Remembering National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend

October 8-9, 2016
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
we honor you and your loved ones.
James “Donnie” Keith was born April 2, 1956, to James Edward and Lucille Keith. Donnie has a twin brother, “Ronnie,” and two sisters, Aline and Mary Jane. In 1974, Donnie married his childhood sweetheart, Pamela Gail Crisler. They had two sons, Larry Shannon and Jeremy Wayne Keith. Donnie and Pam were married 28 years when God called her home.

Donnie was employed at Video Industrial Services for 31 years. He was a superintendent who loved his job. The employees and management became his extended family. He forged some lifelong friendships with coworkers, and customers he met along the way. He never met a stranger and loved to laugh and make you laugh.

In December 2001, Donnie met Loretta Ferguson. Once more, love came into his life and hers. Donnie and Loretta were married February 14, 2003. They resided in Jasper, Alabama, with her young son, Caleb Waldrep, who came to love Donnie as a father. Donnie loved being a part of Loretta’s large family, and she and her family loved Donnie’s sons, daughter-in-law, and grandchildren.

Donnie had many loves in his life, but being “Paw Paw” was at the top of the list. He had seven grandchildren whom he loved and they loved him. Donnie said God brought Loretta into his life, but truth be told, God brought these two families together with love and strength, knowing they would need these in days to come.

Through this family, he was introduced to volunteer firefighting and rescue. His love of helping people found a new avenue. Donnie joined the Mt. Zion Volunteer Fire and Rescue Department in 2003 and served as captain for 12 years. Chief Ferguson was not only his chief and brother-in-law, but also his best friend.

Donnie Keith led a full life. He was a larger than life personality that can never be replaced. His light will always shine bright, and his boisterous laughter will forever ring in the hearts and minds of those who love him.

God called Donnie home on June 4, 2015. The shirt one of his coworkers had made says it best—Donnie Keith—We lost a good man.

If Donnie were here, he would tell you none of those things listed above was his greatest accomplishment. His greatest accomplishment was accepting Jesus Christ as his Saviour. For he now awaits his loved ones in that land so bright and fair for that heavenly reunion where we will all, who have accepted Christ, be together again.

Donnie Keith, a life well lived, a man well loved.
Steve became a reserve firefighter for Clarkdale Fire Department in 2002. Steve wore many hats during his working career. He loved the town of Clarkdale. He was not only a reserve for the fire department, but he worked for the Town of Clarkdale as the public works director and lived with his wife in Clarkdale for several years. He dedicated his life to the town in many ways. You can’t pass by a park, roundabout, or street and not think of Steve. One of his biggest accomplishments was receiving a grant to install a geothermal system to heat and cool City Hall.

One of his favorite things to do as a reserve was drive the parade truck for the 4th of July celebration. After the parade he would give rides to all the children and their parents around the park. Steve was continuing his education in the fire services to become a fire investigator and inspector. He loved the feeling of closeness and friendship that existed with each member of the fire service in Clarkdale and the Verde Valley.

Steve was in the process of designing the new Clarkdale Fire Station before his passing. Steve was attending his EMS refresher course that fateful weekend. He came home for lunch and got his Harley to ride back to class. When he got home from class, he had a terrible headache and went to bed. Later that night, his wife drove him to the hospital. After being evaluated, we learned he had a fatal stroke.

Steve was the longest-serving employee at the fire district at the time of his passing. He had seen many changes over his tenure.

Steve always enjoyed a good prank and catching friends and family in an embarrassing Kodak moment. Steve not only looked out for his family and friends, he took pride in helping out his community.

Steve is deeply missed by his wife, Alice; children, David (Morgan), Stephanie (Nick), Ariel, and Myles; grandchildren, family, and friends.
Raymond G. Araujo Jr. was born on March 8, 1978. He passed away on April 13, 2015, after suffering a heart attack during a training exercise on the Morongo Indian Reservation. Araujo was serving as an inmate firefighter with the California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation. He was a resident of the Coachella Valley.

He was survived by his mother, Maggie Araujo; father and stepmother, Raymond Sr. and Lydia Araujo; sisters, Elizabeth, Jasmine, Anabelle, Geneva, and Carina Araujo and Priscilla Cota; brother, Ritchie (Amanda) Cota; three children, Raymond III, Romero, and Reylene Araujo; granddaughter, Aliyah; grandmothers, Dolores Garcia (Lola) and Helen Araujo; and extended family.
Oxnard City Fire Captain Scott Douglas Carroll answered his last alarm on November 30, 2015. He served with the Oxnard City Fire Department for 19 years. Prior service includes Ventura County Fire Department, U.S. Forest Service, and Federal Fire Department, Seal Beach, Pt. Mugu, and Port Hueneme.

Scott was born October 24, 1967, in Downey, California, to Douglas and Pamela Carroll and resided in Ventura County, California, for 43 years. He attended elementary school in Buena Park, Oxnard, and Camarillo and Monte Vista Middle School in Camarillo. He graduated from Rio Mesa High School in 1986.

Scott’s love of sports began at age seven playing baseball, soccer, and basketball. An avid sports fan with season tickets to the LA Dodgers, he gave up his only chance to see the Dodgers in a World Series. In 1988, he chose to stay on duty and respond to a wildland fire, saying, “There will be more World Series games, but I don’t know when I’ll get to go on a fire again.” Ironically, the Dodgers would never get to another World Series (yet), but there were many more fires. Scott’s love of baseball brought him to every MLB stadium, missing only Turner Field. For football his lifelong team was the Rams. Whether their home was Los Angeles or St. Louis, his loyalty did not waver. For Scott, his family is happily welcoming his team home. He also played on a tournament softball team and competed in the Guns and Hoses tournaments, the Nevada Police and Fire Games, and the California Firefighter Olympics.

Scott loved traveling with his family. His motto was “Work hard, play harder,” and he did. His love of the water took him to various beach resorts and cruises, but his favorite trips included any sporting event he could find. A cruise out of Florida in March would mean a Grapefruit Spring Training trip as well. Spring training trips were an annual event, and the highlight was when he was able to go to both the Cactus and Grapefruit leagues.

In 1996, Oxnard Fire Department welcomed Scott to their team, where his natural talents and skills saw him promoted to captain in 2002. He was not only a strong leader, but a great friend to the brotherhood/sisterhood. Scott’s confidence, competence, and skills made him the perfect choice to instruct others in wildland fires and HAZMAT incidents. Scott was nominated Firefighter of the Year in 2012 and 2013.

Scott loved being a firefighter, but his real love and heart belonged to his family. He is survived by his wife and best friend, Tracy; his beautiful children, Michael (Yesenia) and Rylee (Brian); grandchildren, Yoselin and Liam; parents, Douglas and Pamela; brother, Steven (Julie); his Oxnard City Fire Department brothers, and a host of family and friends.
Remembering

Michael (Mikey) Scott Hallenbeck was only 21 when a burning tree fell on him on August 8, 2015, while he was fighting a fire at Sierra at Tahoe Ski Resort. He had just started his firefighting career. He was very proud that he had taken the initiative to train to become a fire fighter. Mikey was the kind of person who would do anything for someone else.

Michael was born on April 12, 1994, in Folsom and raised in Shingle Springs, California. He went to a wonderful family daycare when he was young, where he was cared for just like a member of the family. He attended local schools and graduated from high school in 2012. Mikey was mischievous and athletic, which led him to many activities in his short life. He played soccer, basketball, and football. He skateboarded and played tennis and golf. He started skiing at age two and went on to snowboarding and ice hockey.

His first job was as a lift operator at Sierra at Tahoe Ski Resort. He loved it! After his first snow season he moved to Santa Cruz for a short time, but he heard the mountains calling him. He moved back to Lake Tahoe, where he snowboarded, hiked, or just sat looking at the wonders of life. Michael lit up the world with his infectious smile, which came from his soul. The outpouring of love and memories from his friends, family and fellow firefighters has been phenomenal. He loved God, his family and friends, and the mountains where he lived.

His friends held a candlelight vigil at Sierra at Tahoe Ski Resort. A firefighter procession brought Mikey from South Lake Tahoe to return him to Shingle Springs. His parents, Kirby and Toni Hallenbeck, and his sister, Jessica, were at his side throughout his journey home. The procession went by his house, and his dog, Snickers, was at the road by his house to say goodbye. In October, Michael’s crew from OC-36 held a benefit golf tournament for him. Some of the other loving and thoughtful things that people have done include creating sweatshirts that said “I ride for Mikey,” bracelets that say “Remember Mikey – The sky is the limit,” ornaments, poems, songs, and candles.

After Mikey was laid to rest, winter came early. All his friends said Mikey brought the snow for them. Michael loved the Denver Broncos and, once again, Mikey was watching over all of us – they won the Super Bowl in 2016.

In April, Sierra at Tahoe Ski Resort held “I Ride for Mikey” Day, where over 100 friends and family skied and boarded while his spirit surrounded us. A beautiful mural was painted, where attendees were able to write down their good wishes. Many other painted snow features were placed around the mountain that he loved.

He is survived by his parents, Kirby and Toni Hallenbeck, of Shingle Springs, sister, Jessica Hallenbeck, from southern California, as well as numerous friends and family.
Few people who walk upon this earth for only 49 years can have the impact in this world that Greg Hennessey had. A father, son, husband, friend, mentor, volunteer, and benevolent firefighter, he left us all too soon on January 20, 2014.

Greg entered this world on October 21, 1964, to James and Virginia Hennessey. He was born and raised in Freeport, New York, where he graduated with honors from Freeport High School in 1982. Greg was deeply involved with the Boy Scouts organization and became an Eagle Scout, its highest ranking. He obtained a marketing and management degree from Hofstra University in 1987. In his spare time, Greg was a proud member of the Freeport Volunteer Fire Department and truly fell in love with the firefighter culture. Shortly thereafter, he moved to Southern California to pursue the American Dream. He was employed by J.C. Penney, where he was a manager. On May 21, 1988, Greg married his high school sweetheart and girl next door, Deanna (she literally lived down the street), and they began their lives together.

Although Greg tried to adapt to a 9 to 5 job, his love for the fire department called to him, and he was inducted into the Orange County Fire Department in 1990. The Hennesseys welcomed their first child, Ryan, in 1991 and their second son, Brandon, in 1994. Besides being a loving father, husband, and civil servant, Greg was also an avid Ford Mustang fan and collector. He was a mentor for the Fire Explorers, a tech volunteer for the Theatre Experience of Southern California, and sat on several Eagle Scout boards. He loved to drink Coke by the gallon.

People who remember Greg say he was reliable, honest, hardworking, no nonsense, and just a really, really nice guy. He left this world before we were ready to say goodbye, but he left it a much better place than he found it. For that, we are all truly thankful. Our loss is heaven’s gain, and he will be missed by all who knew and loved him.

Gregory J. Hennessey
Orange County Fire Authority – California
Career Engineer
Date of Death: January 20, 2014
Age: 49
Franck W. Tremaine was born in Tracy, California, on March 4, 1956.

Franck was a loving husband, father, uncle, brother, and a leader in our community. Franck was very instrumental in the development of many careers of young, aspiring firefighters. He was the man everyone turned to in their times of need and was looked upon for his strength. Captain Tremaine selflessly devoted himself to the fire service in California, with over forty years of dedicated service, the majority of those as a volunteer. In 1985, Franck was awarded Firefighter of the Year in San Mateo County, California. In 2002, and again in 2008, Franck was awarded Firefighter of the Year with the Jackson Fire Department in Amador County, California.

In 1996 Franck and his wife Geneva (Genny) started up a water well pump service business called Tremaine’s Pump Service. Franck took great pride in the business they had built up over the years. He would be thrilled to know that his daughter, Sarah, and son-in-law, Bryan, have taken over the family business and are continuing to provide much-needed service in our community.

Franck’s gentleness was evident in how he treated everyone he met. He entertained us and loved us. He made us laugh and made us feel secure. He lived a genuine and authentic life and showed honest goodness, kindness, and concern for others day in and day out.

Franck never tired of tending to his son Kyle’s special needs, and we will all remember how he always made sure Kyle was fully included in our family and community life. Most of all, we will always remember how he could make Kyle laugh like nobody else.

Franck passed away in Jackson, California, on January 10, 2015, at the age of 58.

Franck is survived by his wife of 35 years, Geneva Lillie (Bergen) Tremaine; daughter, Sarah Jean (Tremaine) Hart; son, Kyle Franck Tremaine; and three sisters, Catherine Simms, Laura Tremaine, and Chris-Anne Tremaine.
Remembering

John was born June 23, 1969, to Janet and John Whelan Jr. He was the oldest of three boys. He excelled in high school, graduating with honors in 1987. He attended college at the University of Colorado, graduating in 1991 with a bachelor's degree in finance. A few years after graduation, he realized that he did not want to sit behind a desk. He decided to follow in his grandfather’s and uncle’s footsteps and started pursuing a career as a firefighter.

In September of 2000, he started with the Denver Fire Department, and in 2010, he was promoted to engineer. As a firefighter, Johnny was highly respected from the first day he put on the uniform and was always drawn to very busy assignments. Johnny was strong, smart, funny, and very well-liked by his peers. No matter the location, Johnny would most certainly be found in the middle of the fun and will be remembered for his hearty laugh, large smile, and fantastic ability to take a goodhearted joke.

Husband to Sheri for 20 years and father to son, Jackson, John was never at a loss for a story that involved his family. He had many nieces and nephews and was always the favorite uncle because he was a big kid himself and loved to play and have fun.

John was highly athletic, enjoyed fishing and the outdoors, and loved to be around his close friends. He was a very genuine person who always made sure to ask how you were doing. Johnny was truly a once-in-a-lifetime acquaintance, and those that were privileged enough to call him a friend will forever carry his spirit in their hearts.

John P. Whelan III
Denver Fire Department – Colorado
Career Engineer
Date of Death: July 15, 2015
Age: 46
Lieutenant Kevin Andre McRae, beloved son of Brenda McRae and William Venison, was born November 22, 1970, in Washington, D.C. He entered into eternal rest on May 6, 2015, our fallen hero.

Kevin was loved by many and is surely missed. He was an affable leader to whom people gravitated. Kevin loved sports and cheered for the home teams—Washington Redskins, Washington Wizards, and Pittsburgh Steelers. Kevin loved to travel and explore the world with his family.

Kevin was reared in a loving, close-knit extended family. He enjoyed playing board games, cards, and electronic games. Since age five, Kevin knew he wanted to become a firefighter when he grew up.

Educated in the District of Columbia school system, he attended Madeline Victoria Leckie Elementary, Francis Stevens Junior High, and Frank W. Ballou Senior High Schools. In July 1989, while a student at Ballou, he entered the cadet program with the D.C. Fire and Emergency Medical Services Department. He was still underage when he completed the cadet program and had to wait to begin working for the department. He was very excited about his new career and shared details of his training with family and friends. This prompted his cousin, the late fallen hero James McRae, III, to also enter the cadet program.

Kevin was promoted to the rank of sergeant in 2003 and to lieutenant in 2008. He is the 100th D.C. Fire and EMS Department member to pass away in the line of duty. For more than two decades he served with distinction; he made the ultimate sacrifice while helping others.

Kevin was a loving husband and father who adored and spent quality time with his family. His union with the late Chiquita Bridgers McRae resulted in the blessed births of two sons, Desmond and Davon McRae.

In 2006, he met the love of his life, Trell McRae. They married in 2008, joining the family with two additional blessings, and he became dad as well to Tiara Parker and Dalonte Mitchell. In 2009, he was also blessed with the birth of his daughter, Keavon McRae. His family was the apple of his eye; he cherished them.

Kevin accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Lord and Savior early in his life. In 2010, he and his wife joined First Baptist Church of Glenarden. He loved the Lord, and he loved attending church services. He will be greatly missed by all who knew and loved him.

Kevin leaves to celebrate his life and cherish fond memories his loving wife, Trell McRae; sons: Dalonte Mitchell and Desmond and Davon McRae; daughters, Tiara Parker and Keavon McRae; mother, Brenda McRae-Hackett; father, William Venison; stepfather, John N. Hackett; brother, Darryl Venison; sister, Sharonda Venison; mother-in-law, Jackie Johnson; father-in-law, John Pearson; a host of other relatives; and the D.C. Fire and EMS family and friends.
Remembering

Kenny Krulish, better known by his crew as “Captain Kenny,” was a hardworking family man. He loved helping others and providing the best life to his wife, Amy, and their two children, Jeffrey and Karaline. Captain Kenny started out on the streets and eventually got promoted to training captain throughout his career. He spent many years investing in the lives of every new firefighter and paramedic that walked through the doors of St. Johns County Fire Rescue.

At home, he spent every minute possible traveling with his family and making trips to the beach. Captain Kenny loved to take his wife on dates, watch football with his daughter, and take his son fishing. During the wintertime, he took his family up to the mountains whenever it snowed and always went all out at Christmas time with decorations.

In January of 2013, after a stressful shift, Captain Kenny collapsed from a heart attack and died instantly. He continues to be greatly missed, as his family and St. Johns County Fire Rescue feel his absence every day.
Remembering

Randy was born in Warner Robins, Georgia, to Randall and Gwen Parker. He and his brother, Marcus, were raised in Bossier City, Louisiana. Randy attended Parkway High School, where he played trumpet in the Louisiana All-State and All-Star Bands.

Randy began his career with the Macon-Bibb County Fire Department on July 2, 1990, and was known as a leader and for excelling in physical exams and certifications. He was chosen by the fire chief to be the department representative for the United Way of Central Georgia and the Muscular Dystrophy Association annual boot drive and golf tournament. In 2012 and 2015, he was named Firefighter of the Year for his dedication and service to the citizens of Macon-Bibb County. Randy was known as the go-to guy for his positive attitude, outgoing personality, and trustworthy leadership. He was always willing to help and brought out the best in his comrades.

Randy loved riding motorcycles, all sports, working out, and drag racing. He was a practical joker who could always make people laugh. People remember the phrases he always spoke. “What’s the word on the street?” “If you need me, buddy, call me.” “Don’t be in such a hurry where you can’t enjoy a walk in the rain.”

Randy was best known for his love for the Lord, his wife, kids, and family. His wife and kids were the light of his world. A true family man, he enjoyed every moment spent with his two boys. His favorite day was riding the ambulance with his older son, Andrew, watching football and working out, where Andrew gave him the nickname “Whole Stack.” His younger son, Chandler, was his “little buddy” and shared his daddy’s love for motorcycles. They had serious conversation discussing how Chandler was going to be a dirt bike rider. Randy and his wife, Sandie, met on a blind date. No matter where they were, if he heard a song that made him think of Sandie, he would grab her hand and say, “Dance with me, baby.”

Lt. Randy Parker answered his last alarm on February 11, 2015. Upon arrival on the scene of a structure fire, he told his men, “Let’s go do this.” Randy gave his life when a floor collapsed as he was going back in to save three of his men. Randy would have celebrated his 25th anniversary with the department on July 2, 2015.

The night before the accident, Randy watched a sermon by TD Jakes titled, “Nothing Just Happens.” As he went to bed, he hugged and kissed his family, telling them he loved them and to remember, “Nothing Just Happens.” The day of the accident, he texted family and friends and told them to watch the sermon and remember, “Nothing Just Happens.” Later that night, Randy lost his life. All who knew Randy or have learned of our story know, “Nothing Just Happens.”
While on duty at a structure fire on April 24, 2015, Lt. Ricky Thurman collapsed from a heart attack. He succumbed to his injuries on May 4, 2015.

Lt. Thurman has been involved in fighting fire since the age of 16 and was employed full-time with the Swainsboro Fire Department since 1988. When he passed, he had 27 years of service. He had many certificates, such as Firefighter Module 3, HAZMAT awareness, Alternative Teaching Methods for Fire Safety Education (better known as Clown School), and certificates too many to list from the Georgia Public Safety Training Center. He was Fireman of the Year of 1991, 2010, and 2011, as well as some earlier years.

He was a member of the Georgia Firefighters Clown Society, and he was the Boss Clown named Snickers. Lt. Thurman played Santa Claus, riding around on the fire truck, and was active with the Georgia Firefighters Burn Foundation boot drives.

He loved to joke around, liked hugs, liked to eat German chocolate cake, liked to eat at Sonic. If you saw the fire truck at Sonic, you knew he was on duty. All you had to say was you wanted the “Ricky Special,” and the staff knew what you wanted.

He was also the peacekeeper at the station. He was always happy and wanted everyone else happy too. He would always ask everybody, “Why you mad?” Lt. Thurman was always thinking of others. He had a love for children, and they were naturally drawn to him. Lt. Thurman loved his family and his extended fire department family. Lt. Thurman was a man who is missed by all who knew him. He was a member of Dellwood Baptist Church.

Survivors include his wife of 25 years, Terry Scott Thurman; a son, Joseph Thurman; a daughter, August Nichole Thurman; and his father Bobby Thurman, all from Swainsboro, Georgia. He is also survived by his sister, Lisa Braswell, of South Carolina.
Terry “Tyke” Sonner became a hero gone too soon on June 10, 2015, at 33 years of age. Tyke was born in Twin Falls, Idaho, and attended school in Buhl, Idaho. He was a dedicated father, and his children were a priority in his life. He was passionate about wrestling as state champion for the class of 1999, wrestler for Boise State University, and then finally on to coach his sons.

Tyke received an associate degree in fire science from UNLV and was a 14-year veteran of the Bureau of Land Management Wildland Firefighters. He worked in areas that covered Twin Falls, Idaho; Elko, Nevada; and Boise, Idaho. Tyke had been promoted to superintendent in June 2015 and then relocated his family to Wendell, Idaho, when he accepted a position at the Hammett Guard Station. Firefighting was at the top of many passions he had.

Tyke’s hobbies were spending time with his family, hunting and fishing, and coaching his sons in wrestling. His hard work and dedicated mindset, paired with his infectious smile and sincere temperament, impacted the lives of countless people.

Tyke is survived by his wife, Amanda; daughter, Miccael; son, Preston; daughter, Kinsley; and stepchildren, Madison and Blayden. He is also survived by his brother, sister, and stepfather. He was preceded in death by his loving parents, Terry Sonner and Kathy Walker.

“Keep one foot in the black; God speed, brother.”
Danny began his career as a firefighter on June 16, 1993, when he graduated from the District 2 Firefighter II Academy as a firefighter for Palos Park Fire Protection District. He went on to become a paramedic on June 14, 1996. Dan worked for Palatine Rural Fire Department before being hired by Lemont Fire Protection District on November 17, 1997. On February 1, 1999, Dan was hired to work as a paramedic/firefighter for Evergreen Park Fire Department, where he continued to work until his death.

On April 2, 2001, Dan's dream of following in his grandfather's footsteps was realized when he went to work, first as a paramedic and then as a firefighter, for the City of Chicago. In the early morning hours of December 14, 2015, as a member of the Chicago Fire Department, Tower Ladder 34, Daniel V. Capuano made the ultimate sacrifice when he died in the line of duty fighting a fire.

Daniel, 43 years old, leaves behind his wife of 20 years, Julie, and children, Amanda (16), Andrew (14), and Nicholas (12). He was a loving and devoted husband and father who was happiest spending time with his family or running the off-ice hockey program at St. Jude Hockey Club where his boys played hockey. He was a huge Chicago Blackhawks fan as well. Dan will also be remembered as an active parishioner of Queen of Martyrs Catholic Church, where he attended mass weekly with his family.

Dan had an amazing sense of humor and was known by his fellow firefighters as a knowledgeable, dedicated, hardworking, and caring man. He truly enjoyed his job and the firefighters he worked with, and he served as a mentor to the younger guys. One of his best qualities was that he always had the time to stop and have a conversation no matter what. Dan was never too busy to lend a helping hand to those in need, and he left a mark on the lives he touched.

He will continue to live on in his three beautiful children and in the heart of his wife. He will also be missed by his parents, Michael and Jacquelyn, his brothers, Mike and Patrick, and by many other extended family members, friends, and firefighters. He was a true hero who made the ultimate sacrifice, and he will never be forgotten.
Remembering

My life partner was only 59 years old when God called him to rest on February 5, 2015. He joined the fire department in 1993. Kenny was a fire chief, EMT, and CPR instructor, as well as an ambulance driver and member of the fire district and ambulance board. He worked full-time at Olin Corp for 42 years before retiring in January 2015. He also worked two part-time jobs as a school bus driver and as an EMT at our local hospital. He was a very hard worker, but he still made time to volunteer for our community.

As a child, he spent all his free time at his grandpa’s farm. He started raising his own pigs and cows and picked apples and peaches for the local orchards. Even as a young man he knew of hard work and responsibility and cared deeply about family values and the community. When he did relax, he enjoyed watching documentaries of war history and western movies. He loved vegetable gardening.

We married after knowing each other for only six months and would have shared 40 wonderful years together the year of his death. We adopted our son after 12 years of marriage, and he has blessed us with three grandchildren. I remember many times as we sat down for a meal or laid down to sleep after a hard day, the radio would go off. Whether it was a fire, 1050, or EMS call, Kenny would jump up and go.

The year prior to his death, he had been working on purchasing a much needed brush truck for our rural area. He accomplished the goal, but unfortunately passed before its arrival. The department honored him by memorializing his name on the truck. I was so completely honored that complete strangers came to me and shared stories of how Kenny had touched their lives and knew him as a caring, giving individual. I hold comfort that he passed while doing what he enjoyed. His and other fire departments throughout Illinois and from other states honored him with such grace and fortitude. I can’t express how much it meant to me and to our family.

The words in this poem touch my heart so deeply. I want to share with others who have also felt the loss of a loved one.

God Has You

I thought of you with love today
But that is nothing new.
I thought about you yesterday
And days before that, too.
I think of you in silence,
I often speak your name.

All I have are memories
And your picture in a frame.
Your memory is my keepsake
With which I’ll never part.
God has you in his keeping,
I have you in my heart.

– Author unknown
Mark was a wonderful and loving husband and father. He was compassionate and spirited. He loved his family and his profession as a firefighter/paramedic. Being a father and husband gave him happiness. No matter the situation, he always carried his responsibilities with pride and diligence.

Mark embarked on his career as a firefighter/paramedic 25 years ago at Harvey Fire Department and later joined Matteson Fire Department. Mark was very proud of being in the fire service and being an arson and bomb investigator. The fire service was a defining element of Mark’s life. He enjoyed teaching and had a charismatic teaching method. He also enjoyed being a practical joker among his “brothers” in the fire service. He loved to laugh, and when he spoke the truth, he spoke it loud!

His straightforward, honest, and truth-seeking spirit extends through both his family and his firefighter family.

Mark is survived by his wife, Natasha; his children, Jennifer, Kelly, Breanna, Michelle, Amanda, Mark Jr., and Matthew; and stepchildren, Francis, Evelyn, and Lola.
Centerville Assistant Fire Chief Michael “Coop” Cooper, age 61, died in the line of duty on January 31, 2015, after spending several hours fighting a warehouse fire in Centerville.

Assistant Chief Cooper started with the Centerville Fire Department on July 12, 1977. He successfully completed his FFI training, and over the years he worked his way through the ranks of the department until he was appointed assistant chief in 1989. Assistant Chief Cooper was past president of the Centerville Volunteer Firefighters Association and served many years on the department’s executive committee. At the time of his death, Assistant Chief Cooper was the longest serving volunteer firefighter in the department’s history. In 1985, Assistant Chief Cooper was credited for saving the life of a teenage boy when he rescued him from a house under heavy fire conditions.

Assistant Chief Cooper was an avid golfer and enjoyed a good cigar. (Actually, they weren’t good cigars at all. They were the cheapest, nastiest things you ever smelled.) Coop was a former officer of the Fraternal Order of Eagles #2675.

The most important thing in Coop’s life was his son, Cole. Over the years, Coop spent time coaching his son in both wrestling and baseball. Coop was never shy when given a chance to boast about Cole.

Assistant Chief Cooper is survived by his son, Cole Cooper, of Centerville; sister, Holly (Stacey) Cooper-Simons, of Tucson, Arizona; and his eternal brotherhood of firefighters and friends.
Remembering

Michael B. Corn, 67, was training officer for the Conway Springs Volunteer Fire Department. Mike was born to be a firefighter. Even as a young boy, his mom, Dorothy, would say that he’d set small fires in the backyard just to extinguish them! In 1967, he was drafted into the Army and served as a lieutenant in Vietnam. He joined the Wichita Fire Department in 1968. Mike met his wife, Cindy, when she reported a small office trash fire at work. After the crew extinguished the fire, Mike spoke with Cindy to get the details about the fire, then asked Cindy’s coworker for her phone number! They married and then had their daughter, Tiffany.

Throughout his life, he followed his passion for firefighting and teaching. He and another firefighter started the Wichita Firefighters Explorer group, which enabled young adults to explore firefighting as a career. Mike developed many lifelong friendships from this program for two generations. He even taught the son of his first Explorer group member!

While working as a firefighter and construction worker on the side, Mike earned his bachelor’s degree from Wichita State University. He was promoted to chief of public education for the WFD. He proudly served on the WFD Honor Guard. He retired from the WFD and was the fire and life safety officer for Via Christi Hospital.

Mike taught many aspiring firefighters as an instructor at Butler County Community College and Hutchinson Community College. He could not be out in Wichita without somebody stopping to talk! Everyone remembered him and his sense of humor!

Once Mike “retired,” he was a fire safety consultant for local medical facilities. He also continued his volunteer leadership roles at the Kansas Firefighters Museum and Conway Springs Volunteer Fire Department. He treasured the friendships of these fellow volunteers and was always willing to help with community events and to help his fellow firefighters. He made his last call on April 27, 2015, at the Conway Springs fire station, when he had a heart attack and collapsed while getting ready to answer an alarm. He was surrounded by his fellow firefighters when the Lord called him to heaven.

Mike cherished and loved his family. He admired his son-in-law, Dan, and often would go flying with him or do woodworking projects together. Mike adored Dan and Tiffany’s daughter, Abby. “Grandpa C” loved to tease Abby!

Daddy was always there to lend a hand—to a stranger in a fire, helping our family with projects, or just offering advice to a new firefighter. He truly lived to help and save other’s lives. He made such an impact, not only within our family, but within our community. We love you, Daddy!
Garden City Firefighter Ronnie W. Peek, age 49, of the Garden City Fire Department, died January 22, 2015, after mandatory self-contained breathing apparatus (SCBA) training. He served with the Garden City Fire Department for 17 years.

Ronnie was born June 2, 1965, in Ulysses, Kansas, to Warren and Loretta Bronson Peek. He graduated from Florence High School in Florence, Colorado, before beginning his career in public service. Shortly after high school, Ronnie joined the United States Navy, serving four years on the USS Missouri BB-63 based in Long Beach, California. He then spent time as a deputy with the El Paso County (Colorado) Sheriff’s Office. An opportunity to volunteer with the Grant County (Kansas) Fire Department helped Ronnie discover his love for firefighting. He joined the brotherhood of the Garden City Fire Department in 1998.

Two years earlier, in 1996, Ronnie married the love of his life, Lana Reid. The two raised three children, Haley Reid, Adriana Peek, and Logan Peek. Ronnie was a devoted husband and father and was very active in his children's lives. When he wasn't at work, he enjoyed spending time with family and friends. He also enjoyed hunting and fishing.

Around the firehouse, Ronnie was known for his extensive knowledge of the department's trucks. He enjoyed operating each of them, particularly the CFR-7 at the Aircraft Rescue and Firefighting Station at Garden City Regional Airport. He was also known for his meticulous organization. He knew where everything was around the station and on each truck, down to the smallest or least used part. He also made sure each piece of Tupperware was stored with its lid.

Ronnie was an outstanding member of the honor guard, bringing his military experience to the group. He was incredibly generous with his time, making friends anywhere he went. Ron never missed the MDA Boot Block, the annual fundraiser held for the Muscular Dystrophy Association. He was always seeking to help others without expecting anything in return. This desire to help others led to a second career with Finney County EMS, where he served from May 2006 until he passed away.

Ronnie is survived by his wife, Lana; his children, Haley George, Adriana Peek, and Logan Peek; grandchildren, Selene George and Aniyah Peek; his Garden City Fire Department brothers; and a host of family and friends.

Ronnie lived his life according to his favorite quote:

“Live for today, because you never know about tomorrow.”
Clifford Robert Sanders, 55, of Caney, Kansas, was a volunteer firefighter. He was born May 11, 1959, in Independence, Kansas, to Clifford Harlan and Shirley Jean Sanders. He was raised and received his education in Caney public schools.

He was married to Debra Lloyd on April 21, 1994, at Coffeyville, Kansas. They made their home in Caney all their married life. He was active in the community and with the Caney Fire Department as a volunteer firefighter for over 24 years. He loved serving his community as a firefighter and was also dedicated to his family.

Clifford is survived by his wife, Debra Ann (Lloyd) Sanders of the home in Caney; his daughter, Bonda Frank, and fiancé, Ronald Doheny; his son, Brock Tyler Sanders; sister, Tamayla Artherton, and husband, Mark; his mother, Shirley Sanders; his two grandchildren, Brycen Frank and Joshlynn Frank; his father-in-law, Gary Lloyd; and his mother-in-law, Floretta Lloyd.

He enjoyed watching all major sports and being with grandkids, taking them up to the fire station and showing them how to run the trucks and other things. Teaching his grandson how to operate stuff on the firetrucks was exciting for him. Now his grandson will know what to do and how things work when he is able to get on the Caney Fire Department.
Robert Steven “Steve” “Smitty” Smith was born on September 21, 1960, and answered his last alarm on March 21, 2011.

He graduated from high school in Sumter, South Carolina. In 1981, he joined the United States Air Force and later joined the United States Army, before returning to the Air Force. He served during Operation Desert Storm, Noble Eagle, Enduring Freedom, Iraqi Freedom, and New Dawn. He attained the rank of senior master sergeant and was posthumously promoted to chief master sergeant.

Steve proudly joined the Lawrence-Douglas County Fire Medical Department in 1991, serving 20 years.

He loved the outdoors, firearms, and his quarter horses. He enjoyed outings with family, friends, and fellow firefighters.

He is and will continue to be deeply missed and loved by all who knew him. He is survived by two sons, Joshua Smith and Chance Smith; his parents, Robert and Anne Smith; a brother, Gary Smith; a sister, Lara Tauck; five grandchildren; and six nieces and nephews; along with many family members, friends, and fellow firefighters and members of the armed services.
Remembering

Zachary Chase Clevenger, 30 years old, was the husband of Christina Clevenger, and expectant father to Zachary Chase Clevenger II, who is due in July 2016. Zach, a loving husband to Christina and father to baby Zachary Chase Clevenger II, couldn’t wait for baby C to arrive. He was so excited to be a dad. Zach was a true family man who worked hard to provide for his wife and unborn child. Zach was an avid hunter and fisherman who loved to be outdoors. He loved to work in his small orchard at home and enjoyed woodworking with his dad.

Zach was both a professional and volunteer firefighter who loved the fire service. He was a dedicated public servant, serving as a captain, firefighter, EMT and fire investigator. Zach also loved to teach about the fire service and fire investigation and was an active instructor. As a leader and officer in the fire service, he placed emphasis on education and training and truly led by example. He had a true passion for the fire service and served all his departments well.

Zach loved a good prank and was always smiling and laughing. Zach gave 110% in everything that he did and left a lasting impression on everyone he met. He lived a life of dignity, honor, courage, and integrity, selflessly serving and sacrificing for the greater good of others.

He is survived by his spouse, Christina Coomer-Clevenger; his son, Zachary Chase Clevenger II (due July 2016); and his parents, John Anthony Clevenger and Tamara Joe Clevenger.

Zach received a Bachelor of Science degree from Eastern Kentucky University in Fire and Safety Engineering Technology/Fire, Arson and Explosion Investigation. He had been employed by Matrix Investigation Group, Inc. as a fire investigator since 2007. He had served with Montgomery County Fire and EMS since 2009 as a captain, firefighter, and EMT. He also served with the Estill County Fire Department as a part-time professional firefighter and volunteer firefighter since 2008.

Zach had numerous specialties and licensures, including N.A.F.I. Certified Fire and Explosion Investigator, N.A.F.I Certified Vehicle Fire Investigator, N.A.F.I. Certified Fire Investigator Instructor, Certified Firefighter I and II (IFSAC), CPR Instructor, EMT-Basic, Kentucky State Private Investigator, National Fire Academy certification, and Kentucky Fire Commission Level I instructor.

His professional affiliations included the International Association of Firefighters (IAFF), the National Association of Fire Investigators (NAFI), the International Association of Arson Investigators (IAAI), the Kentucky Chapter of IAAI, the Montgomery County Professional Firefighters Association (IAFF local # 4805), Kentucky Colonel; and National Society Professional Insurance Investigators (NSPII).
Terry Culver was born on January 20, 1950, in St. Louis, Missouri, son of the late Wilson Hughes Culver and the late Opal (Williams) Culver.

He joined the Calvert City Fire Department in 1977 and served as a volunteer firefighter for 38 years, including 15 years as assistant chief.

He worked as a welder and was a member of First Baptist Church of Calvert City.

Assistant Chief Terry Culver, 65, died on November 24, 2015, after he collapsed while responding to a call on November 12.

He is survived by two sons, Jason Culver and Erik Culver; his brother, Garry Culver; and his grandchildren.

He was remembered as someone who would do anything for anybody. He will be deeply missed.
Billy Ray Jarvis was born January 23, 1961, in Floyd County, Kentucky to the late Peggy Lewis and the Late Al Crace. Billy was responding to a fire on March 6, 2015, when he suffered a heart attack and was transported to the hospital. Billy later passed away on March 10, 2015. Billy was a loving husband, father, grandfather, brother, uncle, friend, and mentor to many.

Billy was a member of the Allen Volunteer Fire Department for 36 years. He first took interest when he was just a young boy. Billy was very dedicated to the job he loved and was respected by his peers. He was known for his quick thinking, quick response time, and keeping his fellow firefighters safe. Billy later became the fire chief.

Billy married Vivian on August 21, 1981. They had two children together, Jason Ray Jarvis and Tabatha Renee Jarvis Holbrook. Billy and Vivian were married for 33 years. During this time they built a loving home, a happy family, and numerous years of happiness together. Billy is also survived by his daughter Brittany Woods.

Billy's family gave him the most enjoyment in his life. He was happiest when he was playing with and spending time with his grandchildren. He enjoyed the outdoors, hunting, fishing, four-wheeling, horseshoes, and just spending time with family.

Billy worked for Kentucky Oil and Refinery as security; however, his heart was always 110% into the fire department. When the fire tones would sound, Billy would drop everything that he was doing and go as fast as he could, even if it was just to save a cat. Billy was passionate about saving lives. He would run into burning buildings, houses that had caught aflame, and even helped with automobile accidents. Billy enjoyed every second.

Billy's passion for the fire department was shown when he would attend every fire department outing and every fire school, hoping to learn more and more each time he went and every opportunity he got. Billy was someone the grandchildren and other members of the Allen Volunteer Fire Department looked up to. He was the person you could always count on. Billy always had your back. His fellow members at the Allen Volunteer Fire Department were more than that. They were his family. They became his brothers and sisters.

Although Billy's life was cut much too short, we can hold onto the memories we have of him and cherish the time we spent with him. Everyone that knew Billy has lost a part of themselves, but the moments that he gave us will live on with us forever. He is greatly missed by all. To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die!
Remembering

Richard Leo “Dick” Crosby Sr. went on his last call, came home to go to bed, and had a massive heart attack. He passed away at the age of 67 as a volunteer fireman for the Casnovia Township Fire Department after 44 years of service. He loved to help others and to serve his community.

Richard was brought into this world by his parents, Richard and Catherine Crosby, in Muskegon, Michigan. His mother still resides there. He met his wonderful wife, Charlene, and they had a wonderful life for 45 years before he lost her to the Lord. They had three wonderful children, Tami, Richard Jr., and David. They became grandparents, and that was their proudest moment. He is also survived by his second wife, Kathleen Crosby.

Richard fell in love with big equipment and motors. He found his passion. He worked at Miller Equipment Company in Grand Rapids for many years. He took his passion even further and tinkered in the hobby of lawnmowers and helping others with fixing theirs. He was always playing with them. He helped his nephew get into lawnmower racing and had so much fun with that.

He loved nature and history. He was a member of Howard City Conservation Club. He loved to teach young people about the history of our nation.

Richard's greatest joy was his family at the fire department. He was so proud to be part of such a special family. He loved that he could drive fast and get away with it. He loved to help people, and if he could save just one person, then that is all that mattered. He wanted to die doing what he loved doing. He was OK with leaving this earth helping his fellow man.

He was proud to be a volunteer firefighter.
Shane Michael Clifton was born October 6, 1976, and answered the “Last Alarm” on August 31, 2015, at age 38.

Shane had a fulfilling career as a high school football star in Del Ray Beach, Florida, and South St. Paul High School in Minnesota. He also enjoyed acting and was an avid member of drama club, pursuing his love of acting in college at St. Cloud State University and the University of Minnesota.

He displayed deep love and passion for family, country, and commitment as a first responder. His dedication and desire to serve his country and community were immense. Shane proudly joined St. Paul Fire in 2007, receiving his degree in paramedicine shortly after. He served in the military with valor for nine years, with two deployments to the Persian Gulf.

He demonstrated his desire to help others by accompanying the Community Health Initiative on two humanitarian missions to Haiti, one prior to and one immediately after the devastating earthquake in 2010.

Shane's love of the outdoors was reflected in his camping trips to the North Shore of Lake Superior and the Boundary Waters Canoe Area. He enjoyed frequenting these areas with family, friends, and fellow firefighters.

Shane is known and remembered by all for his extreme loyalty to family and friends. Always eager to help others, Shane openly offered a needed shoulder to lean on and willingly gave kind and sincere counsel or advice.

His last contribution to others was the donation of his tissue and eyes for research with Lifesource and the Minnesota Eye Bank.

He is deeply missed and loved by all who knew him. He is survived by his mother, Bonnie (Perry) Whitney, and father Michael “Mick” (Carol) Higgins. He leaves behind two wonderful daughters, Elise Clifton, age 9, and Finley Strauss, age 2; along with many family members, friends, and fellow first responders and firefighters.
Randy grew up on the Iron Range with his parents, Frank and Millie Hiti, and his two brothers, Leon and Brian Hiti. Randy assisted his father with the family sanitation business until deciding to go to technical college to become a mechanic.

Randy eventually relocated to Duluth, Minnesota, to follow the love of his life, Laura Blix. Randy and Laura married and had two daughters, Anne and Katherine, and settled into their longtime home in Rice Lake, Minnesota.

Randy opened his own automotive business from the Hiti home and was very dedicated to his family, cherishing all the moments he could get with them. Randy drove his wife to work at the local hospital and picked her up every night after her shift so they could have more time together and he knew she would get home safely. Randy also assisted in caring for his mother and father-in-law delivering meals, doing yard and house maintenance, and removing snow.

Randy showed great dedication to the Rice Lake Volunteer Fire Department throughout the 26 years he served, even getting into trouble with his wife or daughters when he missed family events, made them late, or when his pager woke them up in the middle of the night. Randy participated in department events, performed maintenance on the fire trucks, and served terms in many different roles including training officer, assistant medical training officer, maintenance officer, and assistant chief. He served on the relief board as a trustee, vice president, and president. Randy was voted Fire Fighter of the Year multiple times. One of Randy’s favorite activities was teaching fire prevention to the local elementary school students, which he did for over 10 years. Through his last months on the department Randy’s daughter Katherine had the honor of serving alongside him, and they both beamed with pride over seeing each other in action. Randy was laid to rest by his family, friends, and fire family on February 24, 2015, exactly 26 years from the day he joined.

Randy volunteered his time in numerous other areas including the annual Rice Lake Halloween Carnival and Rice Lake Days. He was a 4th Degree Knight of Columbus and volunteered at many KOC events and honor guards. Randy volunteered for over 13 years at Grandma’s Marathon. In addition to his volunteer service, he would drop anything for a family member, friend in need, and anyone he could, driving hours to provide roadside assistance and providing help with daily tasks.

In addition to his inspiring selflessness, Randy will be remembered for his infectious laugh, which could be heard from miles around. It was hard not to smile whenever you heard it.
Remembering

Steven Wallace Cobb was born December 19, 1959, to Mary Ann Cobb and the late Wallace W. Cobb of Wiggins, Mississippi. Steve grew up helping his dad on the family farm. His love for agriculture led him to Mississippi State University, where he graduated in 1981 with a BS in agronomy. Steve enjoyed growing vegetables and raising beef cattle. He was looking forward to retirement when he would be able to farm full time.

Steve began his career with the USDA Forest Service in 1983. He was a civil engineer technician on the DeSoto Ranger District where he received numerous awards, most notably the Southern Region 2012 Engineer Technician of the Year. During his 32 years with the Forest Service, Steve’s duties included firefighting. He was a firefighter on numerous wildfires in the west and southeast United States. In 1989, Steve began working in fire aviation, which included prescribed burns and fire suppression. He enjoyed fire aviation and worked his way up in position. He started as a helicopter crew member, then moved up to helicopter manager, next helibase manager, then firing boss/ignition specialist, and finally as a helicopter coordinator on the 2002 Biscuit Fire in Oregon.

On the day of his death, March 30, 2015, Steve was monitoring a controlled burn in the DeSoto National Forest when the helicopter lost engine power and crashed. Fire Management Officer Jay Boykin, who was the team leader on the prescribed burn, said, “I could easily say Steve was the best firing boss in the region and probably the country. He knew what he was doing. He was the best there was.”

Steve was a good, faithful, hardworking man who loved God, his family, his friends and co-workers. He was a member of First Baptist Church of Wiggins, where he served as deacon and was a Sunday school teacher. He is deeply missed by his wife of 36 years, Cindy Cobb; his son, Adam Cobb, and daughter-in-law, Jodi; his daughter, Jenna Parsons, and son-in-law, Jeremy; his grandchildren, Tucker and Cullen Cobb and Olivia Parsons; his mother, Mary Ann Cobb; his sister, Marilyn Judge; and numerous extended family, friends, and coworkers.
Remembering

Captain Dwight "Hed" Greer was born on March 8, 1971, and raised in rural Philadelphia, Mississippi. He was the second-born son to Louella and Willis Greer.

After graduating from Neshoba Central High School in 1989, he enlisted in the U.S. Army, where he was assigned to the Combat Infantry Unit and was deployed to serve in Operation Desert Storm. He was the recipient of the Southwest Asia Service Award during his tenure.

His true passion for service inspired him to enter the Mississippi State Fire Academy to become a firefighter/EMT after his honorable discharge from the Army. Dwight joined the City of Philadelphia Fire Department in 1994, where he served with true dedication and passion to his comrades and fellow citizens for 21 years. His service and determination to serve allowed him to achieve a promotion to captain in 2007 and eventually to senior captain. He completed over 900 hours of training during his tenure with the Philadelphia Fire Department.

Dwight was equally dedicated to his family and community and had a true love for fishing and sports (basketball). He was the head coach/organizer of Longdale Braves Little League Baseball, where he hosted an awards banquet for the players and their families at the end of each season. His compassion and kindness had an impact on so many people's lives. He always wanted to acknowledge the positive and not stress over the negative.

Dwight was affectionately known as “Hed” amongst his friends and comrades. There was always laughter and entertainment when he was around. Dwight loved listening to blues and was a Blues Festival follower, enjoying the yearly gathering with his friends and family. He also loved to dance and most times was the life of the party. His favorite saying during his happy moments was, “Alright! Alright!”

There are so many tears shed, memories shared and cherished since GOD took him from the basketball court at Philadelphia Fire Department, Station 3, into his eternal heavenly courts on May 6, 2015.

His loving and compassionate spirit will eternally dwell amongst his fiancée, Nina; his four sisters, Barbara, Jacqueline, Jennifer, and Latonya; his two brothers, Willis, Jr. and Kellis; and his Aunt Ruth and Uncle BJ. He was also a favorite uncle to several nieces and nephews and like a brother to those he called his “cousin brothers.”

God, we thank you for our Hero for 44 years.
Clarksdale Fire Captain Willie B. Ratliff answered his last alarm at the Clarksdale Fire Department on December 21, 2015. The 35-year veteran was two shifts away from retirement when his fellow firefighters found him dead of an apparent heart attack at the fire station.

Willie was born September 26, 1949, to the late Mark and Anna Ratliff in Money, Mississippi. Willie was a graduate of Higgins High School in Clarksdale, Mississippi, where he played baseball and football for four years. He continued his education at Coahoma Community College, where he received a certificate in brick masonry. Willie also graduated from the Mississippi Law Enforcement Academy and the Mississippi Fire Academy.

Willie worked for the city of Clarksdale for more than four decades, including time at the city police department and the public works department, before joining the Clarksdale Fire Department on August 1, 1980. Willie was never sick, and no one ever remembers him missing a single shift of work. He was a role model firefighter. He was 66 years old and fought fire like he did 25 years ago. He was a mentor to the young firefighters. Generations of young men grew into seasoned firefighters with Ratliff’s instruction guiding them. Willie was a true leader, always guiding others to success, ensuring his coworkers were performing to the best of their abilities. Willie was the first and only firefighter at the Clarksdale Fire Department ever voted Fireman of the Year twice by his fellow coworkers. The Clarksdale Fire Department has created an award given each year to the firefighter who exemplifies professionalism, dedication, and integrity as Willie did.

Willie enjoyed spending time with his family, hunting, and fishing with his brother, nephews, and friends. If Willie wasn’t at the fire station, you probably would find him on the lake. He loved to fish and was pretty good at it. Many days he would invite his coworkers to the fire station and cook dinner for them. He also enjoyed watching Denver Broncos football; they were his favorite team. Willie was always busy, but never too busy to give others a helping hand.

Left to cherish Willie’s memories are his loving wife of 43 years, Mamie Ratliff; his son, Jeremy Ratliff; and one brother, John Ratliff. Also mourning his departure are his Clarksdale firefighter brothers, many nieces and nephews, and a multitude of other relatives and friends who adored him as well.
Remembering

John Liming Shoup was born April 26, 1976, to Samuel and Nina Shoup, the youngest of three boys, and grew up in his hometown of Ashland, Mississippi. He graduated from Ashland High School in 1994 and attended Northeast Community College, where he studied precision manufacturing and machining technology (tool and die). He joined the Ashland Volunteer Fire Department when he turned 18 and served for 20 years, eventually reaching the rank of captain.


John worked for the family business in Ashland most of his life. Working alongside his father and brother brought him great joy, and being able to bring his children to work with him was one of the perks of working for his family. He spent as much time as he could with his wife and children, attending every ballgame, practice, dance recital, and school program. He cherished his children above all and instilled in them the love of family and for the outdoors. John was an avid hunter, but mostly he loved fishing, often competing in tournaments with his friends and Jacob. During hunting season he could often be found sitting in a deer stand with Sarah and Blake. He baked cupcakes with Sarah and built Lego tractors with Blake. He and Jacob spent all their free time together. He loved Jessi with all his heart and always said she was the love of his life.

John's goal in life was to be a great father, husband, and Christian. He always had a smile on his face and had a great sense of humor. John's laughter and smile will be forever missed by his wife and children; his parents; his in-laws, Sen. Bill and Debbie Stone; his brothers, Michael (Kristy) and Trey (Jennifer); his brothers-in-law, Will Stone (Crystal) and Adam Stone (Rachel); his nieces, Michaela, Emily, Anna, and Lydia; and his nephews, David and Alex. Being Uncle John to these kids made him so happy. He went out of his way to spoil the kids and was always there for them.
Remembering

Larry Lawhorn was born on June 1, 1954, to the late E.L. and Margaret Lawhorn of St. Charles, Missouri. Larry is survived by his wife, Debbie Lawhorn, and his children, Adam and Brett Lawhorn, of Troy, Missouri. He was also a dear brother-in-law to Beaver (Sharon) Wuelling, Kathy Clegg, Jimmy Wuelling, and Susie (Tim) Snyders. He was an uncle and great-uncle to many nieces and nephews.

Larry retired from Boeing after working there for 32 years. But his main passion in life was with the fire department as a volunteer. He volunteered with the St. Charles County Fire District for 19 years and with the Orchard Farm Fire District for 17 years. Larry was known with his fellow firefighters as being the best engineer they had ever witnessed. He would have water flowing sometimes faster than the guys were ready. During Larry's eulogy, the Orchard Farm fire chief called Larry a hero, because he was someone who gave selflessly for the greater good of others. There were many times that Larry would drop what he was doing to go out on a call. He loved being in that driver's seat and blaring those sirens as loud as he could.

Larry was also a member of the 4x4 Explorers Club. He loved his Dodge trucks and spending weekends with his boys and with friends, running through the mud with their off-road vehicles. When the song Mud on the Tires by Brad Paisley was played at his funeral, everyone had to chuckle, because that was Larry. The muddier he could get, the happier he was.

Larry answered his last alarm early in the morning on May 3, 2015. He suffered a heart attack while returning to the firehouse after being disregarded to a house fire. Larry and the firetruck were found in the middle of a field, where his fellow firefighter brothers performed CPR to no avail. Larry was an only child, so for many years before he got married and had his own children, the fire department was his family.

Larry has touched so many people's lives over the years without even trying. He became a brother and a friend to everyone he met. His chief said it best: “It has been an honor to serve with you, Firefighter Lawhorn. Rest in peace, brother. We have it from here.”
Remembering

Larry was a 17-year veteran of the Kansas City (Missouri) Fire Department. From the time he was a little boy, Larry dreamed of following in his father's footsteps as a firefighter. His dream became a reality in May of 1998. His career started at station 23 located in Old Northeast, where Larry was born and raised. Larry was passionate in life, and he brought that passion to his beloved fire department.

He loved riding his Harley Davidson and was active in supporting charity and memorial rides. Just one month prior to Larry's death, he participated in the ride to Colorado Springs in honor of the Fallen Fire Fighter's Memorial. He and his fellow firefighters made that journey every year. This year they will ride without him, and his family will join them on September 17, 2015, to witness Larry and fellow firefighter and friend, John Mesh, being added to the Fallen Firefighters Memorial Wall just one day before his 5th wedding anniversary.

Larry's other passion was spending time with his family, especially his soul mate, Missy. On his days off, he enjoyed trips to Arkansas for duck hunting and trips to Taneycomo to fish. He will be greatly missed this year and on future vacations to Table Rock Lake with his nieces, nephew, and extended family. Larry and Missy loved to travel to various beaches where they always made new friends. None of these trips will ever be the same without him.

Later in his firefighting career, Larry was promoted to fire apparatus operator and moved to Truck 2, “The Deuce,” in midtown Kansas City. He was a loving son, brother, uncle, friend, and husband. He touched all with his infectious smile and approach to life. Larry was serving with his fellow firefighters on Truck 2 when he was called for his last alarm in Old Northeast.

We will continue to “4LD” (LIVE LIFE LIKE LARRY DID).
Firefighter John V. Mesh answered his last alarm on October 12, 2015, as a result of injuries sustained in the line of duty at a multi-alarm response to a building fire. That night he showed us the true meaning of heroism and strength. He served the Kansas City Fire Department for 13 years.

John was born August 8, 1976, to Michael Joseph and Barbara Mesh. He grew up in the Old Northeast of Kansas City and was the youngest of eight siblings. He loved hunting his entire life and was teaching his four beautiful daughters the same passion as he was taught by his father and brothers.

He began his career with the Kansas City (Missouri) Fire Department on July 29, 2002. After several years, he was assigned to Station 10 Pumper 10. He was a man of humble heart, enjoyed his life as a firefighter, and loved his job and his firemen family. His coworkers knew him as a highly intelligent person who was proficient in his job and vigilant when it came to the safety of his crew, though he would never admit to any of those things. John was the guy everyone knew they could depend on, whether that meant help at the station or in the midst of a working fire. He was the guy you wanted to see when you turned around.

When John wasn’t around family or friends, he was quiet and reserved, though it didn’t take long to figure out what kind of person he was. John could be described in many words, such as hardworking, caring, helpful, honorable, and trustworthy. He made an impact on everyone he came in contact with.

John was a loving husband and best friend to Felicia and a protective dad to his daughters, Adriana, Alyssa, Alexandria, and Alicia. He was all about family and proud of his girls. He was active in all of their school and sports events, always there with the camcorder making sure they always had special memories to look back on.

He is greatly missed by his wife and daughters. Sharing our sorrow are his siblings, Michael T. Mesh, Mark A. Mesh, James J. Mesh, Jena Oliver, Christine Kimzey, and Sherri Caponetto. Also, many extended family members, friends, and fellow firefighters. We are proud of him and the sacrifice he made. As we mourn this unexpected loss of John, we realize he is always with us. Our memories and the special bond we had will last us a lifetime.
Remembering

Christopher Allen Tindall was born on April 5, 1973, in Harrisonville, Missouri. He was raised by his mother, Bonnie, with three older sisters, Lani, Reta, and Roxie. As a child, Chris was an affectionate ball of energy with a sweet personality who had special concern for animals, other children, and the elderly. His stepfather, Eldon Maret, came into his life at a very young age, became his true father, and proceeded to teach Chris how to take things apart and put them back together.

As a young teen, Chris’ dream was to become a military fighter pilot. His plans were disrupted in his junior year of high school when he grew an astounding six inches in one year. He was too tall to be a pilot, so he changed his focus and eventually entered an EMT program.

In 1993, while playing soccer, Chris met Melia. Their love blossomed into marriage on June 14, 1997. They had two sons, Ryan in 1998, and Tyler in 2006. Chris truly loved to spend time with his wife and sons. He began to study martial arts for the sole purpose of learning, training, and bonding with his son, Ryan. Chris did everything 100% and lived life to its fullest. He was an amazing son and brother, a great husband and father, a great uncle, and blessed son-in-law…a true family man.

His EMT classes led him into a career in firefighting and rescue. It became his calling, and he loved every aspect of it. As his career progressed, he became a paramedic and ascended to battalion chief with the South Metro Fire Protection District in Raymore. In the course of his career, he developed yet another professional passion which led to becoming a search and rescue K9 handler for Missouri Search and Rescue K9 Unit, Kansas City Disaster Dogs, and Missouri Task Force One. He was insistent on doing the job, whatever the job may be, right every time. As a result, he was respected by his peers and valued by his friends.

Even in death, Chris continued in his mission to rescue others. As an organ donor, at least three people will potentially receive lifesaving organs and another 50 will benefit from other tissue donations.

Chris is survived by his wife, Melia; two sons, Ryan and Tyler; parents, Bonnie and Eldon Maret; sisters Lani Cammack, Reta (Luke) Newman, Roxie (Frank) Wilburn, and Gina (Michael) Ferguson; brother, Tim (Shannon) Maret; and ten nieces and nephews. Additionally, he is survived by his parents-in-law, John and Barbara Ellis, and brother-in-law, Richard Ellis. He will truly be missed by so many people.
Remembering

Andrew Norman Zalme, 42, passed away April 16, 2015, while responding to a car fire. Andy and other members of the Dakota City Fire Department were finishing up at the scene when Andy complained of chest pains. He collapsed and later died at the hospital.

Andy joined the Dakota City Fire Department in July 2008. He held the position of captain at the time of his death. He also served on the board of directors. Andy joined the fire department so he could make a difference and help his community. Andy also served on many different organizations within the community. Andy loved being part of the fire department and the brotherhood. He would respond to every call that he could.

Andy graduated from Western Iowa Tech in 1993 and started working at Wilson Trailer Company as a drafter. He had worked there for 22 years. At the time of his death he had been working on a specialty trailer for a customer in Canada and had put many hours of work into it, including flying to Canada to meet with the customer.

Andy was very outspoken and was never shy about sharing his opinion. He had a sense of humor which included many one liners.

Andy enjoyed hunting, fishing, archery, guns, and anything outdoors. He loved watching football, especially the Nebraska Cornhuskers. He also loved to BBQ. Every year on the 4th of July, he would be in charge of the BBQ, and most people would love coming just to enjoy the food. Andy especially loved spending time with his three boys, Tyler, Brady, and Jude.

Andy is survived by his wife, Bobbie; his three sons, Tyler, Brady, and Jude; his mother, Sandra; sister, Megan; and brothers-in-law, Justin, Jay, and Jesse. He is also survived by his nieces and nephews, Jacob, Jace, Jada, Ethan, Lilly, Nyle, and Joah; and his extended family and friends in and out of the fire service.

We are happy for the time we did spend with him and love and miss him every day.
Remembering

Séan Michael Benson Sr. was a beloved husband, father, son, brother, uncle, and friend to many. He passed away suddenly after responding to his final call on September 23, 2015. He leaves an indelible mark on everyone who knew him and will forever continue to be deeply missed. A lifelong resident of Paramus, New Jersey, Séan loved his family, friends, and community. He was always looking to help others and find ways to make Paramus the best it could be.

From the age of 18, he was an active member of Paramus Spring Valley Fire Company #2, where he remained for over 30 years. During that time, he proudly served a four-year tenure as chief. He began his career at the Paramus Police Department as a dispatcher before diligently working his way to communications coordinator for the Borough of Paramus. He also volunteered as a communications officer for the Office of Emergency Management in Paramus. He thrived on assisting in emergency situations and most importantly loved to assist in being sure his community and the people in it were always safe.

Even with all Séan did in town, his true legacy is always putting family first. He made sure his children knew they were always #1. Words were not necessary in educating his children on the importance of volunteering for the community, because his compassion for others spoke for itself. Each one of them follows in their father’s footsteps in volunteering and assisting people in need within the community.

Séan was someone who was always there to bring a smile to the people around him. He loved family gatherings and bringing people together and was always more than ready to plan the next party to enjoy with family and friends. Camping, music festivals, watching movies, and relaxing at the beach were among his favorite hobbies. He was also an avid fan of extreme weather, always watching the radar on the lookout for the next big storm. Known for his calm demeanor and extraordinarily meticulous worth ethic, Séan put his all into every project. He is, of course, fondly remembered for his hilariously conveyed catchphrase of “This sucks.” whenever anything wasn’t going as planned.

Séan was the cherished husband of 26 years to Corinne; a loving father to Séan Jr., Erin, and Cory; and a treasured son to his parents, Eileen and the late Robert Benson. He was also the proud brother of his three sisters, Kathy Tass and husband John, Maureen DiPaolo and husband Joe, and the late Colleen Benson. He also has many loving nieces, nephews, extended family members, and friends.

Séan is missed dearly every day and will forever be in our hearts.
Gerald M. “Bear” Celecki was born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on January 8, 1945. He was a graduate of the Middlesex County Vocational and Technical High School, Perth Amboy, in 1966. He first started working as a mechanic at Woodbridge Motors after graduation. He worked at Amboy Terminal Company from 1977 until 1980. He was then employed by Public Service Electric & Gas, Somerset, from 1980 until he retired in 2007. He married Rose Tarloski in 1977. They did not have any children, but cherished their nieces and nephews and a few of the children of other couples who they were very close to.

His volunteer fire service spanned 40+ years in the communities where he lived. He started out as a member of the McClellan Engine Company #3 in the city of Perth Amboy Fire Department. He was a member from December 1975 until 1985, serving as a firefighter. He and Rose moved to South Amboy and 1985, where he became a member of Progressive Fire Company of the South Amboy Fire Department. He served as a lieutenant in 1992–1993 and as captain in 1994. He also served as fire company president. He was a member of the Perth Amboy Relief Association and both the Perth Amboy and South Amboy Exempt Firemen’s Associations. He was a mutual aid fire coordinator with the South County Mutual Aid Association of Middlesex County during the 1990s. He became a member of the South Amboy Fire Police in 2006 and progressed through the ranks to become the chief of the Middlesex County Fire Police.

He was a charter member of the Antique Fire Apparatus Association of Central Jersey and owned several antique fire trucks that he proudly displayed at antique musters and drove in many local parades, bearing the banner of “Bear’s Bucket Brigade.” He also served on the board of directors of the Frog Hollow Swim Club in South Amboy.

He was an avid fan of the New York Yankees. He also enjoyed cooking, fishing, trains, making stained-glass art, and monthly breakfast and lunch meetings with the PSE&G retirees. Jerry “Bear” Celecki got his nickname from his huge presence and big, lovable size, always with a smile or a kind word to all he met. He had a contagious laugh and was always ready to serve the community he lived in.

He died in the line of duty on Wednesday, October 14, 2015, while directing traffic at the scene of a fire call at the young age of 70.
Remembering

Thomas “TK” Kolarick joined Protection Fire Company No. 1 of Keasbey on August 12, 1974, when he was just 18 years old. He served as an active member for over 41 years until his death on November 11, 2015, due to injuries suffered in the line of duty. He was a life member of the company.

During his 41 years as a volunteer firefighter, he served the people of Keasbey, the Township of Woodbridge, and the surrounding communities in mutual aid capacity, with a tireless sense of duty. Tom was a six-time chief of the fire department for the years 1981-82, 1987-88, 1997, 1998, 2003, and 2008. At the time of his death, he was serving as Keasbey’s deputy chief. He was a highly trained firefighter and was a member of the special operation teams trained in technical rope rescue and trench rescue. His personnel folder is filled with certificates from numerous firefighting schools, including a Green Cross Award for a rescue using the Jaws of Life in 1997.

Thomas Kolarick served as fire company president for many years and at the time of his passing was the fire company treasurer. He also served as a fire commissioner for the 4th Fire District of Woodbridge Township from 1983-1987. During his time as fire commissioner, the current Keasbey Fire Headquarters building was built.

He was recognized as an Exempt Fireman for the State of New Jersey in 1981. He was a member of the Keasbey, Fords and Hopelawn Exempt Fireman Association, a member and trustee of the Keasbey, Fords and Hopelawn Firemen's Relief Association, a life member of the Woodbridge Township Fire Officer's Association, and a life member of the New Jersey State Firemen's Association.

Thomas was a strong and powerful force who, for over 41 years, personified confidence, ingenuity, and common sense on the fire ground. Cool and controlled in any situation no matter how chaotic, he was the type of man you wanted to have next to you as you faced any of life's challenges. His was a life of caring and compassion for his family, his fellow man, and especially for his brother and sister firefighters.

Thomas Kolarick is survived by his loving wife of 22 years, Barbara; his daughter, Emily; his three sons, Austin, Eric and Thomas (wife Barbara); his three grandchildren, Trinity, Phoenix and Jaden; and his sisters, Donna and Debbie. He is sorely missed and will be in our hearts forever and never forgotten.
Remembering

Born in Morris Township, New Jersey, to Bridget and James J. Reilly on June 25, 1926, James P. Reilly was 85 years old at the time of his passing in 2011.

Jim was an active member of the Woodland Hook & Ladder Company #1 in Morris Township, New Jersey for sixty-two years. He qualified as an operator and served as lieutenant, captain, assistant chief and department deputy chief. At the age of 85, he was still running to calls and serving as accountability officer, where he maintained a list of all firefighters on scene and their assignments.

He was a member of the Morris Township Exempt Firemen’s Association, the New Jersey State Fireman’s Exempt Association, and the New Jersey State Fire Chiefs’ Association. In 1971, he was honored with the Schaefer Beer Firefighter of the Year award for heroism and bravery. In 1999, he was honored with a citation from the New Jersey State Firemen’s Association recognizing his dedication and service to the residents of Morris Township, New Jersey.

He was a member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters Local #620 in Madison, New Jersey, for over thirty years.

He was a devoted and longtime parishioner and usher at St. Thomas More church in Convent Station, New Jersey.

Jim served in the United States Army Air Force as a staff sergeant, crew chief, aircraft mechanic, and top turret gunner. He was qualified to fly on several multi-engine aircraft, but his favorite was the B-17 Flying Fortress. He was part of an alert crew that saw action in Europe and North Africa during World War II. In 2001, he was presented the Morris County, New Jersey Distinguished Service Medal, presented to veterans of World War II, and the New Jersey Distinguished Service Medal in recognition of honorable service and bravery.

Jim was married for 53 years to Elizabeth M. Reilly. They had two children, James J. Reilly and Regina E. Reilly. Jim was quite proud of the heritage and tradition of volunteerism. He was part of four generations serving the Morris Township community along with his son, his father, and his grandfather, all members of Woodland.

Jim was a collector of antique automobiles and had a 1929 Packard and a 1930 Model A Ford. His nickname was “Wheels” because of his car collection and his penchant to drive fast. One evening, after driving the American LaFrance ladder truck to a call, one of his neighbors asked him why he drove the truck the way he did. His response was, “I drive the truck to a fire, the way I hope somebody would drive it if my house were on fire.”

Jim loved being a firefighter and helping others.
Remembering

Barry W. Van Horn, 63, of Somerville, New Jersey, died on March 27, 2015. He suffered a heart attack on March 25 upon returning home after responding to an early morning fire call.

Barry was born on March 15, 1952, to George E. and Dorothy Russell Van Horn. He was a lifelong Somerville resident and never strayed too far from home.

Mr. Van Horn was employed as the fire official for the Code Enforcement Office in the Borough of Somerville since 1991. He also served as the fire official for the Boroughs of Manville and South Bound Brook at various times during those years. Prior to being employed as the fire official, Barry was a corrections officer and later a deputy with the Somerset County Sheriff’s Department. He was the recipient of the 200 Club Award in 1985.

Barry was a dedicated member of the West End Hose Company for over 40 years, following in his father’s footsteps. He was also a member of the Somerville First Aid & Rescue Squad for almost 25 years. Barry served as a member of the Somerset County Arson Task Force. In the little spare time he had, Barry enjoyed fishing, gardening, and woodworking.

Survivors include his wife of 36 years, Denise A. Van Horn; his daughter, Amy Leigh Van Horn; his sons, Barry Joshua Van Horn and Brian Patrick Collins; and his grandchildren, Charlie, Michael, and Julianna. Life was complete once he became “Pop-Pop.”

Barry will be sadly missed by all of his family and friends, as well as his hometown of Somerville, which he loved dearly.

He was appointed to the FDNY on January 24, 1970. During his tenure, he served with Ladder 56, Engine 325, and Ladder 27. He was a member of the Holy Name Society and Company Officers Association. He was recognized numerous times for his leadership and courage and for placing himself at risk to save the lives of others. He was awarded a Pulaski Association Medal and a New York Yankee Public Service Award. He loved being a New York City firefighter.

Rick had a wonderful life. He met his wife, Joan, when he was 18 years old. They were married for 43 years and raised four beautiful children, Danielle, Jeanette, Richard, and Matthew. After he retired, he enjoyed spending time with his grandchildren and traveling around the United States in his RV.

He is missed by so many people and will never be forgotten.
Captain Sheldon Barocas, 61, died on December 19, 2011, from cancer related to the recovery efforts at the World Trade Center after September 11, 2001.

He was appointed to the New York City Fire Department on December 17, 1977, and was a dedicated member for 26 years. He served with Engine 53 for 13 years, until his promotion to lieutenant. He served as lieutenant of Engine 307 and then as captain at Ladder 129 and later at Engine 251. He worked for six months in the rescue and recovery effort at the World Trade Center.

Sheldon Barocas

Fire Department City of
New York – New York
Career Captain
Date of Death: December 19, 2011
Age: 61
Firefighter Michael G. Behette, 55, died on September 17, 2012, from lung cancer related to the recovery efforts at the World Trade Center after September 11, 2001.

Michael joined the New York City Fire Department on September 5, 1981. He was a humble man who considered his many heroic deeds just a part of his job.

Michael was always there for friends, family, or strangers who needed help. He loved to see everyone around him happy and gave his best effort to make sure that they were. Michael was a pure and kindred spirit.

In 2014, 85th Street in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, was renamed “Firefighter Michael G. Behette 9/11 Memorial Way” in his honor.
John J. Cassidy died on January 21, 2015, from cancer related to the recovery efforts at the World Trade Center after September 11, 2001. John was diagnosed in 2006 and fought cancer valiantly, even with experimental treatment, until his death. He never complained during his illness, and it was sheer determination that prolonged his life.

John was a battalion chief with FDNY Battalion 40. He loved the FDNY and dedicated his life to saving lives and property.

John was a U.S. Army veteran. He was an avid runner and ran the New York Marathon in 2001. John also had a great love for playing basketball and enjoyed many games with his fellow firefighters.

John was very easygoing and was everybody's friend. He never had a harsh word to say about anyone. John was a treasured friend to his coworkers and many others who regarded him as a wonderful person. Everyone he met became his friend.

John's funeral was held during the blizzard in January, and hundreds of his coworkers and friends braved the storm to honor him.

John was the wonderful and beloved husband of Mary Cassidy; loving father of John (Michaela) and Michael; devoted grandfather of John and Katherine; treasured uncle of many nieces and nephews; dear brother-in-law of Jane Slater, Michele Reilly, Helen Maloney, Denise O’Rourke, William Maloney, and Jeremiah Maloney; and adored cousin of Mary Ann Garoklanian, Donna Farrell, Janice Garoklanian, Charles Garoklanian, and Donald Welsh.
Remembering

Survivor of September 11th terror attacks, Roy Chelsen was born in Brooklyn and raised in Staten Island. In his younger years, he was known for his determination, innate curiosity, quiet charisma, and athletic talent. His original life plan was to follow in the family footsteps and become an elevator constructor, which he did. Then, a group of his buddies decided to take the test for the Fire Department of New York. As always, Roy invited the challenge to compete with the boys. His amazing career as a proud FDNY firefighter commenced. In the firehouse, Roy was known for his leadership, quick wit, talent for cooking, but most of all, living the motto of the firehouse “Do the Right Thing.” He believed in teamwork and community, hence his involvement with his son’s soccer team, volunteering for “Sports for Health” during the summer, and helping any brother in need.

Roy and his wife, Trish, worked hard and played hard. Together, they enjoyed volunteering, home improvement projects, motorcycling, the outdoors, and travel. Whether it was at the firehouse, renovation of his home, or that of a friend, Roy enjoyed working. Roy also modified their home to welcome and care for his dad.

A true hero, Roy responded to the catastrophic call on 9/11 with his 28/11 Fire Company. His Engine 28 Company helped many civilians escape the impending collapse of the Twin Towers that fateful day. As a true leader and decisive man, Roy led many of his fellow firefighters out of the building. Working tirelessly throughout the months that followed, he was exposed to the many toxins and dust at Ground Zero that subsequently affected his health and life.

There were a lot of heroic things done that day, many of them have been documented, many of them have been spoken about time and time again, he never spoke about it, he just thought he was doing his job...he was an unbelievably quiet leader
— Steven Cassidy, head of the Uniformed Firefighter Association

At Christmas time in 2005, Roy was diagnosed with a rare form of blood cancer called multiple myeloma. Despite grueling chemotherapy, a tandem stem cell transplant, and a forced retirement, Roy never gave up. Roy was a true Norwegian, dubbed “The Viking” by his fellow firefighters, strong in body and mind. His resilience allowed him to fight and win many battles along the way. Roy and his family worked diligently to find a match for Roy and others like Roy. With passion and determination, they organized and hosted numerous marrow drives through their non-profit foundation, “Be the Hero~For a Hero,” to increase awareness. Ultimately, he lost his war, but others will be saved.

On 1-9-11, our 9/11 Hero went into eternal rest. Roy departed this life at home with his family and friends by his side. He went quietly, without pain. He was only 51 years old.
Floyd was born in Elmira, New York. He was raised and worked on the family farm with his brothers and sister in Millport, New York. He met the love of his life, Virginia Carr, in 1947, and they married in 1948. Floyd and Virginia raised two sons, Daniel and Terry, and two daughters, Suzanne and Sandra. They had five grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Floyd was employed as a truck driver in the freight business until his retirement. After that, he and Virginia spent all their time at their lake home on Waneta Lake in Tyrone, New York. Many happy times were spent with family and friends. He loved teaching the children and grandchildren the joys of the lake—boating, swimming, and skiing.

Floyd especially enjoyed the fall when all his hunt buddies would get together and hunt for deer. He was a skilled mechanic and woodworker. He could build or fix anything and was asked by many. His woodworking skills can still be seen at the Horseheads fire station, where he built the trophy cases and wall plaques.

He belonged to the board of directors and was a trainer of firefighters, driving and operating fire apparatus. He was a proud and dedicated member of the Horseheads Fire and Rescue Company for 25 years.

We miss him every day.

John was a loving, supportive husband and father. He was humble, intelligent, and the nicest person you could meet. He cherished his family and the New York City Fire Department.

John K. Corcoran

Fire Department City of New York – New York
Career Battalion Chief
Date of Death: January 11, 2013
Age: 70
Kevin M. “Buck” Delano devoted his entire life to the fire service. Kevin became a junior firefighter while in high school. Then he joined the U.S. Coast Guard as a federal firefighter. He completed his enlistment and then continued on as a civilian firefighter while waiting to be called for the New York City Fire Department. His first assignment was Ladder 146 in Brooklyn and then to Ladder 142 in Queens. In both places, he earned the respect of his fellow firefighters, many of whom referred to him as a “fireman’s fireman.” Kevin was also extremely active in our community. He was a member of the West Hamilton Beach Volunteer Fire Department for over 30 years, including 12 years as chief.

In 1974, he met his future wife, Roseann. They married in 1980, and in 1984 they welcomed their son, Kevin Jr. Kevin balanced the three loves of his life—firefighting, his wife, and his son—while always having time to help family, friends, and community. Kevin was, without a doubt, the rock of the family, and our lives are forever changed without him. Kevin was among the first arriving firefighters at the World Trade Center on 9/11. The toxic chemicals he inhaled from working extensively at the site took his life on June 30, 2008, from leukemia.

Kevin is survived by his wife, Roseann; his son, Kevin Jr., and daughter-in-law, Meghan; his granddaughter, Shealynn; seven sisters; two brothers; 35+ nieces and nephews; and hundreds of brothers and sisters in the fire service.
Remembering


He was born in Manhattan, moved to New Dorp as a child, and settled in Annadale in 1999. He was a graduate of New Dorp High School.

A 27-year veteran with the New York City Fire Department, he served at Engine Company 14, Ladder 87, and Ladder 111. After his promotion to lieutenant in 2003, he was assigned to the First Division in Lower Manhattan for five years, until he went out on disability. Lt. Fullam spent five months working at Ground Zero after the attacks of September 11, 2001. He spoke before a U. S. Senate Committee in support of passing the James Zadroga Health and Compensation Act to help other FDNY members affected by diseases related to 9/11.

Martin also worked as a self-employed contractor while also serving with the FDNY. He loved to ski and cook and was a talented carpenter.

He is survived by his wife of 23 years, Patricia; his daughters, Kelly, Caroline, and Emma Fullam; his mother, Helen Fullam; his brothers, David and Joseph Fullam; and his sisters, Deborah Turkovic and Carol Johnson.
Captain John T. Gallagher, 70, died on July 26, 2015, from causes related to the recovery efforts at the World Trade Center after September 11, 2001.

John was an avid golfer and loved playing. He also loved to read. John had his own kiln and made beautiful bowls out of glass.

He is survived by his wife, Helen, and two sons, John and Frank.

John T. Gallagher
Fire Department City of New York – New York
Career Captain
Date of Death: July 26, 2015
Age: 70
Firefighter Timothy Gunther was the kind of individual who made an impression upon everyone he encountered. People always remembered the tall, imposing man who brandished what was arguably the best mustache in all of Dutchess County. However, these features were just components of his outward appearance. The shining character inside was kind, considerate of others, and a selfless contributor to anyone who was in need of assistance.

Tim was born in Hoboken, New Jersey on June 22, 1960. He was the son of Thomas Anthony and Lydia Spertal Gunther and grew up with his two sisters, Jude and Alida, in Hopewell Junction, New York. Tim was a graduate of John Jay High School in 1978 and SUNY Albany in 1982. He co-owned and ran Skippers Tavern in Albany until the early 1990s. On August 4, 1990, he married Christine Buechele, and together they had two children, their son, Casey Thomas, and daughter, Tess Camryn. Tim became a City of Poughkeepsie firefighter in March of 1994. For 21 years, Tim worked tirelessly to serve the residents of his community. He received numerous commendations for his lifesaving acts of bravery and heroism throughout his career.

Tim’s fatherhood was nothing short of astounding. No matter what the situation, he was always there for his children whenever they needed him to be. Whether it was at the countless sporting events coached, theatre productions attended, or even just providing some help on a homework assignment, Tim was the definition of the premier dad.

Tim had an ever-increasing range of interests. There was the unbreakable bond with animals, always making time to play with the family dogs, whose love for Tim was completely reciprocal. The arts also played a pivotal role in Tim’s life; he was an avid playwright, with a great appreciation for literature and creative writing. This was also personified by his love for everything Disney. The family’s trips to the parks in Orlando provide the basis for the happiest of Gunther memories. Tim’s toothy grin below his mustache was by far the widest while strolling about with those he loved most in Walt Disney World.

Tim’s tragic passing left a huge void in the lives of his innumerable friends, colleagues, and family members. All of those that were lucky enough to know and be part of Tim’s life will cherish the memories of this remarkable man. He constantly kept everyone laughing and smiling with his keen wit and extensive sense of humor. Tim’s passion for the things he loved and believed in, sincere empathy for others, and endless determination to stay in touch has left a resounding legacy. Tim was the embodiment of “a life so wonderfully lived and shared.”
Remembering


Lieutenant Halpin was a decorated member of the New York City Fire Department for 28 years.

He was the beloved husband of Marilyn K. Halpin; adored son of the late James and Philomena Halpin; loving father of John, James, Virginia, and Caroline; and cherished brother of Neil and his wife, Debby, Siobhan McPike and her husband, Terry, and James. He was a proud member of the Kerrymen P & B Association, Ancient Order of the Hibernians, and the F.D.N.Y Emerald Society.

John J. Halpin

Fire Department City of New York – New York

Career Lieutenant

Date of Death: May 29, 2014

Age: 61
Emil Harnischfeger was born in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, New York, on August 23, 1941, to Emil and Anne Harnischfeger and his older sister, Virginia. He attended public schools and excelled in mathematics. He worshiped at Holy Trinity Church.

He was born on Bushwick Avenue and spent his childhood playing sports, his favorite being baseball. He never lost his love of the game and rooted for his beloved Yankees. He was an avid chess player.

He met his future wife, Joanne Long, at a church dance, and they were married on November 20, 1965, at Saint Nicholas RC Church in Brooklyn. Their son, David, was born in 1966. They moved to Long Island, and their son, James, came along in 1972.

Emil was appointed to the New York City Fire Department on September 14, 1968. His first assignment was Engine Company 34 in Manhattan. He was promoted to fire marshal on July 4, 1981, and then to supervising fire marshal on September 5, 1993. As a fire marshal he had the responsibility of finding the cause and origin of fires and bringing to justice those responsible for causing these blazes. He worked in every borough and did his job diligently with great expertise and pride. He was dedicated to the people of New York and to the New York Fire Department.

Both of his sons followed in his path of public service, David as a New York City police officer and James as a New York City firefighter.

On September 11, 2001, Emil was assigned to what would become known as Ground Zero. He entered the site with his head held high and worked tirelessly and selflessly in every conceivable capacity. He left the site with his head bowed in sorrow the following May. He spent the rest of his life searching for the truth behind this horrific terrorist attack. He died May 6, 2013, after a 2 ½ year battle with cancer caused by the toxic chemicals he was exposed to at Ground Zero.

To his wife, he was a knight in shining armor. To his sons, he was a protector, a guide, a steady presence, a teacher, and a dad in every sense of the word. To his grandchildren, Kevin, Amanda, Elaina, Aidan, and Liam, he was someone to love, someone to tease, someone to look up to, someone to keep them safe and to guide them. He was “Grandpa.”

Emil lived and died a man of great honor, integrity, bravery, and strength. He is missed.
Lieutenant Hess, known to his fellow firefighters as “Bobby,” became a member of the Fire Department of New York City in August 1985. He was assigned to Engine Company 26 in Manhattan and served in various companies in Brooklyn and Manhattan during his career. He was promoted to lieutenant in 2000. His last five years he was assigned to Ladder Company 76 in Staten Island. Just three months short of celebrating his 25th year with the FDNY, he succumbed to 9/11-related cancer on May 2, 2010.

Robert was born in Brooklyn, New York, on August 16, 1963, to Mary and Thomas Hess. He loved growing up in the city and would always tell stories of his childhood playing in the Prospect Park Parade Grounds. He was one of seven children and followed his older brothers everywhere they went. His family moved to upstate New York when he was fourteen years old. When he was seventeen, he moved back to the city to live with his older brother, and a friend gave him an application to take the FDNY test. He was just two weeks short of his 22nd birthday when he was sworn in.

Being a part of the New York City Fire Department made Robert so proud that he couldn’t help but to do his job in a way that made him very well respected. Compassion, excellence, and inner pride were characteristics of Robert’s which made him an inspiration to all who came in contact with him. He made sure when he was the officer on duty that all of his men were prepared and trained to fight any kind of fire.

Robert was a wonderful husband to his wife, Patty, and an amazing father to Kimberly, Robert, Brian, and Connor. Devoted to his wife and children, his family came first, but when he had free time he enjoyed hunting with his buddies and also ran the New York City Marathon. Planting and working in the garden was something that helped him relieve stress; it gave him satisfaction to see his trees and flowers grow.

He was survived by his wife of 18 years, Patty; his children, Kimberly, Robert, Brian, and Connor; his parents, Mary and Mel and Thomas and Maureen; sisters, Susan and Denise; brothers, Thomas, Phillip, David, and Craig; his brothers and sisters of the NYC FDNY; and many family and friends.
Remembering

Stephen M. Johnson was born in 1956 in Queens, NYC, the eldest of five children to Alice and William Johnson. Stephen attended Brooklyn Technical High School, where he passionately played football. He attended Missouri Valley College for a year on a football scholarship and returned to NYC to attend St. John’s University, where he graduated from the School of Pharmacy.

But pharmacy was not his dream. In 1981 he joined the FDNY, following in the footsteps of his father, William, who served the department for 28 years. He was first assigned to Ladder 25 in Manhattan. Stephen was also assigned to Engine 277 and Ladder 108 in Brooklyn for several years and returned to Ladder 25 for the remainder of his career.

During his tenure, Stephen was awarded several medals for unusual personal risk and meritorious acts. He was inducted into The FD Honor Legion and received citations from the City of New York and the West Side Chamber of Commerce.

Stephen and Rose were married in 1989. The couple kept busy doting over their nieces and nephews, with whom they spent much time. In between birthdays and holidays with family, the couple enjoyed traveling throughout the United States. Stephen loved to play his guitar, scuba dive, and ride his bike.

He spent his time with family and friends, always entertaining them with his quick wit and big smile.

He is dearly missed and remains in the hearts of his wife, parents, brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, and friends.

Stephen M. Johnson
Fire Department City of New York – New York
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: August 6, 2004
Age: 47
Remembering

Robert “Bobby” Leaver was one of seven children born to loving parents, Joseph and Patricia, in Brooklyn, New York. He and his wife, Rosaria, met at age seventeen. They were devoted to each other and were blessed with 38 years together. He loved his fur babies, Abigail, Zachariah, and Lucy-Lu, and they returned his love tenfold. He loved and was loved by his siblings, Billy, Joyce, Joseph, Donald, Jean Marie, and Michael; his nieces and nephews; his in-laws, Michael, Anne, Nick, Diana, and Michael; all extended family, friends, and neighbors. A man with many friends, he was always there for anyone who needed him.

Robert was a dedicated firefighter with the FDNY for 20 years. A first responder on September 11, 2001, he bravely faced terror along with all his brother firefighters, police, and first responders. Many of his friends, some he grew up with, some he worked with, were lost that day.

Robert was diagnosed with leukemia and battled the disease courageously for eleven years. He never considered himself a victim of September 11th. He was a first responder, a proud member of the bravest of the brave. He was one of three FDNY firefighters who died on the same day from 9/11 related cancers.

Robert will be remembered for his kind heart, quiet strength, quick wit, and great sense of humor. He lives in our hearts and is shining brightly in God’s light.
Remembering


He was a lifelong Staten Islander remembered as a hardworking and loving family man.

He graduated from New Dorp High School. He served in the U.S. Navy and was stationed aboard the USS Enterprise out of Newport News, Virginia.

He served for 23 years as an FDNY firefighter. He first was assigned to Engine 253, then to Engine 166, and retired in 2002 from Ladder 78.

He was an avid New York Giants fan and enjoyed bowling. He loved spending time with his grandchildren.

He is survived by his wife of 39 years, Adrienne; his sons, James Jr., Thomas, and Vincent; his brother, George; and three grandchildren.

James J. Marshall

Fire Department City of New York – New York
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: November 30, 2014
Age: 62
Firefighter Eugene McCarey, 60, died on November 13, 2014, at home surrounded by his loving family, from cancer related to the recovery efforts at the World Trade Center after September 11, 2001.

He was born on August 9, 1954, in the Bronx, New York, to the late James McCarey and Rita Murray.

Eugene graduated from All Hallows High School in the Bronx. He worked at the Department of Environmental Protection at Jerome Reservoir for many years before joining the fire department. He retired as a New York City firefighter from Ladder Company 36, Engine 95.

Eugene enjoyed music, playing chess, traveling, photography, jogging, and tinkering with cars and computers. He was always willing to help a friend in need. He completed two New York City Marathons in 1993 and 1994.

Eugene is survived by his son, Stephen McCarey; brother, Hugh McCarey; sister, Mary Murray; extended family, and many friends.
Remembering

Sean Michael McCarthy was a strong, confident, and caring man with a sharp sense of humor and a sarcastic wit. He was a proud member of FDNY Engine Company 280 in Brooklyn, New York. Sean was a man of many passions, and fishing was one of them. Sean loved to fish, and when not at the firehouse, he could be found navigating the waters off Jones Beach on his 29-foot boat, Beast of Burden. Sean’s wife, Stacey, and his nieces and nephews would often accompany Sean. Another passion was cooking. He absolutely loved to be in the kitchen preparing a great meal for his fellow firefighters and family. He was extremely meticulous and creative with his meals.

Sean joined the New York City Fire Department in 1996. He was one of five brothers who followed their father into the New York City Fire Department. Being a fireman came naturally. He was assigned to Engine 221 in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. In 2001, he was transferred to Engine 280, Ladder 132 in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. The company had a stellar reputation, and Sean just fit right in. He was selfless, proud, and worked with professionalism and a quiet confidence. When not working in Brooklyn, Sean was also a member of the Bellmore Volunteer Fire Department in his hometown of Bellmore, New York. He loved serving his community and always gave of himself.

Sean responded to the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. He spent countless hours and worked tirelessly at Ground Zero searching and recovering. Shortly after getting married on June 25, 2004, Sean developed health problems. He was diagnosed with cancer in 2006 and fought courageously throughout surgeries and treatments. On May 27, 2008, Sean tragically lost his battle with cancer at the age of 35. He was a beloved husband, son, brother, uncle, and friend. He made the supreme sacrifice, and he is truly missed.

Sean M. McCarthy
Fire Department City of New York – New York
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: May 27, 2008
Age: 35
Remembering

Barry Miller was born June 6, 1965, to Tracy and Loretta Miller. He was the oldest child of the family, being raised in Bergen, New York, a rural community he called home his entire life. Barry lived to give back to his hometown and dedicated his life to helping others, with a willingness to help anyone in need without asking for anything in return.

Barry served his community through the Bergen Fire Department, where he held many social offices, and as a member of the Bergen Town Board. He joined the fire department shortly after his high school graduation and remained a member, eventually becoming chief of emergency medical services, until his line-of-duty death in September 2015. Barry was responding to an emergency call when the ambulance he was riding in was involved in a motor vehicle accident. Barry always said that if he were to die, he wanted to be sliding into home plate at a hundred miles an hour with his hair on fire. Barry started the Bergen Fire Department EMS Explorer Program, where he mentored members and provided the needed training for becoming an emergency medical technician. He also served on the town council for several years and was appointed the deputy supervisor. Barry is remembered as an integral part of the Bergen community who organized and participated in numerous Genesee County events.

Barry graduated from Byron-Bergen High School in 1983. He attended Genesee Community College, earning an associate degree in computer repair technology in 1986. He went on to earn a bachelor’s degree from Roberts Wesleyan College in organizational management. He also graduated from Leadership Genesee in 2008. He worked as a computer repair technician and advanced his career to vice president of Business Methods, Inc. in the 1990s. In 1996, Barry started Miller Millworks, Inc., his own company that provided cabinet and finish carpentry in Bergen. As owner and CEO, Barry was a contractor and cabinet maker of lecterns, podiums, desks, and media centers. He also owned the Beaver River Lodge in the Adirondacks, a 125-year-old hotel located in the hamlet of Beaver River Station.

Barry will always be remembered as a highly supportive resident of the Bergen community and someone who was proud to help. Revered as an extremely generous man, one of his favorite ways to demonstrate his love and support of others was by supporting battered women and serving the people of Bergen and Genesee County. Barry also served as one of the Genesee County coroners.

His smile and laughter will be missed by his parents and his sister and her family, along with numerous friends in and around the fire department and lodge. Barry had a special gift of connecting with people that extended across our country.
Remembering

Michael was born May 6, 1949, to Frank Mongelli and the late Frances Duca Mongelli. The older of two children, he was raised in Brooklyn, New York. He always spoke of his childhood days and what a great time he had living close to his aunts, uncles, and cousins. In 1969, he was inducted into the United States Army. He served in Vietnam and was honorably discharged. He received the National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, and Good Conduct Medal.

After settling back home in Brooklyn, he took the New York City Fire Department test, and the rest is history. He joined the department on January 26, 1974 and was so proud to be part of this special group of people. He loved his job and the people he worked with. The FDNY is a brotherhood.

Michael loved life. He used to say, “Every day you wake up is a good day.” He loved softball, baseball, football, golf, fishing, and the list goes on. He coached his son’s Little League team from the time he played t-ball. He also coached his son’s basketball team. He got such a thrill teaching his son how to play. Michael enjoyed cooking, loved to try different recipes, and collected many cookbooks to build up his repertoire. Family and friends looked forward to eating his kitchen creations. Music touched Michael’s heart. He had the biggest record collection I ever saw, and he liked to sing. I once told him that I loved Dean Martin, so he tried to sing like him. One evening, he picked me up from work and said, “You have to listen to this song.” We sat in the parking lot, and he played the Bob Dylan song “Make You Feel My Love.” I did not get it. I could not understand why he was so moved by it. Now, in retrospect, I see. The words are beautiful, and he was telling me how he felt about me. Now, whenever I hear that song, I cry, and I think of that day in the parking lot.

On September 11, 2001, Michael was an assigned member of Battalion 39 in the East New York section of Brooklyn. He participated in the rescue and recovery effort at the World Trade Center. It was an incomprehensible time. He retired from the New York City Fire Department the following year. He began not feeling well and sought medical care. He was diagnosed with an untreatable cancer and succumbed to his illness on August 3, 2012.

Michael is survived by his wife, Loretta; stepdaughter, Jeannette; grandsons, Dylan and Spencer; father, Frank; brother, Charles. His only son, Michael, passed away on November 13, 2011, nine months prior to his own passing.

Michael’s enthusiasm for life will never be forgotten. His motto was “Always Look on the Bright Side of Life,” like the song.
Remembering

John was a kind, caring, easygoing man with a great sense of humor. He was a loving husband and father. His family was the most important thing to him, especially his children, Dennis and Erin. An accomplished handyman, he was always willing to help out a friend.

John joined the New York City Fire Department (FDNY) on September 7, 1983, and was assigned to Ladder 20 in Soho. He was promoted to lieutenant on May 1, 1997, and assigned to Engine 165 in Staten Island. John responded to the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001, and spent countless hours in the rescue and recovery effort.

John loved being a firefighter, and he served proudly and heroically for 23 years.

John P. Murray

Fire Department City of New York – New York
Career Lieutenant
Date of Death: April 30, 2008
Age: 52

John was the ultimate animal lover, especially dogs and cats. When he was working, he would bring stray cats to the fire house and try to find a home for them.

After he retired, he moved to South Carolina and set up his own dog rescue, which he ran out of his home.

He is survived by his daughter, Jillann Ginocchio.

Jacques was a happy man with a big heart. He was a proud New York City firefighter for 22 years, working in the South Bronx District. After 9/11, he postponed his upcoming retirement plans and continued to serve courageously for an additional 14 months. He was one of the first firemen deployed to Ground Zero on 9/11.

He is survived by his beloved wife, Chantal Paultre; daughter, Stephanie Paultre; sons Christopher and Michael; and his mother, Paulette Rouzeau Paultre.
Remembering

Steven was an incredible father and a devoted husband. He lived a life filled with love, and he shared that love with everyone he came into contact with.

A veteran New York City firefighter, Steven was born in the Bronx and raised in Queens; he joined the FDNY in 1989. He worked as a firefighter in Engine 71/Ladder 55 in the South Bronx. Once promoted, Steven was assigned to Engine 307/Ladder 154 in Jackson Heights, Queens. He also spent time working at the Fire Academy and the Fire Safety Education Unit.

Steven enjoyed sports and was a talented athlete. He spent many years playing softball, football, and hockey. Steven's love for his FDNY family was surpassed only by his love for his wife and children. A doting father, he was often found playing the prince while his daughter, Natalie, was the princess, or on a bug finding expedition with his son, Michael. He was happily married to his wife, Joanna, for twenty-six years.

Steven was honest, grateful, kind, and strong. A humble man with a great sense of inner peace, Steven, is survived by his wife, Joanna, and their children, Michael and Natalie, as well as his mother, Shirley, and his brother, Lou.
Remembering

Jack Rose was born on September 13, 1996, in Monterey, California. As early as he could speak, Jack voiced his love of firefighting, fire trucks, and the camaraderie within the fire community.

In 2015, we were having a hard time coming to terms with the fact that firefighting wasn’t a phase for Jack. No matter what was said, Jack never wavered in his passion, and he let it be known that he wasn’t planning on changing his mind. We don’t think he understood that our resistance was out of love and fear—fear of losing Jack to something that we couldn’t control. In an attempt to make us understand his passion, he sent a text with a picture of a firefighter and a Bible verse: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. – John 15:13

Everything we needed to know was in that simple verse.

Before he was eligible to join the fire department, Jack would make his family take him on fire calls. He did this to learn as much as he could about firefighting so he could be as prepared as possible when he was old enough to join.

Jack enrolled with the Mount Marion Fire Company on his 16th birthday. Once he joined the company, he was there on a daily basis either training or doing his homework while waiting for a call. If Jack wasn’t at the firehouse, he could be found in his living room looking at training videos online, where he studied and took notes on those videos day and night.

Jack was our light. He had an innocent face, but he was incredibly quick in his wit and sarcasm. His laugh was contagious, and his smile was filled with charm. Anywhere you went with Jack, it was known that you had to stop by a local firehouse to buy a shirt and tour the house. He was loyal to the brotherhood.

In addition to his dedication to the fire service, he was dedicated to his family—his mom, Linda; dad, Gary; brother, Matt; sister-in-law, Jess; and niece, Marley. We remember him not only for his fire service, but for his incredibly sarcastic sense of humor, quick wit, and playful nature. He was loyal to his family and friends. He was our Jack, and we were honored to have him while we could.

Jack was our son, our brother, and our uncle. But most importantly, he was our hero. We are so proud of our Jack, and he would be incredibly honored to see this tribute made to him. Thank you for taking the time to acknowledge him.

He served the Fire Department of New York for 23 years.

He was the devoted husband of Monica Brady; beloved father of Marie; loving son of Joseph and Lorraine; fond brother of Joyce Marzella; and cherished nephew of Vincent.

Joseph V. Schiumo

Fire Department of City of New York – New York

Career EMT

Date of Death: December 9, 2012

Age: 47
Ex-Chief Lawrence “Larry” Sesso, 40, was a lifelong resident of Sayville and a dedicated member of the Sayville Fire Department for over 23 years. Larry first came to the fire department through its cadet program, which he joined at age eight. He was a proud member of the Hook and Ladder Company and served in all capacities of the company, including company captain. However, the crowning accomplishment of his fire service career was being elected to the rank of chief and serving as chief of the Sayville Fire Department from 2009-2011, something he was so very proud of. It was only a matter of time before Chief “LG” Sesso became a popular figure, especially at the Islip Town chief’s level.

He was instrumental in forming many of the relationships shared today between departments from opposite corners of the township, and the many chiefs who called Larry their friend are a testament to the type of person he was. He was also a proud member and huge supporter of the Blue Jays Drill Team. Over the years, it was not uncommon to see Chief Larry throw on his old racing jersey to join the team for the annual town drill. Otherwise, he could be found in the stands, leading the chants for his team.

Many times after serving as a fire chief in the volunteer service, one may have a tendency to sit back and quietly disappear. This was not Larry’s style, as you always knew when he was in the room. Larry continued being active not only in emergency responses, continuing to be a top twenty responder, but also making sure his beloved fire department met the challenges of the 21st century. This included continuing to be involved with the department’s administration as a vice president and being instrumental in changing the fire officer’s structure to enhance the department’s performance.

Ex-Chief Sesso was the recipient of many unit citations on the fireground, as well as being awarded the Hook & Ladder Company “Firefighter of the Year.” Larry was also a distinguished police officer for both the New York City Police Department and the New York-New Jersey Port Authority Police for the past 18 years. Beginning in 1998, he served in the busy 75th Precinct in Brooklyn. He moved to the Port Authority police in 2002 and became a PBA delegate and advocate for all Port Authority police officers. He worked at Kennedy Airport.

A community servant, Larry was also a dedicated family man, always making time for his wife and children. He is survived by his wife, Carolyn Sesso, and three children, Gregory (15), Deanna (7), and Lauren (5).
Charles V. Wallace of Montgomery, New York, died in the line of duty on February 3, 2015, at the age of 74. Charles was a native of Goshen, New York, born on January 18, 1941, to the late Aaron Van Duzer Wallace Jr. and Frances Huntington Wilson Wallace.

He proudly served his country as a member of the United States Navy. He was also the owner and operator of the Charles Wallace Surveying Company in Montgomery, New York, for many years.

In 1972, Charles V. Wallace first joined the Montgomery Fire Department, where he rendered faithful, conscientious, and loyal service to his community. He was also a member of the Wallkill Engine and Hose Company No. 2. He was a chairman of the Board of Commissioners for the Montgomery Fire District. He was responsible for traveling and ordering the new trucks for the district. Both the younger and elder generations of the fire department looked up to him. Whenever someone was in search of advice, Charlie was there to lend an ear or helping hand.

Throughout his years of serving as a public servant, he continued to serve the people of Orange County with diligence, honor, and distinction. In 2014, at the age of 73, Charles was present at 297 out of 562 calls for the Montgomery Fire Department. He was the recipient of numerous awards and accolades for his outstanding service, including the 1978 Fireman of the Year Award, the 2008 Montgomery Fire Department Life Saver Award, and the 2012 Commissioner’s Award for Outstanding Service. He was a member of the Montgomery Planning Board, Montgomery Master Plan Committee, General Montgomery Day Committee, and the Montgomery Fireman’s Fair Committee.

Charles’s commitment to excellence and his spirit of humanity carried over into all fields of expertise, including charitable and civic endeavors. He was a member of the American Legion.

Predeceased by his parents, Charles V. Wallace is survived by his loving wife, Julianne; their three daughters, Dr. Diana R. Wallace, Bonnie M. Bennett, and Susan K. Armstrong and her husband, Gavin; three grandchildren, Mark Armstrong and his wife, Cassie, Janelle L. Bennett, and Matthew C. Bennett; a great-grandson, Jackson M. Armstrong; as well as his brother, John, and his wife, Mary.

He was born in New City, New York, and lived in Bardonia, New York. Randy served as a New York City firefighter for 21 years before retiring in 2002.

He loved spending time in the outdoors and enjoyed boating, fishing, and camping. He loved life and found happiness in family traditions, nature, and simple pleasures.

Randy is survived by his loving wife, Madeline Wiebicke; his three children, Danny, Marianna, and Katie Rose; his sisters, Susan Dalzell and Lisa Franco; his brothers, Ernie, Gary, and Hugo; and many in-laws and extended family members who miss him so much. Randy was preceded in death by his parents, Ernest “Tex” Wiebicke and Marianna Wiebicke.
Remembering

Christopher Joe Daniels (Chris) was born in Wayne County, living in a small town of Calypso. Around the age of eight, Chris and his family moved to Selma, North Carolina, where he attended SSS High School and Johnston Community College.

Chris followed in his father's footsteps by volunteering with his local fire department. Chris joined Pine Level Volunteer Fire Department as a volunteer in 2000. He began obtaining his certifications through Johnston Community College in firefighter, driver operator, rescue, and EMT.

In September 2003, Chris started his career with Smithfield Fire Department as a paid firefighter. He rose through the ranks to become an engineer with Smithfield and also served as interim captain. Chris shared his passion of being a firefighter by being an instructor at Johnston Community College. Chris also worked part-time with Pine Level and with Thanksgiving Fire Department and volunteered with Selma Fire Department as an assistant chief. He was known as "the get 'er done guy." Anything around the fire house that needed to be done, he would lead the way.

While not volunteering his time at local fire departments, Chris enjoyed spending time with family, playing golf, and doing yard work. He served the Lord with joy in his heart. He and his wife (Kristie) taught a Sunday school class at Branch Chapel Free Will Baptist Church and assisted with church camp. Chris was a loving husband and father. He and Kristie were married Oct. 28, 2000, 15 years, and Maegan was his only daughter.

Chris died at the early age of 40 while on duty at Pine Level Volunteer Fire Department. He was a hardworking man but made time for the things that were important. He was all around an outstanding person who showed God's love to everyone. Although he has passed, he will never be forgotten. Chris left a lasting impression on everyone he met and continues to do so through his memorial.
Remembering

James Alan Hicks was born on March 14, 1971, in Wake County, North Carolina, the son of Frances Medlin Hicks of Concord, North Carolina, and the late James Lawrence Hicks III.

In 1986, Alan began his career in fire safety with the Harrisburg Volunteer Fire Department. He was also affiliated with Flowes Store Volunteer Fire Department and Jackson Park Volunteer Fire Department. He served for ten years on Jackson Park, including two years as chief. He also worked for Concord Fire & Rescue for ten years and Badin Volunteer Fire Department. He then entered the Air National Guard Fire Department for five years, having served as captain for two years. He loved cooking at the fire house for his brothers. He found time in his busy life to also serve as a fire instructor at Cleveland Community College. Alan had a passion for the fire department and was dedicated to his job. Many of his fellow firefighters knew him as “Truck.”

Alan’s family meant the world to him. He was a loving husband, father, son, and brother. He enjoyed playing golf, going fishing, and spending vacations at Carolina Beach. He had a special bond with his beloved dog, Sassie. He was a member and deacon at Independence Square Baptist Church.

He will truly be missed by his wife of 26 years, Jenny Hicks; his son, Keith Hicks, and daughter in law, Nikki; his daughter, Amanda Hicks; his mother, Frances Hicks; his sister, Connie Hicks, and her wife, Yvonne; his grandfather, Lawrence Hicks Jr.; and his large extended family of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins, and in-laws.

Quote from a fellow firefighter and friend:

“Without fail, his first priority was his faith and the foundation of it all. Truck was a Christian. His second priority was his family. There was never a time I talked to him that his family wasn’t on his mind and that there wasn’t a story about what they had done together or what was going on at home. His third was his job. He was a good fireman. He done things right every time. He came to work early, he had his gear on the truck, he always knew where he was going, and he was always involved. I will miss “Truck” but will promise to you I will continue his legacy by telling his story when I can and using his life as an example of how to live. Like we all know, our separation is only temporary, and I look forward to seeing him again as do each of you.”
Ever since he was a young boy, Chris “Cowboy” Phillips knew he wanted nothing more than to be a firefighter. Starting at the age of 15, he worked diligently toward that goal. In 1991, he joined the Tyro Rural Fire Department as a junior firefighter, actively trained and responded to calls with the department, and earned his nickname, “Cowboy.” As he was not old enough to drive at the time, whenever a call was dispatched he would leave his home about 500 yards from the department while still pulling on his turnout gear and sprint at a full run to the department, often times beating others there. He was driven; his passion for his calling had no end.

In 1996, Chris joined the Churchland Fire Department as a volunteer and was also hired by the City of Lexington, North Carolina, as a full-time firefighter for the city. Throughout his time with the Lexington Fire Department, Chris continued his education and would take all the classes he could to learn more. Although Chris decided to leave the fire department in 2007 to work at Rowan Regional Medical Center in Salisbury, his passion and love of the fire service continued. He stayed active as a volunteer at Churchland Fire Department, where he was named Firefighter of the Year in 2009.

In 2007, Chris married the love of his life and best friend, Elisabeth. While they were complete opposites in every way, their love was one of a kind and evident to anyone who saw them. In 2011, Chris and Elisabeth welcomed a beautiful baby girl, whom they named Lillian. Chris was the most amazing and actively involved father, often taking his daughter to the fire department and spending as much time with her as he possibly could. They had a very special bond. He called her his “mini me,” and she called him her “Dadda Man.”

While Chris was still actively involved with his community, serving as a mentor to younger firefighters and staying involved with training to make sure it was taught correctly and safely, full-time firefighting was calling him again.

On July 14, 2015, Chris was hired at Locke Township Fire Department as a full-time lieutenant. At 41 years old, he was once again doing what he was called to be, a firefighter! While he was only with the department a short time before his death, he touched many lives and loved the department dearly.

Surviving are his wife, Elisabeth, and daughter, Lillie; his parents, Carl L. Phillips, Sr. and Deborah Phillips; other extended family; his best friends, Michael Everhart and Ryan Swink; and all in the community that knew and loved him.
Daryl Eugene Gordon was born on October 25, 1960, in Cincinnati, Ohio, to John Gordon and Minerva (Colvin) Gordon. Daryl accepted Christ at an early age and attended several local churches.

Daryl always had a passion for firetrucks. As a young child, at the sound of a fire siren he would look for the fire engines or trucks and follow them on his bike.

Daryl graduated from Princeton High School in 1979. A skilled athlete, he was a member of the 1978 Division I State Football Championship team and a lifeguard for the Woodlawn Community Pool. After graduation, Daryl continued his education and attended Ball State University, majoring in business administration. While he was there, he played offensive guard for the Ball State Cardinals. Daryl enjoyed his college days and became a member of the Delta Iota Chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Inc. and met the love of his life, Angela Shives.

They married August 5, 1989, in Gary, Indiana. From this union, they were blessed with two beautiful girls, Angelique and Chelsea Gordon. Daryl was always happy to share that being married to Angie was the “best thing” he ever did in his life. A devoted family man, he always put his “girls” first.

When Daryl was a senior in high school, he joined the Woodlawn Fire Department as a volunteer. He remained a volunteer firefighter until he was accepted into the Cincinnati Fire Department in 1985. Upon the start of his career, Daryl was not content with sitting still. He volunteered to receive training as a bomb technician and attended Red Stone Arsenal Hazardous Device School in Huntsville, Alabama. Daryl served on details that assisted in scanning areas for visits from President Clinton, President Bush, and President Barack Obama. Daryl served in this position for over 25 years of his career and earned the title of senior bomb technician. Daryl was promoted to fire apparatus operator and completed his final run on the Heavy Rescue 14.

In his spare time, some of his most cherished memories were his gatherings with his family and friends and the fireside chats he held in his backyard. Daryl was also an avid racing fan and could always be found in his garage tinkering with his dune buggy, Volkswagens, or funny cars.

Daryl leaves to cherish his memory his wife of 25 years, Angela Gordon; his children, Angelique and Chelsea Gordon; sisters, Arlene Gordon and Dorothy Gordon Johnson (Stanley); parents-in-law, Joseph and Ann Shives; brother-in-law, Dale Shives; and special nephews, John Gordon Sr., Kelli Gordon, and Kerry Gordon. He also leaves his extended family and friends, Local 48, UC Mobile Care, and his fraternity, Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Inc.
Remembering

Chuck was a captain of the Townsend Township Fire Department and had the privilege of serving on the department for 19 years. He also drove for Citizens Ambulance Service if needed.

Chuck’s love for firefighting was a lifelong commitment. His strong influence is missed within his fire department, but most of all he is missed for his passion for the fire service and the vast knowledge that he was able to share.

He will be most remembered for his dedication to his family and to the department. He was a straightforward, honest, and funny person. He was always willing to lend a helping hand to other people.

Chuck also was a truck driver for R&L Carriers. He enjoyed tinkering and mechanic work and was a Little League baseball and Pee Wee basketball coach.

Chuck is survived by Sylvia, his loving wife of 35 years. He was a very proud father of three adult children, Mike (Karen), Chris, and Shawn. His pride and joy was his grandchildren, Andrew and Ryan. Lovingly known as Papa, Chuck had the joy of becoming a grandpa again just nine months before his death.

He is also survived by his mother, Arlene Horning, and eight siblings. He was preceded in death by his father, Charles Horning I.

The day Chuck passed away, our family was forever changed, and we will miss his love, devotion, and guidance.

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

Charles Horning II
Townsend Township Fire Department – Ohio
Volunteer Captain
Date of Death: October 13, 2015
Age: 54
Remembering

David Knapke started in the fire department as a cadet at age 16. He served as a volunteer firefighter for 40 years, including five years as assistant chief of the Williamsburg Fire Department and three years as chief of the Owensville Fire Department. He also served as treasurer for the Stonelick Fire House for two years and as head of the arson task force for eight years. At the time of his death, he was a lieutenant and head of cadet training with WTFR. He died on June 5, 2015, after collapsing on a fire scene several days earlier on May 31, 2015.

David ran his own business for 12 years. He served on the city council as vice mayor for five years.

Writing this is sweet and sorrowful. David and I lived our lives around fire tones. When a tone went off, he ran, no matter the call. He just went. Dedication! He loved the fire service. His dad was a fireman. His son, today, is a fireman.

David loved the fire service, and he loved me. Although I did not understand it at times, I respected his service and commitment. He often spoke of “the brotherhood.” He would travel to different firefighters’ funerals, with me in tow. I felt “the brotherhood” when he passed. WTFD took care of me in my crisis. God bless our firefighters. I’m still active on the women’s auxiliary. I want to be a part of “the brotherhood” because I now understand it. I know being in the fire service in any capacity will make him smile. I’m now a part of the service.

David was the beloved husband of Patty Rahe Knapke, devoted father of Daniel Knapke, stepfather of Maggie and Brady Giles, dear son of Emma Wuest Knapke and the late Robert J. Knapke, and caring brother of Jody Eaton, Mark Knapke, and the late Dr. Wayne Knapke.
When Patrick was in high school, he decided that he wanted to be a firefighter. After graduating from the University of Cincinnati with a degree in fire science, he followed his dream by working for the Colerain Township Fire Department for six years. He also worked for the Fairfield Township Fire Department. Both of these positions were part-time, though, and Patrick really wanted to be a career firefighter. He had his eyes set on working for Hamilton Fire Department, where some of his friends had gone on to work. In April 2015, he got his full-time job at his dream department. Pat loved his time spent with his fire department brothers and sisters. He would always share funny YouTube videos he found online with his coworkers. Patrick loved cooking at the firehouse (and at home), as well as finding the best deals at the grocery store!

Patrick never missed the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation golf outing. He loved to golf, and he felt it was important to always support the families of his fallen brothers and sisters. I didn’t truly understand why it was so important to him until now.

Outside of work, Patrick was an amazing husband, son, brother, and uncle. He loved to make friends and family laugh and would often tease his niece or be found reading to his nephew. Although Patrick had many interests and hobbies, we like to joke about his love of doing laundry!

Patrick and I were together for five years before getting married in May 2015. We met through his sister, Emily, who set us up on a blind date.

After Patrick’s death, we established the Patrick Wolterman Memorial Scholarship at Roger Bacon High School. We feel he would be very proud of this, maybe as proud as we are of him. We treasure our memories with him. We remember the man he was, the life he lived, his dedication to his community, and we are always reminded of what a gift he was to us. He loved his family more than anything. He cherished his firefighter brothers and sisters.

We miss Pat terribly, but we know he would be proud of us for carrying on his legacy of helping others.
Captain Jason Eric Farley was three weeks short of his 20th anniversary with the Claremore Fire Department when his station received a call to assist members of the community out of a housing addition that had been flooded. Captain Farley was swept into a storm drain and drowned before members of his team were able to rescue him.

Jason was a loving husband, father, son, and brother. He was married to his wife, Shelli, for 22 years and leaves behind a 16-year-old daughter, Hannah. He was an active member of the communities where he lived and worked. Jason lived life to its fullest and never missed an opportunity to travel and participate in any and all types of games and sports. Jason was larger than life, and his brothers at the fire department will always remember him as the king of practical jokes, especially pranks involving water.

To the community he served, to his friends, and to his family, Jason will always be remembered as a hero.
Remembering

Brandon Seth Ricks was born to Debra and Melvin, in Chickasaw, Oklahoma, on November 15, 1974. In 1998, he moved to Louisiana to go to aircraft mechanic school while working for T&M Aviation. He fell in love with the aircraft world and became a pilot, moving up the ladder to become one of their top pilots. He loved his job; they were our extended family.

He loved flying and said, “I feel so much peace in the air; I feel the closest to God there.” He was a humble, grounded man, well-loved in the forest community and among his peers. He started working wildland fires during the off season and loved concentrating on keeping that bucket still while flying his helicopter. If there was an opportunity to push himself to be better, he always overachieved it!

On March 30, 2015, Brandon was working a controlled burn when something went wrong with the helicopter. He was such an amazing pilot that he only hit three trees coming down and landed in a big enough spot for his helicopter. He saved all of them that day, but there was only one survivor. My husband and his copilot, Steve Cobb, went home to be with our Lord.

Brandon’s faith grew by leaps and bounds in the years prior to his death. He always had a huge heart, but he became more observant and talked about an inner peace that he had never felt before. He always referred to his favorite Bible verse, Isaiah 40:31: But those who wait on the Lord, Shall renew their strength; They shall mount up with wings like eagles, They shall run and not be weary, They shall walk and not faint.

Besides faith, family was most important to Brandon. When he came off the road, he flew over the house, tipped his rotary blade, waved at us with a big cheesy grin, and flew off to the airport. When he pulled up to the house, our sweet, amazing kiddos would rush past me and leap into his arms. While he loved on our babies, playing with them and asking and answering questions, he did not take his eyes off me! He would gently peel the kids off, walk towards me, and kiss me three times. We were married for 13½ years, and it was a fairy tale marriage. With faith, God, and our little family, we were well loved and cherished.

Brandon is deeply missed in the forest community and by his wife, Colleen, and his two children, Kaitlynn (13) and Hunter (11). His family of both amazing sets of parents, his brother, nephews, niece, grandmother, aunt, uncle, cousins, and T&M Aviation family will miss him for a lifetime. With time, the good memories, laughter, and amazing stories come more easily. I am his forever and always widow, and he is my forever and always first love.
Firefighter Jeffrey Scott Buck Jr., 18, from Lawrence Township Volunteer Fire Company #1, responded to a structure in the borough of Clearfield with his company on March 3, 2015. While exiting the building, the porch roof collapsed on him, trapping him under the roof. On March 9, after six days of fighting for his life, Jeff Buck succumbed to the injuries he sustained during that last call.

Jeff was born February 18, 1997, to Jeffrey “Scott” and Pam Buck. Jeff grew up playing baseball, football, basketball, and soccer. He also played trumpet in his middle school band. He loved to hunt and fish every time he got the chance. His love for firefighting started early in his life, as both parents were volunteer fire personnel. Jeff grew up at the fire hall. From his birth through his teens he was there learning, watching, and waiting for his turn. As soon as he could become a junior firefighter at the age of 14, he did! He would take any training he was allowed and took many classes more than once.

On March 13, 2015, Jeffrey was made honorary lieutenant at Lawrence Township Fire Department #1. He was awarded the Purple Heart for First Responders later that year.

Jeff would do anything for anyone. He had a very kind heart and wanted to help. He was available for anyone who needed a shoulder to cry on or an ear to listen or just to make them laugh. Everyone who met him liked him.

He was a senior at Clearfield Area High School, where he studied diesel mechanics. He loved working on engines, especially race cars. He worked for a while at Jim’s Sports Center and also as a mechanic at the local truck stop. Jeff was accepted to start NASCAR Technical Institute after high school graduation. He was ready to start the next chapter of his life.

Jeff and his fiancée, Katlyn Mitchell, were expecting a son. Landen Matthew Buck joined the world on July 28, 2015, four months after his father’s death. Jeff was extremely excited to meet his son. He would have been the best father.

Jeff is survived by his parents, Scott (Cathy) Buck and Pam Buck; his son, Landen; his fiancée, Katlyn Mitchell; his brothers, Terry Blake, Justin and Mason Buck, and Melvin Swanson; his sister, Amanda Rhodes; his paternal grandmother, Bertha Buck, and his maternal grandparents, Robert and Beverly Roseweir; many aunts, uncles, and cousins; and his firefighter brothers and sisters. He was preceded in death by his sister, Reba Buck.

Jeff loved life and everyone in it. He was taken way too soon, but he left doing what he loved. Jeff will forever be in our hearts.
John J. Doster was born in Fallsington, Pennsylvania, in October 1919. John moved to the Edgely section of Levittown, Pennsylvania, when he was a child and resided there until his death. John served as chief for 25 years and also as president of the Edgely Fire Company in Levittown during his time. John was a lifetime member of the Edgely Fire Company. As chief, he was instrumental in bringing new technology and advances to the department.

John served as one of the first fire instructors in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He also served as Bristol Township fire marshal, assistant Bucks County fire marshal, and was a recipient of the National Volunteer Fire Council Lifetime Achievement Award. John was recognized as the longest serving volunteer in the state of Pennsylvania, serving a total of 82 years until his passing. John served as fire police captain and responded to his last call in that capacity.

John devoted his life to the wellbeing of the community. His favorite line was, “You join the fire department to save life and property,” and John lived by that motto. John was awarded a Life Saving Commendation for a rescue of a pregnant woman from an apartment fire in 1979, where he suffered a heart attack.

John served as a corporal in the United States Army during World War II and fought in North Africa. He was awarded the Purple Heart for injuries he sustained during the battle. John was also awarded the Bronze and Silver Stars.

John was married to Lydia Wright until her passing and had two sons who served in the Edgely Fire Company, carrying on their father’s legacy. His son John became chief after his father stepped down due to medical issues. John’s family remains involved in the fire service in Bucks County.
Patrick A. Nader, age 25, passed away at his home on February 7, 2013.

On July 30, 2010, while on the way to the West Newton Volunteer Fire Department for a fire call, Pat crested a hill less than ½ mile from his home and faced traffic that had been diverted into his lane for road construction. He swerved to the left to avoid a motorcycle that was the front vehicle in a line of traffic. While attempting to avoid a collision, Pat’s car skidded on loose material on the road, and his car hit a telephone pole. He was flown to Allegheny General Hospital, where he learned in the emergency room that his spine was severed and, at the age of 23, he would be a quadriplegic. In the coming months, Pat had two surgeries on his spine, two tracheotomies, and was dependent on a ventilator for breathing and a feeding tube for eating. After five months, Pat was weaned from the ventilator and was finally able to eat on his own again. He spent another month in physical therapy, and we brought him home in February of 2011.

Pat graduated from Yough High School in 2005. He didn’t like high school, and I think we spent more time at the school than Pat during his senior year. On the contrary, when it came to being a first responder, he took every class and training available to him. His final class, the swift water rescue, was by far the one that he looked forward to the most.

Pat loved being a first responder. As soon as he was old enough, he joined the Turkeytown Volunteer Fire department as a junior firefighter. The department was close to our house, and when there was a fire call, he would run to the station. He also worked the fire department’s weekly bingo and loved to go with the department to the local elementary schools for fire prevention week. In 2007, he joined the West Newton Volunteer Fire Department, where he eventually earned the rank of lieutenant and was named Firefighter of the Year in 2011. Pat was also an EMT and an organ donor.

Patrick A. Nader was born on April 1, 1987, the son of Joseph and Jacqueline Nader of West Newton, Pennsylvania. His grandparents are the late Ernest and Aldora Carson of Banning, Pennsylvania, and the late Joe and Nancy Nader of West Newton, Pennsylvania. He has an older brother, Joe, and a beautiful niece, McCartney. McCartney was the light of his life and could make him smile and laugh on his darkest days!

Forever in our hearts!
Wrightsville Steam Fire Engine & Hose Company No. 1 Fire Police
Lieutenant Curtis “Curt” Eugene Nordsick Sr. passed away while serving in the line of his duties on the evening of Sunday, April 19, 2015.

Curtis E. Nordsick Sr. was born April 28, 1943, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He was the son of the late Joshua Kennedy and the late Ethel Nordsick of Lancaster.

While serving his country in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War, he met his wife, Phyllis (Shoff) Nordsick, of Wrightsville. After his service in the Army, the two settled in the little town of Wrightsville, where they raised a family of six children, Deb Parker (Christopher), Curtis E. Jr., Robert “Buck” (Karen), Michelle, Shelly, and Bryan (Dory).

Curt’s skills and experience in the Army landed him a career as truck driver for Colonial Metals Company, where he retired in 2007 as the company’s traffic manager.

He was a dedicated family man and a tremendous grandfather to his ten grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Curt began his volunteer fire service career in October 1967 with the Wrightsville Steam Fire Engine & Hose Company No. 1. Curt selflessly served many communities as a fire police officer for the department and actively assisted with chicken barbeques, fundraisers, and community events. In 2008, Curt was recognized for having served 40 years of continuous service with the organization.

His service to the community influenced his grandson, Chad Livelsberger, to also volunteer, and Curt watched as Chad was appointed fire chief in 2012.

Curt was truly a pleasure to have around and was loved by all who knew him. We all hope to pass on Curt’s legacy of dedication and selfless service.
Remembering

Louis (Pop-Pop) Patti was born on January 28, 1948, in Philadelphia. Lou suffered from a stroke immediately following his return home from a fire call and passed away two weeks later. He is survived by his high school sweetheart and wife of 46 years, Jeanne; his daughters, Lori and Suzie; his sons-in-law, Tom and Charles; and his grandchildren, Tyler, Tori, Charlie, Chase, and Cameron.

Lou was a man who would do anything for anybody. He would always put his heart into finding the perfect gift or surprise for that special holiday or just because, even if it meant spending a ridiculous amount of money. He was also a man who loved his daughters and was the dad you could call no matter what, even if it was for ride late at night.

Lou was an incredible Pop-Pop and wore the title with pride. He was the grandfather at pre-school pick-up, took the kids to many play dates, and was the play counter, chain holder, and scorekeeper at ballgames and a coach. He was a friend, a member of the Warwick Township Republican Club, and president of his homeowner’s association. Lou spent his life doing what he loved, which included spending time with his family, vacations in Disney World and Sea Isle City, New Jersey. He loved Notre Dame, the Green Bay Packers, Mike and Ikes, and his iPad.

Lou wasn’t just Pop-Pop to his grandchildren; he was Pop-Pop to all. There wasn’t much he missed for his grandkids. You could always count on seeing him and Jeanne at all the events, most of the time with a bag of soft pretzels in his arms. He was the Pop-Pop that not only bought his grandkids treats at the snack stand, but any other kids that happened to wander up to him.

He wanted to be a firefighter his whole life, but this didn’t work out for him. About three years ago, he found a way to become an active volunteer with the Warwick Fire Police Department, something he truly loved. Before he passed away, a few of his friends from the department got the chance to visit and say good-bye. As they left they said, “Love you, Pop-Pop.”

Lou touched so many more lives than anyone could ever know and will forever be in the hearts of his family and friends.
Timothy Todd Peters was born October 5, 1968, to the late Warren D. Peters Sr. and the late Dawn Ann Stewart. The youngest of three children, he was raised in Pine Grove, Pennsylvania, a small, close-knit community where he lived his entire life.

He had a passion for helping others, and his becoming a volunteer firefighter was no surprise to his family and friends. From helping during one of the two floods that hit Pine Grove, where he served the community both as the EMA director for Pine Grove Borough and a volunteer firefighter, to helping coach one of the many sports that his children played, Tim was always there to lend a hand, an ear, or words of encouragement.

He graduated from Pine Grove Area High School in 1986 and participated in football and basketball.

In 1992, he joined Pine Grove H.H. & L. #1 Fire Company and was an active member for 23 years. Throughout his years he was president of the company and assisted with numerous committees.

Volunteering with the fire company wasn't enough for Tim to give back to the community, so he decided to run for borough council and was elected. While serving his term, he served as president of Pine Grove Borough as well.

With the fire company in his blood, he wanted to pursue a career that would help the community in other ways as well. He became an EMR, working for Tower Porter Fire Company in Tower City and the Goodwill Fire Company in Minersville.

As if that wasn't enough, Tim was involved in his children's sports. He coached soccer, where he was also a past president of the PGAYSA; coached football and served as general manager; and coached baseball. He was also the president of the high school track and field booster, even though he had no child old enough to participate.

Timothy is survived by his wife, Alexandra; his children, Kayla, Zachary, and Taryn; sister, Valerie Johnson (Gary); his Pine Grove H.H. & L. #1 Fire Company brothers and sisters; and a host of family and friends.

His dedication and love of helping others is a special bond he shared with this fellow firefighter and EMS family, which will continue to live on through their dedication in continuing down the same path.
Remembering

Edward was born August 14, 1966, in Somerset to parents Henry Marine and Nancy Dunmeyer. After graduating from high school in 1985, he had two children from his first marriage, Courtney and Travis. After raising two children of his own, he remarried on August 3, 2001, to his wife, Donna, and took on the role of being a stepfather to her eight children, Heather, Kerry, Kayla, Joseph, Kristopher, Brandon, Dusti, and Dakota.

During his years of life, Ed took on many jobs and opportunities. He was a head cook at Bonanza for a few years, then worked for a beer distributor before going to school to learn more about becoming an EMT. He ended his job career at Herring Motors as a wrecker driver. He was a volunteer firefighter from the age of 16, starting at Boswell Fire Department and then switching to Somerset Fire Department on April 4, 2011. Ed had always enjoyed helping others, keeping not only those in danger safe, but also his friends and family whom he cared for very much.

Despite having several jobs throughout his adult life, Ed always had time for family and friends. He enjoyed fishing, watching NASCAR races, going to fairs, watching truck pulls, and having cookouts with his friends and especially his family.

Even though he was taken too soon, Ed made an impact on many people’s lives. He will be remembered for his integrity, caring and outgoing personality, and his will to always lend a helping hand to those in need. He is survived by his wife, Donna, and her children; his two children; his brother Russ; and sisters, Glenda, Louann, and family.
William “Wille” Sensenich was born in 1946, weighing only three pounds and not expected to live. Fortunately, God had other plans.

Wille joined the Circleville Volunteer Fire Department in 1965, enlisted in the Army in 1966, and was deployed in the firefighting unit while serving his country with honor. Returning to his hometown, Wille worked as a welder and then in the maintenance department for the Norwin School District until his retirement. He was a CORE donor—Center for Organ Recovery and Education.

Committed to his community, Wille was an active volunteer firefighter for over 50 years. He never hesitated to respond. He was in the top ten responders for 16 years, many times as number one. Wille was fondly called the “Old Man” by his fellow firefighters. He often guided recruits or trainees into their first structure fire. Wille was old school—"you learn by doing.” He participated in the annual street fair, gun bashes, and bingo sponsored by the fire hall. He volunteered in schools teaching fire safety and giving tours of the fire station. Many children sent thank you notes saying Fireman Wille was their favorite part of the tour. Wille was a member of the Rapid Intervention Team and in earlier years, the safety officer and hose foreman for his department. Wille rescued not only people, but animals from pond, trees, sewers, and houses.

His fellow firefighters and rescue personnel were important to him. He never sought recognition for himself. Wille considered himself part of a team. Many times while on errands, the whistle would blow and the family raced to the car knowing that somewhere the fire department was needed. He instilled that type of dedication in his family.

Wille loved to fish, vacation at the beach, work in the yard, drink Coca Cola, and watch westerns. He had a great sense of humor, especially when his family pranked him. He would pretend to be mad, but the twinkle in his smiling blue eyes told a different story. But Wille’s greatest passion in life was his wife, four children, and six grandchildren. He met his true love on a blind date and married her five months later. He would often say, after 46 blessed years, “We’re still on our honeymoon.” He took great pride in his family, home, fire department, and any work he did. He was a quiet man, humble, well-known, and well-liked, often thanked for his selfless acts of kindness. Wille was a dedicated firefighter, beloved husband to Kathie; devoted daddy to Holly Jo, Bonnie, Wille, and Cindy; and proud Pap/Grandpa to William, Chase, Tressa, Dustyn, Johnny, and Katie. The standards set by this gentle hero will live on through his family.
Remembering

Sergeant Carlos Carrasquillo Pizarro was born May 18, 1953. His parents were Juan Carrasquillo and Rosa Pizarro. He was number eight of fourteen siblings.

His passion was always being a mechanic, cars and motorcycles. His favorite car was a 1972 Camaro named the “Green Wasp.”

At the age of 21, he was married to Lourdes Rivera, and they had four children, Carlos Jose, Karla Michelle, Rafael Angel, and Jorge Luis. He was a grandfather of thirteen and great-grandfather of two.

He joined the Puerto Rico Fire Department July 1, 1994, completing a total of 20 years of service. In 1996, he was selected Firefighter of the Year. Carlos was very honest and sincere and didn't like lies. He would correct anybody on the spot with his regular phrase, “No, sir.” He was a 24/7 firefighter and a role model.

On September 23, 2014, he lost his life at 61 years of age in a car accident while driving towards the Fajardo District to deliver a water truck. The truck was supposed to be delivered the next day to the Vieques municipality to facilitate water to different communities.

He always said he was going to die serving Puerto Rico with his boots on.
Stuart Gregory Hardy, 31, was an EMT and firefighter with Burton Fire Department. Firefighting was not just his job, but his passion and love. Although he was only with Burton for a short time, his brothers will tell you that it seemed as if he had been there for years. Stuart had a way of making you feel like you were his best friend, a way of making you laugh, and a way of bringing sunshine to even the bleakest of moments. He was a genuine nice guy who cared for those around him and was always looking for a way to help those in need. This is probably why he found a calling in firefighting after his service in the Marine Corps. Stuart was a sergeant in the Marine Corps and served ten years, with two tours in Iraq, before deciding to leave the military service. He was a man of service and went from serving his country to serving his community.

Stuart believed in helping others and was one of those people that would give you the shirt off his back if he needed to. His career choices were always focused on serving, as was his personal life. Stuart served on a mission to South Sudan, Africa, with his church and always said that he left a piece of his heart there. He wanted to do more and was looking for his next opportunity to go and attend to the people of South Sudan.

Firefighting and missions were not Stuart’s only love and passion, but his three beautiful girls held his heart and were his true love. Alesandra, Savannah, and Madeline had their daddy wrapped around their fingers. He was always sneaking his girls treats and running around the house playing hide and go seek. When he was home, the laughter always seemed to be a little louder and the giggles seemed to last a little longer.

A great man was lost—a husband, father, brother, son, friend, and hero. He was a man with a passion and love for others that touched everyone he met. He will be truly missed by all that knew him and had the pleasure of listening to his stories and hearing his laughter. His children will grow up knowing that their father was a true hero and that he loved them more than anything in this world.
He was known to friends and coworkers as “Ken,” but to family and close friends he was “Kenny.” He was born in Buffalo, New York, on July 25, 1962. Kenny came from a very large family. With seven sisters and seven brothers and with three brothers living elsewhere, it was a recipe for mischief. He could tell childhood stories that would make you laugh so hard it hurt.

While serving in the United States Marine Corps in Hawaii, he met his wife, who was serving in the United States Navy. Ten months later they were married. On February 15, 2015, Sandy Springs Fire Department’s tones went out for a motor vehicle accident. Kenny kissed his wife three times, as usual. He said, “I love you. I’ll see you in a little while.” And out the door he went. They were seven months away from celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary. Kenny was hit and killed instantly by a Suburban driven by a very intoxicated driver that did not stop.

Kenny loved bonfires and being outdoors. It didn’t matter if it was in the middle of summer and 90 degrees outside. Many bonfires were shared with many friends and family. It was at a bonfire that his best friend asked his wife if she was going to “let him” join the fire department. Her response was, “He is a grown man and can make that decision on his own, but what I will do is continue to support him whatever he decides.”

In his first year, he was awarded the newest trainee with the shortest time with the fire department, but had the most hours of training. He loved it. He worked hard and trained hard. He always had been the one to offer a helping hand. He was the kind of person that would give you the shirt off of his back with a huge smile on his face. Kenny loved life, and you could see it every day in his smile. He was known for his sense of humor and never met a stranger. He was kind, strong, humble, reliable, determined, proud, and caring. He was the best father and husband anyone could ever wish for.

He will always be missed by his brothers and sisters at Sandy Springs Fire Department, his coworkers and friends at Clemson University, his family in Ohio and New York, and his mother-in-law who loved him like a son. Most of all, he is missed always and forever by his wife and his two teenage sons.
Remembering

Tyron Weston was born on December 11, 1963, in Columbia, South Carolina, to Rebecca Weston and Cyrus “Sonny” Weston Sr. He quietly departed this earthly life on Sunday, July 26, 2015, at Palmetto Health Richland. He was 51.

Tyron committed his life to Christ at an early age and was a member of St. Mark Baptist Church, where he sang faithfully in the sanctuary choir. He was educated in the public schools of Richland County and was a 1982 graduate of C.A. Johnson High School.

From August 1990 until his passing, almost 25 years, Tyron was a respected member of the Columbia Fire Department. He was also a member of the Firefighters Association. Throughout his tenure, he received recognition and numerous awards for his diligence and service. He spent his career working on first shift at Station 8 Engine 8, located on Atlas Road, before serving his last years at Station 31 Engine 31.

When Tyron was not serving with his brothers at the fire department he spent his time with family, fishing, COOKING, painting, or simply being a handy man.

Those left to grow from his love and to cherish his memories are his loving children, Ashley Weston of Charlotte, North Carolina, and Elliott Burgess of Fernandina Beach, Florida; his mother, Rebecca Weston of Columbia, South Carolina; his father, Cyrus Weston of Hopkins, South Carolina; two brothers, Anthony Weston and Cyrus (Annette) Weston, both of Columbia, South Carolina; four grandchildren; and a host of nieces, nephews, other loving relatives, and friends, all of whom will miss him dearly.

Tyron Weston
Columbia Fire Department – South Carolina
Career Firefighter
Date of Death: July 26, 2015
Age: 51
Remembering

David “Dave” Ruhl was born on May 9, 1977, in Thornton, Colorado, to John Ruhl and Pamela Sachs. He graduated in 1995 from Whitewater High School in Whitewater, Wisconsin, and immediately joined the United States Coast Guard. He was an MK2 machinery technician on active duty during the Gulf War and was stationed on the USCG Mackinaw and USCG Chippewa. Dave was honorably discharged in 1999.

Dave moved to Pierre, South Dakota, and joined the volunteer fire department, including the rural fire department and rescue dive squad, to meet new people. He met his wife, Erin, while working for the Department of Corrections as a correctional officer. He loved to tell the story that he “met his wife in prison.” Dave and Erin were married on October 23, 2004, and blessed with two children, Tyler and Ava.

Dave's career with the U.S. Forest Service began in May 2001 with the Fort Pierre National Grassland as a seasonal firefighter, rising to the rank of assistant engine captain. In 2008, he transferred to the Dubois Ranger District in Dubois, Idaho, and became an engine captain. In 2010, he transferred to the Mystic Ranger District of the Black Hills National Forest. Dave completed many trainings and courses, and his proudest accomplishment was completing Technical Fire Management. He also passed along his knowledge to anyone who asked, along with teaching classes.

Dave loved being outdoors and could never really sit still. His hobbies included fishing, hunting, hiking, biking, hockey, or any other activity he could enjoy with his family and friends. Dave had a deep love for his faith, family, and life as a firefighter.

Dave took a 120-day detail as battalion chief on the Modoc National Forest, located in Adin, California. On July 30, 2015, he responded to the Frog Fire Incident, where contact with him was lost after he was scouting the fire on foot. Dave was recovered on the morning of July 31, 2015.

Dave loved every aspect of his life, but none was more important to him than his family. Whether he was at home involved in fires or several states away, he always checked in with his family to get updates on their activities and to let them know he was OK. Dave loved joking around and always had his favorite people to “pick on.” His laugh and sense of humor will be missed by everyone who knew him.
Remembering

Christopher Michael Blankenship was born in Jackson, Tennessee. Being a husband and father was his first love, and being a firefighter was his second love. He joined the Madison County Fire Department as a volunteer at Station 2 on March 3, 2004. He was a very dedicated firefighter and one of the first there whether it was training, working a scene, cleaning the station, or guiding a tour group. He had recently attended training to become an emergency medical responder, just one more way he wanted to be able to give back and help his community.

He had a big heart with true passion to help others. He put himself out there to protect others. He was always there willing to help however he could, with a smile, putting others before himself. He was always smiling, just a happy-go-lucky person. He didn't talk a whole lot, but anything that needed to be done, he was right there ready to do it. He was a family man. He had his fire department family, along with his home family, and he loved to talk about his children, Bailey and Chase. He was involved in all of their activities. We know he loved his wife and kids. You really couldn't talk to him without him saying how wonderful his family was. He was a member at Meridian Baptist Church. Chris honored his Lord and Savior as he went out in love to do what God had called him to do, as we know being a firefighter is a special calling.

Chris made the ultimate sacrifice on May 3, 2015, after a tree fell on him while he worked the scene of a car fire. He and his father-in-law were always on call and always ready. It’s easy to say he was in the wrong place at the wrong time, but he was always in the wrong places for eleven years, helping other people get out. Our fallen brother, Firefighter Chris Blankenship, will be greatly missed but never forgotten.
Terrence Morgan Pryor

Memphis Fire Department –
Tennessee

Career Lieutenant
Date of Death: May 25, 2015
Age: 48

Remembering

Terrence was born October 21, 1966, to Allen and Sherry Pryor. He married his high school sweetheart, Pamela, in 1988. Terrence and Pamela shared over 26 years together in a loving marriage and were blessed with two sons, Terrence Morgan Pryor II and Tyler Montrell Pryor.

Terrence was a God-loving, family-oriented, giving and serving man. He was a natural-born leader who loved to help others. He joined the United States Army reserve in 1988 and was later honorably discharged. Terrence continued on the path towards serving others through his career of over twenty years as a public service employee as a lieutenant with the City of Memphis Fire Department. Terrence received numerous accolades during his tenure with the City of Memphis Fire Department, including Officer of the Year. Terrence was an avid self-developer. He continued to develop himself as a graduate of Emerging Leaders Memphis 2014, and a recent student of the National Fire Academy (2015) in his pursuit to become a Fire Instructor. He was also a proud member of the Memphis Alumni Chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Incorporated.

Terrence was a passionate, gentle giant who loved to spend time with his family. Terrence was a self-proclaimed chef. He found joy in hosting family cook-outs where he cooked the majority of the food. He enjoyed showering his wife and sons with lavish gifts and vacations. He also loved to golf and participated in annual golf trips with his friends. He was not only a father to his two sons, but a father figure to other young men he encountered—he was a true “hero” and a positive role model for many.

Terrence loved football. He played as a child all the way up to his college years as a linebacker #92 for Memphis State. He was a passionate Pittsburgh Steelers fan! You would think he was the coach of the team; he and his friends would attend some of the games and have watch parties. Despite his untimely transition to heaven, Terrence touched many people around the City of Memphis, and his memory will continue to live on.
Captain Dwight Wayne “BB” Bazile Sr., 56, was born on June 14, 1958, in Houston, Texas, where he graduated from Forest Brook High School in 1976. In 1978, he graduated from the Houston Fire Academy. He soon after became known as “BB,” short for “baby boy,” because he was so young when he entered the fire department.

As one of the founding members of the Houston Chapter of the International Association of Black Professional Firefighters, he never turned down anyone in need of assistance. Captain Bazile was known to stand up for equality and justice for firefighters in Houston and across the nation.

Dwight Bazile is a name that is well known in the Houston Fire Department. In 2011 he, along with several others, won a lawsuit that changed the promotional process for officers in the Houston Fire Department. These changes met the standards other major cities had been using for years. This promotional technique, also known as “assessment,” used an evaluation process that reveals the best-qualified candidate by assessing job knowledge, situational judgment, and other abilities necessary to effectively carry out the job description of the position being evaluated.

Captain Bazile was also a licensed vocational nurse. He did numerous things in his community and in the community where he worked. Just minutes before his last house fire, he orchestrated a meeting to find help for an elderly lady who lived alone in his station’s territory. In the 37 years in which Captain Bazile served as a firefighter for the citizens of Houston, he spent nearly all of his time at station 46. Station 46 has always been one of the busiest stations in the city. With his years of service he could have elected to work at a less demanding station but he chose to work at Station 46 because of his admiration and love for that community.

On Thursday, February 19, 2015, while battling a house fire, Captain Bazile realized something was terribly wrong. After making it to his engineer operator, he soon collapsed. He fought as long as he could for nearly 48 hours. On Saturday, February 21, 2015, the gentle giant quietly passed away.

Captain Dwight Bazile will forever live in the heart of his family and in the Houston Fire Department. The same engineer operator Captain Bazile walked to that day in February was later promoted using the newer promotional process mentioned earlier and became captain of Captain Bazile’s last crew.

Captain Bazile lived and died serving the community he loved. He will never be forgotten.
Richard J. Cano was 35 at the time of his death. On the morning of November 22, 2015, Richard returned home from his 24-hour shift and went to sleep on the couch. At approximately 8:40 a.m., he began to have seizure-like activity, and his wife called 911. Arriving units found her performing CPR and began advanced life support care. He was taken to the hospital, where he remained unconscious in ICU for a week. On November 29, 2015, he passed away at the hospital.

Richard was born November 15, 1980, in Houston, Texas, to Janie and Manuel Cano, with an older brother, Chris. On July 5, 2005, he married his wife, Laura, before deploying on his first tour to Iraq. On May 13, 2007, while he was on his second tour in Iraq at Al Asad Air Base, his wife gave birth to their son, Sean, in North Carolina. Even with miles between them, he was able to be on the phone with her during the whole time she was in labor. Two days later he was able to meet his son via a video teleconference.

Richard was a Marine veteran with a rank of corporal when he got out. He was stationed at Marine Corps Air Station Cherry Point in Havelock, North Carolina. He served three tours in Iraq between the years of 2005 and 2009. He was a member of the Cy-Fair Volunteer Fire Department. When he wasn't volunteering for the department, he worked for AMR as an EMT. He was a member of the Lone Star Veterans Association and Operation Enduring Brotherhood. Being a Marine meant the world to him, and he wanted to help others.

In 2009, Richard got out of the Marine Corps and wanted to continue with his public service. He went to the fire academy at Lone Star College, where he became a certified firefighter and EMT. He spent over four years volunteering for CFVFD and doing what he loved. He was a people person and never met a stranger.

When he wasn't working on volunteering for the department, he enjoyed spending time with his family. He loved to participate in scout functions with his son. He enjoyed going to the beach with his family and traveling. During football season, every Sunday would be devoted to family football time. His favorite team, which he shared with his wife and son, was the Houston Texans. Every summer he would take family trips to various places. His most favorite was getting to take his son to Disney World.
Stacy Adren Crawford, 47, of Kerens, Texas, died December 19, 2015, after collapsing while participating in training exercises at the fire station. He had served as a firefighter for more than 20 years.

Stacy is survived by his wife, Darla Pate Crawford; his sons, Cody Crawford, Tyler Green, and Lane Green; his daughter, Paige Crawford; stepchildren, Chance, Matt, Kristle, and Taylor Massey; his brother, Bruce Franklin; sisters, Cathy Auerbach and Lee Ann Bain; nieces, nephews, and cousins.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Adren McClung Crawford and Willie Lee Paul Crawford.

Stacy A. Crawford
Navarro County Emergency Services District #1 – Texas
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: December 19, 2015
Age: 47
Remembering

Since the age of 14 Daniel had dreamed of becoming a full-time firefighter. He would jump the fence at his parents’ home to go spend time at the local fire station. As soon as he was old enough, he joined as a volunteer for the Camelot Fire Department.

At the age of 18 he joined the Army, where he received numerous awards as a military medic. He served in Iraq during Iraqi Freedom. While in the Army he continued to be a volunteer firefighter. He continued to follow his dreams of becoming a full-time firefighter. He was a volunteer firefighter for the Magnolia Fire Department. In 2013, he began working part-time for the Burnet Fire Department as a firefighter/EMT. In June of 2015, he began also working part-time for the Brady Fire Department. On September 18, 2015, he was offered his dream job. He was to become a full-time firefighter for the Brady Fire Department.

On the night of September 18, 2015, Daniel was killed in the line of duty while transporting a patient to the hospital for the Burnet Fire Department.

Daniel married his wife, Lisa, on October 15, 2011. They had two children together, Hunter and Madison. He also had two step-sons that he considered his sons, Brendon and Andy. The two most important things in the world to Daniel were being a firefighter and being a father. No matter what obstacles life threw at Daniel he would always overcome them. He would do anything for his family and friends. Daniel had fulfilled all of his dreams. He was a husband, a father, and had become a full-time firefighter.
Arlington Fire firefighter Donald E. “Don” Hogg answered his last alarm November 19, 2009. He contracted MRSA while caring for a patient. What he thought was possibly a pinched nerve, with no outward sign of MRSA, was actually his internal organs shutting down over a three day period. Once he was hospitalized, he died within twelve hours. He served Arlington Fire Department for 23 years.

Don was born August 28, 1960, to Bob and Peggy Hogg. He enjoyed serving others at a young age and always dreamed of being a firefighter. He was proud to become an Eagle Scout. He graduated from Berkner High School in Richardson, Texas, in 1978, then from Texas A&M University with a recreation parks degree in 1983. He met his wife, Jennifer, while at A&M, through Campus Crusade for Christ. They married after she graduated in December of 1984. They added his pride and joy, Dylan, to the family in 1993.

After graduating college, Don owned a remodeling business, but he never gave up on the idea of being a firefighter. He was hired by the Arlington Fire Department in February 1986. He received the Medal of Valor and Firefighter of the Year, was twice a member of the Crew of the Year, and was the recipient of the Chief’s Five Standards Award. Don was instrumental in development of the HAZMAT Team in 1988, with which he served 21 years. Don was always doing good, on and off the job; it was his high calling. If a neighbor’s washing machine flooded the house, Don not only cleaned up the mess, he took care of repairs, too. It is normal for firefighters to care for people, but for Don it was a full-time passion. He continually sought the difficult assignments, and all who worked with him continue to regard him as an outstanding firefighter and one of the hardest working men they knew.

Don served his community by being a member of the board for both Midlothian Parks and Midlothian Amateur Baseball Association. When the youth baseball teams needed a place to practice, he leveled his pasture and welded up a backstop. He served his family with the same passion, volunteering with his son’s school and baseball teams. Don shared a majority of his days off with his son, Dylan, imparting Godly values and teaching him life skills. An active member of Midlothian Bible Church, Don’s heart for his family and community was an extension of the deep love and grace he knew God showed him.

Don is survived by his wife, Jennifer; his son, Dylan; parents, Bob and Peggy Hogg; sister, Ann-Marie Hunter; brother, Chaly Balanza; Arlington Fire Department brothers; and a host of family and friends.
On Sunday, October 25, 2015, Larry died while responding to a medical call with the Lone Camp Volunteer Fire Department in Lone Camp, Texas.

Larry was born in La Marque, Texas, in 1957 and grew up in La Marque and La Porte, Texas, where he graduated from La Porte High School in 1977. After high school, Larry worked in the auto parts business until 2008. In 2002, he and his wife, Jo Lynn (Coupland) O’Neil, moved to Lone Camp near her family. Larry is survived by his wife, Jo Lynn; one son, Robert O’Neil, of Friendswood; and his grandson, Jordan, of Beaumont. He also has four brothers, Tommy, Donny, Terry, and Gary, all from the Houston area.

Larry became a firefighter at the age of 18 by serving with the La Porte Volunteer Fire Department. He continued serving with La Porte for 39 years, retiring as a lieutenant. Soon after relocating to Lone Camp, Larry joined the fire department there. He brought a wealth of knowledge and leadership skills, and he continued his service by mentoring the younger and inexperienced firefighters. He also continued getting education by completing first responder and beginning EMT classes.

Outside of the fire department, Larry loved taking care of his home and helping family members. He was always available to fix broken things and loved to cook, often feeding the whole family and his fire family as well.

One of the greatest joys of Larry’s life was his grandson, Jordan. He loved Jordan more than you can imagine. Jordan was just nine when Larry passed away, but those nine years were jam packed with fun things for Jordan. Larry first bought him an electric John Deere gator when he was only two and then a go cart and mini bike. They rode together, and Jordan loved being in Lone Camp with his granddad.

Larry was always ready to respond to someone in need. He believed in being prepared. That included having equipment ready and being trained to be the best firefighter you could be. His last call was exactly the kind he always wanted to be prepared for. He fought tirelessly to get a fire responder vehicle for Lone Camp, and that day he was driving it. The equipment on that truck helped responders administer aid to Larry, as well as taking care of the stroke victim the initial call was for.
Craig C. Starr, 44, passed away Thursday, December 24, 2009, doing what he loved—serving others. He suffered a heart attack while working at an EMS call.

Craig was born February 4, 1965, to Lanny H. and Berneice Faye Pingel Starr in Tremonton, Utah. He graduated from Bear River High School. He married Barbara Marie Schraeder on November 4, 1999. The most important thing to Craig was his children and grandchildren. He was a great provider and loved his wife with all he had.

He worked at La-Z-Boy for 15 years and at ATK for five years as a production specialist. He enjoyed volunteering as an EMT/firefighter and was serving as Plymouth fire chief at the time of his death.

He loved four-wheeling, camping, hunting, snowmobiling, and the outdoors. Craig was an elder in the Belmont 1st Ward and served with the Cub Scouts.

He is survived by his wife, Barbara; children, Angela (Tyson) Jensen, Brian (Kristina) Starr, Ryan Starr, and Zachary Starr; three grandchildren, Hunter, Hurley, and Damian; his mother and stepfather, Berneice and Art Peabody; his father and stepmother, Lanny and Arlene Starr; ten half-brothers and sisters, Richelle, Stephanie, Angie, Gary Allen, Wendy, James, Jason, Jeff, Justin, and Darren; three stepbrothers, Troy, Danny, and Bill; and one stepsister, Alice. He was preceded in death by his grandparents.
Ian David Haxton, 30, of Winchester, Virginia, died Saturday, June 6, 2015, in Arizona. A veteran of the U.S. Army, he was serving with the Veterans Fire Corps, which trains recent-era military veterans for careers in wildfire mitigation. Ian passed away unexpectedly while participating in a federal firefighter pack test.

Ian was born October 26, 1984, in Winchester, Virginia, the son of William Haxton and Robin Norris.

He married Megan Cowgill on April 13, 2013.

Ian was a beloved husband, father, son, brother, and friend. He also was a poet, enthusiastic woodsman, talented comedian, connoisseur of all things fine, and legendary bluesman.

In addition to his wife and parents, he is survived by his sister, Mollie Stanford, and her husband, Doug; and children, Myjestic, Alyssya, Jillian, and Kaitlyn.
Remembering

Richard Wheeler, 31, was born and raised in South Haven, Michigan. He married his wife, Celeste, in December 2012. They moved to Wenatchee, Washington, in April 2014 to pursue Rick's fire career.

Fighting fires was in his blood. He was a fourth-generation firefighter. He caught the fire bug in his early twenties, shortly after leaving Americorps. Rick held many seasonal fire positions with the U.S. Forest Service. For several years he worked for the Tatanka Hotshots of South Dakota. In between seasons, Rick would return to Michigan to attend Grand Valley State University. He earned his bachelor's degree in natural resources management in the spring of 2013. He planned on using his degree and seasonal work experience to obtain a permanent position with the Forest Service.

After moving to Wenatchee, he worked on an initial attack fire crew at the Wenatchee River Ranger District out of Leavenworth, Washington, for the 2014 season. For the 2015 season, he was working for the Methow Valley Ranger District engine crew based in Winthrop, Washington.

Rick loved anything to do with the outdoors. He was an avid fisherman, hunter, and hiker. He belonged to a church hiking group, and was known for placing extra weight in his pack as a challenge and to keep in shape for the upcoming fire seasons. He would always push himself to be the best he could be.

As a person who lived in each moment, Rick will be remembered for his smile, laughter, and energy. He hated sitting around. He was always trying to learn something new and was always finding new hobbies.

Rick will be remembered as a loving husband, brother, and son. He leaves behind wife, Celeste; parents, Karen and Randy Morey; and brothers, Jacob Morey, Nathan Morey, and Robert Wheeler.
Andrew Zajac was born October 20, 1988, to a close-knit family in Downers Grove, Illinois. Growing up he was an excellent student who also played the cello, played football, wrestled, and explored the nation’s great outdoors on trips with his family. Together they planted thousands of seedling trees on their sustainable forest land in Wisconsin, laying the foundation for a deep passion to care for nature, live lightly on the land, and just enjoy being outdoors.

Andrew graduated from Downers Grove North High School. He earned a bachelor’s degree from Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, where he played football and discovered a passion for the field of ecology. He earned a master’s degree in ecology from the University of South Dakota. While there, he met and fell in love with Jennifer.

Andrew and Jennifer hiked the Pacific Crest Trail from Canada to Mexico in the summer of 2013 and were married in November 2014 in an outdoor ceremony in the Gila National Forest. Their love of the outdoors brought them to Winthrop, Washington, where they began to set the foundation for a simple life together in the valley.

Andrew became a wildland firefighter for the United States Forest Service in May 2014. He was stationed for one season in the Gila National Forest and then moved to the Methow Valley Ranger District in Winthrop, Washington, in May 2015. Andrew was killed, along with Richard Wheeler and Tom Zbyszewski, on August 19, 2015, after their engine became entrapped during initial attack of the Twisp River Fire.

Andrew had a deep love for his wife and family. He loved the outdoors and was always up for hiking, bike riding, rock climbing, skiing, or other adventures. He enjoyed creating things with his own two hands if for nothing else than to better understand how things worked. He took great pride in all that he did. He was a gentle, loving, strong, independent, and intelligent man. He is missed more than words can begin to express.

Andrew is survived by his wife, Jennifer (Brown) Zajac; his parents, Jim and Mary Zajac; and his brother, William Zajac.
Remembering

Thomas Nelson Zbyszewski, 20, was born and raised in the Methow Valley, only a few miles from the location of the Twisp River Fire, where he lost his life trying to protect homes from the Twisp River Fire.

Tom loved academics. He was an exceptional student and had close relationships with his teachers. He was salutatorian of his 2013 high school graduating class. He was involved in math competitions, Knowledge Bowl, and Speech and Debate. He was the first runner-up for the Washington State Poetry Out Loud competition in 2013.

Tom had a close group of friends, many of whom he knew all of his life. For many years he practiced Taekwon Do, was a downhill skier, and was a member of the Methow Valley swim team.

He was very involved in the theater, performing in many plays at the local theaters and school. He truly enjoyed encouraging and supporting younger kids in theater productions.

After graduating from high school, Tom entered Whitman College in the fall of 2013. He was about to start his junior year as a physics major, with a minor in Chinese. He loved Whitman and had many friends there. From his first day of college, it became his new home, and he was excited about his classes and the academic challenges of that school. His interest in theater continued there, where he was in several productions during his freshman and sophomore years.

Tom loved his family and his friends, was happy and enjoyed life. He had an “old soul” and was kind and big-hearted. He saw value in every person that he met and always stuck up for the underdog. He had kind words for everyone.

Tom was in his second summer of being a firefighter, working for the Methow Valley Ranger District, a job that he loved. He was interested in the firefighting job because he grew up with the Forest Service, where his mother, Jennifer, has worked for 37 years, and his father, Richard, worked for many years. He liked the arduous physical work required for the job, but what he really loved was the camaraderie of the crew and being involved in the firefighting effort.

Tom loved the Methow Valley where he grew up and the people who live there. Everyone he was associated with enriched his life.

In his honor, his parents ask you to carry on his legacy: be kind, be happy, try new things, love with all your heart, and truly value everyone you meet.
On the night of February 5, 2015, my husband, Garry Rose, was doing what he loved, helping someone in need. He answered an emergency call, transported the patient to the hospital, and while completing his paperwork at the desk, he unexpectedly collapsed and died of sudden cardiac arrest at the age of 67. When someone you love is taken in this manner, there is the initial shock, then regrets and “what ifs.” After the shock, you realize he died doing what he loved. That night changed my life, my family, the fire department, and our community.

Members have stated that mornings at the firehouse are a little quieter and different, for he was a constant fixture there every morning. While others drank coffee, he went to the “Coke” machine to get a Pepsi. Yes, Pepsi. He loved his Pepsi. When members were down and upset, he would say to them, “Come give Daddy a hug,” in hopes to cheer them up. He was respected as a father figure and friend.

Garry was a 38-year member of the fire department, where he served as a lieutenant, safety officer, trustee, advisor, and a member of Project Life Saver, Search and Rescue. During his career of public service, he earned numerous “Star of Life” Awards and was a member of the first squad to receive the Stork Award. Due to his longtime commitment to the public, the department has honored his dedication with the annual Garry Rose Award, which recognizes the individual that exemplifies the hard work and dedication that he embodied during his career of service.

Besides volunteering at the fire department, he served three consecutive terms on City Council, Recreation Committee, and coached Little League softball. He also gave his time to the local soup kitchen, Special Olympics, and was an important advocate for the Miracle League of the Ohio Valley. He treasured his work with the Miracle League. He helped raise awareness and support for these little HEROES with disabilities.

On significant dates and holidays we have and will continue with our family traditions, because with these traditions come wonderful memories!!

After being with my husband for 45 years, every day I learn how to live without him. Every death is different and affects everyone differently. No one can tell you how or when to stop grieving. I will never be the person I was before February 5, for I am no longer whole. My better half is gone.

Garry is also survived by daughters Denise (Dave) Wheeler and Lisa (Chad) Gast; and five grandsons, Ethan and Logan Wheeler, and Broc, Heath, and Zane Gast (his basketball team).
Paul F. Walters II proudly lived a life of service to others. When the alarm sounded, Paul responded. This was true for all aspects of Paul's life. Paul was like a modern day Good Samaritan. Paul learned about service to his community from his late father, Paul F. Walters I, police chief of Bethlehem. However, some boys love fire trucks even more than they love police cruisers, so Paul joined the Bethlehem Volunteer Fire Department just as soon as he could, at age 16. Paul grew and advanced with his service in fire, rescue, and emergency medical work. Paul is one of only a few men who can boast that he loved fire and EMS work so much that he married the fire chief’s daughter, Rebecca L. Weisner. Together, Paul and Becky served the greater Bethlehem area proudly, tirelessly, and selflessly, until Paul's untimely death on October 11, 2014.

In the course of his service, Paul received many awards and achievements, including all officer classes, EMT-B, state paramedic champion, Pro Board certification (242nd in WV), HAZMAT operations, certified OSHA, and fire instructor.

Paul enjoyed his 39 years of service with the department, 25 of those years as chief. Bethlehem Fire Department members describe Paul as a leader, mentor, instructor, and friend. Paul served as a father figure to many of his junior firefighters. He was instrumental in planning and spec’ing the newest fire truck, which was dedicated in his honor in 2016.

Paul also enjoyed his vocation as a licensed journeyman electrician. Many work hours were spent performing supervisory and safety duties. Paul was a member of IBEW Local 141.

As a member of St. John's Evangelical Protestant Church, Paul was on the church council, a deacon, lead electrician/maintenance man, and head chef in charge of the spaghetti sauce for the annual fundraising spaghetti dinner.

Service and dedication defined Paul’s life. Paul was possibly one of the last of a vanishing breed. Former Chief Robert Weisner Sr. recalled examples of Paul's service to his community, “After going to a home that had a fire, with no smoke alarms, he made sure that they received a free smoke alarm and installed it. When the power was off, he loaned portable generators and oxygen tanks to people with medical problems. He would have crews help pump out flooded basements after storms. Due to the increase in oil/gas wells in the area, he made sure that all fire department members had HAZMAT training to keep everyone prepared.”

Paul was also very proud of his members and their dedication to their community. Paul F. Walters II helped to create our future, and in this manner he continues to serve us to this day.
Leslie W. “Les” Fryman, born October 9, 1956, son of Robert Fryman and Don & Leah Grahl, was the third of six children. Les was a fix-it guy early in life and could be found working with chemistry sets or tinkering with small appliances while his siblings were outdoors playing. Raised in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Les graduated from Goodrich High School in 1975.

Les loved playing Trivial Pursuit, watching the History Channel, and riding his Harley. Les attended Tae Kwon Do classes for six years and earned his Black Stripe belt. For 15 years, Les & Phyllis spent weekends line dancing. This was their time to forget work. Les was a Christian who loved reading and researching the Bible. Even though Les was a quiet man, he had a super sense of humor and delivered appropriate one-liners.

Married for 39 years to Phyllis, Les was a devoted husband who put his family first. Les and Phyllis had one daughter, Alyssa, who developed marvelous musical skills to her father’s delight. Alyssa blessed them with three grandchildren. Les’ grandchildren were the light of his life. His grandchildren would sit with Grandpa in his recliner as a “Grandpa sandwich” to enjoy watching cartoons or movies together.

As a firefighter, he was a member of the Eldorado Volunteer Fire Department and then joined the Rosendale Volunteer Fire Department, where he was a member for 21 years. During that time, he was also a Rosendale Area First Responder. He thoroughly enjoyed being the pumper operator and spent countless hours at the fire station.

Les also volunteered for the Red Cross, ALERT Radio team, and Civil War Reenactment. As a Red Cross volunteer, he responded to finding housing, food, clothing, and medical needs for displaced people. The ALERT team did security for community events and storm spotting for FDL County. As a history lover, Les enjoyed the involvement in the Wade House Civil War Reenactment.

Over the years, Les held a variety of jobs. He worked for Pinkerton Security and Mercury Marine. Then he and Phyllis owned and operated their own radio/sound system business for 20 years. He worked two years for Quadgraphics and then owned a home remodeling business for six years. His last employment and the job he absolutely loved was doing maintenance at Baker Cheese in St. Cloud.

When Les passed away, he was doing what he loved—selflessly giving of his time to help others. He was responding mutual aid with a neighboring fire department to a garage fire, when he collapsed in the fire truck. The fellow Rosendale firefighter driving the truck came to his aid, transporting him to the nearest hospital. Les passed away on January 21, 2015.
Remembering

Larry was a simple soul that loved helping others any way he could and any time he could. He attended Montello High School and graduated in 1979. He worked at Cardinal Glass in Portage. He married Sandra Kay Smith, the love of his life, on May 30, 1981.

Larry’s joy was helping others. He was a volunteer firefighter since 1981. He would always put his needs to the side and drop everything for anyone in need. He truly was an everyday hero. He loved bagpipe music, all Celtic music, and camping. Quality time spent with family and friends was the thing he treasured most. When it came to his grandchildren, he was a kid at heart, and they all adored him.

He was the most simple of men with the biggest of hearts.

Lawrence W. Millard

Endeavor Moundville Fire Department – Wisconsin
Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: December 11, 2015
Age: 56
Michael “Peanut” Miller received his last alarm on June 20, 2015. He was found unresponsive by his Station #3 crew early that morning after a rescue run.

Michael was born on September 22, 1969, and graduated from Washington Park High School in Racine, Wisconsin, in 1987. He was an avid soccer player throughout his school years, playing for the Racine Area Soccer League. After graduation from high school, Michael worked as a graphic arts technician for a local company until his decision to join the United States Air Force in 1991. It was during his time in the Air Force, while stationed at Chanute Air Force Base, that Michael met the love of his life, his wife, Melanie. It was also during this time that Michael found his true calling, firefighting.

After leaving the Air Force, Michael joined the Pleasant Prairie Fire Department in Pleasant Prairie, Wisconsin, where he also trained to become a paramedic.

On June 30, 1994, Michael and Melanie welcomed their son, Cameron Patrick, into this world. Cameron was his father’s greatest joy, and they were inseparable. Loving the outdoors, they spent many outings together hunting, fishing, and kayaking.

In 1997, Michael joined the Green Bay Metro Fire Department and was an 18-year veteran of the department. He received his nickname, “Peanut,” while at his first station, and from that day forward was always referred to as “Peanut” or “Nut.” He was happiest while on duty, serving his community, always with his infectious smile and quick wit. He loved life, to laugh and, most of all, his family.

He is truly missed by his brothers on the department and his family.
Dale was a 1973 graduate of Rhinelander High School. After serving in the Navy, he returned to his hometown and worked at Silent Knight Security Systems, installing hoods in kitchens and working with fire extinguishers. He had a passion for playing around with fires, so he joined the Pine Lake Volunteer Fire Department and started learning the ropes.

He met Jan, and they married in October 1983. In 1985, their son, A.J., was born and diagnosed with cystic fibrosis, which required frequent hospital care. To help pay the medical bills, Dale applied for a full-time job with the Rhinelander Fire Department. He was hired in 1989. Dale and Jan bought a house, and Dale continued his career, moving up to driver/EMT. Their second child, Brandon, was born in 1991. For three years, Brandon was very healthy, but he was also eventually diagnosed with CF. We were told life expectancy in children with CF was maybe 16.

As the kids grew, we made many trips to Marshfield to see medical specialists. Family time was very important. On his days off, Dale did lots with the boys—fishing, hunting, and partridge hunting. Jan, a stay-at-home mom, was part of all of this, except the deer hunting; that was for the guys. Brandon spent a lot of time in the hospital receiving breathing treatments and IV antibiotics.

Dale continued with his career, taking EMT courses and becoming an instructor at Nicolet College. He ran the EMT station at Hodag Country Fest. In 2010, A.J. married Ellen. It was a very special time. The boys were 20 and 26; they had beaten the 16 mark! Brandon moved to Oshkosh for a job, taking care of his health the best he could. In 2012, he became ill with pneumonia and passed away on June 26, at age 21.

In 2013, Dale became deputy chief until his retirement in January 2015. Dale and Jan enjoyed their time together and had many plans. Dale decided he would volunteer again as a firefighter with Pine Lake, where A.J. was also a captain. It was really special for both of them to serve the community.

The night before Dale’s death, he took an EMT run, and that night he was fine. The next day, Jan found him unresponsive and not breathing.

We had to postpone Dale’s funeral until A.J. came home from the hospital. It was a beautiful LODD funeral that Dale so much deserved. The night of Dale’s funeral, A.J was flown back to Marshfield with complications to his lungs and kidneys. Jan stayed with A.J. and Ellen, knowing she had to keep going to support her daughter-in-law. They had two angels looking down. On July 10, A.J. joined his brother and his dad.

Jan and Ellen have a special bond that will always hold together until they meet up with “their boys.”
“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. A Young Adults Retreat and Colorado Outward Bound School experience provide skills to deal with grief for children of fallen firefighters.

**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. In 2016, a section was added honoring firefighters who died before the national memorial was established in 1981.
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3rd Annual Missouri Fire Service Funeral Assistance Team Golf Tournament

3rd Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament of Connecticut

3rd Annual Play It Forward Golf Tournament, Courtland, AL

3rd Annual Protectowire Open, Plymouth, MA
Altra Industrial Motion Corp
Massachusetts Code Compliance
Rockland Trust

3rd Annual Southeast Wisconsin National Fallen Firefighters Golf Tournament

5th Annual Maryland Fire Chiefs Association Golf Tournament, Hagerstown, MD

5th Annual NFFF Fort Wayne/Allen County Memorial Golf Tournament

6th Annual North Texas Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament

7th Annual Greater Cincinnati Regional National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Golf Fundraiser
1-800-BoardUp
Gold Star Chili, Inc.
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7th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Chicagoland Memorial Golf Tournament
AMITA HEALTH Adventist Medical Center – Glen Oaks
Addison Fire Protection District/Addison Professional Firefighters Local #4727/Addison IL Firefighters Association
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7th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Golf Outing

7th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament of South Florida

8th Annual Central California Fallen Firefighters Golf Tournament

8th Annual Erie Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament, PA

8th Annual Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament, Geneva, IL

8th Annual SEPA Regional Fallen Firefighters Foundation Memorial Golf Outing, PA
McMenamin Family ShopRites
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8th Annual Utah National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Memorial Golf Tournament

9th Annual Central Ohio Fallen Firefighters Golf Tournament

9th Annual NFFF Southern Arizona Benefit Dinner and Golf Tournament

9th Annual Raleigh Area NFFF Golf Tournament, NC

9th Annual Rochester, New York National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Golf Tournament
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Chili Fire Department
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           QALO
           Scott Safety, A Tyco Business
Firehouse Expo 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, MD
           Baltimore City Fire Department
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           Mission BBQ
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           The Westin Peachtree Plaza
Grand Rapids 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, MI
J.P. Taravella High School 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, Coral Springs, FL
Juneau 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, AK
Kalamazoo 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, MI
Knoxville 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, TN
Lancaster 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, PA
LiftMaster Memorial Weekend Stair Climb
Lynchburg 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, VA
Nashville 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, TN
National Stair Climb for Fallen Firefighters presented by United Technologies
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Prince George's County 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb & Walk, MD
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VCOS 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb, Clearwater, FL
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Yellow Springs 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb at Antioch College, OH
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The National Fallen Firefighters Foundation greatly appreciates the support received from our volunteers who coordinate golf tournaments and stair climbs.
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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.
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*A special thank you to the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation staff and contractors who work tirelessly throughout the year to assist and support the families and coworkers of fallen firefighters.*

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<td>Jenny Woodall</td>
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<td>Amy Tippett</td>
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<td>Kimberly Van Orden PhD</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
Raymond G. Araujo Jr. • Richard D. Arazosa • Sheldon Barocas • Dwight “BB” Bazile • Michael G. Behette • Sean M. Benson Sr. • Christopher M. Blankenship • Jeffrey Scott Buck Jr. • Steven R. Burroughs • Richard J. Cano • Daniel V. Capuano • Scott D. Carroll • John J. Cassidy • Jerry “Bear” Celecki • Roy W. Chelsea • Zachary Chase Clevenger • Shane Michael Clifton • Steven W. Cobb • Floyd E. Coon • Michael “Coop” Cooper • John K. Corcoran • Michael B. Corn • Stacy A. Crawford • Richard L. Crosby Sr. • Terry Culver • Christopher J. Daniels • Kevin M. Delano Sr. • John J. Doster • Jason Eric Farley • Leslie W. ‘Les’ Fryman • Martin T. Fullam • John T. Gallagher • Daryl Eugene Gordon • Dwight “Hed” Greer • Timothy T. Gunther • Michael S. ‘Mikey’ Hallenbeck • John J. Halpin • Daniel E. Hampton • Stuart Gregory Hardy • Emil Harnischfeger • Ian D. Haxton • Gregory J. Hennessey • Robert M. Hess • James Alan Hicks • Randy M. Hitit • Horning II • Billy Ray Jarvis • ‘Donnie’ Keith • David C. • Kenny Kruhler Jr. • Larry • Larry J. Leggio • Kenneth J. Eugene J. McCarey • Sean M. John Victor Mesh • Lawrence Miller • Michael “Peanut” • John P. Murray • Patrick A. Nader • Curtis E. Nordsick Sr. • John F. O’Neil • Larry Eugene O’Neil • Randall E. Parker Jr. • Louis D. Patti • Jacques W. Paulitre • Ronnie W. Peek • Timothy Todd Peters • Carl Christopher ‘Cowboy’ Phillips • Carlos Carcasquillo Pizarro • Terrence Morgan Pryor • Willie B. Ratliff • James P. Reily • Steven B. Reisman • Brandon S. Ricks • Edward J. Roddyy • Garry Rose • Jack Rose • David J. Ruhi • Clifford Robert Sanders • Joseph V. Schiumo • William O. Sensenich Sr. • Lawrence G. Sesso • John Liming Shoup • Robert S. Smith • Terry “Tyke” Sonner • Kenneth Michael Stanton Sr. • Craig C. Starr • Ricky G. Thurman • Christopher A. Tindall • Franck W. Tremaine • Barry W. Van Horn • Charles V. Wallace • Paul F. Walters II • Dale J. 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Remembering National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend
October 8–9, 2016

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