Remembering National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend
October 7 – 8, 2017
Emmitsburg, Maryland
A special American Flag was presented to the Fire Service Survivors in October 2014 by the National Honor Guard Commanders Association as a way of honoring the families of firefighters who have paid the supreme sacrifice to their community. The history, tradition, and meaning of the U.S. Flag parallel the significance of our culture and represent the core values of the American Fire Service.

As a sign of honor and respect, this flag was requested through the United States Congress in honor of all Fire Service Survivors. The flag was flown over the U.S. Capitol on June 14 (Flag Day). The flag then traveled to Emmitsburg, Maryland, and was flown over the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial. The Fire Service Survivors Flag then went to Arlington National Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia, The Wildland Firefighters Monument in Boise, Idaho, the IAFF Memorial in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and the Department of Defense Firefighters Memorial in San Angelo, Texas. These sites were selected as national representations of the agencies served by our fallen firefighters.

This special flag, dedicated to the Fire Service Survivor community, also represents the spirit of hope we receive from each other. The bond formed between the fire service survivor community and the community of honor guard members can only be described as special. We understand each other without speaking words; we know when a hug is needed without having to ask. We know and appreciate when to flip the switch from humor to seriousness, because we understand and respect each other. The U.S. Flag is a symbol of strength and unity, two characteristics survivors and honor guard members share. It’s no surprise then, that the presentation of a dedicated U.S. Flag further joins these two communities together.

The Fire Service Survivors Flag is posted at the family hotel during the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend. It is on display in the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Chapel at the Foundation and present at select Foundation events for survivors.
“Our debt to the heroic men and valiant women in the service of our country can never be repaid. They have earned our undying gratitude. America will never forget their sacrifices.”

– President Harry S. Truman
Before the National Fallen Firefighters 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 website at: www.firehero.org
36th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend ★ October 7 - 8, 2017
October 8, 2017

Since 1981, the fire service family has gathered in October at the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial in Emmitsburg, Maryland, to honor those firefighters who died while serving and protecting their communities. But it wasn’t until 1992 that Congress formally established the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation as the only organization to honor all firefighters – career, volunteer, wildland, military and contract – who died in the line of duty, and to offer support and comfort to their loved ones for as long as they want and need it.

All of us in the fire service realize we are members of a greater family. And we understand the need to take care of each other’s loved ones when tragedy strikes. For 25 years, the survivors of the fallen have counted on the Foundation for reassurance their loved one will never be forgotten and provide resources they will need as they rebuild their lives.

Today, the names of your loved ones join more than 3,500 others enshrined on the Memorial in tribute to the ultimate sacrifice they made in the line of duty. Each year, thousands of visitors pause to read the names and to pay tribute to their courage and sacrifice. They also pause to remember you, the families, co-workers and friends of the fallen, and reflect on the courage, sacrifice and inspiring strength you summon every day on your new journey.

We at the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation hold our mission dear. We are grateful to our friends, supporters and partners who make our work possible and who assist us in adapting to the evolving needs of the survivors and the greater fire service family.

Long after the Memorial Service concludes and you leave this hallowed ground, the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation remains committed to helping you find the support and comfort you may need. As we look to the future, the Foundation is resolute in our commitment to you, the survivors. We will travel this new journey together.

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

Sincerely,

Chief Dennis Compton
Chairman, Board of Directors
John Franklin “Johnny” Busbee of Wawbeek, Alabama, died Monday, October 3, 2005, at the age of 33.

Johnny was a native of Flomaton, Alabama, and resided in Wawbeek most of his adult life. He was chief of Wawbeek Volunteer Fire Department and an employee of the Town of Flomaton.

He loved the outdoors, especially hunting and fishing, and helping to coach his son’s Little League baseball team. Johnny attended Sardis Baptist Church with his wife and children.

Johnny had a big heart and was always helping his family, friends, and community. He loved being a volunteer firefighter and dedicated his life to serving the Wawbeek community. He will be forever missed by all, but never forgotten by any who knew him.

Johnny was survived by his parents, Frank and Margie Busbee; his brother, Ken; his wife, Trisha; his two sons, Corey and Skyler; and his daughter, Brynn.
Charlie was a good man. I loved him very much. He was a great husband and dad. Charlie was born on April 25, 1959, in Palmer, Tennessee. He went to Lynn High School. Charlie was a councilman for Natural Bridge for eight years. He was a member of the Lynn Volunteer Fire Department for several years. He enjoyed farming, talking, and spending time at the fire department, especially with his son, Austin.

Charlie was called “Charlie Ball” by his family. He is missed by many. Charlie and I were married for 16 years, but we were together for 23 years. I wish that he was still here; I miss him so much every day.

Charlie was the type of person that, if anyone needed help with something, he was always willing to help, even if he didn’t feel well. Whenever there was a fire call, he was there to do whatever he could. Even with his last fire call, Charlie didn’t feel well, but he went to do what he could to help.

Charlie is survived by his loving wife of 16 years, Lisa; sons, Austin Tucker and Stephen (Elizabeth) Rowe; brother, Lonnie (Joyce) Tucker Jr.; sisters, Susie “Tootie Fruity” Doll (Johnnie) Ergle, Carolyn “Beth” (Ervin) Mobley, and Connie (Mack) Robins; and special friends, Wayne (Betty) Horton and John Reed. He was “Papa T” to three grandchildren, Annabelle Vanderbrink, Mallorie Vanderbrink, and Autumn Rowe.

Charlie was preceded in death by his parents, Lonnie Lee Tucker Sr. and Annie Bell Tucker, and his brothers, Grady Tucker and infant Timothy Tucker.
Lt. Jason Adams of North Little Rock, Arkansas, served as a volunteer firefighter for ten years with East Pulaski County Fire Department (EPCFD) and was a career firefighter for four years with Sherwood Fire Department. On January 22, 2016, Lt. Adams responded to a medical call at a residence less than half a mile away from the home he shared with his fiancée, Jeannie V. De Meyere. That snowy morning, Jason was shot and killed by a patient who had reportedly suffered a seizure. He was 29 years old.

Jason was born on May 21, 1986, in North Little Rock, Arkansas. A two-time Hodgkin’s lymphoma cancer survivor and lifetime resident of North Little Rock, he graduated from Sylvan Hills High School in 2005. During a particularly difficult period of his cancer treatment, a volunteer firefighter responded to assist Jason. This brief interaction with a volunteer firefighter sparked Jason’s interest in the fire service. As soon as he was well enough, Jason joined EPCFD. He absorbed new knowledge like a sponge, and the spark ignited into a fully-involved love affair with the fire service.

In April 2012, after attaining IFSAC FFI and FF2, Jason was hired by Sherwood Fire Department. His quirky attitude and love of the fire service quickly made an impression on his new family of firefighters. Jason rapidly proved himself to be an asset to the department and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in May 2015. He became training lieutenant shortly thereafter and took an active role as a trustee of the Sherwood Firefighters Association, IAFF Local 4756.

Jason’s knowledge and passion for the fire service was also noticed by EPCFD, and he was promoted to the rank of training lieutenant in February 2014. Jason took this role seriously, often planning complex and well thought out scenarios for training nights. His dedication to training led him to become an adjunct instructor for the Arkansas Fire Training Academy in the fall of 2015. Jason had his first paid gig as an adjunct instructor just weeks before his death, assisting with live burn testing. It was an extremely proud moment for him and inspired a lot of planning for future training evolutions.

The loss of Jason was a mighty blow, not only to those who knew him, but to the fire service in Arkansas as a whole. Jason had a love of the fire service that was unparalleled and left a lasting impression on everyone he met. He felt that training was a well that could never overflow and that all members of the fire service, whether paid or volunteer, had a responsibility to pursue training and should continuously seek to improve themselves throughout their fire career.
Lancy Allen Crawford Sr., age 50, of Plainview, died Thursday, July 7, 2016.

He was born December 31, 1965, to B.L. and Audra Lee Smith Crawford.

He was a member of the Plainview Masonic Lodge #641 and a lifetime member of the Plainview VFW Post 8525.

He enlisted in the Army in 1984. SSG Lancy Crawford was a Field Artilleryman who served with Battery C, 1st Battalion, 206th Field Artillery Regiment, 39th Infantry Brigade Combat Team. SSG Crawford was a veteran of operation Iraqi Freedom II, during which time he deployed with his unit from 2004-2005.

SSG Crawford retired from the Army National Guard in April 2008. He is posthumously awarded the Order of Saint Barbara in recognition of his many years of service to the Field Artillery Community.

Lancy Allen Crawford Sr.
Plainview Volunteer Fire Department – Arkansas
Volunteer Firefighter
July 7, 2016
Age: 50
Shawna Lynn Jones was born in Lancaster, California, on December 8, 1993. There were six members in Shawna’s family: her mother, Diana Baez; father, Roger Jones; sisters, Jasmine Thigpen Jones and Ashley Jordan Frisch; brother, Daniel Pike; and her dog that she named Charlie Barkin Jones.

Shawna’s mother was in retail, and father was a musician. As a child, Shawna enjoyed taking classes in Jiu Jitsu and karate. She loved music and had a close circle of friends. Some of her happiest memories were sharing the love of a band named Matchbox 20 and listening about the happy times between her mother and father. Shawna’s hobbies were riding her skateboard and playing billiards.

Shawna made the ultimate sacrifice on February 25, 2016, while working as an inmate firefighter for California Department of Corrections.

While trying to overcome the mistakes of her past, Shawna discovered a new path in life through wildland firefighting.

She was very excited to continue her career in wildland firefighting when she was done with her time with California Department of Corrections. Shawna had a passion for sawyer work on the fire line and wanted to pursue this job in the fire service.

Shawna gave her life so that others may live.

Shawna L. Jones
California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation – California
Inmate Firefighter
February 26, 2016
Age: 22
Ryan S. Osler
Ventura County Fire Department – California
Career Engineer
September 21, 2016
Age: 38

Ryan Stewart Osler passed away in the early morning hours of Wednesday, September 21, 2016, in Lompoc, California, while responding to the Canyon Fire. Ryan and his partner were involved in a tragic accident involving their water tender as they were transporting water to the fire.

Ryan was born on August 29, 1978, in Camarillo, California, to Ralph and Cherie Osler. Ryan grew up in the Santa Clarita Valley, where he attended elementary school, junior high school, and graduated from Saugus High School in 1997.

Ryan is survived by his wife, Jennifer, his high school sweetheart. They would have celebrated their 16th wedding anniversary on October 7, only 16 days after his passing. Ryan is also survived by his two beautiful children, Amanda Rose and Brandon Stewart; his mother, Cherie; and his two sisters, Julie and Jeanine. He was preceded in death by his father, Ralph Stewart Osler, who retired as a fire engineer for Ventura County Fire Department.

Starting in high school, Ryan went after a career in the fire service by taking classes after school and then completing a fire academy at Oxnard Community College. Ryan began his career with Ventura County on the hand crew when he was 19 years old. Even at a young age it was evident that he was determined to give his all to pursue a professional career as a firefighter. In 2006, his dream of becoming a firefighter became a reality.

Both professionally and personally, Ryan was known as “that guy,” the one that could be trusted to do a job well, do it correctly, and give it everything he had. Known as “Otter” throughout the department, his reputation spread quickly as the guy who always had a strong sense of duty, offered a quick grin, and was the first to get dirty or offer a helping hand. He continues to be the example of kindness, honor, competence, and patriotism that defines a true hero.

Ryan would go to the ends of the earth for those he loved and even for those he did not know. That is what made him an exemplary firefighter.

Many things brought happiness to Ryan, but he found the most joy in showing his love for his wife and children by providing for his family and creating meaningful memories together.

Ryan is deeply missed by all, and he will be celebrated by generations to come. He is a true hero in every sense of the word. He is a hero to the community, a hero to his brotherhood, a hero to his friends, and a hero to his family. As strongly as he lived, so will his legacy.
Robert Oliver Reagan III was born January 3, 1981, in Hayward, California, to Robert Jr. and Patricia Reagan. Robert III was the second of four children and the eldest boy. The family moved to Oakhurst, California, when Robert III was five, and he attended school in the Oakhurst area all the way through high school.

Growing up, Robert was an outgoing child. At age nine he rebuilt his first motor, and from that point on he became very knowledgeable in all things mechanical, always fixing something, be it his own vehicle or someone else’s. His first job was at the local Chevron gas station when he was just 12 years old. Throughout his life he was a mechanic, a car salesman, a truck driver, and a heavy equipment operator.

In May 2004, Robert met Morgan; they were instantly drawn to each other. At the time, Robert was a long-haul truck driver and knew that there was no way they could build a true relationship without spending time together, so he had Morgan pack her bags and go with him. In October 2004, the two purchased their first semi-truck and began R&R Transport. Robert began operating equipment on fires in 2008 alongside many of his friends, something he did when he could take the time off from driving trucks. Robert’s dream was to own three trucks and a large piece of land. So after reaching the truck goal, he and Morgan purchased their home on 40 acres in September 2010. On August 10, 2011, the couple welcomed their first daughter, Aubrey, followed by their second daughter, Colbie, on September 11, 2014. Robert was an amazing father who loved his girls more than anything. He did everything in his power to provide them and Morgan with the best life possible.

On the day of his death, July 26, 2016, Robert was just coming on shift to cut fire lines on the Sobranes Fire in Big Sur, California, when the ground gave way under his bulldozer, causing the dozer to slide and eventually roll. Due to unknown circumstances Robert landed outside of the dozer, resulting in his death. Robert died doing what he loved, playing with big toys and trying his best to help others. Robert impacted many lives throughout his life and even more through his death.

Robert was preceded in death by his father, Robert Jr. Robert is forever loved by his wife, Morgan; daughters, Aubrey and Colbie; mother, Patricia; sister and brother-in-law, Hannah and Bonner Cunnings; sister and brother-in-law, Naomi and Randy Boggs; brother and sister-in-law, Daniel and Cynthia Reagan; Morgan’s family; 16 nieces and nephews; and countless friends who he considered family.
James “JB” Butler was born June 12, 1965, to James R. and Josephine M. Butler. JB attended the Derby school system and leaves three children, Sarah Butler, Julianna Butler, and James A. Butler. He was predeceased by his mother, Josephine, and leaves his father, James R., and two sisters, Barbara S. Butler and Janice M. Butler.

JB was very articulate and a natural-born leader. He was the third generation in the Derby Fire Department. During his 35 years with the department, he was an auxiliary member, regular member, captain of Paugassett H&L Co. #4, chief of the department, and deputy fire marshal.

JB was a civic role model to the youth of his community as a Pop Warner football coach and a coach of girls’ softball. He took special interest in the Boy Scouts as a leader in their exploits, travel about the country, and camping at any time of the year. While carrying out his civic-minded activities, JB worked as the supervisor of environment of care and safety for the Griffin Hospital in Derby.

At the time of his passing, he was a firefighter, chief driver for Paugassett H&L Co. #4, and a deputy fire marshal for the City of Derby. JB never passed an opportunity to train others or develop himself through training.

Despite his untimely passing, JB touched the lives of many people, both young and old. His memory will continue to live on.
Jerry was born in Evanston, Illinois, to Jerry W. Fickes Sr. and the late Jo Ann Geist Fickes. He moved to Overland Park, Kansas, as a young boy and grew up collecting baseball cards and enjoying neighborhood football games on the front lawn. While at Washburn University in Topeka, Kansas, studying computer science and mathematics, he met his wife, Laura. They were blessed with two sons, Benjamin and Joshua.

Jerry served his country proudly as a U.S. Army airborne infantry officer. His first career was in the financial services industry. He was an actuary at Old American Life Insurance Company in Kansas City, Missouri, and later moved to Delaware as an actuary for American Life Insurance Company (ALICO). He received his Fellowship from the Society of Actuaries and began consulting for Ernst & Young in Philadelphia. As a lifelong learner, he also earned his Chartered Financial Analyst designation.

While working for ALICO, he became a volunteer firefighter with Aetna Hose Hook & Ladder Company in Newark, Delaware, to fulfill a desire to serve his community. He served in many roles, including assistant chief. In December 2003, his interest in the fire service and helping others led to a full-time career with the Wilmington Fire Department, where he was assigned to engine and rescue companies. He was a member of the Delaware Air Rescue Team, receiving his helicopter rescue certification, the Critical Incident Management Team, and the Tactical Marine Operators Team. On September 24, 2016, he responded with WFD Squad 4 to a row house fire and became trapped by a floor collapse while attempting to rescue a fellow firefighter.

Throughout his life, Jerry’s strong faith in God guided him. He is remembered for his dedication and love for his family, for humbly helping others, for his firehouse pranks and completion of crossword puzzles, and for his genuine interest in the many people, young and old, that were woven into his life.

He is greatly missed by his wife, Laura; his best friends and sons, Benjamin and Joshua; his father, Jerry Fickes Sr.; his siblings and their spouses, Karen and Frank Perkins, Steven and Karen Fickes, Jeri Fickes and Scot McBroom, Kimberly and David Thompson, and David and Donna Fickes; and his nieces and nephews.
Remembering

Ardythe Denise “Ardy” Hope, daughter of the late Arthur Dennis Hope Sr. and the late Paula Dupree Hope, was born October 5, 1968, in Wilmington, Delaware. She departed this life December 1, 2016, at the Crozer Medical Center.

Ardy received her early education in the public schools of Wilmington, Delaware, and graduated from Howard VoTech in 1986. While attending Howard, she received special awards for track and field as the Athlete of the Week, and as a sophomore Ardy placed first with a time of 19:42.4 in the 5000-meter course at the Delaware High School Cross Country Championship Meet. After graduating from high school, she attended Barbara Scotia College and the University of Pittsburgh, where she ran track. Ardy returned to Wilmington to raise her daughter, Aryelle.

Lt. Ardythe Hope was hired on August 2, 1993, as a member of the 28th Wilmington Fire Department Academy Recruit Class, along with 27 other individuals. Upon graduating from the fire academy, she was assigned to Engine Company 6 A-Platoon. Assigned throughout her career to various engine companies, her final assignment was to Engine Company 5 on the C-Platoon.

During her career, Lt. Hope received numerous hours of training in all aspects of the fire service and Pro-Board National Certifications including Firefighter I & II, Fire Service Instructor I, National Registered Emergency Medical Technician, Fire Officer I, and Driver Operator. Lt. Hope received many letters of appreciation from members of the community and a City Council Proclamation; she was also awarded the Wilmington Fire Department’s Physical Fitness Award.

While working on the Wilmington Fire Department, Ardy managed to attend school in pursuit of a nursing degree. She received her LPN license and was in the process of completing her RN. Along the way, Ardy had two more daughters, Alexis and Ardavia. Ardy made sure that her daughters knew they were loved and that they were the joy of her life.

Ardy enjoyed vacationing with her family. She loved family events, backyard barbeques, backyard sleep under the stars with morning cookouts and drinking coffee, and spending time with her girls.

Ardy leaves to cherish her memory her daughters, Aryelle D. Hope, Alexis D. Lee, and Ardavia D. Lee; sister, Simone D. Cummings, and husband, Bobby; brothers, Paul L. Dupree, Mark M. Dupree, and wife, Roselynn, and Author D. Hope Jr.; granddaughter, Monay Payne; nieces and nephews, Monet, Joy, Jazmine, Janae, Aaliyah, Artazua, Aria, Ricky, Markavis, Aaron, Mark Jr., and Mikey; aunts and uncles, Pete, Vernell, Carlos, and Shirley Dupree; and a host of other relatives, cousins, and friends.
Christopher Michael Leach was born on September 10, 1975, to Frances H. Leach and the late Michael F. Leach. Chris was a 14-year veteran of the City of Wilmington Fire Department, where he proudly served until his death.

Chris began preparing to become a leader in the fire service from the time he was a young boy, with experiences in the Boy Scouts of America, where he became an Eagle Scout; Talleyville Fire Company; Claymont Fire Company; and the Wilmington Fire Department. Chris began his fire service career as a volunteer with the Talleyville Fire Company in 1993. In 1997, he was hired as a full-time employee with Claymont Fire Company. During this time he was introduced to technical rescue, which became his area of expertise. He attended many trench rescue and structural collapse training classes all over the country, including the Compliant Structural Collapse Technician Course given by the Virginia Task Force 2 in Virginia Beach, and the Advanced Collapse 3 and 4 at the Texas Engineering Extension Service in College Station. He attended the Collapse Structure Rescue Course given by NASA at their AMES research center in Moffett Field, California.

On September 16, 2002, Chris was hired by the City of Wilmington Fire Department and successfully completed the fire academy with the 32nd Recruit Class. Following graduation, he was assigned to Engine 4B Platoon, where he qualified to drive Engine 4 after just six months in the company. In 2005, Chris was transferred to the Special Operations Command on Engine 1B and, in 2006, he was transferred to Heavy Rescue Company 1B, where he took the initiative to research and apply for various monies for rescue training and equipment. Chris served on the New Castle County Task Force 1, the local technical rescue team, where he held various positions of leadership.

Chris received commendations for professional development, two unit citations for technical rescue, the Kiwanis Firefighter Award, the Life Saving Award from Claymont Fire Company, the Heroic Fireman of the Year from Claymont Fire Company, and the Heroic Fireman of the Year Award for New Castle County. In 2013, Chris was promoted to lieutenant, and he was posthumously promoted to captain.

In addition to his associate degree from Delaware Technical Community College in fire protection engineering technology, he earned a Bachelor of Science in fire science administration from Waldorf University in 2015. He was pursuing a Master of Arts in organizational leadership with a concentration in fire/rescue executive leadership at the time of his death.

He is survived by his mother; three children, Brendan, Abby, and Megan, and their mother, Kelli Zullo; his sister, Kathryn; and her wife, Carolee LeNoir.
Timothy “Tim” McClanahan was born on June 29, 1970, at Sibley Hospital in Washington, DC, to Mike and Rita McClanahan. He lived in Vienna, Virginia until 1986, when he moved to Lewes, Delaware and graduated from Cape Henlopen High School in 1988. He was a master of many trades, tuned a small engine by sound only, led by example, and was an excellent teacher who explained the smallest details with ease.

Tim enjoyed spending time with his family, children, Brenden McClanahan and Mollie Skipper; parents, Mike and Rita McClanahan; brothers, Sean and Brion McClanahan; and a large extended family of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, and friends. Tim touched the lives of many people while on Earth and is truly missed by all who knew him.

Tim’s lifelong journey and dedication with the fire service started shortly after high school in 1991. He was a past member of Milton and Rehoboth Beach Volunteer Fire Departments and a current member of the Lewes Volunteer Fire Department. During his time of service with the Lewes Fire Department, he served in many positions and was on many committees. He achieved the rank of assistant chief engineer and marine rescue and engine captain. He led the Build the Boat Campaign in 2008, which resulted in a state of the art vessel he designed. Tim was also instrumental in the development of the Lewes Fire Department’s water rescue program. Being marine captain was one of Tim’s most special times.

Moreover, Tim was very involved with the Delaware Air Rescue Team (DART). He joined DART in 2010, where he remained actively involved until his death. DART, a statewide rescue team, is a partnership between the Delaware State Police and the fire services within Delaware; the team responds to emergencies in remote locations, such as over the water or in the woods, using Delaware State Police helicopters and a combination of paramedics and firefighters.

Tim put into practice what his training provided. Specifically, about five years ago he was involved in the rescue of an individual who was severely injured on a cargo ship. Tim was part of the team of rescuers who were lifted down to the ship from the hoist on the helicopter to rescue the individual, who was hoisted back into the helicopter successfully and transported to a hospital.

Tim was very energetic and passionate about serving the public in their time of need. He had a true passion for rescue and was known to be far above average in emergency services. He was a highly decorated and hardworking firefighter, dedicated to the mission of public safety. He is truly missed by all who knew him.
Joseph T. De Marinis was born in Jacksonville, Florida, on April 4, 1984, to Joseph and Carol De Marinis.

Joe served in the United States Marine Corps from 2003 to 2011, rising to the rank of sergeant. He served two tours in Iraq as a scout sniper. He also served as a marksmanship instructor at Parris Island and achieved the National Defense Service Medal, Iraq Campaign Medal, Global War on Terrorism Medal, Expert Marksmanship Award, Service Medal, and a Purple Heart. He was active in the Wounded Warrior Project.

Joe joined the Clermont Fire Department on August 11, 2014. He was a quiet, unassuming person who obviously placed a great deal of importance on serving his fellow man. Most people might think that if you survived active military service and two tours in a foreign hostile country, you might choose a profession that was slightly less dangerous. This was not the case with Joe; he eagerly took to the task of protecting the citizens of Clermont and its visitors by embarking on one of the world’s most honored professions. Firefighting is a profession that is rich in history and tradition, a profession where many have gone before to serve their communities with their ideas, their sweat, and sometimes their lives.

Despite his quiet nature, Joe had a fierce, competitive spirit. Some of his crew shared stories of some of the sports and games in which they had participated with Joe. On a golf outing, he outscored them all with long drives and miraculous putts. Even in ping pong, it was no contest. He was like a pro, sending one after another of his foes packing. He competed against the Lake County Sheriff’s Office basketball team, playing with the Clermont Police Department. He was a multi-talented, hard-working, extremely dedicated family man.

Let us remember him as the warrior, defender, and provider that he was and continue to surround his family in a way that only a public safety family can. We will honor him forever by placing his name on the black granite monoliths in front of Fire Headquarters and by dedicating the new engine at his home station in his honor.

It is believed that Joe has no regrets since he dedicated his life to serving others. He died at 08:30 on July 14, 2016, after suffering a cardiac episode following his shift. He was 32 years of age. In addition to his parents, Joe is survived by his loving wife, Brandi; his six children, Andre, Samantha, Brooklyn, Vinny, Penny, and Juliette; his sister, Ann Marie De Marinis; and his nephews, Anthony Gaba and Jaxson Ravencroft.
Master Firefighter Michael Curry was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, on December 19, 1973. He graduated from Robert W. Groves High School in Garden City, Georgia.

MFF Curry was a U.S. Navy veteran who began his firefighting career with Savannah Fire and Emergency Services in March 2001 and served with the department for nearly 13 years. He was promoted to master firefighter in 2007 and had just passed all captain requirements and was awaiting advancement.

MFF Curry served in many capacities within the department, including engine, truck, and rescue companies. He was certified at the Hazmat Technician level and achieved certification in various technical rescue disciplines. He was an Advanced Rescue Diver and a Public Safety Diver. He was certified as an instructor and a fire and life safety educator. He was an integral member of the department's Critical Stress Management Team and a member of the Juvenile Fire Setter Intervention Team.

When duty called, MFF Curry never flinched as he faced the danger and uncertainty. He was an admired public servant whose commitment to public service extended beyond the fire department. He was a beloved and dedicated scout leader with uncompromising principles. He was eager to assist anyone at any time, always willing to put others before himself. He will be missed dearly by his family, friends, and fellow firefighters.

MFF Curry leaves behind his son, Cole Michael; his mother, Susan Salem; brother, Shane Curry; and sister, Tamara Curry Spivey.

MFF Curry was a faithful family member, friend, and colleague who served Savannah Fire and Emergency Services with distinction.

MFF Curry was also a faithful member of The Church at Godley Station, under the pastoral guidance of Pastor Darren Thomas.
Jermaine M. Hall was born on September 28, 1989, to his parents, Jacques Hall and Debbie Faulkner. He has an older brother, Jacques Hall II, and a younger sister, Jada Hall. Jermaine was married on October 12, 2013, to his high school sweetheart, Tanisha Hall.

Jermaine attended Morehouse College, where he studied business. Upon entering his sophomore year, Jermaine decided to become a firefighter so he could help individuals in need.

Jermaine loved to stay fit, eat healthy, and spend time with his friends and family. If there is one word to define Jermaine, it would be compassionate. He had the heart to help not only his friends, but everyone that he came across in his lifetime. Jermaine has taught individuals to love without restraint, help others, and remember that tomorrow is never promised.

Although he is truly missed, he leaves pieces of his memory with individuals who had an opportunity to meet him.
Cliff Rigsbee was appointed to the Honolulu Fire Department on July 3, 1995. One of his many assignments included the HFD’s Training and Research Bureau, where he managed and coordinated various medical programs. He was one of the first instructors for the HFD’s automated external defibrillator program and trained all 1,100 firefighters. His time at the training bureau, as well as his many assignments, allowed him to mentor and train many fellow firefighters. Fire Chief Neves said, “He was so knowledgeable. His legacy will carry on for many years because of all the folks he mentored throughout the department and the skills and knowledge he bestowed upon all of us.” In 2004, Rigsbee was promoted to FFIII and was last stationed at the Waikiki Station.

He wasn’t just a firefighter. He was also a talented triathlete. Rigsbee won six age group wins at the Ironman World Championship. He was also a USA Triathlon Masters champion, was first overall at the Wildflower Long Course, won the Tinman Triathlon twice, and finished fifth at the 1998 Ultraman World Championship in Hawaii.

In Kona in 1992, Cliff finished 26th overall and won the 35-39 age group in a personal record time of 9:01:34 that gave him hope of being the first man over 40 to break the 9-hour time frame in Kona. His first attempt came the following year when he both won his age group and finished 67th overall in 9:10:47. In 1994, he improved both his rank and time to 34th overall at 9:10:22. Throughout his racing, Cliff loved to coach and train others in the sport he loved. He was a co-founder in a triathlon clinic where he trained anyone who wanted to learn to be a better swimmer or finish an Ironman. He loved his triathlon family and touched hundreds of lives through training and coaching. He was even the best man for a couple he met from one such clinic.

Rigsbee continued to find endurance races to feed his appetite for adventure. He was always up for races all over the world where he could challenge himself, his friends, and be a part of the racing community. The Cape Epic mountain bike race in South Africa and the Leadville 100 (both mountain bike and trail run within a week) were just a couple events in which he participated.

On June 14, 2016, while participating in a rescue watercraft training in waters off Diamond Head, Rigsbee suffered injuries to which he subsequently succumbed two days later. He passed away surrounded by his family and friends, many of whom were a part of his firefighter and triathlon families.
Kenneth K. “Kenny” Harris was born in Chicago, Illinois, on February 3, 1959. Kenny was sworn in as a firefighter of the Oak Park Fire Department on January 4, 1988. Firefighter/Paramedic Harris served the Village of Oak Park for 28 years.

Kenny was a committed father of five children who received the lion’s share of his attention. He loved bowling and spent much of his free time coaching Little League baseball and umpiring. Kenny was dedicated to his neighborhood, in an effort to make things better for his family and his community. These efforts attest to his commitment of service to others and his huge heart.

He was a senior member of the fire department who was always willing to help new members learn complicated skills that he acquired through his many years of dedicated service. Kenny was active in the union (Local 95) and helped organize charity events, participated in fundraising efforts, and provided any help that was asked of him. Kenneth Harris was a great firefighter and an even better man. He will be sorely missed by all those whose lives he touched.

Firefighter/Paramedic Harris was at home following a 24-hour shift which included calls for a vehicle fire, an activated alarm, and multiple medical calls. After shoveling snow in the evening, he went to his bedroom, where he was found unresponsive by his family 10-15 minutes later. Despite resuscitation efforts, he was pronounced dead at the hospital. He was 56 years old.

Kenny is the beloved son of Joan and the late James Harris. He is survived by his devoted wife, Shirley (nee Chesny), and his five children, Heather (James) Nieves, Eric, Megan (Matthew) Sapikas, Adam, and Isaac. He was also the proud grandfather of Lily, Amelia, Aiden, Scarlett, and Kendra.
Captain Eric T. Kohlbauer served on Freeport Rural Fire Department for 29 years and 11 months. He had just attained the rank of captain the day before his death.

He was a member of Silver Creek Reformed Church in German Valley, Illinois, where he had held positions as Sunday school superintendent, deacon, junior high school youth sponsor, and sang in the church choir.

He was one of the charter members of the Stephenson County Antique Engine Club; he was only five years old at the time the club was formed. He was also an active member of the Forreston FFA Alumni Association, where he supervised the restoration of several antique tractors. Two of these tractors were chosen as being in the Top 10 in the nation for the restoration team, which consisted of both of his sons and five other students. Because his father passed when Eric was in his early teens, he spent many hours out in the garden tending flowers with his mother, which became one of his favorite pastimes. He also enjoyed four-wheeling with his family and friends, reading, bonfires, and watching sunsets from Florida’s Gulf beaches.

Eric was employed by the Stephenson County Sheriff’s Department as a maintenance supervisor for thirteen years.

His parents were George “Tom” and Mary Ellen Kohlbauer. He married Cathy (Fricke) on February 14, 1987. They have two sons, Grant and Garrett, who are both members of Freeport Rural Fire Department. Eric has two brothers, Mike and Don, and two sisters, Clare and Diane.

Eric’s father was a member of Freeport Rural Fire Department until his death in 1976. Eric started with the Department in 1986. He was proud that his son, Garrett, became a member in 2014, and they were able to serve together for a time. Grant has now joined since Eric’s death. We know that Eric is looking down with pride as both of his sons carry on the family tradition of firefighting.

Eric was a kind man with a gentle spirit who would do anything to help others. His smile would brighten up a room.

Eric was honored to serve with all of the men and women of Freeport Rural and sincerely loved being of service to his community.
Michael A. Payne was born January 1, 1958, to Don Lee and Beulah Mae Payne. He was always proud to be the first baby born that year in Tippecanoe County, Indiana. He is the second oldest brother of eight children. After graduating from Harrison High School in 1976, he started working in the flooring industry. He owned his own business for 35 years, retiring in 2014. He married Janet Brooks in 1978, and they were married for 35 years. They have one daughter, Lanie Christman.

Mike retired in 2014 and was enjoying his life without work, although he never really slowed down. He spent a great amount of his time with his daughter and his grandson, Michael. They enjoyed baseball and basketball outside, or inside at the dining room table playing cards and board games. He was always available for a conversation with Lanie, whether it be for advice or just keeping up on daily life. He also spent his time helping his friends around their small town. He belonged to the Carroll County Country Club, serving as a board member in past years and spending as much time on the golf course as the weather would allow. In the two years before his passing, he bought a travel trailer south of Nashville, Tennessee. He loved going to the campground, meeting new people, and trying different adventures.

Mike had served on the Prairie Township Volunteer Fire Department since 1990 and was the chief of the department for the three years before his passing. He had also served as treasurer in previous years. He was an absolute advocate of equal rights for women. During his time as chief, he worked to expand the department by adding two women to the department. Since his passing, one more woman has also joined the department, a department accomplishment he would be very proud of being a part of. He is deeply missed by his daughter, grandson, numerous family members, department, and friends.

Michael A. Payne
Brookston Prairie Township Fire Department – Indiana
Volunteer Chief
November 8, 2016
Age: 58
When Ted Rodney Collett was a year old he had a massive brain seizure. He survived, but his parents, Ted and Shirley, were told by physicians that the outlook for Rodney was grim. In fact, his parents were told to treasure every moment with their son, because he probably wouldn’t live to see his teenage years.

While growing up in Beverly, Kentucky, Rodney was surrounded by a family that was strengthened by a strong faith in God. They, along with members of the community, gave Rodney a stable and nurturing environment in which he not only survived, but thrived.

Despite battling health conditions for virtually his entire life, Rodney remained optimistic, never allowing his limitations to define him. He never dwelled on what he wouldn’t or couldn’t do, but rather on what he would and could do.

Rodney became a loving uncle to his three nephews, an avid four-wheeler enthusiast, and a vibrant member of the Red Bird community. His ability to connect with others became one of his biggest strengths. Rodney loved to joke and laugh with everyone he met and genuinely cared about his fellow man. His infectious attitude made it easy to smile with him.

Rodney discovered one of his greatest passions in life was being a member of the Red Bird and Bell County Volunteer Fire Departments. By enthusiastically selling shirts and ice cream and being at the firehouse in case a call came in, Rodney threw himself into the role of volunteer firefighter wholeheartedly. He developed a mutual love and respect for his firefighter family.

Rodney’s life was a life well lived. It was full of courage, honor, wonder, and joy. If ever the word hero could be used to describe someone, then it is appropriate now.

Rodney, you are our hero. Praise the Lord.
On February 23, 1973, Anthony Lynn “Tony” Grider was born to Orvis and Shirley Grider and older sister Tammy, who claimed he was her first love.

Tony’s passion for public service started in his teens as he volunteered for the local rescue squad. In 1994, he began his lifelong career in fire service as a member of the local fire department. He began to work as an EMT and was recognized as EMT of the Year for the State of Kentucky in 2000. Later, he broadened his expertise to become a paramedic. He served on the Swift Water Rescue Team, Special Operations Team and as a rescue diver. Tony kept advancing his career and served as an instructor in several areas of fire and emergency services.

He also kept active in his community as a licensed cosmetologist, obtained a personal helicopter pilot license, and DJ’d for weddings and parties. He loved to sing, act in plays, and perform in variety shows with the local playhouse. He was elected as a city councilman to further serve his community.

In 2001, he met his future wife, Gena Quiroz, while delivering a patient to the hospital into her care as a nurse. Tony not only fell in love with Gena, but with her three small children, Nick, Alexa, and Courtney. He became their father on September 18, 2004, when he and Gena married, and he never once treated them any different than his own sons, Jacob and Jordan. He easily transitioned from band alumni to band dad and helped all the kids through baseball, basketball, softball, volleyball, and wrestling. He helped teach Jacob and Jordan to swim and called them his little water dogs. When his schedule allowed he attended church with his family and often played the bass guitar or drums and occasionally sang solos.

On August 21, 2014, Tony was assisting the local university with their Ice Bucket Challenge. The fire bucket that Tony was in came into contact with electricity from a nearby power line. On September 20, 2014, after almost a month of struggle, Anthony Lynn Grider succumbed to his injuries and departed this life. He left behind his family and many, many, friends over several states. Tony completed his earthly work that day, but we know he is watching over us from heaven, our own personal angel. Tony will live on through his family and friends. We will keep him alive every day in our hearts, minds, and stories. He now has a thoroughbred horse named after him and a book of personal stories written in his honor.

We love you and miss you every day.
Spencer James Chauvin was born April 3, 1980, to his parents, Donna Tassin and Ivy Chauvin Jr. He grew up in the rural town of Edgard, Louisiana. His father and grandfather were members of the local volunteer fire department, where his father served as chief for years. From an early age, Spencer developed an interest in firefighting, spending lots of time at the station helping with fundraisers and participating in training activities.

On June 13, 1995, he started his firefighting career as a junior firefighter for St. John Westside Volunteer Fire Department. He worked his way up the ranks in the volunteer department and eventually held the position of captain. He also served as the president of the volunteer organization. During his years as a volunteer, he received the Bobby Perez Memorial Award for Fireman of the Year in 2001 and the Earl Baloney Jr. Memorial Award for Outstanding First Responder in 2008.

He graduated from St. Charles Catholic High School in 1998, attended college and eventually received his associate degree in fire science from Columbia Southern University. He became an EMT in 2003 and accepted a job with Acadian Ambulance. He received the Hurst Green Cross Award in 2003. During his time working for Acadian Ambulance he received the Acadian Meritorious Service award in 2004 for delivering a baby inside a residence. He began his dream job in 2004 as a firefighter with St. John the Baptist Parish Fire Services and was promoted to district chief in 2006. Spencer received a 15 years of service award, Hurricane Isaac service award, and St. John Responder of the Year Award from the St. John the Baptist Parish Fire Services.

He married Jennifer Guidry in 2006. They were blessed with two beautiful children, Jude Lewis, born in 2009, and Jade Michel, born in 2011. Spencer was a loving husband, outstanding father, great friend, and the epitome of what a district chief should be. He was very active in the community and in the lives of his children by coaching several sports.

On August 28, 2016, he sacrificed his life for the lives of his fellow firefighters. He was one of a kind. He was a selfless man full of honor, integrity, and with a heart to always serve others. His unique nature has become known as The Spencer Way. He has impacted the lives of many people both professionally and personally. He left an excellent example for all to follow.
Captain Peter Allen “Big Pete” Larlee was born March 10, 1958, to Joan and Bernard Larlee of East Millinocket, Maine. Pete worked at Great Northern Paper Company for many years while working as a volunteer firefighter and dispatcher at East Millinocket Fire. When the mill closed in 2007, Pete began a career in EMS. There he met and married Susan Larlee, his wife of 14 years.

Pete’s true love was snowmobiling in the Great Maine Woods. You could find him out on the trails looking for the lost sledder or doing a cold weather rescue. Pete had a passion for children. He loved to teach, from fire safety at the local schools to Monday night fire training.

Pete became a great friend of Pastor Reggie and Joan Adams, which soon led to him becoming a Christian six months before he passed away. Pete was known for his booming voice on the dispatch radio as “East Mill 229.”

Pete had a genuine love for life and is greatly missed by his family. He is survived by his wife, Susan (Gagnon) Larlee; three daughters, Jimly Harris, Rachel Bousquet and her husband, Jeremy, and Robin Larlee; two very special granddaughters, Kennedi and Jasmine; a sister, Eloise Boss, and her husband, Donald; and two nieces, Sarah and Michelle. He is sadly missed by the brotherhood of firefighters at East Millinocket Fire Department.

Rest easy, Big Guy. We’ll take it from here.
John E. "Skillet" Ulmschneider was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on February 24, 1979, to Cheryl and the late James Ulmschneider. When he was eight, Skillet's family moved to Clinton, Maryland, where he spent much of his free time working at Miller Farms while attending and graduating from Surrattsville High School. Miller Farm is where Skillet met and fell in love with his future wife, Dawn Padgett.

As a law enforcement officer, Dawn’s father had already become quite familiar with this young man, and it required a healthy amount of convincing for him to come around to the idea of Skillet dating his daughter. However, Skillet was persistent, and he and Dawn went on their first date on her 16th birthday. From that moment on, the two were inseparable.

Skillet had two dreams—to become a firefighter and to settle down and raise a large family. On March 10, 2003, Skillet's dream of becoming a firefighter came true. On July 31, 2003, Skillet graduated at the top of his class. Through the years, Skillet advanced to paramedic. He spent countless hours studying, fulfilling clinical requirements, and achieving impressive test scores. Officers and peers recognized his work ethic and determination to excel and asked him to become a preceptor to aspiring paramedics. Firefighting was a job Skillet was perfectly suited to do. He loved teaching and helping others and also strived to learn new things himself. A friend to many, Skillet was a joy to work with. His last assignment at Landover Hills Medic 30 was definitely his home away from home. He could not have asked for a better fire department family.

While Skillet had an unparalleled work ethic, there was nothing he enjoyed more than time spent with his family. Skillet and Dawn wed in August of 2005. In June of 2014, they were blessed with their beautiful daughter, Abigail, who became Skillet's whole world. As Abigail grew, Skillet never missed an opportunity to teach her something, whether it was how to turn a wrench or just to enjoy life.

Skillet was a faith-filled man who lived a life of service, both professionally and personally. He deeply loved every part of his life, at home, on the farm and on the job. On April 15, 2016, he enjoyed a memorable day on the farm with Dawn and Abigail. That evening, while working an overtime shift, Skillet and his partner responded to a 911 call from a concerned family member. Tragically, that evening Paramedic Ulmschneider answered his last call.

Skillet is survived by his wife, Dawn, and daughter, Abigail. Skillet brought joy to every life he touched and is missed greatly by all that knew and loved him.
Charles C. “Chuck” Adams Jr. passed away due to heart complications during search and rescue training at the Spring Arbor Township Fire Station on January 2, 2016. He was born on February 19, 1968, in Jackson, Michigan. Chuck and Sue Marie Scarpino were united in marriage on October 1, 1994. Chuck is survived by his loving and devoted wife, Sue Adams, a sergeant with the Spring Arbor Township Police and a member of the Spring Arbor Township Fire Department. Chuck and Sue shared their home and love with their Chesapeake Bay retriever, Nova, and German shorthair, Lacey.

Chuck was a 1986 graduate of Jackson County Parma Western High School and received his Bachelor of Science in criminal justice from Ferris State University. He had a long and distinguished career in law enforcement serving the residents of South Central Michigan. Chuck joined the Jackson County Sheriff’s Department, first as a reserve officer, then as a full-time road patrol deputy with additional duties as a traffic accident reconstructionist. He was promoted to sergeant in 2001. Chuck was well-known and respected in the law enforcement community for the time and energy he devoted to his profession as an instructor of law enforcement policies and tactics. In 2011, after 25 years, Chuck retired from Jackson County Sheriff’s Department. He continued serving others as director of safety and security for Jackson Community College. Chuck was an active member of the Jackson County Sheriff’s Department Alert/Homeland Security team, as well as the use of force coordinator for the Southern Michigan Law Enforcement Training Consortium. He was serving as part-time patrol officer with the Spring Arbor Township Police Department and as a court officer.

A credentialed instructor with the National Rifle Association, Chuck trained citizens on the safety and appropriate use of firearms. With an uncommon talent for helping young people, Chuck was a hunter education recreational safety instructor for the Law Enforcement Division of the Department of Natural Resources. Chuck enjoyed an active membership in the Red Fox Sportsman’s Club, where he served as vice president and secretary; the Free and Accepted Masons; Jackson Lodge 17; and the Fraternal Order of Eagles Nest #4046. He spent time as an assistant football coach at both Lumen Christi and Hanover Horton High Schools in Jackson, Michigan.

After years of serving in law enforcement, Chuck decided to pursue a career in the fire service in 2015. Chuck was a member of the Spring Arbor Township Fire Department. Although his time in the fire service was short, his passing has changed some of the ways training is approached in Jackson County for the better. Chuck’s presence will be felt for many years to come.
Fred A. Newton Sr. was born April 29, 1950, to the late Genell Newton and the late Freeman Newton of Taylor, Michigan. He shared 46 years of loving marriage to Mary Ann Newton and was blessed with a son, Fred Newton Jr., and a daughter, Renea Rainey. Fred was a loving husband, father, and grandfather who passed unexpectedly weeks before his first great-grandchild was born.

Fred was a giving man who served both his country and his community. He joined the United States Marine Corps in 1968 and fought on the front lines of the Vietnam War. After serving two years in the Marines he returned to the States, where he met his wife, started a family, and began a career at Ford Motor Company. Fred began his fire service career in 1990 as a member of the Liberty Township Fire Department in Jackson County, Michigan. Since then he worked as the assistant fire chief for the Ford Transmission Plant in Livonia, Michigan; an adjunct fire instructor at Schoolcraft College in Livonia, Michigan; the county training coordinator in Jackson, Michigan; a member of the Michigan Urban Search and Rescue Team; and lastly was a captain for the Somerset Township Fire & EMS Department in Hillsdale County, Michigan. After 27 years of service, Fred passed away at the fire station on January 27, 2016, doing what he loved.

Fred spent most of his free time hunting with his wife and enjoying the company of his family. He worked hard to support his family and always put them and his service to the community before his own needs. All he wanted from life was for those around him to be healthy and happy, because that was what made him happy. He is deeply missed by both his family at home and his fire service family. He will forever hold a spot in the hearts for those he touched.
Dennis “Rodie” Rodeman was born on January 27, 1980, in Charlotte, Michigan, to Max and Tonya (Hester) Rodeman. His life was tragically cut short on September 9, 2015, after he was intentionally struck by a passing motorist while participating in a fundraising event.

Dennis was a distinguished veteran, having served several tours overseas with the United States Marine Corps. He began his firefighting career as a volunteer with the Vermontville Fire Department until he joined the Lansing Fire Department as a full-time firefighter/EMT in 2007. He loved serving his country and community, and it was evident in the dedication and determination he displayed each and every day he came to work.

Dennis had an amazing sense of humor, often with a bite of sarcasm, but you could always count on him to make you smile or laugh until your cheeks hurt. He truly could light up a room with his smile and his personality.

Dennis was an incredibly passionate person. He gave himself to everything he did, whether in service to his country, his community, his family and friends, his Michigan Wolverines, or to the love of his life, his wife Kate.

When Dennis first saw Kate, you could tell she was going to be the one for him, and he pursued her until she finally agreed to go out with him. They shared a love that most people only dream about finding. They were married just a few short months before Dennis was killed and were expecting their first child. He was so excited and thrilled to become a new father. His son, Dennis Blake Rodeman, was born on March 22, 2016.

His life and legacy carry on through his wife and his son and in the hearts and minds of everyone who knew and loved him.
James Frederick “Jimmy” Shelifoe Jr., age 23, of Baraga, passed away Saturday, August 27, 2016, in Blaine, Minnesota, as a result of a traffic accident. Jimmy was born in Hancock on September 30, 1992, the son of Sharon Kantola and James F. Shelifoe Sr. He attended school in North Dakota. Jimmy had been a resident of the area for the past five years. He was a member of the Keweenaw Bay Indian Community. Jimmy had been with the KBIC Beartown Firefighters for a number of years and had also worked at Younggren’s in Covington.

Firefighters never hesitate. They run into extremely dangerous situations to fight fires and save people, and when another community anywhere in the country needs their help, they pack up their gear and head out with no questions asked. Jimmy was traveling with his fellow KBIC Beartown Firefighters to Utah to help fight the Box Canyon Fire when he passed on as a result of an automobile accident.

Jimmy was taken from us too soon, but we will always remember and honor him for his dedication to his job and community and his selfless act to help others in need.

We want everyone to know the protective bear, the easily passionate and amazing father we knew. What we got to witness every day. He enjoyed being outdoors, playing basketball, four-wheeling, snowmobiling, riding his dirt bike, and especially spending time with his family. We will keep Jimmy’s spirit strong by getting in the mud and dirt every year. We never stop celebrating him.

Jimmy is survived by his loving family, his mom, Sharon (Charles) Sliger of Covington; father, James F. Shelifoe Sr. of Baraga; daughter, Ciara Shelifoe of Baraga; brothers, Jordan Shelifoe of Baraga, Austin Shelifoe of Zeba, and Javon Shelifoe of Baraga; sisters, Virginia Shelifoe of Baraga and Jailyn Shelifoe of Baraga; grandparents, Robert and Sandra Kantola of Fargo, North Dakota, and Loren and Rose Kariainen of Covington; and niece, Aubree Hartzog. Numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins also survive. He was preceded in death by his grandmother, Virginia Emery; his Auntie Brigitte Shelifoe; and his uncles, Gerald Shelifoe, Frederick Shelifoe, Jr., and Allen Shelifoe.
Alan John “AJ” Swartz, age 25, of Baraga passed away Saturday, August 27, 2016, in Blaine, Minnesota, as a result of a traffic accident. He, along with other KBIC Beartown Firefighters were on their way to bravely help fight the Box Canyon wildfire in Utah.

AJ was born in Hancock on October 23, 1990, the son of Maureen Van Abel and David Alan “Lebs” Swartz. Growing up in L’Anse, Michigan, he spent a lot of time riding bikes and snowmobiles with his brothers and friends.

AJ was a member of the KBIC Beartown Firefighters. He was proud to be a firefighter and help people while exploring new places. When he came home from fires he would talk about it for days because he was so excited and enjoyed the experience so much.

He liked anything outdoors, including fishing, camping, and hunting. He loved working on anything mechanical, especially his four-wheeler. AJ was a loving father and enjoyed spending time with his children. He was always telling a funny story and keeping people entertained. Everyone will always remember that he had the biggest smile no matter what was going on. He was truly an amazing person who is missed beyond measure.

AJ is survived by his loving family, mother, Maureen Van Abel; father, David Alan “Lebs” Swartz; sons, Alan J. Swartz, Jr., Liam Swartz, and Anthony Swartz; stepchildren, Destin Gauthier and Aleeha Gauthier; girlfriend, Heather Gauthier; brothers, Kris Swartz, Kyle Swartz, David Swartz, and Cale Swartz; grandmother, Patricia Van Abel; grandfather, John Van Abel; and nieces and nephews, Kyleigh Swartz, Skarlett Swartz, Peyton Swartz, Deklin Swartz, and Kristian Levi Swartz.

Alan J. Swartz

Bureau of Indian Affairs, Keweenaw Bay Indian Community, Beartown Firefighters – Michigan Career Seasonal Firefighter

August 27, 2016

Age: 25
Tom was a longtime member of Song of the Morning Yoga Retreat, where he willingly served in many capacities. Tom’s gentle, kind, and caring nature was appreciated by many. His love extended to woodland creatures and his special pets. Tom will long be remembered for his bright, serene, and giving nature and his readiness to help all who crossed his path.

Tom is survived by his wife, Sandra Jones; brothers, Robert Walker (Ernie Phinney) and Michael Walker; a nephew, Jon Walker; a niece, Kira Walker; and his many friends from all walks of life.
Eric Charles Gustafson, age 40, died on September 9, 2016, while answering an emergency call as a firefighter for Meridian Fire Department in Meridian, Mississippi.

He was born in New Orleans on April 28, 1976, and was the beloved son of Dr. Harry and Jan Gustafson, brother of Todd Gustafson and Lori Gustafson Lundgren, brother-in-law to Stephen Lundgren, and father to Jessica Lynne Gustafson.

Eric showed a great love of mathematics early on in his education, earning a state award in physics while attending high school. His college studies brought him to Mississippi State in Starkville, Mississippi, and then on to USM in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where Eric continued his pursuit of a B.S. in math and applied for graduate studies for his master’s. In 2012, Eric moved to Meridian, Mississippi, where he completed his studies with the Mississippi State Fire Academy on January 30, 2014, and joined the Meridian Fire Department and Union Local 52 of the IAFF.

Eric was proud to be a father and a fireman, and he thrived in both roles.

Eric’s inquisitive mind, always asking questions, demonstrated varied interests in math, tutoring, music and guitar playing, philosophical writings, and an avid interest in jogging and running marathons. He loved the outdoors and camping with his precious Jessica.

The great joys of Eric’s life were his family and his faith. He was devoted to Christ and wanted everyone to love the Lord as he did. To quote Eric, “The first time I called out His name from the bottom of my heart, my life changed forever!”

Eric left a strong legacy of love for his family and friends. He was a son, a brother, a father, an uncle, a nephew, a cousin, a friend to many, and lastly he was a proud firefighter. Eric is sadly missed by all who knew and loved him.

Posthumously, Eric was awarded the Medal of Honor from the International Association of Fire Fighters.
Edward Austin Cosgrove Jr., age 53, a resident of Utica, Missouri, passed away on Sunday, July 24, 2016, in Utica.

Edward was born to Edward Austin and Delaine Marie (Curtis) Cosgrove, on February 2, 1963, in Chillicothe, Missouri. He was a graduate of Lockport High School in Lockport, Illinois.

Edward worked as a welder and lead man for Landmark Manufacturing for 22 years. He was a firefighter for Green Township Fire Protection for 15 years and a firefighter safety and HAZMAT trainer.

He loved woodworking, fishing, and being outdoors.

Edward was a Ham radio operator and was a member of the ARES Ham Radio Club of Chillicothe.

Survivors include his longtime companion, Thyrra Gillihan; his brother, Johnny Cosgrove; his sisters, Linda Berten and husband, Jack, and Amy Pearson and husband, Ben; and several aunts, uncles, nieces, and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents.
Todd Lee Hartlein was born on May 26, 1967, at McDonald Army Hospital, Fort Eustis, Virginia, during the Vietnam War. Todd attended elementary and junior high school in Matthews, Missouri. His high school years were at the New Madrid County Reorganized School District. During his school years he played football and wrestled, and he would always have several of his friends come over with their vehicles so he could install the electronics their parents gave them for Christmas.

Todd was gifted with many talents; mechanics was one that would provide his living. One of the farmers many years ago told me that Todd was one of the best mechanics in southeast Missouri. The first job he had was working at the Ford Motor Company in Sikeston, Missouri. He loved being outside. He later took a job with Nelson Equipment putting together spray rigs and also going to the farmer’s field to repair their equipment. His last job was at Noranda Aluminum in Marston, Missouri, which provided product nationwide. He was one of the last foremen to have a working crew before the plant shut down.

Todd has a daughter, Cassidy Laine Hartlein. He and Cassie’s favorite thing to do was go down the country roads listening and singing to music on the radio. He never met a stranger and was very involved in the community. Matthews was where he planted his feet while here on this earth. He loved his small town. During Christmas the last few years, he would play Santa for the school and the rest of the community.

Besides the community he loved so dearly, he leaves behind his daughter, Cassidy; mother, Linda Roberts and stepdad, Lin Roberts; brother, Christopher, and his wife, Shelly; and his nephew, Carson. So many people miss Todd, and I have been told Matthews isn’t the same without him.

At the age of 16, he decided to be a volunteer fireman. Whenever the alarm sounded he was always ready; whether it was a fire, accident, or medical, he was with his brothers helping someone in need. We all knew this was his calling, without a doubt, to go and help those in need.

On August 23, 2016, he went with his brothers to help with an accident, not knowing this would be his last opportunity to help someone in need. Within hours, his family, brothers, and friends would receive the word that his work on earth had ended. Brokenhearted, we knew he had gained his wings with God. He will sit by his side and watch over us until we take our last ride.
Todd Allen Rummel, age 43, was born in Quakertown, Pennsylvania, on November 10, 1970, and died June 19, 2014. Raised in Milford Square, Pennsylvania, Todd was interested in the fire company at a young age. His dad would take him to the firehouse, and he would be in the radio room while his dad was on a call. As he grew older, he would help clean hoses and do odd jobs at the firehouse.

He started as a junior fireman at age 14, taking many training classes, and thrived as a volunteer fireman while at Milford Township Fire Company in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. As a teenager, he joined Haycock Fire Company and continued his education in the fire service as an EMT.

Following his love of the outdoors, he moved to Montana in 2005. Whether it was hunting, fishing, four-wheeling, camping, or snowmobiling, Todd was at home in the Montana mountains. He was very proud of his home in Three Forks.

Todd was an auto mechanic at Farr Automotive in Bozeman, Montana, which became a second family to him. In 2006, he joined Three Forks Volunteer Fire Company and started training classes. He was a battalion chief until May 2014, when the firefighters unanimously selected him as chief. He grew the company and was well respected in the Broadwater and Gallatin County fire service, where he taught interior attacks and auto extrication. He was a go-getter. He loved the fire service, and every working moment he was thinking about how he could improve the department.

Todd was well-liked, not only in the fire service but with the many friends he had in Pennsylvania and Montana. Many of his friends traveled to Three Forks for his funeral.

Todd was truly following his Montana dreams. The more anyone got to know him, he became a friend and more like a brother. Making people laugh was one of his greatest joys. Todd’s heart was so selfless, and he was willing to sacrifice for others as he would his own family. Todd’s unique personality and contagious smile, paired with laughter, were examples to all he met.

Above all, Todd was a loving son and brother to his sister, Beth, a loving uncle to Jenna and Maxwell, and a loving nephew to aunts Bev Ewer and Kim Rummel.

Todd is missed every day by all those who loved him.
Lowell was 67 years young when the good Lord took him home to heaven.

Lowell was born and raised in Dakota City, Nebraska.

Lowell met me, his wife, Alanna “Lonie,” in a humorous way. I was helping my brother, Richard Speck, roof his house. Of course, like brother and sister, we were nitpicking back and forth. My brother was ready to push me off the roof. So we decided, as it was a very hot day, to get a cool beer. As soon as we walked in the door, I saw a man sitting all by himself. Soon he got up and came over, as he knew my brother. We were introduced on that day, fell in love, and were married for 30 years.

In addition to his wife, Lowell is survived by his daughter, Candie, and sons, Lowell Satterwhite, Jr. and Jerry Yacevich. He is also survived by four grandchildren. His daughter’s boys are Zackary and Adam. His son Lowell gave him a beautiful granddaughter, Karlee, and grandson, Cole, who was his best buddy.

Lowell was a member of the Dakota City Fire Department for 41 years. He was boat captain for many years. Lowell was selected by his fellow firefighters to serve as president of the fire department.

Lowell assisted with numerous community events and projects, including disaster recovery, Cottonwood Days preparations, and construction of the Beermann Park Shelter. Lowell was presented the 2017 Charlie Strong Volunteer of the Year Award for his dedicated service to the City of Dakota City, Nebraska.

Lowell’s great love, aside from his wife and children and family, was hunting deer, wild turkeys, and fishing with his grandson, Cole Satterwhite, who was the apple of his eye.

All in all, Lowell was a great, kind man.

You will be missed by many. I love you, Lowell.
Eric C Speck, 38, answered a rescue call with his wife on June 23, 2016, and as they were transferring the patient to the cot, Eric did not feel right. He suffered a heart attack and was taken to the hospital, where he passed away on June 27, 2016.

Eric joined the Dakota City Fire Department when he was 21 years old. He served as a lieutenant on the rescue squad and was a captain at the time of his death. He joined the department to be able to help people. That is what he enjoyed doing. He worked as an EMT in Macy, Nebraska, on the Omaha tribe reservation. No matter what time of day it was, he was always there to help a person out.

Eric was very outspoken on any subject. He loved to joke around and have fun. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, putting model cars together, and watching football and NASCAR. He loved all holidays, especially the Fourth of July, because all his family and friends were around to blow stuff up. He also loved to be on the go. There was never a boring moment with him around.

Eric is survived by his wife and two kids, Skyler and Devin; his mom, Nancy; his dad, Richard; brother, Matt; sister-in-law, Chaia; two nephews and a niece; and his extend friends and family from work and the fire department. He will always be in our hearts. We all enjoyed the time we got to spend with him.
Will was born and grew up in Reno, Nevada, with his parents, Bob and MaryJo, and his brother, Seth. He loved sports, especially football, and was an avid weight lifter. Will had so many friends; he was charming, witty, friendly, and kind to outsiders.

When Will was about 13, his dad took him and his brother to the hardware store and let them pick out whatever paint they wanted for their bedrooms. Will picked red. RED red. Velvet Cake, high gloss racing red. It was an unfortunate interior design choice, but completely in keeping with his personality. He liked to keep things in the red zone as much as possible. He always went all out, pushed every boundary, took every chance. He was fearless and adventurous and never afraid to go out on a limb—he always believed the limb would support him.

He was especially reckless in his early teens, but a serious ankle injury at 15 taught him that he wasn't invincible and he started to think a little more about his physical risk taking. He sold his motorcycle after an accident in which he miraculously escaped injury because he was getting too crazy on it and was afraid he would seriously hurt himself and wouldn't be able to work. He wanted to take chances, to see what he could do and how far he could push himself physically. He wanted the adrenaline rush but he knew he wasn't invincible, and he wanted to make sure he didn't mess things up for himself. He was becoming a calculated risk taker.

Will's teenage years were a challenge for his parents. He just wanted to have fun, but he wanted it a lot and was willing to take some risks for it. Fortunately, when he got out of high school he started taking responsibility for himself and thinking about his future. He worked really hard to get his first seasonal firefighting job, and that first season made all the difference. He was hooked. He had found his path.

In November 2015, after three summers of seasonal firefighting, Will was hired on as a permanent employee of the Winnemucca, Nevada, BLM Fire Department. Firefighting made him proud of what he did and who he was. At 22, Will had shown his parents that their decades of hard work had not been in vain, and he had grown up to be a person any parent would be proud to call theirs.
Jacob Merrill O’Malley was born on September 1, 1988, in Carson City, Nevada, to Leonard and Cynthia O’Malley and big brother, Kyle. He grew up in Zephyr Cove, Nevada, and graduated from Whittell High School in 2007, where he played soccer, ran track, raced for the ski team, and performed with the Black and White Choir. He received the Lord at age four, was baptized in the blue waters of Lake Tahoe at age nine, and was active in youth group at Tahoe Community Church.

Jake loved to ski: he was always excited to see the first snow fall, and it was not uncommon to see him knee-deep in fresh powder at Heavenly Valley Ski Resort.

Jake began working for the Bureau of Land Management in Winnemucca, Nevada, in 2009. He spent five summers as a seasonal wildland firefighter and was promoted to full-time, career seasonal wildland firefighter in 2014. Before his passing, Jake had also been promoted to engine captain and had headed up rookie school the year before.

When people speak of Jake O’Malley many common words arise: kind, generous, friendly, patient, and happy. Jake was a gentle soul, always offering encouragement, support, and a smile. Jake took pride in his work and the camaraderie of being a wildland firefighter and strove to always produce work he was proud of. Determined to leave each experience with a lesson learned, Jake was quick to volunteer for new experiences to further himself and learn more. He was observant, insightful, and his character and work ethic were shaping him into a fine leader.

A great lover of music and art in many forms, his colleagues and friends know that Jake had artistic talent of his own which he pursued through wood-burning and fly-tying. He also loved the outdoors; two of his favorite activities were skiing in the winter and fishing in the warmer months.

Jake was a rare gem that was truly cut from a different cloth. Those people whose lives he touched are truly better for it. He had so much love to give, and his loss is not only felt deeply in the hearts of his immediate relatives, it radiates out into a fire community whose network covers many states. Though he is no longer with us, he leaves a strong legacy of hard work, compassion, and honestly with a full heart.
Doug was born on Nov 14, 1972, in Laconia, New Hampshire. Living most of his early life at various military posts, as Doug’s dad was in the Air Force, Doug joined the Boy Scouts in Crete. When his father retired, the family moved back here to the family homestead. Doug joined the New Hampton Fire Department in 1996, following in his grandfather’s footsteps. He was married and had two children, Sarah and William. He later separated from his wife and moved back to New Hampton after a brief stay in Ohio. He reunited with the NHFD in 2002, married again, and had another child, Riley. He also took Alana as his own. He raised his family as best he could, always remaining devoted to his children, who were the center of his universe.

Doug devoted most of his adult life to helping others. Brought up in the fire service, it was a labor of love for him. Doug was a constant at the firehouse, working shifts, going on calls, coming to meetings, working with the Fire Explorers, teaching classes, and taking training. Doug was a very dedicated public servant, always ready to lend a hand or make the situation lighthearted. In the 19 years Doug worked for the Town of New Hampton, he was always looking for ways to better serve his community and his fellow man.

Doug was always ready to lend what was needed to assist his fellow residents. He was a dedicated town employee who had his Advanced Emergency Medical Technician license and was Firefighter II certified. During his career, he received multiple service awards for his work. Doug was a huge presence within the community. Having grown up here, he knew most of our older population who were so very at ease with him. His kindness, caring, and lightheartedness have been greatly missed. He brought a grounding to any situation, making a tense moment manageable, always quick with an answer to any problem.

Doug had a larger-than-life personality. The loss of his presence here has left a huge hole within our community that will be hard to fill.

We miss you, Doug!
Charles A. “Charlie” Waterbury was born on May 31, 1960, the son of Allan G. and Shirley J. (Weeks) Waterbury of Orford, New Hampshire. Charlie was a lifelong resident of Orford and a 1978 graduate of Orford High School. Following graduation, he enlisted and served four years in the U.S. Army, including a tour in Germany. He returned home to continue his service in the New Hampshire Army National Guard, retiring as (E-5) sergeant.

Charlie was a 10-year member of the Orford Fire Department. In earlier years he worked 17 years with the Town of Orford as the road agent and also served his community as a tree warden and budget committee member. At the time of his death, in addition to his involvement with the Orford Fire Department, he enjoyed his days working as a property caretaker for Green Woodlands.

Charlie’s memory is carried on every day by his parents, Allan and Shirley Waterbury, of Orford; his daughter, Whitney Banker, and husband, Matthew, of Canaan; a grandson, Arlo Austin Banker; his brother, Stephen Waterbury, and companion, Nancy Bemis, of Canaan; his sister, Lisa Weeks, and husband, Robert, of Enfield; and four nephews, Justin and Derrick Waterbury and Robby and Chucky “Weezel” Weeks. Last, but certainly not least, he is missed by his best friend, his little dog, Crumb.

Charlie is deeply missed and remembered by family, friends, and his community for how genuine, hard-working, and selfless he was. He was the kind of person who was always there to lend a hand and someone you could always count on. Charlie dedicated his life to keeping others safe. His service to his country and community and his commitment to his loved ones highlight exactly who he was—a man whose legacy lives on as a hero, son, brother, father, and friend.
Joseph J. Bichler joined the Marlton Fire Company in 1983. As the company merged with Evesham Fire-Rescue in 1988, Joe became one of the first cross-trained firefighter/EMT members. He served in various roles throughout his 33 years of service, including fire company treasurer, and was a major contributor to the efforts to restore the company’s vintage 1927 Hale pumper. Joe was not only a very active member and responder, but also served as a father figure and mentor to many members.

Joe was a veteran of the U.S. Navy, serving during the Vietnam War. He was a longtime technician for Physio-Control, servicing products used in emergency services such as AEDs, cardiac monitors, and chest compression machines.

In the early morning hours of October 31, 2016, Joseph Bichler passed away of sudden cardiac arrest in his driveway. He had responded to multiple incidents the day and night before.

Joe is deeply missed by his wife of 43 years, Phyllis; his daughter, Jennifer Pirrotta, and her husband, Jason; his son, Jason Bichler, and his wife, Sally; his son, Justin Bichler, and his wife, Amity; and his daughter, Jordann Bichler. Joe was the dearly loved grandfather of Noah and Sofia Pirrotta and Vera and Forrest Bichler. He is also survived by his brother, Raymond; sister, Dolly; their spouses; and many other loving family, friends, and co-workers.
Stephen Anthony Chervenyak Jr. died October 30, 1988. He was on duty at the races and was struck by a race car at the Flemington Speedway. Stephen was born January 7, 1950, to Stephen Anthony Chervenyak Sr. and Edna Chervenyak in Somerville, New Jersey and lived all his life in Whitehouse, New Jersey. He was the oldest of five children. He had three sisters, Mary, Cathy, and Theresa, and one brother, Michael.

Stephen worked at Ryland Inn and Durling Farms and was a member of Our Lady of Lourdes Church in Whitehouse Station. Stephen loved the outdoors. He enjoyed biking, hiking, whitewater rafting, and hunting. He was a lifetime member of the NRA.

Stephen was very active in the East Whitehouse Fire Department, serving as assistant chief in 1976-77 and fire chief in 1978-80 and from 1987 until his death. He was an exempt fireman with the Readington Township Exempt Firemen’s Association. Stephen was also a member of the Hunterdon County Fire Chiefs Association. He took great pride in being among the first responders. We are grateful for them all.

Stephen was a kind and loving man. He was well loved and respected by all who knew him. I believe that if he were here now he would say that having a family was his greatest accomplishment. His parents were great role models of what a good spouse and parent could be, and he didn’t take that lightly.

He married Virginia Grecco on September 26, 1982, and they have three children, Stephen Anthony III, Angela Rita, and Jason Michael. Stephen spent a lot of time with his family. He loved taking his children to the fire station to see the trucks and to show them off. He was a proud Daddy. He called them his precious cargo.

Stephen knew how to make his loved ones feel special. He knew my favorite meal was steak, spinach, and mushrooms. Stephen was not one to cook, but every year on my birthday he cooked that meal for me. He knew my favorite flowers were lilacs, and he made sure I was given lilacs every year on Mother’s Day since I was pregnant with our firstborn, Stephen, until his last time handing them to me when Stephen was 4, Angela 2, and Jason only 2 months. That memory will be engraved in my heart and mind forever. Another favorite time of mine was when Stephen came home from work and would sit on the floor and be snuggling with all three kids in record time.

Stephen was a fine man, a devoted husband, father, son, brother, uncle, friend, and firefighter. He is missed, but never forgotten. We love you, Stephen Anthony Chervenyak Jr.
Chief Louis Kelly’s impressive 47-year fire career began in 1969, as a probationary firefighter in Ladder Co. 3 of the Elizabeth, New Jersey, Fire Department. In 1977, he was promoted to captain of Rescue Co. 1. In 1986, he was promoted to battalion chief and then made deputy chief in 1993. In 1999, he was elevated to the rank of chief of the department. After his retirement in 2003, Chief Kelly continued serving for another 13 years as a deputy fire mutual aid coordinator (MAC-7) for Union County, New Jersey, and also as an honorary member of the Kenilworth, New Jersey, Volunteer Fire Department.

Over the years, Chief Kelly has been the recipient of many commendations, recognitions, and awards. A three-time recipient of the Valor Award from the 200 Club of Union County, he received two Heroism and Community Service Awards from Firehouse Magazine. The Elizabeth Fire Department awarded him three Class 1 awards, four Class 2 awards, and four Unit Citations.

Under his leadership, the Elizabeth Fire Department and many other Union County, New Jersey, Fire Departments gave their all assisting in recovery efforts on September 11, 2001. In the months following that tragic day, Chief Kelly played an instrumental role in organizing and deploying New Jersey units into New York City to provide station coverage while the FDNY mourned the loss of their 343 brothers.

Chief Kelly will also be remembered for his love of children and dedication to his community. In the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina he helped rebuild playgrounds for school children in Mississippi. He was an ambassador for “Play Ball for Miracles,” an organization that raises and donates funds to the Children’s Miracle Network. He was a coach for the Elmora Youth Baseball League and active in many other community organizations.

Kelly was stricken in the line of duty while operating at the command post of a multiple alarm fire in Clark, New Jersey, on December 8, 2016, ultimately succumbing on December 16, 2016.

Chief Kelly was “a tough old school Chief, who made the safety of his men paramount.” Elizabeth Deputy Chief Lathey Wirkus, who worked with Chief Kelly, said, “He did not leave us simply to mourn. He made one thing clear: Keep moving forward.”
Daniel Patrick McCann III was born in Miami, Florida, on September 16, 1965. At age seven weeks, he came to Kearny, New Jersey, into the home and hearts of Daniel and Dorothy McCann. Daniel has two loving sisters, Marybeth and Laura Jo. In 2015, Daniel married his loving wife, Stefanie McCann.

At a young age, Daniel fell in love with fire trucks and ambulances. His first rescue happened when he was four years old. His mom was making popcorn that caught fire. She instructed him to take his two-year-old sister down the stairs to safety. When the real firefighters and engines came to the house, he was thrilled!

He studied electronic technology at NJIT, but soon found his true calling. A New Jersey certified EMT at age 18, he became a faithful volunteer on his hometown squad (KVERS), serving as captain for four years. He was employed by Nutley EMS for ten years and was chief engineer at Manasquan Hook and Ladder Company 1. In 1991, the Knights of Columbus honored him as EMT of the Year. Daniel served over 30 years in EMS and over 27 with his fire company.

Daniel was a member of the Professional Car Society, where he served as president for a number of years. Daniel lived a life to help others any way that he could. That was evident in the countless hours he dedicated to emergency services and by the way he carried himself on a daily basis.

Daniel was a Miami Dolphins fan and loved the New York Mets. He was a Christmas enthusiast and loved everything the holidays would bring—putting out the Nativity manger with his Poppy and stringing the lights with his Dad, listening to Christmas music the moment it started playing, and spending time with his family. On Christmas Eve, he drove Santa around on the fire truck to deliver presents to the children in town.

Daniel passed into eternal rest in the early hours of his 51st birthday, leaving behind his loving wife, his parents, sisters, in-laws, countless other family members, and unforgettable friends.

Danny loved God, country, family, and service. His life work brought him brotherhood, friendship, happiness, and fulfillment. He will continue to live on in our memory as we carry him with us always. He is missed, cherished deeply, and loved by all that knew him.
Chief Paul F. Price Sr. was born in Austin, Texas, on November 19, 1952, to James and Ruth Price. Paul joined the Audubon Fire Department (formerly Defender Fire Department) as a junior firefighter while in Audubon High School in 1970. Chief Paul Price Sr. had many careers, but ultimately attained his lifelong goal of becoming a paid firefighter when he became a member of the Camden Fire Department in 1977. Paul loved his job, and it showed in everything he did throughout his career. Paul climbed his way through the ranks in the Camden Fire Department and ultimately attained the position of deputy chief.

Chief Price was always involved in emergency management and was especially known for his grant writing abilities. After over 30 years of service to Camden Fire Department, Chief Price retired in 2009. Although Paul retired from Camden Fire Department, he was a lifelong firefighter who continued to be a member of the Audubon Fire Department and The Tri-State Maritime Safety Association (Maritime Incident Response Team) until his untimely passing.

Paul was dedicated and giving, not only to his community, but to the fire community as a whole. Chief Price was a selfless man who was always willing to give his time and volunteered in numerous organizations. Anyone who had the pleasure of knowing Paul was instantly drawn to his joyful spirit and quickly learned of his dedication to bettering the fire service through education and mentoring. Paul believed that you were never done learning and attended classes at the National Fire Academy in Emmitsburg, Maryland, every chance he had.

Paul knew that knowledge and training were the only things that would protect you in a dangerous situation, and because of this he always wanted to share his experiences with the younger members of the department. Throughout his life, Chief Price mentored numerous young firefighters. One of his favorite activities with the fire service was his yearly involvement in the Hampton Roads Maritime Firefighting School at the Norfolk Fire Training Center in Virginia. Paul thoroughly enjoyed teaching at this event and often spoke of the hands-on activities that he helped run. Paul was a firm believer in the fire service and tried to promote the bond of brotherhood in every firefighter he met.

Paul was a dedicated and loving husband of 38 years to his wife, Patricia. His children, Paul Jr. and Susannah, learned immeasurable lessons through his love and guidance. Paul was a man with a big heart, a man who would do whatever he could to help anyone he came in contact with.

Paul’s life will never be forgotten, as he lives on in all of the lives that he has touched.
Scott Robert Rogow was born in Bayonne, New Jersey, on January 17, 1963. He was raised by his mother, Helen, and grew up in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, before moving to Paterson, New Jersey, to pursue his lifelong dream of becoming a firefighter. He married his wife, Lynne, in 1992 and was the father of three children, Heather, Jenna, and Tyler.

Scott began his career with the Paterson Fire Department in February of 1993, first serving as a dispatcher, and then as an emergency medical technician. In 1995, he was appointed as a firefighter and assigned Badge #420. He received specialized training in urban search and rescue and technical rescue operations and, in 2006, was assigned to Rescue Company 2.

Throughout his career, Scott was cited for valor on several occasions, but most notably in September of 2005. In the midst of Hurricane Katrina, he volunteered for a 30-day deployment with the FEMA Disaster Relief Teams. While stationed at the Port City of La Batre, Alabama, he observed a civilian pumping gas at a local gas station. During the course of this, a spark caused an immediate ignition of the fumes and gas coming out of the nozzle. The flames engulfed the vehicle, gas pumps, and the victim himself. Scott, without regard for his own safety, ran through the flames and tackled the victim, saving him from the conflagration. His heroics undoubtedly averted a tragedy, and for his efforts he was awarded the New Jersey State Silver Medal of Valor. He also received the Passaic County 200 Club Valor Award, American Legion Valor Award, and was named the Knights of Columbus Firefighter of the Year.

While assigned to Paterson Fire Department's Rescue Company 2, Scott was injured at a structure fire on July 6, 2009. After undergoing several surgeries and numerous complications, Scott passed away on August 28, 2012. Consequently, he became the 28th Paterson, New Jersey, firefighter to make the supreme sacrifice.

Scott had a strong faith and a can-do attitude, which served him well in all his endeavors. His children were his greatest joy. He was a huge New York Yankees fan and an avid motorcycle rider and enthusiast. Scott will forever be remembered as a loving son, husband, father, brother, firefighter, and friend.
Richard Zadorozny, 66, of Eatontown, New Jersey, died July 11, 2016. Rich was a member of the Eatontown Volunteer Fire Department for 48 years. On the evening of July 10, he responded to a call for a smell of natural gas. Several hours later, emergency services were called to his home, where he died of a heart incident.

Rich was born in Long Branch, New Jersey, on January 11, 1950. He was a lifelong resident of Eatontown. Rich graduated from Red Bank Catholic High School in Red Bank, New Jersey in 1968. From age 13 until age 20, he worked at Old Orchard Country Club Eatontown. While working there, he found a passion for playing golf almost every day. For over 30 years, Rich worked with various telecommunication companies, starting with New Jersey Bell, then AT&T, and finally retiring from AVAYA in 2001.

Rich served the community as a life member of both the Eatontown Fire Department and First Aid Squad. He served as fire chief in 1983. At the time of his death, Rich was the chief engineer, and he knew the engines inside and out. For 30 years, Rich served as the company secretary. He served as the secretary to the Relief and Exempt Associations, as well as serving on the Fire Prevention Board. Rich was considered one of the most dedicated members of the department. He made over 90% of all fire calls for many years, right up until his last call. Rich was known to have a calm demeanor. He was the “go to guy,” often referred to as a walking, talking encyclopedia of the fire department. He shared his many years of knowledge with the younger firefighters.

For 45 years, Rich was married to his wife, Joyce, whom he met in grammar school. He was also survived by two daughters and their husbands, Janice and Chris Glass and Susan and Gary Miffitt, along with four grandchildren, Hailey, Logan, and Gavin Miffitt, and Tyler Glass.

Rich enjoyed woodworking, expanding his hobby into a creative craft business. Rich’s woodwork could be found at craft boutiques and shows throughout New Jersey.

His favorite vacation spot was Disney World, and he shared his love by having his grandchildren join him on numerous trips.

Rich will be remembered by many as “the glue that held the fire department together.” His presence and dedication will be missed more than words can express by the family, friends, and firefighters he leaves behind.
36th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend ★ October 7 - 8, 2017
Robert G. Alford
Fire Department of New York – New York
Career Lieutenant
March 22, 2016
Age: 58

Robert was born July 18, 1957, to Anita and Jim Alford, the second of five children. September 1981 was a month to remember, as he joined the FDNY and also married the love of his life, Susan. It was a marriage of passion, respect, and endless unconditional love. During their 34 years of marriage, they were blessed with twin boys, Michael and Scott.

Robert started his career with the FDNY as a probationary firefighter to E236 in East New York, one of the busiest engine companies in the city. After several years, he decided to try his hand at a truck and transferred to L123 on St. John's East, where he remained until his promotion to lieutenant. Seeking a skilled fire officer to fill a vacancy, he ultimately was assigned to E231. Established as a gritty fire officer, “The Big Swede,” as he was affectionately called, quickly made a home on Watkins Street and was beloved by all.

Robert was a passionate gardener, an exceptional softball player, a master carpenter, and a helpful neighbor, always cooking large meals. Above all, he was a family man who participated in all aspects of his two boys’ lives, from volunteering with Eagle Scouts to being a Little League coach. He was extremely proud of the new home he had built to enjoy his retirement years with his wife, Susan, but his life was cut short so unexpectedly.

Robert could be very comical at times, and if there was any anger towards him, his heartfelt laugh and beautiful blue eyes would melt anyone who saw them. He was our Bert, and his sense of humor will be missed. To humbly help anyone at any time—stranger, neighbor, family, close friend—Robert was always there. He was a hero to all of us, and we will never forget. We hold him tightly in our hearts, and there he will remain until the day that we are with him again.
Chief Arthur “Art” Brault, 54, passed away Tuesday, December 20, 2016. He was born in Plattsburgh, New York, on October 18, 1962, the son of Andrew “Sonny” and Helen (King) Brault. Art graduated from Mount Assumption Institute, Class of 1980. He worked by his father’s side at Andrew Brault and Sons Construction for many years, where he learned many trades.

He was employed as building and maintenance supervisor for the Town of Plattsburgh. Art joined the Cumberland Head Fire Department in 1987. He is the longest serving fire chief in Clinton County, having served as fire chief at Cumberland Head Fire Department since 1992. Art was an active member of the Clinton County Fire Chiefs Association. He initiated the current cold water rescue team, which has served the community well. He was the catalyst in bringing the Cumberland Head Fire Department up to the high standards it holds today. The department was his life.

Art coached soccer on Cumberland Head and was very involved in the community. He enjoyed doing construction projects with his sons and daughter and traveling with his children to many sporting events. His greatest joy was his family.

He was predeceased by a son, Matthew Brault; his father, Andrew “Sonny” Brault; a sister, Andrea Trombly; and a brother, Anthony Brault.

Art is survived by his wife of 33 years, Donna (Fleming) Brault; they were married on May 28, 1983. He was also survived by his mother, Helen Brault; two sons, Christopher and Andrew “A.J.” Brault; and his companion, Elizabeth Compeau; a daughter, Jenna Brault, and her companion, Jordan Calandros; a brother, David Brault, and his wife, Deborah; his parents-in-law, Tom and Ellen Fleming; his brother-in-law and sister-in-law Jim and Angela Fleming; and several aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, and cousins.
Joseph P. “Joey D” DiBernardo was born on December 9, 1970. Growing up, he spent much time at work with his father, a New York City fire officer and chief. Joey’s childhood dream to become a New York City firefighter came to fruition in 1995. In 2000, he was assigned to the elite Rescue Company 3 in the Bronx/Harlem section of New York City. Joey became well known as he taught all the rescue disciplines at conferences and seminars across the country.

On January 23, 2005, Rescue 3 responded to a tenement fire in the Bronx. This day came to be known as “Black Sunday” in FDNY history, as three firefighters died that day in the line of duty, two in the Bronx and one in Brooklyn.

Due to illegal partitions, blocked fire escapes, and lack of personal safety ropes, firefighters became trapped on the top floor in a backdraft and were forced to jump out the windows to the rear courtyard five stories below. Two members died on impact, and four others suffered life threatening injuries.

Trapped in the room adjacent to Joey was Firefighter Jeff Cool. Jeff had a personal safety rope which he had purchased on his own, but due to fire conditions he had no place to secure the rope. Jeff courageously yelled to Joey that he would throw him the rope and lower him. Joey responded, “No. You are married with kids. Throw me the rope, and I will lower you.” Jeff threw Joey the rope, and he quickly tied it around his body. Jeff leaped out the window as the room flashed over and landed in the side alley. These ten feet most likely saved his life. Joey tied the rope off quickly on the child guard and jumped as the room flashed over. He landed five stories below in the rear courtyard, breaking bones from the waist down. He went into respiratory arrest and a coma and had a prolonged hospital and nursing home recovery and rehabilitation, where he had to learn to walk again on his shattered feet. During his recovery, he was promoted to lieutenant.

On November 22, 2011, Joey passed away as a result of injuries suffered on Black Sunday. He was awarded the IAFF Medal of Honor, the New York City Medal of Supreme Sacrifice, and the FDNY Medal of Valor.

To continue his legacy, the Lieutenant Joseph P. DiBernardo Memorial Foundation was created for the charitable purpose of providing financial assistance to fire departments across America and Canada that need Personal Safety Systems. Educational training seminars related to firefighter safety are given annually by the Foundation.

Joey is survived by his parents, Barbara and Joseph G. DiBernardo, Deputy Chief, FDNY (ret); his sister, Carolyn Ingoglia; and his niece and Goddaughter, Gabriella Ann Ingoglia.
In the fall, FDNY Battalion Chief Michael J. Fahy would rake the leaves in his yard into a great big pile, lie down, and let his three children cover him so that moments later he could erupt from the leaves and chase each giggling child, warning of the “leaf monster.” In the summer, he would spend hours in the ocean, tossing each child in the waves, never seeming to tire. Upon arriving home from the firehouse, he would lie down on the floor to play checkers with them. Then he would coax them to sleep with bedtime stories read by their stuffed animals, each paired with an uncharacteristic voice, like his daughter’s cloth baby doll who sounded like Jimmy Cagney, or his son’s stuffed bear who spoke with a British accent and voiced displeasure at living amongst such an undignified crew. Once the children were asleep, he would play the guitar for his wife, singing requested songs. He brought laughter and comfort everywhere he went. His family adores him and always will.

Chief Fahy was killed in the line of duty on Tuesday morning, September 27, 2016, following a gas explosion at a suspected illegal drug lab in the Bronx. He was posthumously promoted to the rank of deputy chief, having passed the exam for deputy chief in 2013. His ascension in rank was the second fastest in the history of the New York City Fire Department. Fahy graduated from New York Law School in 1998, having served as editor-in-chief of the law review. He joined an international law firm as an associate but left the firm a year later to join the FDNY. In 2012, Fahy earned a master’s in homeland security studies from the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, California.

Mike Fahy’s legacy will forever be one of a humble man who put others before himself; a leader who wanted to protect and serve others; and a devoted and loving father, husband, son, brother, neighbor, friend, and coach. He is survived by his wife, Fiona; children, Michael (11), Anna (8), and Cormac (6); his parents, Ret. FDNY BC Thomas Fahy and Mary; brother, Thomas (Tina); sisters, Mary (Steve) and Margaret (Brian); twelve nieces and nephews; and extraordinary friends.
Frank Fontaino, or “Chip,” as he was known to his closest family and friends, served the FDNY for 28 years, retiring from Engine Co. 155 in 2002. He was known for his exemplary service throughout the department and could be defined by his willingness to serve both his city and his country.

Frank served in both the United States Navy and Coast Guard. He was very proud of his service, and his family is very proud of his sacrifice.

Frank was also a 9/11 first responder, where his passion and love for the job helped countless people.

He was loved by his family, including his children, Frank, Trish, and Renee, and his eight grandchildren.
Bruce “Brew” Foss was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 29, 1955, and later moved with his family to Freeport, Long Island. After graduating from Freeport High School, he enlisted in the United States Navy and was honorably discharged in 1975. Upon returning, he met his wife, Mary, and they were married in 1978.

Bruce was appointed to the FDNY in 1981 and assigned to Engine 216 in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. He later transferred across the floor to Ladder 108 and spent his entire career in the same firehouse. While working numerous fires over those two decades, Bruce suffered a severe back injury requiring two titanium rods to be screwed onto his spine, causing him to retire. His retirement date was September 30, 2001. The brothers threw him a retirement party on Sept 10, 2001.

The next morning, after learning of the attack on the World Trade Center, Bruce responded to the scene. After working on the “pile” well past his retirement date, he and his wife moved to Florida, where he enjoyed several years before succumbing to cancer.

Bruce is survived by his wife, Mary, and their children, Herb and Samantha; his sisters, Linda, Debra, and Dorothy; brothers, Billy, Scott, and Randy; and his grandchildren, Ava, Chloe, and Hunter Bruce Foss.
William J. Guido, age 68, of Mayfield, New York, passed away on Thursday, November 10, 2011, at his residence after a long battle with cancer, surrounded by his loving family.

He was born on September 27, 1943, in Staten Island, New York, a son of Frank and Mary Jones Guido. Bill attended St. Peter’s High School. Following graduation, he served his country in the U.S. Army with the 101st Airborne Division stationed in Mainz, Germany. During his tour, he met his wife, Sylvia Schulz Guido, who he married on July 15, 1965.

Bill began his career with the FDNY in 1968, ascending the ranks, retiring as chief of the marine division after 33 years with the department. Mr. Guido’s final duties with the FDNY involved responding to the Ground Zero recovery effort. He earned a Bachelor of Science degree in fire science at John Jay College in Manhattan during his tenure with the fire department. Mr. Guido was also a U.S. Coast Guard Reservist, achieving the rank of master chief petty officer with over thirty years of service.

Bill and his wife relocated to Mayfield in 2001, and he soon after joined the Mayfield Volunteer Fire Department. Bill also earned a real estate license and worked for local agencies prior to his illness.

Mr. Guido was a staunch and vocal conservative who also enjoyed sailing and cooking. Ultimately, his true passion was firefighting.

Bill is survived by his wife, Sylvia; three sons, David F. (Mary Fran) Guido, Stephen M. (Anne Marie) Guido, William J. (Ellen) Guido, Jr.; one daughter, Tanja I. Rollins; seven grandchildren, Jonathan Rollins, Katherine Guido, Daniel Guido, Zachary Rollins, Audrey Guido, William J. Guido, III, and Jack Guido; one cousin, Butch (Danna) Cusick; and several nieces and nephews.

He was predeceased by one brother, Joseph.
Dennis J. Heedles Sr., 56, died on October 10, 2015, from complications of lung cancer related to his response to the September 11th terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center. He was a first responder at Ground Zero on 9/11 and also worked tirelessly in the recovery effort.

He was a graduate of New Dorp High School.

He loved being a firefighter and had a 20-year career with the FDNY, retiring in 2002 from Ladder Co. 76 in Tottenville.

He was a family man who loved watching his sons play football while they were growing up and later enjoyed spending time with his grandchildren. He often volunteered his time and talents to help family and friends with home improvement projects.

He is survived by his wife of 33 years, Veronica; his sons, Dennis Jr., Thomas, and Erik; his daughter, Allison Spagnuolo; his mother, Stella Heedles; his brothers, Edward and Bobby; his sisters, Nancy Wright and Karen Ferrari; and his granddaughter.

Dennis is remembered for his generous and caring nature and his willingness to help those in need.
Firefighter Cornell Horne began his career with the New York City Fire Department on August 13, 1977. After his probationary training, Cornell was assigned to the “Tin House,” Engine Company 232. After a few years he transferred to the “Tin House,” Ladder Company 176, where he spent the bulk of his career. He also served brief details with Battalion 44 and the Special Operations Command.

Cornell donated much of his free time assisting with FDNY charities, especially the Turkey Trot and softball league. A Vietnam combat veteran (1968-70), he was the recipient of a Purple Heart.

Firefighter Horne is survived by his wife, Elizabeth; daughter, Veronica; son, Evan; stepson, Idris; mother, Gwendylon; and sisters, Penelope and Debbie.
Charles L. “Chuck” Jones III started his career with the FDNY in October 1992. After probie school he was assigned to Engine 311. In 2001, Chuck transferred to Ladder 165, where he served for more than 20 years.

Chuck’s service to the city began five years earlier working for the New York City Police Department. His commitment to the community was also demonstrated through his service as a member of the West Sayville Volunteer Firefighter Department, where his passion for his craft and his zest for life made him an excellent hydrant man for their drill team.

He coached football, baseball, basketball, soccer, and hockey, and was known as “Coach Chuck” to most of the neighborhood children.

He enjoyed skiing in the winter and boating on the great South Bay in the summer.

He is greatly missed by his wife, Leigh Anne, and children, Andrew, Adam, and Natalie, as well as by his seven siblings.
Firefighter Kelly began his career in the same Bronx streets where he was born and raised. There would be no occupation that could have made Tom happier than the 17 years that he served with the FDNY. Tom started his career as a firefighter in Engine 41 in the South Bronx. Budget cuts forced its closure, and he was soon transferred to the place where he would spend the rest of his career, his beloved Engine 50-Ladder 19.

He made lifelong friends in that South Bronx firehouse. They fought many horrendous jobs at a time when the Bronx saw its most prolific fire activity. On the morning of September 11th, there could be no other place to be but by the sides of his fellow firefighters. Many of those brothers never made it out of the towers. He worked that awful day and many to come in the search and recovery efforts on that sorrowful mountain of ash. He and the entire department were forever changed at the devastating loss.

Tom resided in Putnam County, New York, for 21 years, where he will also be missed by his many friends and loved ones.

Tom is survived by his wife, Denise, and their twins, Taryn and Breezy.
Born January 26, 1963, to Marvin and Debra Lane in East Rockaway, New York, Keith graduated from East Rockaway High School in 1981 and from the University of Scranton in 1985, with a bachelor’s degree in communications and criminal justice. He served as a firefighter for Vigilant Engine Company #1 of the East Rockaway Fire Department for more than 14 years before moving to Oceanside and joining Salamander Hook, Ladder & Bucket Company 1 of the Oceanside Fire Department in September 1995. He served as a firefighter there until his death and was posthumously promoted to captain.

Keith was a cameraman for Fox 5. A cameraman has to be where the action is, but in the background. This was Keith at home, at work, and at the firehouse. He liked staying behind the scenes, but without him things didn’t get done. Keith’s love of firefighting and photography started at a young age, when he would follow the fire trucks on his bicycle to photograph the fire scene operations and apparatus. Eventually, Keith served as both the department photographer and the public information officer.

Keith worked hard for a lot of causes, especially those involving firefighters, police, first responders, military, and veterans. He made sure the stories he worked on showed the respect that they deserved, especially because his nephew, Ryan, is an active member of the United States Army.

Keith’s daughter, Tara, came first in his life. Despite the work hours and trips required for his job, his service to the fire department, and the behind-the-scenes work he did, he was always able to provide for her. The love and care he showed Tara throughout her life is an example for all of us to follow.

Keith died too young, but he survived a lot. He was present in war zones around the world and had multiple passports with hundreds of stamps each. On September 11, 2001, he was at the scene, covering and filming soon after the second plane struck the Towers. The courageous, dramatic, and traumatizing moments he caught on film won him an Emmy Award. Two years later he was one of 23 firefighters badly injured during an explosion at an industrial fire near Oceanside Fire Headquarters. He spent a month in the burn center with second and third-degree burns to his face, neck, and hands. As soon as he could, he returned to active duty.

Keith is missed by his family, friends, colleagues, and everyone who met him. He left a lasting impression. We love you and miss you more than you will ever know, Keith. Rest easy, Brother. We’ve got it from here.
John F. McNamara, born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, was a good-natured prankster and devoted husband and father who always led by example. No matter what else he had done in his life, being a New York City firefighter was the essence of who he was. He loved the job, and he loved the guys. What could be better than getting paid for helping others? He was assigned first to Engine 220/Ladder 122 in Park Slope, Brooklyn, then Engine 234/Ladder 123 in Crown Heights, Brooklyn. John was also a volunteer firefighter in Blue Point, New York, after Jenn and John moved there in 2003.

McNamara, who was 44 at the time of his death, worked about 500 hours at Ground Zero. He also was one of the first to join the FDNY’s rescue mission to New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina. He was diagnosed with stage 4 colon cancer in 2006 when his wife was four months pregnant with their only son, Jack. It was his exposure to toxins on the pile that caused the illness that ultimately killed him on August 9, 2009.

John was devoted to his family, but also to his community. After his death, his wife formed the FDNY Firefighter John F. McNamara Foundation (the Johnny Mac Foundation) to continue his good works in the local community and to assist other sick 9/11 first responders.

John is survived by his wife, Jennifer; now 10-year-old son, Jack; sisters, Carol and Donna; brother, Patrick; and mother and father-in-law, Linda and George.
Merle L. Nell was born on June 28, 1938, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. His family moved to Vernon, New York, when he was a child, and he attended school in the Vernon-Verona-Sherrill School District, graduating in 1956. Merle enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps in 1956 and served as a military police officer until his honorable discharge in 1958. He married Susan R. Weimer in 1965, and they had three children, Scott, Lisa, and Mark.

Merle joined the Volunteer Fire Company of Vernon, Inc. in 1965 and was active with the department right up until the time of his passing. Merle served as an officer in the department for several years and was elected chief in 1983. Merle also served as president of the fire company for several years during the 1990s. Merle had been recognized in 2015 for his 50 years of service to the fire company and was serving as fire police captain at the time of his death. Merle passed on his passion for the fire service to his sons. Scott Nell is currently the chief of the Vernon Fire Company, and Mark Nell is the chief of the neighboring Verona Volunteer Fire Department. Scott's two sons, Adam and Matthew Nell, are active firefighters with Vernon, while Mark's son, Zachary Nell, is a junior firefighter with Verona.

Merle retired from the U.S. Postal Service with over 30 years of service, having worked as a postal clerk at the Vernon Post Office and then delivering mail as a rural carrier. Merle spent his retirement camping with his family with his recreational vehicle and traveling throughout the country. Merle and Susan even drove their RV to Alaska one summer to vacation.
Raymond Ragucci was born on January 3, 1952, in Staten Island, New York. He grew up surrounded by a large, loving, extended family. In 1987, he married Rosalie, moved to Queens, then in 1990 made his home in Levittown, New York.

In 1983, Ray was assigned to Fire Department City of New York (FDNY) Engine Company 5, located on 14th Street on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, one of the oldest and busiest firehouses in New York City. For decades, it was considered one of the legendary fire companies in New York City. Firefighters who serve with Engine Company 5 are considered among the most highly motivated and dedicated members of the FDNY. At Engine Company 5, Ray would build not only a career, but lifelong friendships and a second family. It was here that he spent his entire career of 21 years.

The only thing more important than Engine Company 5 was his wife, Rosalie, and his three children, Raymond, Jr., Danielle, and Jeana. Ray loved spending time with family and friends and enjoyed hosting parties at his New York and Arizona homes. He treasured those times.

Ray was one of the first responders to the 1993 bombing of One World Trade Center, where he took a serious fall in the blinding smoke near the hole, yet continued to soldier on until he was relieved hours later. Ray sustained serious injuries and spent close to the next four years on medical leave and then light duty while he rehabbed as he fought his way back to health. In 1997, he returned to his beloved Engine Company 5.

Ray never sidestepped his duties and bore a great deal of responsibility to the department and his brothers at Engine Company 5. He responded to the World Trade Center following the collapse of the Towers. Ray’s determination and resolve was evidenced by his dedication to the rescue and recovery efforts at Ground Zero. He worked at Ground Zero for 49 days, which led to the illness that claimed his life. Quoting Ray’s lieutenant, “Ray was efficient, fluid and a work of art—a firefighter at the top of his game.”

After Ray’s passing, his wife received a card which clearly depicts Ray’s life: Everyday heroes go about their routine business of living, laughing, and loving. They make sacrifices, not headlines. They touch hearts and change lives, have high hopes, low profiles... and the admiration of all who recognize them as true heroes.

Ray was a true hero to all who knew him. “It’s a Beautiful Day”
Theodore A. Stafford Jr. was born August 17, 1942, to Theodore and Helen Stafford. He grew up in Floral Park, Long Island and spent summers in Sag Harbor, New York, where he met his future wife, Frances Trunzo. He graduated from St. Paul’s Preparatory School in Garden City, New York. Upon graduation he chose to enlist in the Navy, where he served from 1961 to 1967. After graduating from the Naval communications school, he was assigned to the U.S.S. Rogers, a destroyer, as a radioman first-class. His tour on the Rogers was extended because of the initiation of the Vietnam War. Upon completion of his tour of duty in the Navy, he returned to Sag Harbor and married his childhood sweetheart, Frances, with whom he raised four children.

Ted immediately began volunteering for the Sag Harbor Fire Department, where he served for 48 years. He held various positions, which included captain of the Phoenix Hook & Ladder Company, treasurer, warden, dispatcher, and head of the honor guard. Over the many years he served, he was a highly active and respected member.

On the day of his death, May 2, 2016, Ted attended the monthly fire department meeting. That evening, the department called-out a medivac landing for an 11-month-old infant who was being airlifted to Stony Brook University Hospital after suffering massive injuries from a fall. Ted handled dispatch during the emergency situation. Shortly after the child was in safe hands, Ted suffered cardiac arrest.

Ted was a true community man who was devoted to both his family and his career. He was a police officer of Southampton Town, New York, for 20 years. During that time he served as president of the Patrolmen’s Benevolent Association for 12 years. He was revered in his position and took great care of the men and women of his union. As a family man, Ted and his wife Fran lovingly raised four children, whom they supported unconditionally. In his later years, Ted was very proud of his six grandchildren, who each held a special place in his heart. His fondest moments were at their softball and baseball games, where he took great pleasure in keeping the scorebooks and cheering them on. As a proud fireman, it gave him joy to have his eldest son, nephew, and two grandsons become members of the fire department.

He is deeply missed by his four children, John Stafford, Andrea McAree, Maureen Stafford, and Ted Stafford III; his two sisters, Helen Diakun and Priscilla Stafford; his six grandchildren, Allison, Laura, Melanie, RJ, Josh, and Miranda; numerous extended family, friends; and the community.
Lieutenant Patrick J. Sullivan began his 27-year career with the New York City Fire Department on October 7, 1985. After his probationary training, Pat was assigned to Engine 310 in Brooklyn. Five years later, he went “across the floor” to Ladder 174, where he served until his promotion to lieutenant on September 7, 1996. As a lieutenant, he bounced for a period of time until he was assigned to Engine 45 in the Bronx on June 26, 1999. He served there for five years before again going “across the floor” to Ladder 58 for the remainder of his years as a New York City firefighter.

Pat enjoyed sports, both as a spectator and a participant. He would be sure to join in a few basketball games with friends at local parks and gymnasiums whenever he could, but his true sports passion was playing hockey on an FDNY team, which he did for most of his years as a firefighter. He was also an avid New York Rangers fan.

Pat loved being a firefighter, and he loved the firefighters with whom he worked. He will be remembered for his calm and capable approach to firefighting.

Lieutenant Sullivan is survived by his loving wife, Patricia, and two wonderful children, Michael and Courtney.
Vincent Rocco Ungaro was born on August 18, 1956, to Vincent P. and Susan (Cenicola) Ungaro. He was the second of three children, with his older sister, Rose, and his younger sister, Angela. Once he began wrestling for Brentwood Junior High and High School, he found something that became a part of how he would identify himself for the rest of his life. He went on to be a Suffolk County champion and an All-State wrestler.

On September 2, 1979, Vincent married the love of his life, Dianne Stark, and his father-in-law, Frank Stark, encouraged him to take the test for the FDNY. Vincent became a probie in the FDNY in July 1981, and in the fire department he found the same type of camaraderie and dedication to higher purpose that he had missed since giving up wrestling. His first assignment was to Engine 214/Ladder 111, “The Nut House.”

On October 19, 1984, Vincent and Dianne welcomed their first child, Vincent Frank Ungaro; thirteen months later, Jessica Dyan Ungaro was born on November 22, 1985. Eventually Vincent was promoted to lieutenant and moved into Ladder 8 in lower Manhattan. When Squad Company 288 opened in Maspeth Queens, he took a transfer and was working there during 9/11.

Vincent spent the next nine months heading into Ground Zero to work when not taking his regular shifts at Squad 288. The mental toll was difficult as each day workers spent time trying to clear debris and find the remains of their friends. Unfortunately for many, Vincent included, the physical toll remained hidden for years.

After search and rescue at Ground Zero was completed, Vincent was promoted to captain and took charge of Engine 235 in Brooklyn. After being diagnosed with chronic lymphocytic leukemia, he remained on the job until he had 30 years in before retiring. After retiring, he was able to see his son marry Kristine Myer and his grandchildren Maureen Katherine and Vincent James be born. He traveled with Dianne and spent more time doing what he loved, helping others.

Once he was admitted to the hospital for the last time and his time was growing shorter, he held hands with his daughter, Jessica, as she married Michael Panico in his ICU room while a family friend and fellow FDNY brother performed the ceremony. His last wishes were granted, and he came home and held his grandchildren and puppy for the first time in months. He passed on October 1, 2016, surrounded by loved ones. In the last few weeks of his life, he repeatedly told those around him that he had no regrets, wouldn’t want to change anything, and was tremendously grateful for everything.
Robert Ventriglia, 63, died on November 2, 2010, from cancer related to the recovery effort at Ground Zero after the September 11th terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center.

He was appointed to the FDNY on December 17, 1977, started his career in Engine 210, and a year later transferred to Ladder 110. Ten years later, he went across the floor to Engine 207. He received a unit citation in 1995. He retired from the department on May 31, 2002.

He is survived by his wife, Katherine, and his son, John.
David Kevin Britt was born on August 31, 1961, to Leslie and Carole Britt in Suffolk, Virginia. He and his brother, Keith, were raised in Severn, North Carolina. Kevin excelled as an auto mechanic in high school and upon graduation received a full scholarship to a diesel mechanic school in Tennessee. Kevin was well known for his mechanical skills in his area.

Kevin and his wife, Billie Jean, were married on July 30, 1988. They welcomed their first son, Joshua David Britt, on May 16, 1992, followed by their second child, Dillon Kevin Britt, on March 23, 1996. They moved to Pendleton, North Carolina, to raise their family. Kevin loved his family more than anything and always tried to be a good role model for his kids.

Kevin spent as much time as he could fishing with Joshua and being a mentor to him in the fire department. He loved going to races with Dillon and would be at the finish line cheering for his son. He could be extremely funny, and both of his kids looked up to him.

Kevin was a volunteer firefighter for 38 years and put his heart and soul into every call he went on, no matter what it was. He always tried to put safety first and wouldn’t hesitate to put his life on the line for someone else.

Kevin was a true hero to his family and friends and will always be loved and forever missed.
Firefighter John Morris Davis Jr., 45, laid down his life while responding to a car accident on May 7, 2016, on a Saturday afternoon. John was a kind soul with a quiet demeanor and a servant’s heart. He was selfless, a protector, and fiercely loyal to his family and friends. Therefore, it was natural that he chose as his life’s calling a profession that puts serving others at its core and personal safety at risk. John was a simple man. He enjoyed fishing and hunting. He and his best friend, Keith Thompson, started co-ed softball at church, and he enjoyed playing softball with his close friends.

John was born in Alamance County on November 26, 1970, to John Morris Davis Sr. and the late Peggy Jean Grice. He was a member of Center Ridge Presbyterian Church and the Kenly Fire Department. He also helped his close friend Sherry O’Briant every year with KAM (Kenly Area Ministries) where they would collect food for the needy families in the community for the holidays.

John was a very humble young man. He always put his family first and always showed he cared. He drove an 18-wheeler for JP Edwards moving heavy equipment full-time. When he had a free moment, it was always about spending time with his wife, family, and friends.

In addition to his father, John is survived by his wife of sixteen months, Dwaina Gurley Davis; his stepdaughter, Hanna Leigh Holland; his daughters, Courtney and Autumn Davis; half-brother, Daniel Grice; and his brotherhood of firemen with the Kenly Fire Department.

Thank you to Paul Whitehurst, the Kenly Fire Department chief, for all of his help and kind words, and to all the guys on the fire department. With the community’s help, we have started an annual fishing tournament to help fund a scholarship in memory of John that helps another young man or lady with their education.

As John would say, “Let go and let God.”
Captain Bradley Steven Long, 28, of Sherrills Ford made the ultimate sacrifice in the line of duty on Monday, June 6, 2016, during a recovery diving mission.

His lifelong dream was to be a firefighter, following in his father’s footsteps. Bradley joined the department as a junior firefighter at age 14. Captain Long served as a captain at both the Newton Fire Department and Sherrills Ford-Terrell Fire and Rescue. During this time he also served as a telecommunicator with Catawba County Communications 911 Center. As an active member of the Sherrills Ford-Terrell Community, Captain Long never met a stranger, met everyone with a smile, and was always willing to offer a helping hand to those in need. Whether he was educating a preschool class about fire safety, stopping to help a stranded motorist on the side of the road, or saving someone’s life, Captain Long continuously gave of himself to others while following his passion. When he was not in service to others, Captain Long enjoyed riding motorcycles, diving, hunting, woodturning, Legos, and farming.

Captain Long’s accomplishments are many, most recently being named Newton Elk’s Firefighter of the Year on April 30, 2016. In addition, he was named the Sherrills Ford-Terrell Fire & Rescue Member of the Year in 2007 and Officer of the Year in 2013. Captain Long was hired at the Newton Fire Department in June 2007 and promoted to full-time engineer in May 2011, then promoted to captain in August 2015.

Captain Long would, however, remind us that his greatest accomplishment was serving those in their time of need in his community.

Because of his servant’s heart and his sacrifice during service to others, Captain Long will forever be remembered as a true hero who answered his final call doing what he loved to do and knew that his fellow firefighters would be ready to “take it from here.”

Captain Long is survived by his father, mother, brother, sister, brother-in-law, nephew, and two nieces.

Bradley was a son, uncle, brother, friend, mentor, captain, cousin, nephew, and hero. We miss him extremely, but feel blessed to have had him with us for 28 years and know that because of his love and support for our family, we are stronger than ever. Bradley would want everyone to continue to put others first and to lend a helping hand whenever possible.

When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and when you pass through the rivers, they will not sweep over you. When you walk through the fire, you will not be burned; the flames will not set you ablaze.
-Isaiah 43:2
Richard was born June 2, 1995, to Michael and Linay Sheltra. Raised in Charlotte, North Carolina, Richard was born to be a firefighter. His father is a former chief of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department, and his mother rolled on calls until the early stages of her pregnancy with Richard. Nicknamed “BamBam” for his sometimes less than graceful mannerisms, Richard made a habit of showing up to his sister’s pretend tea parties in full junior firefighter gear as a young boy.

He graduated from South Mecklenburg High School, where he played football and lacrosse and was active in Key Club and Young Life. Immediately after high school, he turned all of his focus and energy toward becoming a fulltime firefighter. He took classes in fire science at Central Piedmont Community College and joined the Pineville Volunteer Fire Department. Richard followed the legacy of both mother and father who are retired volunteers of Carolina and Carmel Fire Departments. A diligent student and faithful volunteer, Richard earned A’s in classes toward his degree and accumulated firehouse accolades, including Most Training Hours and Rookie of the Year. Richard was in his fourth year as a volunteer firefighter and in the final stage of the application process for the Charlotte Fire Department.

The consummate southern gentleman, Richard loved his country, his boots, chocolate chip cookies, country music, and Alabama football. He loved the outdoors and working out. He had a strong, quiet Christian faith that showed itself in his desire to serve his community and his caring for others. When asked why he wanted to be a firefighter, Richard wrote that he wanted to be there for people who may be experiencing “the worst day of their lives.”

On the day of his death, April 30, 2016, Richard spent the day with his mother. After joining her in a charity walk and later having dinner with her, he reported to the station as there were storms headed into the region. During the storms, the department was dispatched to a working fire in a strip mall. He was one of the members on the initial suppression line, became disoriented, and died as result of asphyxiation. His brief 20-year stint on earth made a difference in many lives. He is deeply missed by his family, friends, and fellow firefighters.

*Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one’s life for his friends.* John 15:13
Jay was born on January 2, 1971, to Linda and Jeff Tyndall in Kinston, North Carolina. He graduated from South Lenoir High School. Jay was a devoted husband, father, brother, and son. He was full of energy and charisma and became fast friends with everyone he encountered. He enjoyed hunting and fishing, TarHeel basketball, and playing the drums in his band, Big Drink Music Company. Jay worked in sales for Sysco Foods, Inc., and he was a dedicated volunteer fireman with Hugo Volunteer Fire Department. He felt honored to serve and care for his community.

In February 1993, he was married to Kathy Jo Hill. Jay and Kathy had two children, Ashley and Ian. Ian, now 17 years old, also continues to serve the Hugo Volunteer Fire Department, as he did along with his daddy. Ian will always cherish the one-on-one time he spent with his daddy training to be a firefighter. Ashley, now 22 years old, and her daddy were always laughing and joking, always enjoying their close relationship. They had planned to have a non-traditional and upbeat daddy-daughter dance of their own design at her September 2017 wedding.

Jay’s last call was on May 12, 2016. Jay touched many people around the city of Kinston, and his memory will continue to live on.
James Ronald “Jim” Varnell, 53, of Elm City, North Carolina, died in the line of duty on February 2, 2016. Jim was a wonderful husband, father, and friend. He loved and cared deeply for his family and was indelibly present in their lives. Jim enjoyed all of life’s everyday conversations, being a father and supporting his daughters’ pursuits, cracking jokes to make his wife laugh, and surprising his family with encouraging notes and detours to take the scenic route home.

Jim was a quiet, steady man with a sense of humor. He loved his community and never hesitated to drop whatever he was doing to lend a helping hand to someone in need. He always had time to listen and made a point to visit with people frequently and often unannounced. Jim was a dedicated member of Wilbanks Christian Church; he loved God, his church family, and listening to the choir and sermons.

Jim was an active member of the Bakertown Volunteer Fire Department for nearly 22 years. He loved the fire service and believed strongly in its mission helping the community. Jim helped start the junior firefighter program at the department and was head of their training group. Getting the youth involved in service to their community was important to him, and he loved teaching and passing down the tradition of volunteer firefighting. He was a volunteer EMT with Elm City EMS for many years and also responded to emergency medical calls with Bakertown Volunteer Fire Department, where he helped establish the first responder program. Helping people was his passion.

When asked, Jim said the most beautiful place he had ever been was right here at home, on the farm where he grew up and raised his family. He is remembered as a Simple Man—the song by Lynyrd Skynyrd captured his life and love of classic rock. He is greatly loved and missed by his family, friends, and the community he was so deeply rooted in.

Jim is survived by his loving wife of 31 years, Amber Varnell, and his daughters, Misty Varnell and Dana Varnell, all of Elm City. He was preceded in death by his parents, Ronald and Jeanne Varnell, and his sister, Rhonda Varnell Taylor.
Joshua Lee Warren was 33 years old. He was a loving husband to his wife, Kimberly, for 11 years. He has two beautiful children whom he absolutely adored, a daughter, Kelsey, 10, and son, Max, 4.

Josh was passionate about firefighting and had been in the fire service for more than 14 years. He was an avid member of East Lincoln Fire Department, Alexis Fire Department, and Lucia-Riverbend Fire Department.

Josh was an active member in his church, Westport Baptist. He was a proud member in the Masonic Lodge. He loved to hunt and work on just about anything. More than anything, he loved spending time with his wife and kids. He was the best father in the universe, and his kids meant the world to him! He will be greatly missed every day!

We love you!!!!
Mr. Woods was born in Chatham County on August 4, 1991, the son of Henry Currie and Jackie Woods. Josh was a 2009 graduate of Jordan Matthews High and received an associate degree from Louisburg College. He was a member of First Missionary Baptist Church, where he served as an usher and was active in all aspects of the church. He enjoyed his work serving his community and hunting.

Joshua Woods, firefighter, driver, and EMT, joined the Town of Siler City Fire Department in July 2013. Joshua rose through the ranks and was, as Chief Murphy put it, “a rising star of our department.” Joshua died in the line of duty the morning of January 12, 2016. He was responding to a cardiac arrest call with CPR in progress at approximately 1:00 a.m. when he lost control of his personally owned vehicle and left the roadway. The vehicle struck a tree, and Firefighter Woods died as a result of injuries sustained in the collision. He will always be remembered for his love of family, willingness to help, and his big smile.

He is survived by his wife, Chelsea (Johnson) Woods; sons, Elijah, Ian, and Ezra Joshua; father, Henry Currie; mother, Jackie Woods; two sisters, Chastity Woods and Victoria Woods; two brothers, Henry Woods and Donovan Woods; and maternal grandmother, Peggy Woods.

“Josh Woods was an incredible man, dedicated fireman, and great friend. He could always be counted on to be there when he was needed.”
– Firefighter Mike Barbee, Siler City Fire Department

“It was an honor and a privilege to be able to help mentor Josh and teach him different things related to firefighting, whether it was catching a hydrant or pumping a truck.”
– Captain Michael Powers, Siler City Fire Department

“He was a very promising fireman. I am going to miss his special personality and character he brought to the firehouse with him. It will be hard to get used to him not being around after either seeing or talking to him every day for close to 20 years.”
– Captain Daniel Murphy, Siler City Fire Department
Charles Thomas “Tommy” Wright was born April 4, 1989, to Tom and Dayna Wright of Blowing Rock, North Carolina. Tommy was a member of Faithbridge United Methodist Church, where he served as a youth counselor and was a member of the praise band. He also assisted with the youth at Rumple Memorial Presbyterian Church.

There were many activities Tommy participated in and enjoyed. He developed a love for music early in life and played the bass guitar at church. He loved attending concerts with his father and sister. Tommy and his friends would often go night hiking on the numerous trails on the Blue Ridge Parkway. He could often be found playing pick-up basketball in Blowing Rock Park.

Tommy enjoyed working with youth and had a special heart for those who were less fortunate. He loved going on mission trips and engaging with the people he met. Everyone knew that Tommy was proud of and loved his athletic shoes. He bought a new pair before going on a mission trip to the Dominican Republic. As their bus was leaving to return home, Tommy gave his new shoes to a youth who had no shoes at all. That was Tommy, always thinking about others before himself.

Tommy was a member of the Blowing Rock Fire & Rescue Squad and was attending Caldwell Community College to become a paramedic. Blowing Rock Fire Chief Kent Graham had this to say: “Tommy would stop by the fire department office every Monday afternoon with the same question. ‘What’s training going to be tonight?’ Even if the answer was undecided, Tommy would say, ‘Right on, right on.’ We never saw anyone more excited about learning more ways to help. He was involved in training with everything he had. It was obvious that discovering the opportunities for helping people through the fire service was the end of a purposeful search for Tommy. So many people to help in so many different ways was an answer to his prayers. In the midst of paramedic school, company drills, and every certification class he could attend, Tommy gave everything he could. Tommy’s life in the fire service was telling of his values and approach to life. He helped firefighters, family members, church youth, and strangers. No matter what it was or what their struggles may be, Tommy Wright was wholly dedicated to finding ways to help others.”

Tommy is survived by his parents, Tom and Dayna Wright; his sister, Lindsay Wright Garcia, and husband, Jorge; his maternal grandparents, Charles and Mary Tom Aldridge; his paternal grandmothers, Barbara Wright and Carol Wright; his late paternal grandfather, Thomas Wright, Sr.; and numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins.
John Richard Fritz, or “Fritz” as he was called by nearly everyone, was born to Richard and the late Diane Fritz in Austintown, Ohio, on March 20, 1968. He was inspired to become a firefighter as a child by watching his neighbor, Bob Rodkey, respond to fires as a part-timer. After Fritz joined the Austintown Fire Department as a part-time firefighter himself in 1992, they would race to see who reached Station 3 first after the tones went off. He was honored to become a career firefighter for Austintown in 2000. Fritz had found his calling among the brotherhood and embraced it enthusiastically. His spirit was infectious, and his love of pranking was legendary.

John was well-known as a man who would do anything for his friends and family. His daughter Ryley was born with spina bifida in 2000 and underwent many surgeries and treatments at Rainbow Babies and Children’s Hospital in Cleveland. To show his appreciation for the excellent care she received from her team of doctors and nurses there, he walked from Austintown’s No. 1 Fire Station to the hospital in Cleveland and back—70 miles each way—while wearing full turnout gear and air pack, not once, but twice, raising thousands of dollars for their Myelomeningocele Clinic.

Fritz was a creative problem solver, and if he felt a certain piece of equipment would make the job safer/faster/easier, he would make it himself if the department didn’t have it or couldn’t find it. This talent led to many side projects for him, and he leaves a legacy of wheelchair ramps, lacrosse goals, and fire training equipment, to name a few.

John had a passion for training that led him to become a fire instructor. He was one of the founding members of the AFD Honor Guard, as well as one of the founders of the Mahoning Valley chapter of FOOLS. Extremely humble, the one-time Firefighter of the Year shrugged off praise because it was all in a day’s work at a job he loved. He embodied the motto “Braithre Thar Gach Ni” or “Brotherhood Before All.”

It is an understatement to say that John is greatly missed by all his families—his wife, Karen; daughters, Ryley, Bailey, Halley, and Kassidey; his son, Owen; father, Dick; and sister, Jill; co-workers at Western Reserve Mechanical, where he was a member of Plumbers and Pipefitters Local 396; and of course, his brothers and sisters from the Austintown Fire Department.

The world is a much dimmer place without this one-in-a-million man who would have told you he was a dime a dozen. To know him truly was to love him.
Adam was a member of the Air Force for more than 24 years. He was a firefighter and paramedic for 18 years. Most importantly, he was a loving husband to Lore and devoted father to Micah and Luke.

Adam began his active duty Air Force career as a large vehicle mechanic, working on fire trucks and fuel trucks. He went on multiple deployments, including six trips to the Middle East and a remote tour to Kunsan, Korea. Adam was serving in the Ohio Air National Guard in Springfield with the 178th Fire Emergency Services Urban Search and Rescue Flight, designator OH-178. He was a strike team leader for the rescue mission and station captain for firefighting operations. He has received countless honors and awards for his impeccable work ethic.

Adam began his firefighting/paramedic career at the Celina Fire Department in Ohio, where he was also an open water rescue diver. Later, he became a firefighter in Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina. He was a paramedic for Charleston County and ran transport squad for the Medical University of South Carolina (MUSC). He spent the last 12 years with Ladder 154 Defense Logistics Agency (DLA) in Columbus, Ohio. Adam designed all of their fire and HAZMAT trucks and was in charge of all rescue equipment. He was promoted to captain and then stepped down to care for his wife, who was battling cancer, and his son, who has autism. Adam always put his family first.

Adam enjoyed spending time with his family more than anything. He was a model husband and father. He was involved in every aspect of his son Luke’s therapies. He was an organic gardener. Adam was very healthy and enjoyed exercising every day. He loved to ride his bicycle and pulled Luke along in his Weehoo. He ran and walked the metro parks with his wife. He also loved catfishing. He had been a fisherman since he was a young boy.

Adam was an advocate for autism and for our environment. He believed strongly in lifelong learning. He was finishing his bachelor’s degree in fire administration and his CCAF. Adam was always smiling and positive. He was encouraging to everyone and always willing to help people. He is remembered for his enthusiasm, honesty, integrity, and tireless work effort. He had the brightest smile and loudest laugh. He is dearly loved forever.
Remembering

Reuben Mast
Wayne Township Volunteer Fire Department – Ohio
Volunteer Firefighter
December 19, 2016
Age: 43

Reuben was born on November 17, 1973, to Emmanuel and Fannie Mast. He grew up in the Amish community and married Freda in 1997. Married for nearly 20 years, Reuben and Freda were blessed with three children, David Mast, Diane Mast, and Darlene Mast.

Reuben was a loving, big-hearted man whose main focus in life was God and his family. Without hesitation, he would always be there to help someone. He joined the Wayne Township Volunteer Fire Department to do exactly that, to help anyone he could. As a day job, Reuben drove a semi-truck, something else he enjoyed immensely. He would often participate in local parades, waiting for a chance to show off his shined-up rig. Reuben was also a member at Light in the Valley Chapel in Walnut Creek, Ohio.

On the day of his death, December 19, 2016, Reuben was responding to an ambulance call when he lost control of his truck and crashed into the guardrails.

He is dearly missed by everyone—his fellow firefighters, church family, friends, and most of all his family.
Kenny Ray Jr. passed away on March 20, 2016, at the age of 32. He was a firefighter, EMT-B, and a police officer. He was a loving husband, son, brother, and friend to all.

Kenny was a dedicated firefighter from an early age. Following in the footsteps of his father to serve the public, he participated in the Explorer Program at the Green Fire Department. Upon graduating from high school, he joined the fire department in his hometown of Lakemore, Ohio. He graduated from Stark State University in 2002, and in 2004 he was hired at Uniontown Fire Department, where he served out his career. His dedication and commitment to serve the public was accomplished when he completed the police academy in 2008. He was also a patrolman at the Creston Police Department at the time of his death.

In his free time, Kenny enjoyed fishing, shooting guns, and spending time with his beloved wife and their two dogs. When people remember Kenny they will think of two things: his love for pulling pranks and his unwavering loyalty to his friends, family, and the departments which he served.
Michael P. Morgan was born November 29, 1967, to Geraldine Morgan and the late William F. Morgan.

Mike was a tremendous leader and a beloved friend to many. He dedicated his life to helping others in need.

He suffered a stroke on May 3, 2016, after responding to two emergency calls, and was hospitalized until his death on June 26, 2016.

In addition to his mother, he was survived by his brothers and sisters, Geraldine (Jeff) DiGiovanni, Diane (Tom) Quigley, William (Kathy) Morgan, Kevin Morgan, and Garry (Margie) Morgan. He was the Godfather of Kaitlyn Morgan and was also survived by numerous nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.

We are eternally grateful for his decades of service to the fire company and will remember him always.
Earl was born February 22, 1948, to June and Nelson Shoemaker. He grew up in his hometown of Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, where he graduated from James Buchanan High School in 1966. He moved to Hanover, Pennsylvania, and married the girl next door in 1967. Theresa and Earl shared over 48 years together and raised two daughters, Lisa Johnson and Kimberly Meyers, along with a son, Mark Shoemaker, and a grandson, Cody Shoemaker.

Earl had many hobbies that kept him busy. He especially enjoyed camping with his family and friends. He easily became a friend to all he met, always helping everyone at the campground. He also enjoyed NASCAR races and deep sea fishing with family and friends. Earl was a huge Redskins fan.

Earl applied for membership in the Eagle Fire Company #2 in March of 1973 and was voted into membership of the company on May 10th of that year. Earl was always one to volunteer, so seven months later when the secretary resigned, Earl stepped up to that position. He held that position for the next 42 years, writing down the minutes of the fire company meetings year after year, compiling a history of the fire company.

Earl also held other offices over the years, serving as lieutenant and captain. He served on many committees for the new service units, including air trucks, picnic, Explorer post advisor, monitor purchases, and indoctrination. He was a delegate to the York County Firemen’s Association. He also was very active in the Hanover Firemen’s Relief Association, serving as secretary for five years and president for the last fifteen years. He was elected treasurer for 2016.

In the past couple of years since he retired, he became a fixture at the Wirt Park Fire Station (home of Eagle Fire Company) for the morning coffee club. This was a morning ritual of career retirees and older members, solving the world’s problems.

Being in a combination fire department, Earl was good friends with the paid staff as well. On the day of his death, Saturday, March 12, 2016, Earl was doing what he always did, helping a neighboring fire department on a working structure fire. Earl was driving the air truck (a support piece to supply air). For unknown reasons, he had a medical issue and was involved in an accident. He loved helping others in their time of need.
Edward W. Vanner Jr.

143rd Fire & Emergency Services, Quonset Air National Guard Base – Rhode Island Career Assistant Chief

June 17, 2013
Age: 58

Edward was born March 20, 1955, to Edward W. and Teresa (Nappi). He met Brenda in 1988, and they married in 1993. Brenda and Ed spent 25 years building a life together. Their son, Zachary, was born in 2001. Edward has two children from a previous marriage, Edward W. Vanner III, born in 1985, and Stefanie Lee Vanner, born in 1986. Edward was a caring, loving father to all three of his children. His integrity and no-nonsense attitude were distinguishable attributes of his character.

Edward began his fire service career in 1988 through the Rhode Island Department of Environmental Management, Division of Forestry. His tenure included three trips on the western fire crew 1988-1993; Yellowstone, Glacier, and Yosemite National Park wildfires. He served the West Greenwich, Rhode Island, community for approximately two years as a volunteer firefighter for Lake Mishnock Volunteer Fire Department.

In 1990, Edward took a position as a firefighter for Quonset Fire Department Air National Guard Base in North Kingstown, Rhode Island. He advanced to crew chief in 1991 and held that position until 1997, when he was promoted to assistant chief of operations. Ed had extensive HAZMAT training and held an incident command certificate for these materials. His other accomplishments include Fire Officer I, Fire Inspector I and II and Fire Instructor I. According to Chief Novellino, Ed was known as an outgoing “funny guy” who served as a mentor for the younger members of the department.

An avid race fan, Ed worked for 20 years on the crash and rescue response team for Speedway Safety Services at New Hampshire Motor Speedway in Loudon, New Hampshire. He used to say that being in “turn two” was the next best thing to racing himself. Dale Earnhardt Sr. was his favorite driver in the NASCAR circuit until his untimely death in 2001. Ed was proud to spend his 50th birthday in Kannapolis, North Carolina, on the Dale Trail honoring his race car idol. A member of the National Hot Rod Association (NHRA), drag racing was Ed’s first passion. He loved to watch John Force win yet another championship. Force’s energy and enthusiasm for the sport would prompt Ed to say, “I love that guy.”

Edward played varsity football in high school for the West Warwick Wizards in the early 70s. He shared fond memories of his days as number 13 on the team. His given name on the field was “crazy legs” for his calculated maneuvers avoiding defenders. Ed was the goaltender for the Rhode Island Reds minor league hockey team out of Providence in the mid-70s. He loved playing the net.

Edward made sacrifices for his family and the community he served. He is forever missed. “God speed,” Assistant Chief Vanner.
Christopher Gene Ray, a firefighter with Conway Fire Department and a volunteer firefighter with Horry County Fire Rescue, Stations 6 and 41, died Sunday, March 20, 2016.

He was born in Whitesville, North Carolina, a son of Sarah Logan.

He is survived by his wife, Brandi Ray; his daughters, Cheyenne Ray and Reagan Ray; and stepson, Troy Phipps. Surviving brothers are Dicky Ray and Davey Ray.

Christopher not only had a passion for the fire service, but was known throughout the community as the local butcher, being employed by Food Lion, Hills, IGA, and Bi-Lo grocery stores.
Jeff A. Worsham  
Whitesville Rural Volunteer Fire Department – South Carolina  
Volunteer Assistant Chief  
December 10, 2016  
Age: 45

Jeff was born April 4, 1971, in Charleston, South Carolina. He graduated from Stratford High School in 1989 and immediately joined the fire service. This was the beginning of a loyal and passionate commitment to putting others first. Jeff loved helping people, and it showed in his day-to-day life.

He and his wife, Brenna, enjoyed life in Moncks Corner, South Carolina, along with children Dalton, Sarah, Gabrielle, and Layne. When he was not at the station you could find Jeff fishing with his family or working on cars. He was very involved and known as “Dad” to the young dancers of his wife’s business, building props, moving things, and even sewing a ballet shoe here and there. He loved “finding a deal” to work and trade cars. He could do anything, and he was known as “the go to guy” for everyone.

Jeff looked intimidating at 6’ 7”, but once you got to know him it was easy to see how kind he was. He was an inspiration to young firefighters and a great mentor. It was not uncommon to find a group of firefighters at the house seeking advice. He felt the future of the fire service was found in those “kids” and would say, “Us old guys have to guide and teach them the way.” He inspired everyone around him, young and old.

Jeff loved the fire service and served in many capacities, but his passion was in arson investigation. He served as deputy fire chief for Pimlico Fire Department, assistant chief of fire prevention and fire inspection for Whitesville Rural Volunteer Fire Department, and second vice president of International Association of Arson Investigators. He was a member of the Berkeley County Chiefs’ Association and the National Fire Protection Association. His life was a service about giving to others.

Jeff retired from Dorchester County Sheriff’s Office and Isle of Palms Fire Department. He received numerous awards and honors in his career. These awards range from Firefighter of the Year to lifesaving medals. He was extremely proud and honored with each one and had a story for every award.

Jeff was a funny, caring, loving man. He laughed at his own jokes, and his laughter was contagious. People described him as everyone’s best friend, and you could depend on him to get it done. He was the rock of his family and is loved and greatly missed.
Rodney Keith Eddins was born on February 27, 1959, to Ripley and Amelia Eddins. He loved his family. Early in life, he had one daughter, Kanisha. When he married his wife, Leveria Denise, on July 18, 2009, he accepted two stepchildren, Ashley and Brian, as his own. He became the proud grandfather to Sara Audrey. He called her his motor, and she called him “Honey.” His joyful activities with Sara included helping her with school projects and joining her at school for lunch on his days off.

Rodney was a loving husband and father and a wonderful mentor to underprivileged children. He also demonstrated his generosity by sponsoring a child each year for a summer trip. Rodney never met a stranger, and he would talk to everyone. Our son, Brian, would say, “Mr. Rodney knows everybody in the city. When he stops and talks for an hour, he says to me, ‘They sho was long-winded.’” My husband always had a word from the Bible. His favorite person in the Bible was Paul, and when he began to recite a scripture spoken by Paul, you knew you had done something he wasn’t pleased with. His favorite song line was “Walk a straight line” from Johnny Cash. I know that morning when Jesus called him home, he walked a straight line into heaven’s doors. He was an angel here on earth, and he is a heavenly angel watching over us now. He knows how much I love him, and I carry him in my heart every day.

Rodney received his calling to be a fireman at a very young age. When he was four years old, his teacher asked what he wanted to do when he grew up, and he told her, “I want to be a fireman.” Rodney went through school and played defensive end on the football team at Mitchell High School in Memphis. In his senior year his team won the state championship. After graduation, Rodney attended Fisk University, but soon returned home and joined the Air Force. After six years of service, he returned home and continued living out his dream as a firefighter with the City of Memphis Fire Department, where he joyfully and faithfully served for 30 years. He died doing what he had been called to do and had always loved doing. We call him a firefighter, a man who fights fires on behalf of others. I trust that God has called him a faithful servant, a man of God who has completed his earthly mission. Lt. Rodney Keith Eddins died with honor as a hero to the City of Memphis, and his legacy will live on with all those who encountered him.
Marco Antonio Davila was born September 8, 1970, to Francisca Davila and the late Roberto Davila. He married his childhood sweetheart, Denise, in 1995. They shared over 30 years together and were blessed with two children, Mariah C. Davila and Marc A. Davila.

Prior to working for the fire department, Marco worked for the Dallas County Juvenile Department as a juvenile probation officer at the Letot Center, working with runaway youths and their families. He continued this work for the next ten years, even after starting his career with the Dallas Fire Department in 1996. Marco became a driver engineer of Engine 15B in the heart of Oak Cliff, Texas, in 2014; he was about to complete his 20th year with the Dallas Fire Department.

Marco was a selfless man of God who loved spending time with his family and friends. He had a heart of gold and a charming and captivating personality that could make anyone laugh. His confidence and Wittiness would light up any room and have him making friends in no time. Marco would give you the shirt off his back in a second and always made time to give to those less fortunate. He was truly a special person!

Marco loved having a good time and celebrating life! He loved taking his family on vacations and spending priceless family moments on the Mexico beaches. There was no doubt that Marco was proud of his Mexican heritage. He often said that he was “brown and proud.” When Marco wasn’t working, you could often find him at the gym or catching up on his countless TV shows. He loved watching movies, both at home and the theater.

Marco loved and put Christ above all. Second to that came his family. He was an exceptional and loving husband, father, son, brother, grandfather, uncle, and friend. Marco loved his job and looked forward to going to the station every work shift.

He is deeply missed by his wife, Denise Davila; his daughter; Mariah Davila; his son; Marc Davila; his granddaughter, Avery Davila; his mother, Francisca Castro; his stepfather, Ramiro Castro; his brothers, Robert, Eduardo, and Guillermo Davila; his sister; Lorena Davila; and numerous extended family members, friends, and co-workers.

Despite his untimely passing, Marco brought joy and laughter to all those that surrounded him and left behind a beautiful legacy. His kind nature, wisdom, and the lessons he passed down to his children will continue to keep his memory alive.

“You left us beautiful memories. Your love is still our guide. And though we cannot see you, you are always at our side.”
John Kendall Reynolds was born February 18, 1964. He helped with the landing zone and got overheated and died from a stroke a few days later on July 3, 2016, after volunteering for the Buffalo Fire Department.

He spent his days working on a ranch in Buffalo, Texas. Kendall was known for his hard work, smile, pride, kindness, and blue eyes. He never knew a stranger; everyone was a friend.

As his wife, I’m so grateful to have known him and to be loved by such a wonderful man. Kendall left me way too soon, and I will remember him for his love. Kendall was a great father. He left three kids behind—the youngest being 15—and also has seven grandkids.

We will always love him and carry him in our hearts.

Kendall certainly left his mark on this earth.
Captain Coby L. Slaughter was born on August 20, 1980, to Russ and Debbie Slaughter. He was the big brother to four siblings, Casie, Cayla, Tate, and TyAnn. He had so much love for his family. He was a 1999 graduate of Wink High School in Wink, Texas. He played junior high and high school football. Senior year of his football career brought some special awards. He was named Class 1A all-state defensive and offensive lineman.

After high school he joined the U.S. Army, where he was later medically discharged. He joined the Wink Volunteer Fire Department in 1998. Coby loved the fire department and was a captain at the time of his passing. No matter where or what he was doing, if the fire whistle went off he was there. The guys on the department were more like family and brothers than fellow firefighters.

Coby was a hard worker at any job he did. He was an amazing equipment operator. The oilfield was his paycheck, but being a cowboy was his passion. He loved being on a horse, either working cattle or roping. For the last eight years he ran the family owned trucking and disposal business, S&W Enterprises, in Wink. Along with that, he helped out on the family owned ranches in Wink and Pyote, RS Ranch and 7L Ranch. Ranching was his passion and his love.

Coby was a big family man. He married the love of his life, Kama Slaughter, on November 19, 2011, in front of his family and friends. Coby loved being a father, and he was so proud of all of his children. Makaila (13), Ethan (12), Emilee (12), Remington (8), and Landree and Laramie (18 months) were his world. His legacy will live on in his children.

Coby was one of a kind! He was the toughest and sweetest cowboy in this part of the country. If anyone ever needed a hand, he was there with no hesitation. He never met a stranger. Coby Slaughter will be missed by many!
Committed to a life of helping others, Firefighter Cadet Steven Reid Whitfield II served as a teacher, basketball coach, and in the Texas Army National Guard before realizing his dream to join the Houston Fire Department Academy. He was scheduled to graduate from the HFD Academy Class 2015-G on June 16, 2016.

Born on March 17, 1984, in Beaumont, Texas, Steven moved to Bastrop, Texas, as a child with his family. He was a member of the Royal Rangers at church, where he learned about God and serving others. In 2002, he graduated from Bastrop High School. He was a member of the varsity basketball team. He then attended Texas A&M-Corpus Christi, where he played basketball, before transferring to and graduating from Lamar University with a Bachelor of Science degree in exercise science and fitness management in 2007.

As a teacher and coach, Steven served at Bastrop High School, Fayetteville High School, and Magnolia High School.

He joined the Texas National Guard in 2014, attended infantry and airborne schools, and was offered an opportunity to go on to Special Ranger training. He was promoted to sergeant at the time of his death.

Family, friends, and professional colleagues of Steven cherished his sense of humor, his abilities as a motivator, his adventurous nature, and his most unique way of seeing the world, which always included his laugh that you would never forget. Committed to physical fitness, he was also a CrossFit trainer and often challenged his family and friends to a healthier way of life.

On the morning of March 31, 2016, Class 2015-G was doing the obstacle course at the Survival House. Steven had almost completed his turn when he collapsed. His classmates quickly brought him outside and began CPR, while attempting to lower his body temperature. He was transported to Memorial Herman Medical Center. Several hours later, efforts to save him failed. His cause of death was ruled dehydration and hyperthermia.

Steven was a well-respected cadet, mentor, and motivator to many of his classmates and had only two and a half months left of his training. He was 32, older than most of his fellow cadets. Class 2015-G placed a memorial plaque at the Val Jahnke Training Facility in his honor. When the class wanted to come up with a motivating yell, in his memory they chose “RISE UP,” which signified that no matter what the circumstance, you can rise above it.
Justin R. Beebe, 26, was born in Springfield, Vermont, on February 1, 1990, to Sheldon and Betsy (Burrington) Beebe. He was a 2008 graduate of Bellows Falls Union High School and attended a post-graduate year at Vermont Academy in Saxtons River, VT. He died living his ultimate dream as a wildland firefighter on Saturday, August 13, 2016, while fighting the Strawberry Fire at Great Basin National Park in Nevada as part of the Lolo Hot Shot crew based out of Missoula, Montana.

Justin called himself a mountain man. From fly fishing to hunting to hiking and more, he was always outside and an avid outdoorsman. He was an intense and talented athlete who excelled in ice hockey, soccer, baseball, and snowboarding. He knew how to live and love life and those he shared it with.

His favorite pastime was planting apple and oak trees at his family’s Vermont camp and meticulously caring for them each year. His sidekick lab, named Boo, followed him wherever he went, and the two of them knew how to make everyone they met feel extremely lucky to have crossed their path.

He wanted so much to be a hot shot, so he took a road trip out west to meet with many wildland fire crews and left them each with a can of his family’s homemade maple syrup so the superintendents would remember the “Vermont.” It paid off when he got his dream job with the Lolo Hot Shots in Montana. His family, friends, and crew know he would have won the best mustache contest at the end of the season. He was a bright light that God needed more than us. Please take a long walk in the woods to honor him.

Justin is survived by his parents, Sheldon and Betsy Beebe; his sister, Jessica; and the love of his life, Jennifer Zaso; and by his Lolo IHC fire family in Missoula, Montana.
Steve Lapierre, a lifelong resident of Georgia, Vermont, suffered a heart attack while working a brush fire on April 27, 2016, and passed away on May 5, 2016.

Steve was born February 20, 1958, to Lucien Lapierre and Doris LeClaire. Steve has four sisters, Lynda Newton, Gale Morong, Jan Moreau, and Joanne Hamblett. The family owned a dairy farm for many years. Farming was very much a part of Steve’s life. He graduated from BFA-St. Albans High School in 1976 and received awards as part of the Future Farmers of America program, including events at state level competitions. Steve enjoyed collecting, restoring, and riding on his collection of International Tractors. He often joked with other farm neighbors in regards to their use of non-IH tractors, commenting, “If it isn’t Red, leave it in the shed!” Steve was known for his humor by those who knew him best. Steve lived for farming and firefighting!

Steve’s firefighting career began at a young age. His father was a fireman. Steve was a full-time fireman for the City of St. Albans, Vermont, for over 30 years. He was known for his ability to train junior firefighters, aiding in their proficiency of lifesaving duties. He preferred working on and driving the tanker trucks. He completed and maintained various state and federal certifications. Steve had also been a longtime volunteer with the Georgia Town Fire and Rescue and was also charged as the Georgia Town fire warden. Steve was also a member of the Vermont State Firefighters Association. Steve’s hard work and dedication was distinctive throughout the fire department communities.

Steve married Beverly Hatfield in June 1980. Together they built a home and raised their daughter, Wendy, and son, Kevin, in Georgia, Vermont. Sadly, Bev predeceased Steve in March 2009. Steve enjoyed time spent with his grandkids, Vickie, Gage, Sam, David, Caitlin, Madison, and Emma. Sadly, Steve passed away before meeting the newest member of the family, William.

Steve enjoyed traveling, including visits to Colorado, North Carolina, and Texas. He had fun walking the National Mall in D.C., whale watching, visiting Salem, Massachusetts, looking for cactus, and the beach in South Carolina. Steve was a huge “old school” NASCAR fan and met his favorite driver, Richard Petty, in person. Steve enjoyed attending races in New Hampshire and North Carolina. He was always up for an adventure.

Steve had many friendships in the community, including his fellow firefighters, neighbors, workers at the town office, town garage, ABC Store, and fellow farmers, all of whom miss him greatly!
Charles Douglas Archer was born October 30, 1967, to Alice S. Archer and the late F. Curtis Archer in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He and his family moved to Spokane, Washington, where he graduated from high school and began a rewarding 30-year service to Spokane County Fire Protection District 8.

Doug attended University of Idaho, graduating with architecture and interior design degrees. He worked for several architectural and engineering firms in the Spokane area. He was the owner of an architectural business and film and photography businesses. He spent several winters working as a sub-contractor for Riblet Tramway Company at United States Air Force Distant Early Warning Radar sites in Alaska. He taught college architectural classes in Italy. In Washington, he taught photography to high school students.

His 30 years in the fire service included being a firefighter/emergency medical technician, crew boss, engine boss, fire investigator, public education specialist, and field observer. Doug investigated numerous fires and worked many state and federal wildfires. He was a member of Washington State Chapter 21 International Association of Fire Investigators. For many years he participated with Inland Empire Public Fire Educators delivering public education programs throughout the Northwest. Doug received numerous awards through the fire service, including Firefighter of the Year, recognition from Spokane County Sheriff’s Office. He worked with Pacific Northwest Wildfire Coordinating Group, Department of Emergency Management, and many others. He participated with the creation of public education teams in Washington State, partnering with Washington Department of Natural Resources.

Doug enjoyed being a world traveler, especially in Europe. This also included college programs in Italy.

He was an avid photographer from a young age, starting out with a box camera. He amassed a substantial collection of photographic equipment. Doug had been a Boy Scout with the greater Milwaukee Council and a YMCA Indian Guides member. He enjoyed camping, fishing, hiking, hunting, and skiing. He was past president of the Spokane Engineers’ Forum. Doug was a past officer with the Inland Northwest Wildlife Council. His indoor recreation included assembling models and electric trains.

He had been a soccer referee and player for much of his younger life. He enjoyed attending Admirals, Brewers, Bucks, and Packers games when he lived in Wisconsin. In Spokane, he was an Indians Baseball and Spokane Chiefs hockey fan. He attended the Spokane Symphony on a regular basis.

Doug was a caring son, brother, uncle, and friend and is missed by all at Spokane County Fire Protection District 8.
John was born February 5, 1951, to the late Melvin and Angeline Brocker in Green Bay, Wisconsin. He was the youngest of nine children. John married Jill M. Brocker on April 21, 2001, and they have two children, Christian J. Brocker and Heather M. Brocker, along with one granddaughter, Payton Brocker. John worked for the Oneida Tribe of Indians as a building supervisor and was a dedicated employee, along with being a volunteer firefighter for the Oneida Fire Department for the past 14 years. John took his oath very seriously and often in emergency situations played a vital role in the protection of his fellow man and community.

John was a soft-spoken man. He loved to spend time with his family, tend to his granddaughter, and tinker in his shed, repairing his vehicles and equipment or helping repair his friends’ or neighbors’ things. He was a lover of country music. Hunting, watching football, NASCAR, and playing cards were a few of his pastimes.

John is missed dearly by his wife, children, and granddaughter, along with his dogs, Bandit and Renna; two brothers and two sisters; and many, many friends, co-workers, and fellow firefighters. John touched many lives in the Oneida/Green Bay area, and his memory lives on in all of us. He was always a person who was there for anyone in need.

We all love you, and you will be in our hearts forever.

Mitch was born January 13, 1958, in Ironwood, Michigan, son of the late Raymond and Marion (Lantta) Koski. He attended grade school in Upson and graduated from J.E. Murphy High School in Hurley in 1976. He then attended Gogebic Community College for one year and worked for Tri-State Homes of Mercer for several years. He was a project manager for Nasi Construction Company of Hurley, where he had worked for 35 years.

Mitch was heavily involved in community affairs, serving as assistant fire chief for the City of Montreal and formerly serving as mayor and member of the city council. He was a former two-term member of the Iron County Board of Supervisors, a member of the Iron County Emergency Management Committee, and was involved with the Mining Impact Committee of Iron County. He was also a member of the Saxon Harbor Boating Club.

He enjoyed fishing and hunting and had worked with his dad in the woods since the age of eight. A loving husband and father, Mitch is dearly missed by his family, friends, and community.

On May 1, 1982, he was married to Kathy J. Manchester in Hurley. According to Mitch, they were married for 64 years.

Surviving are his wife of 34 years, Kathy; two daughters, Amanda Lee Koski and Emma Ray Koski; brother, Kendall (Mary); sisters, Susan (Merle) Schutte and Joan Donaldson; brother-in-law, Jim Manchester, and sister-in-law, Linda Palmer; nieces and nephews, Forrest, Bill, Casey, Amelia, Taylor, Hannah, Jackie, Kayla, Danny, David, Carlo, Raymond, Duane, Lauren, and Taylor; numerous aunts and uncles; and his dogs, Dora, Diamond, and Pearl.

Besides his parents, Mitch was preceded in death by his parents-in-law, Ray and Rose Manchester, and his sister-in-law, Janice Lahti.
Clarence “Speed” Hartbank was born in Moweaqua, Illinois, on May 13, 1936, to Clarence Sr. and Lelah Brookshier Hartbank. He attended Decatur area schools, graduating in 1954, and enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1955. He was trained in aviation electronics and serviced and maintained aircraft at Quonset Point Air Station. He flew with the Coast Guard as a radio and radar operator. Clarence was stationed aboard the USS Princeton (CV 37), and served two tours in the Far East. He was honorably discharged in 1959.

While in the Navy, he met Linda Doyle and they were married on April 23, 1960. They had three children, Keith, Brian, and Teresa. In 1970, the family moved to Kinnear, Wyoming, where Speed utilized his mechanics education by opening a garage in the community.

Growing up, Clarence was known by his family as Sonny, but to those in Wyoming he was known as Speed. Most people did not know him by any other name.

Speed joined the fire service in 1970 as a volunteer firefighter for the Morton-Kinnear Fire Department, which later became part of the Fremont County Fire Protection District. He was promoted to lieutenant, assistant chief, and served as chief for two years. He was also an EMT. He served as president of the Morton/Kinnear Volunteer Fire Department from 1972 to 1978. He was instrumental in helping establish the Fremont County Fire Protection District in 1993, where he served as a captain and deputy chief. He was honored by being chosen as the Fremont County Fireman of the Year. Speed had a passion for the fire service that is rarely duplicated and was only surpassed by his love for his family.

On September 10, 2015, Deputy Chief Speed Hartbank responded to a grass fire with several fire units. During this call, Speed suffered burns to 40 percent of his body. He was flown to Swedish Medical Center in Englewood, Colorado, where he lived the final four months of his life. Embraced by his family, sharing stories and a beer, Speed passed away peacefully with that familiar, friendly grin.

Speed loved his family so much and hoped that they would never have to experience some of the things that he saw as a firefighter. He provided a service to his community that most people cannot, and he did it with pride and dedication that is unmatched.

Speed is survived by his wife of 55 years, Linda; his three children, Keith, Brian, and Teresa; five grandchildren he was blessed to watch grow and laugh with, Brayden, Darcie, Brianna, Logan, and Riley; his sister, Louise Underwood, and brother, Fred Hartbank; his uncle, Fred Brookshier; and numerous nieces and nephews.
36th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend ★ October 7 - 8, 2017
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2nd Annual Greater Pittsburgh
National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament

2nd Annual Southern Maryland Volunteer
Firemen’s Association Golf Tournament
Exelon Generation

4th Annual Missouri Fire Service Funeral Assistance
Team Golf Tournament
Fire Fighters Memorial Foundation of Missouri
Securus “Circle of Friends”

4th Annual National Fallen Firefighters
Memorial Golf Tournament of Connecticut

4th Annual Play It Forward Golf Tournament

4th Annual Protectowire Open Benefiting the
National Fallen Firefighters Foundation
Protectowire Fire Systems
Rockland Trust

4th Annual Southeast Wisconsin
National Fallen Firefighters Golf Tournament
LiftMaster

4th Annual WTC 911 Golf Outing and Luncheon

6th Annual NFFF Fort Wayne and Allen County National
Fallen Firefighters Foundation Memorial Golf Tournament
1-800 Board Up/Protechs
Allen County Sheriff’s Department
Paul Davis Restoration & Remodeling
Schwab Charitable Fund
Parkview Health

7th Annual Hawaii Fire Chiefs Association
National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Golf Tournament

8th Annual Chicagoland Memorial Golf Tournament
AMITA Health
Addison Fire Protection District/FF Local 4727
Glenside Fire Protection District/FF Local 3277
LiftMaster
METRO/NORCOMM/Superior Ambulance Service, Inc.
Paramedic Services of Illinois, Inc.
The Horton Group

8th Annual Geneva National Fallen Firefighters
Foundation Golf Tournament

8th Annual Greater Cincinnati Regional
National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Golf Fundraiser
1-800 BoardUp
Gold Star Chili, Inc.
Heidelberg Distributing
Kettering Health Network
Rising Star Casino & Resort
UC Air Care & Mobile Care

9th Annual Erie Fallen Firefighters Memorial Golf Tournament
Erie Fire Fighters Local 293, AFL-CIO

9th Annual SEPA Regional Fallen Firefighters Foundation
Memorial Golf Outing
Tyco Simplex Grinnell

10th Annual Central Ohio Fallen Firefighters Golf Tournament

10th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Foundation
Southern Arizona Benefit Dinner and Golf Tournament
Air Methods Corporation International
Galls
Green Valley Firefighters Association
Municipal Emergency Services
Wayne Peate
Rural Metro Corporation
W.W. Williams Southwest, Inc.
United Pima Firefighters – IAFF Local 3504
North Tucson Fire Fighters Local 3832

10th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Golf
Tournament Hosted by Raleigh Fire Department
Davis Kane Architects

10th Annual Rochester, New York
National Fallen Firefighters Foundation Golf Tournament
ADT Always Care - Rochester, NY

FASNY 3rd Annual Fallen Firefighters Golf Tournament
NY State Tool Company

The 9th Wasatch Front and 13th Annual National Fallen
Firefighters Foundation Memorial Golf Tournament
Angel’s Hands Foundation
Alpine Cleaning & Restoration Specialist
Utah Disaster Kleenup

The Muster at Oak Point 2016
5th Annual 9/11 Memorial Hill Climb - Fallbrook, CA
Fallbrook Firefighters Association

St. Anthony 9/11 Honor Stair Climb - Effingham, IL
“The Rock” Stair Climb – Southwest Asia

Alabama Remembers 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Binghamton Fire 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Black Hawk 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
Ameristar Casino Resort Spa Black Hawk
City of Black Hawk Colorado

Capital City Fire Rescue 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb at Juneau, AK

Charlotte Firefighters 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
Scott Safety
Wells Fargo Bank, N.A.

City of Bridgeton Fire Department 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Chattanooga 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
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Woodard Restorations

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Caution! Brewery
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Garlic Knot Pizza
Hands On Heroes Massage
Kohl’s
Professional Restoration
St. Anthony Hospital

Columbus 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
Akron Brass Company

Dallas 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Denver 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
Denver Marriott City Center
Brookfield Properties

FDIC 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
FDIC International
PennWell
Pierce Manufacturing, Inc., an Oshkosh Corporation Company
Qalo, Inc.

Firehouse Expo 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
Miracle Chrysler Dodge and Jeep

Georgia 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Gettysburg 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Grand Rapids 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Haywood County Emergency Services 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Imperial Valley 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

J.P. Taravella High School 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Kalamazoo 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Knoxville 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Lancaster 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
Lancaster Baseball Club, LLC

LiftMaster Memorial Weekend Stair Climb

Maine 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

LiftMaster

Nashville 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

National Capital Region 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb/5K Walk
Hosted by Prince George’s County Fire/EMS Department
Gaylord National Resort and Convention Center

National Stair Climb for Fallen Firefighters
Citi Field
J.P. Morgan
Kidde Safety
Qalo, Inc.

New Hampshire 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
North Dakota 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
   Knife River

NYSAFC Fire 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Ocean City Memorial Stair Climb

Panama City Beach 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Pelican Products and Baltimore City 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
   Lyndon J. Faulkner
   Pelican Products, Inc.

Pierce 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
   Fire Apparatus & Equipment, Inc.
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Richmond 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
   Jenkins Restoration

Roanoke 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
   Roanoke Fire Fighters Association Local 1132

Salt River 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

San Diego 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Southwest Louisiana 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Springfield Area 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
   LiftMaster
   Missouri Neon Company
   Silver Dollar City

Tri-Cities 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb
   LiftMaster

VCOS 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb

Yellow Springs 9/11 Memorial Stair Climb at Antioch College
   Kettering Health Network
Charles Abrecht
Adams County Volunteer Emergency Services Association, Pennsylvania
Ray Adkins
Alert-All Corp.
Alexandria Fire Department, Virginia
Larson Allen
Anne Arundel Alarmers Association, Maryland
Anne Arundel County Fire Department, Maryland
Lorell Angelety
Tom Aurnhammer
Tomy Baker
Allen Baldwin
Baltimore County Fire Department, Maryland
Baltimore-Washington International Airport Authority, Maryland
Baltimore-Washington International Fire & Rescue Department, Maryland
Bill Barnard
Marc Bashoor
Amy Beechler
Ilan Bennett
Valerie Benson
Bergen County (NJ) Fire Academy-IAFF Local 3500
Mark Bilger
Kyle Blackman
Bonneauville Fire Company, Pennsylvania
Wendy Bowman
Box 234 Association of Baltimore County, Maryland
Mark Brady
Branchville Volunteer Fire Department, Maryland
Brandon Fire Department, Vermont
Brian Brendel
Greg Bridges
Ivan Browning
Greg Bunch
Burlington County (NJ) Firefighters
Jason Burrow
Bill Butt
BWI Airport Fire Fighters Association, IAFF Local 1742, Maryland
California Department of Forestry and Fire Protection Local 2881
Camden County Emerald Society, New Jersey
Canteen 1, Independent Hose Company, Frederick, Maryland
Canteen 22, Springfield Volunteer Fire Department, Virginia
Nick Caputo
Bill Carey
Dave Carr
Dave Carroll Music
Chicago Fire Department, Illinois
Brad Childress
Chronicle Press
City of Clearwater Fire and Rescue, Florida
City of Frederick, Maryland
City of Los Angeles Fire Department, California
City of Raleigh Fire Department, North Carolina
Tim Clark
R. Steven Cochran
Congressional Fire Services Institute
Connecticut Statewide Honor Guard
Tom Coulombe
Katie Cowan
Michael E. Cox, Jr.
Steve & Nancy Cox
Melissa Crabbs, Mount Saint Mary’s University
Teresa Crisman
Fred Cross
Larry Curl
Dan Hernandez Photo LLC
Daughters of Charity, St. Joseph’s Provincial House, Maryland
Allen Davis
Frank Davis
Mike Davis
Amy deBoinville, Full Circle Design
Delaware Volunteer Fireman’s Association
John Denver
Jeff Dickey
Charlie Dickinson
Robert DiPoli
District of Columbia Fire & Emergency Medical Services

National Fallen Firefighters Foundation ★ Is Grateful for Those Who Donate Their Time and Services ★

36th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend ★ October 7 - 8, 2017
District of Columbia Fire Fighters Association, IAFF Local 36
District of Columbia Retired Fire Fighters Association
  John Dixon
  Mike Donlon
  Jim Dugan
Eden Volunteer Fire Company, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania
  John Eline
  Jeff Elliott
Emmitsburg Fire-Police
Fairfax County Fire and Rescue Department, Virginia
  Federation of Fire Chaplains
  Firefighter Wife
  Fire Engineering Magazine
  Firehouse Magazine
  Al Fluman
Frederick County Government, Maryland
  Frederick County Department of Fire and Rescue, Maryland
  Frederick County Firefighters Association, IAFF Local 3666, Maryland
Frederick County Volunteer Fire & Rescue Association, Maryland
  Friendship Fire Association of Washington DC
  D. Wayne Garver
  Sister Theresa George, Daughters of Charity
  Brian Geraci
Gettysburg Fire Department, Pennsylvania
Gettysburg Fire Police
  Charles Giblin
  Dan Gosnell
Greenridge & Associates, Maryland
  Elizabeth Hagman
  Tom Hayden
  Cathy Hedrick
Henrico County Division of Fire, Virginia
  Billy & Joy Hinton
Hooksett Fire/Rescue Department, New Hampshire
  Hillary Howard
Howard County Department of Fire and Rescue, Maryland
  Congressman Steny H. Hoyer and Staff, Maryland
  Ray Hughes
  International Association of Fire Chiefs
International Association of Fire Fighters Local 1609, Frederick, Maryland
  International Code Council
  Invica Performance LLC
  Ivy Acres of New Jersey
  Robert Jacobs
  Chip Jewell
  Junior Fire Company No. 2, Inc., Maryland
  Rick Kane
  Ron Kanterman
  David Keller
Kensington Maryland Volunteer Fire Department Canteen 5
  Kidde Safety
  Robert Kilpeck
  Gary Kirchbaum
  Brian Koenig
  Paul Krietz
  Chad Lallier
Lancaster County Public Safety Training Center, Pennsylvania
  Sylvia Lantz
  Rose Latin
  Scott Legore
  Amber Leizear
  Richard Leizear
  Andy Levy
  Lion Apparel
  Kimberly Lightley
  Terry Lloyd
  Gregory Long
  Loudoun County
  Brian Lowman
  Julia Lynch
  Vito Maggiolo
Manheim Township Fire Rescue, Pennsylvania
Marlboro Volunteer Fire Department, Maryland
  Marriott International
  Toby Martin
Maryland Aviation Administration
Maryland Emergency Management Agency
Maryland Fire and Rescue Institute

36th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend ★ October 7 - 8, 2017

National Fallen Firefighters Foundation ★ Is Grateful for Those Who Donate Their Time and Services ★
Maryland Fire Chiefs Association
Maryland Professional Fire Fighters Association
Maryland State Fire Marshal’s Office
Maryland State Firemen’s Association
Maryland State Police
    Todd May
    Robert McCurdy
    John McGrath
    Richard McKee
    Spruce McRee
Metro Chiefs – IAFC/NFPA
Metropolitan Washington Airport Authority
    Midway VFC
    Kevin Milan
    Joe Minogue
MMRI RF Equipment Rental, Georgia
Montgomery County Fire and Rescue Service, Maryland
    David Moore
Morningside Volunteer Fire Department, Maryland
Motorola Solutions
Mount St. Mary’s University, Maryland
National Fire Academy Alumni Association
National Honor Guard Commanders Association
National Shrine of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton, Maryland
National Volunteer Fire Council
    Barbara Sue Nelson
    Mike Nelson
Newport News Fire Department, Virginia
    Susan Nicol
Northern Virginia Firefighters’ Emerald Society Pipe Band
    Patti Odbert
    Tom Olshanski
    Jackie Olson
Omni Corporation
    Dennis Onieal
    Tom Owens
    Tyler Patton
PBI Corporation
    Tim Pelton
    Mark Pena
Penn Township Fire Department
    Rick Petry
Philadelphia 2nd Alarmers, Pennsylvania
Pflugerville Fire Department
    Pete Piringer
Prince George’s County Fire/EMS Department, Maryland
Prince George’s Volunteer Canteen, Maryland
Prince William County Department of Fire and Rescue, Virginia
    Vickie Prichett
    John Proels
Public Safety Training Center, Pennsylvania
    Lew Raeder
    Mike Ramirez
Red Helmets Ride Committee
    Betty Riffle
    Roaring Spring
    Michael Robertson
Rockingham County Department of Fire and Rescue, Virginia
    Johnie Roth
    Gordon Routley
    Edward Rouvet
    S.T. Royer
    Joanne Rund
S & W Construction, Maryland
    Tricia Sanborn
    Sarah Sadler
    Safeware, Inc.
San Bernardino National Forest, USFS, California
    Jaime Shaffer-Mickley
    Hurshel Shank
    Tim Shelton
    Robert Small
    Denise Smith
Smithfield Fire Department, Rhode Island
    Tony and Patricia Sneidar
    Kelly Snyder
Spotsylvania County, Department of Fire, Rescue and Emergency Management, Virginia
Springfield VA Volunteer Fire Department Canteen 22
    Eric Stackhouse

36th Annual National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend ★ October 7 - 8, 2017

National Fallen Firefighters Foundation
★ Is Grateful for Those Who Donate Their Time and Services ★
...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 National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend.

Special thanks to our fire hero family members who return each year to bring comfort and hope to new families during the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend.
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 co-workers of fallen firefighters.

## Staff

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Staff</th>
<th>Contractors</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sharon Baroncelli</td>
<td>FD Solutions</td>
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<tr>
<td>Donna Clark</td>
<td>Rhett Fleitz</td>
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<td>Beverly Donlon</td>
<td>Frederick County Sherriff’s Department</td>
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<td>Lissette Garcia</td>
<td>Georgetown Design Group</td>
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<td>Evelyn Hawkins</td>
<td>Dr. Richard Gist</td>
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<td>William Hinton</td>
<td>William Green</td>
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<td>Rose Hoepfl</td>
<td>JoAnn Griffin</td>
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<td>Dr. JoEllen Kelly</td>
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<td>Melissa Knight</td>
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<td>Elaine Huttenloch</td>
<td>Captain Frank Leto, FDNY</td>
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<td>Charles Jaster</td>
<td>Craig Luecke</td>
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<td>Barbara King</td>
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<td>Ed Klima</td>
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<td>Regina Livingston</td>
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<td>James Markel</td>
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<td>Jenni McClelland</td>
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<td>Wyndham Hotel Gettysburg</td>
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<td>Yellow Specs Design</td>
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We would also like to recognize and thank all of the fire service members who serve as advocates for the Everyone Goes Home® program, as members of the Local Assistance State Teams, and as volunteers for the Hal Bruno Camps for Children of Fallen Firefighters.
“The light shines in the darkness and the darkness can never extinguish it.”
– John 1:5
“It’s important to remember that your firefighters aren’t heroes because they died in the line of duty. They became heroes the day they signed-up to be a firefighter. And you – their family, friends and co-workers – are also heroes because you supported their desire to serve.”

– Chief Dennis Compton, Chairman, National Fallen Firefighters Foundation