Welcome to the 30th Anniversary Memorial Weekend

Dear Friends,

Since 1981 we have gathered here at the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial to pay tribute to those firefighters who heroically died while serving and protecting their communities. Today, the names of your loved ones join more than 3,000 others enshrined on the Memorial in tribute to the ultimate sacrifice they made in the line of duty.

For 30 years, we have come together to honor this unparalleled bravery with all of the traditions that run deep in our fire service history. This memorial was created as a national symbol of gratitude, for no cause is as noble as saving another’s life and no sacrifice is greater than giving your own to do it.

As we are together today, people all across this great nation—and around the world—are pausing to honor your loved ones, and the fallen heroes before them, through a new remembrance, Bells Across America for Fallen Firefighters. For the first time in the history of the Memorial, the bells of the Memorial Chapel here in Emmitsburg will chime today in honor of your loved ones. And for the first time, fire departments around the country will join with their places of worship to offer their own special remembrance for all the fallen heroes.

Long after the Memorial Service draws to a close and you leave this hallowed ground, the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation remains committed to helping you find the support and comfort you may need. At any time in the days, weeks, and years ahead the Foundation will be here for you, the survivors, as you find your bearings and begin the process of healing.

The true legacy of those we honor today will continue to shine in the hearts and minds of each of us. Share their stories so that their spirits will live on and serve as inspiration to others for years to come.

Sincerely,

Chief Ronald Jon Siarnicki
Executive Director
National Fallen Firefighters Foundation
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.
Steven F. Bouchard was a young and caring man who loved his family and community. Steven loved sports. He played baseball, basketball, football, and softball with his dad. He loved to ride with his parents to fire calls at the age of 13 and was one of the first junior volunteer firefighters in the Snowdoun Volunteer Fire Department at the age of 15. He was proud to join the fire department when he turned 18 on July 14, 2007. He was taking classes to become an EMT with his older brother BJ when he passed away. They would push each other to do better. BJ would later finish the course and pass with the only 100% on the test.

Steven was attending classes at Auburn University Montgomery. He loved Auburn football. We were a house divided when it came to football. Steve and his brother Jason pulled for Auburn, while his dad and brothers BJ and Timothy pulled for Alabama. We all pulled for Auburn in memory of him when Auburn won the title in 2010.

Steven also found the time to work. He worked at the UPS distribution center in Montgomery, Alabama. He was the youngest supervisor they had ever had. When we spoke with his supervisor, he told us that Steven was a very motivated and hard-working man who was well respected. This made us proud that others saw him like we did.

On November 7, 2008, Steven was talking to his mom on the phone when a call went out that Rolling Hills needed assistance on a vehicle accident. He told his mom he had to go. It was raining hard, and he lost control of his car. The car went into a ditch and struck a fence, and a board went through the side window and struck him in the back of his head. Steven was flown to a local hospital, where he later died on November 11, 2008.

He leaves behind his father, Theodore F. Bouchard; mother, Annie S. Pease; four brothers, Chris, Jason, William (BJ), and his younger brother, Timothy. Steven is with his older brother, Michael, who passed away July 30, 1989.

All should know that Steven is and always will be our HERO and is so missed.
Remembering

John E. Lee III
City of Pelham Fire Department — Alabama
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: September 30, 1986
Age: 39

John was born October 16, 1946, in Fort Valley, Georgia, to Jack and Dot Lee. He grew up in Ft. Valley and graduated from high school there in 1964. He graduated from Georgia Southwestern University in Americus, Georgia, in the late 1960s. He married his high school sweetheart, Sandra “Sandy” Eddins, in 1966. John and Sandy have two sons, John E. Lee IV and Sean Lee. In 1975, John, Sandy, and their family moved to Pelham, Alabama. John and Sandy joined the family business, Eddins & Lee Bus Sales, started by Sandy’s father, Ira Eddins, the previous year. John played a major role in the development and growth of the company.

John was an avid outdoorsman who enjoyed fishing, hunting, and camping. After moving to Alabama, he also became enthusiastic about backpacking, biking, running, and diving. John became a member of the Pelham Volunteer Fire Department and was always ready to help out with any emergency that came up. He was involved in numerous community activities in Pelham and was named the Chamber of Commerce’s Man of the Year in 1986. He was a manager or coach for teams in the local youth baseball program for nine years. He was a member of the Lions Club, Vulcan Trail Association, and a clown with the Zamora Shrine. John loved being a clown and enjoyed nothing better than dressing up in his clown outfit and going to the children’s hospital to bring a smile to a child’s face with one of his balloon animals or funny antics.

John was a very fun loving, outgoing person who never met a stranger. He loved his family and friends and was truly a “people person.” He had a positive attitude about life and was always willing to help anyone in any way he could. It was no surprise to anyone that John lost his life trying to help someone else. He stopped at the scene of an accident and, in trying to cross to the opposite side of the interstate to reach the car involved, fell 70 feet.

We realized how much John had meant to the many people whose lives he touched, when we received cards and letters from friends, family, and acquaintances that all said, “He was my best friend.”

John was very close with all of his family, and we treasure the happy times we had together. We have many wonderful memories of family reunions, holidays, vacations, and everyday life we all shared with family and friends. He will never be forgotten by those who knew him. He will always be close in our hearts for those of us who love him.
Remembering

David J. Irr

Yuma Rural/Metro Fire Department — Arizona
Career Captain
Date of Death: May 23, 2010
Age: 49

Captain David Joseph Irr, 49, died while on duty on May 23, 2010. A fire captain and paramedic, he served with Yuma Rural/Metro Fire Department for more than 24 years.

David Irr was born and raised in Yuma. He attended St. Francis School and graduated from Kofa High School. During high school, he was active in the Boy Scouts of America, where he achieved the rank of Eagle Scout. He worked as a lifeguard and developed a passion for saving lives. While attending college, he worked for both Yuma Ambulance Service and Flagstaff Ambulance Service. He graduated from Northern Arizona University–Flagstaff with a degree in construction management.

When not at the fire department, David worked as an estimator for W. J. Anderson Construction Co. He volunteered with the Yuma Jaycees and served with the Knights of Columbus and the Yuma County Sheriff’s Department SWAT Team.

David was survived by his wife, Kathryn; his two daughters, Christa and Kayla; his parents, Frank and Maureen; three brothers, Frank Jr., Steve, and Kevin; his sister, Margo; and extended family.

David is dearly missed by all whose lives he touched. He is remembered for his loyalty and the free flowing laughter, caring dedication, and boundless energy which he generously shared with others.
Dennis Wayne Robinson
Three Points Fire District — Arizona

Career Captain
Date of Death: March 31, 2010
Age: 61

Dennis was a loving son, husband, father, grandfather, and friend who loved being a firefighter.

He joined the brotherhood in 1988 with Avra Valley Fire Department and advanced to the rank of captain. Prior to that, he was the mechanic that kept their trucks up and running. It was during that time that he decided firefighting would be his calling.

In 1999, he left Avra Valley Fire Department to join Three Points Fire Department. He served the Three Points Fire District as their training captain until his passing at age 61. He was always a firefighter; there was no off duty in his mind. If a call went out and manpower was needed, he was ready to go, even on his birthday. He had promised his wife one year that nothing would cause him to leave the birthday party the family was having for him. The call for manpower went out, and he did his best, sitting in his chair fidgeting. Finally, his wife gave him the okay, and with a kiss and a smile, he ran out the door, leaving his own birthday party behind.

He served in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam era and was a member of the VFW Post 10254 in Three Points.

He is survived by his wife, Connie Robinson; his mother, Loretta Brandon; one brother; three sisters; his son, Dennis Robinson Jr.; three daughters, Carol Burdick, Trisha Beverly, and Dustie Gunn; ten grandkids; and one great-grandchild.
Remembering Christopher Wayne Adams
Arkansas Forestry Commission — Arkansas
Career Firefighter/Ranger
Date of Death: August 2, 2010
Age: 25

Chris was an explorer from a young age. While in school, he started Boy Scouts. This is where his excitement began. Over the years, with family support and a great respect for himself and everyone around him, Chris finished and graduated high school and got his Eagle Scout award.

After graduating from high school, Chris began a journey that he would enjoy for the rest of his life. Chris began working on a farm close to his parents’ house, where he lived. Chris was active in community youth activities as well. He was a dugout dad and coach for the girls’ softball team, keeping busy on the farm, coaching the softball team, and being on the River Bend Fire Department. Chris kept reaching up for the next door to open.

Chris went to work for the Arkansas Forestry Commission in southwest Arkansas. This was just a job for most people, but a passion for Chris. After this opportunity was presented to Chris, he started at the bottom like everybody has to. He started taking classes that would help him achieve his goal, getting his CDL (Commercial Driver’s License), his certification on the dozer, and any other equipment that Forestry had to operate. As his passion for this job grew every day, Chris still had his eyes open to new ideas and ways to further himself.

While working for the farm, Forestry, and coaching softball, Chris began his schooling to become a police officer. This was just another way to help serve the community in which he lived. Chris excelled in these classes as well. He was scheduled to graduate on August 6, 2010, with honors. Chris died on August 2, 2010, just a week before his graduation. Victor Rose, the sheriff of LaFayette County, presented Chris’s parents with his achievements and retired his badge at his class graduation ceremony.

August 2 was a tragedy for Chris’s family. We also found that it was a tragedy for the community, as Chris was loved by everyone that knew him, from the Forestry team, the police force, the fire department, and the family he had on the farm. We had no idea the impact Chris had made in his community and the surrounding states.

Chris left a legacy of family, friends, and achievements that most people can’t achieve in a long lifetime. We are happy to say Chris had done this at the age of 25. Chris was an angel and a hero to everyone.
David Allen Curlin, 40, a resident of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, died Saturday, May 22, 2010, at Baptist Health Medical Center, Little Rock.

Born January 1, 1970, in Pine Bluff, he was the son of George Curlin and Rita Rocconi Gronwald.

Mr. Curlin was raised and received his early education in Watson Chapel and was a 1988 graduate of Watson Chapel High School. He was the first student to receive a four-year engineering scholarship from the R.O.T.C. In 1990, he joined the United States Marine Corps to serve in Desert Storm.

After his service, he joined the Pine Bluff Fire Department and worked fourteen years as a firefighter, rising to the rank of lieutenant. He also served as the training officer for the Fire Department. He was also a member of the Watson Chapel Volunteer Fire Department.

Mr. Curlin was preceded in death by his maternal and paternal grandparents.

Survivors include his three daughters, Tarah Curlin, Katherine Brianne Curlin, and Kaylee Curlin, all of Pine Bluff; father and stepmother, George and Phyllis Curlin, of Pine Bluff; mother and stepfather, Rita and Joe Gronwald, of Redfield; two brothers, Joseph Edward Gronwald of Grand Cane, Louisiana, and Jason Gronwald, of Hensley; and one sister, Christina McDaniel, of Pine Bluff.
Henry Sandy
Northside Volunteer Fire Department — Arkansas
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: January 26, 2010
Age: 52

Lieutenant Henry Sandy was a 52-year-old firefighter/1st responder with the Northside Fire Department in Batesville, Arkansas. Henry had been with the department since 2001. He was Northside Firefighter of the Year in 2006.

Born July 26, 1957, in Batesville, he was the son of Henry Morris Sandy and Leona Verser Sandy. He was the father to three sons, Jarrett, Chad, and Paul; and the grandpa to seven wonderful kids, Monica, Hannah, Destynie, Chloe, Faith, Kali, and Brayden. He was a member of Desha Baptist Church.

After Henry had his first heart attack in 1998, he decided that he wanted to do something to help others, so he joined Northside Fire Department. He was very active with the department and enjoyed every minute that he put into it. Henry died on the scene of a structure fire on January 26, 2010, doing what he loved—helping others.
James Michael Owen or “Jimmy O,” as he was called by everyone, joined the Orange County Fire Department in 1980, where he served as a paramedic, hazardous materials firefighter, and Federal Urban Search and Rescue Team member. Jimmy was a fireman's fireman. He would take on any task. Being a firefighter/paramedic is not what Jimmy did; it was who he was. He touched the lives of many, and many of those lives he saved.

He was a guy who would literally give you the shirt off his back and would always be there for you. He was a man of great character and a man of his word. He was a faithful and compassionate husband, father, and firefighter who had a great love for his fellow man. Jimmy never judged others. He was the kind of friend who would say good things about you behind your back.

Jimmy loved his family. He enjoyed spending time with them camping, off-roading, and surfing. He was also an avid fisherman who often volunteered as a deckhand on a recreational fishing boat and had expressed an interest in obtaining his mariner's license when he retired. He is survived by his wife, Sharon, and his sons, Jimmy, Daniel, and Kevin.
Fernando Julio “Nando” Sanchez was born on December 30, 1984, to Isabel and Ramon “Chunky” Sanchez in San Diego, California. Fernando was the youngest of six children. He was a man whose presence everyone loved, who brought joy and wisdom to those who surrounded him. Nando was always full of laughter and unconditional love.

Fernando was raised in Encanto, San Diego, where he attended Encanto Elementary and O’Farrell Community School. He played baseball for the Encanto Little League, where he helped to bring home District 42 Championship Flags. Nando attended Mission Bay High School, where he also played football. His team won the 2000 CIF Division III Championship. He later graduated from Garfield High School, where he studied culinary arts.

Fernando served as a wildland firefighter at the San Francisquito Camp, for the Los Angeles County Fire Department. He served and helped others while rebuilding his life. He represented a crew dedicated to working hard, helping others, and creating a change. Fernando was known as a natural leader to his crew. The members of the crew remembered his work ethic and his positive way of seeing things. San Francisquito Camp is operated by the Los Angeles County Fire Department (LACFD). Crews are utilized in wildland fire suppression and county conservation assignments, including maintenance of the California Aqueduct, local parks, and fire stations. The camp works primarily in Los Angeles County, but may be called upon to work throughout the state in fire suppression tactics.

Fernando began his journey into the next life on November 23, 2010, while serving as a wildland firefighter. He is survived by his older siblings, Ixcatli, Ramon, Esmeralda, Mauricio and Tonantzin. He was an uncle to Salomon, Gavilan, Atzin, Ezequiel, Mauricio Jr., Manwe, Tre, Sewa, Keyona Mae, Fernando, and Marcelino. He is loved and missed. He will always be in our hearts.

Son, Brother, Nephew, Cousin, Friend, Uncle, & Leader
James (Jim) Carlyle Saunders passed away Thursday, October 7, 2010, at the age of 52 from injuries sustained while fighting a grass fire near Haggin Oaks Golf Course in Sacramento, California.

Jim was born July 1, 1958, in Arcadia, California. In 1974, Jim enlisted with the U.S. Navy as a boatswain's mate. He served with honor until 1975.

On July 1, 1988, Jim was hired as a full-time firefighter with the American River Fire Protection District. Prior to that, he worked as a firefighter for Sloughhouse Fire Department and was a captain for Jackson Volunteer Fire Department. He was later promoted to assistant chief with the Jackson Volunteer Fire Department. Jim worked at Sacramento Metropolitan Fire District, Fire Station 101, in the Sacramento community of Arden-Arcade. Jim proudly served his community for 22 years.

From 2002 to 2005, Firefighter Saunders held a deputy director position for the California State Firefighters’ Association. He also had a long affiliation with the American Legion and took that one step further by holding a position on the board of directors for the American Legion Post 108 Ambulance Service, serving Amador County.

Jim’s last act as a community servant was to donate his organs, which has benefited three people. His family and his Metro Fire family are very proud of him.

Jim is survived by his wife, Holly Jo Saunders; son, Eric Hackett; daughter, Rachel Hackett-Hernandez; son-in-law, Carl Andrew Joseph Hernandez II; grandchildren, James, Lucius, and Ewan; parents, Abe and Alice Saunders; three sisters, Colleen Saunders, Kathleen Saunders, and Diana Calman; many nieces and nephews; and countless friends.
Chief Bryan Zollner was a committed, unselfish and knowledgeable member of the fire community who gave everything he had to make the world safe for others. He donated his home for use as a model in fire prevention materials distributed in the department’s statewide campaign for defensible space. He was greatly respected among firefighters and all who were lucky enough to have known him. Bryan came from a family with a legacy of firefighting. His father was a fire chief for the City of Oroville; his great grandfather was a firefighter in Detroit. His son, Ty Zollner, is currently an engineer with CAL Fire.

Bryan started as a sleeper firefighter in the Butte Unit while attending Butte Community College. In 1981, he was hired as a seasonal firefighter by the Butte Unit of the California Department of Forestry and Fire Protection, then known as CDF. He worked a year for the Oroville Fire Department as a fire protection operator before returning to CDF as a limited term Firefighter II in the Fresno-Kings Unit. In 1985, he returned to the Butte Unit as a limited term fire apparatus engineer with the Chico Battalion. He returned to CDF in 1986 as a permanent Firefighter II in Santa Clara Unit, received a quick promotion to fire apparatus engineer, and went to work at the Ramona Air Attack Base in San Diego. He was promoted three years later to fire captain at Bautista Conservation Camp in the Riverside Unit of CDF. He worked in the Riverside Unit at Home Gardens Station 13 and then Lake Hills Station 82. From there, he was promoted to Moreno Valley as Battalion Chief 9B.

In 2001, Bryan Zollner accepted the position of deputy chief with the public education office for CDF in Sacramento. In 2002, he came to Northern Region as deputy chief for conservation camp coordination and north ops operations. In 2005, he was named assistant chief operations in Tehama Glenn Unit. In 2006, he returned to Northern Region as staff chief for operations. Additionally, he worked on numerous incident command teams for CDF as an operations section chief, as a plans section chief, and was an incident commander. In 2003, Chief Zollner was on the incident command team on the Cedar Fire, a wind driven fire that ran through San Diego consuming land, property, and lives. Chief Zollner received the Medal of Valor in 1998 for an off-duty rescue of a child from a burning structure in Riverside.

Bryan Zollner is survived by his son, Ty; daughter, Alexia Moore; son-in-law, Charles Moore; two grandchildren; sister, Tracy Zollner; and parents, Bob and Brenda Zollner, of Oroville, California.
Lt. Bruce Bachinsky, 47, died of a heart attack on October 26, 2010, after working a 24-hour shift. Bruce was a decorated firefighter, earning two unit citations during his 12-year career. The first, in 1999, was for work at a structure fire, and the second, in October 2005, was for a rescue from the Naugatuck River. Bruce joined the Waterbury Fire Department on October 16, 1998. He was promoted to lieutenant in June 2009 and was assigned to Engine Company 8.

Bruce was born on July 17, 1963. He graduated from Sacred Heart High School in 1981. He earned associate degrees in manufacturing engineering and in computer aided drafting and design from Waterbury State Technical College. He worked as an aircraft mechanic for Pilgrim Airlines in Windsor Locks before enlisting in the U.S. Army. Bruce completed ranger training and served with the 2nd 75th Ranger Battalion at Fort Lewis, Washington. Upon completion of his tour, he continued his military career with the Connecticut National Guard. Bruce worked as a manufacturing engineer for five years before joining the Waterbury Fire Department.

Bruce was active in his community, having coached the Bunker Hill girls’ basketball and softball teams for many years. He was an avid cyclist and enjoyed working on his Nissan 240SX in his spare time.

Bruce and his wife, Helen, were married for 18 years and had two daughters, Laura (17) and Michelle (15). Bruce was a devoted husband and father. He will be sadly missed by his family and his friends.
Michel Baik
Bridgeport Fire Department — Connecticut
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: July 24, 2010
Age: 49

Michel found his true passion in life when he joined the Bridgeport Fire Department in December 2007. His determination and will to succeed gained him tremendous respect from his fellow classmates. He proudly served as a firefighter and was assigned to Ladder 11, which was stationed at Engine 7/Ladder 11 on Ocean Terrace. He was a member of Union Local 834 and a member of the Bridgeport Fire Department Color Guard.

Prior to becoming a firefighter, Michel was a dedicated and admired computer skills instructor at Career Resources, Inc. in Bridgeport, Connecticut, a non-profit workforce development organization, where he taught computer skills to the unemployed. He was honored by Career Resources on October 14, 2010, when they dedicated and named their computer center “The Michel Baik Learning Center.”

Above all, Michel was first and foremost a family man. He was a devoted father who participated fully in every aspect of his children’s lives. He coached JV basketball and was active in the Boy Scouts, chaperoned countless school trips, and sat through hours of school plays, sporting events, and dance recitals. His kids knew Dad was there when they heard his signature whistle at the end of every performance.

Michel was a lifelong member of St. Nicholas Antiochian Orthodox Church in Bridgeport and was active in many church organizations since his youth. An avid sports fan, Michel loved his Mets and Jets (J-E-T-S, Jets, Jets, Jets!). He played on the Central High School football team and on various softball and basketball teams throughout his life. He was a member of the Bridgeport Fire Department softball team. In October 2010, as a last- ing tribute, his fellow teammates retired his softball number 15.

He was an incredible husband, father, son, and brother. He worked tirelessly for his family and found his greatest joy alongside his wife, Laurie, in raising their three children, Andrew, Thomas, and Margaret. A giant of a man, Michel had a heart to match. He will forever be remembered as a teddy bear of a guy who had a great sense of humor and a kind and caring heart.

On July 24, 2010, at the age of 49, Firefighter Michel Baik lost his life while serving his community and doing the job he loved so much.
Firefighter Kevin J. Swan of Beacon Falls died March 10, 2010, of a heart attack suffered while responding to a call. The 68-year-old Swan was the town’s captain of fire police. For most of his career, Swan held a hose and nozzle.

For 50 years he had served in Beacon Hose Company No. 1, Beacon Falls’ sole fire company, including serving as assistant chief. He was active in many civic organizations, including the New Haven County Fire Chiefs Association, the Valley Fire Chiefs Association, the Red Knights Motorcycle Club and as president of the Senior Center.

When nothing was ablaze, he worked as a driver and heavy equipment operator for Mesa Construction, and at a company founded by his son, Swan Excavation.

For 23 years, Beacon Falls firefighter Jeremy Rodorigo knew Swan. “Kevin cared very deeply about the fire service. When you joined the fire department you didn’t just become a firefighter, you became part of the family, and he wanted you to know all about the tradition. He wanted you to know that you were never alone from this point forward. Part of his generosity was, once you were taken into the department, he treated you like family.”

Former Beacon Hose Chief Doug Bousquet said much of the same thing. “There are really no words for Kevin. I got to know him when I first joined the department, and I was a little intimidated by him, but in a good way. I learned a lot from him. He was a good leader and a good teacher. To me, he was like a father figure.”

Colleagues recall Swan’s mastery of firefighting equipment, acquired through decades of practical experience. In the early 1990s, Rodorigo was learning to drive and operate fire trucks. “I remember people saying if you want to learn how to drive fire apparatus and learn to pump these things like an expert, you really need to talk to Swan. He knows this equipment inside and out.”

He was “an old-school firefighter,” Rodorigo recalls. “Tough as nails, never afraid” and one inclined first to grab a hose. “While we were busy checking and making sure our air packs and hoods were on just right, Kevin was already ten paces in front of us with a hose, getting at the fire.”

Full fire department honors were bestowed. Firefighters from seven towns participated in the funeral procession. The coffin rode in a 1929 Seagrave pumper which Swan had helped restore and was very proud of.

He is survived by his wife of many years, Sandra L. Swan; two children, Brian Swan and Erin Swan, both residents of Beacon Falls; two grandchildren, Olivia and Sydney; and a sister, Sandra A. Swan.
Steven J. Velasquez was born October 23, 1969, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Carol Velasquez and the late Joseph Velasquez. The second of three children, Steven's life ended tragically July 24, 2010, in the line of duty. He was a beloved husband, father, brother, son, and friend to many. A quiet man, passionate about his family and job, he was loyal, chivalrous, and brave, with a sense of humor few understood. A man who did the right thing because it was the right thing to do.

Steven's lifelong passion for fire service was evident in the challenges he pursued and mastered, which led him first to Prince George's County, Maryland, then on to Bridgeport, where his legacy rose quickly both as firefighter and friend. His knowledge and dedication were only surpassed by his fearlessness. He was known by his fellow firefighters to use his keen abilities to create rescue techniques that made him legendary on the Bridgeport Fire Department.

These qualities earned him numerous department awards, including the Medal of Valor, the Medal of Merit, and four company citations. The Medal of Valor, the department's second highest award, was awarded to him after Steven led a group of firefighters to safety as fire was impinging on their position, blocking their escape route.

Steven's busy schedule never stood in the way of being there for others, as was evident during the days following the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001. Either helping out at Ground Zero for search and rescue, recovery, or attending the funerals to follow, Steven was there for the New York City Fire Department.

Steven was promoted to lieutenant in August of 2008 and assigned to Ladder 11, where he worked hard to train and develop his crew into a solid team working well together while enjoying a good laugh.

As passionate as Steven was about firefighting, his greatest joy in life was his family. He looked forward to his days off, to be able to spend quality time with them, whether fishing with his son, Aaron, walks in the park with his 2-year-old daughter, Salina, or a Broadway show with Marianne, his wife and partner for over 15 years. Besides his family, Steven leaves his mother, Carol; siblings, Cindy and Jason, in Minnesota; as well as a group of friends who will forever miss his humble character and deep loyalty they intimately came to know. Steven's family and friends, along with the Bridgeport Fire Department, feel the deep loss, as Steven had so much more to give both as a firefighter and friend.

Steven, you will never be forgotten. Although we are apart, you are always and forever alive within my heart.
Victor B. Scott was born in Trenton, New Jersey, on June 29, 1942, to David W. and Myrtle Scott. He joined siblings Ethel, David, Robert, and Lois. His parents later adopted 3 girls, Judy, Terry, and Darla. He grew up in Bridgeboro, New Jersey, and attended school there. At 17, he joined the Navy and served aboard the USS Forrestal, where he became involved in firefighting. On May 29, 1970, he married his wife, Barbara, who had two sons from a previous marriage, Thomas and Michael. Together, Victor and Barbara had four children, David, Victor Brian, Christopher, and Carrie.

The family moved to Florida in 1974, living first in Orlando, then Pinellas Park, Seminole, and finally settling in Gilchrist County. In 2000, Victor and his wife moved to Otter Creek, Florida, where Victor was involved with the Levy ARC. After moving there, he discovered that the town no longer had a fire department, and he went about re-organizing the department, making it a fully functional volunteer fire department with proper training, equipment, vehicles, etc. Victor became a Certified Firefighter I, a first responder, was trained in hazardous materials and certified to wear the suit. He became the fire chief of the department and remained in that position until early 2004, when he was appointed mayor of the town and stepped down as fire chief to become the assistant fire chief. Two of his sons, Victor Brian and Christopher, became involved in training to become volunteer firefighters.

After 9/11, Victor took a part-time job delivering fire trucks and emergency vehicles all over the country. It also gave him the opportunity to meet other firefighters all over the country.

On March 16, 2004, after an extremely rigorous training exercise, Victor came home early not feeling very well. The next morning, he left to retrieve equipment that he had gotten donated to the fire department. After picking up the equipment, he stopped at a truck stop and was later found there, in the fire department vehicle slumped behind the wheel. He had suffered a heart attack and died. After a particularly moving funeral, he was laid to rest in the National Cemetery in Bushnell, Florida.

Victor was a larger than life figure to all who knew him. His death was a shock to everyone. He will be forever loved and missed by his wife, children, grandchildren, and friends.
Remembering

Michael Alan Trullinger
Chattahoochee Volunteer Fire Department — Florida
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: April 23, 2006
Age: 50

Mike was a family man, great friend, patriot, and humanitarian. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1955. His mother, Alice, was a nurse, and he grew up with three sisters, Linda, Ann, and Karen. His father, Leonard, became an electronics specialist with the U.S. Army DOD, thereby blessing his family with living in several states and overseas.

Mike raised two beautiful children, and he loved spending time with them and was active in their lives. A Boy Scout growing up, he became a Scout leader in Miami while his son, Alan, was a Scout. His daughter, Laura, loved to help Dad fix things. Later, they both worked with the high school football team, Laura as a water girl and Mike as a videographer. Cooper, his dog, was his pal.

Mike inherited his passion for flying from his dad. He soloed at sixteen and attended aviation mechanics training at Lake City, Florida, and Ozark, Alabama. After working for several major airlines, he later became an aviation maintenance consultant and volunteered overseas during both Desert Storm and Desert Shield. When in Miami, he even volunteered with the local police department.

Mike married me, Ramona, in 2000. He was an amazing partner and a second son to my parents, Allie Jean and Horace Howell. Our families are very active in family reunions and preserving family ties and history, and he worked hard to build a massive history portfolio of family photos and ancestry. Although a quiet man, Mike was mischievous, a prankster, and laughed easily and often. He was a doer more than a talker.

Mike joined the Chattahoochee Volunteer Fire Department in 2005. He loved the men with whom he worked and the opportunity to serve his community. In his time with the fire department he missed only one call for assistance. He was always looking to find ways to improve his service. He worked at the station as often as possible, doing whatever needed to be done. You could see his joy every time he talked about the fire department.

On April 23, 2006, at 50 years old, Mike passed away in his sleep following a call to work at an automobile accident and fire. His last words to me were, “I think the driver will be fine. I’ll tell you all about it in the morning. I love you.”

Mike was laid to rest on April 27, 2006, his 51st birthday. I will always be grateful for the support and love of our families, friends, members of the Chattahoochee Fire Department, city government officials, and members of the community. I know Mike was proud and very happy to be part of our families and the community he called home.
Jay was born November 29, 1967, in Hawkinsville, Georgia, to Cecil J. and Carolyn Shepherd Brown. He graduated from Dodge County High School in 1985 and received a degree in machine tool technology from Heart of Georgia Technical College. He worked for Lithonia Lighting for 24 years. Jay married his best friend, Lynn Williams, on December 2, 2000. He was a loving stepfather to Stephen and Christina McDuffie. On December 24, 2006, God blessed Jay and Lynn with a beautiful baby girl, Carter Madison.

Jay and several friends helped form the Gresston Volunteer Fire Department in 1985. Jay worked his way up from beginner fireman and finally became Chief Jay Brown in 2005. He was always out in the community answering the many calls of his department. Faithful in attending meetings and checking equipment, he loved spending time at his fire department and took online classes on all the latest firefighting information.

He was at a fire meeting on the night he found out he was going to be a father. And what a father he was! You never saw Jay without his baby girl by his side. He would pick her up from daycare after work. She loved to “help” Daddy check the fire trucks and run fire department errands. They were inseparable.

Jay always wore his fire department pager or radio. He didn’t go 10-8 often, but when he did, he always made sure someone was available to lead the department in his absence.

On a Sunday afternoon, Gresston experienced a very bad thunderstorm, and a call went out for a downed tree. Jay heard several members respond and decided to finish his meal before going out. When a second call was issued, Jay and his friend and fellow fireman, Leroy Lockett, responded to that call. Jay never returned home. He suffered a heart attack at the scene and was taken to heaven to be with his Lord.

Jay loved his family and his community. He was a quiet man who gave freely of his time and his heart. When he spoke, you could be sure it was something that needed to be said. Jay was the best cook in the family, and his favorite place was at home with his wife and kids. He helped raise the children to become the wonderful kids that they are now. He liked to fish and camp, attended Gresston Baptist Church, and was a proud member of the FFA alumni.

Jay was survived by his wife, daughter, stepson, stepdaughter, mother, father, brother, sister, nieces, and nephews. A favorite memory is of him crying when his daughter was born. He frequently said, “Yeah Right.” as a way of saying, “I love you.” to his wife. He will always be remembered as a loving husband, father, friend, and fire chief.
Remembering

Corey D. Ankum
Chicago Fire Department — Illinois
Career Firefighter/EMT
Date of Death: December 22, 2010
Age: 34

Corey D. Ankum was the youngest of four children born to Johnnie and Marie Ankum, on September 26, 1976, in Chicago. He graduated from Charles H. Wacker Elementary School in 1990 and attended Thornton Fractional High School, graduating in 1994. In high school, Corey developed a love and a talent for basketball, which he continued to play with skill and zeal throughout his life. Corey attended Kiswaukee College in Malta, Illinois, where he received his associate degree in business. He continued his education at Kendall College in Evanston, Illinois, where he received a bachelor's degree in business.

After earning his degrees, he became the director of Jack and Jill Daycare, a family owned business, where he met the love of his life, Demeka J. Wade, in October 1999. The happy couple was married on August 8, 2008. Corey graduated from the Chicago Police Academy on November 13, 2008, then transitioned to the Chicago Fire Department (CFD), graduating from the Fire Academy on April 1, 2010.

Corey, known to many as CoCo, was an amazing husband, father, son, brother, uncle, and friend. Most of all, he was proud to be a father to his one and only son, Torey D. Ankum. He had a great sense of humor, a bright smile, and a hearty laugh. Corey was a jack of all trades. He was a self-taught chef, carpenter, mechanic, teacher, and a wonderful role model. You name it, he could do it. He was a sports fanatic, with two of his favorite teams being the San Antonio Spurs and the New England Patriots. He led and taught by example and spent most of his life in the service of others.

On the morning of Wednesday, December 22, 2010, Corey perished together with his comrade, Edward J. Stringer Sr., from injuries sustained while battling a blaze on the Southside of Chicago. Firefighter/EMT Ankum was fighting a fire in a vacant, one-story brick building when a roof and wall collapsed, wounding him fatally and also injuring 17 of his comrades. He received many certificates and honorable mentions within his short time with the CFD. He was loved and respected by all who knew him at the Chicago Fire Department, and he was proud to be part of the “brotherhood.”

Corey is survived by his loving wife and best friend, Demeka; his beautiful children, Demia, Baylee, and Torey; his loving parents, Johnnie and Marie Ankum; grandmother, Pearlie Strickland; siblings, Carol Ankum, Charmain Ankum, Mary Teresa; and a host of other relatives and friends.
Remembering

Brian Colin Carey
Homewood Fire Department — Illinois
Career Firefighter/Paramedic
Date of Death: March 30, 2010
Age: 28

Brian “Boo” was 28 years old at his untimely death. He had recently been hired as a firefighter/paramedic, and it was his dream fulfilled. All the academies, training, testing, and part-time work were arduous, but he was so happy when Homewood Fire Department in Illinois hired him full-time. His career was just getting started when, on March 30, 2010, he answered a call at a house engulfed in flames. There was an elderly invalid inside who he tried to save, but a flashover occurred and both perished.

Brian was very young to die, but he did a lot of living in the short span we had him. He graduated from Loras College with a major in journalism in 2003. He immediately started on all the required schooling for EMT, paramedic, firefighting, and some advanced courses after that. He traveled quite a bit: Ireland (many times), England, Greece, Poland, Holland, and Scotland. In fact, he was making plans for ten mini-trips in 2010. He was an avid reader and loved to debate on any subject. He was a runner and participated in many marathons. He was a White Sox fan, even witnessing Mark Buehrle’s perfect game. Music was a passion, too. Brian had many friends, as he was very outgoing. They miss his sense of humor and camaraderie; he always made each one feel like his best friend.

Brian received the Medal of Valor, State of Illinois Gold Badge Award, and numerous letters of recognition, including one from President Obama. He was honored at the IAFF ceremony in Colorado. The Dublin and Irish Fire Services in Ireland also honored him with a ceremony and statue when they heard of his story, because they knew how much he loved Ireland and his Irish heritage. His ultimate honor, though, is the training center in Homewood, Illinois, dedicated to and named after him. His name will forever be linked to saving lives through training.

After being hired in Homewood, Brian was able to concentrate on other matters. One of the first things he did was to become a volunteer at Lifesource Blood Bank, because he felt very fortunate to have such a good job and wanted to give back. He also did some work at a homeless shelter and in honor of his dog, Beatrice, at PAWS.

Our family is forever changed without Boo, but we go on in his memory because he loved life so much. He worked hard but also knew how to have a good time. We miss his smile, curly hair, and wonderful hugs every time he saw you. He left his mark on everyone he met. He was proud to be a Homewood Firefighter, and we are very, very proud he is our son and brother.
Gary Lowell Cummins had been a volunteer firefighter for 41 years for the small town of Brocton, Illinois. On October 31, 2010, the Brocton Fire Department received a call to a house fire five miles out of town. Gary arrived at the firehouse, as he had so many times before, and jumped into Fire Truck #2. Upon arriving at the fire, the house was fully engulfed. Gary was instructed to reposition his truck, when it went out of control and came to a stop in a field ditch. First responders and medical crew were there immediately to assist, but their attempts failed. Gary passed away that evening from a heart attack. He was 61 years old.

Gary grew up in Brocton and raised his family there as well. He and his late wife, Lois, have two sons, Shon and Thad. As a young man, Gary worked for the local lumberyard but was later elected to be the township road commissioner, a position he held for 28 years. Gary was an avid sportsman. He loved hunting and fishing and shared all of his big stories with family and friends. One of Gary’s greatest attributes was that of storytelling. In more recent years, he and his sons had taken up drag racing. Gary loved poking fun at Shon and Thad over whose car was faster and who had the better reaction time. Everyone that knew Gary understood that if he gave you a hard time, he considered you a friend. Another interest Gary had was showing draft horses. He and his family showed horses for many years, and later he served as the assistant superintendent of the Brocton Spring Festival and Draft Horse Show.

Being a part of the fire department was a big part of Gary’s life. He was a first responder and held the position of assistant fire chief for many years. The Brocton Fire Department is made up of men and women that volunteer their time and talents to keep our community safe, and Gary was proud to be a part of that.

Of all the jobs and positions Gary held over his lifetime, the positions of dad and grandpa were his favorite. Gary was a very proud father and a doting grandfather to his grandson, Trevyn. Gary was a great friend, devoted husband, father, and grandfather. He is greatly missed.
Lieutenant Frank Fouts or “Lou,” as his colleagues called him, began his career as a firefighter in 1998. Since that time, he had accelerated through the ranks at Kankakee City Fire Department and became a lieutenant in 2004. Frank also received his bachelor’s degree in fire science that same year. He was a member of Local 653.

Frank was an amazing husband to his wife, Kathleen, and a wonderful father to his children, Frank “Grant” Fouts and Parker E. Fouts. Frank was a devoted family man and loved spending time with his wife and two small children when not working. He was a compassionate, loving, fair, and hardworking individual.

Frank’s passion for being a firefighter was a direct reflection of the respect he had for his colleagues. He knew he was working with really great people, and he cared about all of them and felt honored to be with them.

Frank William Fouts V would be humbled to be honored at this year’s National Memorial Service.
Remembering

Thomas Dale Innes
Hindsboro Community Fire Protection District — Illinois
Volunteer Assistant Chief
Date of Death: October 3, 2010
Age: 61

Thomas Dale “Tinker Tom” Innes passed away on October 3, 2010, as a result of a heart attack, which occurred following a call he answered as a first responder for the Hindsboro Volunteer Fire Department. For his service, he was honored with the Illinois Duty Death Gold Badge Award and is recognized on plaques at the Illinois Firefighters Memorial in Springfield, Illinois, and the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial in Emmitsburg, Maryland.

Tom was a proud lifelong resident of Hindsboro, Illinois, and had been the assistant fire chief. In addition to the fire department, he served on the Bowdre Township Cemetery Board.

On June 29, 1949, Tom was born to Robert Dale and Nora Mae Innes in Tuscola, Illinois. He graduated from Oakland High School in 1967. On June 14, 1968, he married Cheryl Sue Hallowell. Tom and Cheryl raised four children: Mike (Denise) Innes, Paula Innes (fiancé Doug Williams), Connie (Jeff) Hoel, and Carol (Alan) Myers. His beloved grandchildren were Jackson Thomas and Alex James Hoel and Malcolm Thomas Innes. While attending college, Tom accepted a job as a highway maintainer with the Illinois Department of Transportation, from which he retired in 2002. To his credit, Tom had many interests. He was elected to the Oakland School Board and was a member of the NRA, Moose, and Teamsters. As his nickname reveals, Tom was always tinkering around. He maintained a busy lifestyle following “retirement,” devoting himself to his wife and grandkids and assisting Jeff Chambliss with his farm operation. He continued to plow snow for the township as requested.

His passion for restoring pheasant to our area was fulfilled through planting habitat for Pheasants Forever, an organization he donated his time, effort and enthusiasm to. He was also their treasurer. Tom’s hobbies included traveling, history, hunting, NASCAR races, and building projects. Most of all, he enjoyed spending time with his family, especially his wife, grandchildren and mother. Tom and Cheryl were an example of true love and were inseparable.

Tom’s gentle nature and ability to speak to anyone meant he did not know a stranger. A true hero is a grandpa who teaches with patience and love. Always there, and now never forgotten, his legacy lives on.
Mark was born August 22, 1955, in Mandan, North Dakota. When he was a child, his family moved to Willowbrook, Illinois. Mark proudly grew up with his parents, Carol and Phil, and his siblings, Eric, Hope, Joyce, and Leif.

Mark met his wife, Cheryl, in 1976. They married in May 1978 and celebrated their 32nd wedding anniversary in 2010. Their son, Matt, was born in July 1979. Mark loved being a father and best friend to Matt. He was very proud and enjoyed watching Matt grow up. Mark was Matt’s #1 fan and was always there supporting Matt - with a SMILE!

Mark loved to sing, hum, whistle, and play his guitar. He made the best chocolate chip cookies, enjoyed watching sports, and loved playing in softball leagues and pick-up football games. He rarely missed an episode of JEOPARDY! or Seinfeld. During the summer you could always find him outside “baking” in the sun, especially during his annual vacation to South Haven, Michigan.

Mark loved to learn. He was always learning new things and teaching others. After graduating from Hinsdale South High School, Mark lived at home, went to college, and worked at Soukup Hardware in Hinsdale. In 1977, he graduated from the University of Illinois-Chicago with a bachelor’s degree in psychology. Mark later earned an associate’s degree in fire science from the College of DuPage and a bachelor’s degree in fire science from Southern Illinois University.

In January 1981, Mark joined Tri-State Fire Department. After moving to LaGrange Park, Mark joined their fire department as a paid-on-call member in September 1981 and worked there for almost 15 years.

In 1986, he joined the Hinsdale Fire Department as a full-time member. For over 24 years, Mark served the Hinsdale Fire Department in many capacities, including firefighter, paramedic, hazmat tech, inspector, lieutenant, training officer, captain, and deputy chief. Mark’s former lieutenant noted, “Mark worked tirelessly to make sure the training of our members was at the highest level.”

Mark’s SMILE was well known around the fire house. Some of the members noted, “Mark had a knack for teasing people without coming across as mean spirited. Even his bad jokes produced a smile, because he was always wearing one himself. He took his job very seriously, but never took himself too seriously. Around the fire house he was a jungle gym for all the kids - young and old!” Mark made us all SMILE!

He had a way of letting you know that everything was going to be alright. From a letter Mark once wrote to his Dad, “I am not worried about facing the future because you have already given me everything I need to face it. Your strength and your love.”
Remembering
Edward J. Stringer Sr.
Chicago Fire Department — Illinois
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: December 22, 2010
Age: 47

Edward J. Stringer Sr., born on April 26, 1963, was a 12-year veteran of the Chicago Fire Department. He served with Engine 63 and was a member of Local 2. Edward was a spontaneous man who brought life and zest to all those around him. A very considerate, neighborly man, he would lend a helping hand in any needed situation. His crude sense of humor and sarcastic ways will be missed by his family, friends, and “brothers.” He truly knew how to brighten one's day with a hysterical gesture or joke or simply by his captivating and contagious smile.

Edward, a very intelligent individual, graduated from Curie High School in Chicago. In 1981, he became a proud father to his son, Edward J. Stringer Jr. At a very young age, he endeavored to provide with everything he had, working two jobs and taking college courses at Daley Community College in Chicago. His encyclopedic knowledge of the city’s features and geography came into play when he worked many years as a delivery man throughout the city. Later, in 1988, it helped him when he himself “delivered” his daughter, Jennifer M. Stringer, in a Bridgeport, Illinois apartment. Always an enthusiastic, hardworking family man, his children will hold dear the memory of their father as an unsurpassed role model and mentor.

In 1998, Edward’s passion showed through when he joined the Chicago Fire Department. Anyone who knew him could tell his pride to be a part of the “brotherhood.” He actively participated in many fire department benefits and also worked raising money to send child fire victims to burn camp.

Throughout the years, Edward enjoyed cooking, a good cocktail, rooting for the Chicago White Sox, listening to rock and blues, walks with his dog, Roscoe, and spending time and countless laughs with his friends, family, and coworkers. He was an avid motorcycle rider who loved to travel, spend time outdoors at his campsite—fondly known as “the Happy Place”—and recently cherished any free time with his confidante, Joan Husemann-Middendorf.

The loss of such a brave firefighter, a beloved son, an incredible father, a cherished friend, a fine man, will never be adequately measured or put into words. He always told me, “Don’t call me a hero. I’m just a regular guy, doing my job.” But in the hearts of his survivors, a “hero” he will always be.
Remembering

Christopher D. Wheatley
Chicago Fire Department — Illinois
Career Firefighter/Paramedic
Date of Death: August 9, 2010
Age: 31

Chris graduated from the CFD Paramedic Academy just after turning 21 years of age in 2000. He was always a positive, upbeat, fun, focused person who committed himself to learning all he could to be a better paramedic, with his eye on crossing over to firefighter. After eight years as a CFD paramedic, his dream came true in 2008 when he “crossed over” to CFD firefighter/paramedic. He loved the action, camaraderie, and discipline of the department and particularly loved the City of Chicago, proudly serving in the “best fire department in the world.”

Chris also instructed medical students at University of Chicago Circle Campus and instructed, through StartGroup, fire safety/emergency procedures in his off time. He committed himself to fitness in order to serve the best he could. In total Chris style, he prepared himself very well and took the CFD lieutenant test in early 2009. When grades were released in early 2011, his family was advised that he passed that test with a 92%. He always committed himself to his goals and did what was needed to succeed.

An avid Bears fan, Chris would celebrate every victory and could not be spoken to for awhile after a heartfelt loss. He also loved his Cubs and Blackhawks and celebrated with Chicago the Blackhawk victory in 2009!

To those of us who knew Chris, from the moment he was born he was and will remain forever loved by his mother, father, sister, many cousins, aunts and uncles. Together with his many friends, we know a part of all of us is gone, and we will miss him every moment of every day, but are always grateful that we were blessed with Chris in our lives.
Rick was a man who lived his entire life devoted to serving others. He was a member of the United States Marine Corps from 1989-1993. He was a dedicated youth group leader and deacon at his church for over 15 years. He worked as a corrections officer at the Bartholomew County jail, where he was known to be compassionate and willing to help anyone in need, no matter what they had done.

He is survived by his wife, Christy, and his children, Andy (19), Elizabeth (18), Eric (11), Abby (9). He was most importantly a loving and caring husband and father to his four children.

After witnessing and assisting, to the best of his ability, with an automobile accident while traveling home from work one evening, Rick decided to join the German Township Volunteer Fire Department in June of 2007. He said this was because he never wanted to feel helpless in that kind of situation again and wanted to be able to help people in the best way possible. It became his true passion. It pained Rick to ever have to miss a run for any reason. As in all other areas of his life, he became known in the department for his infectious smile and laughter.

Rick never met a stranger and would have given the shirt off of his back to anyone who asked. Rick was an avid Indianapolis Colts fan and was very proud of his children for following in those footsteps. He also enjoyed collecting anything related to the military and took the opportunity to target practice with his guns at any opportunity he had. When he wasn't busy with the fire department or his family, you could most likely find Rick in front of the Xbox, enjoying taking out the bad guys in the latest war related video game.

Rick’s presence and involvement with his community and family will forever be missed. The impact he had on all around him will never be forgotten.
Chad Null, 33, of Sullivan, Indiana, passed away on December 16, 2010, at the fire station after returning from two emergency medical services calls. He was born on November 12, 1977, in Tipton to Michael Null and Norma Simmons Null Firestone.

Chad was a 1997 graduate of Hamilton Heights High School and served as a Sullivan police officer for five years. He began volunteering on the fire department in 1997 and had been a full-time firefighter and paramedic for the City of Sullivan for about five years. He was a member of the Firefighters Union Local 1438 and the Wild Turkey Federation.

He was survived by his wife of eight years, Cassandra Marie Emley Null, whom he married October 19, 2002; one son, Gabriel Null; one daughter, Grace Null; his father, Michael Null; his mother, Norma Simmons Null Firestone; his grandmother, Emma Jean Null; and extended family.

He was a good guy and loved his job and his family and doing things for the community.
Ronald Stephan, 61, of Lynn, Indiana, passed away at his family farm residence on Saturday, September 25, 2010. He was born April 8, 1949, in Greenville, Ohio, the son of Frederick W. and Ethel M. (Wilson) Stephan. He was a graduate of Randolph Southern High School and served in the United States Army during Vietnam. Ron was 6’5” and often referred to as “Bigfoot” by children and adults in the community because of his size 17 shoes. His physical stature captured everyone’s attention, but it was his gentle nature and generous heart that made a lasting impression.

A lifelong farmer in the Lynn area, Ron could often be found helping others. Nothing made him happier than making life easier for someone else. Whether it was plowing driveways in the middle of winter or running errands before the fire department’s annual fish fry, no task was too large or insignificant. He served on the Lynn Community Volunteer Fire Department for almost 20 years and was instrumental in fire safety and education of the youth. He could easily be described as a community advocate, serving as a member on the Randolph Southern School Board for almost 10 years, a Randolph Southern Athletic Booster, a member of the Spartanburg Cemetery Board and a Lynn Lions member. His school spirit was unmatched. He loved athletics and supported students and athletes at Randolph Southern religiously. There is no doubt that he loved his community and was always looking for ways to give back.

Ron worked hard, but didn’t take himself too seriously. He understood that life was about balance, and he made sure to do things he enjoyed. He always had a joke, funny story, or funny videos on his phone to share with others. He hunted, fished, went tractor pulling, and watched NASCAR every weekend. He was a very “real” man, and while he had a genuine appreciation for his community, it was his family that he cherished. He was married to Jackie for 38 years and raised two children. Those closest to Ron knew that his granddaughters were the center of his life. He loved taking them for rides on the four-wheeler or tractor. He often visited them at school or brought them lunch. There was never any doubt how much his family meant to him.

Ron Stephan was one of a kind. His dedication to his community, school, and family are sorely missed, but he leaves behind an amazing legacy for anyone who knew him.

A quote by Frederick William Faber describes Ron well: *There are souls in this world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them when they go.*
Steven S. Crannell, age 47, was a member of the Guthrie Center Fire Department for over 20 years. He joined the fire department on October 5, 1989, and did a lot of activities with the members of the fire department. Not only did they serve on the department together, the families took vacations together, and a close bond was formed with his fellow firefighters.

Guthrie Center Fire Department is a volunteer department, and Steve was a volunteer in every form. He held the office of president for five years and became the secretary/treasurer in 1996, a position he held until his death. Steve loved to see money grow and used his skills to help his local fire department succeed. Steve knew no stranger and always welcomed everyone with a smile that made you feel like you had been friends for years.

Not only did he help the fire department, he was very involved in all aspects of the Guthrie Center community. He helped the Guthrie Center School’s booster club and was president of the preschool Tiger Tykes. He was a member of the Guthrie Center Development Board and Chamber of Commerce, a past president of the Lions Club, and served on the planning and zoning committee. As a State Farm agent, Steve truly was a Good Neighbor to all.

Steve graduated from Marshalltown High School in 1981. He married Vicki Varnum in 1985, and they moved to Guthrie Center in 1988, where he was the State Farm agent. Steve and Vicki worked together in the office for over 21 years. They have two children, son Nate (23), of West Des Moines, Iowa; and daughter Mandy (20), a current student at the University of Northern Iowa.

Steve and Vicki loved to ride their motorcycle and frequently took long trips with friends. The impact he had on friends and loved ones was strong and will never be forgotten. The character and values that he instilled in his community and department left a lasting impression and will remain strong for generations.
Captain Urban A. Eck was a 27-year veteran of the Wichita Fire Department. He was injured while working at a two alarm building fire on December 13, 2009. He died on January 2, 2010.

Captain Eck was 51 and is survived by his wife, Lori, and their eight children.

Captain Eck was hired by the Wichita Fire Department on March 29, 1982, and was assigned to Station 11 at 1845 George Washington Boulevard. He was promoted to lieutenant in November 1989 and to captain in January 1994. He also served the community as a member of the Hazardous Materials Response Team.

Captain Eck was one of several Wichita Fire Department firefighters recognized by Firehouse Magazine for his courageous efforts during a 2008 house fire.

Captain Eck is remembered by all who knew him as a leader. In 2010, he was posthumously named Firefighter of the Year for his years of dedication to the fire service and the community.

“Urban was a dedicated public servant and outstanding fire officer,” Chief Ronald D. Blackwell said. “He was always there for the public and for his fellow firefighters in times of need. He will be sorely missed.”
Stanley L. Giles
Linn Valley Lakes Fire Department — Kansas
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: February 10, 2010
Age: 69

Stan was born on January 17, 1941, to Melvel and Martha (Zuidema) Giles in Muskegon, Michigan, and grew up in Arizona. He had one younger sister, Sandy. After graduating from Santa Cruz Valley High School in Casa Grande, Arizona, he joined the Air Force with the intention of making that his career. He was trained as a jet mechanic and sent back to the upper peninsula of Michigan for his duty station. He was a firm believer that if you were raised in the desert and used to the heat, the military would send you to cold country to cool you down. He was injured while on duty, sent to Illinois for treatment and evaluation of the injury, and discharged for medical reasons.

In 1965, he married Frances (Fran) Watson. They moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where their son, Robert, was born in 1967. Stan worked for Ford Distributing as a route salesman. In 1970, they moved to Arkansas, where he was a volunteer deputy sheriff for the White County Sheriff’s Department and a route salesman for Wonder Bread. In 1974, he moved the family to Overland Park, Kansas, after taking a position with Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company as a service manager. During his 17 years with Goodyear, he was promoted to district automotive service manager, covering four states.

After leaving Goodyear, he taught auto mechanics at the Area Vocational Training School in the Kansas City, Kansas, school district where he was chosen “Teacher of the Year” his last year of teaching. Then he and Fran moved to Linn Valley Lakes so Stan could play golf and fish if he wasn’t on the golf course. He decided he would join the Linn Valley Lakes Volunteer Fire Department to have something to do when he wasn’t playing golf and while Fran was at work during the day. He spent over ten years in the department, including eight years as fire chief. During his tenure as fire chief, he helped the department grow from just a few to approximately 18 volunteers, added two newer fire trucks, replaced worn out equipment, introduced First Responder training to the force, worked with the county fire director to get his firefighters certified, and assisted the community in offering fire safety programs for the residents. Stan was looking forward to attending his grandson Brenden’s Eagle Scout ceremony in Cincinnati in 2012.

Everyone knew Stan; and if they needed anything they could call him, and he would come. From getting skunks out from under the porch to putting out house fires, he was always there. His family and his community miss him greatly.
John Bradford Glaser was born October 7, 1976, in Kansas City, Missouri, to Arvon and Patty Glaser. He was a 1995 graduate of Blue Valley Northwest High School in Overland Park, Kansas. John earned his BA degree in 2000 from the University of Kansas, where he was a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity. He was a veteran of the United States Marine Corps.

On June 21, 2004, John began his career as a firefighter with the City of Shawnee Fire Department. He was a member of the water rescue team, where he achieved his certification as a Swift Water Rescue I swimmer and ice rescue technician. John was also a member of the hazardous materials team, where he achieved his certification as a hazardous materials technician and in chemistry of hazardous materials. John achieved the level of Firefighter III.

John met his future wife, Amber, in high school, and they were later married on August 27, 2005, in Lawrence, Kansas. John and Amber had two children. Brecken Joseph was born October 18, 2007, and Emma Grace was born December 10, 2009.

John was an all-American guy. He loved his family and friends, watching sports, and competing in triathlons. He was an avid Kansas Jayhawks fan. He was a man of character; he was funny, smart, and full of life. John could walk into a room full of complete strangers and leave with lifelong friends. Above all, John was an amazing husband and father to Brecken and Emma. In the 33 years he was here, John touched so many lives and inspired each of us to be a better person.

John died on Saturday, May 22, 2010, in the line of duty, while attempting a rescue in a structure fire. Although John is not with us today, he’s forever in our hearts.
Harold was born February 5, 1936, in rural Havana, Kansas. He was one of seven siblings. Harold was an outstanding athlete in high school, lettering in football, basketball, and track all four years. He graduated from Peru High School in 1954.

He married Edna in 1957, and they had three wonderful children, Elizabeth, Harold Jr., and Tracy. He loved and enjoyed his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Nick, his oldest grandson, had served with him on the fire department for the past 10 years.

Harold D. Reed Sr. was 74 years old when he died of a heart attack while fighting a grass fire. He had been a volunteer firefighter for the city of Peru, and then captain of the Chautauqua County Rural Fire District #3 in Peru, Kansas, for a total of 47 years.

His dedication to the community went beyond just the fire department. He also served as mayor and councilman for the city of Peru for 50 years. While in office, he worked on countless projects to help improve the city. His proudest accomplishment was the completion of new water and sewer lines. His fair, consistent leadership and willingness to help others made him a very well respected and loved person in the community.

His interests and achievements have been his family, friends, and fire department. He was a great son, husband, dad, grandpa, great-grandpa, friend, community leader, and firefighter.
Jon Siemers was born September 30, 1965, in Hays, Kansas, to Ted and Bev (Kincaid) Siemers. In 1973, when Jon was still a boy, his family moved to Wyoming. They moved to Clay Center, Kansas, in 1982, after his dad retired from the Union Pacific Railroad.

In 1985, Jon married Brenda Jensen; they were married for 24½ years when he died. In 1985, Jon and Brenda welcomed their first son, Daniel, followed by Courtney in 1988, and then Adam in 1992. All three of his boys followed in his footsteps, becoming members of the Clay Center Fire Department.

Jon joined the National Guard in 1984 and ended his enlistment in 1995. He started working at the city street department in 1987. In 1988, he became a volunteer of the Clay Center Fire Department. In 1997, he transferred from the street department and became a full-time firefighter. He became chief of the department in 2003, where he served until his death in 2010. Jon was also a member of the North Central Kansas Homeland Security Council, KSFFA and Clay County Rescue. Along with these, he was also the building inspector for the city.

Jon loved his job and helping the community. He enjoyed helping young people in the community learn about fire safety and fire prevention. He was the leader of the Explorer program at the fire department for several years. He also wrote many grants and helped get new tornado sirens for the city.

Jon loved to hunt, fish, and run cars in the demolition derby. He enjoyed being with his family and took pride in having family dinners on Sunday, where he was able to cook for everyone. In July 2008 he became a grandpa, which he considered to be one of his proudest moments. He was making plans after his retirement to spend all his time spoiling his grandson.

Jon will be missed by all. He will always be remembered for his great sense of humor, his smile, and his wave he had for everyone he met.
Larry W. Suiter
Lorraine Green Garden Fire Department — Kansas
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: September 4, 2010
Age: 65

Larry was a man of his word whose life reflected his faith. His joy was to be of service to others.

Larry was born on January 28, 1945, in Pratt, Kansas. He graduated from high school in Lorraine, Kansas, in 1963. He joined the Marine Corps and served twice in Vietnam. Larry liked to travel and chose to serve in the embassy duty as a Marine Corps guard. He was stationed in the American Embassy in Moscow, Russia, where he met his future wife, Rosy, a native of Switzerland. Afterwards, he was stationed at the embassy in Bern, Switzerland, where he and Rosy married in 1967. Larry was a loving husband to Rosy and father to his daughter, Diana, and son, Thomas.

Larry's heart was informing, and he and Rosy moved to Lorraine in 1968. He farmed until 1974, when he started to work at the Lorraine Grain Fuel and Stock Company. He worked as a grain elevator superintendent until his death in 2010. He found much satisfaction in his work, as he liked to help farmers.

His community was very important to him. He joined the Lorraine Volunteer Fire Department in 1974 and had served as the department's chief since 1990. He enjoyed serving with the other firefighters. He was happy giving rides on the fire truck to the children when they had fire department fundraisers. The firefighters showed their love by leading the funeral procession in their fire trucks and by honoring him with the last call at the cemetery.

Larry served on the Lorraine City Council and was an usher at the First Baptist Church of Lorraine, where he enjoyed greeting people. When his son, Thomas, joined the Boy Scouts in 1984, Larry became a Boy Scout leader, a role he enjoyed until he passed away. He was a member of the Arrow and Brotherhood. He was a 2002 recipient of the Silver Beaver Award.

Larry was a patriotic man. He joined the American Legion Post #200 in Holyrood, Kansas, in 1977, and served three times as a commander. He also was a member of the VFW Post 6485 in Ellsworth. Larry lived a full life and is loved and missed by all who knew him.
Remembering

Terry L. Cannon
Buechel Fire Protection District — Kentucky
Volunteer Major
Date of Death: January 17, 2010
Age: 51

Terry Leo Cannon was born on May 31, 1958. His parents, Albert and Carolyn Cannon, raised him in Buechel most of his life. Friends and classmates remember Terry as a little boy running to the edge of the road to watch a fire truck go by. He always told them, “I’m going to be a fireman one day.”

After graduating from Seneca High School in 1976, Terry followed his dream; and, on February 7, 1977, he was voted onto the Buechel Volunteer Fire Department. In December of 1977, Terry met his future wife of 30 years, Barbara L. Reynolds. They were married on April 5, 1980. On July 15, 1981, Terry was hired by the Buechel Fire Department as the first paid firefighter/maintenance personnel.

He was blessed with the birth of his first daughter, Krista Lynn Cannon, on April 10, 1987. Through the years, Terry attended Jefferson Community College and received an associate degree in fire science shortly after the birth of his second daughter, Kara Lynn Cannon, on September 25, 1992. Terry went on to become an EMT and continued on to become an EMT instructor. He was a member of the HAZMAT team and the trench rescue team for Jefferson County. He held many certifications, including certified firefighter and fire inspector. On April, 5, 2002, he fulfilled his second dream to become a certified arson investigator.

Terry was an active member of the St. Bartholomew Church. He and his daughters were members of the bell choir, and at the time of his death he sat on the parish council.

Terry was a dedicated father. He never failed to attend every dance recital, basketball, volleyball, and soccer game, as well as every cheerleading event and swim meet. His daughters are very much Daddy’s girls, and he loved them dearly.

After climbing through the ranks and 20 years as a paid firefighter, Terry retired from the fire department on July 31, 2001. Terry continued with the department as a volunteer. He was promoted to major that year. He went back to work as a life safety code inspector for the Office of the Inspector General. After a few years, he transferred to the Kentucky State Fire Marshal’s office as a deputy state fire marshal.

Terry is remembered as a peacekeeper, dedicated public servant, true friend to all, loving father, and soul mate to his wife. We will never forget that beautiful smile he always wore. He was truly a good man. Over 75 pieces of fire apparatus and over a thousand friends and family attended his funeral.
Worne Hall, age 86, was born on November 30, 1923, in Hitchins, Kentucky. He was retired from General Refractories Company in Hitchins.

Worne was a founding member of the Hitchins Volunteer Fire Department. He served the department for 33 years as a firefighter and captain. He helped start, build, and lay the last brick for the department's building.

He is survived by his wife of 64 years, Lona Mae Hall; his daughter, Leslie Jo; and four grandchildren. He was a great provider for his family and a loving father to his kids.

Worne always wanted to be a firefighter, putting the community that he loved first.

Worne passed away while on a call doing one of the things he loved most—watching the helicopter land.

He was a well-liked figure in the community and will be sadly missed.
Tommy Adams was born January 21, 1957, in Shreveport, Louisiana. A 1975 graduate of Fair Park High School, he attended Northeast Louisiana University until 1977, when he received the call from Shreveport Fire Department. Tommy became a member of the Shreveport Fire Department family on July 18, 1977, and began his career of 32 years at Station 15.

Tommy became one of the first paramedics in northwest Louisiana in 1985. He was promoted to fire medic officer in January 1988 and spent this part of his career as a medic officer on Medic 10, Station 10, at Line and Oneonta Street. In July 1994, Tommy was appointed to the position of emergency medical supervisor for C-shift and stationed downtown at Central Fire Station. Tommy spent the next 13 years in the role of EMS supervisor.

Throughout his career, Tommy received numerous awards and commendations, including the first Medical Director’s Award for outstanding service, dedication, and professionalism in the field of paramedicine in 1996, given by Doctor Ronald Lambert. Tommy was also the recipient of Outstanding Officer of the Year in 2002. In 1998, under the direction of Fire Chief Kelvin Cochran, the city added a 2nd EMS supervisor position, and Tommy was asked to establish this position at Station 19, which he did. Tommy remained at Station 19, Car 83 EMS Supervisor until January 2007, when he was promoted to battalion chief.

Tommy became a flight crew member of Schumpert Medical Centers, Life Air One in 1989. Tommy flew as a flight paramedic with Life Air One and became a charter crew member of Life Air Rescue in January 1994. Tommy continued to work as a flight paramedic from 1994 until his injury, making his total career in flight/air rescue services 19 years. Tommy loved his crew and flight partners and enjoyed every day that he was a part of the Life Air Rescue family. He will be missed.

The world was a better place for having Tommy Adams as a part of it. Tommy was known for his gentle spirit, loving nature, infectious laugh, corny jokes and, of course, a smile that lit up a room.

Tommy’s dedication to his roles with both Shreveport Fire Department and Life Air Rescue defined professionalism, ethics, and quality unlike any before him and few after him. Tommy loved to help others. He loved being a paramedic, and it showed in every scene he responded to, every class he taught, every young firefighter he mentored, and every patient he touched. Tommy Lee Adams was in a class by himself. The loss of his presence will be felt throughout this city.

He is survived by his wife, Traci Lee Adams, and children, Jordan and Kristen Adams.
Remembering

Brian Joseph Rowe
West Fork Volunteer Fire Department — Maine
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: March 5, 2010
Age: 67

Brian J. Rowe graduated from Morse High School in Bath, Maine, and immediately enlisted in the U.S. Navy. He served in Vietnam and the Merchant Marines.

He was a deputy sheriff and dispatcher for eight years in Sagadahoc County, where he received an award from the Brunswick/Bath Area Emergency Medical Services for assisting a babysitter in CPR of an infant child. Brian served with the Woolwich Fire Department for 19 years, where he was the assistant chief. He served for 12 years with the West Forks Fire Department, including four years as chief.

He was the president of the local snowmobile club, Nequasset Trail Breakers. He was also a Maine Master Guide, president of the Forks Area Fish & Game Club, and a security officer at Bath Ironworks. He loved the outdoors, hunting and fishing, and he guided hundreds of overnight trips on the Kennebec River.

Brian was a father of three, grandfather of four, and was known to play Santa Claus on occasion. (He was found out by his granddaughter, Sadie.) He took his grandson, Wyatt, turkey hunting, and he slept through the whole thing, even the noise of the box call. Brian would take the kids out of school every year, one at a time, to bond with them each individually, hunting mostly.

Brian died in 2010 in the line of duty, responding to a snowmobiling accident in The Forks, where he lived.

He is survived by his loving wife, Judy; his three children, Michael, Lonny, and Crystal; and his four grandchildren, Sadie, Wyatt, Cash, and Boyd.
Remembering

Donald W. Hubbel
Baltimore City Fire Department — Maryland
Career Captain
Date of Death: February 1, 2008
Age: 42

Donald Wayne Hubbel died February 1, 2008, after conducting training evolution drills at the Baltimore City Fire Department’s training academy.

Born in Baltimore, he was a 1983 Overlea High School graduate. He attended classes at Essex Community College and later took numerous fire science courses. He served in the U.S. Navy and later worked as an electrician. After joining the fire department in 1993, he was initially assigned to the Glen Avenue truck company. He was promoted to emergency vehicle driver and assigned to Truck 18 and then to Rescue 1. After becoming a lieutenant at Engine 52, he returned to Rescue 1. He was promoted to captain and headed Squads 47 and 54, and most recently returned to Rescue 1 in downtown Baltimore.

Captain Hubbel was part of the department’s special operations command, a member of the city’s special rescue operations team, and a rescue specialist for the Maryland Task Force II and other area rescue units. He was an adjunct instructor at the fire academy, where he loved teaching recruits. During his career, Captain Hubbel received numerous department commendations for outstanding acts of service and many distinguished service awards, including a Meritorious Conduct Medal, an Exemplary Performance Medal and four Distinguished Unit Citations.

In 2003, he assisted after Tropical Storm Isabel struck the Baltimore area, and in 2005, he went to St. Bernard Parish, Louisiana, to help with rescue and recovery efforts after Hurricane Katrina.

He was the beloved husband of 10 years of Diane M. (Marino) Hubbel; devoted father of Amanda A. and Tabitha M. Hubbel; devoted stepfather of Nicholas J., Michael F. and Andrew D. Stromberg; beloved son of Wayne J. Hubbel and the late Carol Fuller; dear stepson of Maryalice Ditzler-Hubbel; and the dear brother of C Debbie Shifflet and Susan M. Hubbel.

His stepson, Nicholas Stromberg, completed the Baltimore City Fire Academy the same day that Captain Hubbel died.

“He was extremely level-headed and liked the challenge of assessing an emergency situation and then figuring out how to best handle it,” said Division Chief Joe Brocato.
Kenneth D. Marshall Jr.
Rehoboth Fire Department — Massachusetts
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: November 25, 2010
Age: 33

Kenny was born on December 3, 1976, to Kenneth and Rhonda Marshall. He graduated from Dighton Rehoboth Regional High School in 1995. He was a third-generation firefighter on the Rehoboth Fire Department. He was also an EMT. His father, Ken, and grandfather, George, are both retired members of the Rehoboth Fire Department. Kenny’s brother, Jonathan, is also on the fire department. While responding to a call on Thanksgiving night, Kenny had a fatal heart attack when he was pulling the engine out of the station.

Kenny was always lending people a hand when he had the time. A family man, he also loved spending time with his two children. He enjoyed fishing and hunting. He also enjoyed going to watch all of the activities that his children were involved in. He enjoyed our family trip to New Hampshire that we took every summer. Kenny worked as a heavy equipment operator for J.H. Lynch.

Kenny’s children, Brianna and Trevor, loved going to the station with their daddy on Sunday mornings for tone test, just like he did when he was a kid. Whenever Daddy went on a fire call, they wanted to go with him to watch. The kids thought it was cool if the tone went off while we were out, so that way we could go and watch from the car. They love the fire trucks.

Kenny is survived by his wife, Bethany; his 6-year-old daughter, Brianna; and his 3-year-old son, Trevor. He is also survived by his parents, brother, grandparents, in-laws, aunts, uncles, nephews, and cousins.

He is greatly missed by everyone.
David A. Sullivan, beloved son of the late Walter C. and Nadia A. Sullivan, suffered a fatal heart attack on July 25, 2010, after working at a structure fire the previous day.

Dave was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, on September 1, 1939, and grew up in Longmeadow. He attended Norway Street School, Longmeadow Junior High School, and was president of the first graduating class of Longmeadow High School in 1957. Dave served in the U.S. Army from 1960-1964. He graduated from UMass in 1966 with a degree in civil engineering.

Dave worked in real estate and development before retiring. Later he was self-employed as a Title 5 inspector for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He served on the board of directors for the Driftwood Shores Community Association on the Otis Reservoir, where he lived for over 30 years. He was an active volunteer firefighter for the Otis Volunteer Fire Department.

Dave leaves his beloved sons, Douglas W. Sullivan and Peter D. Sullivan; his stepdaughter, Kimberly Lussier; his granddaughter, Devin K. Sullivan; two sisters, Nancy S. Porter and Deborah D. Sullivan; his two nephews, Scott and Jeff Porter; and many loyal friends and neighbors in the Berkshires.

He touched so many lives, always smiling and lending a helping hand wherever needed.
Tom was born February 10, 1942, in Kalamazoo, Michigan. He graduated from Richland High School in 1960. Tom became a Journeyman Millwright after completing a Millwright Apprenticeship. He worked in auto factories, paper mills, food factories, and nuclear power plants until his retirement.

Tom married Janice Irene Mahoney in 1963. He had two children, a son, John (wife Erin), and a daughter, Kimberly. He had two grandchildren, Avery Elizabeth and Kendra Lynn. Tom moved his family to Hickory Corners, Michigan, in 1974, and after a fire in their new home he joined the Hickory Corners Fire Department as a firefighter and became fire chief of that department in 1978. While on this department, he became president of the Barry County Fire Chiefs Association.

Tom and his family moved to Athens, Michigan, in 1987. In 1993, Tom joined the Athens Township Fire Department as a firefighter and was appointed fire chief of that department in 1998. Tom was involved with the 911 Committee, Tri County Firefighters Association, and Calhoun County Fire Chiefs Association.

Firefighting was Tom’s life’s passion until his passing on December 31, 2010.
Veteran volunteer firefighter Jerry Thompson died after collapsing at the scene of a mobile home fire on January 14, 2010.

Jerry was a resident of the Neshoba community. He performed maintenance work for many years and was a member of Neshoba Baptist Church. He enjoyed fishing. Though he was quiet, he was always there to help other people in their time of need.

Survivors include his mother, Hazel Foster, of Union; and three brothers, Joe Thompson, Mike Thompson, and Sidney Thompson.

Jerry was a very dedicated and caring person.
Randall S. Davenport
Marshall Fire Department — Missouri
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: October 24, 2010
Age: 37

Randall Scott Davenport, 37, of Marshall, Missouri, died Sunday, October 24, 2010, at the fire station after fighting two structure fires.

He was born April 16, 1973, in Waverly, Missouri, to William Henry Davenport and Barbara Alspaw Davenport. A lifelong resident of Marshall, he was a 1991 graduate of Marshall High School and attended firefighter recruit training through Columbia Fire Academy. He had been a firefighter for the Marshall Fire Department since 2004 and had recently obtained his EMT license. He was a member of IAFF Local 2706.

Randall was a member of Marshall Family Worship Center and Marshall Drag Racing Team. He enjoyed riding his Harley.

In addition to his parents, he is survived by his wife, Sarah (Hall); his children, Maggie Jane Davenport and Henry Parker Davenport; his siblings, Lola Christine Jones, Terry Lee Davenport, Vickie Lynn Gochenour, William Henry Davenport Jr., Roger Allen Davenport, and Lori Ann Gibson; and numerous nieces and nephews.

His life’s passion was being a firefighter, loving his family and friends.
Remembering

Donald Duaine Schaper

Timber Knob Volunteer Fire Department — Missouri

Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: April 9, 2010
Age: 53

Donald D. Schaper, 53, died on Friday, April 9, 2010, while working traffic control as a first responder. He was born on January 12, 1957, in St. Louis, Missouri.

Donald was a veteran, having proudly served his country as a United States Navy Seal from 1979 to 1989. He then served his community as a police officer from 1990 to 1995 and as a volunteer firefighter from 1996 until his passing. Donald was a dedicated firefighter and first responder. When he passed, he was doing what he loved—helping his community. Donald also worked as a truck driver.

On October 31, 2008, he married Kimmie Fayleane Robbins. They were together for 11 years and married for 1 year, 5 months, and 9 days. Between them, Donald and Kimmie had six children and 14 grandchildren. Donald was a loving husband, father, and grandfather; a beloved son and brother. We will miss you, our Guardian Angel.

He is survived by his wife, Kimmie; his father, Donald E. Schaper; his mother, Janolah (George) Schaper; his three daughters, Kimberly Schaper, Melissa Wade, and Christy Morris; his two sons, Timothy Schaper and Michael Rhodes; fourteen grandchildren; two brothers; and three sisters. One Grandchild, Kaylee Wade, and one son, Lawrence Rhodes, are with him and the Lord.
Kenneth Adamo
Elmwood Park Fire Department — New Jersey
Volunteer Captain
Date of Death: December 28, 2010
Age: 48

Kenneth Adamo, 48, of Elmwood Park, New Jersey, died on December 28, 2010, after responding to a call.

Kenny was born in Paterson, New Jersey, and lived in Garfield before moving to Elmwood Park. He was a detective for the Garfield Police Department for 25 years and a captain and active member of Elmwood Park Fire Department, Company 1 for eight years. He was also a life member and captain of Garfield Fire Department, Company 5, where he served for 21 years, and a life member of the Garfield Volunteer Ambulance Corps. He was also a longtime member of the New Jersey Metro Fire Photographers Association.

Kenny was a member of the Garfield PBA #46. He was an assistant coach of Paramus Catholic Baseball Team.

He was the beloved husband of Donna (Greco) Adamo, loving son of Thomas and Judy (De Phillips) Adamo, devoted father to Nicole and Alison Adamo, and brother of Susan Stys.

Kenny is remembered for his dedication and determination, working hard to bring his ideas to reality. He was a mentor to the younger members of the department and looked out for his fellow firefighters.
Edward Eckert, 71, a veteran New Jersey firefighter, died June 6, 2010, while preparing to respond to a fire call. He served with the Stafford Township Fire Department in Manahawkin for more than 30 years, including time as chief.

He was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, and was a lifelong area resident. He was a U.S. Navy veteran. He was a member of Redman Lodge #61 in Tuckerton. He was survived by his wife of 49 years, Joyce Eckert; sons, Edward and Joseph Eckert; and six grandchildren.
William E. Akin Jr.

Ghent Volunteer Fire Company — New York

Volunteer Fire Police Captain
Date of Death: October 19, 2010
Age: 54

William E. Akin Jr. was 54 years old when he lost his life on the way to a fire call on October 19, 2010. He had been an active life member of the Ghent Volunteer Fire Company No.1 in New York state for over 40 years before he became captain of the fire police. He had received awards throughout his career, but his most prized award came at our firemen’s banquet, the Lyle Wager Fireman of the Year Award in 2003.

Bill was born on June 29, 1956, to William E. Akin Sr. and Ann Rossman. He married Rita C. Schermerhorn on May 7, 1977. We would have been married 34 years this year. We have two children, William E. Akin III, who will marry Jennifer Rockefeller in November 2011, and a daughter, Ashley A. Butta, who married Nick in June 2011. They are also expecting our first grandchild, a son. Bill is also survived by his sister, Bonnie (Akin) Wheeler.

Bill joined the Ghent Fire Company because he wanted to be a part of his community. He was also a member of the Ghent VFW Social Sons, The Ghent Sportman's Club, and Christ Lutheran Church. He worked at many fundraisers to help his community and proudly marched for his fire company. He was especially proud when our fire company hosted the Columbia County Firemen's Convention in July 2010. He was there working on all the details and was very excited about it being in our hometown. It was a beautiful day, and everyone had a fantastic time.

Over the years, Bill and I built our own home, raised two children, and enjoyed our life together. We took our kids to North Carolina yearly and to Disney and enjoyed our time together as a family. We enjoyed several cruises together and did a lot of camping. Thankfully, we didn't wait until retirement to do the things that we wanted to do together since, unknown to us, that day would never come. Bill and I were very close. We didn't care if it was just the two of us or 20 of us; we always had a good time and were happy just to be together.

Bill was a quiet, gentle man. He had a wonderful smile and a great laugh. He enjoyed camping, fishing, being a firefighter, and being with family and friends. I am proud to have been his wife. We have had a wonderful life full of love and friendship that few have. His friends and family love and miss him dearly.

We are so proud to have him honored at the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial and to have his name placed on the brick Walk of Honor.
Scott W. Davis, 46, of Oswego, New York, suffered a fatal heart attack on June 20, 2010, after completing a shift that included several emergency responses.

Born in Oswego, he was the son of David and Linda (Pollock) Davis.

Scott was a fireman and a critical care technician with the Oswego Fire Department for 14 years. He had previously been employed at Niagara Mohawk for eight years.

Scott enjoyed camping, hiking and crossword puzzles. He also enjoyed refinishing furniture and playing practical jokes. He was an avid Boston Red Sox fan. He loved his family and fire department.

Surviving besides his parents are his wife, Shawn (Bond) Davis; two daughters, Brandi Davis Leaf and Kimberly Davis; one son, Daniel Davis; three brothers, Jeffrey, Todd, and Stephen Davis; one sister, Penny Hays; and several nieces and nephews.

Scotty touched many lives with humor and compassion. He is greatly and sadly missed by family, friends, and the community.
Vincent A. Iaccino, more affectionately referred to as “Vince” or “Pop,” served as a member of the Roosevelt Fire District for 25 years, as captain of the emergency service squad and as president of Roosevelt Engine Company #1. Vince was a well-respected member of the department, always striving for the fire station to be a place where members were both thoroughly prepared to perform fire and rescue activities as well as a place where members could enjoy the company and support of other members.

Vince was born and raised in Hudson, New York, and was mesmerized by the fire department, especially the fire alarm boxes and ticker-tape reels in the fire stations. There he learned the family business of upholstery and auto trimming and continued his craftsmanship to become a world-renowned restorer of automobile interiors. Besides the fire department, he collected his beloved Ford Model T’s, Model N, and Morgan classic automobiles.

On April 12, 2010, Captain Iaccino left us after falling ill during SCBA training, being part of a team helping other members gain their confidence in firefighting skills.

Vince is survived by his wife, Joyce; sons, (Past Captain) Louis and (Captain) Michael; daughter, Michelle; and granddaughter, Andrea.
Remembering

John P. Kelly
Tarrytown Fire Department — New York
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: September 6, 2010
Age: 51

John Kelly was an active member of the Tarrytown Fire Department for 30+ years, serving with Fire Boat 5 and Conqueror Hook & Ladder. He served with Sleepy Hollow Ambulance Corp. for 20+ years. He worked with Town of Greenburgh Civil Defense and was an honorary member of Croton Fire Patrol for 20 years. During his time in the volunteer fire service, he received awards including Responder of the Year, Life Saves, Most Dedicated, and the Medal of Honor, awarded posthumously.

John’s biggest interest was in lights and fire radios. There was no such thing as too many; there was always room for one more light on his truck. People used to joke that he could land an airplane with all the lights he had on his truck.

John’s family included his daughter, Brianna; his stepson, Dan; grandsons, Liam and Corbin; sisters, Maureen and Michelle; brothers-in-law, Robert and John; and several nieces and nephews. John was predeceased by his father, Richard; his mother, Odette; and his brother, Richard.

If everyone in their lifetime had the chance to meet a man like John, they should consider themselves very lucky. John was the type of man who would always help someone in need, be it moving, a cable wire run, having a tree cut up, or helping when their car broke down. It didn't matter if you were family, a friend, or a complete stranger, John would be there to help. No job was too big for him to handle, and he had every tool known to mankind to handle these jobs, sometimes two or three of them.

John loved the holidays; he was the biggest kid on Halloween, wanting as much candy as he could get and towing a trailer for the senior home during the parade. Come Christmastime, he was well known for putting a fully decorated tree in the bed of his pickup truck and driving around. Often he would dress up as Santa Claus and stand outside stores and gas stations waving to people. One Christmas, a man came up to John, who had been selling Christmas trees at one of the firehouses as a fundraiser. The man asked if they had any trees left, as his mother was coming home from the hospital the next day and he had not gotten one for her. Unfortunately, they had sold the last one, so John gave him his decorated tree from his pickup truck—lights, stand, and all.

That was John—a hero 365 days a year, 24 hours a day.
LeRoy Kemp was born July 24, 1928, in Smithboro, New York, and graduated from Owego High School in 1945. He married the love of his life, Marion Aldrich, January 13, 1946, and over the next 64 years raised three children with her, owned and operated Kemp's Poultry Farm, drove tractor trailer and school bus, and served the Smithboro community through his church, the Grange, and the town planning board.

Dedicated to public service, LeRoy joined Tioga Fire Department in 1952. He completed classes in firefighting, vehicle extrication, HAZMAT, fire police, arson awareness and investigation, and fire department management and operations. He was named Fireman of the Year in 1980 and 2010 and Squad Member of the Year in 1993. A retired member of the Tioga County Fire Investigation Team, he served as chief of the department from 1985 to 1987, and on the Board of Fire Commissioners. At the time of his death, LeRoy was serving as chairman of the Board of Fire Commissioners, captain of the fire police, and company chaplain. He was actively involved in all fire department and emergency squad activities.

LeRoy took his first EMT class in 1977 and responded as an EMT with Tioga Emergency Squad for 21 years. While recertifying in 1995, he had quintuple bypass surgery, yet made sure he passed the final exam. After bilateral knee replacement at age 70, he decided not to refresh his EMT, but continued as a vital member of the emergency squad as a driver. He completed biannual physicals and required training through the department, maintaining his ability to operate as a firefighter and driver for all department vehicles. He typically responded on 50% of the department’s calls annually, but he listened to 100%, keeping track of every call in his pocket calendar book. As a retired individual, he was able to respond during the day when staffing was harder to find. The day he died, his 64th wedding anniversary, he responded because he knew he would be needed.

LeRoy encouraged many people to join the volunteer fire and EMS ranks. Both daughters volunteered as EMTs, became medics, and then made EMS a career decision. His son is a volunteer fire chief, EMT, and member of the county fire investigation team. His grandchildren have continued the tradition, and he was working on convincing his great-grandson to do the same when he died. He carried fire department applications with him, handing them out and recruiting regularly.

LeRoy was a dedicated and well respected fireman who is greatly missed by his community and his fellow members. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, a son, 7 grandchildren, and 9 great-grandchildren.
Erich “Mickey” Lachmann was born on September 26, 1932, in Bellerose, Long Island, New York. Mickey graduated from Sewanhaka High School and Muhlenberg College and became the youngest member of the Bellerose Village Volunteer Fire Department. After two years in the Army, including a 15-month tour of duty in Germany, where he married his wife, Christa-Luise, he moved to Orange County, New York. In 1961, he joined the Excelsior Hook & Ladder Company No. 1 of the Middletown Fire Department, going up the line to captain. Later, he was appointed deputy fire coordinator in charge of radio communications for Orange County Mutual Aid. He also joined Washington Heights Fire Department near his business and became deputy chief.

From 1979 to 1991, Mickey served as fire coordinator of Orange County Mutual Aid (OCMA), establishing the OCMA Hazardous Materials Team, the OCMA Arson Investigators Task Force, and was a member of the committee which built the Orange County Fire Training Center. After retiring, Mickey continued to be an active volunteer with the WHFD. In 2007, Mickey suffered a massive stroke after driving the WHFD Truck 168 to a fire call.

His legacy lives on. Both of Mickey’s sons joined the WHFD at 18. Son Erich is also a volunteer with the Excelsior Hook & Ladder No. 1 of the Middletown Fire Department, a New York State and National Fire Instructor, and is the oldest firefighter to graduate from the NYS Fire Academy in Montour Falls, RFFT 2007-2. His son-in-law, Kevin Hunt, is a firefighter and EMT with the Briarcliff Manor Volunteer Fire Department (BMVFD). His grandson, Lars Hunt, became a junior firefighter with the BMVFD and passed the NYS Firefighter I course at age 16. Mickey’s daughter, Elisabeth, is a physical medicine and rehabilitation physician in New York City.
Garrett W. Loomis
Sackets Harbor Fire Department — New York
Volunteer Assistant Chief
Date of Death: April 11, 2010
Age: 26

Garrett was born on April 21, 1983, in Watertown, New York, to Gary Loomis and Amy Summerville-Loomis of Sackets Harbor, New York. In 2001, at age 18, Garrett began his fire-fighting career with the Sackets Harbor Fire Department and became a third-generation firefighter, following in the footsteps of his brother, father, and grandfather.

Garrett graduated from Sackets Harbor Central School in 2001, where he was vice president of both his junior and senior year classes. He was also a member of the National Honor Society and was named the school’s top male athlete during his senior year. Garrett earned a bachelor’s degree in sport and entertainment management from the University of South Carolina in the spring of 2006.

After college, Garrett attended the New York State Fire Academy at Montour Falls and then took a job as a firefighter for the city of Wilmington, North Carolina, in 2007. Two years later, in 2009, Garrett had the opportunity to return home to Sackets Harbor, when he was offered a job as a federal firefighter with the Fort Drum Fire and Emergency Services Division of Fort Drum Army Base, the same department his father had served with for over 20 years.

When Garrett moved back home he once again joined the Sackets Harbor Volunteer Fire Department to serve the community where he grew up. He was promoted the following year to assistant chief in Sackets Harbor as a result of his experience, leadership, and dedication to the fire service.

On April 11, 2010, after more than nine years of service as a firefighter, Garrett lost his life on the scene of a fire in Sackets Harbor. Garrett’s death has left a hole in the Sackets Harbor and Fort Drum communities, but his memory lives on. On July 26, 2011, the Fort Drum community honored Garrett by dedicating their new fire station in his name and memory.

Garrett is survived by his parents, Gary and Amy, brothers, Benjamin and Bryan, and a large extended family. He is remembered by both family and friends as someone who loved life and strived to set an example for his fellow firefighters. When not at work, Garrett enjoyed boating, hunting, golf, and playing soccer at the local YMCA. Garrett’s brilliant smile and heartwarming hugs are missed by all who knew him.

Garrett’s last Facebook quote said it all: “Hope and pray that you’ll never need me, but rest assured I will not let you down. I’ll walk beside you, but you may not see me.”
Gerard was a 50-year-old firefighter who served for 12 years with the Borodino Fire Department. Although Gerard was mentally handicapped, it did not slow down his desire to learn and train. He took any class that he could and actively participated. Many instructors commented on his enthusiasm and eagerness to help. He may not have passed many courses, but that did not dissuade him from trying.

Gerard was known as the “Mayor of Borodino” due to his constant presence around town. He was involved in almost all the departmental committees and also helped out with town committees and events. Gerard was depended on for keeping track of the goings-on in the town and department. If a member was sick or a town committee needed our help, he was our go-to guy. He was our main PR man during events, showing off new equipment or gear and touring the apparatus with the kids and adults.

We have many pictures of Red Cross blood drive personnel and kids at our pancake breakfast wearing Gerard’s turnout gear. The fire service was his passion, and he tried to draw people in and show what being a member was all about. He took great pride in being a member, and his service was his main identity.
Firefighter Salvatore Scarentino was a member of the Fire Department of the City of New York (FDNY) assigned to Ladder Company 24, located at 142 West 31st Street, New York, NY. He was appointed May 9, 1984. A 24.9-year veteran of the FDNY, he died on March 21, 2009, from acute cardiac failure. Firefighter Scarentino was 51 years old.

While working a night tour on March 20, 2009, followed by a day tour on March 21, he responded to one fire, nine emergencies, and one false alarm. Less than twelve hours prior to his death, Firefighter Scarentino, working at the outside vent position, performed his duties—vent, entry, and search—at an all-hands fire in Manhattan. An all-hands fire response involves twelve fire department units under the command of two battalion chiefs and a division chief. Ladder Company 24 operated for approximately 40 minutes at this fire.

Sal was a good firefighter; it was his calling. He was a devoted and caring husband and stepfather. Sal wasn’t a perfect man, but he tried harder than anyone to be perfect, and he didn’t miss by much.

Firefighter Scarentino is survived by his wife, Diane, and stepsons, Christian and Justin Houser. He is also survived by two sisters, Rosemarie Ragusa of Flushing, New York and Ann Scarentino-Butts of Redondo Beach, California.
Lieutenant Josef Welenofsky, 46, died at home on January 27, 2007, after responding to a motor vehicle accident the previous day. He was born and raised in Holtsville, where he lived in the same house his entire life. He was a graduate of Sachem High School.

Though Josef Welenofsky did not have children of his own, he worked as a school custodian for 26 years, where he was known to the children of his community as “Mr. Joe.” Much beloved in his community, he is remembered by teachers and administrators as always going the extra mile on behalf of the children in the schools where he worked.

At age 16, Joe joined the Holtsville Fire Department as the department’s first junior member. Over 29 years of service, he moved up to the rank of lieutenant and took his firefighting duties seriously.

He is survived by his brother and sisters.
Richard Adam Miller
Belmont Fire Department — North Carolina
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: December 29, 2009
Age: 24

Richard was 24 years old when he died at Belmont Fire Department in Charlotte, North Carolina. Richard's friends had encouraged him to join our local fire department in Millers Creek, and when he did, the love of helping his fellow man grew even greater. Richard had two 2-year degrees from Wilkes Community College, the first in building construction and the second in respiratory therapy. He got his certifications in Firefighter I & II and Paramedic/EMT by going to various fire colleges on nights and weekends. Richard had always loved interacting with people. He never saw a stranger.

His chief at Millers Creek told him of an opportunity as a full-time firefighter with Belmont Fire Department. Richard applied and was hired. Richard had been promoted to lieutenant in the Millers Creek Fire Department. He was working part-time at Hugh Chatham Hospital in Elkin, part-time at Millers Creek Fire Department, and full-time at Belmont Fire Department. He was busy, to say the least.

During all this, Richard always made time for his family and friends and to attend church at Calvary Freewill Baptist Church or at his girlfriend's church. If anyone needed anything Richard was always there to lend a helping hand with whatever was needed. Richard leaves behind his family who love and miss him every day. He was not married and still lived at home with his parents, Gary and Darlene Miller.

Richard has one brother, Quincy, who is married to Kristain, and they have one son, Jase. Jase was almost five months old when Richard died, and Richard thought the world of him. Quincy and Richard were always very close brothers; they always made sure they had their time to do things whenever possible. They loved hunting and fishing together, playing golf, UFC fighting and just hanging out and being brothers.

Richard also had a very special young lady in his life that he loved very much. He and September Ward were planning to be married in two years when she completed grad school. We all love her, too, and feel so fortunate to still have her in our lives. She is very precious to all of us. He also leaves behind his grandparents, Paul and Ethel Miller, and several aunts, uncles and cousins; as well as a host of friends who are all very precious to us. Richard's friends and co-workers have all stood with us and helped us in any way they can. Everyone has been a true comfort to us.

We are all blessed beyond measure to have had Richard for the short time we did.
On January 2, 2010, Lt. Joe McCafferty was the incident commander at the scene of a residential fire when he collapsed. He later succumbed at Ohio State Medical Center on January 16, 2010.

He was a 37-year veteran of the Lancaster Fire Department, where he loved, lived, and laughed. He was the longest serving veteran of the Lancaster Fire Department, and he is the only firefighter to have died in the line of duty on the Lancaster Fire Department. He started as an engineer and became one of the first medics to serve prior to his promotion to lieutenant in 1983.

Joe received the Knights of Columbus Blue Coat Award in 1986. He enjoyed serving and dedicated himself to the reading program at a local grade school. In addition to his service, Joe was a family man and a devoted father and grandfather. Those were the real loves of his life.

Married 39 years to his wife, Vicki, he raised three children, Amy Burwell, Farah (Michael) May, and Aaron (Megan) McCafferty. He also has eight grandchildren: Remington, Reese, Rafe, and Stella Burwell; Elijah, Chloe, and Joyceline May; and Levi McCafferty.

He was a man who lived simply and gave fully. He put God, family, friends, and job always before himself.

Greater love has no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends. John 15:13

Joe's was a life laid down for love.
For the Northup family, the fire department was a family affair, and Greg was no different. He was proud of the fact that he served on the same department as his brother, Rob, and where his uncle had served as fire chief for many years. Greg served a total of seven years with the Gallipolis Fire Department.

Greg was very active in all aspects of fire department life—whether responding to emergency calls, working station relief for the resident firemen, giving fire safety training to children, attending training or meetings, or just hanging out at the station waiting to roll on the next run. He was the joker who could make everyone laugh during a boring point in a department meeting, but in a second he would be the professional firefighter, charging into a burning building to save life and property. Greg was one of those special people who not only wanted to help out where he could, but also had a genuine concern and compassion for his community which he loved so much.

Greg was also a proud veteran of the U.S. Navy and a member of the Masonic Lodge. He enjoyed building things in his spare time as well as shooting guns, riding his motorbike, cooking, and—surprisingly enough—he loved to paint and quilt! Most of all, Greg just loved to be around people, and people loved being around him.

On the day Greg passed away, he drove the fire engine by a house after finishing a work detail for the fire department. A little boy was out front and signaled for Greg to blow the horn. Greg blew the air horn and drove past. The boy followed the engine down the street to where Greg had parked it. As Greg walked up to the door of a local business, he saw the boy, smiled, and waved. The boy smiled broadly, waved back, and rushed home to tell his mother, “That fireman is my hero! When I grow up, I want to be just like my hero!” Tragically, Greg never knew the impact he had on that little boy, as he collapsed from a heart attack moments after stepping through the door of the business. He never knew the impact he had on all of us.

Greg was a devoted son to his parents, Harlan and Ella, and a protective big brother to his younger brother, Rob. His two grown children, Robert and Kathryn, were the apple of his eye! He loved spending time with his fire department family and his many friends. He will always be remembered by the love, laughter, and happiness he brought into our lives.
Leo was a quiet man who never questioned his love for two things—his family and his fire department. He and his wife, Shirley, would have celebrated their 54th wedding anniversary on April 21, 2010. Together they had five sons, Michael, Mark, Dale, Jeffrey, and Rick. Leo loved spending time with his seven grandchildren, Nick, Taryn, Nathan, Courtney, Seth, Cade, and Carson. He enjoyed taking them fishing and spending time with them at home. He also doted on his three great-grandchildren, Trevor, Kali, and Brianna.

Leo loved to hunt. He only took time away from work and the fire department twice a year when it was deer or turkey season. When he wasn’t hunting he liked to stay close to home with his family, where he enjoyed reading western novels and repairing things. When he and Shirley wanted to build their house, he built it with his own two hands. He was a headstrong man who never backed down from a challenge and always stood for what he thought was right. Leo was a leader in everything he was ever involved in. He worked at the brickyard in South Shore, Kentucky, for 37 years and served as the president of their local union. He served on the Morgan Township Volunteer Fire Department for 40 years, 35 of those years as fire chief, until he retired from that position in 2008. He was serving as a lieutenant at the time of his death. The fire department was one of the most important things in Leo’s life. He rarely missed a call unless he was on a hunting trip. He was highly respected by all of the members of the department, but especially the younger members who looked to him for instruction on operation of the department apparatus. He was considered the department expert when it came to driving and operating the fire trucks.

Leo’s strong influence is missed within his fire department, but most of all he is missed for his friendship, his passion for the fire service, and the vast knowledge for which he was depended upon. He is missed by his family for his love, devotion, and guidance. Those who knew and loved Leo will continue to be influenced by his strong, honorable example for the rest of their lives.
Ryan Neil Seitz
McArthur Fire Department — Ohio
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: September 24, 2010
Age: 26

Ryan Seitz was born December 11, 1983, in Chillicothe, Ohio, to Steve and Tonette Seitz. Ryan and his parents resided at Allensville, Ohio, the home in which Ryan was raised. Ryan attended school at Allensville Elementary and Vinton County Jr. High at Allensville, where he was active in Cub Scouts, 4-H, basketball and baseball, and was an honor student. He was very social, and this is where he began to form lifelong friendships.

Ryan graduated from Vinton County Consolidated High School in 2002, and from Hocking College with an associate degree in computer networking in 2004. Ryan decided to continue his education. He attended Ohio University in Athens for two years, then transferred to Franklin University in Columbus, where he completed his bachelor’s degree in financial management in December 2009.

While attending college, Ryan worked for the Vinton County National Bank in McArthur and Ross County Banking Center in Chillicothe. In 2007, he went to work for the Herbert Wescoat Memorial Library as their technology coordinator and was later promoted to assistant director as personnel supervisor and technology coordinator. Ryan enjoyed his places of employment and formed many friendships. His love of knowledge, books, and computers made him a great fit for the library. Ryan grew up attending the Antioch (Kelly) Church. Ryan was instrumental in helping establish broadband communication for the Vinton County Chamber of Commerce.

Ryan joined the McArthur Volunteer Fire Department in the summer of 2010. He was quick to form friendships and trust with his fellow firemen. Ryan was proud to be part of this group. He gained a new respect for these men when he realized how unselfishly they gave of their time to serve their community. Ryan made the ultimate sacrifice, giving his life in the line of duty while fighting a brush fire with the McArthur Fire Department, providing mutual aid to firefighters in Londonderry, Ohio, on September 24, 2010.

The love of Ryan’s life was Tasha Kisor, to whom he was engaged. Ryan and Tasha were a happy couple busy building their life together. They resided in McArthur with their dogs, Kiki, a teacup Yorkie, and Doug, a 70-pound greyhound. One of Ryan’s passions was rescuing greyhounds; he adopted Sir Douglas, who became an important part of his life. Ryan enjoyed walking Doug and stopping to tell people about the greyhounds.

The community, as well as Ryan’s family, has suffered a great loss. Ryan was full of life and had an unforgettable smile and blue eyes that we all remember so well. Ryan never knew a stranger and always tried to treat people with the respect they deserved.
Remembering

 Sammy R. Smith
 Antwerp Fire Department — Ohio
 Volunteer Firefighter/Driver
 Date of Death: July 20, 2007
 Age: 64

 Sammy was born in Harts, West Virginia, on June 5, 1943, to the late Elza and Alice (Crittenden) Smith. He served in the U.S. Army. Sammy worked as a tire builder at BF Goodrich.

 One of the things Sammy loved most in his life was the fire department. He served on the Antwerp Volunteer Fire Department for over 30 years. One of his favorite activities was spending time at the fire department’s card room where the older gentlemen would spend time playing Euchre and other card games together. His greatest passion and pride was being involved in the fire and EMS service.

 He and his wife, Anne, were married for 39 years and would have celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary in November 2007.

 Sammy loved staying home and spending time with his wife and their son, Michael. They enjoyed doing yard work together. Every Sunday, the two of them enjoyed spending father and son time together by going out to a local restaurant. Sammy enjoyed relaxing and reading western novels such as Louis L’Amour.

 Sammy is missed by his fire department, his family, and all those who knew him.
Edward D. Teare began his career in October 1979 as a member of the first group of firefighters who were dually trained as paramedics for the Independence Fire Department. He was promoted to lieutenant in October 1994. He was a founding member of the Southwest Council HAZMAT team and conducted fire inspections for the many businesses in the area. As a lieutenant, Ed helped his men to train, conduct inspections, and handle emergency calls with proficiency and professionalism. Ed's caring personality and sense of humor were abundantly evident in all he did.

Ed was knowledgeable and thorough but had “the gift” of a calming presence to the people in his care. This made him the city residents' favorite paramedic. From simple scrapes and breaks to major life threatening events, Ed brought peace to the patient and comfort to other people looking on. He was a superior paramedic who had the utmost respect of the emergency room doctors and nurses. At his last ACLS practical, Ed was joking with the emergency room doctor to challenge him with a more difficult scenario. Ed helped thousands of people in his 30 years of service, but it was his compassionate way of life that led him to be a “hometown hero.”

Outside of work, Ed most enjoyed spending time with his friends and family. Ed was very close to his brothers, his son-in-law, Rory, and his best friend, Jeff. They regularly got together to watch a sporting event or celebrate a birthday. He loved cruises and went on five of them with his wife. They were accompanied by children, brothers, and friends on different sailings. Ed loved traveling around the U.S. with his family, which included snorkeling, surfing, biking, sightseeing at national parks from Cape Cod to Grand Canyon and Yosemite, and six trips to Walt Disney World. Ed started camping at Kelly's Island State Park when he was in EMT school. He made the Kelly's Island trip a yearly tradition and purchased a boat for fishing and tubing while there with his wife, children and friends. Another yearly tradition was his camping/fishing trip to Canada with his best friend and Jeff’s father-in-law, Richard Yoe. Ed enjoyed pinochle, walking the parks with his wife and St. Bernard, Lola, and jogging. He ran the Cleveland Marathon in 1990.

Ed is forever loved by his wife, Janet; his adult children, Katherine Mullin, Edward R. Teare, and Linda Teare; his son-in-law, Rory Mullin; his best friend, Jeff Lykens; his brothers, David, Kevin, and Matt; and his sister, Carolyn.

Ed will be greatly missed by anyone who had the privilege of knowing him.

Husband to one…Father to three…Friend to ALL.
Daniel C. Wilson passed away October 23, 2010, at age 58. He was second assistant chief for the Jerusalem Township Volunteer Fire Department in Curtice, Ohio, where he was a member for 32 years. An EMT and firefighter, Dan worked on the Jerusalem Dive and Rescue Team. He worked with the pagers and radios for the department and helped to keep the fire trucks in excellent working order. The firemen used to say, “Truck 312 knew when Dan was behind the wheel, because it drove like a charm.” Dan played an active role in the Davis Besse Nuclear Power Plant Program with Jerusalem Township involvement. The fire department retired his number “308” in his honor.

Dan worked at Roadway Express for 30 years as a dock checker and city driver. After his retirement from Roadway, he helped area farmers drive their crops to the granary and did a little maintenance work for a community company. Dan volunteered for many years at his church, helping out whenever needed.

Dan enjoyed a blazing campfire, camping with family and friends, a cold Pabst Blue Ribbon, and family and friends enjoying his special barbecue chicken recipe. He loved going on Harley-Davidson rides with his wife and friends, and having the ride end with an ice cream stop was a good time. He really enjoyed the time spent with his two grandkids, going to their sports events, riding on the golf cart, taking them camping, and just sitting on the porch swing listening to their stories of their day.

Dan was married to Terry, for 38 years. They have two sons, Kevin and Robert. Kevin and his wife, Jennifer, have two children, Korrin (9) and Trent (6). Dan was the oldest of seven children. He was an organ and tissue donor.

Kevin describes his dad, “A man so humble and accomplished so much, and a man that inspired without saying a word. ‘Life is a lesson,’ he told me. We teach, learn, share, and grow with one another. My dad did this every day of his life. He gave his time to his family and his community. He loved his time with the fire department, his extended family, and his brothers in arms. Not only was he watching and helping the community, but those he served with. He once told me, ‘If I do it for them, they’ll do it for me.’ That’s who he was; that’s what he believed. His pride was undeniable. My dad may have been simple, but that simply does not define him. How about this: selfless, strong, loving, caring, stubborn, dependable, organized, friend, a hero to many, brother, son, father, husband, and grandpa ‘Poppy Dan.’ He’s truly missed.”
Paul Edward Johnson was born on April 24, 1947, in Wayne, West Virginia, to Walker and Goldie Brooks Johnson. Paul was the fourth of ten children born into this Catholic family. Paul had eight sisters and one brother, who passed away from meningitis when he was eight years old.

After high school, Paul joined the Army, and was stationed in Germany for two years. After his discharge, Paul moved to Oklahoma City, where his sister and brother-in-law lived. He went to chef’s school in St. Louis, Missouri, and then worked at a local restaurant in Oklahoma City for a couple of years. He later worked as a mechanic at Shar-Main Garage in Oklahoma City. Paul was a very skilled and knowledgeable person and could fix just about anything. He started a roofing and repair business in the 1970s and continued in this field until his death.

Paul married Carolyn S. Smith Fox on July 13, 1971, and raised her seven-year-old daughter as his own. Paul and Carolyn lived in Edmond, Oklahoma, until 1988, when they purchased a home on Fort Cobb Lake and then moved to Fort Cobb, Oklahoma, with their two grandsons. He continued with his roofing business and joined the Crow Roost Volunteer Fire Department in 1990. Paul was the assistant chief for several years and became chief when the previous chief retired.

Paul was a good and honorable man who would do just about anything for anybody. Neighbors were always coming to him for advice. Paul loved to hunt and fish, and loved to take his grandsons and great-grandchildren to make his “rounds.” And, he loved being a fireman.

Paul is survived by his spouse, Carolyn Johnson of the home; his daughter, Lori S. Smithpeter of Clinton, Oklahoma; his grandchildren, Joshua A. Merrell of Binger, Oklahoma, Daniel S. Merrell and Olethea R. Merrell of Moore, Oklahoma, and Amanda K. Merrell of Grand Lake, Oklahoma. Paul is also survived by six great-grandchildren—Anastasia, Joshua, Nathan, Isiac, Jordan, and Hailey; his sister-in-law, Joyce Greene of Oklahoma City; his brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Jack and Joyce Smith of Anadarko, Oklahoma; his sister-in-law, Patricia Smith of Fort Cobb, Oklahoma; his brother-in-law, and sister-in-law, Paul and Betty Tidwell of Binger, Oklahoma; his sister-in-law, Linda Smith of Oklahoma City; and his brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Steve and Biddie Smith of Newcastle, Oklahoma; as well as several nieces and nephews.
Let me tell you a little bit about Steve or “Upty,” as his friends and comrades knew him. Steve was well liked wherever he worked and lived.

He was a loving, caring, and devoted husband and father. Steve loved to putter around the house. Gardening and lawn work were some of his passions, and he was the one who had the green thumb between us. While working around the house and gardening, he loved to listen to music. Jimmy Buffet and Jerry Jeff Walker were his favorites. Steve was so easygoing. He always had a smile. Steve liked to invite our friends and coworkers over for huge BBQs. He loved the outdoors as well and tried to work in hunting, camping, and fishing trips when possible.

Steve was dedicated to his career in wildland fire for the Department of Agriculture, U.S. Forest Service. He was planning to retire at the end of December 2009 with 35 years of dedicated service. During his career with the Forest Service, Steve was stationed on the Willamette National Forest, Detroit Ranger District; the Shoshone National Forest in Wyoming; the Malheur National Forest, Prairie City Ranger District; Wallow-Whitman National Forest, Unity Ranger District; Deschutes National Forest, Fort Rock Ranger District; and Payette National Forest.

Three heliports have been renamed in memory of Steve, and Squaw Creek in Grant County has been renamed “Upty’s Creek” in his honor. Senator Ferrioli sponsored Senate Bill 327, “Upty’s Law,” in memory of Steve “Upty” Uptegrove. This bill creates crime of unlawful manufacture of marijuana on public land, punishable by a maximum of 20 years imprisonment, a $375,000 fine, or both.

Every morning when Steve would leave for work, he would always kiss me and tell me he would love me forever and always, and I will always love Steve! As one of his crew members, friends, or family members departed on a road trip, he would tell them to “drive friendly.” That was one of his signature sayings, which came from the heart.

Steve was the love of my life, my best friend, partner, and loving husband. He will be missed by me; his daughters, Savannah and Whitney; and his parents.

— Hope Uptegrove
Pittsburgh firefighter Richard A. Burns died at the fire station on May 24, 2008, after running multiple calls during his shift.

Rick served his country in the U.S. Marine Corps for four years. He joined the Pittsburgh Bureau of Fire in 1999 and served his community and city as a Pittsburgh firefighter for nine years.

Rick enjoyed fishing and taking trips to the beach. Most of all, he loved being with his family. He was well respected and loved by his family and friends as well as his community. All those whose lives he touched will miss him greatly.

He was survived by his wife, Lorraine; his children, Richard Jr. and Tamara; his stepson, William Pegher; and his sister, Terry Mullaney.
Remembering
Douglas Farrington
Delta-Cardiff Volunteer Fire Company — Pennsylvania
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: August 23, 2010
Age: 44

Doug was born October 25, 1965, in Woodbury, New Jersey. He was the son of Thomas and the late Betty Farrington. His family then settled in southern Pennsylvania, where he enjoyed living the country life. He graduated from York Vo-Tech High School. In 1996, Doug met and married the love of his life, his wife, Stacey. Doug and Stacey raised their three children, Kyle, Matthew, and Kelsey.

Doug joined the Delta-Cardiff Volunteer Fire Company in 1983. He was also a member and volunteer with the Whiteford Fire Company. Doug served on the board for the Harford County Farm Fair for several years. With Delta-Cardiff, he served as a fire captain, fire lieutenant, and treasurer. He was serving as president of the fire company as well as president of the Mason-Dixon Fair. Doug took the reins of the local carnival and turned it into a full scale fair sanctioned by the State of Pennsylvania. He served as fair president for over 12 years. Doug’s final project, before passing, was to negotiate the purchase of land for the expansion of the fair, as well as a new location for the Delta-Cardiff Volunteer Fire Company.

Doug enjoyed firefighting and accepted a job with Aberdeen Proving Ground Fire Department. At APG, he continued his education and training until becoming a fire inspector. Doug was instrumental with insuring that APG received national recognition by receiving National Fire Prevention Awards.

Doug was involved with his children’s activities. He coached all three children through many years of baseball, softball, and soccer, while holding the position of president of the leagues as well. His love for sports did not stop with the children. He was a huge football fan. Doug worked part-time for the Baltimore Ravens.

For the past thirteen years, Doug owned and operated a successful landscaping business. With no time to spare, he was still able to hunt for deer each fall, something he looked forward to year after year. Christmas was Doug’s favorite holiday. There were never enough decorations and lights for him. He arranged for local civic groups to sponsor a party each year so each child attending would receive a gift. He played Santa Claus for the community as well as neighboring areas.

Doug was always working to improve the fire department and the community as a whole. His death leaves a huge gap in our hearts but leaves a greater legacy in all the people he inspired over the years to do things bigger and better.
James “Jim” Gumbert died on November 10, 2010, while responding to the station for a reported fire. He had only lived in North Irwin for two years, but was already active in making a difference in the community. He served as treasurer of the community’s junior firefighting organization and was a mentor to other firefighters. He was a quiet presence at the fire station, but always ready to help when needed.

Born December 11, 1946, in Pittsburgh to the late Wilber S. and Thelma Gumbert, Jim graduated from Springdale High School in 1964. Before his retirement, he worked as a driver for Butler Motor Coach.

A Vietnam veteran, Jim served in the U.S. Navy aboard the USS Battleship Dyess and received the Purple Heart for wounds sustained in action.

He was a member of American Legion Post 359 of Irwin, VFW Post 781 of Irwin, and was involved in the American Cancer Society’s local Relay for Life event. He was a member of the Norwin Christian Church of North Huntingdon. He is survived by two daughters, Kelly Heckert and Jamie Ferland; nine grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Tom Harrison, chief of the North Irwin Volunteer Fire Department, said: “We’ll remember Jim for everything he did for our community. We could count on him whenever we needed him. He made our fire company and North Irwin a better place to live.”
Charles “Charlie” Hornberger passed away on July 12, 2010, from complications of a heart attack after responding to a call on June 30, 2010, with the Milmont Fire Company.

Born in Darby, he was the son of the late Gustaves Charles and Anna Van Sice Hornberger and brother of the late Kay Jacobs and Margaret Humphreys. A longtime resident of Ridley Township and a 1967 graduate of Ridley High School, he served in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War.

Charlie was a life member and dedicated firefighter with the Milmont Fire Company, where he held the position of assistant engineer and was a past deputy chief, captain, lieutenant, and assistant engineer. He was also a member and past chief of the S.M. Vauclain Fire Company and had previously served with the Holmes and Rutledge Fire Companies. A 911 dispatcher, he had worked for both Ridley Township and Delaware County. Charlie was also assistant fire marshal for Ridley Township and the Third District fire marshal. He was a member of several Delco organizations, including the Delaware Valley Fire Chiefs Association and the Shamrock Judges.

His wife of 35 years, Maureen A. Wright Hornberger, died in 2005. Survivors include his daughter, MaryAnne, and son-in-law, Thomas Leonard, of Woodlyn; his sister, Sue Howard, of Kentucky; nieces, nephews, and other family members; and three grandchildren, Jessica, Julia, and Thomas.

Charlie was an avid fire truck collector and enjoyed model railroading. He was devoted to his grandchildren, who he loved dearly. He was a Phillies and Eagles fan.

Charlie touched a lot of lives throughout the fire service and will be missed by all.
Don Mellott was born August 28, 1947, in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, to Benjamin and Ruth Mellott.

Don graduated from Lock Haven High School in 1966. Upon graduation he worked as a mechanic and master mechanic for a construction company. In 1975 he started his own auto repair business known as D&G Auto Repair and Welding, which is still operated today by his son, Gary.

In 1967, he married Judith M. Baker and would have celebrated 43 years of marriage on February 25, 2010. They raised two sons, Gary Donald and Travis. Gary is very active in the community with the fire industry. He belongs to the Lock Haven Fire Department, where he is a driver four nights every other week. He is also a certified EMT and ambulance operator for Lock Haven EMS and is specialized in extrication. Travis, the younger of the two sons, was tragically killed in an automobile accident in 1989, at the young age of 19.

Don was blessed with two very special grandchildren, Colton Travis and Brooklyn Dawn. Colton is a student at Lock Haven University, majoring in elementary education and very active in the fire service. Brooklyn is in 7th grade at Central Mountain Middle School and is a cheerleader. Don was extremely proud of the fact that there were three generations of firefighters in the family.

Don joined the local fire company when he was 16. At the time of his death, he had served five fire companies and was fire police captain of the Woolrich Fire Company and chief of the fire police. His major objective was with the fire police and acquiring the appropriate clothing and equipment to perform the job properly and safely. He worked tirelessly for the organization.

Don was doing what he loved when he was struck by a car while serving as fire police on the scene of a motor vehicle accident, a tragic accident that this community will never forget. A scholarship has been set up in his memory at the Central Mountain High School and will be presented by his grandson, Colton.

The community suffered a great loss and will be forever grateful to him for his service and sacrifice of his life. He will always be deeply missed by his family and the community.
Remembering

John Polimine
Scalp Level & Paint Volunteer Fire Company #1 — Pennsylvania
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: May 1, 2010
Age: 51

John Polimine, 51, of Windber, Pennsylvania, suffered a fatal heart attack during a training exercise at the Cambria County Fire School on May 1, 2010. He was born April 2, 1959, in Brooklyn, New York, to the late Francis and Antoinette L. (Braga) Polimine.

John moved to Pennsylvania about two years before his death from New York City, where he was an auxiliary police officer and taxi driver. He joined the Scalp Level-Paint Volunteer Fire Company in November 2008. He was the first member of his company to die during a training or fire call.

John is survived by five children, Shawn, Melissa, Antoinette, Christina and John Jr.; his brothers and sisters; and five grandchildren.

John was well liked by his fellow firefighters.
Douglas L. Smith
Liberty Hose Company No. 1 — Pennsylvania
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: July 9, 2010
Age: 50

Douglas was born June 3, 1960, in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. He lived most of his life in Williamstown, graduating from Williams Valley High School in 1978 and Thaddeus Stevens College in 1981. Doug served 22 years with the Army National Guard. He recently retired as an automotive mechanic with the support maintenance shop, Pennsylvania National Guard, at Ft. Indiantown Gap. He received several awards for maintenance excellence and for his military service.

He was a volunteer member for 29 years of Liberty Hose Company No. 1. At the time of his death, he was serving as the department’s chief driver; he had formerly served as president, treasurer, and assistant fire chief. He was also a driver with the Williamstown EMS.

Doug’s life revolved around helping others in the community. He was a member of Immanuel Lutheran Church, American Legion, Dauphin County Firemen’s Association, Lykens Liberty Hose Company Band, and the former Williamstown Military Band.

Doug is survived by his teenage daughter, Leah, his mother and father, and a brother. His daughter, Leah, was his pride and joy, whom he loved dearly. Everyone knew when Doug was at a softball game shouting encouragement to Leah. He enjoyed cooking and baking, giving competition to the ladies of the community at the yearly carnival.

On that day, July 9, 2010, Doug was doing something he truly loved—responding to a fire call to help someone in need. Our community lost a great person. The Williamstown EMS, an all volunteer organization, recently dedicated a beautiful flag garden and monument in Doug’s memory. All the lives he touched and beautiful memories made will never be forgotten.
Richard Lawrence Springman was born July 19, 1989, in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, to Mark A. and Kelly M. Springman. His father is the assistant chief at Trout Run Volunteer Fire Company. His mother is a member of the ladies auxiliary.

Richard joined the Trout Run Volunteer Fire Company as a junior fireman. He was also a member of the Tiadaghton Forest Fire Fighters support crew as a sawyer.

Richard graduated from Williamsport Area High School in 2007. He was attending Mansfield University, earning a degree in criminal justice. His goal was to be an FBI agent.

The Trout Run Volunteer Fire Company has retired his firefighter number. His father, mother, and the Trout Run Volunteer Fire Company have established the Richard L. Springman Scholarship Fund at Mansfield University to help a student in need who does service in the community, as Richard did.

Richard served at the Balls Mills United Methodist Church in the choir. He also helped in the many missions and fundraisers of the church.

Richard loved the outdoors. He loved to go camping and ice fishing. He also loved going possum hunting with his friends at college.

Richard had a saying that goes: Sometimes you just have to make memories last forever, so let’s get to it!

Gone but NEVER forgotten!!
Loved and missed by your family and friends!!
Dillon Crawford Denton was 64 years old and had enjoyed an early retirement for almost three years. He was 19 days away from his 65th birthday. He had received the rank of lieutenant. He had only been with the Charlotte Road/Van Wyck Fire Department for two years and five months, but he served the department previously when he was a young man for about seven years.

His love for helping people was a part of who he was. Before he retired, he worked at a paper mill, where he was on the industrial fire brigade and part of a high angle rescue team. He had about 39 years of service there, where he was also a certified EMT. He received an award for a rescue operation that took place on March 14, 2000. The accident at Bowater was the worst in the plant’s history. Two workers died and four were injured.

Dillon served in the National Guard for eight years and was a noncommissioned officer. He served as a Boy Scout leader when his two sons were growing up. He also served in the community as part of a community club/crime watch.

He served his church as a Sunday school teacher, deacon, and elder. He and his wife were teaching a young adult class at Van Wyck Presbyterian Church when he passed away. He was the pastor’s right hand man, the person he would call any time when things didn’t work or just needed checking.

Dillon was a wonderful family man who loved his wife of 44 years and two boys. He had five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren who called him Paw Paw and loved him dearly. He was a sportsman and enjoyed hunting and fishing with his family.

He was an artisan who hand carved beautiful walking canes, a good many of which he gave away to those who needed them. He was a gardener who loved growing his own vegetables and gathering them in the baskets which he wove by hand. He enjoyed life especially since retirement, because he had more time to help his neighbors and be a part of everything he couldn’t do before.

His philosophy in life was, “Each day is a new opportunity to start all over again.” He didn’t dwell on yesterday or concern himself too much about tomorrow. He would say, “I wake up in a new world each day.” He loved God, family, and country, serving all to the best of his ability.

— Annette Denton
Chance Hyatt Zobel
Columbia Fire Department — South Carolina
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: November 13, 2010
Age: 23

Chance was killed in a line-of-duty accident at only 23 years old. In such a short life he had achieved what many people search their whole life to find.

He understood how fulfilling it was to help others who were in need or less fortunate. He demonstrated this through both his professional life working for the Columbia Fire Department as a full-time firefighter and in his personal life. For nine summers, he worked a week with the Methodist Salkehatchie program rebuilding homes for the underprivileged.

As a son, he was as perfect as they come. You could always count on him to make the right decisions and to do the right thing. His smile would lighten even your worst day, and his fun-loving attitude and wit were a blessing to everyone he touched. He loved and cherished his family and always made time for them. He was mentor, pal, and best friend to his younger brother, Randy, always there helping him through life’s little struggles.

Chance had found the love of his life in his fiancée, Katie. They were childhood sweethearts that, over their nine year relationship, grew into a couple of young adults with a bond and love that most married couples only dream of. They were only four short months away from getting married. It was obvious to the community and both our families what a special and wonderful relationship they had.

Chance had a great passion and love for the outdoors and sports. He played baseball and football and took pride in his knowledge of the games. He loved to hunt and fish and had mastered both well beyond his age. He had a great respect for all things living and relished just being outside with nature.

He was proud to be a firefighter and was admired and respected by his brothers in the fire service. His captain said that after just a few days from coming to Station 4 as a probie, Chance was already making everyone work harder just to keep up. He had great and true friends in both the firefighter brotherhood and life.

Chance was cherished by his family, friends and brother firefighters. Columbia has lost a great young man and firefighter. Katie has lost her beloved fiancée. Randy has lost his best friend, pal, and mentor. Toni and I have lost our beautiful son, which is almost unbearable. But in our faith and belief of Jesus Christ, I know in my heart, God has gained an Angel.

May God Bless You All,
Toni, Rob and Randy Zobel
Remembering

Timothy A. Byrd
Dover-Stewart County Rescue Squad — Tennessee
Volunteer 2nd Lieutenant
Date of Death: February 9, 2009
Age: 46

Tim was a wonderful son. He loved his family. Tim and I were so very close. We were always together, and we traveled a lot. He loved to hunt and fish.

Tim went to school for 13 years and never missed a day. After he graduated, he got a job with the county driving a truck and worked there for 20 years. Then he went to Southern Gage, where he worked with his dad for nine years, until his death.

He was with the rescue squad for nine years. Tim loved to help people. When they called, he was there.

The morning I found him, I thought my life had ended. I wouldn't have made it without the Lord. It is still so hard to think of him being gone.

Tim has two sisters, two nieces, and three nephews. He loved them so much. They are still having a hard time with his passing away. He carried them on trips. He taught them how to hunt and fish and work in a garden.

On February 7, 2009, Timmy got a call that they had to go drag for a man that drowned. On February 9, 2009, I found my son unresponsive. His dad called EMS, but they were unable to resuscitate my son. He had a massive stroke. They told me he never knew what happened. I had two strokes. It should have been me, but the Lord had other plans.

I would like to thank Paul Trumpore and Tony Chester for being there to help us through that awful time. We have gained two to our family. We love both of you.

Also, we want to thank all the firefighters and rescue squad members for their support.

George and Loretta Nunn, stepfather and mother
Remembering

Jimmy W. Tuberville
Milledgeville Fire Department — Tennessee
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: December 13, 2010
Age: 63

Jimmy was always there to lend a helping hand to his family and friends, never expecting anything in return. As a volunteer fireman with the Milledgeville Volunteer Fire Department, Chief Jimmy W. Tuberville suffered a heart attack while fighting a grass fire on December 13, 2010, just three days before his 64th birthday.

Jimmy was born to Garvin and Mildred Tuberville of Burnsville, Mississippi, on December 16, 1946, the first of six children. He had four brothers, Johnny, Joe, Jerry, and James, and one sister, Linda. When Jimmy was young, the family moved to Enville, Tennessee, where they made their home. Jimmy graduated from Chester County High School, where he met the love of his life, Patricia Ann Spencer. Jimmy and Ann were united in marriage on January 20, 1968. He left for Vietnam three weeks later.

Jimmy served in the United States Army from 1968 to 1972. After returning from Vietnam, he and Ann made their home in Milledgeville. In 1974, they became parents of Joey Spencer, and in 1977, Justin Walt was born. For 39 years, Jimmy worked for Grinnell Corporation/Anvil International. He served as a supervisor for 30 years and retired in 2008.

For more than two decades, Jimmy was a vital asset to the fire department. He consistently battled the inferno with no thought to personal safety, fearlessly extinguishing the flames and rescuing the endangered civilians even under the most trying conditions. This dedicated and thoughtful leader expertly led those under his command as their fire chief for ten years.

Jimmy worked diligently to establish a bright future for the people of his community. He distinguished himself as a model citizen, serving as city alderman for eight years, on the cemetery committee, park commission, and was a devoted and active member of the Milledgeville United Methodist Church. He served on numerous church boards and was the assistant superintendent of Sunday school.

In his spare time, Jimmy loved to bowl and played on a bowling league for eight years. He also loved to fish, ride his motorcycle, travel, and do any type of activity that involved family. He was a family man who loved his wife, Ann, cherished his two sons, Joey and Justin, and worshipped his four grandchildren, Tyler, Kirby, Lynley and EllyKate, and his two daughters-in-law, Cindy and Brandy.

Not a day goes by that he is not remembered by those he touched. Jimmy was the “Community Handyman,” as he was always making sure that things were done just right and to perfection.

In the end, Jimmy gave his life to the job he loved. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him, the department, church family, friends, but most of all by his family.
Thomas Trevino Araguz III, age 30, of Wharton, Texas, died on July 3, 2010, while fighting a fire at a local farm. He was born in Wharton on June 30, 1980, the son of Thomas Araguz Jr. and Simona Rodriguez Longoria.

Thomas grew up in Wharton and graduated from Wharton High School and Wharton County Junior College. He held certificates in police, fire and EMT-basic. An 11-year veteran with the Wharton Volunteer Fire Department, he joined the department at age 19 and had recently been promoted to captain. He was also a Wharton County reserve sheriff’s deputy.

Thomas enjoyed camping and was a great cook and a World War II history buff. He was a loving father to his sons, Trevor Thomas Araguz and Tyler Michael Araguz.

He poured his heart and soul into being a good father and firefighter.
Peter James Coe, age 43, was a volunteer firefighter and safety officer with Shoreham Volunteer Fire Department in Shoreham, Vermont, for six years. In this time, he was valued as a dependable and vital part of the department, while serving his community with a dedicated commitment to those in need. Peter worked with professionalism and kindness equally in training sessions, meetings, and responding to calls. His constant smile and easy laughter are among his qualities that will be missed forever. Peter died Sunday, December 27, 2009, while helping a stranger by the side of an icy road.

He grew up in Bethesda, Maryland, the seventh child of Bebe and Charles Coe. After high school, he spent time traveling before returning to Maryland. He attended Lynchburg College and St. Mary’s College and met Valerie Ortiz, whom he married in 1990. They became a family with the birth of their daughter, Genevieve, in 1990 and their son, Nicholas, in 1997. In the summer of 2003, the family settled in rural Vermont and quickly adopted the community as their own.

Those who knew Peter say he was most dedicated to his family’s happiness. He chose Vermont as his home after 36 years of living in the Washington, DC, area because its environment reflects his values of family, work, and community. He always spoke of how much he loved the Vermont lifestyle, where he could put in a full day of work and later drive to watch his son’s ball game.

The people of Shoreham, Vermont, embraced Peter as much as he embraced them. His children were the pride of his existence, and his wife, Val, was the love of his life. As one of his friends wrote, Peter was an “upper”, and made every situation better—from bad to good and from good to great. His innate happiness, humor, and love of life filled every aspect of his home, work, and friendships. Whether it was golfing, fishing, working, hunting, or just hanging out, he could make anyone laugh in any circumstance.

Peter had the work ethic of a farmer, the intellect of a scientist, the heart of a social worker, and the bravery of a soldier.
Lt. Steven N. Costello of St. Albans, Vermont, suffered a major heart attack while on duty on Friday, July 23, 2010. The Lord called him home on Friday, July 30, after a long week in the intensive care unit. He was 46 years old. He was a 23-year veteran of the Burlington Fire Department. He was two years from retirement.

Steve moved to Vermont with his family when he was 12 years old. After graduating from Colchester High School, he worked various jobs as well as working as a volunteer firefighter at the Colchester Center Fire Department.

Steve joined Burlington Fire Department on November 23, 1987. Steve or “Vinny,” as he was known around the firehouse, was a born leader. He took charge without hesitation when he needed to. He loved to train others and had a passion for it. Steve always took pride in all that he did around the station and never asked his men to do something that he himself wouldn’t do. He was well respected and liked by all his colleagues.

Steve loved to run. He ran up to seven miles every day at home and at the station. He also enjoyed biking. Another thing he enjoyed was a good nap in the afternoon. He always said a well-rested firefighter was a ready firefighter. He was also known as the prankster around the firehouse. He liked to liven things up a bit.

Steve married his wife, Hilda, on March 12, 1993. They had a wonderful life together that will always be cherished. Steve left behind a loving daughter at the age of fourteen and a very busy little boy at the age of six. Steve loved his family and enjoyed every minute with them. He was definitely a family man. Vacationing with his family was very important to him, whether it was a trip to the Jersey Shore or a cruise to the Bahamas.

Steve was a wonderful and caring man. He was a hard worker and a devoted husband, father, and a well respected lieutenant. He will truly be missed and will remain forever in our hearts.
William Daniel “Danny” Altice was born October 12, 1942, in Franklin County, Virginia, to Oliver and Annis Altice. He grew up with his sister, Phyllis Altice Fadely, and his brother, Barry Oliver Altice. He remained a lifelong resident of Franklin County.

His father, William Oliver Altice, was a founding member of the Rocky Mount Volunteer Fire Department back in 1928. Danny ran calls with the fire department as a teenager and officially joined Rocky Mount's volunteer department in 1963. He was an active and dedicated member for 47 years, until his death on July 26, 2010.

Danny graduated from Franklin County High School and went to work in his dad's trucking business, W.O. Altice and Sons. He worked hard, but found satisfaction in a good day's work. He met and married Aileen Hodges shortly after graduating high school. They had two children, William Carey Altice and Christie Altice-Weaver. His son, Carey, was a member of the Rocky Mount Volunteer Fire Department and served alongside his father and his Uncle Barry, Danny's brother. Barry continues to serve as an active member in the department. Just like W.O. Altice and Sons, the fire department was also a family business.

After Danny's retirement several years ago, he spent most of his time with his close friend and companion, Frances Holley, and with his pride and joy, his granddaughter, Kayla Altice. Danny served as Rocky Mount Volunteer Fire Department's active chief from 1977 to 1984. He received a Lifetime Achievement Service Recognition Award in February 2008 from the fire department.

He also was an active member of the Rocky Mount United Methodist Church. He is greatly missed by his family, friends, and the community he served.
Firefighter William “Hal” Clark, 54, of Atlantic, Virginia, answered his final call, in the line of duty on Saturday, September 24, 2010. He was fighting a brush fire in New Church, Virginia, when he suffered a fatal heart attack.

Hal was a lifetime member and president of Atlantic Volunteer Fire & Rescue Company. He was very active in fundraising for the company and always had a good meal prepared for his fellow firefighters. Hal was also a past member of the Chincoteague Volunteer Fire Company as an engineer. He was very dedicated to volunteering at the Chincoteague Carnival, cooking “fritters,” building benches and buildings for the annual Pony Auction, and also helping to keep the herd of wild ponies watered during the summer.

Hal worked for the Town of Chincoteague in the public works and water departments, where he was a model employee known for his positive attitude. A natural leader, Hal was dedicated to the protection of the lives and property of his fellow residents and was admired by his colleagues for his experience and expertise in fighting fires.

He was a member of the Sons of the American Legion Post #159 and the American Legion Riders.

William Harold “Hal” Clark was born in Salisbury, Maryland, on March 13, 1956, the son of the late Bill and Virginia (Shields) Clark. He is survived by his daughter, Valerie Clark Merritt, and her husband, Keith; a granddaughter, Virginia “Jenna” Lynn Merritt; a brother, Skibo Clark, and his wife, Cristy; a sister, Sheila Gallagher; and his stepmother, Jean Boggs Clark; all of Chincoteague. He is also survived by several nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles, and cousins. He was predeceased by a son, William Todd Clark, who was also a firefighter.

The Atlantic and Chincoteague Volunteer Fire Companies lost a great friend, firefighter, and mentor. Hal will always be remembered for his outstanding dedication to these companies.

Like a shining star you graced us,
Like a falling star you left us.
We laughed, we cried, we played, we worked,
Till duty’s call would break us.
Posey W. Dillon  
Rocky Mount Fire Department #1 — Virginia  
Volunteer Chief  
Date of Death: July 26, 2010  
Age: 59

Posey Dillon was born February 4, 1951, in Franklin County, Virginia. A lifelong resident of Franklin County, he graduated from Franklin County High School and received A.S. degrees from Virginia Western Community College in accounting and business management. On December 28, 1974, he married Ann Hutchinson. They were best friends and happily married for over 35 years.

Posey joined the Rocky Mount Volunteer Fire Department in February 1977 and lived and breathed the RMFD for 33 years. His selfless dedication, compassion, and commitment gained him much respect. He served the department as captain and assistant chief before becoming chief in 1990, holding this position for 20 years until his tragic death on July 26, 2010, while responding to a house fire.

One of his proudest accomplishments was researching and locating the town’s first fire truck, a 1929 Seagrave Special. He oversaw the purchase and restoration of the truck to its original condition. Posey was also responsible for the department’s growth from 4-5 trucks to a fleet of 20 vehicles. His grant writing skills saved the town over $800,000 in vehicle and equipment costs. He also helped design and oversee the building of a state-of-the-art multi-million dollar emergency services building, home to the town’s N. Main Street station and police station. He dedicated his life to the department and served as a leader, role model, and father figure to the young firefighters he helped train. He showed them the way and was a mentor to which they should aspire.

Posey was elected to the Rocky Mount Town Council in 1980 and served until 2000. He was reappointed to council in 2006 and re-elected in 2008. He served as vice mayor from 1994-2000 and again from 2006 until his death. Posey’s knowledge, wisdom, and logical approach led others to think of him as “the voice of reason.”

Posey worked for American Electric Power for 30 years before retiring on June 1, 2010. A hardworking, dedicated employee, he was well liked by his peers and associates. His organizational, recordkeeping, and planning skills allowed him to excel, resulting in many achievements.

Posey was a man of integrity, strong principles, and many talents. He was a member of Glade Hill Baptist Church for almost 36 years, serving as a finance director and deacon for many years. He was truly a great leader. Always lending a helping hand, always standing up for what he believed in no matter the cost, his sincere kindness and contagious smile will be greatly missed. His legacy will live on in the many lives he touched. The community is truly a better place because of Posey.

*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.* John 15:13
Chet D. Bauermeister was born July 10, 1963, in Kennewick, Washington, to Donald D. Bauermeister and Lois Jeanne Schneider.

Chet lived his life in the Basin City, Washington, area and was very proud of that. He graduated from Connell High School in 1981. He was very active in sports, showing cattle and FFA all through his school years, and in 1984 he received his State Farmer and American Farmer Certificates.

Chet was a big man, 6’ 3,” 300+ pounds, with red hair, but he will be remembered for his big heart, quick smile, and kind words. He could walk into a room full of strangers and come out of a room full of friends. Chet had a way of making everyone feel like they were his best friend. He always had a story to tell and could cheer people up.

Chet wore a lot of hats. He was a great husband, father, friend, truck driver, welder, mechanic, fabricator, ambulance crew member, and chief of the volunteer fire department. He said having his own shop and being his own boss was the only job that would let him drop everything to go help someone. Chet was a community man. He loved his community, and his community loved him. Being a first responder and fire chief was his way of serving others. It didn’t matter what time it was or what he was doing, when the call came, he went. He truly was Ever Ready – Ever Willing. He used to say being fire chief of a volunteer department was “kinda like herding cats,” but it was what he loved.

Chet died on June 23, 2010, while fighting fire. He had modified a Sno-Cat into a “Fire Cat,” and it was his favorite toy. While going up a steep slope, the Fire Cat lost traction, rolled, and he died at the scene.

Chet is survived by his beloved wife, Sandy; his kids, Amanda, Lester, Katelin and Josh; his two grandchildren; his father; siblings, Jed (Val), Laurie, and Carrie (Layne); nieces and nephews. Last, but by no means least, his firemen of the Franklin County #4 Fire Department that he so dearly loved.

Chet’s motto for life: “Live your life so no one has to tell lies at your funeral.”

No lies, we love you and miss you.
Donald Willard “Donnie” “Bubby” Adkins III, 32, of Cedar Grove, West Virginia, died March 13, 2010, while assisting with a swift water rescue during flooding at Beaver. He and his crew had successfully rescued 15 people before their boat capsized, throwing all three of them into the water. Two were rescued shortly after they capsized.

Born on November 26, 1977, in Charleston, Donnie attended DuPont High School and was most recently employed by the Capital Resource Weatherization Program in Montgomery. He had been a member of the Glasgow Volunteer Fire Department since 2008 and was a previous member of the Rand Volunteer Fire Department.

He was a loving son, brother, father, and friend to many, especially his friends at the fire department, where he spent many hours. He was known for his love of WVU football and basketball, as well as NASCAR. His favorite driver was Dale Earnhardt Jr.

Left behind to cherish his memory are his mother, Lynn Adkins Sigmon, of Charleston; father, Donald Adkins Jr., of Mammoth; sister, Renee Coleman (Wesley), of Cedar Grove; and many aunts, uncles, and cousins.

He was a loving father to son Devin Buzzard of Sylvester; son Ethan Adkins of St. Albans; as well as special children, Joshua Perdue of Sylvester and Allyssa Evans of Cedar Grove. He will always be a hero to all the family and friends he leaves behind.

The family wishes to express their heartfelt thanks to the many, many volunteers who participated in the search for Donnie and also to those who have offered prayers and support through this difficult time.
If These Stones Could Talk

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
Emblazed 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 The Journey 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 two 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.
For over 42 years, Chief A. Marvin Gibbons made significant and lasting contributions to the fire service at the local, county, state and national levels.

At the local level, he served as Fire Chief of the Hillandale Volunteer Fire Company in Montgomery County, Maryland, for 16 years and as President for four terms.

At the county level, Chief Gibbons worked to establish an Executive Committee of the Montgomery County Fire Board to develop policy for fire and rescue services. While Chairman of the Fire Board, he helped establish the Heart Mobile, the forerunner of the current paramedic program, and was involved with the building of the Public Service Training Academy. Recognizing that Montgomery County lacked adequate mutual aid agreements, he helped create the agreements that now exist among Washington, DC, and metropolitan jurisdictions. Following his death in 1990, Montgomery County dedicated the Fire and Rescue Service Wing of the Training Academy in his memory.

At the state level, Chief Gibbons served as President of the Maryland State Firemen's Association (MSFA) and was elected to the MSFA Hall of Fame. He also served as both Chairman and Vice Chairman of the MFSA Convention Committee and was a member of the Maryland State Fire Chiefs’ Association.

When the idea for a National Fallen Firefighters Memorial was introduced by FEMA employee John Bex, Chief Gibbons was quick to embrace it and organized efforts to establish the Memorial on the National Fire Academy campus in Emmitsburg, Maryland. His hard work culminated in the erection of the national monument, designed by another FEMA employee, Don Begg, in 1981 and establishment of the annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Service. Today, the National Memorial Service draws thousands of families, firefighters, public officials and members of the private sector to the annual tribute held each October. None of this would have been possible without the vision and dedication of Chief Marvin Gibbons who took a dream and turned it into reality.

In 1998, in honor of Chief A. Marvin Gibbons, the historic Chapel on the campus was dedicated as the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Chapel. As can be said of many great men, there was a great lady standing beside him. Chief Gibbons’ wife, Mary Ann, dedicated years of service to the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend and served as a member of the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Board of Directors. The American fire service owes both a debt of gratitude.
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Special thanks to all of the members of the fire service who gave of their time and talents to organize golf tournaments, stair climbs and other fundraising events to benefit the Foundation during 2011.

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…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.
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A special thank you to the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation staff and contractors who work tirelessly throughout the year to assist and support the families and coworkers of fallen firefighters.

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<td>Dr. Frank Zieziula</td>
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Special thanks to all of the fire service members who serve as State Advocates for the Everyone Goes Home® program.
Wings of Love

From the past to the present, white doves have been and forever shall be a beautiful symbol of hope, love, peace and our inner soul. At this gathering, as we cherish the precious memories shared here with our loved ones, we release a flock of snow white doves in a symbolic tribute to their cherished memories, for we know that they will forever live on within our hearts.

Legend holds that if you whisper to a dove, she will carry your message upon white wings up to the heavens--allowing you to send your loved one the feelings invoked by your sweetest memories, your thoughts in celebration of their life, your prayers, your love and your thankfulness that they graced the earth and your life with their unique and special presence.

It is our wish that you will forever know the love, the peace, and the hope embodied by the doves. Whenever you see a white dove, may you be reminded of this moment, and the very special people we remember with great honor and affection on this day. We hold their memories deep within our hearts, and that enriches each of us.
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
Kenneth Adamo • Christopher Wayne Adams • Tommy L. Adams • Donald “Donnie” Adkins III • William E. Akin Jr. • William “Danny” Altice • Corey D. Ankum • Thomas T. Araguz III • Bruce Bachinsky • Michel Baik

• Chet D. Bauermeister • Steven F. Bouchard • Cecil Jay Brown • Richard A. Burns • Timothy A. Byrd • Terry L. Cannon • Brian Colin Carey • William Harold “Hal” Clark • Peter James Coe • Steven N. “Vinny” Costello • Steven S. Crannell • Gary Lowell Cummins • David A. Curlin • Randall S. Davenport • Scott W. Davis • Dillon Crawford Denton • Posey W. Dillon • Rick Drake • Urban A. Eck • Edward J. Eckert • Douglas Farrington • Frank William Fouts V • Stanley L. Giles • John Bradford Glaser • James C. Gumbert • Worne Hall • Thomas G. Hardy • Charles Hornberger • Donald W. Hubbel • Vincent A. Iaccino • Thomas Dale Innes • David J. Irr

• Mark P. Johnson • Paul Johnson • John P. Kelly • LeRoy A. Kemp • Erich “Mickey” Lachmann • John E. Lee III • Garrett W. Loomis • Gerard Marcheterre • Kenneth D. Marshall Jr. • Joseph M. McCafferty • Donald G. Mellott • Richard Adam Miller • Gregory A. Northup • Chad L. Null • James M. “Jimmy O” Owen • John Polimine • Leo A. Powell • Harold D. Reed Sr. • Dennis Wayne Robinson • Brian Joseph Rowe • Fernando J. Sanchez • Henry Sandy • James C. Saunders • Salvatore Scarentino • Donald Duaine Schaper • Victor B. Scott

• Ryan Neil Seitz • Jonathan L. Siemens • Douglas L. Smith • Sammy R. Smith • Richard Lawrence Springman • Ronald Stephan • Edward J. Stringer Sr. • Larry W. Suiter • David A. Sullivan • Kevin J. Swan • Edward D. Teare

• Jerry Thompson • Michael Alan Trullinger • Jimmy W. Tuberville • Steven A. Uptegrove • Steven J. Velasquez • Josef L. Welenofksy • Christopher D. Wheatley • Daniel C. Wilson • Chance Hyatt Zobel • Bryan K. Zollner