Remembering

National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend
October 3-4, 2015
The Firefighter’s Pledge

I promise concern for others. A willingness to help all those in need.

I promise courage—courage to face and conquer my fears. Courage to share and endure the ordeal of those who need me.

I promise strength—strength of heart to bear whatever burdens might be placed upon me. Strength of body to deliver to safety all those placed within my care.

I promise the wisdom to lead, the compassion to comfort, and the love to serve unselfishly whenever I am called.

—Author Unknown
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

For those who have answered their last call . . .
...we honor you and your loved ones.
If I had to describe Wayne Jeffers in one sentence I would say, “Everything he did, he did wholeheartedly.” There was no in between when it came to what he believed in or loved.

He was a former Marine who fought in Vietnam. He was one of the top salesmen in his retail sales career. He married, adopted a daughter, and later became the father of another little girl. Over the years, Wayne’s hobbies, loves, and career changed, but his passion for what he was doing did not change.

Wayne found his best friend and soul mate, Lisa, and in 1998 they were married. He adopted and raised her children as his own. Natasha, Johnathan, and Christopher are proud to call him “Dad.”

Wayne was captain and safety officer of the South Montgomery County Volunteer Fire Department and an EMT at Haynes Ambulance.

He was a deacon and a member of the choir at Friendship Baptist Church in Grady, Alabama.

Wayne wore many hats, but by far his proudest and most treasured was the one of “Papa” to his 11 grandchildren. As big a man as Wayne was, his heart was bigger. If any of his grandkids were around, you could see what a “softie” he was. They all were dear to his heart, and you could see the pride when he talked about them.

Wayne meant a lot to many people. Whether he was the man that came when the rescue was called to help in the community, deacon, husband, or simply Papa, we all suffered a great loss when he passed. We all have comfort in knowing where Wayne will spend his eternity. Wayne no doubt loved God and would tell anyone and everyone about his Lord. You could see in his actions what God was doing in his life. Wayne passed on March 16, 2014, at work.
Jeff Bayless, a fourth generation Alaskan, grew up in Copper Center near the small regional hub, Glennallen. From childhood on, he had countless adventures in the wilderness.

As a teenager, Jeff decided that what mattered most to him was helping people. He trained as an EMT and earned a bachelor’s degree from Alaska Bible College in Glennallen. After graduation, he attended the Paramedic Training Program at Oregon Health Sciences University, where he met his wife, Gail. They were married for almost 26 years.

Jeff began his career practicing paramedicine in Tillamook, Oregon, with a hospital-based service. There he was honed into a skilled, intuitive, cutting-edge paramedic. He loved the work. While in Tillamook, he became an RN and then returned to Alaska, working in ICU and volunteering as a paramedic with the Matanuska-Susitna Borough. His next step was EMS training coordinator, after which Jeff finally achieved his dream of being a paramedic with the Anchorage Fire Department.

Eventually, AFD’s EMS and fire services integrated, and he became a firefighter. Jeff found that he loved firefighting and turned his hunger for learning in that direction also. Over the years he certified in numerous specialties in EMS and fire and enjoyed teaching many of them. He progressed up the fire service ranks to senior captain. Jeff served a series of stations as senior captain, pouring his heart into each one.

Over his lifetime he saved countless lives. As an older teenager, Jeff and his buddy happened upon a flash flood in the Yukon that swept vehicles off the road. Using their wilderness savvy, they roped up and rescued every person. Decades ago, unknownst to him, his casual words of encouragement kept a young woman from fulfilling her secret intention of suicide, and she went on to live a satisfying life. Early one morning as an Anchorage paramedic, Jeff and his partner drove by an unreported apartment house arson fire that blocked all the exits. They called it in and, using a ladder and blanket, began rescuing the residents. He saved several people from rivers, once as part of AFD’s whitewater rescue team in a wild adventure that earned them an American Red Cross Wilderness Rescue Award.

Jeff collapsed and died suddenly toward the end of a strenuous training exercise, closing out a fruitful life that had been enriched by his faith in God. He was 51. He is survived by his wife, mother, fathers, sisters, brothers, and grandfather. He spent his life simply doing what he loved, completely engaged, lost in the moment. Without any consciousness of the impact his own life was having, he left behind a great legacy of life, encouragement, accomplishments, and friendship.
Robert Joseph “Bobby” Mollere was born on January 4, 1953, in Phoenix, Arizona, to Wrigley and Frieda Mollere.

He graduated from Phoenix Central High School and spent one year of ROTC at Arizona State University. Bobby worked as a plumber and pipefitter with Piping Systems for 30 years.

Bobby was a certified scuba diver and loved aviation. He owned a small Cessna and held a pilot’s license for 35 years. Bobby and his wife Willie enjoyed rescuing baby birds and releasing them back to nature. They spent many weekends together at their cabin located northeast of Payson, Arizona.

Bobby was a volunteer firefighter with the Hellsgate Fire Department in Star Valley, Arizona. He volunteered countless hours and also earned his certifications as an EMT, wildland firefighter, structural firefighter, and engineer. But he was most loved by his fellow firefighters for his joy, delightful sense of humor, endless analysis, and unending willingness to help—whether by welding a coworker’s metal fence or showing a coworker how to repair her car.

Bobby Mollere suffered a fatal heart attack during wildland training in Payson, Arizona, on March 8, 2014.

Bobby’s had two sisters who preceded him in death. He is survived by his wife, Willie Mollere, of 18 years. They had no children.
Dennis A. Channell
Poyen Fire Department – Arkansas
Volunteer Captain
Date of Death: February 10, 2014
Age: 55

Dennis Channell was born on January 2, 1959, in Arkadelphia, the son of Eugene and Helen McClenahan Channell.

He served his community volunteering as a captain with the Poyen Fire Department for over 20 years. Dennis was a second generation firefighter who enjoyed training younger firefighters and passing along the experiences he had.

Dennis was employed as a supervisor at Allen Gate Panel. He served on the community park board, where he organized the community 4th of July event for many years. He was a member of Moose Lodge #2365 and was one of the founders of the Oak Tree Club. Over the years, he coached youth baseball. He enjoyed going to auctions, collecting coins, and was an avid gardener.

He collapsed shortly after responding to an EMS call and died in the line of duty on February 10, 2014.

Dennis is survived by his son, Brody Channell, who is a full-time firefighter; his daughter-in-law, Courtney Channell; and two grandchildren, Collin James and Kylee Aaron Channell. He was a devoted father and papaw. He is also survived by his brother, David Channell; sisters, Ann Crouse, Geanie Channell, and Penny (Rick) Ashley; close family friends, Stella Channell and Doyle Lishbrook; and a host of nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents, his brother, Michael Channell, and his brother-in-law, John Wesley Crouse.
Jacob T. Harrell
Arkansas Forestry Commission – Arkansas
Career Pilot
Date of Death: January 31, 2014
Age: 33

Jacob Thomas Harrell, of North Little Rock, Arkansas, was born on November 25, 1980, to Rick and Pam Harrell. He was a graduate of Sylvan Hills High School and Henderson University. Jake served in the 188th Air National Guard out of Fort Smith, Arkansas for 14 years as a crew chief, serving three tours in Operation Freedom. He was a police officer in North Little Rock. He was a licensed commercial pilot with multiple ratings and flew fire detection for the Arkansas Forestry Commission.

Jake was a lifelong member of First Assembly North Little Rock, where he served God and people faithfully, including the Deaf Community of Central Arkansas.

In addition to his parents, Jake is survived by his wife, Rev. Jaime Fish Harrell; a son, Brayden Harrell; his sister, Rev. Ashley Duff, and her husband, Rev. Ben Duff; grandmothers, Doris Wingo and Ola Mae Harrell; parents-in-law, Gary and Penny Fish; brother-in-law, Matthew Fish, and wife, Tiffany; nieces, Samantha and Alex; nephew, Lukas; and extended family members and friends.

Jake was a gentle, caring husband and father with a servant’s heart and a desire to serve others. He is remembered as someone who cared deeply about his family, his church, and his community.
JB Hutton Jr., age 77, served the Dermott Volunteer Fire Department for over 48 years. He had a heart attack and passed away in the line of duty during the 2nd alarm of the day on October 1, 2014. Serving as assistant fire chief, he loved people, his firefighter brothers, and serving his community. A self-employed television repairman/electrician by trade, he kept generators operating, batteries charged for everything from flashlights to the trucks and made sure that the fire engines were kept fueled and ready to go.

In January 2015, he was posthumously awarded the Martin Luther King Jr. Community Service Award.

He is survived by his wife of 46 years, Shelby Hutton, two sons, two daughters, and nine grandchildren. His favorite hobby was working on his antique CJ-5 Jeep. He enjoyed driving his grandchildren and their dog around in it.

His fellow firemen said the most wonderful things about him. He was always smiling and happy to do anything that was asked of him and more. He was so full of energy and had to be doing something all the time, even if it was just tinkering around in his shop. He taught the younger firemen at every opportunity and was known to be the first one to arrive at the station when the alarm sounded. He was also known to rush out to a fire in the wet, cold winter nights with his shoes on, but no socks! Several of the firemen remarked that he was like a father to them.

JB was very involved in his church. He volunteered to drive the van when children needed to be picked up for Vacation Bible School or if the seniors needed transportation to any activity. He was always ready to show a fire engine to the kids during the town festivals and parades. He was a proud fireman.

He was well known in the community and was someone who would always lend a helping hand. People called him when they needed him to pull their vehicle from a ditch with the Jeep or to install a ceiling fan, or rewire light switches or outlets. In the summer of 2014, one of his 88-year-old friends, a retired doctor, called him to remove a snake from the bedroom in his house. He wasn’t sure how to do it, but he spread moth balls around, “flushed” the snake out, and got rid of it. We joked that he was now also the town snake wrangler. This was his heart: big, full of love for family and friends, and dedicated to firefighting until the end. We miss him terribly.
Chief Randall R. Pogue “Randy”, age 49, of the Oak Grove Fire District #25, passed away on February 19, 2014, from injuries sustained in a motor vehicle accident while responding to a previous accident on February 2, 2014.

Randy was born March 10, 1964, in Fayetteville, Tennessee, to William L. Pogue and Margie Betty Wilkerson. Randy began firefighting at 17, as a volunteer in Harrisburg, Arkansas. He served in the Arkansas Army Guard during his senior year at Harrisburg High School, where he also enjoyed playing football. He went on to serve in the U.S. Air Force, continuing his career as a firefighter. He completed his training as a fire protection specialist at Chanute Air Force Base, Illinois. During his career he went on to serve overseas at Aviano Air Force Base, Italy, then at Nellis Air Force Base, Nevada, and finished his career at Little Rock Air Force Base, Arkansas. During his Air Force career, Randy received the Air Force Achievement Medal, Air Force Outstanding Unit Award, Air Force Good Conduct Medal with one Oak Leaf cluster, National Defense Service Medal, Air Force Overseas Long Tour Ribbon, and the Air Force Longevity Service Award Ribbon. During his firefighting career, he achieved certifications in Command Crash Fire Rescue, HazMat, Wildland Fire Suppression, Certified Training Officer, DOD IFSAC Firefighter II, ARFF-Driver/Operator, and Airport Firefighter.

Randy enjoyed the opportunity to volunteer at Gravel Ridge Fire Department and North Pulaski Fire Department in Arkansas. He was Pulaski County Volunteer Firefighter of the Year in 1995. He started at the Oak Grove Fire District as their chief training officer. He served as fire chief from 2003 until the day of his passing. During this time, he also worked for the Arkansas Forestry Commission as Rural Fire Protection program coordinator for almost 10 years, giving him the opportunity to work with most of the rural volunteer fire departments in the state. He enjoyed coordinating their annual fire show. Randy went on to the Arkansas State Police as the install shop supervisor.

Randy was all about serving his community. Friends and family remember him as a man who never met a stranger. He was known as a great mentor to other firefighters. He loved people and gave everyone a chance. Randy was a big kid at heart, had a wicked sense of humor, and enjoyed playing pranks on friends and family. He loved deer hunting and riding his motorcycle.

He is survived by his wife, Veronica Villalobos-Pogue; his children, Gregory Pogue, Josephine Pogue, Randall Pogue II, and Rhonda Pogue-Smiley; his grandchildren, Robert, Davis, and Logan Smiley, and Jase Lockhart; two brothers, William “Jeff” Pogue (Elisa) of Long Island, New York, and Ray Pogue of South Carolina.
Ricky Lee Winkles Sr. was born February 5, 1960, to Rev. Carl and Shirley Winkles of Trumann, Arkansas. He was the second of five children with his siblings, Carolyn Winkles Qualls, Sherri Winkles Tribble, the late Patricia Winkles Whitsett, and Pastor Randy Winkles. He lived in Trumann his entire life and graduated from Trumann High School in 1978. In March of 1981 he married Bonnie Gean Holt; and, was still enjoying almost thirty-three years of marriage at the time of his passing. They had two sons, Ricky Jr. and Jeremy, to whom he could not have been a better Dad. He was a proud Pawpaw to Dixie, Shawn, and Kain Winkles. He was a loving uncle to so many nieces and nephews.

Ricky started his career as a firefighter in 1986 when he became a volunteer for the Trumann Fire Department. He became a full-time firefighter at TFD in 1988 and advanced through the ranks to become fire chief in 2004. He was still serving in this position when he passed in the line of duty on January 28, 2014. Trumann’s mayor said many times that “he loved his city,” and he did. Ricky had earned an associate degree in fire science. He was a member of the National Guard for thirteen years. He served Poinsett County, Arkansas, as an elected justice of the peace for eight years. He worked as a reserve deputy for the Poinsett County Sheriff’s Department and was a certified EMT. He was a licensed arson investigator and was head of the search and rescue team for Poinsett County. He had been a Freemason for over twenty years and was a member of McCormick Baptist Church in Trumann, Arkansas.

When he was not serving the public, he enjoyed deer and duck hunting, camping and, especially, riding his Harley Davidson motorcycle. He was a true family man who loved spending time with each and every one in his family. And he was a true friend to many. He is greatly missed!
Remembering

Geoffrey Hunt
DynCorp International, CAL FIRE – California
Contract Pilot
Date of Death: October 7, 2014
Age: 62

Geoffrey “Craig” Hunt died on October 7, 2014, honorably defending Yosemite National Park from the Dog Rock Fire. He was the beloved husband and best friend of Sara (Keenan) Hunt; devoted father of Nancy Hunt and Sarah Hunt Lauterbach (Cole); son of S. Jackson Hunt and the late Beverly Hunt.

An air tanker pilot with DynCorp in California that provided firefighting support to Cal Fire, Craig also taught chemistry at the University of California, Santa Cruz. A man of the outdoors, he was a former Navy lieutenant commander and had been a firefighting pilot for 13 years. He held a B.S from Wittenberg University, an M.S. in biochemistry from the University of California Santa Cruz, and an MBA from the University of Southern California. Born October 14, 1951, in Richmond, Indiana, he was an Eagle Scout and 1970 Male Athlete of the Year in Western North Carolina, where he attended the Asheville School.

Craig married his college sweetheart, Sally, in 1975 when he was a P3 pilot, and rose to the rank of lieutenant commander. He served in the Navy in an active and reserve capacity for a total of nearly two decades. In addition to firefighting and teaching, Craig loved flying, golfing, fishing, hiking, scuba diving, math and sciences, tutoring, and dogs.

Survivors also include his father, S. Jackson; two brothers, Stuart and Howard Hunt; a sister, Debbie Hunt Danner; and a loving fan club of nieces and nephews.

The loss of Craig will forever leave a hole in the hearts of everyone he touched. He was a loving husband, father, brother, mentor, educator, and to all, he was a friend.
Richard “Dick” Marchman was born August 25, 1947, to Marguerite and Fred K. Marchman. After graduating valedictorian from Gulf High School in 1965, Dick attended the home of the Gators, the University of Florida. Shortly after, he entered the United States Air Force and served from 1967-1973. The majority of his service was spent at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver as a technical instructor. Dick helped to start Astral Communications in 1977. Dick’s main contribution was developing the technical work for two-way radios and emergency phone systems in the Rocky Mountain canyons.

Dick became a member of the Allenspark Fire Protection District in August of 1989. He worked as a radio technician with Astral Communications and served as a volunteer and radio tech for the fire department. He donated hundreds of hours of time installing and maintaining the radios for the department. He trained and became a Firefighter I and II in July 1995. He served as assistant chief of the Allenspark Department for several years and then as a fire officer and EMT basic. He was totally committed to the fire department, responding to almost all calls 24/7. He became a member of the Indian Peaks Fire Department in 1999, serving as a fire officer and chief medical officer. He also spent hours fixing, maintaining, and replacing radios for this department. Dick was an amateur radio operator (KF0LA) for 50 years. He was instrumental in transferring a used ambulance from Allenspark Fire Department to Indian Peaks Fire Protection District for the sale price of $1, which was a huge addition to the service of that department. Dick was an amateur photographer (wildlife mostly), and he often documented emergency scenes for training purposes.

Dick retired from the Allenspark Fire Department in August of 2013 after 24 years of service. He continued with Indian Peaks Fire Protection District until his death on July 9, 2014. That day, he helped rescue an injured hiker in the Brainard Lake Recreation Area. He helped to land a rescue helicopter, one of his favorite things to do. On the hike back down the mountain, he looked at the beautiful Colorado mountain view and said, “I never get tired of this view.” He passed away on the mountain, surrounded by friends and firefighters in a place he loved and having just helped to rescue someone.

Dick touched the lives of so many people. He is survived by Susan Harford Marchman, his wife of 25 years; brother, Fred (Gail Love) Marchman; daughter, Nikki (Jeremy) Dean; two grandsons, Connor and Logan Dean; and nephews Brian and Brent Marchman. We miss him every day.
Remembering

Kevin L. Bell
Hartford Fire Department – Connecticut
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: October 7, 2014
Age: 48

Kevin Lamont Bell, 48, of Hartford, Connecticut, was born to Cheryl Bell and Manuel Gomes on April 30, 1966. Kevin’s last alarm was on October 7, 2014, in the line of duty. He is truly Hartford’s Bravest: Kevin is a HERO.

Kevin graduated from Weaver High School in 1984, where he played football and ran track. He was also affiliated with several sports leagues and fraternities, notably the Hartford Flag Football League, the Nelton Court Basketball League, the Group Organization, and the Roughnecks Organization.

He was affectionately known as “DJ Kut Master B-Stro the Originator.” He was a phenomenal DJ. Kevin’s DJ journey began at age 12. By the time he was a teenager he was in a group called the Busy Boys, and they signed to Bee Pee Records in 1984. They released several records, notably Funky Fresh Xmas, That’s the Flava, and Renita, just to name a few. Kevin also produced several groups and artists, including the Renegades and 4 Black Faces.

For many years, he was a security guard for the Hartford Public School System. He served as a special officer and wrestling coach at Cheney Technical School in Manchester, Connecticut. He was also employed at Mass Mutual in Enfield, Connecticut.

In 2008, Kevin began his career as a Hartford Fire recruit. After graduating from the training academy, he was assigned to Engine Company 11, Tour D. In May 2012, he was assigned to Engine Company 14, Tour A, and in May 2013, he was assigned to Engine Company 16, Tour A.

Left to cherish his legacy are his longtime love and wife, Wayatte Statham-Bell; their adoring daughter, Racquel Bell; and their dog, Chanel. He is also survived by his mother, Cheryl Bell, and his father, Manuel Gomes; brothers, Shawn Bell Sr. (Kimberly) and Elliot Bell; sisters, Torraine Grimes (Sean) and Sharonda Bell; aunts, Joyce Gomes Evans (William), Betty Gomes Clancy (Andrew), Crystal Bell, Cavette Bell, Kathy Napper (Henry), Debra Bell, Gloria Smith-White (Charlie); uncles, Elliot Bell, Gregory Bell, and Orlando Bell (Sandra); father-in-law, Connelius Percy; mother-in-law, Delores Statham; brothers-in-law, Larry Percy, James Percy, and Connelius Percy Jr.; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.

He was predeceased by his grandparents, Evelyn Bell and Stanley Weaver, Manual and Margaret Gomes, and beloved Preeman Faniel; his aunts, Constance Gomes-Amos, Donna Smith, and Diane Smith; and great aunts, Pearl Smith and Mary Bell.

Kevin had so many gifts, including cooking, playing drums, and his expertise with electronic devices. Kevin had an amazing love for people and would help anyone. His knowledge of history was extraordinary. To know him is to love him!
David P. Fiori
City of New Britain Fire Department – Connecticut
Career Deputy Chief
Date of Death: May 26, 2014
Age: 59

David was a 36-year member of the New Britain Fire Department, serving as deputy chief for 22 years, until his death at age 59.

David's passion for firefighting began early in life. As a teen he volunteered for his hometown fire department, already sure he wanted to make it his career. After high school, David enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, spending most of his military commitment on airbases as a member of fire rescue crash crews. After his military service, David was hired as a professional firefighter and moved through the ranks quickly. On the job he was a leader, mentor, teacher, and confidante to many of his colleagues. Quiet but courageous, David led by example. He encouraged others to be successful and took pride in the accomplishments of fellow firefighters. He respected his brother and sister firefighters, and he became one of the most respected individuals in the department and the city.

In addition to his firefighting career, David volunteered countless hours coaching youth sports, where he was a mentor and role model to children and families. Many of those individuals whose lives he positively impacted still refer to him as “Coach Fiori.” David was also a big supporter of the New Britain High School football program. He spent many Friday nights as team statistician, while also cheering on his sons playing on the field.

David believed that sports were the foundation of discipline for our youth and was happy to help however he could.

David had a passion for gardening and cooking. He enjoyed tending his vegetable garden and was an outstanding cook, trying new recipes and cooking for his family at home and at the firehouse. He was the “go to guy” for meal planning and preparation when the firefighters hosted fundraisers. Over the years his pasta recipes have fed hundreds. David loved spending time on Cape Cod with his family. He took great pleasure in clamming, fishing, and kayaking the ponds and beaches. He enjoyed the tranquility of the Cape and cherished sharing that special time with his wife and children.

David's family meant the world to him. He was a devoted husband, brother, son, and an amazing father. David took pride in his marriage and in the accomplishments of his children. He was their biggest fan and would stop at nothing to help them. His thoughtfulness, determination, and playful personality will live on in their lives.

While his family was most important in his life, David held a special place in his heart for his firefighting family. The strong bonds that he forged with his brothers and sisters in the department are everlasting, and the impact of his leadership will positively affect the department for years to come.
Remembering

John C. “Mac” McDonald
Naval District Washington Fire and Emergency Services Central Division – District of Columbia
Career Battalion Chief
Date of Death: May 30, 2014
Age: 54

Devoted husband, father, brother, friend, and dedicated firefighter, John C. “Mac” McDonald was rarely called by his first name. Known as a “fireman’s fireman,” he was called, “Johnny Mac,” “Mac,” or “Mac Daddy.”

Mac began his 40 years in the fire service as a volunteer with Stafford Volunteer Fire Department, Company 2, after serving in the United States Navy. It was there that he coined the station’s slogan, “Dedicated 2 Excellence,” was elected and served as fire chief on more than one occasion, and became a life member of the department. Serving in every operational capacity, over the decades as a federal firefighter he rose through the ranks at the Naval District of Washington Fire Department to become battalion chief in 2009, the position he held at the time of his passing.

One of Mac’s key traits as a leader was his ability to remain calm in all situations. “When your leader is calm, so too are the firefighters,” colleagues recalled. He was known throughout the fire and rescue community as “one heck of an instructor, he just had that ability to teach others.” Credited with saving over seven lives, Mac was recognized, along with his brethren, for five of those saves with the 2007 Firefighter Heroism of the Year Team Award. Gifted with a calming nature, unwavering love, support and friendship, Mac gave all of himself to the very end.

His faith in God and energy for life were boundless. He was hard working, hard playing, and nothing stopped his enthusiasm. Outside of the firehouse, Mac was often found spending time with his family, taking his motorcycle and the love of his life, his wife Teresa, down the coast for a getaway, riding with comrades of Fire and Iron 161 MC where he served as vice president and was a charter member, pitching his joint business venture, The Beer Lasso, with eldest daughter Katie, or cheering on youngest daughter Ashley in her endeavors. A humble man, jokester, mentor, role model, hero, and always the life of the party, his selfless dedication to serving others did not end outside of the firehouse. He often helped others on family outings and anytime he noticed someone in need. Mac remains deeply missed by the many lives he touched.

He often spoke of the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial and the importance of its meaning. Having his name etched in stone at a place he held in high regard, he would have been genuinely touched to receive such an honor. While Mac is no longer physically present in this life, his legacy remains in all who had the pleasure to know him and in the many lives he touched while here on earth.
“Made in Spain” was always an inside running joke between a man and his father. The man was Lt. Homer William “JR” Harrell Jr. He was born at the U.S. Navy Base in Rota, Spain. He traveled all over the world, from Spain to Iceland, with his parents, growing up on different Navy bases before finally settling down in central Florida in 1982.

Growing up, he was an avid baseball player throughout high school. Lt. Harrell attended Winter Park High School in central Florida. After high school he had two children, Cory and Cassie. Along with his love for his children, he found his career passion—helping others in need.

JR was a lifelong advocate of helping the community and providing emergency patient care. He worked for the past 21 years in the emergency medical field as a paramedic and firefighter, starting with Life Fleet Atlantic Ambulance for the inception of his career in 1992. He then moved on to EVAC ambulance in Volusia County. In 2003, he found a home with his new family, the Orange City Fire Department. JR was a key member of this small department, watching it grow from one to three stations. He took charge of the developing ALS program and worked to get grants for the latest equipment. He oversaw EMS as a battalion chief until the lure of getting back on the engine brought him back to his passion, helping citizens. He spent his last three years as an engine company lieutenant, where he shared a wealth of information with the younger firefighters and many volunteers.

Lt. Harrell was always trying to instill the passion he felt for EMS to all others he came in contact with and was the consummate instructor. JR was an outstanding EMT/paramedic instructor at Daytona State College. He assembled an impressive collection of reference books that he studied to ensure that any questions the students asked, he would be able to give them the correct answer and explain it in terms that they could understand. Lt. Harrell’s legacy is that years from now, citizens will be saved due to the level of instruction that he passed on to his students.

Lt. Harrell was also a good friend to many people, always helping others that needed an extra hand. JR was an avid sportsman, and he would enter local bass fishing tournaments with his father. He also enjoyed hunting, the outdoors, and was constantly doing activities with his friends. He was a good bowler and had a love/hate relationship with the golf course.

He is survived by his parents, Bill and Alice Harrell; his children, Cory and Cassie Harrell; his sister, Tanya Parker; and his fiancée, Angie Paige.
Lt. Jeffrey Bruce Newland was born September 3, 1963, to Byron “Mike” and Jane Newland and was raised with his brother, Brian “Jim” Newland, in Pine Island, Florida. Jeff is survived by his significant other, Beverly Ward; their son, Clayton Newland; his stepson, Colton Ward; and his loving nephew, Cody Newland.

After graduating high school, Jeff immediately joined the United States Navy, where he served nine years active duty on the USS Saratoga, Naval Air Station Key West, and Charleston Naval Base. He then went into the U.S. Naval Reserves and was working with Naval Reserve Center St. Petersburg/Clearwater. He retired with Honors from the U.S. Naval Reserves as an Interior Communications Specialist IC1 after 23 years of service to our country.

His public service career began in Lee County, Florida, with Lee County EMS as a paramedic. He went to fire school and began his fire career with Lehigh Acres Fire Control and Rescue District. He then worked for South Trail Fire and Rescue District, and finally settled in with North Port Fire Rescue in 2000 as a firefighter/paramedic. He was promoted to lieutenant in February of 2008 and was most recently the A Shift station officer at Station 82, on North Port Boulevard. He was a skilled officer and paramedic who earned an excellent reputation for both his customer service and his leadership in the field. He received multiple “Phoenix Awards” for successfully resuscitating a patient in cardiac arrest. He was loved by his work family and will be missed.

Jeff grew up in Pine Island, Florida, where he learned his love and appreciation for the water. He spent much of his free time on the water either riding his jet skis or kayaking. He was very involved in the boys’ lives. Between helping coach baseball for Clayton and attending football games for Colton, he was always there supporting them. He was a world traveler and took trips every year. He could be found tinkering around the garage on one of many projects he would have. He was never too busy to help anyone in need. He often was helping friends, neighbors, and even people stuck on the side of the road. Jeff was the problem solving guy with a strong will to do what’s right, and his integrity, laugh, and love of life will always be missed.
Christ K. Swan
Lockheed Martin Aeronautical Fire Department – Georgia
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: January 10, 2014
Age: 57

Christ Kasseen Swan (“Chris”) was born on December 23, 1956, to the late James and Rosemary Swan, in Atlanta, Georgia. Chris and his sister, Estella, were raised in a strong religious home. Like his father, who served in the United States Marine Corps, Chris wanted to serve others and had a “burning” desire from an early age to become a firefighter.

Chris attended St. Joseph High School in Atlanta and DeVry Institute of Technology, where he earned a degree in electronics and computer technology. He served as a police officer and an EMT. His firefighting career began in 1980 when he joined the DeKalb County Fire and Rescue Department as a firefighter/EMT. Chris loved his profession and flourished; he received many commendations for his valor.

In 1985, Chris joined Lockheed Martin Fire Department, where he received numerous certifications. During his tenure at Lockheed, he served as a firefighter and fire inspector. Chris was ambitious, driven, and a hard worker. He was well thought of on the job. His peers elected him to represent them as shop steward. Chris had a strong bond with his fellow firefighters and considered them as brothers and sisters.

Chris loved helping others. He supported many charities, but what he found most rewarding were his random acts of kindness, such as purchasing groceries for mothers in need, assisting college students, and providing emergency funds for others. He was charismatic and would light up a room with his smile. He had a trademark laughter that was endearing and warm.

Chris wore many hats: husband, father, firefighter, mentor, chef, comedian, coach, friend, and cheerleader. He enjoyed life and considered each day a gift. Chris was incredible, thoughtful, and supportive. An awesome dad, he was extremely close with his children. They spent a lot of time together, especially when watching the latest action or SCIFI themed movie.

Chris had many interests. He was an avid reader who enjoyed a good debate. He was a great chess player and loved various sports. He liked working on computers, traveling, and had a varied taste in music.

Chris left an indelible imprint on the many lives he touched. He showed us how to be of service to others, how to love unconditionally, and how to be a good neighbor. Chris is gone, but not forgotten. We salute him as our hero. We admire his courage and strength and miss him dearly.

He is survived by his wife, Faith; children, Dante, Christian, Alexander, and Ashley; nieces, Bernice and Myra; other relatives and numerous friends. All our lives have been enriched for having known Chris. He has left this world a better place and will remain in our hearts forever. Rest in peace, our dear, sweet loved one!
Fidel G. Serrano, Jr. was born in Manila, Philippines, to Fidel H. Serrano Sr. and Venecia G. Serrano, and his older brother, Alan. Fidel Jr. left behind many friends and a large extended family of aunties, uncles, and cousins.

Our family immigrated to the United States in 1987, after I was diagnosed with ovarian cancer and sought treatment in America so I can be alive for my family. My two sons were in grade school at this time. My fight with cancer proved to be the power of praying devoutly and maintaining faith and hope; I was able to survive. The loss of Fidel Jr. has been excruciatingly painful for me and my family due to the key role he played in helping our family, emotionally and financially, to stay in this country. I came to realize that we have no control over life and our destiny is predetermined by our Lord.

Before moving to Chicago, Fidel Jr. attended an exclusive Catholic boys’ grade school in Manila. He was an active, energetic honor student. Fidel was involved in many sports, and at an early age he developed a passion for playing chess. At his first chess tournament in Manila, he had an opportunity to play the world grand master, Eugene Torre. Fidel Jr. left the tournament with a trophy for his strategic chess plays. Fidel Jr. continued his interest in chess while attending Lane Tech High School and University of Illinois. He won the Chicago Public Schools General Chess Championship in 1989.

Fidel Jr’s love of chess continued throughout his life, and recently he was honored in Schaumburg, Illinois, with a memorial chess tournament, which provides scholarships, prizes, and trophies in his memory.

Fidel Jr. was a member of the United States Air Force and was stationed in New Mexico until his honorable discharge. His other major interest was travel, and he traveled throughout the world on his time off from the military and while employed by the Chicago Fire Department.

Fidel Jr. joined the CFD as a paramedic in March 2005. He became a firefighter in 2010 and was transferred to Truck 56 as a firefighter/paramedic. We remember Fidel Jr. as a loving, caring son and a kind, compassionate, dependable, humble, and loving brother. We honor his legacy by remembering his talents of hard work, dedication, generosity, determination, courage, and bravery. We love you, we miss you, and you’re always being remembered in our hearts forever by Dad, Mom, and your brother, Alan.

Eternal rest and perpetual light shines upon him.

The Serrano Family would like to thank the Chicago Fire Department, particularly Fire Commissioner José Santiago and First Deputy Charles Stewart III, for their concern and support which helped our family get through this loss of Fidel Jr.
Chief James Joseph Knesek Sr. was outgoing and always wanted to help people. Jim was a great leader and a dedicated public servant who led by example and cared about his men. He was a U.S. Army veteran and served in Virginia as a marine engineer specialist. After working as a firefighter in Virginia and Wisconsin air bases, he returned to Munster, working his way up the ranks to become the town’s director of operations.

Jim joined the Munster Fire Department on November 1, 1979, took over the public works on July 31, 1995, and in 2005 he was named the seventh chief of the Munster Fire Department. Under his direction, both departments made advancements with equipment, technology, and best practices. Jim was a graduate of Lewis University with a degree in fire science and public administration. He looked out for all of his men on the fire and public works department and did what was right, never thinking of himself in the process.

Jim was dedicated to the residents of Munster for 34 of his 59 years.

James Knesek Sr., a lifelong resident of Munster, Indiana, was survived by his loving wife of 29 years, Julie, who sadly passed away just six months after him on August 18, 2014. James Knesek Sr. was the proud and loving father of James Joseph Knesek Jr.; cherished brother of Donna (Nick) Krizmanic, Gerald (Andrea) Knesek, Karen (Ron) Smith and Mark (Christine) Knesek; caring brother-in-law of Sandra (Dale) Carlson and Jeanne (Don) Nadzieja; devoted uncle to numerous nieces and nephews.

He was a basketball referee with the IHSAA and coached C.Y.O. basketball. He was a member of Indiana Volunteer Firefighters Association, Lake County Fire Chiefs Association and MABAS 24. Jim enjoyed family trips to Siesta Key, Florida, and was a devout Catholic. Jim lived his dream in the town he loved and grew up in.

May 21, 1954–February 8, 2014.
Jamie Middlebrook was born on August 2, 1973, to Robert and Carolyn Middlebrook. He was employed through the town of New Carlisle as assistant chief of the ambulance department. Following in his father’s footsteps, he had been a volunteer firefighter for over 20 years.

On November 11, 1995, Jamie married his high school sweetheart, Julie Spriggs. Jamie and Julie shared a love that few experience in a lifetime. If anyone saw them together, love was visible through hand holding and smiling faces.

In 2003, Jamie was diagnosed with acute myeloid leukemia. He battled this illness and endured chemotherapy with strength, tenacity and, of course, humor. His doctors and nurses adored and admired him for his strength of body, mind, and spirit. He was in remission for 11 years.

After his amazing triumph over cancer, he devoted countless hours volunteering for the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. He not only participated as a triathlete, he also mentored, coached and, with his wife, raised over $30,000 for this organization.

Jamie was the strongest person most people had ever met. Among the dozens of triathlons he completed, he was also an Ironman.

Jamie grew up around the fire department and started his training while he was still in high school. Throughout his career, he never stopped training. His weekends were often spent attending firefighting and EMS classes or educating new members. He loved helping others and serving his community along with his father and fellow firefighters. Jamie was assistant chief and went on thousands of calls. He was often the first to arrive on scene and among the last to leave. He devoted his life to the health, safety and wellbeing of his community.

Jamie died in the line of duty at a commercial fire on August 5, 2014. His legacy is a life spent well in service to others.
Remembering

Tom D. Stevens Sr.

Bright Volunteer Fire Company – Indiana

Career Assistant Chief
Date of Death: March 17, 2014
Age: 59

Tom D. Stevens Sr. was a great husband, father, grandfather, son, brother, and friend. In the year 2000, Tom joined the fire department. He was always helping someone; that’s the kind of man he was. He wanted to help in our community, and that’s why he joined. Tom and our oldest son, Tom Jr., joined the department first; later, our youngest son, Mike, and I joined. The department was a volunteer organization, but that didn’t matter. Tom was always willing to do whatever it took to make the department better. He loved being a fireman, and he put his all into it. He worked 12-hour shifts several days a week; when he became assistant chief, he went to full-time days. He took Fire 1 and Fire 2 training and also became an EMT. He went on every run, days and nights. He was so committed he started having Saturday breakfasts and lunches at the firehouse to promote camaraderie. He loved to make everyone laugh, always telling jokes or playing tricks on someone. He created a family atmosphere at the firehouse and even had a fire department softball team. He planned cookouts, Christmas parties, bonfires, and used any reason he could to get the families together at the firehouse. He always said everyone on the department had value. He could see it and respected it.

Whenever he could, he would play softball with his sons and two grandsons, ages 18 and 12. Softball was also a big part of his life. He loved it. At 58 years old, he still pitched on teams where he was twice their age, and they loved him. He enjoyed spending time with his twin 1-year-old granddaughters, who were his little princesses. When our sons were growing up, he coached baseball, basketball, and was involved with whatever organization they were part of. He was always smiling, singing, joking, and helping. He enjoyed life! His favorite place to eat was a Mexican restaurant in the small town where we live; he even did their maintenance so they didn’t have to pay for repairs. Every chance he got, he had ice cream. Tom loved ice cream.

After he passed away, we were told by people in the community what a wonderful, kind-hearted, loving, compassionate person Tom was, which I already knew since we were married for 39 years! He was a devoted family man with a heart of gold! He was an honorable man with many friends. We love him and miss him. He will forever be in our hearts.

Rest in peace, Tom. You’ve earned it.
Lieutenant Jonathan Eric French was born November 1, 1988, in Leitchfield, Kentucky. He was the second of five children born to Jackie and Lisa French. He had a loving bond with three of his four siblings, Joshua, Heather, and Rebekah, each calling him their best friend, though they had to grow a little first. His other sister, Katie, was stillborn, and therefore had no chance to know her big brother, Jonathan.

Jonathan was a Christian and was saved by the grace of God. God was a big part of Jonathan’s life from the time he was a child.

Jonathan attended Central Hardin High School in Cecilia, Kentucky. He obtained his firefighter certification through the Kentucky Fire Commission, since firefighting was a passion for him.

Jonathan was always the first to jump in during his own training, and once he received his certification he was always ready to help “the new guys” learn what to do. He was an advocate for “better training makes us all go home.”

He trained any time there was an opportunity and would go to the station any time anyone asked for more time or help with anything from gear to trucks.

He was the engineer for the station tanker; 2560 was his truck and is to this day.

Jonathan was always at any function or training the department had, as well as public safety and public education events. He lived a simple life and didn’t require much as long as you gave it your all when it came to the fire service. Firefighting was a passion for Jonathan. He lived it, breathed it, and his life was taken doing it.

Jonathan touched the lives of many in the fire service and throughout his community with his bubbly personality and his dedication to his job. He will be sorely missed by all his family, the fire department family, his friends, and his community. FOREVER 2503.
Charles Edward Goff

McQuady Volunteer Fire and Rescue Department – Kentucky

Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: April 27, 2014
Age: 53

Charles Edward Goff—loving husband, wonderful father, and magnificent Pappaw. Charley is survived by his wife, Cathy; children, April and Tyler; and grandsons, Aidan, Cade, and Cullen (who arrived three months after Charley’s passing). He is also survived by his parents, two brothers, three sisters, and many nieces and nephews, as well as his very special friends, Aaron and Katrina.

Charley married his high school sweetheart. They had daughter April and son Tyler, who were his pride and joy. He was very much a family man. So when his grandsons came along, needless to say they had their Pappaw wrapped around their little fingers. It brings us much sadness that his third grandson did not get to know him.

Charley was a volunteer firefighter for over 30 years for the McQuady Volunteer Fire Department in McQuady, Kentucky. His son later joined the fire department to make runs alongside his father.

Charley tried to make as many calls as he could and help in any way needed. Being on the fire department was definitely a calling for him.

Charley owned and operated his business, Charles Goff Logging, for over 30 years. He was also a 4-H shooting sports coach for 14 years. Seeing the children succeed was a great joy to him. Charley especially loved coaching his own children and seeing them both win at the state level the same year.

Charley loved hunting, fishing, and just being outdoors. He was not a sit around the house guy. Charley had to always be on the go. Charley’s greatest enjoyment was letting his grandsons drive his old, green truck around the farm to look for deer.

Charley had a very compassionate and tender heart. He made an impact on many lives. His passing has changed our lives forever, but he will forever live on in our hearts.
Malcolm Jenkins believed in community service. When Fern Creek Fire Department recruited firefighters in our rural area of the county, Malcolm volunteered. He was one of a group of farmers, most of whom were family members. They joked that their tractors were their response vehicles. As a volunteer for 19 years, he attained the rank of captain in charge for the local firehouse.

Malcolm loved being a firefighter. He earned an associate degree in fire science. When applying for the career position as the training officer for FCFD, he stated to his chief that he wasn’t sure if he was the best person for the job, as he believed himself to be more of a student than an instructor. This is where his legacy began. Malcolm never quit being a student. He attended many different fire schools, as well as classes at the National Fire Academy. He brought his knowledge back to Fern Creek to share with others. He never changed who he was, just what he was.

Malcolm had a very quick mind, whether to tell a joke or solve a problem. There wasn’t anything that he couldn’t fix. There was Plan A, B and, most likely, also a Plan C for any situation. (Due to this ability, his wife taught their three daughters to marry a man who could fix anything that they could break.) He became a member of the Jefferson County Trench Team, as well as the Hazmat, and USAR Teams. He was a Level 2 instructor, incident safety officer, fire inspector, rope technician, and large animal rescue technician.

Malcolm was also responsible for the construction and development of the Kentucky Regional Fire Training Academy. The academy trains hundreds of firefighters annually. The administration building was dedicated in Malcolm’s honor for his commitment to training and his willingness to help others. In his 31 years of service to the community, Malcolm touched the lives of everyone that wanted to be or was involved in firefighting. Thanks to Major Jenkins, our people and training facilities are second to none.

Somehow, Malcolm also managed to be a good son, loving husband, caring father to three daughters, and a doting grandfather. His devotion and love for his family was evident in all that he did. His wife always told their friends that Malcolm was her “tour guide in life.” He was the cornerstone of his family.

The Chief of FCFD stated that Malcolm was his “go to guy.” Malcolm was a teacher, family man, mentor, and a firefighter. Mostly, he was a good man.
Robert “Bud” Webster
Glencoe Volunteer Fire Protection District – Kentucky
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: May 6, 2014
Age: 64

Robert “Bud” Webster was born April 19, 1950, to Doc and Bessie Webster. He married the love of his life, Judith Irene Moses, on February 3, 1967. They were married for 47 years. Bud and Judy had two children, a son, Robert Glenn Webster II, and a daughter, Tisha Irene Webster.

Bud was a self-employed mechanic who was known by nearly everyone in the small community in which he resided. He was also known for his ability to fix anything. He was a great storyteller and loved keeping everyone around him entertained. He had an incredible sense of humor and loved to play pranks on all his comrades. A devoted family man, his family was always his top priority and he loved them dearly.

In 1994, Bud became a dedicated member to the Glencoe Fire-Rescue. His dedication and commitment to the community was second to none. In 1998, after only four years of service, Bud was appointed fire chief. His tireless work ethic was an example to all and inspired many new firefighters to work hard and give back. On July 4, 2006, Chief Webster was responding to a motor vehicle accident when the apparatus he was driving overturned, leaving him critically injured. After suffering debilitating injuries in the accident, he was never able to return to active duty.

After a long, hard fight, Chief Robert “Bud” Webster passed away on May 6, 2014, as a result of complications from his accident. He was a loving father, husband, and friend. He is survived by his wife, Judy Webster; his son, Robert Glenn Webster II; his daughter, Tisha Webster; and his granddaughter, Haley Webster.

Bud was a man of strong character and integrity. He gave 100% to everything, and his passing left a void that can never be filled in the lives of those who knew him best. He will always be missed and never forgotten!
Chief Norris was born March 13, 1952, to Waddie and Vera Norris. Billy was raised in Cheneyville, Louisiana. He attended Rapides High School where he excelled in track and set numerous records. He attended Vo-Tech College and became a machinist. Billy loved to hunt and fish. Billy met the love of his life, Catsby, in June of 1972, and they were married for 41 years.

The loves of Billy’s life were his wife; his children, Hope, Melinda and Billy Jr.; and his grandchildren, Caleb, Madeline, Mitch, and Kara.

Billy served the Lecompte Volunteer Fire Department since 1992 and loved his job. He helped establish the 2nd Fire Station in 2000 and became chief in 2002. Billy also was president and treasurer of the Rapides Parish Firefighter Association and served on many organizations and committees. He taught AED and CPR classes to school children, the elderly, and firefighters. He went to many fire departments all over the state and evaluated water shuttles. He received numerous awards for his service and dedication to firefighters.

Billy recruited and trained young and old men and women to be firefighters for the Lecompte Volunteer Fire Department. He got his whole family involved. Catsby is the safety officer and drives a pumper. Billy Jr. is captain of Station 2. Melinda is the secretary, and they are all first responders. Hope was an EMT, and the grandchildren are so proud of their Paw-Paw Billy.

In a letter to the family, Rev. Bruce Miller wrote: “Billy will be greatly missed not only by a very close knit immediate and extended family but a very tight community including not only his own Volunteer Fire Department but also those of the region and beyond… He worked hard to obtain AEDs and other rescue and fire equipment, all important items for the community. He also served the poor and elderly in various ways… Years ago the whole community rallied behind him and his family after each of his accidents that ultimately left him “disabled.” I never saw his severe hand injuries stop him for a minute. He did not know the word can’t. And he did not complain himself. He pushed for better equipment for the community at every opportunity. He will be greatly missed by his family, community, and unsung firefighter heroes.”

Billy was a simple man who never met a stranger, with a “What can I do to help you?” kind of energy. He will always be remembered for his contagious smile. He meant so much to so many.

Billy’s love of God was seen throughout his life, which touched many people. Lamentably, this earthly reward for service rendered will not be his. Gratefully his reward will be. “Well done, good and faithful servant.”
Captain Robert Bruce Thomas was born September 5, 1961, in Miami, Florida, to Robert and Maudie Thomas. From an early age he felt a calling to serve the public. He went into law enforcement at the age of 18 and served for 25 years. He became a firefighter in 1981 and remained faithful to the position until his death. Through the years, he expanded his knowledge of firefighting and received many awards and certificates. Captain Thomas died from injuries sustained in an apparatus accident while returning to the fire station from a structure fire. He loved being a firefighter and answered his last call doing what he loved.

He was preceded in death by his father, Robert Thomas, and a younger brother, Mark Thomas. He is survived by his mother, Maudie Thomas; one son, Robert Cody Thomas, and his wife, Melinda; his grandchildren, Mason and Emma; two sisters; and a host of nieces and nephews.
Michael C. Kucsma Jr.
Gorham Fire Department – Maine
Volunteer Deputy Chief
Date of Death: June 16, 2014
Age: 43

Michael C. Kucsma Jr, age 43, was a captain of the Portland Fire Department and a deputy chief of the Gorham Fire Department in Maine.

Mike began his fire career as one of the first “live-in” students of the Gorham Fire Department in 1991. After graduating with a bachelor’s degree in political science, he worked his way up the ranks of the Gorham Department while making Portland Fire Department his career.

Mike was passionate about the fire service. He created the Rapid Intervention Team training program for the state when he found a gap in this type of training. If superior training did not exist, he would create and refine a program until it did. He also wrote articles regarding rural firefighting for Firehouse Magazine and served on the board of directors for the Aircraft Rescue and Firefighting Work Group.

As much as Mike loved firefighting, he also put the same enthusiasm into his personal life. He was an avid fisherman and followed his dreams of fly fishing in Montana, bone fishing in the Bahamas, and salmon and trout fishing throughout Maine. Mike loved almost any activity that allowed him to be outside. He felt that Mother Nature created more beauty than humans ever could.

His two other priorities in life were traveling and rum. It started with a cruise to Bermuda to marry his best friend, Marcia. While there, he tried his first “Dark and Stormy.” From then on, he traveled to more than 17 islands in the Caribbean, some more than once, seeking out the best rum.

Mike is an amazing man with dedication, humor, drive to be the best, and just great to be around. He is desperately missed by his family, friends, and brothers and sisters of the fire service.
Remembering

David W. Millett
Norway Fire Department – Maine
Volunteer Captain
Date of Death: May 10, 2014
Age: 62

David W. Millett was born December 4, 1951, to Gordon and Mary Millett, in the small town of Norway in the western foothills of the state of Maine. The eldest son of nine siblings, he enjoyed being around people and had a great sense of humor. David lived his entire life within a mile of where he was born. In February 1971, his family lost their home to fire, prompting him to join the Norway Fire Department as a volunteer, leading to a lifetime commitment to the department and the town of Norway.

David attended the local schools, playing with his brothers on recreational baseball teams coached by his father, and was a Boy Scout. In high school he was very active in sports, managing the school baseball team and playing varsity football all four years of high school. He was an active member of his high school reunion committee for decades.

Nicknamed “Bear” by a close friend, David was well known and liked in the community. Serving in the fire department, he became captain of Engine 2 and most recently took on the role of safety officer. He was a past president of the Tuesday Night and Thursday Night Men’s Leagues at the Oxford Hills Bowling Lanes, was secretary/treasurer of the Oxford Hills Men’s Softball League, and was instrumental in the installation of lights at the fairgrounds field. He was involved in a recreational basketball team, was active in the Oxford Hills Athletic Boosters, served on the town budget committee, and was treasurer of the Norway Firemen’s Relief Association. David also headed up the operation of the Norway Firemen’s Cook Shack at the annual Oxford County Fair for more than 20 years.

In 1991, David fulfilled a lifelong dream with his wife, Irene, by purchasing a small business. They owned and managed the popular Millett’s Variety, a small mom-and-pop store in Norway, Maine, for 14 years. The store was open 365 days a year, his motto being “We are here for the convenience of our customers.”

David was dedicated to his immediate family. He was married to his wife, Irene, for 42 years, raising two daughters, Lynette and Donna, who also assisted him in the managing of Millett’s Variety, and was very proud of his grandson, Marcus. He was well-liked for his always present smile, kindness to others, and sense of humor.
Lt. James Elijah Bethea, safety officer, was a 41-year veteran of the Baltimore City Fire Department. His job was to ensure no hazardous conditions threatened the lives of firefighters or the public. Over the course of his career, he served in myriad roles, including FireFighter I and II, emergency vehicle driver, pump operator, lieutenant, and safety officer. Lt. Bethea was an iconic and ubiquitous figure in the department. He worked at several fire houses in Baltimore City and served as the senior safety officer for 10 years until his death. He was an outstanding firefighter and safety officer, dedicated and committed to providing first class safety and fire protection for BCFD’s 1600 members and the citizens of Baltimore.

Lt. Bethea received extensive training during his career, including specific training in the areas of hazardous materials, SCBA, protective envelope training, fire and arson investigation, incident command, NIMS, national response framework, EMS, and fire suppression.

Lt. Bethea was enamored with the world of firefighting. He began his employment with the Baltimore City Fire Department on April 4, 1973, via a class action suit presided by U.S. Judge Joseph Young, who determined that BCFD had engaged in racially discriminatory employment practices that excluded African American candidates from the fire service. Judge Young ordered that a class of cadets be recruited with the condition that said class include 25-30% African American members. In the end, Lt. Bethea ranked 5th out of a class of nineteen cadets. He was a methodical firefighter and safety officer with a superior work ethic, and he served as a mentor to many fire service members. During his illustrious tenure, he received numerous certifications, awards and recognition.

Born in Baltimore Maryland, on January 9, 1952, he received his early education at Harlem Park Elementary, Pimlico Junior High School, and Baltimore Polytechnic Institute. He continued his academic pursuits at Morgan State University, where he was a math major and a member of the Pershing Rifles – an Army ROTC drill team. James enjoyed fishing, playing basketball, baseball, and chess. He possessed an eclectic musical interest in jazz, reggae, zydeco, and rock. He was an avid golfer and world traveler. James was a selfless champion of Moravia-Walther Improvement Association, platelet and organ donation, breast cancer awareness, youth golf programs, public radio, and Box 414. He was also a lifelong member of the Vulcan Blazers, Inc.

Lt. Bethea was survived and beloved by his wife of 30 years, Dr. Brenda Pridgen; his parents, James and Margarine Bethea; his son, Darryl A. Bethea; his sister, Darlene Bethea; and one grandson, Ethan James Bethea. He is also survived by numerous aunts, uncles, brothers and sisters-in-law, nieces, nephews, cousins, friends, and colleagues.
In his 58 years of life, Robert “Bob” Fogle III touched many lives through various aspects of his life. He was a gifted, self-taught, “play by ear” musician and singer, having a special fondness for bluegrass music. He passed on to his son and daughter the love of music and the talent to coax out the soul of an instrument. Woodworking, artistic creativity, patience to achieve perfection, and a vision to see a project complete before it was started, resulted in numerous creations. Just prior to his death, he collaborated with fellow station members and oversaw the building of the dining table at Station 2 in Baltimore County.

Robert was an awesome dad to our daughter, Casey, and our son, Garrett. His love for them was immeasurable. He instilled in them the value of giving your best, hard work, dedication, and commitment to seeing a task through to completion. Equally important, he showed them the value of a sense of humor. He was just as soft as he was firm with them. He would have given them the world if he could, but he knew it was better to set high expectations and watch them discover their potential. They grew strong and independent; he grew proud.

Teaching fire and rescue classes for MFRI and the EST Program for Carroll County Public Schools was a passion that burned deep in his soul. He knew how critical it was to mentor, guide, teach, support, and encourage young people to become the next generation firefighters. Any of his students will tell you he was firm but fair. He set very high expectations and worked to establish respect between instructor and student. He believed respect was a two-way street, and it had to be earned on both sides.

Bob was a volunteer firefighter/EMT in Carroll County for 38 years, serving Taneytown and Pleasant Valley Fire Departments. During this time period, he held various positions including lieutenant, captain and assistant chief. He intertwined his love of golf with fundraising, having co-chaired the PVFD Annual Golf Tournament for years. In 2015, the Valley renamed the tournament in his memory. Proceeds go to the “Bob” Robert W. Fogle III Scholastic Funds. Bob would be humbled but pleased. His professional career with Baltimore County Fire Department began in 1986. At the time of his death, he held the position of fire apparatus driver operator.

Above all, Robert is remembered by his friends and his extended family for his love of a good prank, sense of humor, and willingness to help out however he could. He was caring and giving. He is deeply missed, but fondly remembered. So until we meet again, I say, “Well done my friend, well done.”
Michael-Ryan Robert Crosby Kennedy

Boston Fire Department – Massachusetts
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: March 26, 2014
Age: 33

Michael-Ryan was a U.S. Marine sergeant and an Iraq War veteran. He enjoyed sports and particularly loved Boston’s sports teams, even traveling with friends to England to support his beloved N.E. Patriots. Michael was a certified Crossfit trainer, as well as a trained chief. He belonged to a veterans’ motorcycle club, was a volunteer “Big Brother,” worked with the Boston Burn Foundation, and was a favorite on the children’s burn ward, where his playful childishness is sorely missed. Among his many charitable works, Michael raised funds for local families and local charities as well as Wounded Warriors, Homes for Our Troops, and Mass Fallen Heroes.

Michael was the life of the party and the king of over the top gestures. He was well known and loved by most everyone he met. His charisma, smile, and can do attitude inspired and challenged those around him. The very antithesis of a Dork, it was his chosen nickname from an early age, after watching bullies at work. Michael’s friends and colleagues created a “Dork Strong” Crossfit workout and a memorial tee shirt that is worn across the U.S. and Canada in his honor. Dork Strong tees have been reported in Germany, Ireland, Switzerland, and being worn by the troops in Iraq.

Born and raised in Boston, it is fitting that Michael is buried with his brother firefighters in his beloved Boston.

He is survived by his dad, E. Paul Kennedy; his mom, Kathy Crosby-Bell; and his stepdad, William Bell.
Remembering Edward J. Walsh Jr.
Boston Fire Department – Massachusetts
Career Lieutenant
Date of Death: March 26, 2014
Age: 43

Lieutenant Edward J. Walsh Jr. was killed on March 26, 2014, when he became trapped in the basement of a multi-unit residential building during a 9-alarm fire in Boston’s Back Bay neighborhood.

Ed was a devoted husband and loving father. He was the son of a firefighter and grew up watching his dad and his uncles fight fires in his hometown of Watertown, Massachusetts. Being a firefighter was in his blood, and Ed's dream was to become a firefighter for the City of Boston.

A college graduate who could have chosen any path in life, Ed followed his dream to become a Boston firefighter. After several years working in the business world, where he met his wife Kristen, Ed’s dream came true and he joined the BFD in 2004. Appointed to Ladder 15 in the Back Bay, Ed enjoyed being part of one of the busiest fire houses in the city. After being promoted to lieutenant in 2012, Ed did everything he could to work his way back to his beloved firehouse at Ladder 15 and Engine 33. He loved working out of the oldest fire house in the city and being surrounded by great firefighters.

Respected and admired by all who worked with him, Ed was a person who led by example. He had a warm smile and quick wit that put everyone at ease. Ed had a big heart, a giving spirit, and he treated everyone with respect. Whether coaching baseball, volunteering, or working at the YMCA, Ed was always helping children, families, and his community. Ed’s life was devoted to serving others, but his greatest joy was being the proud father to three amazing children. With a smile that lit up a room, Ed was the type of person who was surrounded by friends wherever he went, and the moment you met him you knew you had a friend for life. He will forever be remembered as a person who brought out the best in all of us and who brightened our days with his upbeat personality and positive attitude.

Ed was taken from us far too soon, but his spirit will never be extinguished. He lives on with all of the family and friends who loved him, especially his wife, Kristen, and their three children, Dillon, Morgan, and Griffin. We celebrate and honor Ed by carrying on his legacy and continuing the charitable work he did throughout his life.
Jamie Angelo Peite was born on October 3, 1970, 13 ½ minutes before his twin brother. At 8 pounds 3 ounces, he was the bigger twin. Jamie had red hair and beautiful brown eyes. In death, he donated his eyes so someone else could see.

His childhood was spent on a 40-acre farm learning to care for animals, helping repair things, making firewood, and playtime. Jamie also had three sisters. They were all so close in age, as all five children were born over a five year span. The bond they formed was strong, and everyone always watched out for each other.

Jamie graduated from high school in Ironwood, Michigan, and went to Dunwoody Institute in Minnesota with his brother. Jamie became an expert body man and worked at that profession for 22 years. It wasn't his dream, though, and he realized that the chemicals on the job were affecting his health. He quit and went back to college to become a psychologist. He graduated junior college with highest honors and went on to finish at UW-Superior, but died before he accomplished his dream. With his sense of humor, he would have been a very good psychologist, and his empathy for humanity would have served him well.

Jamie had nothing except his daughter during college and worked part-time jobs to support her, but if someone needed something, no matter what, he did his best to help.

Jamie joined the Ironwood Township Volunteer Fire Department and became chief. He worked tirelessly, getting grants, donations, and doing fundraisers to get the equipment and vehicles they needed.

Jamie was an avid reader. He especially liked books about ancient sorcerers and dragons. His collection is mine now, and in my lifetime I could never read them all.

Jamie was a kind soul. As his mother, he never failed to help me, especially after his father became disabled. His gift of sharing was tremendous. We never realized until his death just how many people's lives he touched.

Jamie had a son who he didn't know was his until shortly before he passed away. He wished to be part of his life, but never got the chance. Nevertheless, he was in Jamie’s heart. Given a chance, he would have been a great father to him, as he was to the daughter he raised.

Jamie’s jokes and laughter and his deep singing voice follow on at family gatherings. We reminisce and laugh over things he said or did. God took a great man who is terribly missed by his family and will never be forgotten. There is solace knowing he is soaring with the angels.

See you again someday, Jamie. Love ya! Mom
William “Will” Wiita
Coldsprings-Excelsior Fire and Rescue – Michigan
Volunteer Assistant Chief
Date of Death: September 8, 2014
Age: 47

William Russell Wiita died in the line of duty on September 8, 2014. He suffered a heart attack a few hours after a rescue call.

Will joined Coldsprings-Excelsior Fire and Rescue in 2001 and was a pillar in the department and community for the last thirteen years. He served in that time as a firefighter, EMT, lieutenant, medical officer and, most recently, assistant chief. As a co-founder of the Explorers program, he helped kids in the community get involved in the fire service.

One of the most diversely talented members of Station Six, Will could be relied on for any job, and he excelled at everything he did. He had a wealth of knowledge which he put to use on scene as a fire officer and EMT, and behind the scenes as “Mr. Fix-It” around the station. The most daunting situations were, in Will’s words, “No Biggie,” yet the most mundane tasks received his full care and attention. From parades and fundraising breakfasts to medical scenes, house fires and auto accidents, Will was there, day or night, selflessly serving the department and the community in whatever way he was needed. His superiors and those he supervised came to depend on his guidance, experience, outside-the-box thinking, and can-do outlook.

On scene and off, Will was always looking out for the people around him. Will is not known for any single defining event or act; rather, he is best remembered in the community for his calm presence and steadfast reliability in every situation. He will be sorely missed by all of us, but he will continue to serve as an inspiration to us as we serve our community.

This sentiment is shared wholeheartedly by his family. Will was born and raised in northern Minnesota and grew up loving hunting, fishing, and practical jokes. At age 20, he moved to Dearborn, Michigan, to begin work at Double Eagle Steel and then later decided to leave his job and move to Kalkaska, allowing him to spend more time doing what he loved.

Throughout his life in Michigan, he made regular trips back to Minnesota for family occasions, the annual Boundary Waters fishing trip, and hunting season. His family loved his visits and would share the news, “Willie’s coming home!” and would line up “Willie jobs” for him to do. He also enjoyed traveling around the country and overseas to visit family and friends, seeing new sights, and trying new foods. Will lived life to the full.

Both his ‘families’ in Minnesota and Michigan miss him dearly and have taken comfort in sharing fond memories and their favorite stories about him.
Remembering

Ramon Edward “Ray” Hain
St. Paul Fire Department – Minnesota
Career Firefighter/EMT
Date of Death: November 14, 2009
Age: 50

Ray Hain was born on April 21, 1959, in Oak Park, Illinois, the son of Edward and Beverly Hain. His family moved to Minnesota when he was in sixth grade. Ray graduated from Alexander Ramsey High School in Roseville, Minnesota, in 1977. He married his wife, Gail, in 1986, and they have two daughters, Rachel and Sara.

At 6’6” tall, Ray played basketball in high school and then for two years in college. He obtained a bachelor’s degree in business and philosophy. He was an avid bicyclist. He was also a talented and creative woodworker, and he gifted many people with beautiful pieces of wood furniture, intarsia art, and his own original Christmas nutcrackers and ornaments. Ray loved being outdoors and going camping, hiking, and on travel adventures with his family.

After working in the corporate world for many years, Ray was excited to join the St. Paul Fire Department in 1994. After completing the academy as one of the top recruits, he chose to work as a “pool” firefighter and EMT. One of his captains described him as “highly regarded and dependable. He knew when to be serious, but he was hilarious. He was upbeat and had a great attitude.” Ray thrived on the adrenaline rush of fighting fires and trying to save lives. He had deep respect and appreciation for all his firefighter brothers and sisters.

In 1997, Ray was diagnosed with cardiomyopathy and heart failure resulting from his job duties as a firefighter and EMT. In November 1998, he was the miraculous recipient of a heart transplant. In 2009, Ray became increasingly sick due to the deterioration of the transplanted heart and the toll of taking anti-rejection medications for years. Even though he was not able to return to the work that he loved, the transplant allowed his life to be extended for 11 more precious years that he shared fully with family and friends. During that time he spent many generous hours volunteering for his daughters’ school and sports activities, as well as for his church and for others.

Ray is survived by his wife, Gail; daughters, Rachel and Sara; sisters, Sherry (Norb) Duval and Karen (Greg) Sitzmann; and brother, Steve (Jan) Hain.
Dwight Reid Hilton, 57, of the East Fork community, died in the line of duty on February 1, 2014, at Southwest Regional Medical Center in McComb.

Mr. Hilton was born on July 10, 1956, to Densel Hilton and Ivene Hackler Hilton.

He was a shuttle driver for Mt. Zion Adult Day Care in Summit. He also worked for over 25 years as a delivery driver for Carlstedt’s Wholesale Florist in McComb. He was an avid deer hunter and outdoorsman. He was a dedicated fireman for the East Central Volunteer Fire Department and was also a devoted member of Tangipahoa Baptist Church.

Survivors include his wife of 30 years, Teresa H. Hilton; his mother, Ivene Hilton; his daughter, Heather O’Quin, and her husband, John; his sister, Kathy Eakin, and her husband, Robert; and a host of other relatives and special friends. He was preceded in death by his father.

He was a very loving husband, father, and friend and is greatly missed by friends and family. He enjoyed his volunteer duties and helped everyone in need. When the tone went off, he was there to help. Now he is with God forever!
Bruce was half firefighter and half cowboy—living out two dreams in his life. He started his firefighting career as a member of the Williamsville (Illinois) Volunteer Fire Department and joined the Columbia Fire Department in May 2000, rising to the rank of lieutenant.

Bruce was killed in the line of duty on February 22, 2014, while evacuating a student apartment building on the campus of the University of Missouri after a second-story walkway collapsed.

Bruce was born November 23, 1965, to Stormy and Wanda Britt in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, and raised in Williamsville, Illinois. Bruce graduated from Williamsville High School and Lincoln Land Community College in Springfield, Illinois. He spent a few years working on a ranch in northeast New Mexico before moving to Columbia and joining the Columbia Fire Department. Bruce took pride in mentoring younger firefighters and helping them grow in their careers.

On days he was not on duty, Bruce took great enjoyment from being on horseback. He had several horses at any time and would train horses for others. Bruce worked at the Callaway Sale Barn for several years for a good opportunity to ride horses.

Bruce was a caring and loving father, son, and brother, and a loyal friend to many. Bruce was a good man with a kind heart who would help anyone in need, and he stood for the truth. He had an incredible, gentle spirit behind the rough exterior, and he was a fierce defender of family and friends. All kids should be lucky enough to grow up with such a man in their life, and all adults would be blessed to have such a brother or friend. Bruce knew Jesus as his Savior, and we can all rejoice through the tears knowing that we will see him again. Truly, Bruce led a blessed life.

He leaves behind his wife, Leigh; daughter, Stormy Ann; two sons, Paden and Ethan; mother, Wanda (Howard); two sisters, Heidi (Ron) and Kristi (Brian); and nephews, Clay, Kenyon, Avery, and Chase.
Fire Chief Eddie J. Johnson Jr. was killed in a motor vehicle accident on October 20, 2014, while responding to the scene of a reported structure fire.

Eddie was the fire chief of the Alton Volunteer Fire Department. He was also a full-time city police officer. He loved his job, and he loved the fire department. Whether it was as a police officer or a fire chief, he loved to help out his community any way he could. The day he died he was on his way to try to help a family save their home. I believe he died doing what he was so passionate about.

Eddie’s hobbies were collecting baseball cards and hot wheel cars. He loved to raise chickens and go to auctions. He also loved NASCAR racing, and his favorite race car driver was Kyle Busch.

I, Venita, was married to Eddie for 24 years. We have three kids, Victoria, Misty, and a son, Jordan. Eddie loved his kids more than life itself.
David Wilbur Anderson, “Chief 5,” 66, of Fort Shaw, Montana, passed away on August 25, 2014. A Celebration of Life was held September 6, 2014, with many loved ones and friends remembering and sharing stories and thoughts of this very special man.

David served as a firefighter/first responder from 1970 and as fire chief/EMT at the Fort Shaw Rural Volunteer Fire Department from 1980 until his death.

David attended the National Fire Academy in Emmitsburg, Maryland, in 1980 and was very proud of that accomplishment and the knowledge gained from attending.

He was also a State of Montana firefighter instructor, EMT, and CPR instructor, always learning and passing along his knowledge. He devoted much of his time to helping other departments recruit and train. He truly loved what he did and did it with such a passion. Never too old to learn, it seemed he was forever taking a class, learning and passing it on.

David’s favorite quote was, “You are a Firefighter. The first time you respond, you volunteer. After that, it is a commitment.”

David was such a social person that he was often referred to as “Our Social Butterfly,” by his family. He was forever stopping to chat with or help someone. He might later ask, “Who was that?”

David was a member of the Classics car club 1966-1972 and was also a member of the Sun River Valley Senior Center. Dave would travel 120 miles a week to pick up past valley residents from Great Falls and take them to Fort Shaw for dinner and cards once a week. When asked why he would take the time to do this, he would answer, “Because I can.” These sweet older ladies were lovingly referred to as his harem.

David is survived by his wife of 45 years, Barbara, of Fort Shaw; daughter, Michelle (Ross) Hopp, of Creswell, Oregon; and granddaughter, Brittany (Tyrel) Feeler, of Great Falls, Montana.
Douglas J. Casson

Vaughn Rural Volunteer Fire Department – Montana
Volunteer Safety Officer
Date of Death: August 6, 2014
Age: 46

Doug was born on February 2, 1968, in Great Falls, Montana, to parents Larry and Barbara Casson. He graduated high school in 1987, and married Tina Casson, his beloved wife of 26 beautiful years, in Caribou, Maine, in 1988. Together they brought two wonderful children into the world, their daughter, Allison Faith, and son, Christopher Douglas. Throughout the course of their marriage, Doug proudly served three years of active duty in the United States Air Force before serving in the Montana Air National Guard, where he stayed until retiring in 2006. While serving in the Air National Guard, Doug proudly volunteered his time, service, and safety in Kuwait and Iraq during Operation Iraqi Freedom.

Throughout the course of Doug's life, he worked a variety of jobs, but all with the same core principle of saving lives. He was ambitious and devoted to the calling of emergency services. At one time he was a full-time EMT, firefighter, MANG, and volunteer firefighter! Yet, he always remained a devoted and loving husband and father. He served not only to rescue and protect those in danger, but to serve and protect his family, which he loved very much and was proud to have in his life.

No matter how many jobs he seemed to take on all at once, he always enjoyed the life he helped build at home with Tina and the kids. Doug enjoyed camping, traveling, building model cars, collecting train sets and antique fireman gear, or just sitting around a campfire with his beloved family and friends.

Doug had many accomplishments to be proud of. He was chief of the Black Eagle Fire Department, a volunteer firefighter, part owner of Big Sky Paramedics, and at the time of his passing he was serving the Vaughn Fire Department as safety officer and Black Eagle QRU.
Darrell grew up in a family of four active boys. His parents were devoted Christians and raised their boys to love God. Darrell went to church camp each year and accepted the Lord as his Savior at a young age. At this time he committed his life to serving God.

After graduation from high school, he worked as a meat cutter at a local packing company until that plant closed. He then turned to driving trucks for a local company that both his brother and dad also drove for. He fell in love with driving a semi truck and continued with this profession until his death.

Darrell met his wife at church, and they became faithful workers in their church. They have one son and a daughter-in-law, and two daughters and a son-in-law. Darrell and his wife were married for 34 years and would have celebrated their 35th anniversary in about one month. They were also blessed with seven grandchildren at the time of his death. His grandchildren were the love of his life and the apple of his eye.

Next to God and family, he loved being a rural volunteer firefighter, serving faithfully in Fairbury for over 25 years. He held several positions within the department, including captain and safety officer. While helping with a search and rescue for some children, Darrell hurt for the family because they had a hard time finding information and were left on their own. He continued to think of this family and felt the Lord calling him to be a fire chaplain. Soon he became the chaplain for the rural department. He also worked towards becoming a licensed pastor for the Foursquare Church where he attended. He was to possibly receive his license at district conference in September, but passed away before that was accomplished. He was head usher at his church and a greeter. He also served on the council for many years.

On August 10, 2014, he answered his final fire call before church and suffered a heart attack on the way to the fire hall to get a truck. He passed away on August 13, 2014. Through the years, he made many friends in the trucking business and with other firefighters in surrounding towns. He was honored at his funeral by over 500 family members, friends, firefighters, EMTs, and members of law enforcement.

Darrell was the first firefighter to die in the line of duty in Jefferson County.

He left behind his wife, son, two daughters, a daughter-in-law and a son-in-law. He was also survived by his mother and father, three brothers, and their wives. He is also missed by his seven grandchildren.
Captain Paul Cash was a second-generation firefighter who began his career in June of 1988, as a seasonal firefighter for the Nevada Division of Forestry. Paul became a career firefighter with the NDF in May 1996 and was promoted to captain in July 2006.

He always enjoyed a challenge and had a very level head in the face of any adversity, which made him a natural leader. He was highly intelligent, had an addictive sense of humor, made friends easily, and was extremely well liked. Paul was a great friend, a great firefighter, a caring husband and, most importantly, a great father. He will be missed by all the people he knew, those whose lives he touched in the line of duty.

Paul is survived by his wife, Sherri, and his daughter, Ariel.
Donovan A. Garcia Jr., known lovingly as “Dondi,” was born August 27, 1961, in Reno, Nevada. Dondi was a member of the Reno/Sparks Indian Colony, descended from the Washoe tribe of California and Nevada and the Pyramid Lake Paiute tribe of Nevada. He was extremely proud of being a Native American firefighter and felt a special connection in defending and conserving his homeland.

Dondi loved his life of service. He graduated from the police academy in 1992 and became a Reno/Sparks Indian Colony police officer, serving his community for approximately five years. During this time, his lifelong twin best friends took him for a ride in their wildland fire engine. That day, his love changed from police work to firefighting, and soon he was off fighting fires across the United States as a professional wildland firefighter. Donovan’s proudest assignment came in February 2003 when he participated in the Columbia Shuttle recovery. This was a huge effort in which his team, along with many others, attempted to recover the remains of the seven astronauts and different items of the spacecraft.

Throughout Donovan’s career as an emergency responder, both career and volunteer, he acquired countless qualifications and certifications. He was a peace officer from the High Sierra Police Academy and received certifications in EMS and then as an EMT. His fire career began with the Bureau of Indian Affairs Western Nevada Agency (WNA), a 20-man hand crew based in Carson City, Nevada. He began working his way up the ladder as a basic wildland firefighter, advanced wildland firefighter, and single resource (crew boss). Later, he went to work with FireStop, a contract wildland engine company out of California, becoming qualified as an engine boss and engine operator.

After 14 seasons on the road as a professional wildland firefighter, Dondi retired, but fire passionately always boiled in his blood. In 2012, he was approached by the chief of the Hungry Valley Volunteer Fire Department, where his fellow members voted him to the rank of captain, then named him assistant chief. Dondi was ecstatic!

Donovan comes from a huge loving family as a son, the eldest of his siblings, brother, cousin, uncle, father, and grandfather. Dondi, a single father, raised his two youngest children, but passionately loved all his children. They couldn’t be any prouder of their father, as is the entire family. As a member of a big family, police, or fire crew/department, Donovan lived to serve others. His kindness and outrageous sense of humor are greatly missed. His name was added to the Nevada Firefighters’ Memorial in Carson City, Nevada, in 2014.

Rest in peace my father, my son, my brother, my friend. We will see you again.
Greg “Barney” Barnas was a resident of Wallington, New Jersey, a loving husband to Patty since 1986, and a loving father to Kevin and John. A Jersey City fireman since 1985, he was currently a captain of Jersey City Fire Department Ladder 6, captain of Wallington Fire Department Truck 201, an EMT, and a fire instructor for Task Force 1. Greg was a 9/11 responder with Jersey City when the World Trade Center was attacked.

Greg’s childhood dream was to be a firefighter. He joined the Wallington Junior Fire Department in 1974 and became a regular member of the department in 1975. Over the years, he served Wallington as a lieutenant, captain, assistant chief, deputy chief, chief of the department, and safety officer. Greg was also a member of the Wallington Emergency Squad and worked with the Fire Prevention Bureau. Greg was an instructor and evaluator for the Bergen County Fire Academy, a member of the South Bergen Fire Chiefs’ Association, C.R.E.W. Fire Chiefs’ Association, NJ State Fire Chiefs’ Association, IAFF #1064, and the Wallington Ex Chiefs Golden Horn Club.

Greg loved spending time at his summer home at Elk Lake, in Waymart, Pennsylvania, where he was also a member of the Waymart and Browndale Fire Departments. No matter where he went—home, work, or vacation—the fire department was always a part of his life. Over the years, he coached his sons’ soccer, baseball, and hockey teams. He loved fishing with his sons and going to baseball and hockey games.

Greg was a bone marrow/stem cell donor for his younger son, John, who had Hodgkin’s Lymphoma and went through three stem cell transplants. John’s dream was to be a Jersey City fireman like his dad and his brother, Kevin. Greg was John’s last donor, and it finally appeared as though the cancer was gone. Unfortunately, John passed away four months after Greg, due to complications from a weak immune system and pneumonia.

Greg died fighting a restaurant fire on February 28, 2014, with the Wallington Fire Department. He died doing what he loved—fighting fires. He will be greatly missed by his family and many friends. We know Greg is with his son, John, and all the other firefighters, and I’m sure he called in some special favors to make sure John got assigned with him to a special fire department up in heaven.

Greg’s name and dedication to the fire service were known by many. He was passionate about training and helping departments when they did not have the financial resources locally available. We have created the Greg Barnas Firefighter Benefit Fund in Greg and John’s honor to help fire departments obtain training, equipment, and gear.
Joseph Edward Bove III was born to Jean and Joseph Edward Bove Jr. on December 1, 1960. He was born to a Polish mother and an Italian father, who were very family oriented. He grew up in a small town in central New Jersey where everyone knew each other and would never say no to helping a neighbor. He started working at age 13 in a bakery and worked at a shoe store during high school. He worked hard and saved his money to buy his own car and, at age 19, an engagement ring.

He finished his schooling in HVAC by the time he was 20 and began working at Johnson & Johnson Pharmaceutical as a machinist. Later he started his own successful contracting company. He married his high school sweetheart, Renata Bove, at age 21. Together they built a home, which took three years. During the final year of building their home, their son, Joseph Edward Bove IV, was born. Two years later another son was born, Anthony Michael Bove.

Joseph was on the fire brigade at work and felt he should contribute to his hometown of Spotswood, where “A small friendly community” is the motto. He joined the Spotswood Fire Department, rising through the ranks to become fire chief. He was the first chief to hold three terms, and he was happiest answering fire calls. Truly, it was his calling in life, and he died doing what he loved most. Joe saved a few lives—one in a car accident, another man at work, a young girl.

Eleven years after his firstborn son came into this world, he was blessed with a daughter, Jacqueline Elizabeth. Truly a daddy’s girl, today she is following in his footsteps with volunteering for the ladies auxiliary of the Spotswood Fire Department.

Joseph was a kind, humble man who loved his family, friends, and the fire department. He was a man of God and integrity and looked at the good in others. He never said an unkind word about anyone and never judged others, because he knew everyone has a story. Saving lives was easy for him because he valued life. He received a Hero’s Award but never felt he deserved any honor or awards. He did for others out of the kindness of his heart.

He loved the beach and his beach house, fishing, and being a fireman. He could build and fix anything, including his home. He loved the home he built, and he passed away there. He was married for 33 years and knew the meaning of love and faithfulness. His family meant everything to him, and not a day goes by that his family and friends don’t miss him.
A consummate leader and out-of-the-box thinker, Rich arrived with the first wave of the baby boomers and left ahead of his time.

The details of his life form a solid list. A hard worker, he climbed the ladder from computer operator to system programmer to managing a data center for the Bank of New York. An avid pilot, he obtained his private pilot’s license, continued on to get his instrument rating, then a commercial endorsement, and became a sought-after commercial flight instructor. A passionate and competitive shooter, he was a proud member of the West Hudson Detachment Marine Corps League Shooting Team, United States Practical Shooting Association, and International Defensive Pistol Association. His commitment to helping others brought him to the Byram Township Fire Department, where he held the positions of president, secretary, and lieutenant, and completed just shy of twenty-five years of public service.

But who was the man, Rich Choate? The facts cannot contain him. Rich was love. Rich was courage. Rich was loyalty. The dark cloud of his passing revealed a silver thread as his close friends, family members, and beloved community shared with me their vision of Rich.

From a dear neighbor: “Rich made me feel safe. I always felt safe knowing Rich was around.” From a colleague: “Rich was always looking out for everyone. By his example and heartfelt advice he helped shape the course of my life.” From a fellow firefighter: “Rich and I worked together for twenty-four years and I never heard him say a bad word about anyone.” Perhaps what warmed my heart the most was hearing two constant refrains: “I will always remember his smile,” and “Rich always made me laugh.”

Who was Rich Choate? Rich was bedrock for anyone who needed solid ground. He was the only son of Frances and Lewis Choate; the father of four wonderful children: Rich, Dina, Christopher, and Casey; the grandfather to four delightful grandchildren: Christopher, Nicole, Amanda, and Angela; and the go-to person in an extended family of close cousins, nephews, nieces, and in-laws.

A Buddhist friend tells me death is simply walking into another room. My Catholic faith assures me that death is but an illusion, and we will all meet again. As we honor the passing of firefighters from around the nation, let us be certain that resting in peace is both for the living and for those we celebrate this weekend. May we rest assured that their love is a real and an active presence that extends far beyond our memories. Our firefighters are still on call, twenty-four seven, walking ahead of us, cultivating our spirits in ways we never thought possible.
Christopher J. Hunter
Cinnaminson Fire Department – New Jersey
Career Lieutenant
Date of Death: November 15, 2014
Age: 38

Christopher J. Hunter’s call to serve came early in life, when at the age of 16 he joined the Cinnaminson Fire Department as a junior firefighter. A lifelong Cinnaminson resident, Chris served as a volunteer firefighter and became a career firefighter with the department in 1998. A consummate professional, Chris progressed to the rank of lieutenant during his 22 years with the department.

Lt. Hunter was highly qualified in all operational and procedural aspects of the job. He had a voracious appetite to learn about new techniques and was always reading and researching to advance his skill set. He shared his knowledge and implemented new and current tactics with his crews. He was a true role model for all of the firefighters in the department and has inspired others to follow in his footsteps.

Lt. Hunter was involved in numerous projects within the department, including the recent design of two of the department’s newest apparatus. In fact, the department’s new rescue-engine is dedicated to Lt. Hunter for his efforts.

Over the years, Lt. Hunter received many awards during his time with the Cinnaminson Fire Department, including the CPR Life Saves Award and Career Firefighter of the Year. Lt. Hunter was also recognized for his heroic efforts while responding to a call. In 2004, Lt. Hunter received a Meritorious Service Award from the 200 Club of Burlington County for his role in rescuing an Alzheimer’s patient from a burning apartment building.

On November 15, 2014, Lt. Hunter passed away at home within 24 hours of working a shift and responding to emergency incidents.

Although Lt. Hunter’s passion for the job was an important part of his life, his love for his family was immeasurable. His wife, Claire; his son, Christopher “CJ” (age 8); and his daughter, Emma (age 4); survive him. He is the loving son to James and Marion Hunter, brother to Sheri Hunter, and uncle to Dylan Hunter. Lt. Hunter was very proud of his family and spent much time with them enjoying sports or taking trips to Long Beach Island.

To honor his passion for training, a foundation has been created to help libraries offer fire-training books for first responders. The Hunter’s Heroes Foundation is being run by Lt. Hunter’s wife and three of his coworkers in South Jersey to preserve his spirit and legacy.
Bob Meyer was born on June 14, 1959. He was the oldest of four siblings. He spent most of his childhood growing up in Middletown, New Jersey.

He moved to Union Beach, New Jersey, in 1992. He was a volunteer firefighter with Belford Engine Company in Middletown and Union Hose Fire Company in Union Beach. He loved volunteering and being of service to both Middletown and Union Beach.

Bob loved animals and adopted many Irish setters through Irish Setter Rescue. He also loved to ride dirt bikes and competed when he was younger.

He was always there to lend a hand to friends and family whenever needed.

Bob worked for United Parcel Service for many years and drove a tractor-trailer. On July 8, 2004, Bob was driving a tractor-trailer on the New Jersey Turnpike when he came upon a bad accident. He assisted New Jersey State Trooper Alexander Tezsla in pulling a trapped dump truck driver from his burning vehicle, for which he was given the Carnegie Award for heroism.

Bob had many good friends. He is deeply missed by his wife, family, and friends.
On March 22, 1954, Cosmo Paris was the first child born to Italian immigrant parents, along with his twin brother, Joe. Cosmo was a devoted husband to his wife, Susan; a loving father to three daughters, Melissa, Lindsey, and Carly; a loving grandfather to his favorite granddaughter, Giuliana; a brother to six siblings; a brother-in-law to Linda; and a father-in-law to Oscar. Cosmo was all about family and family values.

Cosmo returned to school to earn his high school diploma at the age of 57. Soon after, he attended and successfully completed plumbing school.

Cosmo was a dedicated husband to his wife and lived for his family. Cosmo especially loved taking his children on various excursions throughout their childhood and was the best father his children were honored to have. Cosmo’s granddaughter was the apple of his eye, and he continued on his tradition with taking her to the park and everywhere he could possibly take her.

Cosmo was naturally very pet friendly. Every animal he interacted with knew he was harmless and took to him immediately. Cosmo was indeed “The Pet Whisperer.”

In 1998, Cosmo joined the Cliffside Park Volunteer Fire Department and began his dedicated service to his community. Cosmo especially loved playing Santa Claus during the CPFD Christmas tour every December, at children’s shelters, homeless shelters, retirement homes, and various other organizations.

Cosmo was a kindhearted man who enjoyed helping others and, at times, going out of his way to help someone in need. Cosmo took pride in making his many crafts out of everyday recycled materials. He made a replica CPFD truck he named “Mini 3,” along with a few of his CPFD brothers. Mini 3 was on display for many Christmases in front of the Cliffside Park Borough Hall, as well as in many parades, before he donated it to its final home at the New Jersey Firemen’s Home in Boonton.

From there, Cosmo thought big and began creating his next project, a replica CPFD fire truck he named “The Mini Tiller.” Cosmo was not one to like public attention; however, the Mini Tiller drew attention when his son-in-law, Oscar, contacted the local newspaper to showcase his creation that he displayed on the front lawn of his home. Cosmo was hesitant about this, but graciously enjoyed knowing everyone loved his creation that he converted from a Halloween to a Christmas tiller.

Cosmo was adored by all that knew him and will always be loved, missed, and remembered by all of his family and friends. Rest in peace, our brother, Cosmo Paris, aka “Dig It.” You will never be forgotten.
Remembering

Arthur E. Treon

Cape May County Office of Emergency Management – New Jersey
Career Fire Coordinator
Date of Death: November 19, 2014
Age: 62

Artie was born September 12, 1952, in Cape May Court House, New Jersey. He was a family man in every sense of the word. Artie was a loving husband, dad, poppy, brother, uncle and son. He married the love of his life, Dora J. Treon, August 26, 1989. They were married for 25 years but together for 36 wonderful years. Artie and Dora were not only husband and wife, they were best friends. He was the proud dad of two sons, Arthur (Kim) Moore and Brian (Jenn) Moore, and a loving Poppy to his eight grandchildren, Meaghan, Marisa, Gavin, Quinn, AJ, Drew, Owen, and Bree. He was a loving brother to Dottie Carman, James (Marleen) Treon, Sondra Cox, Robert Treon, and Gary (Amber) Treon, and uncle to many nieces and nephews. Artie was a Green Bay Packers fan, and when not spending time with his family, he loved being on the road on his Harley.

He served as chief of the department from 1995-2009. After stepping down as chief, Artie took on the role of safety officer. Artie received various awards and commendations too numerous to recount. Highly trained, he was a chief fire academy instructor for the Cape May County Fire Academy. Artie retired in 2007, as lieutenant, from the Cape May County Sheriff’s Office after 25 years of service. Shortly after his retirement, he began working for the Cape May County Office of Emergency Management, where he held the position of deputy coordinator. Artie was also an active member of the Cape Island Masonic Lodge #30 F&AM.

Artie was one of a kind. He loved life and always said to “live life to the fullest.” Although his family always came first, he loved being a firefighter, serving and protecting the community and helping others in any way he could. His family, friends, firefighter brothers, and the community suffered a great loss when Artie passed. His memory will never be forgotten, as many have said that he was their mentor and hoped to be more like the kind of man Artie was. He will be deeply missed.
Remembering

James J. Woods
Jersey City Fire Department – New Jersey
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: December 26, 2014
Age: 44

Jimmy loved and was dedicated to his wife, Maryann. Together, they loved and nurtured their family, Maegan (20), James Joseph Jr. (7), and Jenna (5), in Lafayette, New Jersey. He enjoyed the outdoors and was an avid hunter and fisherman while he enjoyed the companionship of his dog, Daisy.

Woodsy was appointed to the Fire Department of Jersey City (NJ) in March of 1999 and would have been promoted to captain in March of 2015. He was a very intelligent firefighter and well respected by his peers. He requested assignments to the busiest units in the city, including Engine 22 and Rescue Co 1. His last assignment was at Engine 14/Haz Mat 1 as a firefighter/hazardous materials emergency response technician.

During his 16-year career, he earned many awards for bravery and heroism. His commendations include Firefighter of the Year, for his efforts at Ground Zero during the September 11, 2001, attacks on this Nation. He was a proud member of the IAFF/PFANJ Local 1066, the JCFF Emerald Society, JC and NJ Relief Association and very active in many FDJC related fraternal events.

Woodsy had an infectious smile and loved to laugh.
My husband, Matt Ambelas, was born September 8, 1973. Matt was born and raised in Staten Island, New York.

From a young age, Matt always wanted to be a firefighter. His dream became a reality in 2000. After his rotation, Matt landed a spot at Firehouse 161-81. He spent 13 memorable years at “The Beach.” It was his second home. The amazing firefighters he worked with became a second family to us. He called these men his brothers. In September 2013, Matt was promoted to lieutenant. We were so proud of his accomplishment. One of Matt’s proudest moment was when, in May 2014, he and his fellow firefighters from 211-119 received an award for saving a young boy who was caught in a roll up gate in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. His courage, bravery, and love of the job made Matt an outstanding firefighter.

Matt had a love for many things—music, football, friends—but most of all, our children and myself. We were everything to him. He was an amazing father to Gabriella and Giovanna. He was a wonderful husband to me. Ten years was not enough time with him. He always put our needs before his own.

Matt was a kind, generous, and caring person who would do anything for anyone who needed him. He touched the lives of everyone who knew him. His memory will live on forever, because of all of us who were truly blessed to have known him. I will love him always.
Kevin J. Bristol was born, raised, worked, and died in Peekskill, New York. He was the fourth child of Owen and Joan, has one brother, and three sisters—Colleen, Maureen, and Chrissy. He was a man of great stature; only greater than his height was his heart. If you ask anyone in his local union 2343, all would say what a fair, loving person Kevin was.

He volunteered at the very department where he became a career man, just like his dad. He was a member of the PHS swim team, coaching after graduation. He was the kicker for the PHS football team. He studied at Texas Tech University, where he was a punter for the Red Raiders. He also served our nation as a corpsman for the Naval Reserves.

He received many accolades professionally, but his greatest accomplishments in my eyes are that of best friend, husband, dad, and papa. He loved all of us; none of his other titles mattered. He made me feel loved and special each and every day. He was a mentor to many, especially our son, Brian. He was so proud of Brian and his accomplishments, his wife, Dana, and our grandson, Alex. We totally enjoyed our time spent in New York City and our vacations together. Alex loved when Papa Kev would make the popping sound with his mouth. Fishing became Papa Kevin's favorite activity with our grandson, Owen. Looking forward to our road trips to Huntersville became a way of life.

Family vacations and occasions were so important to Kevin. Spending time with Patti, Skip, Meredith, Rich, Michael, Abi, Jeff, Ali, Evan, Dave, and Lin made these times all the more special. Along with Mary, Dommie, Krystel, Bob, Eva, and Bobby—we all shared our lives together!

Whether he was at the firehouse or painting, Kevin loved his work. He truly enjoyed his trips with the guys. They traveled to so many different cities to watch the Yankees win (lose).

What wonderful memories of a truly extraordinary, unselfish, and giving man!

Until we meet again, my love…
Fred Edwards joined the Liberty Hose and Truck Co. No. 2 in August 1967 and remained an active member of the Liberty Fire Department for 47 years. Fred, or “Freddie,” as he was known to all, served as fire commissioner, lieutenant, and trustee with the Liberty Fire Department and also served with the Hudson Valley Firemen and Red Vest Associations. Fred was often at the firehouse, willing to lend a hand in whatever needed to be done.

Fred retired after 32 years as a NYS correctional officer. He was a lifelong resident of Liberty and was a member of the Fraternal Order of Free Masons, Mongaup Lodge #521 of Liberty, and the Liberty Elks Lodge #1545. Freddie’s true passions were his life with his wife, Diane, his family, fishing, hunting, and spending time with his pal, Laker.

Fred passed away at his home on May 7, 2014, after participating in a training drill the night before and another training drill earlier in the day. He left behind his beloved wife, Diane, and many other family members, including two brothers who have also served with the Liberty Fire Department.
Whether serving as a firefighter, EMT, or fire chief, Ross Huffer responded to Nesconset residents’ assistance any time of the day or night, willing and eager to help at a moment’s notice. A second thought was never given. For the past 48 years, it was just in his blood to help his fellow man.


In 1975, he married Kathleen. They settled in Nesconset and had two children, Paul and Steven.

He rose through the ranks of the Nesconset Fire Department, becoming chief in 1982. As an assistant chief, he received the Medal of Valor for rescuing a resident from a house fire in 1981. He received numerous unit citations from the Smithtown Fire Chief’s Council.

Ross was an AHA CPR/first aid instructor. He taught defensive driving, blood borne pathogens, boating safety and regularly assisted with the fire prevention program. He also served as a safety officer for the department and the Smithtown Fire Chief’s Council.

Ross was directly responsible for the restoration of the department’s 1937 American LaFrance pumper. As a result, the department won numerous awards throughout the years.

He worked for the Suffolk County Police Department for 20 years as an evidence recovery tow operator after previously owning his business, Custom Car Carriers.

In addition to being a firefighter, he served as a New York State EMT, helping to facilitate the formation of the First Responder Program. For the past 21 years, he manned this vehicle each week for two consecutive 24-hour tours.

He had a great sense of humor and wit. Beneath the “tough guy persona” he encouraged a positive morale, assisting with training, serving as a mentor to younger members, encouraging them to be the best they could be.
Melvin R. Loder
Elba Fire Department – New York
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: April 19, 2014
Age: 68

Melvin R. Loder, was born November 12, 1945, to Adolf and Anna Loder. Melvin joined the Navy 1965–1968, during the Viet Nam war, assigned to ordinance on the USS Shangri-La, an aircraft carrier.

After the Navy, he returned to Batavia, New York. He was employed for 19 years at Kodak as an instrument maker. He built prototypes designed by engineers, even participating on a lens for the Hubble Telescope, which is now in the Smithsonian.

After returning to the Batavia area, he met and married the love of his life, Linda, with whom he shared 44 years of adventures together.

Melvin had many talents, skills, and interests. He obtained his pilot’s license, his pistol permit, his CDL license, and his ham radio call letters of N2TOF. His love of country, family, friends, even animals, was always obvious. He had a love and respect for our flag and flew it when camping, hunting, or even 4-wheeling. He would have been so proud of the flag flown during his funeral procession. He had a great love of knowledge and could talk or listen on many subjects.

An avid outdoorsman, he learned to hunt and fish at an early age. He had his first motorcycle at age 15 and worked in a donut shop and on a pig farm to make gas money. If a vehicle could move, he wanted to be in or on it. His bucket list still contained a wish for a helicopter ride.

Melvin was a man of courage, determination, and great character. You always knew that he had your back. His wife called him “a knight in shining armor,” maybe with a dent or two. His ring-tone on his wife’s phone was Mighty Mouse: “Here I come to save the day.” He had a sweet/salty personality. If you became his friend, you were a friend for life. To know him was to love him.

Melvin joined the Elba Volunteer Fire Department later in life after a neighbor’s fire. Although he was older, they found a place for him as fire police. He held this position in the highest respect. He believed it was his job to protect those on his team who were responding. He didn’t care if he made friends while on duty, he enforced the rules which kept us safe any time the tones went off. He encouraged many with his zest for living and his sense of humor.

Predeceased by his only child, Robert, he is sadly missed by his wife, his friends, and his department. He will not be soon forgotten. As we ask ourselves, “What would Melvin do?”
Donald “Pete” Martin
Sanborn Fire Company – New York
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: October 30, 2014
Age: 84

Donald F. “Pete” Martin, of Sanborn, New York, was born on October 22, 1930, in Wilson, New York, the son of the late Charles and Clara (Frederecks) Martin.

Pete joined the Sanborn Fire Company on September 28, 1959, where he took his first E.F. course from Ed Roll. Over the years, he took at least 27 state courses, including at the New York State Fire Academy in Montour Falls and the National Fire Academy in Emmitsburg, Maryland. He was appointed fire company foreman in 1966, elected 2nd assistant chief in 1969, 1st assistant chief in 1972, chief in 1976, 2nd assistant chief in 1978, and chief from 1979-1982. Other fire company offices he held were treasurer in 1984 and in 1993-97, vice president from 1985-88, president from 1988-92, president of the Niagara County Fire Chiefs Association in 1983, and president of the Niagara County Volunteer Firemen’s Association in 1997. He started the Bingo Committee for the Sanborn Fire Company in 1968, was Sanborn’s first bingo chairman, and was still an active bingo worker. He served on the line-of-duty committee for both the NCVFA and NCFCA for six years, chairman for the last three years. He had served on the last six truck committees for Sanborn Fire Company and on the building committee for the New Truck Hall addition. He has served as president of the Niagara County Firemen’s Bingo Association for the last six years. In 2003, Pete was the recipient of the Watson Award.

In 1949, Pete played on the Wilson Lakemen Six Man Football team that ran the gamut with three consecutive undefeated seasons. Coached by Walter J. Hutchison, they went on a 17-game winning streak and had three straight league championships. Pete was inducted into the Wilson High School Hall of Fame in 2009.

Pete served his country in the United States Air Force, where he was a radar operator. He also was employed as an engineering technician at Harrison Radiator. He enjoyed golfing, gardening, mowing his lawn, looking at the autumn leaves, Christmas lights, and spending time at the Sanborn Fire Hall. Pete also belonged to the American Legion and Oddfellows.

Pete is survived by his loving wife of 63 years, Clara M. Read; they were married on October 7, 1951. He leaves behind his four daughters—who he referred to as “Pete’s Girls”—Pamela (late Peter) Treichler, Elizabeth (Dennis) Lawler, Elena Martin, and Wendy (Randy Wysocki) Martin; granddaughters, Miranda (Thomas) Josker and Jennifer Wysocki; and sister, Betty (late Albert) Goater. He is also survived by several nieces, nephews and cousins. Mr. Martin was the brother of the late Stanley Martin and Ruth Phillips.
Frank L. Obremski
Suffolk County Department of Fire, Rescue and Emergency Services – New York
Volunteer Deputy Fire Coordinator
Date of Death: March 23, 2014
Age: 64

Frank L. Obremski, age 64, was an ex-chief and ex-president of the North Babylon Volunteer Fire Company of Long Island, New York. He entered the fire service in 1969, and rose through the ranks to serve as chief of the department in 1992-1993. He served as president of the fire company in 2004-2005. Ex-Chief Obremski dedicated his career to the training, safety, and professionalism of his fire department and its members. He developed new and innovative safety drills for the newer members of the department. A true professional with a wealth of knowledge, Obremski was well respected by his peers and community members and leaders.

Since 2005, Frank was a deputy fire coordinator for the Suffolk County Department of Fire, Rescue and Emergency Services. While serving in this capacity, he answered his last alarm on March 10, 2014. Obremski was president of the Town of Babylon Fire Chiefs Association and a fire coordinator for the Town of Babylon. He received the Chief Francis Noonan Award and the Chief Scarangella Award from the fire company. He was a trustee of the North Babylon Benevolent Association, a member of the Firemen's Association of the State of New York, New York State Fire Chiefs, and the International Association of Fire Chiefs.

Training, hard work, and courage were rewarding factors to him, a true hero to all he encountered. Obremski enjoyed the challenges of fire service and sharing his skills with fellow members of the department. His commitment to his community was a sign of his leadership.

He was a retired deputy chief of the MTA Police, formerly the Long Island Railroad Police, after 29 years of dedicated service. Obremski has degrees from Farmingdale State University, John Jay College of Criminal Justice, and a master's degree from C.W. Post College of Long Island University. He also graduated from the F.B.I. National Academy in Quantico, Virginia.

Obremski was married to the former Nancy Pennecke for 43 years. They looked forward to traveling in their retirement. He is also survived by his brother, John, of Haymarket, Virginia, a member of the Fairfax Volunteer Fire Department.

Once, while on vacation in the Bahamas, Obremski noticed a car fire and quickly extinguished the fire before the Nassau fire brigade arrived. He was always prepared to handle emergency situations. His family and friends looked up to him for his knowledge and support in handling all encounters in a calm, caring, and organized manner. Ex-Chief Obremski was a superior leader. As a firefighter, EMT, rescue member, and officer, he devoted his energies to being the best firefighter he could be.

Our hero, Frank L. Obremski, is greatly missed by his wife, family, friends, and members of his fire department and community.
Remembering

Joseph Sanford Jr.
Inwood Fire Department – New York
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: December 23, 2014
Age: 43

Joseph Sanford Jr. was born on July 24, 1971, in Tuskegee, Alabama. “Junior,” as he was affectionately known, moved to New York in February of 1992 where he met his wife, Jacqueline. He had three children, Douglas (27), Janisha (20), and Isaiah (22). Junior was a faithful family man with a desire to serve his community.

Junior joined the Inwood Fire Department on October 7, 1996, where he became a member of Engine Company #1. It was there he began to excel in the fire training certification courses and gained a reputation as an outstanding and dedicated fireman. He loved being a part of the brotherhood in the volunteer fire department. He was also known for his explosive personality and infectious smile. Junior held several positions in his 18 years of service, including lieutenant as of March 14, 2005, captain as of March 12, 2007, and assistant chief as of April 2009.

After his term of chief, Joseph continued his service as a veteran firefighter, but also focused on his other hobbies, such as football. Junior became a co-owner of a semi-professional football team named the Nassau Golden Eagles. Junior’s love of life was apparent to all that knew him.

During a house fire in Woodmere on Friday, December 19, 2014, Junior had an accident which ultimately led to his passing on December 23, 2014.

Joseph was a beloved husband, father, brother, friend, and an amazing fireman. He will be greatly missed.
Richard D. Weisse Sr.
St. James Fire District – New York
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: November 15, 2014
Age: 59

Richard D. Weisse Sr. was born October 1, 1955, in St. James, New York, to Edward and Irene Weisse. A son, husband, father, and grandfather, he still found the time to incorporate a devoted life to the Saint James Fire Department, where he was an active member for 42 years.

Growing up, Richie was always around the firehouse. Seeing the SJFD through his grandfather’s and father’s eyes, he developed a deep love and pride for SJFD. He joined in 1972, continuing a third generation of service. He continued their legacy, giving a strong example to his own children, who followed in their beloved Dad’s footsteps. Richie, Badge #47, captain of Rescue, member of Ambulance Company, lieutenant of Engine One, director of Junior Firefighters, Fire Prevention Committee member, and member of the Wildcats Drill Team. Richie was a proud custodian for the Kings Park School District for over 25 years. He was known for his always ready-to-help attitude with students, teachers, and administrators. Without being asked, he was always lending a hand.

An active member of the fire department and the community, Richie organized food drives through the Junior Fire Department twice a year, overpacking the pantry every time. Pantry volunteers were always impressed with Richie’s helpfulness and dedication. He also mentored the Juniors, creating a family morale, showing them his passion for service to others, and the numerous responsibilities of becoming a firefighter. And, of course, he shared the joy he had at Christmas as he played Santa for the SJFD and St. James!

Richie's children witnessed his love and dedication in many ways. A role model and hero to both his children, they have continued the family tradition of being a part of the SJFD as the 4th Weisse generation. Rich Jr. served side-by-side with his dad on Engine 1, while Tricia serves as an active EMT on the EMS Company. After Richie passed, Tricia joined Engine 1 to follow her father’s footsteps.

Richie was married to his dear wife, Theresa, for 33 years. Always a helping hand, a caring and devoted dad to Richard and Tricia, he was the best father-in-law to Kerry. He was over the moon to become “Papa” to Avery, Ryder, and Kennedy Richele. Being Papa gave him two extra bonuses: sharing his birthday with grandson, Ryder, and the honor of having Kennedy Richele named after him. He was also brother-in-law to Louis and Kathy Boutin and Robert Boutin; uncle to Louis Jr., Christopher, and Patrick; devoted nephew to the late George Yeager; and a dear best friend for over 50 years to Fred and Lee Orth. He was a devoted and true Jets and Yankees fan. He was a true people person who left his hand print on the community and in our hearts!
Allen R. Westby
East Islip Fire Department – New York
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: September 22, 2014
Age: 67

Al was born in Ridgewood, New York, and moved to East Islip when he was 12. He was drafted into the U.S. Army in January of 1966 and sent to Vietnam that September, less than a month after Joanne and he were married. Al returned home in September of 1967 and was discharged from the Army in January of 1968.

Al moved back to East Islip in July of 1969 and joined the East Islip Fire Department in January of 1971. He was a member for 43 years, and through those years he served as lieutenant and captain. He also ran for commissioner twice and was elected both times.

Al passed away after responding to a call on September 22, 2014, at the age of 67.

His is the beloved husband of Joanne, loving father of Chris (JoAnn) and Keith (Dana), cherished Pop of Christa, Nicholas, Ryan, Peter, and Julia.

He will always be in the hearts of his family.
James was born on April 7, 1955, to Frederick and Dorothy Wilber of Wells Bridge, New York. As a child he enjoyed spending time with his family and being outdoors, a passion that followed him the rest of his life.

James became a volunteer firefighter in 1972 when he joined the Wells Bridge Volunteer Fire Department. After volunteering with Wells Bridge for several years he joined the Franklin Fire Department, where he continued to serve his community until his passing.

James became a very active member of the Franklin Fire Department, serving as an assistant chief and working on several of the department’s committees, such as the building committee. Jim worked with many of the other firemen in this department to earn several grants to purchase new trucks and gear and to put a very large addition on the firehouse. Jim also served on the area’s F.A.S.T. team.

Jim was an avid sportsman, who loved the outdoors. He enjoyed hunting and fishing as well as riding ATVs. Jim was the happiest when he was outdoors or spending time with his family. He always found time to help out any friends and neighbors who were in need, helping to care for their animals while they were away or even performing yard work for them.

Jim was driven by a strong calling to serve his community. Day or night, no matter what he was doing or how tired he was, he answered the call. He was a selfless man who would give anything he had to help someone in need. He spent forty plus years of his life working to help his community and loved every moment of it. Jim cherished all of his brothers and sisters in the fire service and thought of them all as family, whether he personally knew them or not.

Jim passed away on February 9, 2014, of a cardiac event on his way to a motor vehicle accident. He is survived by his wife, Susan; his son, Ken; his mother, Dorothy; his sister, Deb; and many nieces and nephews.

Every year during the Christmas season, Jim would always visit the angel tree in the local stores and look for children that were asking Santa for fire trucks. He would always pick out the coolest and most expensive fire truck toys he could find and donate them to these children in need. After his passing, his family founded Jim’s Fire Squad, a charity that donates fire department related toys to children's hospitals. Like us on Facebook at https://www.facebook.com/jimsfiresquad.
Ricky Wooten Doub was born February 2, 1953, in Yadkin County to the late William Allen Doub and Gaynell Wooten Doub. Ricky was the middle child of three boys, and he was the owner and operator of William Doub and Son Excavating.

He served his community as a 29-year member of the Forbush Fire Department. The last eight of those years he served in the capacity of fire chief. Prior to that, he served in various capacities, as assistant chief from 1991-2006, and as a member of the board of directors until he was appointed fire chief in May 2006. While in the fire department Ricky obtained his NC Firefighter I and II, Medical Responder, and Haz-Mat Operations certifications. He was awarded Firefighter of the Year and Medical Responder of the Year on numerous occasions for his department. He was dedicated to his community as fire chief, serving a population of 5,000 residents and being a leader of a 50-member volunteer department. He was very active in Yadkin County Fire and Rescue events and dedicated to providing first class fire protection and lifesaving skills.

Ricky was a 1971 graduate of Forbush High School and went on to obtain an associate degree. It was at this young age he met his wife, Judy Groce Doub, whom he later married on the 24th day of September in 1972. They enjoyed traveling to the beach and riding the motorcycle with friends in their spare time. Ricky was a lifelong active member of Baltimore United Methodist Church.

The eight points of the Maltese cross (Gallantry, Sympathy, Tact, Observation, Perseverance, Loyalty, Dexterity, and Explicitness) represented the personality that Ricky Doub presented to all. Ricky was very close to his friends and family and was a loving husband, son, brother, uncle, and fire chief. He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Judy Doub; mother, Gaynell Doub; brothers, Larry and Kent Doub; and several nieces and nephews.

Ricky enjoyed life, his church, the fire department and community. He left a lasting impression on those he loved and cared so much about with his commitment to serve and his integrity.
John Derek Gupton
Justice Volunteer Fire Department – North Carolina
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: September 16, 2014
Age: 24

John Derek Gupton, 24 years old, was born on October 12, 1989, to proud parents Tony and Jackie Gupton of Louisburg, North Carolina. He was a member of Duke Memorial Baptist Church. He graduated from Bunn High School in 2008 and received several achievement awards. In Boy Scouts, he received the Order of the Arrow. John started a grass cutting company. He worked with Franklin Livestock and took great pride in learning about cattle, vaccines, and riding horses to work the cattle. He was a true modern day cowboy. He loved working on computers, was tech savvy, and enjoyed playing games with friends along with hunting and fishing. He was our only son, but friends called him their brother.

John joined the Justice Volunteer Fire Department in 2009. He followed his grandfather and father, who were past members. John served his community with compassion and had a great respect for it, and he had respect from the people in the Justice community.

John loved his country and the history of it. He was proud to be an American. He loved to read and had a wealth of knowledge. He loved to talk and enjoyed a good debate on politics and other topics that anyone would discuss. When it came to work, he gave his all.

He was a man beyond his years and a positive influence on his peers.

Quotes from friends:

“John made sure you knew his name the first time you met him. Everyone looked forward to seeing him. His smile was contagious. A go to guy who did not judge you for your problems. He stood by his convictions but listened to others and respected their opinion. He loved to cook and enjoyed cooking for friends. Loved a practical joke never pulled out of meanness, but for the joy of laughter.”

“We don’t get to decide when or how we may leave this world but one thing we do get to decide is how we live while we are here. John chose to live with a smile on his face every day and to make people smile whenever they were around. I hope we can all learn from John’s life and strive to be as happy as he was. Life is far too short to live in constant anger or sorrow. If you didn’t know him, you definitely missed out on a great man and a great friend.”

“John was like cold sweet tea and buttery grits and m’ater sandwich...the best of the South and the best of America.”

He made the statement one day – He did not have a life story. On September 16, 2014, John’s life story began with becoming a true hero in everyone’s eyes.
Remembering

Thomas Gerald Lee
Four Oaks Volunteer Fire Department – North Carolina
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: February 1, 2014
Age: 67

Thomas Gerald Lee, born January 12, 1947, lived with his family in the Benson area until he married Brenda Thomas in 1967. Family consisted of parents, Evelyn Hudson Lee and Thomas R. Lee; sisters, Kay and Rose; and brother, David.

Gerald worked part-time jobs to support himself and family after the separation of his parents during his high school years. The marriage of Gerald and Brenda was blessed with two children, a daughter, Laura, in 1970, and a son, Anthony, in 1981. Laura married Michael Sherman, and they have a son, Michael Lee Sherman. Anthony married Rhonda Stanley, and they have a son, Brock Currens.

Gerald owned and operated Four Oaks Small Engine Repair for 36 years. He served the community in various positions with the Four Oaks Volunteer Fire Department for 25 years, Blackman’s Crossroads Volunteer Fire Department for 16 years, the Boy Scout and Girl Scout programs for 21 years, and Beulah Hill Christian Church for 40 years.

On April 16, 2011, we realized how quickly life as we know it can change. In a matter of minutes, a lifetime of material things was almost totally destroyed by a tornado. God blessed us, in our weakness. Our strength and faith were increased as we realized God had protected our lives. Hope came as neighbors, friends, and volunteers provided help, supplies, food, and words of encouragement. Recovery started that afternoon and is still taking place. Everything we are given is a gift from God. God gives us things to use to glorify him, and people to show us the way to live.

On Saturday, February 1, 2014, we lost a wonderful example of how to live. Another outpouring of love, prayers, visits, and cards came from family, friends, businesses, and fire departments across the United States. Gerald’s life may have been short compared to others, but the impact of his life on others was so much more than he ever knew.

Everyone that knew Gerald had a Gerald story. I asked them to write their Gerald story in the service bulletin. I have received many and hope to receive more.

I hope God sends each of you a Gerald to show you the way to heaven, for Gerald is now walking with his Lord and Savior. We are left to show and tell others about the gift God has waiting for them.
Remembering

S. Brad McCoy
Nantahala Fire & Rescue – North Carolina
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: November 21, 2014
Age: 36

Stephen Bradley “Brad” McCoy was born on March 19, 1978, in Hiawassee, Georgia. He grew up in Marble, North Carolina riding dirt bikes, hunting, fishing, swimming, and water skiing. Brad went to Andrews High School, where he held school records in both football and weightlifting. Although Brad did not graduate, in 2005 he received his GED with his family standing by his side.

Brad married Amanda in July 2002. Their daughter, Daphne, was born in 2005, their son, Cole, in 2008. In 2010, the family moved from Marble to Nantahala, where Brad joined the Nantahala Volunteer Fire Department and became an active member. Brad wanted to be able to help people in need and have the training to do what was best for those involved.

For the last few months of Brad’s life he worked at Con Met, assembling dashboards for Peterbilt and Freightliner trucks. Before that he worked for Bateman Trucking and for MIS. No matter what job Brad McCoy had, he always gave 110%. Brad believed in working hard and getting the job done right.

Brad was a Christian who was saved early in his life and loved the Lord. An active member of Briartown Baptist Church, he taught several Wednesday night services and helped with Vacation Bible School every year. Brad loved to learn about God and tell others what God was doing for him and could do for them. Brad would pray on the spot with anyone that asked and give them scriptures to help them through.

Brad is survived by his wife and children; his loving father, Steve McCoy; his mother, Kay McConnell; and his brother, Brian McCoy. He is also survived by his parents-in-law, Raymond and Melissa Evans; his sister and brother-in-law, Megan and Adam Mclean; his nieces and nephew, Destiney, Delaney and Dillon Mclean; his best friends, Michael and Sabrina Taylor, and their daughter, Nahayla.

On November 21, 2014, Brad and Amanda awoke to their home engulfed in flames. Brad saved his daughter, then returned to save his wife and son, not realizing they had escaped through a window in the back of the house. Brad died searching for them.

Brad McCoy was an amazing man—loving and kind, everyone’s friend, a bright and shining star in the middle of a dark world. Brad loved to laugh and to make other people laugh. He would go without things or drop whatever he was doing in order to help someone. A wonderful father, he took his children camping and fishing and taught them to enjoy life and be good to others. Brad was a loving husband who took care of his wife and showed her his love every day. Brad was a faithful friend and a caring son.

Brad McCoy is and always will be our Hero.
James A. Dickman
Toledo Fire and Rescue Department – Ohio
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: January 26, 2014
Age: 31

James Dickman loved God and his family above all else. He had a wife and two beautiful children. His wife, also named Jamie, was his best friend and biggest fan. Many referred to them as “Jamie squared.” His daughter, Paige, shares his love for music and has his fun-loving personality; his son, Grant, has his charm and sense of adventure. Paige was a daddy’s girl, and Jamie would be proud that his son is a mamma’s boy, just like his daddy!

Being a firefighter embodied all that Jamie was. He loved the adrenaline rush, the challenge, the constant learning and growing, and the brotherhood. Jamie approached his career the way he approached life, with full force and high energy. Jamie was constantly researching and taking classes, keeping up to date on the latest technology and techniques. He wrote grants and ran 5K races in full turnout gear to raise money to buy the best equipment for safety and efficiency. Jamie cared deeply about keeping up morale and went out of his way to encourage, teach and joke around. He loved to laugh. Quite the prankster, he could take a joke as well as he dished it out.

Jamie also had a passion for music. He got his first electric guitar at age 14. After three lessons, Jamie became self-taught and dreamed of being a rock star. He learned to play the acoustic guitar, bass guitar, and even a little drums and keyboard. He wrote several songs and played in a couple of bands. Jamie played on the praise and worship team at church. He loved to talk about music and about God. Pairing the two together provided opportunities to share his love for God.

Jamie had a heart of gold. He loved people and went out of his way to help others. His fun-loving personality made people want to be around him. You couldn’t know Jamie without having a “Jamie” story. He did some crazy things just to make people laugh.

Jamie went on a mission trip to Haiti in 2010. His group worked on numerous construction projects, and he led worship for the daily services. He taught a young boy to play guitar and then gave him his guitar to keep. He gave away his clothes and all of his other items including his suitcase! He came home with only the clothes on his back. That trip changed his life and way of thinking in a powerful way.

Not a day goes by that he is not missed. He was a devoted husband, father, son, brother, and friend who made this world a better place. Jamie took a big part of our heart with him. He was more than a Rock Star; he was and is our HERO.
Remembering

Steven J. Knaus
Willowick Fire Department – Ohio
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: February 28, 2014
Age: 47

Steven J. Knaus was born to Louis and Beth Knaus in Euclid, Ohio, on August 9, 1966. The youngest of three children, he was raised in Euclid with his siblings, Ron and Karen. He graduated from Euclid High School in 1984. He received his associate degree in fire science from Lakeland Community and attended the Cleveland Fire Academy. Steve was a 23-year veteran of the Cleveland Fire Department, Ladder #31, as well as part-time firefighter for the City of Willowick for the past 20 years.

Steve loved hockey. He began playing at a very young age and continued to play throughout his years in high school. From there, he remained an avid fan of the sport and loved to catch the games on TV.

Steve and his wife, Louann, would have been married for eleven years this October. Steve and Louann lived in Cleveland with their two bulldogs, Chloe and Meaty. Steve was very active in the neighborhood and could always be counted on to volunteer at any of the functions going on at our beach club. He loved tending to his lawn and gardening. Most of all, Steve loved being a firefighter for both Cleveland and Willowick and considered both part of his family.

Steve passed away on February 28, 2014. He is loved and missed by so many.
Stephen Arthur Machcinski was born on March 17, 1971, to Kenneth and Sharon Machcinski. The middle child of three, he had one older brother named Rick and one younger sister named Beth. He spent the majority of his childhood growing up in the same city he would later serve as a firefighter. He competed in track and field in high school, winning several competitions. After high school, Steve graduated from Owens Community College with a degree in fire science. While he traveled all over Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio taking fire service tests he worked for a local auto detailing company.

Steve started his career with the Toledo Fire Department on March 20, 1998. The day he found out he was accepted as a recruit for his hometown's fire department he called his sister to tell her and was so excited he could barely speak. He couldn't believe his dream was coming true. He loved being a firefighter. He never wanted to do anything else. He passed away heroically doing the job he loved on January 26, 2014, alongside one of his brothers on the department, James “Jamie” Dickman.

Steve and his brother, Rick, shared a special bond being not only biological brothers, but brothers in fire service as well. Steve inspired Rick to pursue becoming a firefighter, and he now serves on the Fort Wayne Fire Department.

Steve was a man's man, a relatively quiet guy who enjoyed the simple things in life. He loved sports, especially the Detroit Tigers, University of Michigan, Cleveland Browns, and the Toledo Mudhens. (He rarely missed opening day for the Mudhens.) Because of his almost 16 years on the fire department, he developed a love of cooking for his brothers and sisters on the department. He enjoyed fishing, which he would do often with friends and his dad. He loved meeting up with his buddies for lunch at his favorite restaurant, Nick & Jimmy’s, where you could find him enjoying a meal and a Bud Light. He loved playing poker with his buddies.

Steve was a wonderful son, brother, and uncle. He loved his niece and nephew dearly and cherished his time with them.

Steve is survived by his parents, Ken and Sharon Machcinski; his brother, Rick (Terri) Machcinski; his sister, Beth (Chris) Hoye; and his niece and nephew, Grace and Brandon Hoye.
Kevin J. Ollier, 60, of Union Township, Ohio, passed away suddenly on September 5, 2014. He was the father of Elisabeth Ollier, the beloved son of Ann and the late Martin Ollier, a loving brother to Kathy Jurgens (John), Keith Ollier (Eleanor), and Teresa Dickson (Gibbs). He was also survived by many nieces, nephews, and friends.

Kevin was an Anderson Township and former Union Township firefighter and paramedic. He was also a registered nurse for U.C. Medical Center.

Kevin was an avid runner and swimmer and loved animals.
Remembering

James Thomas “Tom” Rhamey
Western Holmes County Fire and EMS – Ohio
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: November 28, 2014
Age: 71

Tom Rhamey served proudly as a member, former captain, first responder, and firefighter with the Lakeville Volunteer Fire Department for 55 years. He was a U.S. Army veteran of Vietnam and was awarded a Bronze Star medal for his service. Tom also served as a member of the Ohio National Guard in its fire brigade.

Tom was an insurance agent and member of the board of directors of a mutual insurance company, operating his own agency.

Tom enjoyed collecting antique Massey-Harris farm tractors and tinkering with anything mechanical. His many trophies attest to his skill for making the old things run better.

As a former basketball, baseball, and softball athlete Tom coached youth teams and loved watching all sporting events, especially NASCAR and the Ohio State Buckeye teams. He also enjoyed attending his grandchildren’s events.

He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Saundra (Stitzlein) Rhamey; a son, Scott Rhamey; a daughter, Karissa Rhamey Ulmer (C. Wesley Ulmer Jr); and five grandchildren.

A lifelong Lutheran, Tom was a member of Zion Lutheran Church of Loudonville, Ohio.

Tom was a wonderful, funny, common sense guy, who would be embarrassed by this attention, but he served proudly and was totally dedicated to his family, his community, and his country.

His favorite statement: “I don’t want to be in the parade – I just want to be there when they march by.”
You cannot talk about Scioto Township Fire without mentioning the name Bruce Stayner. Lieutenant Stayner was not just a firefighter; he was the face of the department. He was the one the community saw most often, helping with numerous organizations and involvement in the community. He was a member of the fire service for 30 years.

Bruce’s love for firefighting was a lifelong commitment. His father was a firefighter, and both of his sons earned their EMT status. He was so proud of both of his sons’ achievements. Just one month before Bruce’s death, he got to see his youngest son get accepted into the Dayton Fire Academy.

He met his wife, Gwen, in high school, and they enjoyed 30 years of married life together. They did everything together, from volunteering to service to their community to their annual day after Thanksgiving shopping trip. He would joke that he had three jobs on the shopping trip—park the car, get a cart, and get in line. Bruce and Gwen were together most of the time when they weren’t at work. Every morning it was a kiss and, “See you later.” as he went to work.

They had two children, Kevin and Matthew. Although anybody that knew Bruce and his wife knew that they considered their niece, Nichole, and their nephew, Andrew, their kids also. Bruce was so proud of his children and grandchildren and was always there to help with whatever they needed. Kevin would say that he could call his dad about the house or a vehicle and tell him what kind of sound it was making, and Bruce would tell him what needed fixed. Bruce had the joy of serving alongside Matthew and Andrew on Scioto Township Fire Department.

Bruce had the joy of becoming a grandpa just seven short months before his death. Charles “Logan” Stayner came into our lives, and Bruce was so proud of this little boy and got to enjoy him, if only for a little while.

Bruce always had a smile and was always willing to help everyone do anything that was asked of him, most times neglecting projects that needed finished at his own house. We joke that he was the “king of unfinished projects.”

He enjoyed cooking, camping, and gardening. He was proud of his garden, growing tomatoes. He would pick the tomatoes and share them with everyone he knew. He took pride in doing things for others.

The day Bruce passed away, our family was forever changed. Bruce thought of his fire department and community as his family as well. We all have such great memories of Bruce. “This is not goodbye; it’s see you later.”
Matthew Goodnature was born on June 25, 1993, in Medford, Oregon, to David and Judy Goodnature.

Matthew passed away due to a fall on Tuesday, July 29, 2014, while fighting the Launch Fire near Fourmile Lake in Klamath County, Oregon.

Matt grew up in Phoenix, Oregon, with his sister, Jessica, and brother, Nate. He played baseball and football. He enjoyed road and downhill biking. Shooting baskets around the corner occupied a lot of his time. He also loved skateboarding, snowboarding, and just being outside.

He enjoyed watching basketball on TV and was so excited when he got to see his favorite team, the New York Knicks, play the Trailblazers at the Rose Garden. He was also able to take in several Yankees games as they matched up against the Mariners in Seattle.

Matt was a loving young man. He made friends easily and had more of them than you could count. Whatever he decided to do, he pursued it with all his heart. He lived his life to the fullest.

He worked a series of jobs until he replied to an advertisement looking for a “good natured person” on Craigslist. He responded to the ad, was hired by Pacific Oasis for the 2013 fire season, and did the required training to become a wildland firefighter. After his first fire call, Matt fell in love with that job, his coworkers, and his employer.

He returned in the spring of 2014 for his second season of fighting fires. He got a high degree of satisfaction from battling forest fires. He loved the hard work, the outdoors, providing a vital service, and most of all he loved his fellow firefighters. We knew he was willing to sacrifice his life for them if need be or to protect the homes and lives of strangers.
Samir P. “Sam” Ashmar

Upper Macungie Township Bureau of Fire, Station 56 – Pennsylvania
Volunteer Fire Marshal
Date of Death: November 20, 2014
Age: 51

Samir (Sam) P. Ashmar was born May 25, 1963, in Beirut, Lebanon, to Fadel Ashmar and Rommy “Youmna” Ashmar. He was one of six siblings, including his brother, Andrew Ashmar, and sisters, Haya “Jacqui” Howells, Marina Giovannini, Nawel Varno, and Sabina Kineen. In 1967, his family moved from Beirut to Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Samir was the husband of Sharon L. (Miller) Ashmar. They were married 27 years this past April. They have two daughters, Makala and Sierra, and one son, Joshua. Samir was predeceased by his daughter Sierra.

Samir was vice president in the Credit Management Group for Wells Fargo, Reading office, and was employed in the banking industry for over 25 years.

Sam faithfully served Upper Macungie Township as vice chairman of the Board of Supervisors, the Planning Commission, and Authority since 2006.

He was a volunteer firefighter since 1982, presently serving as fire marshal and EMT for Upper Macungie Township Station 56, and previously served the Good Will Fire Company, No. 1 Trexlertown, and Lower Macungie Township Station 30. Sam was an assistant to the Pennsylvania State Police fire marshal and held memberships in the International, National and Pennsylvania Association of Arson Investigators. He also served on the board of directors for the Burn Prevention Foundation, Allentown, from 2000 to 2009.

He held the following certifications: Fire and Explosion Investigator, Firefighter I, Firefighter II, Fire Officer, Fire Instructor, Basic Vehicle Rescue, Basic Rescue Practices, Introduction to Farm Emergencies, Managing Tractor Overturns, Managing Machinery Entanglements, First Responder, and Firefighter I and Firefighter II State Testing Evaluator.

He received several honors and awards for his service, including the 2010 Valley Preferred Partners in Prevention Award, the 2009 Firefighter of the Year by Good Will Fire Company No. 1 Trexlertown, and the 2002 Hurst Green Cross Award for Vehicle Rescue.

He was a member of Bethany United Methodist Church, Wescosville.

Sam was a hardworking, selfless, and supportive role model to his family and friends and will be dearly missed.
Joyce Michelle Craig was born to James Edward Craig and Carol Ginger Craig on June 7, 1977, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Joyce was a loving, outgoing, tough as nails and hardworking mother, sister, and friend. When she went after a goal, she didn’t stop until her goal was attained.

She grew up in the City of Philadelphia and attended Cook - Wissahickon Elementary School, William Levering Middle School, and Murrell Dobbins Vocational High School, where she majored in printing.

Joyce always demonstrated a self-sacrificing spirit, and this led her to becoming trained as an EMT, a job she held for many years. However, her passion was to become a firefighter. “It was a dream of mine since I was five.” She admired the firefighters on Ridge and Midvale (Engine 35 – Ladder 25), where she lived and began seeking to accomplish this goal by studying for hours on end, explaining to her sisters the difference between various fire hydrants and trucks.

Firefighter Joyce Craig served as a member of the Philadelphia Fire Department with valor and distinction. She graduated from the Firefighter Academy, Fire Class 178, in March 2004. During her career, she served with Engine 9, Engine 45, Ladder 21, and Engine 64, and will always be remembered as a “firefighter’s firefighter.”

In her service to the community, Firefighter Craig continually demonstrated her duty-bound commitment to the saving of lives and the preservation of property. Regrettably, on Tuesday, December 9, 2014, Firefighter Joyce Craig was killed in the line of duty. She was posthumously promoted to the rank of fire lieutenant on January 12, 2015.

Joyce loved her family and was all about keeping the family together. She was the aunt to go to for cool school clothes, name-brand sneakers, and trips. She was also there to counsel and guide the younger ones. Joyce was tough, but at the same time, loved to have her hair and nails done and wore the best Mohawks ever! Always styling!

Joyce is survived by her parents, James E. Craig and Carol G. Craig. She leaves behind a son, Mekhi D. Green, and a daughter, Laylani C. Lewis. Also mourning her loss is her grandmother, Joyce M. Craig; aunt, Claudia “Laverne” Battle; two sisters, La Farist Makasi and Uris S. Payton; two brothers, Kareem R.B. Meads and Michael E. Craig; one brother-in-law, Antonio D. Makasi; and a host of nephews, nieces, cousins, and friends.
Twenty-six years of age, Christi was an active firefighter/EMT and the medical officer and secretary for the Robert Fulton Fire Company. She received 2013 Firefighter of the Year, as well as being one of the top ten responders for that year. Christi was also a crew chief for Wakefield Ambulance Association. Both companies are located in Peach Bottom, Pennsylvania.

Christi worked as a scheduler and caregiver for Caring Matters Incorporated. She loved the outdoors, where she hunted and fished. Christi grew up playing soccer and later became an assistant coach for the Penn Manor Soccer Club. Christi was a girl scout and received the Silver Award. She loved rooting for the Baltimore Ravens.

Following in her father and brother’s footsteps, Christi joined the fire service at the age of fourteen as a junior firefighter for Rawlinsville Fire Company, in Holtwood, Pennsylvania. She also served as a crew chief for Providence Township Ambulance Association and as a firefighter/EMT with the Pequea Fire Company in Pequea, Pennsylvania.

Christi loved her son, Conner Patrick Rodgers (“CPR”) and her husband, James Patrick Rodgers II. Christi and James were married on May 25, 2013. Conner Rodgers was born on September 19, 2014. The family resided in Peach Bottom, Pennsylvania, where James and Conner still reside.

Christi is also survived by her father, David Jackson; her mother, Janice Jackson; her brother, D.J. Jackson; brother-in-law, Jermel Johnson; and her parents-in-law, James and Debra Rodgers.

Christi was a great influence to all and had a knack for keeping you on your toes. A few of her sayings are still used around the firehouse and ambulance building to this day. Christi will be greatly missed by her friends and family.
E. Jeffrey “Lance” Wentzel
Youngwood Volunteer Fire Department – Pennsylvania
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: March 22, 2014
Age: 57

Edwin Jeffrey “Lance” Wentzel was born October 16, 1956, to the late Howard and Irma Wentzel. The youngest of seven children, he was raised in Youngwood, Pennsylvania, a small community close to his heart, where he remained his entire life. He had a passion for life, strong determination and pride, and a willingness to help anyone in need. It came as no surprise that he would become a volunteer firefighter. In his last moments, as he assisted in the search for a missing woman with his department’s K-9 Team, he was struck by a train. Jeff often related that, should he die in the line of duty, we were to stand tall and proud, because he would have done something that was true to his beliefs.

To his family and coworkers, he was Jeff, but to many others he was known as “Lance”, a nickname given to him by childhood friends. He graduated from Hempfield Area High School in 1975 and participated in track, football, and basketball throughout his school years. His dedication to running remained with him throughout his life. He participated in numerous marathons, and his neighborhood misses his friendly waves past their homes on his daily runs.

Jeff was known for his quick smile, sense of humor, and spontaneity. He was never at a loss for words and could put anyone at ease. He was a simple and humble man who wanted nothing more than to be with his family and friends. He loved to travel and shared memories of his adventures with anyone willing to listen.

On February 12, 1979, he joined the Youngwood Volunteer Hose Company No. 1 and became a life member. Throughout his years he served as assistant chief, captain and lieutenant, and assisted with numerous committees. In 2012, he was chosen Firefighter of the Year by his fellow firefighters. He volunteered at Ground Zero in the aftermath of the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, and was a member of the 14th Quartermaster family support group.

His smile, laughter, and touch will forever be missed by his wife, Judith Wentzel; his son, Christopher Wentzel, and daughter-in-law, Nicole; and his son, Jeremy Wentzel. His grandchildren, Nevaeh, Oscar, and Urijah Wentzel, filled him with enormous joy, and he loved hearing their small voices call out, “Pappy!” He is deeply missed as well by his stepsons, Jason and Justin Vestrand. Sharing in our sorrow are his siblings, Philip Wentzel, Judith and Don Wagner, Bonnie and George Kucenic, Connie and Michael Watson, and Doris and Anthony Santone, as well as numerous nieces and nephews.

The special bond he shared with his fellow firefighters will live on through their dedication to continue in the same path.
Lt. John Morgan Burns was born and raised in South Charleston, West Virginia. After graduating from high school he joined the U.S. Army, serving in the 82nd Airborne for three years. During that time he met his wife, Tami, and moved to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

John was originally hired by Myrtle Beach Fire Department as a dispatcher and worked his way up through the ranks to his position of lieutenant. He also volunteered for the Horry County Fire Department at Lake Arrowhead for several years, the Horry County Rescue Squad, and Myrtle Beach Rescue Squad. He served on the Urban Search and Rescue Team for the state of South Carolina and the regional team. Lieutenant Burns retired from Myrtle Beach Fire Department after 25 years and was rehired.

He was dedicated to his career, community, and family, especially his daughter, Morgan.
Kellen Andrew Fleming, 29, loving husband of Amy Thompson Fleming, went home to be with the Lord on Saturday, November 1, 2014.

Born January 25, 1985, in Spartanburg, South Carolina, he was the son of Cathy Cox Leichter and the late Eric Todd Fleming.

Kellen was a firefighter with Westview-Fairforest Fire Department, a volunteer with Chesnee Community Fire Department, and also worked for Spartanburg County EMS and TransMed.

He attended First Baptist North Spartanburg where he was a member of the media ministry.
Jerry Campbell
Tennessee Department of Agriculture, Division of Forestry – Tennessee
Career Seasonal Forestry Aide 1
Date of Death: March 1, 2014
Age: 61

Jerry was born December 20, 1952, at home in Grassy Fork to Dallas and Ruby Campbell. He was one of six children. He had an older brother, JH, and four sisters, Grace, Zanna, Elouise, and Estalee. He had a special bond with his sisters, but he and his older brother developed an inseparable bond which endured throughout their lives. He grew up in the Edwina community, where he helped to raise his sisters and spent much of his time in the mountains.

Jerry worked in manufacturing for many years. He was considered a dedicated, dependable, honest team member and earned the respect of his supervisors and his coworkers. His heart, however, always remained in the outdoors and the mountains.

He was a senior member of the Poor Boys Bear Club, a hunting club in the Edwina community that works to preserve hunters' rights, ensure a strong and healthy animal population, teach the next generation respect, ethics, and outdoor skills for the mountains and hunting, and assists those in the community that need help. He loved them all as brothers and enjoyed every moment of his time with them.

In 2010, Jerry joined the Forestry Service as a seasonal wildland firefighter at the Cocke County Work Center. There he worked on crews that suppressed numerous wildland fires in the East Tennessee District and earned the respect and admiration of his crew. He was dedicated and committed to protecting life, property, and the forest resources that he loved. There he added another chapter to his family.

Jerry was a quiet man who loved the outdoors and enjoyed the simple things in life. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, camping, gardening, and playing with and teaching his nephews. He had a quiet strength and was always ready to lend a hand. He had a relationship with God that glowed in his face. Jerry left a lasting impression on those he knew and loved and will always be in our hearts.
Gus Losleben, age 69, departed this life on Tuesday, December 9, 2014, at the age of 69. Gus was killed in the line of duty from injuries sustained in a terrible crash en route to a house fire.

He was born on November 3, 1945, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to the late Gustav W. and Marian Kennedy Losleben of Fort Myers, Florida.

Gus served in the United States Navy from 1965 until 1969 as an aviation electronics technician in radio and navigation, attaining the rank of petty officer second class.

Gus worked at Florida Power & Light in instrument and control as an itinerant specializing in nuclear power plant overhauls all over Florida from February 1982 and as chief job steward for the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers until retiring in December 2004.

After retiring, Gus and his wife, Megan Tennille Patrick, traveled all over the United States for two years, searching for a place to start a farm. They bought 23 acres of raw land in 2009 in rural Savannah, Tennessee, and built their dream farm raising organic produce and managing their herd of dairy goats, making butter and cheeses and tending their flock of chickens.

Gus became a volunteer firefighter in 2010, as he felt a call to duty when District 6 firefighters responded to what ended up being a false alarm at the farm. After joining, he found that he loved the fire department and the camaraderie, the sense of family and brotherhood.

Gus will be especially remembered as an honorable and honest, giving man, avid photographer, woodworker, and gardener. He loved the ocean, sailing, mystery novels, and jigsaw puzzles. He also loved to play the piano and sing in the privacy of his home.

He is loved and missed by all who knew him. His final ride was in Ladder 64, his favorite big boy toy. In honor of his love of the water, his remains will become part of the Eternal Reef system in Sarasota Bay, Florida, on October 11, 2015.
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.
Hugh B. Ferguson III
Damon Volunteer Fire Department – Texas
Volunteer Chief
Date of Death: April 22, 2014
Age: 52

Hugh Virgle “Bubba” Ferguson, III, was born on September 30, 1961, in Wharton, Texas, to Ann and Hugh V. Ferguson, Jr. Bubba was raised in Damon, along with his sisters, Melissa and Denise, and his brother, Chris.

The nickname “Bubba” was given to him by the citizens of Damon, where he was well known. When he was little, he would ride on his tricycle through downtown Damon wearing only his underwear, and they would call out “Hey, Bubba!”

He was inspired to become a firefighter at a young age, after learning the details of his Uncle Tommy’s death in Vietnam. He vowed that if becoming a firefighter would save even one person from a tragic death, then that was what his calling would be.

Bubba began his education at Damon Elementary. He was eager to learn, loved going to school, and served as a good role model and leader. When Bubba turned 15 and was able to drive, he joined the Damon Volunteer Fire Department. Firefighting and fire training soon became his passion.

After graduating from West Columbia High School, Bubba worked as a rice farmer. He loved farming during the week and going out dancing on the weekends. In 1981, at a dance, Bubba met the love of his life, Andrea. The rest, as they say, is history. Bubba and Andrea were married on August 31, 1983. He was 21, and she was 18.

Bubba got a job for a construction company, which took the family to Corpus Christi for four years and then to Malone, New York. Bubba remained a happy-go-lucky person no matter where the road took him. Not long after their return to Damon, Bubba was made fire chief.

Bubba was an exemplary husband to Andrea and father to his two sons, Dustin and Sean. A good provider, he made sure his wife and sons had everything they needed. He was selfless and always put others first. If anyone needed him, he was always there. Bubba was so proud of the men that his sons became. Andrea and Bubba celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary on August 31, 2014.

Bubba proudly served on the Damon School Board for many years and was proud to present the fire prevention program to the Damon students.

In 2009, Derek James Ferguson was born to Dustin and Katie, giving Bubba the other nickname that he loved the best—“Paw.” They were best buddies, and this little boy melted Bubba’s heart. Now we will have the third generation of Ferguson firefighters.

Bubba left a lasting impression on everyone he met and will always be missed. He was instrumental in building the Damon Fire Department to what it is today. His pride and leadership will live on in the department forever.
Remembering

Daniel David Groover

Houston Fire Department – Texas
Career Captain
Date of Death: July 9, 2014
Age: 46

Daniel D. Groover from Engine 104 joined the Houston Fire Department after returning home from serving five years in the U.S. Army. He was a second generation firefighter; his father, Captain Gary S. Groover (retired), was a Houston firefighter for over 30 years. As an only child, Danny wanted to follow in his father’s footsteps and joined the Houston Fire Department in 1993.

While in the military, Danny was a medic and worked in the emergency room in Germany, so it was easy for him to volunteer to become a paramedic for the Houston Fire Department. He served as a firefighter/paramedic for 17 years, and in 2013 he opted to go back to firefighting. Danny and his fellow firefighters were fighting a two-story house fire when he lost his life on July 9, 2014.

Danny was a wonderful, quiet, loving, caring man and will be missed by so many. He impacted so many people in his short life.

You are gone, but you will never be forgotten.

With all my Love,

Ellie Groover,
Widow of Daniel D. Groover
Dallas Fire-Rescue Officer William “Scott” Tanksley answered his last alarm on February 10, 2014. He was working an accident scene when he was hit by a car and knocked from an icy overpass. He served with Dallas Fire-Rescue for 14 years.

Scott was born November 1, 1973, to Wayne and Nita Tanksley. His early love of baseball set the wheels in motion for a life dream of playing baseball professionally. In 1992, set to graduate from Kemp High School, he was drafted by the Baltimore Orioles. He kept his commitment with Mississippi State University to play for the Bulldogs. Scott had an extraordinary college career pitching for MSU. He earned Mizuno Freshman All-American in 1993. The Minnesota Twins franchise drafted Scott his junior year at MSU. Scott’s brief professional baseball career ended after three years when he suffered a shoulder injury.

He went back to a quiet, simpler life in his rural hometown of Kemp, Texas. On February 14, 1998, Scott married the love of his life, Wendi. In 1999, he joined the Dallas Fire-Rescue family and began a life of serving others. If Scott wasn’t on duty at the station, he could be found working alongside his best friend and father, Wayne, in the electrical business.

Over the next eight years, Scott and Wendi welcomed his three biggest accomplishments, Laynee Elizabeth, Levi Wayne, and Lynlee Grace. Scott was very active in his children’s lives. He could often be found coaching his son’s Little League baseball team or cheering Laynee on from the sidelines in volleyball. He enjoyed coaching his children, not just in sports but in life. An avid outdoorsman, he instilled the love of hunting in his children as it was instilled in him by his father. He took every opportunity to share the seat next to him in the deer stand with Laynee or Levi or to play dress up and color with Lynlee Grace. A doting father, he took time to share his love of cooking with Laynee, snuggle and watch movies with Lynlee Grace, and spend quiet time waiting for first light during duck season with Levi. He was a family man through and through.

On September 3, 2014, Scott was honored with the Star of Texas Award, which is given to honor police officers, firefighters, and emergency medical technicians who are seriously hurt or killed in the line of duty. Scott’s family proudly accepted this honor on his behalf.

Scott is survived by his wife, Wendi; his beautiful children, Laynee, Levi, and Lynlee Grace; his parents, Wayne and Nita Tanksley; sisters, Nicki Stephens (Keith) and Christi Lively (Chris); his Dallas Fire-Rescue brothers; and a host of family and friends.

He was a quiet person who was always willing to help others without asking for anything in return.
Michael Dale “Mikey” Garrett
Nutter Fort Fire Department – West Virginia
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: February 1, 2014
Age: 28

Michael Dale “Mikey” Garrett was born on October 7, 1985, in Clarksburg, West Virginia, to Dale and Faith Garrett. Mikey was the middle of five children, having an older sister and brother and two younger sisters. Mikey’s passion in life was helping others; he also had a great sense of humor, a smile for everyone, and he left a lasting impression on everyone he met.

Mikey began his EMS and firefighter career at the age of 15 by attending the Junior EMS Camp at Harrison County EMS. At age 16, he became a junior firefighter at Nutter Fort Fire Department. His love for the EMS field led him to complete all classes to test and obtain his EMT-B certification a few weeks after his 18th birthday. From there, Mikey went on to obtain his EMT-I certification and was due to graduate from Pierpont Community and Technical College in May 2014 with an associate degree in emergency services.

During his career, Mikey worked with numerous volunteer fire departments and EMS agencies in several counties in West Virginia and several surrounding states. He was employed at Upshur County EMS as an EMT-I, as an instructor for RESA 7 at WVU Fire School, and as firefighter/EMT-I and treasurer at Nutter Fort Fire Department.

In addition to training for the fire and EMS fields, Mikey attended Department of Homeland Security training in Anniston, Alabama.

While juggling college classes, work, and volunteering, Mikey still found time for family functions and parties, vacations with family and friends, and events such as the Tough Mudder with friends.

A scholarship fund has been established in memory of Mikey to assist residents of West Virginia in obtaining their EMT-B or EMT-P certifications.

Mikey is survived by his parents; sisters, Julie, Anna and Katie; brother, Justin; maternal grandparents, Joe and Nancy Scardina; several nieces and nephews; and numerous extended family members.
George Dillard Underwood was a gentle giant, known and loved by many. His passion for helping others was evident daily, and his passing has profoundly affected the community and all who knew him. George served as chief of the Lake Volunteer Fire Department for 25 years. He was totally dedicated to serving and protecting the Lake, Mill Creek, and Garret Fork communities where he grew up. He enjoyed training, mentoring, and leading the many firefighters who served throughout the years. He especially enjoyed the fire department's participation in projects that involved safety training or distributing gifts to the children in his area. For many years, he also served as an auxiliary deputy for the Logan County Sheriff's Department.

George grew up at Mill Creek, and with the love, encouragement, and guidance of Bill and Erma, he participated in Boy Scouts, attaining the rank of Eagle Scout, and excelled as a Little League Baseball player. George was a star baseball pitcher at Logan High School, and in 1970 he was drafted to play minor league baseball for the Baltimore Orioles in Aberdeen, South Dakota. He also had a huge fan following as a WCW wrestler known as The Cuban Assassin, and he enjoyed fishing and hunting.

On January 21, 1978, George married Carolyn Ball Underwood, and they made their home in the Lake Community for the next 36 years. George is also survived by two daughters, two sons, two brothers, five sisters, eleven grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and a host of friends and relatives.

George was born on December 1, 1950, at Mill Creek, in Logan County, West Virginia. He entered into eternal rest on Thursday, April 3, 2014, while serving the Lake Community. He was preceded in death by his birthmother, one brother, one sister, and his loving parents, Bill and Erma Underwood.

George would have been in absolute awe of the emotional outpouring at his memorial services. He was an unassuming man who expected nothing in return for his service. A social media post shortly after his death summed up George's character: “What a good man he was…awfully big shoes to fill.”

LAST CALL – Unit 401 – LAST CALL – Rest in Peace George Underwood
Remembering

Ted F. Drake
Wyoming State Forestry Division – Wyoming
Career Fire Crew Supervisor
Date of Death: May 17, 2014
Age: 63


Mr. Drake was born September 30, 1950, in Mitchell, South Dakota, the son of Theodore and Lorraine "La Rayne" Drake. He was raised in eastern South Dakota and graduated from New Underwood High School in 1968. In 1974, he earned a Bachelor of Science degree, cum laude, from the National College of Business in Rapid City, South Dakota. On October 16, 1984, he married Sandra Davidson in Denver, Colorado.

He was employed in the oil business as a controller of different companies before moving to Hill City, South Dakota, working at High Country Ranch and as a fireman for the Rochford Fire Department. His latest employment was with the Wyoming State Forestry Division in Newcastle, Wyoming. His favorite pastimes were going to garage sales, auctions, and reading. He also looked forward to an annual family fishing event held on Memorial Day weekend and pheasant hunting in the fall.

He is survived by his wife, Sandra; daughters, Sarah (Chris) Failla and Angela Drake, both of California; three grandsons; brothers, Tim (Mona) Drake and Bob (Pam) Drake; sisters, Kerrill (Joe) Morrison, Kay (Herb) Shadewald, and Lisa (Dennis) DeKraai; Robert Fritz and family; Sandra’s family; and many friends.
“Every action in our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.”

— Edwin Hubbel Chapin
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. The Memorial Weekend activities are televised nationwide.

**Help survivors attend the Weekend**

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

**Offer support programs for survivors**

When a firefighter dies in the line of duty, the Foundation provides survivors with a place to turn. Families receive emotional assistance through a Fire Service Survivors Network. This Network matches survivors with similar experiences and circumstances. This contact can be an important part of their healing. Families receive a bi-monthly newsletter and specialized grief resources. Our Web site provides information on Federal, State and local survivor benefits and other resources. An annual Fire Service Survivors Conference offers life skills workshops and a chance to network with other survivors. The Hal Bruno Camp for Children of Fallen Firefighters provides a weekend bereavement camp combined with fun activities for the children.

**Award Scholarships to Fire Service Survivors**

Spouses, life partners, children and stepchildren of fallen firefighters are eligible for scholarship assistance for education and job training costs. Since 1997, the Foundation and its partners have awarded more than $3 million in scholarships.

**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. The Foundation’s Taking Care of Our Own® training provides departments with extensive pre-incident planning support. Immediately after a death, a Local Assistance State Team is available, by request, to provide technical assistance and personal support to help the department and the family. Team members assist the departments and families with filing of paperwork for state and Federal benefits.

Immediately after the World Trade Center event on September 11, 2001, the Foundation provided financial support to the Fire Department of New York to help with funerals and provide counseling services for the families of the fallen firefighters. The Foundation continues to support the department and families.

**Work to prevent line-of-duty deaths**

With the support of fire and life safety organizations, the Foundation launched the “Everyone Goes Home℠” campaign in 2004. Its goal is 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. A statue honoring the firefighters who died in the World Trade Center, “To Lift a Nation,” was added to the park in 2007.
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<table>
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<tr>
<th><strong>LEGACY</strong></th>
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6th Annual Northern Arizona NFFF Golf Tournament, Prescott Valley, AZ

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Northern Illinois National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament, Byron, IL

6th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Golf Outing, Geneva, IL

Chicagoland Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament, Glendale Heights, IL
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Contravisory
Eastern Insurance
Rockland Trust

Missouri Fire Service Funeral Assistance Team Golf Tournament, St. Peters, MO
Missouri Fire Service Funeral Assistance Team

Greater Cincinnati Regional NFFF Golf Tournament, Cincinnati, OH
Anderson Township IAFF Local 3111
Cincigolf.com
Colerain Firefighters IAFF Local 3915
1-800-BOARDUP/Teasdale Fenton
Gold Star Chili
Health Care Training Solutions
Heidelberg Distributing
Hillshire Brands
HTT Insurance Agency
LaRosa’s Pizzeria
Rising Star Casino and Resort

8th Annual Central Ohio Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament, Delaware, OH
Central Ohio Fallen Firefighters Foundation

8th Annual Rochester, NY NFFF Golf Tournament, Rochester, NY
ADT LLC
Barnard Fire Department
Brighton Fire Department
Brighton Professional Firefighters Local #2232
Chili Fire Department
Churchville Fire Equipment Corp.
Eric Stoerger - National Fire Adjustment Company
Gail Fowler
Gates Professional Firefighters Local #3792
Genesee Brewing Company
Greece Lake Shore Fire Department
Greece Ridge Exempt Firemen’s Association
Henrietta Professional Firefighters Local #3738
Horseheads Fire Department
Kevin Francis 1800 Ontario Shore
Monroe Ambulance

Monroe Extinguisher Company
New York State Association of Fire Chiefs
Noonan Bar & Grill
North Greece Professional Firefighters Local #3827
Spencerport Volunteer Firemen’s Association
Z’s Automotive

1st Annual FASNY Fallen Firefighters Golf Tournament, Schenectady NY
Desmond Hotel and Conference Center
DKC

8th Annual Raleigh Area NFFF Golf Tournament, Raleigh, NC

7th Annual Erie, Pennsylvania Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament, Erie, PA
Doctors of Erie County
IAFF Local 293
Presque Isle Downs and Casino

11th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament, Fairfield, PA
Glick Fire Equipment Co., Inc.
Provident Agency, Inc.
Glatfelter Insurance Group, Inc.

7th Annual SEPA Regional Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Outing, Philadelphia, PA
McMenamin Family ShopRite
PARX Casino

6th Annual NFFF Memorial Golf Tournament, Charleston, SC
St. Johns Fire District

5th Annual North Texas Fallen Firefighter Memorial Golf Tournament, Wylie, TX

The Seventh Wasatch Front and Eleventh Annual NFFF Memorial Golf Tournament,
Saratoga Springs, UT
Get Some L.L.C.
Gold’s Gym
Larry Miller Group
New Concepts Construction
Shirts Illustrated, Inc.
Supersonic Car Wash
University of Utah
Utah Disaster Kleen-Up
ZAGG Inc.

Southeast Wisconsin National Fallen Firefighters Golf Tournament, Pewaukee, WI
The National Fallen Firefighters Foundation greatly appreciates the support received from our volunteers who coordinate golf tournaments and stair climbs.
Individuals and Organizations Generously Donating Time and Services to the 2015 Memorial Weekend

Charles Abrecht
Adams County Volunteer Emergency Services Association
Alexandria Fire Department, Virginia
Larson Allen
Anne Arundel Alarmers Association, Maryland
Anne Arundel County Fire Department, Maryland
Lorell Angelety
Tomy Baker
Allen Baldwin
Baltimore County Fire Department, Maryland
Baltimore-Washington International Airport Authority
Baltimore-Washington International Fire & Rescue Department
Bill Barnard
Marc Bashoor
Amy Beechler
Ian Bennett
Valerie Benson
Bergen County (NJ) Fire Academy-IAFF Local 3500
Mark Bilger
Kyle Blackman
Bonneauville Fire Company, Pennsylvania
Box 234 Association of Baltimore County, Maryland
Mark Brady
Branchville Volunteer Fire Department, Maryland
Brandon Fire Department, Vermont
Brian Brendel
Greg Bridges
Ivan Browning
Greg Bunch
Burlington County (NJ) Firefighters
Bill Butt
BWI Airport Fire Fighters Association, IAFF Local 1742, Maryland
Darby Byrd
California Department of Forestry and Fire Protection
Local 2881
Camden County Emerald Society, New Jersey
Canteen 1, Independent Hose Company, Frederick, Maryland
Canteen 22, Springfield Volunteer Fire Department, Virginia
Nick Caputo
Dave Carr
Dave Carroll Music
Dhiren Chauhan
Chicago Fire Department, Illinois
Chronicle Press
City of Clearwater Fire and Rescue, Florida
City of Frederick, Maryland
City of Los Angeles Fire Department, California
City of Raleigh Fire Department, North Carolina
Tim Clark
Clinton Volunteer Fire Department, Maryland
R. Steven Cochran
Congressional Fire Services Institute
Connecticut Statewide Honor Guard
Tom Coulombe
Katie Cowan
Michael E. Cox, Jr.
Steve & Nancy Cox
Melissa Crabbs, Mount Saint Mary's University
Fred Cross
Larry Curl
Daughters of Charity, St. Joseph's Provincial House, Maryland
Allen Davis
Frank Davis
Mike Davis
Amy deBoinville, Full Circle Design
Delaware Volunteer Fireman's Association
John Denver
Jeff Dickey
Charlie Dickinson
Individuals and Organizations Generously Donating Time and Services to the 2015 Memorial Weekend

Robert DiPoli  
District of Columbia Fire & Emergency Medical Services  
District of Columbia Fire Fighters Association, IAFF Local 36  
District of Columbia Retired Fire Fighters Association  
Mike Donlon  
Jim Dugan  
Eden Volunteer Fire Company, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania  
John Eline  
Jeff Elliott  
Fairfax County Fire and Rescue Department, Virginia  
Federation of Fire Chaplains  
Firefighter Wife  
Rhett Fleitz  
Al Fluman  
Frederick County Government, Maryland  
Frederick County Department of Fire and Rescue, Maryland  
Frederick County Firefighters Association, IAFF Local 3666, Maryland  
Frederick County Volunteer Fire & Rescue Association, Maryland  
Friendship Fire Association of Washington DC  
D. Wayne Garver  
Brian Geraci  
Gettysburg Fire Department, Pennsylvania  
Charles Giblin  
Dan Gosnell  
Greenridge & Associates, Maryland  
Guest Services, Inc., Maryland  
Tom Hayden  
Henrico County Division of Fire, Virginia  
Billy & Joy Hinton  
Hooksett Fire/Rescue Department, New Hampshire  
Hillary Howard  
Howard County Department of Fire and Rescue, Maryland  
Congressman Steny H. Hoyer and Staff, Maryland  
Ray Hughes  
International Association of Fire Chiefs  
International Association of Fire Fighters Local 1609, Frederick, Maryland  
International Code Council  
Robert Jacobs  
Chip Jewell  
Junior Fire Company No. 2, Inc., Maryland  
Rick Kane  
Ron Kanterman  
Kensington Maryland Volunteer Fire Department  
Canteen 5  
Kidde Safety  
Robert Kilpeck  
Gary Kirchbaum  
Brian Koenig  
Paul Krietz  
Chad Lallier  
Lancaster County Public Safety Training Center, Pennsylvania  
Sylvia Lantz  
Scott Legore  
Amber Leizear  
Andy Levy  
Lion Apparel  
Terry Lloyd  
Gregory Long  
Brian Lowman  
Julia Lynch  
Vito Maggiolo  
Manheim Township Fire Rescue, Pennsylvania  
Marlboro Volunteer Fire Department, Maryland  
Marriott International  
Maryland Aviation Administration
Individuals and Organizations Generously Donating Time and Services to the 2015 Memorial Weekend

Maryland Emergency Management Agency
Maryland Fire and Rescue Institute
Maryland Fire Chiefs Association
Maryland Professional Fire Fighters Association
Maryland State Fire Marshal’s Office
Maryland State Firemen’s Association
Maryland State Police
    Todd May
    Robert McCurdy
    John McGrath
    Richard McKee
    Jim McLoughlin
    Spruce McRee
Metro Chiefs – IAFC/NFPA
Metropolitan Washington Airport Authority
    Midway VFC
    Joe Minogue
MMRI RF Equipment Rental, Georgia
Mohegan Tribal Fire Department, Connecticut
Montgomery County Fire and Rescue Service, Maryland
Morningside Volunteer Fire Department, Maryland
Motorola Solutions
Mount St. Mary’s University, Maryland
    Molly Natchipolsky
National Fire Academy Alumni Association
National Honor Guard Commanders Association
National Shrine of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton, Maryland
National Volunteer Fire Council
    Barbara Sue Nelson
    Mike Nelson
Newport News Fire Department, Virginia
    Susan Nicol
Northern Virginia Firefighters’ Emerald Society Pipe Band
    Patti Odbert
Tom Olshanski, USFA
    Jackie Olson
Omni Corporation
    Dennis Onieal
Tom Owens
    A. J. Papa
Tyler Patton
    James Payne
PBI Corporation
    Tim Pelton
    Mark Pena
Penn Township Fire Department
    Rick Petry
Philadelphia 2nd Alarmers, Pennsylvania
    Pete Piringer
Prince George’s County Fire/EMS Department, Maryland
Prince George’s Volunteer Canteen, Maryland
Prince William County Department of Fire and Rescue, Virginia
    Jenna Pritchett
    John & Susan Proels
Public Safety Training Center, Pennsylvania
    Lew Raeder
    Mike Ramirez
Red Helmets Ride Committee
    Betty Riffle
    Michael Robertson
Rockingham County Department of Fire and Rescue, Virginia
    Johnie Roth
    Gordon Routley
S & W Construction, Maryland
    Tricia Sanborn
    Sarah Sadler
    Safeware, Inc.
San Bernardino National Forest, USFS, California
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Individuals and Organizations Generously Donating Time and Services to the 2015 Memorial Weekend</th>
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</table>
| Jaime Shaffer-Mickley  
Hurshel Shank  
Tim Shelton  
Bob Shilling  
Robert Small  
Smithfield Fire Department, Rhode Island  
Kelly Snyder  
Spotsylvania County, Department of Fire, Rescue and Emergency Management  
Springfield VA Volunteer Fire Department Canteen 22  
Eric Stackhouse  
Robert Stanmire  
David Stanton  
STARTECH International Security  
Bryan Staples  
Dave Statter  
Paul Sterling Jr.  
Tom Stommel  
Summit Fire Department, New Jersey  
Doug Swartz  
Tampa Fire/Rescue, Florida  
Tim Taylor  
Vickie Taylor  
Jeff Thompson  
Terry Thompson  
Dave Thornburg  
Jim Tidwell  
Heather Tinney  
Amy and John Tippett  
Barry Titler  
Barry Thoma  
Matt Tobia  
Town of Emmitsburg, Maryland  
Troy Fire Department, Michigan  
Jay Tucker  
USDA Forest Service  
Union Fire Co. No. 1 of Carlisle, Pennsylvania  
United Communities Volunteer Fire Department  
United States Capitol Police  
United States Fire Administration  
Vermont Fire Prevention Division  
Victor Fire Department and the Red Knights Motorcycle Club  
Vigilant Hose Company, Maryland  
VISTA Worldlink  
Volunteer and Combination Officers Section IAFC  
Volunteer Fireman’s Insurance Services  
Doug Wallick  
Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority  
Steve Watkins, Omni Corporation  
Michael Wells  
Wheaton Volunteer Rescue Squad, Maryland  
Smiley White  
The Whitestone Group  
G. Crawford Wiestling  
Wilmington Fire Department, Delaware  
Town of Wilton (CT) Board of Selectmen & Board of Fire Commissioners  
Winchester Fire and Rescue Department, Virginia  
Willie Wines, Jr.  
Dennis Wolfe  
Bryant Woodall  
Wyndham Gettysburg Hotel  
Mark Youngs |

…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.
Staff and Contractors

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.

**STAFF**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sharon Baroncelli</th>
<th>Elaine Huttenloch</th>
<th>Chief Ronald Siarnicki</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Donna Clark</td>
<td>Charles Jaster</td>
<td>Victor Stagnaro</td>
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<td>Beverly Donlon</td>
<td>Barbara King</td>
<td>Jeanne Tobia</td>
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<td>Lissette Garcia</td>
<td>James Markel</td>
<td>Judith Whitlow</td>
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<td>Cathy Hedrick</td>
<td>Jenni McClelland</td>
<td>Ashley Whitmore</td>
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<td>Rose Hoepfl</td>
<td>Eric Nagle</td>
<td>Ginny Wilhite</td>
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<td>Linda Hurley</td>
<td>Rebecca Nusbaum</td>
<td>Jenny Woodall</td>
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<td>Susan Proels</td>
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**CONTRACTORS**

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<tr>
<th>Amy Acton</th>
<th>Eric Hagman</th>
<th>John Proels</th>
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<tr>
<td>Candi Alexander</td>
<td>Jonathan Hart</td>
<td>Respect Consulting Limited</td>
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<td>Michael Anderson</td>
<td>William Hinton</td>
<td>Kevin Roche</td>
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<td>Steve Austin</td>
<td>IPAK Productions</td>
<td>Sonya Roth</td>
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<td>Ian Bennett</td>
<td>Daniel Jarbo</td>
<td>Gordon Routley</td>
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<td>Richard Best</td>
<td>Ron Kanterman</td>
<td>Royers Computer Networks</td>
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<td>Nick Caputo</td>
<td>The Kelleher Foundation Inc.</td>
<td>Tricia Sanborn</td>
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<td>Chronicle Press</td>
<td>Dr. JoEllen Kelly</td>
<td>Robert Shilling</td>
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<td>Comfort Zone Camps</td>
<td>Captain Frank Leto, FDNY</td>
<td>Sean T. Spain</td>
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<td>Cool Water Media</td>
<td>Kim Lightley, USFS</td>
<td>Squaw Island Company Inc.</td>
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<td>Henry Costo</td>
<td>Teresa Lloyd</td>
<td>Dave Statter</td>
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<td>Brian Crandall</td>
<td>Mason Consulting Services, Inc.</td>
<td>Stone Productions LLC</td>
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<td>James L. Cubbage</td>
<td>Molly Natchipolsky</td>
<td>Stonehouse Media Inc.</td>
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<td>Amy de Boinville</td>
<td>John Oates</td>
<td>Vickie Taylor</td>
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<td>FD Solutions</td>
<td>Michael Pfaltzgraff</td>
<td>Amy Tippett</td>
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<td>Rhett Fleitz</td>
<td>Shannon Pieper</td>
<td>Kimberly Van Orden PhD</td>
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<td>Florida State University</td>
<td>Edward Plaugher</td>
<td>Patricia J. Watson</td>
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<td>Dr. Richard Gist</td>
<td>Jenna Pritchett</td>
<td>Yellow Specs Design</td>
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<td>Greg Guise</td>
<td>Vickie Pritchett</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, as members of the Local Assistance State Teams, and as volunteers at Hal Bruno Camps.
“The true legacy of the individuals whom we honor for making the ultimate sacrifice lives in the minds and hearts of each of us. It is there to be shared, to be nurtured, and to be protected, so that it may one day be passed on to another. Protect their memories well. Share in a good-hearted laugh as we remember the personality, vitality and spirit of these individuals. And, as we gather here in Emmitsburg each year, go forth with those memories. Make them a part of your day-to-day life and share them until the day comes, a year from now, when we will all meet here again.”

Chief Ronald J. Siarnicki, Executive Director
National Fallen Firefighters Foundation
Remembering

National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend
October 3-4, 2015