Team of Huntington. Timothy served on security teams at the West Virginia State Capitol during the 2009 gubernatorial inauguration and in Washington, DC, during the 2009 presidential inauguration.

Timothy was proud to serve his country, as well as serving his community as a volunteer firefighter with the Craigsville-Beaver-Cottle Volunteer Fire Department in Craigsville, West Virginia. He was also a volunteer firefighter with Nettie Volunteer Fire Department in Nicholas County, West Virginia, and with Topsail Beach Fire Department in North Carolina. He was an emergency vehicle operator by profession for Redi-Care Ambulance and Jan-Care Ambulance. Timothy’s lifelong dream was to become a law enforcement officer, and he was in the process of testing for a position within the local level. Timothy loved lights and sirens. His face would light up as bright as the newest light he would possess.

Timothy loved the outdoors, hunting, fishing, and driving on dirt back roads just to see where they led. He was a prankster, always playing tricks on people. One night he was riding around with his dad and a friend when he got an idea. He told his dad he wasn't feeling well and needed to go home. After his dad dropped him off, Timothy quickly changed into his BDUs and a baseball cap, jumped in his vehicle, and proceeded down the road. He waited for his dad to drive by, pulled in behind him, and turned on his lights and siren. Timothy went up to his dad's vehicle, lowered his voice, and asked for license, insurance, and registration. His dad complied with all commands, looking forward. Timothy proceeded as if he were the “real cops.” When he realized his dad was beginning to panic, he handed his papers back and said, “See you at home, Dad.” All his dad could say, with wide eyes and a gapped mouth, was, “You little s—t!”

Timothy gave the extreme sacrifice for his community. He brings honor to his family, friends, and his community. His loving memories bring laughter and joy to all who knew him. He will be sadly missed.
Remembering

Steven “Peanut” Koeser
St. Anna Fire Department — Wisconsin
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: December 29, 2009
Age: 33

Peanut was born to Merlyn and Marie Koeser on April 15, 1976, the youngest of five children. Peanut lived with his longtime girlfriend, Kelly Walesh, and four-year-old daughter, Lexus Koeser, who was born December 7, 2005. He was preceded in death by his infant son, Nathan Koeser. Peanut was a proud father. His kids meant everything to him.

Peanut joined the St. Anna Fire Department at age 17 and was involved with the department for 16 years, along with relatives and friends. He loved being able to help his community and save people from harm. Peanut was a great leader, good at taking new members in and teaching proper procedures and training. Members of the department knew that he was a strong individual and felt confident working by his side. He was always the go-to guy, willing to help out with the maintenance and work at the fire department.

At the time of his death, Peanut had been employed by Kees Incorporated for 14 years. At Kees, he was able to work with the trades he loved such as welding and fabricating. He was cross-trained in all departments and went above and beyond his job duties. Peanut also worked part-time for the Schad Bros LLC for eight years. He enjoyed working outdoors with the owners, who were his longtime friends. He was always willing to learn everything involved in the process of pouring and finishing concrete. This job was his pride and joy.

Peanut enjoyed spending time up in the Northwoods of Wisconsin with his family at their cabin. He went up there to hunt, go four-wheeling, snowmobiling, and for simple relaxation or weekend getaways. He shot his first bear up there in the fall of 2009, which he was very proud of. His favorite time was to go deer hunting with his father, brothers, and friends in the fall and winter.

At home, Peanut enjoyed spending time with his daughter, being outside, grilling, and having bonfires. When he purchased his home in Kiel, Wisconsin, he began an annual ritual of family and friends gathering to watch the town's parade in his front yard, a tradition we will keep in the coming years. He was very handy and enjoyed fixing up and remodeling his house. A jack of all trades, there is nothing he could not figure out. He loved helping others.

Peanut's life ended at the young age of 33, but the memories will always be there for his friends and family. He will be dearly missed, but we will keep his spirit alive. He touched so many people's lives. He had a heart of gold and is simply irreplaceable.
The final page was put out for Fire Chief Dean W. Mathison; God called him home on Tuesday, February 10, 2009. As one friend was quoted in the local paper, “The name Dean Mathison and Larsen/Winchester were synonymous. He was the backbone of those communities.”

Dean loved fire trucks. He collected them, he lived with them, and for 42 years he rode them as a firefighter for the Clayton-Winchester Fire Department in Larsen, Wisconsin. Dean served as the fire chief for 20 years. He died while attending a regional safety meeting, less than 24 hours after responding to a fire call. While the fire department serves two townships, Dean’s commitment to his community was beyond that.

When Dean wasn’t busy making a living, chances were you’d find him down at one of the two fire stations that serve the townships. The stations and the fire department were his second home and family.

He served as chairman of the Winnebago Area Firefighters Association for many years and was chairman of the Winnebago County Fire Chiefs Association. Dean also served with quality assurance for the Winnebago 911 Dispatch Center, the Winnebago County E911 Fire Sub-committee, the Northeast Wisconsin Safety League (He was voted vice president the night he died.), and the Winnebago County Fire Investigative Unit. He usually had meetings four nights a week and was always ready when the pager went off.

Dean was just one of those community icons. He always went above and beyond. If you knew Dean, he was always ready to share a laugh with a joke. “Did you hear the one about…” was always in a conversation. Dean left behind his wife of 42 years, Sharon; their four children, Kim, Glen, Scott, & Amy; their spouses; and seven grandchildren. Outside of the family, some of the firefighters looked to Dean as their father figure and role model.

Even though the backbone of the family is gone, strong community involvement continues today. Both of Dean’s sons have followed in their dad’s footsteps. Glen is currently fire chief, and Scott is assistant chief of the fire department Dean left behind.

On October 3, 2009, Dean’s name was written upon the Wisconsin State Firefighters Memorial in Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin. Etched on his grave is the patch of the Clayton/Winchester Fire Department, which he so proudly served and wore.

Even though Dean is gone, we are so thankful that we were blessed with the love and respect he shared with everyone. Dean’s dedication and uncanny sense of humor will be remembered forever.
Remembering

Thomas R. O’Flahrity
United States Air Force, Air National Guard,
Prince Sultan Air Force Base, Saudi Arabia — Wisconsin

Date of Death: October 28, 1999
Age: 41

Thomas R. O’Flahrity was born smiling on May 23, 1958, in Madison, Wisconsin, to Thomas L. and Jacqueline O’Flahrity. Tom was a 1976 graduate of Madison East High School, where he was on the varsity swim team for four years. Tom loved swimming, and he was a fish in the water. He was an honor graduate of both the USAF Fire Protection Technical School and the USAF Fire Fighter/Rescue Man School. On October 22, 1983, Tom married Barbara. They had one daughter, Katie. Tom always wanted a daughter, and when he found out that Barbara was pregnant he said, “We’re having a girl, and we’re naming her Katie!”

Tom was very passionate about firefighting and was involved in all aspects of fire service from the time he was 16 years old. At the time of his death he was the assistant fire chief at Volk Field with the State of Wisconsin Department of Military Affairs in Camp Douglas. He was a fire service/hazardous materials instructor at both the Western Wisconsin and Southwest Wisconsin Technical Colleges and a member of the State Fire Service Curriculum Task Force for the Wisconsin Technical College System. Tom enjoyed teaching immensely and had a great ability to walk into a room and within minutes have everyone’s interest and approval. Tom was always willing to take time out of his schedule to explain things and share his experience and expertise. His energy and enthusiasm were endless. Anyone who knew Tom was aware of his Irish gift to gab and quick wit. As a matter of fact, he was talking in complete sentences at 18 months of age!

Tom was also a technical sergeant with the Wisconsin Air National Guard 115th CES Fire Department. While on active duty, Tom died unexpectedly on October 28, 1999, at Prince Sultan Air Base in Saudi Arabia. He was very proud to be able to serve his country and was honored to be a member of the Wisconsin Air Guard.

If Tom was passionate about the fire service, he was even more passionate about life. He was never bored with life and had a genuine concern and love for family and friends. Tom enjoyed hunting during both the bow and gun seasons, hiking and swimming. Above all, he loved the time he spent with his family. Tom will always be remembered for his smile and big heart. Tom’s greatest legacy is his daughter, Katie. He instilled his qualities of kindness, compassion, enthusiasm, loyalty and honesty in her. Thank you, Tom, for sharing your life with us.
Remembering Heath Van Handel
Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources — Wisconsin
Career Pilot
Date of Death: April 8, 2009
Age: 36

It’s been more than a year, but the pain of loss is just as fresh. The disbelief that someone who lived so fully and completely could be taken from us in the blink of an eye is not one ounce less than the first moment we learned that he was gone. On April 8, 2009, a star truly fell from the sky, as Heath’s stay among us was cut far too short. We are richer for having had him here for as long as we did. Our memories are fond of the fullness of his life—his love for his family, his wife, Jenny; sons, Matt and Brett; his parents; brothers; and extended family. His genuine calm, smiling nature will stay with us and inspire us always...

Heath was a pilot, and he left us living the passion of flight, spotting a grass fire for the Wisconsin DNR. It could not be more appropriate that one of the true pleasures of his life was what ushered him from this life. The only passion that surpassed flying was for Jenny and the boys. Had he his choice, of course, he and Jenny would have taken great joy in spending many years together, watching their boys grow to honorable manhood.

There was a time in our country’s history when people served their fellow man because they could do no other. If it involved flying, Heath believed that any risk was manageable; he could not imagine life that did not include flying. Working for the DNR allowed him to merge two of his great passions, his love of nature and the peace and fulfillment that he felt when flying. A letter from a soldier in the US Civil War to his wife, written in 1861, captures this sentiment, “I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter…”

That captures Heath as well. If it involved flying, he was confident in his abilities and was willing to accept some of the perils of that pursuit in exchange for the exhilaration of soaring above the earth...

His love for Jenny and the boys is deathless, and it bound him to earth as much as anything could, but that irresistible need to breathe in the sky washed over him like a strong wind. Though he used his skill and talents to serve others, there is no doubt that his last thoughts were of Jenny and the boys. Is it any wonder that when his family went back to fly over the site of his last flight, he found it necessary to show us that his spirit will always be carried upon the wind?
John “Jack” Weber was born on January 7, 1932, in Eau Galle, Wisconsin. He attended Gilmanton Grade School and Mondovi High School. He served in the US Army from 1952 to 1954, after the Korean Conflict.

In August 1956, Jack married Arlene Bauer, who passed away in March 1998. Jack has three daughters and sons-in-law, Linda (Terry), Kim (Chuck), and Jackie (Jeff), who thought the world of their dad. He was also blessed with eight wonderful grandchildren who truly miss their grandpa, and six great-grandchildren who miss Grandpa’s rocking chair time with them. Family was very important to Jack. He went on many family vacations with his siblings, including most recently an Alaskan Cruise. Summer Weber reunions were events he truly treasured.

Jack had a variety of careers in his life. He farmed, worked construction, worked at Pope & Talbot Paper Mill, and retired from the Eau Claire Area School District after 27 years of service.

Jack served as a volunteer fireman on the Brunswick Township Fire Department from November 1964 until his death at the Brunswick Fire Station on April 4, 2009. He served as battalion chief for 17 years and retired as deputy chief on January 1, 1991. Jack was honored with Firefighter of the Year in 1996. He continued to serve as an honorary member/volunteer. He always enjoyed seeing and showing off the new equipment and innovations in firefighting to his family as the years went by.

Jack was a member of the Conservation Club and Fraternity of the Moose. Hunting and fishing were a love of his for many years, and he loved teaching the younger children the finer points. Over the years he gathered a variety of interests. He loved traveling on his 1977 Hondamatic motorcycle to visit family and friends, morning breakfasts with his retired coworkers, restoring his 1934 Allis Chalmers Tractor, antique shows at Pioneer Park, and perfecting his wood-working hobby by making bird houses and lawn ornaments with his friend Darlene. He also enjoyed camping and the great outdoors. He spent some time in Montana working for one of the national parks there. He spent several winter months in Texas, dancing and enjoying the sun!

Referred to by many as “The Gentle Giant,” Jack was never without a smile on his face. He is remembered on the Station 5 memorial stone, “He served his neighbors with a smile.” Jack will be truly missed by his family and friends. We all cherished every minute and every memory we got to share with him. Heaven is a much better place with him there.
Charles W. Kuhns was born April 10, 1927, to James and Goldie Kuhns in Bullskin Township, Pennsylvania. He married Mary Behan on June 14, 1951, in Denver, Colorado, and they had five children, Charles M. Kuhns, Eileen M. Lee, Mary M. Spirakus, James M. Kuhns, and John M. Kuhns.

After completing grammar school and working as a lumberjack, Charlie enlisted in the United States Army on June 19, 1945. After three years of service with the US Army, Charlie was honorably discharged to begin a career as a United States Air Force firefighter.

Charlie wanted to be a firefighter because he loved helping people and working with his hands. He completed his GED, basic firefighter training, and courses in fire prevention, protection, supervision, investigation, and the Air Force fire chief course. Charlie strove to assist others by evaluating new crash and structural firefighting equipment, automatic sprinkler systems and fire warning systems.

Technical Sergeant Kuhns enjoyed solving problems to make others’ lives better. While assigned to Ladd Air Force Base in Alaska, he noticed that access to water in the Chena River was a problem during the long winter season when the river is frozen over. He invented a device that allowed a standpipe to be installed through the ice, providing ample water and saving the US Air Force thousands of dollars.

Charlie spent 23 years in the US Air Force. For 19 years, he served as either fire chief or deputy fire chief in the Panama Canal Zone, Alaskan Air Command, Nellis Air Force Base, Germany, Greenland, Colorado, and Wyoming. After receiving many medals for his service, he retired from military service in 1968 as a senior master sergeant.

Throughout his life, Charlie was placed in leadership positions. He served as chief deputy fire marshal for the State of Wyoming from 1968-1973. From 1973-1974 he was the life safety consultant for the Wyoming Department of Health. He authored Guideline for Medical Facilities, Disaster and/or Evacuation Plans, which was published and distributed in Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah.

Chief Kuhns continued his work with the Department of Defense as a civil service firefighter inspector in Colorado. Later, he accepted the position of fire chief for F.E. Warren Air Force Base with the 90th Civil Engineering Squadron, where he worked until his death.

Charlie was a family man. He loved his sons, daughters and grandchildren. Charlie was always willing to show off his hunting and fishing abilities. His life was cut short, but we thank God every day for the memories we have of him. He is loved and greatly missed by all.
If these stones could talk
They'd tell you how much we love you

If these stones could talk
They'd tell you how much we care

As you walk past our names
Reflect on our lives

Don't cry for us
But remember the joy

Even though we're gone
We're still with you

We watch over you
And shield you from harm

We know that we're still
Emblazoned in your hearts

We see our reflection
When we look at your soul

So keep the love we shared
And good memories that remain

And let it bring you comfort
Until we're together once again

— Paul Hickey
Congress created the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation to lead a nationwide effort to honor America's fallen firefighters. Since 1992, the non-profit Foundation has developed and expanded programs that fulfill that mandate. Our mission is to honor and remember America's fallen fire heroes and to provide resources to assist their survivors in rebuilding their lives.

**Sponsor The Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend**
Each October, the Foundation sponsors the official National tribute to all firefighters who died in the line of duty during the previous year. Thousands attend the weekend activities that include special programs for survivors and coworkers, along with moving public ceremonies.

**Help Survivors Attend The Weekend**
The Foundation provides travel, lodging and meals for immediate survivors of fallen firefighters being honored. This allows survivors to participate in Family Day sessions conducted by trained grief counselors and in the public tributes.

**Offer Support Programs For Survivors**
When a firefighter dies in the line of duty, the Foundation provides survivors with a place to turn. Families receive emotional assistance through a Fire Service Survivors Network. This Network matches survivors with similar experiences and circumstances. This contact can be an important part of their healing. Families receive a quarterly newsletter and specialized grief resources. Our Web site provides information on Federal, State and local survivor benefits and other resources.

**Award Scholarships To Fire Service Survivors**
Spouses, children and stepchildren of fallen firefighters are eligible for scholarship assistance for education and job training costs. Since 1997, the Foundation has awarded scholarships totaling over one million dollars to survivors of America's fallen firefighters.

**Help Departments Deal With Line-of-Duty Deaths**
Under a Department of Justice grant, the Foundation offers training to help fire departments handle a line-of-duty death. Departments receive extensive pre-incident planning support. With support from the Department of Justice, Local Assistance State Teams (LAST) provide assistance to departments and families when a line-of-duty death occurs.

**Work To Prevent Line-of-Duty Deaths**
With the support of fire and life safety organizations, the Foundation has launched the “Everyone Goes Home” campaign to reduce firefighter deaths.

**Create A National Memorial Park**
The Foundation is expanding the National memorial site in Emmitsburg, Maryland, to create the first permanent National Park honoring all firefighters. The park includes a brick Walk of Honor that connects the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Chapel and the official National monument.
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Smithfield Fire Department, Rhode Island

Spotsylvania County, Department of Fire, Rescue and Emergency Management

STARTECH International Security

Dave Statter, Virginia

Summit Fire Department, New Jersey

Tampa Fire/Rescue, Florida

Barry Thoma, USFA

Town of Emmitsburg, Maryland

Troy Fire Department, Michigan

USDA Forest Service

Union Fire Co. No. 1 of Carlisle, Pennsylvania

United States Capitol Police

United States Fire Administration

Vermont Fire Prevention Division

Victor Fire Department and the Red Knights Motorcycle Club

Vigilant Hose Company, Maryland

Volunteer and Combination Officers Section IAFC

Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority

Wheaton Volunteer Rescue Squad, Maryland

Smiley White, USFA

Wilmington Fire Department, Delaware

…and hundreds of others who have helped in so many ways.

Special thanks to the members of the fire service who assisted and served as family escorts and the honor guard units that participated in the Memorial Weekend programs. Special thanks to our survivors who return each year and assist with Memorial Weekend activities.
On the wings of a snow white dove
He sends His pure sweet love
A sign from above
On the wings of a dove

When troubles surround us
When evils come
The body grows weak
The spirit grows numb

When these things beset us
He doesn’t forget us
He sends down His love
On the wings of a dove

-- Bob Ferguson
The true legacy of the individuals whom we honor for making the ultimate sacrifice lives in the minds and hearts of each of us. It is there to be shared, to be nurtured, and to be protected, so that it may one day be passed on to another. Protect their memories well. Share in a good-hearted laugh as we remember the personality, vitality and spirit of these individuals. And, as we gather here in Emmitsburg each year, go forth with those memories. Make them a part of your day-to-day life and share them until the day comes, a year from now, when we will all meet here again.

— Chief Ronald J. Siarnicki, Executive Director
National Fallen Firefighters Foundation
Remembering National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend 2010
National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend
October 2-3, 2010

NATIONAL FALLEN FIREFIGHTERS MEMORIAL WEEKEND 2010

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