

Remembering



NATIONAL
FALLEN FIREFIGHTERS
MEMORIAL WEEKEND

OCTOBER 7TH AND 8TH, 2006

Chief Keith D. Allred • Fire Police Daniel Raymond Angert • Firefighter Mike Aunkst • Lieutenant John G. Bellew • Firefighter Bob Bestgen • Captain Michael J. Bevans • Firefighter Todd A. Blanchard • Fire Police Lieutenant William C. Bostian • Lieutenant Dennis J. Bottge • Firefighter Trainee Robert G. Brooks, Sr. • Pilot Brian K. Bruns • Chief Joseph W. "Pete" Buckel • Chief Jerry Buehne • Captain Grady Don Burke • Fire Police Lieutenant Leroy M. Byers • Firefighter Paul A. Carr • Assistant Chief Michael Thomas Childress • Firefighter Sally R. Clark • Firefighter/EMT Valeree S. Claude • Pilot Paul W. Cockrell • Chief Henry D. Conner • Firefighter Jacob Earl Cook • Firefighter Donald E. DeVries • Firefighter Mike Aunkst • John G. Bellew • Bob W. Duff • Fire Management Officer Charles L. Edgar • Bob Bestgen • Michael J. Bevans • Todd A. Blanchard • William C. Bostian • Firefighter Joseph H. Evans • 2nd Assistant Chief Micheal Falkouski • W. "Pete" Buckel • Jerry Buehne • Grady Don Burke • Leroy M. Byers • Captain Kevin Joe Foster • Firefighter James Harrison Fugate • Sally R. Clark • Valeree S. Claude • Paul W. Cockrell • Henry D. Conner • J. Combs • Captain Robert G. Gallardy • Donald E. DeVries • Jacob Earl Cook • Donald E. DeVries • Christopher R. Greeno • Firefighter John McRae • DeWolf • Robert W. Duff • Charles L. Edgar • Andre M. Ellis • Franklin W. Eubanks • Joseph H. Evans • Firefighter Robert Purjue • Jr. • Ornell Fuller, Jr. • Kenneth Ray Gailley • Robert G. Gallardy • Jose Victor Gonzalez • William "Bill" Goodin • Firefighter Brian Ivey • John McRae Greeno • Timothy S. Hardy • Michael A. "Mikey" Hart • Robert Purjue Henderson • Henry D. Ivey • Jackson, Sr. • Wendell Anthony Jeffery • Gary Wayne Jolley • Chris M. Kanton • Terry A. Kelder • Edwin E. King • Firefighter Chris Lynch • Eugene M. Knause • Karl "Klif" Kramer • Frank J. "Frankie" Kucera • James E. Lafferty • Peter B. Lund • Thomas Lynch • Gerald M. "Jerry" Martinez • Mark F. McCormack • Richard B. McCurley • Vincent J. McGuinness • Firefighter Recruit Charles A. McKenzie • Michael A. Mercurio • James E. Mero, Jr. • Curtis W. Meyran • Mark A. Mianulli, Sr. • Lieutenant Peter B. Lund • Kenneth D. Mitchell • Dale A. Monica • Thomas L. Mower • Lonnie W. Nicklas • David W. O'Conner • Firefighter James J. O'Neil • E. Timothy Parsell • Robert L. Pauley • Angelo Petta • Brandon S. Phillips • Firefighter Cormack • Captain Richard William W. Pierce • William H. Poage • Clinton D. Rice • Christopher James Roy • Walter M. Sarnoski • Firefighter/EMT Michael A. Switala • M. Sarnoski • Richard T. Sclafani • Carl E. Sherman • Bennie J. Shields • Firefighter J. Shields • Firefighter EMT Michael A. Switala • Carl W. Shoemaker • Todd R. Smith • Robert T. Staepel • Firefighter Bruce D. Sternberger • Firefighter Mark A. Mianulli • Fire Chief Kenneth D. Sternberger • Michael A. Switala • Walter L. Sykes, Jr. • Fire Chief Thomas L. Mower • Chief Lonnie W. Nicklas • Driver/Operator Eduardo B. Teran • Scott A. Thornton • Joseph F. Walsh • Fire Chief E. Timothy Parsell • Firefighter Robert L. Pauley • Glenn J. Winuk • Justin Mark Wisniewski • Alfred A. Wohrman • Brandon S. Phillips • Firefighter William W. Pierce • Firefighter William H. Poage • Fire Chief Timmy Young • Firefighter Christopher James Roy • Firefighter Walter M. Sarnoski • Firefighter Richard T. Sclafani • Firefighter Carl E. Sherman • Lieutenant Bennie J. Shields • Engineer Carl W. Shoemaker • Firefighter Todd R. Smith • Firefighter Robert T. Staepel • Firefighter Bruce D. Sternberger • Firefighter Michael A. Switala • Firefighter Walter L. Sykes, Jr. • Firefighter Eduardo B. Teran • Captain Scott A. Thornton • Fire Police Officer Joseph F. Walsh • Assistant Chief James C. "Jimmy" Webb, Jr. • Captain Chad E. Wessels • Chief Max B. Willard • Firefighter/EMT Glenn J. Winuk • Firefighter Justin Mark Wisniewski • Firefighter Alfred A. Wohrman • Firefighter Robert E. Woolf • Fire Chief Allen W. Wright • Fire Equipment Operator Timmy Young

A yellow firefighter's jacket hangs on a wooden hanger against a brick wall. The jacket is the central focus, showing its collar, buttons, and reflective strips. The background is a rustic brick wall and a wooden window frame. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

**Live as brave men,
and if fortune is adverse,
front its blows with brave hearts.**

CICERO

Photo by Marlene Moore
Mother of Jared Moore, KS-2004

*For those
who have
answered
their last
call...*



Before the Memorial Weekend, the Foundation asked families to submit information about their fallen firefighters for the Remembrance Book. If no information was received, the best information available to us for each firefighter was used. We regret any inadvertent errors or omissions. Fallen firefighter profiles can be viewed on the Foundation's Web site at: www.firehero.org



*... we
honor
you and
your
loved
ones.*



Remembering



William H. Poage

Pintlala Volunteer Fire Department – Alabama

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 2, 2005

Age: 51

God called my precious son home while he was attending to a lady that had been in a wreck and was bleeding profusely. He was on his way home when he got the call about a wreck, and he was the first EMT on the scene.

Billy lived in Pintlala, Alabama, where he was a Volunteer fireman and EMT. The men and women down there were called out very often, as it is a large community.

Before the accident, Billy had just called me to say, "Mom, I just wanted to hear you say 'I love you' again today." Of course, I said it again, and he returned those wonderful words. He must have gotten the call as soon as we hung up, because within 30 minutes he collapsed from a heart attack. He had had a complete physical check-up shortly before the accident.

When the other EMTs and ambulance came, Billy told one of the men to hold the towel on the patient's chest and let him get some clean towels. When he



stood up, God called him home. The crew started working on him, and when they saw they could not bring him back, they followed his wishes. He had always said people should donate the parts of the body to help other people. They rushed to the fire station that was close to the wreck and got ice. They packed his head in the ice and did all they could to help preserve his body. He was immediately taken to the hospital, and I know two people have sight today, because he had good eyes. I am not sure what else they used, but I have been told many things were used.

Billy was an electrician, a great Christian, a wonderful husband, son, deacon, uncle, etc. I know he is with God, but I miss him, and I know I will see him when I get to heaven. Just before his coffin was closed, the Chief placed Billy's phone in his hands, and it looked like he had a smile on his face.

Billy was 51. He was born July 11, 1953, and passed from this world on April 2, 2005.

Remembering

Christopher James Roy

Calera Fire & Rescue – Alabama

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 28, 2005

Age: 25

Christopher James Roy was called to the heavens on November 28, 2005, for the Calera Fire & Rescue Department needed a guardian angel to protect those in its service. Chris was involved in an accident while responding to an EMS call. Known as Ol' Roy by his closest friends, Chris lived his entire life in Calera. He was devoted to living his life to its fullest, helping his neighbor, and honoring his word. Chris was a man who did what he said and said what he believed. He aspired to follow in his grandfather's footsteps and lead the City of Calera in its prosperous future.

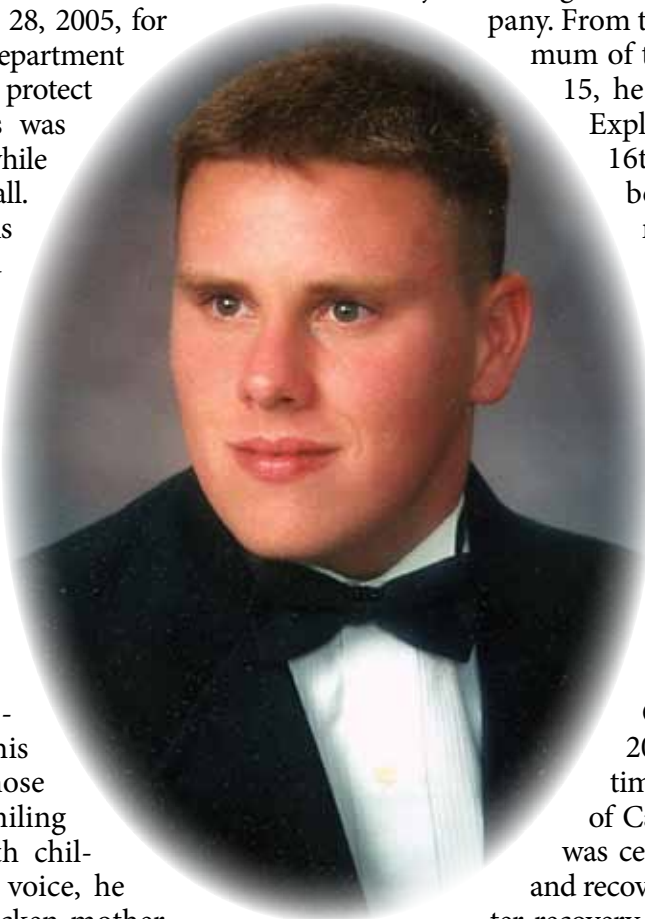
Chris enjoyed making people feel good. He shared his time willingly by helping those that needed help, always smiling and sharing moments with children. With his reassuring voice, he could comfort a panic stricken mother who had broken down roadside by saying, "Now don't panic, it's gonna be alright." He would take time out of his busy day to color a page in a coloring book with a child.

At the age of three, Chris discovered he was a true outdoorsman, scouting the woods for turkey and deer on the pants leg of his Dad. He grew into a man that found peace in nature that God provided. In his childhood, Chris was an active football and baseball player. Whatever activity he undertook, he dedicated himself to it. At age 14, he took his first

job working for a local heating & cooling company. From that time on, he held a minimum of two jobs at all times. At age 15, he joined the Shelby County Explorers Club. He spent his 16th birthday at Explorers boot camp and was recognized as top marksman in the competitions. Someone recently described Chris as "urgent." Maybe he knew he had to get as much done in his life as time would allow.

Chris worked full time for the City of Calera Maintenance Department, volunteered with Calera Fire & Rescue Department, and attended Pell City Fire College. Upon graduation in 2001, he transferred to full-time Firefighter with the City of Calera. Chris also trained and was certified in underwater rescue and recovery and assisted in underwater recovery searches. He was a certified instructor for the Mining Safety and Health Administration and was employed by a local contracting company as Safety Director. A few months before his death, Chris purchased 20 acres of farmland in Chilton County, a 12-mile drive from Calera. His spare time was spent fencing, working the land, and raising goats.

Chris leaves behind his parents, James & Joyce Roy; a brother, Richard Roy; grandparents George & Betty Roy and Max & Martha Jones. He joins his grandfather, Herman Johnson, in the eternal life.



Remembering

Allen W. Wright

Hollywood Fire Department – Alabama

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief

Date of Death: March 21, 2005

Age: 51

Allen Wright suffered a fatal heart attack while responding to the scene of a motor vehicle accident. A 29-year veteran with the department, he served as chief for several years and was named Fireman of the Year several times. He was also a dispatcher for the Hollywood Police Department. He had served as a member of the

town council and as secretary of the Jackson County Association of Volunteer Fire Departments.

Chief Wright is survived by his wife, a son and daughter, and one granddaughter.

He was such a good person -- an all-round, modern-day hero.



Sea of Blue

*We miss you, fallen heroes,
And time seems to move slower
without you;
Yet through the mists of grief*

*We feel you still, and that is our relief:
For our hearts beat as one.
Your hearts beat within us, within the
sea of blue. . . .*

Remembering

Valeree S. Claude

Pinetop Fire Department – Arizona

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter/EMT

Date of Death: June 24, 2005

Age: 33

Valeree Claude died at the station after responding to several medical calls and participating in training. She began serving with the department as a reserve firefighter in 2003 and was hired as a full-time firefighter a few months later. Committed to physical fitness, she was one of the department's physical fitness instructors and a member of the Wellness Committee.

Valeree grew up in Show Low, where she was a cheerleader, volleyball player, and a member of her high school's rodeo association. Before joining the fire department,

she worked as a personal trainer and was the owner and operator of Cabana Tanning in Lakeside.

She is survived by her husband, two children, a stepson, her parents, two sisters, one brother, a grandmother, extended family, and her family at the Pinetop Fire Department.

Valeree loved her children dearly and was a wonderful mother, daughter, sister, and friend. She took a lot of pride in her work and loved serving the community.



*... Long through the day and into the night,
We turn out, leaving behind
Our fire stations and our homes
For a dangerous destination,
A clash with the unknown; but*

*We are poised, battle-ready, our
nerves honed
With steel, and we are not alone:
Your hearts beat within us, within
the sea of blue. ...*

Remembering

Michael J. Bevans

North Little Rock Fire Department – Arkansas

Classification: Career

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: November 6, 2005

Age: 59

Michael Bevans injured his shoulder while lifting a patient during an EMS call in June 2004. He died in November 2005 from complications related to surgery for that injury. He had served as captain of Rescue Five Unit and was assigned to the Fire Marshal's Office at the time of his death.

Michael was a member of Firefighters Local #35 and the Friendly Chapel Church of the Nazarene. He was a U.S. Marine Corps veteran and served in Vietnam.

He is survived by his son, granddaughter, sister, and extended family.



*... Our sirens are the heralds of hope—
From those in danger, never far away—
And to the helpless, they say,
We have made a promise,
a sacred trust,*

*As our forefathers did and as we
now must
Fulfill, for we are firefighters true,
And our hearts beat as one in a sea
of blue. . . .*

Remembering

Marvin Jackson, Sr.

Wilmar Volunteer Fire Department – Arkansas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief

Date of Death: September 5, 2005

Age: 44

Marvin Jackson suffered a fatal heart attack while operating at the scene of a vehicle fire. He served with the department for 14 years.

Marvin worked for International Paper Company in Pine Bluff. He was a for-

mer member of the Wilmar County Council, the school board, and the Juneteenth Committee.

He is survived by his wife, a son, a daughter, two brothers, three sisters, and one grandchild.



*... As we push through the smoke,
Advance our line through the door,
As we throw ladders and
Search above the fire floor,*

*As we take command
And make our stand,
We are one true sea of blue. . . .*

Remembering

Kenneth D. Mitchell

Tull Fire Department – Arkansas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief

Date of Death: November 10, 2005

Age: 58

Kenneth Mitchell suffered a fatal heart attack at the scene of a residential structure fire. He served with the department for 22 years.

Kenneth had served as the pastor of the Saline Missionary Baptist Church in Tull since 1981. Under his leadership, the church purchased property, constructed its first parsonage, and completed several other major construction projects. A strong advocate of mission work, he was instrumental in helping the church fund the construction of two churches

in India. Those who knew him said he ministered not only within the church, but in the greater community as well. Mitchell and his wife sang in a quartet at church. His favorite hymn was “Victory in Jesus.”

He is survived by his wife, son, two daughters, a stepsister, and two grandchildren.

There’s no way to describe how great he was—a caring pastor, a helpful neighbor, and a loyal friend. He dedicated his life to helping others.



*. . . As we drop from planes
And cut fire breaks,
As we search through the rubble,
As we do whatever it takes
To rescue those in mortal trouble,*

*As the sweat drips from our brows,
As our eyes meet in battle
With a recognition and resolve,
As drops of blood in tears dissolve, . . .*

Remembering

Paul W. Cockrell

Aero Union Corporation – California

Classification: Career

Rank: Pilot

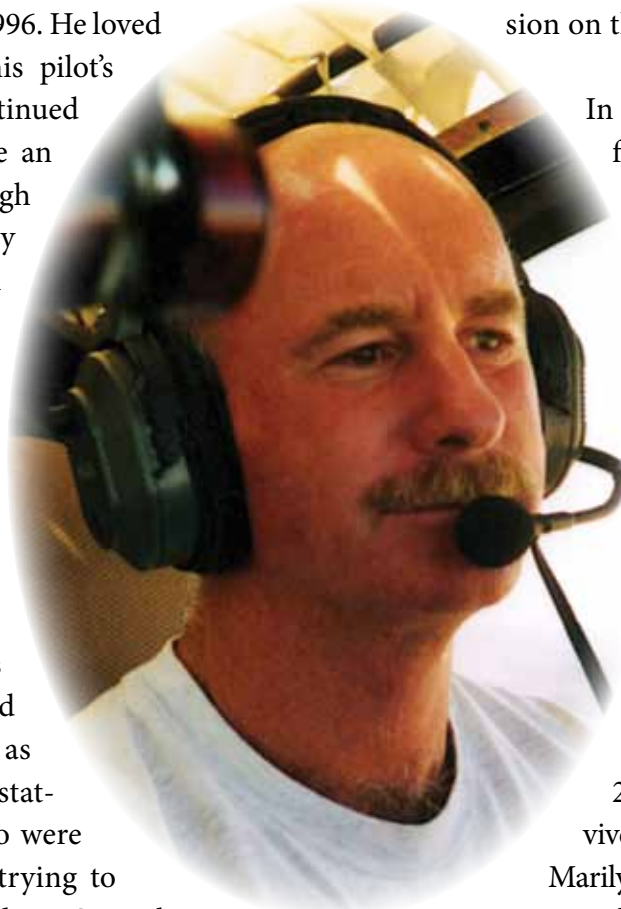
Date of Death: April 20, 2005

Age: 52

Paul had been fighting fire as an air tanker pilot since 1996. He loved flying, having obtained his pilot's license at age 16. He continued with his desire to become an aerial firefighter, even though his brother, Captain Gary Cockrell, who also was an air tanker captain for the USFS, died in 1995 while on duty.

Paul enjoyed his job very much and felt very good when structures and lives were saved on the ground due to their efforts from the air. He received acknowledgement, such as letters from ground crews stating: "We are the ones who were caught by the fire when trying to get our tractor out of the draw. Special thanks to the pilots of the bomber planes

whose timing was spectacular, whose precision on the drop was perfect."



In 1999, Paul received an award from the Fresno County Sheriff's Department. As "Outstanding Citizen of the Year," Paul was dedicated to his job, always willing to go on early in the season if necessary or stay late in the season. He lived life to the fullest in everything he did-- firefighting, being a loving husband, father, and grandfather.

He was killed on April 20, 2005, while on a training mission preparing for the 2005 fire season. Paul is survived by his loving wife of 31 years, Marilyn; a son, Doug, and his wife, Betsy; a daughter, Jennifer, and her husband, Tony; and one granddaughter, Audrey.

*... As we burn with the flame of life
And reach deep down
To find the courage
And the strength to carry on,
Our hearts are one, and your hearts beat still
Within a sea of blue. . . .*



Remembering



John McRae Greeno

USDA Forest Service, Stanislaus National Forest – California

Classification: Federal
Rank: Helicopter Base Manager
Date of Death: March 10, 2005
Age: 50

John was born June 2, 1954, to Cammie and Earl Greeno. He grew up in Independence, CA, where he developed a love of the outdoors that would lead him to a 25 year career with the U.S. Forest Service.

“Greeno” started working for the Forest Service in May 1979 on the Inyo National Forest. He later moved to the Stanislaus National Forest, where he became the Helicopter Superintendent of the Bald Mt. Helitack, Helicopter 517, on the Mi-Wok Ranger District. Greeno said he had a job every little boy dreams of: fighting fires, traveling all over the United States, and flying in helicopters.

John was respected in the aviation and firefighting communities. He received many awards and taught classes on the local, state, and National level. He enjoyed being a mentor for his crews and seeing them moving up in the ranks. He always made time to keep in touch with them.

John’s family always came first. He met his wife, Lori, when he moved over to the Stanislaus. Their friendship grew into a deep and everlasting love. From the first time John met Lori’s son, Marcus, he loved him like he was his own. John and Lori married and were blessed with a beautiful daughter, Montana. As far as John was concerned, life couldn’t get much better than having a happy, healthy family. He was some-

times gone for weeks on a fire, but he called every night to tell us he loved us. When he was home, he was never too busy to watch cartoons with Montana or to challenge Marcus to a game of chess. He would bring Lori coffee in bed and rub her feet. It was a little slice of heaven here on earth.

John wore his heart on his sleeve, saw things for what they were, and was a great judge of character. He was proud of his Cajun heritage and spent many nights making gum-bos and jambalayas. He displayed the flag at home every day. He had a nickname for almost everyone he knew. There were two things he wore almost constantly-- a ball cap and his goofy, sweet smile.

John’s life tragically ended on March 10, 2005, when the helicopter in which he and two other people were flying crashed in the Sabine National Forest during a prescribed burn. John was loved by many, and his passing has left a huge hole in so many hearts. We still get together and tell stories about him. Even in death, he is still making us laugh.

John is survived by his wife and children; sister-in-law and brother-in-law, Chris and Ralph Robinson; sister and brother-in-law, Barbara and Angelo Bongino; and extended family.

All of us miss him each day. He is loved by all.





Remembering



Chris M. Kanton

California Department of Forestry & Fire Protection – California

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 6, 2005

Age: 23

CDF Firefighter II Chris Kanton died in the line of duty on Saturday, August 6, 2005, in Riverside County, CA. He was responding to a call for assistance when his engine was involved in a tragic accident. Chris was exactly where he wanted to be: in a fire engine, with his colleagues, going to help people who needed him.

While in high school, Chris started as a paid call firefighter at Station 33 at Heritage Ranch in Paso Robles. After graduating from high school in 2000, Chris attended and graduated from the Allan Hancock Fire Academy in Santa Maria and subsequently completed three years as a seasonal firefighter in Riverside County. He completed Hazmat training and served on the Hazmat team at station 81 near Palm Springs and other locations as a full-time firefighter. Recently, Chris was transferred to Station 58 in Moreno Valley, where he served as a Firefighter II. Chris's love and passion for firefighting is exemplified by the numerous certifications he achieved throughout his career.

Chris had an interest in photography and served as the yearbook photographer and editor in high school. His greatest love was extreme sports. Chris was an avid wakeboard, snowboard and motorcycle enthusiast. When he was not on duty with CDF,



he worked for the Ski Patrol at Big Bear and rode his dirt bikes in the summer. Chris learned to play hockey (he was a goalie) at an early age and played in several leagues, including the high school league in Paso Robles. For the past four years he played hockey in the Firefighter Olympics for both L.A. and Riverside Counties.

Chris was a giving person. A fellow firefighter recalls the time he was going off duty and needed a civilian shirt: "Chris had a shirt in his truck and offered it to me, but it was too small. Chris took off the shirt he was wearing, a size larger, and handed it to me. He literally gave me the shirt off his back." Helping others, regardless of their need, was an integral part of his personality. All who knew Chris learned many lessons from his life. By taking these lessons to heart, Chris will live forever within us, and his life will continue to have meaning to each of us.

He had another side too. He was fun to be with and could bring a smile to your face, if not outright laughter, in even the most difficult of times. Words cannot express the joy that Chris brought to all of those that he touched. Chris was a loving son, husband, and brother. He was our friend. We will miss him.

Chris is a recipient of the Medal of Valor.

Remembering

Thomas Lynch

Aero Union Corporation – California

Classification: Career

Rank: Pilot

Date of Death: April 20, 2005

Age: 41

Thomas Lynch and two other firefighters died in an air tanker crash while training for the upcoming wildfire season. Known as an exceptional pilot, Thomas had 15 years of firefighting experience. He held a senior position that included training other pilots, but more than anything, he just loved to fly.

He is survived by his wife, his son, and three stepchildren.

Colleagues described him as serious, competent, and well liked. As a father, he was remembered as being calm, quick-witted, and very committed to his children.



*...When we say "yes"
To the firefighter's life,
When we say "yes"
To duty, honor, and sacrifice,
We are saying "yes" with you, fallen hero.
You are alive in ways that can't be seen: ...*

Remembering

Mark F. McCormack

Santa Clara County Fire Department – California

Classification: Career

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: February 13, 2005

Age: 36

Mark Francis McCormack was born August 22, 1968. He graduated from San Clemente High School, San Clemente, CA, in June 1986. He attended various community colleges, taking general education, paramedicine, and fire technology courses.

He began his fire service experience with Orange County Fire Department, where he served from 1989 until 1997 as a paid call firefighter, engineer, and captain. He also worked as a paramedic for Goodhew Ambulance Service in Riverside County. From 1991 to 1999, Mark served with the California Department of Forestry and with the fire departments of Riverside and Mateo Counties. He joined the Santa Clara County Fire Department in June 1999 and served over the years as a firefighter, engineer, paramedic, member of the Special Operations Task Force, instructor, and fire captain. He was a certified CSTI Hazardous Materials Specialist and held a Fire Officer certificate from the California State Fire Marshal. Mark was electrocuted while performing fire suppression duties at a residential structure fire. Mark was a member of the County Fire Honor Guard and served on several

county fire committees related to safety. He received an Award of Valor in 2001, in recognition of his contribution to the Santa Clara County Fire Department and the communities it serves. He was a volunteer camp counselor for the Alisa Ann Ruch Burn Foundation.

Mark enjoyed spending time with his wife, Heather, going to Giants games, wine tasting, and traveling. He loved the fire department and the fire department family and would come by the stations on his days off. He was restoring a classic 1967 Mercury Cougar and had started to pursue a pilot's license so he could fly airplanes.

Mark is survived by his wife, Heather McCormack; his father, Jack McCormack; his mother, Shirley McCormack; stepmother, Barbara McCormack; two sisters, Tracy Cassimus and Leslie McCormack; brother, Brian McCormack; stepsister, Lauralyn Loynes; stepbrother, Troy Hoidal; and grandparents, Edward and Virginia McCormack and Eleanor Twigg.

He always had a great big smile on his face!!!



Remembering

Robert L. Pauley

Lookout Volunteer Fire Department – California

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter/EMT

Date of Death: September 11, 2005

Age: 55

Robert Pauley died in a motor vehicle accident while responding to the scene of an earlier accident. He had served over 20 years with the department and was its chief until shortly before his death.

Bob was the manager of the Big Valley electric co-generation plant. He successfully brought back the operation of the electricity generating plant in Bieber, for the purpose of hiring as many local

people who had lost their jobs when the lumber mill and power plant went out of business a few years before.

He is survived by his son, his daughter, his companion, three sisters, including his twin, four grandchildren, and extended family.

Bob's love was his community. He was well known and respected in the Big Valley area.



*... We follow our dream
In your footsteps and,
As you emptied your goodness into life's cup,
So will we follow and raise it up-
For our hearts are one
In a sea of blue. . . .*



Remembering



Walter L. Sykes, Jr.

Lewiston Volunteer Fire Department – California

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: October 26, 2005

Age: 48

Walter was a member of the Lewiston (CA) Volunteer Fire Department for about a year and a half before suffering a fatal heart attack at the scene of a structure fire.

We were brought up in a family where community involvement was a normal part of our daily life, whether it was building a new church or providing food for the homeless. Walter continued helping others when he could, and he was proud to be part of the Lewiston Fire Department.

Although he operated a heating and air conditioning business, he was a “Jack of



all Trades” and could do anything. We used to call him “MacGyver”. Being an outdoors type person, after living in Baltimore, MD and Roseville, CA for a number of years, Walter found Trinity County, CA and felt he had found home.

Walter is survived by a sister, Kathleen S. Maguire, and two nephews, Gregory P. and Robert S. Agri. As his only sibling, I miss him terribly - he was my best friend. But I am so very proud of the man he had become.

Walter lived life with gusto. One of his favorite sayings was: Life is short - eat dessert first!

*... Across our hearts and minds
A spirit blows, throughout time,
unceasing:
A virtuous spirit called “sister” and
“brother”
That joins us to one another
And fills us with the power*

*To walk this unforgiving road
And lock arms around the helpless
In a rock-solid wall of human
kindness
Between the perilous
And the imperiled.
For we are one, a sea of blue. . . .*



Remembering



Eduardo B. Teran

City of Riverside Fire Department – California

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 5, 2005

Age: 43

Eduardo Teran collapsed and died while fighting a structure fire.

Ed lived a rich and fulfilling life. He was in the best business one could ever be a part of: the business of saving lives. This was exemplified through his 17 years of service as a Firefighter with the City of Riverside, as well as the time he spent as a member of the Urban Search and Rescue California Task Force 6, with which Ed was deployed after Hurricane Katrina hit the Gulf Coast.

Ed's sense of humor, strong work ethic and devotion to his job, family and his fellow brothers and sisters of the R.F.D. will be remembered as a source of happiness to all of those who knew him. Ed will also be remembered through his high school, St. John Bosco, by a



scholarship set in his name and through the Riverside City Firefighters Association Local 1067, which will continue to raise money for the Arrowhead Burn Center. Ed played a huge part in raising money for burn survivors and helped each year with sending kids to the annual summertime burn camp with T-shirts, hats and backpacks.

Forty-three years of memories will help those who knew him best, even in these, the darkest of times, to remember him for the great man and hero he was.

Ed is survived by his wife, Nanci; daughter, Lauren; sisters Sylvia, Anita, and Maria; his mother, Graciela; as well as the brothers and sisters of the City of Riverside Fire Department and the Riverside City Firefighters Local 1067.

*. . . We are fire patriots, our flags unfurled,
A sea of blue in a circle of life giving
That's ever widening
And transcendent of this world.
Your immortality sings within us
To the beat of the hearts in a sea of blue. . . .*

Remembering

Carl E. Sherman

Southington Fire Department – Connecticut

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: January 4, 2005

Age: 66

Carl E. Sherman was a founding member of Southington Volunteer Fire Company Number Five. Carl truly enjoyed his 30 plus years of service and had served as captain and training officer.

Carl was a born teacher and had an abundance of the “common sense” that seems so uncommon in the world today. After his death, we heard countless stories of how the members of the company turned to him to solve problems, fix things and remember obscure information. At his funeral, one young firefighter told those gathered about Carl teaching him how to drive the fire truck. Apparently, the young man had gotten too close to something and damaged the mirror on the truck. Carl took the blame for the damage and never told anyone, even his own family, what had really happened. Carl took great joy and pride in seeing this young firefighter grow through his service. He eventually became a full-time paid firefighter, and Carl would not have been more proud if it had been his own son.

Carl always needed something to tinker with, so he made a project of building a small car that resembled an antique fire buggy. He built it from scratch, improvising parts from here and there and having a friend help with the welding. He was always on the

lookout for parts that he could use--the finial from an old lamp to hide a screw head, an antique fire nozzle that served as the handle on the steering mechanism. He even traveled to Amish Country in Pennsylvania to find a harness maker who would make patent leather fenders for the car. Carl took great pride in traveling all over the state to ride the car in fire parades. His wife, Kay, and their Jack Russell terrier, Scotchie, often joined him for the ride.

Carl was a retired employee of Marino Crane Service in Middletown, Connecticut. He worked as a crane operator and heavy equipment painter. Carl's interests included restoring antique trucks, travel, and camping. After his retirement, Carl and his wife and their dog spent the winters in Florida.

They often took the “scenic” route so they could visit new places and old friends along the way. They spent most of their summers at their second home in Maine so they could be near their families.

Carl was a loving and gifted man. He died of cardiac arrest on January 4, 2005, hours after returning from a training exercise at the firehouse. He is survived by his wife; daughter, Wendy; and dear friend, Jackie. He also leaves a grandson, Justin Carl, who was eagerly anticipated but not yet born at the time of Carl's death.





Remembering



Justin Mark Wisniewski

Southington Fire Department – Connecticut

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 3, 2005

Age: 18

Justin joined the Southington Volunteer Fire Department in January 2005. On April 2, 2005, during a training session, he fell 20 feet from a ladder, and passed away on April 3, 2005. Justin had a bright and promising future. He was considerate, inquisitive, and fun loving. His potential was limitless.

Justin was a full-time college student and wanted to be a child psychiatrist to work with troubled children. He was a volunteer at our church and with the local Lions Club. He had just earned the rank of Eagle Scout. Justin's most recent endeavor was to join the local volunteer fire department, just like Matt, his older brother. Matt and Justin were very close. They were looking forward to being in the department and going on calls together.

Justin comes from a large family and has many friends. He was always there to help each and every one of them with his infectious laughter, great smile, or by using his physical strength. He put the needs of his family and friends before his own on many occasions.

Justin would try any job. He started his paper route when he was 12 and kept that until he was 16 when, in his words, he could get a real job. He worked in a chiropractor's office dealing with patients and filing,

and also at a local nursery doing landscaping and building fish ponds. He loved all of these jobs, because he loved dealing with people. When Justin was 15, he built a beautiful koi pond in the backyard, which I always loved, but appreciate even more now.



Justin's real passion was his dirt bike and his newly acquired motorcycle. He always wanted a motorcycle, and his goal was to have one before he graduated high school. He worked hard, saved his money and reached his goal. He was so proud when he rode that bike to school on the last day. He couldn't wait for spring to come so he could get the bike out and ride.

When our boys got their driver's licenses they signed up to be organ donors. We were so proud of them. Even in death, Justin was able to give the most precious gift he had. His organ and tissue donations not only gave the gift of life to four people, but sight to two others. Justin was full of life, laughter and fun. If he can't be here with us, at least we know that he was able to give that life, laughter, and fun to someone else.

Along with his fire department, we have started the "Justin Wisniewski Firefighter Scholarship Fund". We held our 1st Annual Ride4Justin motorcycle benefit in May 2006.

Remembering

Joseph H. Evans

Bridgeville Volunteer Fire Company – Delaware

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: July 10, 2005

Age: 61

Our father died suddenly on Sunday, July 10, 2005, when he suffered a heart attack at the scene of a fire alarm. He was a life member of the Bridgeville Volunteer Fire Company, Station 72, joining in 1964. He was named Fireman of the Year in 1968. Over the years, he has held the positions of treasurer, chief engineer, engineer, 1st assistant chief and 2nd assistant chief. Our father has also held positions in several other fire organizations, which included past president of the State Fire Chief's Association, DelMarVa Firemen's Association, Sussex County Fire Chiefs, and Sussex County Firemen's Association. He served on numerous committee appointments throughout the years. He had a love and dedication for the fire service that was unsurpassed.

Another passion was his love for farming. He was raised on a farm in Bridgeville, Delaware, where his parents, Joseph E. Evans and Rebecca H. Evans, began. He helped his father for many years until 1982, when his parents could not run the farm. Our father and mother took over, and we as kids got to enjoy life on the farm. After losing our mother, Beverly Lucks Evans, to cancer in March of 1993,

he continued to farm. In 2000, he became partners with his son, Kevin, who was manager and part owner in Evans Farm LLC.



In addition to being a farmer, our father also worked as a telephone lineman for Diamond State and then Bell Atlantic and retired in 1998 after 33 years of dedicated service. During this time, he received the Spirit of Excellence Award from Bell Atlantic and was a member of the Telephone Pioneers. Our father served in the National Guard and was a member of the 1962 Blue Gold All Star Football team. He enjoyed playing many sports, including softball.

He was a man that told things like they were; he was filled with love and compassion. You could not ask for a better father or grandfather. He was always there to help a friend or a stranger in need. He loved spending time with his grandchildren. He enjoyed life and always had a smile or a funny joke.

The words that sum up this man: father, friend, our strength, heart, wisdom, and a great big hug!! We love you always and forever! Thanks for being the best father!!

Remembering

Dennis J. Bottge

Palm Beach County Fire-Rescue – Florida

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: May 22, 2005

Age: 53

Dennis Bottge contracted Hepatitis-C from a needle stick during a 1994 EMS call. He died from complications of Hepatitis in 2005. He was a firefighter for 18 years.

Dennis was a coach for the Wellington Roller Hockey Association for eight years. He is survived by a daughter, a son, a brother, and an aunt.



*... Let us testify, brothers and sisters,
To the families of the fallen whose love
For their heroes is deeper than the sea,
Let this be our solemn vow, our destiny: ...*

Remembering

Henry D. Hobbs, Jr.

Florida Division of Forestry – Florida

Classification: State

Rank: Senior Forest Ranger

Date of Death: February 21, 2005

Age: 38

Henry was a very friendly man and loved by all the people he met. Dedicated husband for 14 years of marriage. A firm worker for 17 years with the Division of Forestry in Hilliard, Florida. He loved life and lived it to the fullest by getting involved with football, weightlifting, and track. He also coached JV football.

While working with the Division of Forestry, he traveled to North and South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado to help with the wild-



fires. He also worked with the recovery team of the space shuttle in Texas. While in Arizona, Henry worked with the Cherokee Indians. He completed various courses in Forestry to further his education. Henry Hobbs suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to two wildfires earlier in the day.

Henry loved being outdoors. Fishing and hunting were just a few hobbies he enjoyed. Being a forestry firefighter was his way to care for the earth. Nature was his way of living.

*. . . May our fallen heroes live on
In our every act of courage,
In every deed of honor,
In every discharge of duty,
In every mark of kindness,
In every expression of compassion,*

*In our passion for the job,
In our every achievement,
In our every success,
In everything we do:
May you live on, fallen heroes,
In the enduring sea of blue.*

— Bill Manning



Remembering



Karl "Klif" Kramer

Jacksonville Fire and Rescue Department – Florida

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter Recruit

Date of Death: May 28, 2005

Age: 22

To have an impact on one life is remarkable – to touch many is a miracle! Klif did just that!

Karl "Klif" Kramer died of a heat stroke on May 28, 2005, after collapsing during a training run. At 6' 4", a gentle giant of a man, Klif was the friend that you could always count on. He was proud of becoming a member of the Jacksonville Fire Rescue Department and being able to follow in his father's footsteps. He used to spend hours with his Dad, planning the next steps in his career and discussing the different options in firefighting. He was on the road to achieving a life long dream.

Klif lived life to the fullest. He loved playing sports, but playing softball was his

favorite, especially when playing with his dad and cousins. He was a member of several church, fire department and city teams. When not playing ball he was playing cards or visiting friends. He just loved being with others. Klif had a sense of humor and a unique ability to know just when to use it. At Halloween, he will always be remembered as "Shrek" and how closely he resembled the character's personality - not to mention the costume he made each year.

Klif was the son that any mother and father would be proud to have. He was idolized by his little brothers and loved by his friends. We were truly blessed to have a son like Klif and so very proud of all he accomplished in such a short time. Our world is a better place because of him, and we miss him dearly.





Remembering



Frank J. "Frankie" Kucera

Seminole County Fire Department – Florida

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: May 27, 2005

Age: 43

Frank was born in Naha, Okinawa in 1962, where his father was stationed in the United States Air Force. He grew up in Seminole County, Florida. While still a senior in high school, Frank attended the Seminole Community College-Seminole County Fire Training Academy. Upon graduation in 1980, he was hired first as a Reserve Motorcycle Patrol Officer with Longwood Police Department, then as a Firefighter for the City of Longwood Fire Department.

In 1981, Frank transferred to the Seminole County Fire Department. In 1990, he was promoted to Lieutenant, and in 2002, he was promoted to the department's Special Hazard and Operations Team. Frank was respected, admired, and loved by his fellow firefighters for his dedication to the job, his wonderful sense of humor, and the twinkle in his eyes.

Frank had a real zest for life. At the age of 22 he was diagnosed with cancer and was very ill. With all the love and support of his family, friends and fellow firefighters, he fought back. After a lengthy recovery, he returned to work and excelled in his job. His love for life was infectious. He loved his family, the outdoors, socializing, and watching movies with his friends.

Frank wanted to be a firefighter his whole life. As a little boy, he ran around his house wearing a red fire-



man's helmet, telling his mom and dad that he was going to be a fireman when he grew up. He really loved his job and would not have traded it for anything else in the world. He was a good son, a caring friend, and a kind man who is terribly missed by those who loved him; they wouldn't have traded him for anything else in the world.

Frankie passed away on May 27, 2005, when he suffered a heart attack after a day of training. He was the first firefighter in the Seminole County Fire Department's history to pass away in the line of duty.

Frankie always lived life to its fullest and would recruit all of those around him to do the same, through his exceptional leadership skills and, more importantly, his sense of humor. He enjoyed spending time with his stepdaughter, Chyanne, and his wife, boating, camping, 4-wheeling, riding bikes, snow skiing, taking vacations, scuba diving, and spending time with friends golfing, fishing, hunting and riding motorcycles. His wife and stepdaughter are truly blessed to have had him in their lives, no matter how short the time. He was and will always be their hero.

Although, Frank J. Kucera's life was too short, he lived a very full one, and he died doing the thing he loved most in the world: being a Firefighter.



Remembering



Kevin Joe Foster

Ellerslie Volunteer Fire Department – Georgia

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: November 12, 2005

Age: 41

Captain Kevin Joe Foster was a 17-year veteran of the Ellerslie Volunteer Fire Department. Kevin was also a medical technologist at St. Frances Hospital in Columbus, Georgia.

Kevin truly loved what he did; however, fighting fires was his passion. He was dedicated to his department and did whatever needed to be done. He stayed up to date on his training. He was so excited when he could go to a course and get certified in something. He always enjoyed participating in the EVFD annual BBQ and was proud and honored to be the “head chef” at last year’s. He also helped in the junior firefighter training and talked about how good he felt about the young people in the community getting involved. Kevin was on the Board of Commissions and helped in the planning of the new fire station. He couldn’t wait for the station to be finished.

Kevin loved his job and was passionate about firefighting, but there were two things he loved more and was more passionate about-- Jesus and his family. Kevin attended East Highland United Methodist Church. He was a member of the Wesleyan Sunday school class, and Pastor Dan Gates was a great inspiration to him. Kevin was very close to his Mom, Dad, his Aunt Genny and Uncle Lewis. His brother was one of his best friends.



Kevin was the loving father of Dakota (6) and Noah (4). They adoringly called him “Poppy”. He was a big kid at heart and wasn’t happy until he had you laughing. The kids say, “Our Poppy was so silly.” And he was.

Next to playing with his kids, Kevin’s favorite thing to do was playing “his music”. He didn’t like to play in front of people. He’d go upstairs, in private, and play his guitar and keyboard. I’d listen to him every once in awhile, and I was always amazed, because he didn’t read music- he played it all by ear.

Kevin was my best friend for five years and my husband and still best friend for 13 years when he died. On November 12, 2005, Kevin had just cleared one call and had received another. On his way to the second call, it is believed that he lost control of the pumper truck he was driving and hit a tree. He was pronounced dead at the scene.

Kevin is gone, but he will never be forgotten. To us all, he will always be a hero as a father, husband, friend, and firefighter. For all of us who have a strong faith, it gives us great peace and comfort to know that “with every sunrise and every sunset it brings us one day closer to seeing our Jesus and our loved ones again.”



Remembering



Thomas A. Hurlbert, Jr.

Rockdale County Fire Department – Georgia

Classification: Career

Rank: Fire Apparatus Operator

Date of Death: July 7, 2005

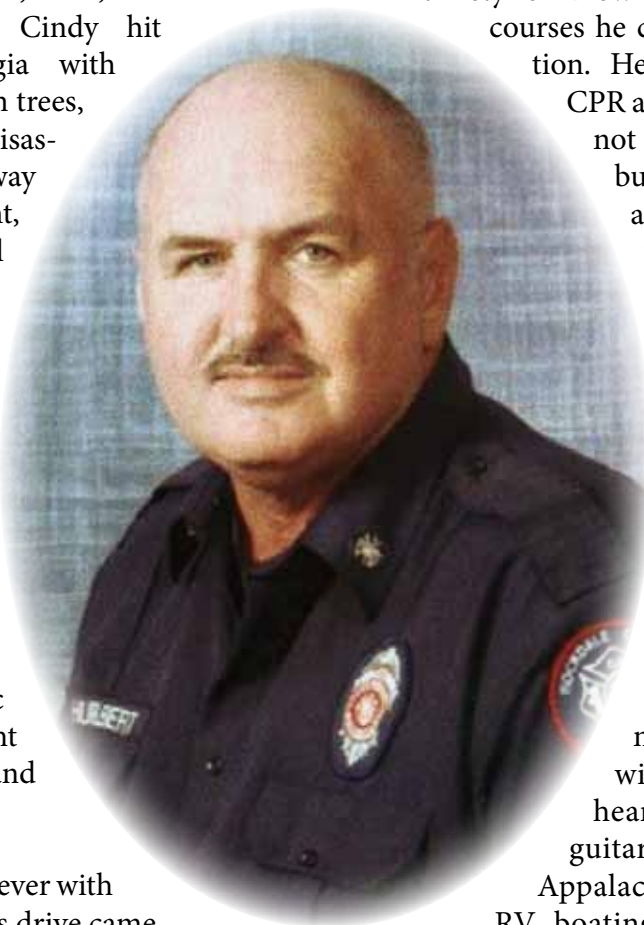
Age: 54

On a stormy night, July 7, 2005, the remnants of Hurricane Cindy hit Rockdale County, Georgia with numerous amounts of fallen trees, downed power lines, and disastrous conditions. On the way to his 15th call of the night, Thomas A. Hurlbert, Jr., fell forward onto the steering wheel of the fire truck with a massive heart attack. The firemen and ambulance personnel worked tirelessly to revive him, but to no avail. Tom had been a dedicated Fire Apparatus Operator for the Rockdale County Fire Department for 18 years. He was also a Paramedic for 21 years. He served eight years in the Marine Corps and was a Vietnam veteran.

Tom was a chronic overachiever with a proven success record. His drive came from his unconditional love for his family. He was very dedicated to two things – his family and the fire service. He was the tower of strength to his wife and children. To his grandchildren he was a hero, a best friend, and an irreplaceable icon in their lives.

Tom always strived for more. His work ethic raised the bar for those he worked with. He was always

thirsty for knowledge and would attend any courses he could to further his education. He even started instructing CPR and NPQ classes. His loyalty not only to his family at home, but to his family and friends at the department, earned the respect of all who were honored to know him.



Tom was quick witted, had a great sense of humor, and was the most honest person you could ever meet. He stood up for what he believed in and strived to always do the right thing. He was a great man and will be missed by all. His memory will always be close to our hearts. Tom loved to play his guitar, enjoyed hiking on the Appalachian Trail, traveling in his RV, boating, fishing, and was fascinated with lighthouses.

Tom is survived by his loving wife, Barbara; his five children, Jennifer, Christopher, James, Angela and Heather; and his seven grandchildren, Destiny, Whitney, Chandler, Madison, Benjamin and Heidi...plus a baby girl to be born September 30, 2006. Also, two sons-in-law, Erick and Scott; and one daughter-in-law, Ashley.



Remembering



Justin P. Faur

Andover Volunteer Fire Department – Iowa

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 30, 2005

Age: 23

Justin P. Faur, a firefighter with the Andover Volunteer Fire Department, was attempting to rescue his employer from a liquid manure pit, when he was overcome by toxic manure gases. Justin and Dwight Johnson, a Clinton County cattle farmer, were flown to the University of Iowa Hospitals, where they both remained hospitalized until their deaths.

On April 16, 2005, Dwight Johnson of Johnson Valley Beef, and Justin were in the process of draining the pit's liquefied manure. There were only a few more loads left when Justin went to get a hair cut. When he returned to the Johnson farm, he discovered Dwight face down in the liquid manure. Justin ran to the house and told the family to call 911. He then ran back out and jumped into the underground



pit to rescue Dwight and was also overcome by the fumes. Dwight passed away on April 20, 2005. Justin later passed away on April 30, 2005.

Justin is thought of as a hero in our area by giving his life to try to save another. Many friends both older and younger miss his smile and charm. He was a member of 4-H, showing club calves around the area, and his high school FFA chapter. He enjoyed high school basketball, 4-wheeling, and snowmobiling and was an avid collector of small farm machinery and small semi-tractors.

As a small child, he would dress up as a fireman, and he became that fireman on October 09, 2002. Justin lived to respond to the fire calls and could not wait to help people.

*“ . . . We leave our families for a “better place”
We feel their pain and grief
No one's immune from the tremendous loss
Not one firefighter or Chief...”*

— Chief Ron Kanterman

Remembering

Michael A. Mercurio

Urbandale Fire Department – Iowa

Classification: Paid-On-Call

Rank: Firefighter/EMT

Date of Death: February 18, 2005

Age: 52

Michael Mercurio died at home after responding to a vehicle fire the previous evening. He had been with the department for five years. While with the department, he was instrumental in saving a construction worker's life. He was there for babies' first breaths and was there for others taking their last.

Mike was the owner/operator of Beegs Lounge in Des Moines. He is survived by his sister, his fiancée, and extended family.

Mike was profoundly charismatic, with a magnetic personality. He never knew a stranger. He was a caring and loving person who was highly respected by his family and friends.



Firefighter's Prayer

*When I am called to duty, God, wherever
flames may rage,
Give me the strength to save some life
whatever be its age.
Help me embrace a little child before it is
too late, or save an older person from the
horror of that fate.
Enable me to be alert and hear the weakest
shout, and quickly and*

*efficiently to put the fire out.
I want to fill my calling and to give the best
in me, to guard my every neighbor and
protect his property.
And if according to my fate I am to lose my
life this day,
Please bless with your protecting hand my
family this I pray.*

— Author Unknown



Remembering



Edwin E. King

Reno County Fire District #7 – Kansas

Classification: Volunteer

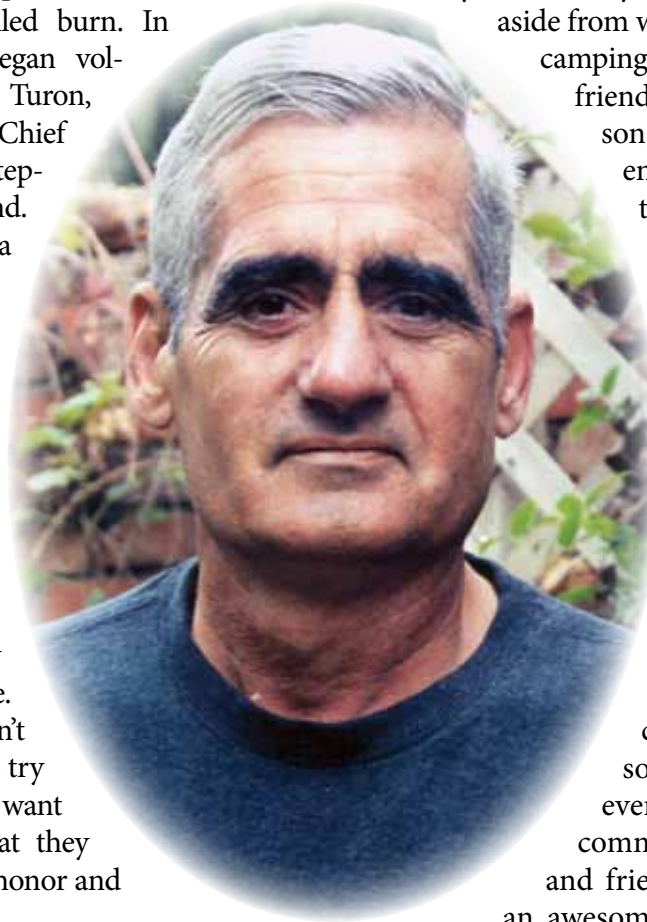
Rank: Chief

Date of Death: September 21, 2005

Age: 55

Chief Ed King died September 21, 2005, on a routine controlled burn. In December of 1973, he began volunteering at District 7 in Turon, Kansas. He was Assistant Chief for 20+ years, dad, papa, step-dad, brother, uncle, and friend. My dad was a man that a small community of 450 depended on. He was, as they called him around town, Mr. Fix-It. He was a man of all trades and his hands showed it. His big hands always appeared callused and abused. I always wondered why. As I grew and the years went by, I have come to realize why they were the way they were. After his passing, I couldn't help but hold his hands and try to memorize them. I never want to forget them and all that they stood for. He was a man of honor and respect.

My dad was the kind of guy that could never sit still. He was always working or helping others. He loved being involved in the local fire department and took great pride in it. I think that it made him feel like he was doing his part. He always went above and



beyond in everything that he did. In his time aside from working, he enjoyed hunting, camping, spending time with family, friends and picking up his grandson, Colby, for occasional weekend visits. Colby and him were the best of friends and treasured every moment they were with one another. He has two other grand-children who were not quite old enough to stay overnight with papa yet, but were looking forward to the chance, and I know that dad was, too.

My dad was an amazing person who anyone would have been lucky to call a friend. We miss him so very much and will forever remember him. The small community of Turon, family, and friends will never forget what an awesome person he was and how he dedicated his life to others. My dad has touched my life in so many different ways. In my times of feeling cheated from losing him, I have to keep in mind that God has blessed me and my family's lives with the opportunity to know and love him. Our lives will forever be changed. I love you, Dad. We love and miss you, Papa.

Remembering

Bruce D. Sternberger

Hardtner-Elwood Volunteer Fire Department – Kansas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: June 10, 2005

Age: 56

Bruce Sternberger was electrocuted when he came into contact with a downed power line while fighting a grass fire near his home.

A lifelong resident of Hardtner, Bruce was a graduate of Capron High School and attended

Northwestern State College in Oklahoma. He belonged to the Hardtner United Methodist Church and served in the National Guard during the Vietnam War.

Bruce is survived by his wife, five children, and a sister and brother-in-law.



A Firefighter's Pledge

I promise concern for others.

A willingness to help all those in need.

I promise courage - courage to face and conquer my fears.

Courage to share and endure the ordeal of those who need me.

I promise strength - strength of heart to bear

whatever burdens might be placed upon me.

Strength of body to deliver to safety all those placed within my care.

I promise the wisdom to lead, the compassion to comfort,

and the love to serve unselfishly whenever I am called

— Author unknown

Remembering

Henry J. Combs

Watts Volunteer Fire Department – Kentucky

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief

Date of Death: September 4, 2005

Age: 46

Henry Combs died in a motor vehicle accident while responding to a call for a possible residential structure fire. He had taken over as chief of the department after his father, the previous chief, died in an automobile accident. Combs had been with the Watts department for four years and helped them secure Federal grants for equipment and training. He was also a member of the Jackson and Vancleve Fire Departments.

Henry was an associate pastor at his church, a master mason, and a Naval officer. He is survived by his wife, 13-year-old daughter, and twin 8-year-old sons.

He was just an outstanding person. They don't make men better than him. He was a selfless servant of the community and had a heart of gold.



Brave Warriors

*Brave warriors in suits of armor yellow and black,
Answering a call for help without question
they go on the attack.
Mounting their powerful steeds of gleaming
gold and red,
Of their fears and worries nothing is said.*

*They race to the battle, an unforgiving
demon to slay,
Until the task is complete not one will stray.
Working to exhaustion as their chests
pound,
Into the lair of the beast, insane as it may
sound. . . .*

Remembering

Robert W. Duff

Kuttawa Fire Department – Kentucky

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: May 31, 2005

Age: 39

Robert Duff suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to a vehicle fire the previous day. He served with the department for two years.

Robert was a veteran of the Gulf War, Operation Desert Storm, and a member of

the American Legion Post #68, and the Army Reserves. He was also a member of Eddyville Second Baptist Church.

He is survived by his wife, a son, two daughters, two brothers, and a sister.



*... To snatch a person from death is the goal
and greatest reward,
It's what all the preparation and self sacrifice
is geared toward.
They love their country and all their
neighbors the same,*

*It's a vocation that provides little financial
profit or gain.
Their mission is simple the American dream
to defend,
A life to save, a home to protect, to this they
will tend.*

— JD Klim, 12/22/99

Remembering

Andre M. Ellis

Dixie Suburban Fire Department – Kentucky

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Sergeant

Date of Death: March 16, 2005

Age: 39

Andre “Mike” Ellis collapsed after setting up a search and rescue course for physical agility training. A member of the department for four years, he was the department’s primary training officer and was named Firefighter of the Year in 2003. He was well known for his dedication to training and advised new members to respond to as many calls as they

could, so they could learn about all aspects of firefighting.

Mike was a volunteer for the WHAS Crusade for Children. He made his last call doing what he loved best: helping others be better firefighters. He was a confident trainer and had everybody’s best interest at heart all the time.



“By hero, we tend to mean a heightened man who, more than other men, possesses qualities of courage, loyalty, resourcefulness, charisma, above all, selflessness. He is an example of right behavior; the sort of man who risks his life to protect his society’s values, sacrificing his personal needs for those of the community.”

— Paul Zweig

Remembering

William "Bill" Goodin

Mt. Victory Fire Department – Kentucky

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: February 5, 2005

Age: 56

William "Bill" Goodin, husband of Pamela K. Goodin, father of Chris, and son of Billie, died on February 5, 2005, minutes after returning from an EMS run. Bill was one of the founding members of the Mt. Victory Volunteer Fire Department, which he helped establish in 1979. He served as captain for 20 years. He served as the fire department's commission member for many years also.

His wife and son also joined the department and are both still members today. His wife served as the department's secretary for 14 years.

He loved every part of being a firefighter, from fighting fires to fundraising to pumping out flooded basements to saving the occasional puppy from a well. He was always there to help.

Bill was severely injured in a logging accident in 1984. After that, he couldn't participate in firefighting for awhile, so I would drive him to the scenes so he could make sure his guys were alright.

Besides firefighting, he loved collecting and trading in baseball cards with his friends. He also loved lighthouses. His favorite gospel song was "I Thank

God for the Lighthouse", which we played at his funeral.



Bill was an all around good guy and neighbor. He went to visit his elderly mother every day, as well as other elderly people in the neighborhood that lived alone. He called me at work every day at 11:00 a.m. This was our sign that everything was OK.

The fire department retired his unit #601 in 2000 and said there would never be another 601. He was very proud of that. He told me and many others that when his time came, he wanted to go right out there at the fire department with his hand on the pump, but not driving, because he did not want to hurt anyone else. He had just gotten out of the truck when he collapsed. It has been a comfort to me and my family knowing he went just the way he wanted.

Bill's unit #601 is now displayed on all the trucks at the fire department. He is sadly missed by his family, friends, and especially his fellow firefighters. As one neighbor put it, she does not feel as safe anymore now that he is gone, because she knew he was always there to help.



Remembering



Gary Wayne Jolley

Mt. Carmel Fire Department – Kentucky

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: June 28, 2005

Age: 52

Although I had known Gary and his family all my life, we did not really get together until 1993 when we both joined a Texas Two-Step dance club in Fleming County. We both loved to dance, and you could say he two-stepped his way right into my heart. We married February 19, 1994. The dance club was always raising funds to help the needy, and Gary was always involved.

He was employed as a heavy equipment operator for 28 years by the Kentucky Department of Transportation and took early retirement in June 2003. Gary was a great handy-man. He could do wiring, plumbing, carpentry and mechanical work. He often said he was “a Jack of all trades and master of none.” But he was my hero, and there was little he couldn’t do. He supported me in everything I did, as I did him. Gary was a kind, loyal, loving, funny, caring family man with an easy grin beneath the mustache he wore. He loved his family and friends and was always ready and willing to help anyone. He also had a really good bass singing voice. Sometimes we would sing old hymns and old western theme songs together.

Gary was a big fan of the Kentucky Wildcat basketball team and loved to watch Nascar races with



his favorite #29 Kevin Harvick at the wheel. Gary loved to tease family members and friends. Two years ago, one of our nieces was visiting and he sprayed her with a water hose. With him laughing in near hysterics, she chased him all over our lawn with a bucket of water, bent on revenge. She never caught him! He was still pretty fast after all these years! And I laughed until I cried.

When there was talk of forming a fire department in the Mt. Carmel area, Gary was an enthusiastic supporter and soon became a member and first chief of the Mt. Carmel Volunteer Fire Department in Fleming County, Kentucky in 1989. Filling the rank of Chairman of the Board, he left this world attending a fire call on the stormy night of June 28, 2005.

He is survived by his wife, Brenda; two children, Holly Hilterbrand and Dennis Jolley; four grandchildren; parents Raymond and Ruby Jolley; two sisters; and several nieces, nephews, aunts, and uncles. It is hard for me to describe the loss and gaping hole left in the lives of his family and friends and fellow firemen. But nothing can take away our pride in him and the happy, loving memories of Gary that we will hold in our hearts forever.

Remembering

Charles A. McKenzie

West Van Lear Fire Department – Kentucky

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 23, 2005

Age: 75

Charles McKenzie died when a tanker rolled forward and struck him at the scene of a structure fire. A founding member, he saw the need for fire protection in his rural community and helped organize the department in the early 1960s.

He later became active with the department again, serving as a driver, helping out during the day when other department members were working, and manning the station's radio when firefighters were out on a call.



A Firefighter's Gloves

*A glove is just a glove till it's on
a firefighter,
Who works all day long just to pull an
all-nighter.
And into the foray they charge without
fear,
At the sound of a "Help!" they think
that they hear.*

*When firefighter's hands go into the
glove,
It's a firefighter who always fills it with
love.
Sometimes the sorrow is too much to
bear,
And it seeps the glove and burns deep
"in there"*

Remembering

Richard B. McCurley

New Orleans Fire Department – Louisiana

Classification: Career

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: December 2, 2005

Age: 33

Richard McCurley, a proud New Orleans firefighter, died in an accident when an 18-wheeler pulled into the path of a fire truck as firefighters responded to a gas leak. Though gravely injured, McCurley used his radio to call EMS to the scene to help the other injured firefighters and civilians. McCurley was a 12-year veteran with the department. NOFD Superintendent Charles Parent praised him for his rescue work in the

aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. McCurley stayed in one of the hardest hit areas of New Orleans, rescuing people as shots were being fired at him. He had also assisted after Hurricane Rita.

Ricky will be missed by his family, friends, and the City of New Orleans, for his heroic efforts and for the love he had for his wife and child. They were the heart and soul of his life.



*... Off come the gloves when the
call is done,
And into the pocket until the
next run.
The hands become lonely and cold
for a bit,
And shake just a little thinking
of it.*

*And we sit there so red eyed with our
gloves in our coats,
The tears come so fast that the
furniture floats.
We're not so brave now; our hands we
can't hide,
I guess it just means that we're human
inside. ...*



Remembering



Joseph W. "Pete" Buckel

Bittinger Volunteer Fire Department – Maryland

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief

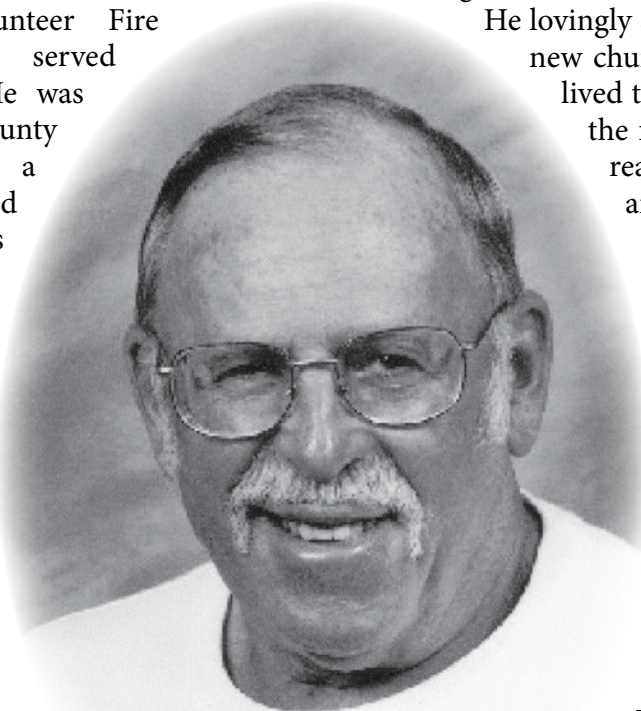
Date of Death: June 23, 2005

Age: 67

Pete was a charter member (1973) of the Bittinger Volunteer Fire Department, where he served as Chief for 17 years. He was Chairman of the Garrett County Chiefs' Committee, and a member of the Allegany and Garrett County Firemen's Associations. He received awards and honors for his service, including Fireman of the Year for both the Bittinger Volunteer Fire Department and Garrett County. Pete Buckel suffered a fatal heart attack while preparing to respond to a call. He was posthumously awarded the Garrett County Chiefs' Committee Award.

Pete was heavily involved with the community, both through the fire department and fraternal organizations such as Woodmen of the World. At the time of his death, he was serving as President, representing Bittinger, Lodge #68. He had served as a jurisdictional officer for many years and was involved in various fraternal and patriotic projects. He was a veteran of the U.S. Army and a member of American Legion Post #214 in Grantsville, Maryland.

He was a lifelong member of Emmanuel Lutheran Church, serving as council member, lector, choir member, and communion assistant. He attended bible study sessions and was a member of the



Angels' Bells Community Outreach program. He lovingly assisted in the building of a new church from 1999 to 2001. He lived the life of a servant and was the first to step forward and to reach out to others in a caring and compassionate manner.

Pete was a hardworking, talented stone mason by trade. Known for his strength and the pride he took in his work, Pete's craft, primarily featuring native field stone, can be seen on many homes and buildings throughout the community. Pete was very supportive to the local school system. His wife, Linda, was a teacher/principal, and throughout her career he supported her, providing assistance with after school programs and projects, utilizing his creativity and masonry skills.

Pete loved the outdoors and endeavored to instill those interests in his children and grandchildren by taking them on nature walks and spending time outdoors with them on his farm. He was a knife collector and a skilled and avid deer hunter.

One word comes to mind when we think of Pete Buckel. That word is strength. He had strong convictions, a strong faith, strong friendships, a strong work ethic, and strong love for his family. He was our rock and strength.



Remembering



Thomas L. Ivey

West Iron County Fire Department – Michigan

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: July 26, 2005

Age: 48

While responding to a call in December 2004, Thomas Ivey was involved in an accident and suffered spinal injuries that left him a quadriplegic. He died from complications of those injuries on July 26, 2005.

Thomas served in the U.S. Navy for 20 years as a machinist and recruiter. He had the distinction of being a plank owner, which is an original crew member, when commissioned on three of this country's nuclear aircraft carriers. He was proud

of his military accomplishments, awards, and medals.

Thomas returned to his hometown of Iron River after his retirement from the Navy. He became active with the fire department and had a special interest in helping to train department members.

Thomas is survived by two daughters, a son, four brothers and their families, two grandchildren, and extended family.



*... And though some are paid
and others are not,
The gloves feel the same when it's cold
or it's hot.
To someone you're helping to just get
along,
When you fill them with love, you
always feel strong.*

*And so when I go on my final
big ride,
I hope to have my gloves by my side.
To show to St. Peter at that heavenly
gate,
'Cause as everyone knows,
FIREFIGHTERS DO NOT WAIT!*

— Author Unknown

Remembering

Scott A. Thornton

Summit Township Fire Department – Michigan

Classification: Career

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: January 20, 2005

Age: 39

Scott Allen Thornton died January 20, 2005, when he became trapped and ran out of air while fighting a house fire.

Scott was a man true to his word, a man of integrity. His passions were not only that of Summit Fire Department in Jackson, Michigan, but of his belief in the importance and values of being a strong Christian husband, father, and leader within his church and his community. His participation in small group bible studies, the usher program, and the annual toy drive for a local charity, are some of the examples of his serving heart and belief that

one person can indeed make a difference in this world.



His heart was full of the fire service, being the third generation in his family to pursue this line of work. Scott believed it to be his calling in life, to live out the biggest passion he'd ever possess. His favorite saying to his family and closest friends was, "Do what you love to do, and find someone to pay you to do it."

The legacy he lived and leaves is one of faith, perseverance, strength, and courage. He will always be seen as a hero to those who knew him well, for standing firm in his beliefs, and for living life to its fullest.

"A hero is someone who has given his or her life to something bigger than oneself."

— Joseph Campbell



Remembering



Sally R. Clark

Pleasant Ridge Volunteer Fire Department – Mississippi

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 18, 2005

Age: 49

Sally Clark suffered a heart attack on April 16, 2005, after participating in pump operations training earlier in the day. She was hospitalized and died two days later. She served with the department for five years. Her husband was the department's chief.

Sally was Director of Human Services at ThermaKool of Laurel. She was a member of Pleasant Ridge Baptist Church. She is survived by her husband, her two sons, a daughter-in-law, her parents, her brother and sister-in-law, two grandchildren, and extended family.



Hymn to the Fallen Heroes

*Young and aged
Volunteer and career,
Man and woman
Of all races and colors,
You left aching hearts behind.*

*An eternal flame warms your names
Inscribed on cold, lifeless plaques
Around this stone cairn.
In the hearts you left behind
Your memories abide
In undying gratitude. . . .*

Remembering

Franklin W. Eubanks

Arlington Volunteer Fire Department – Mississippi

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: October 25, 2005

Age: 47

Franklin W. “Frank” Eubanks suffered a fatal heart attack while fighting a grass fire. He was a member of the Arlington Volunteer Fire Department for approximately 15 years. He not only answered fire calls but always checked on the elderly persons in our community. He would carry them meals if they were sick, repair things that needed to be repaired and always gave a loving smile. After Hurricane Katrina he spent hours, days and weeks making sure everyone had water, ice or anything else they may need.

He was known as “Frankie Do” at church and throughout the community, for he always



was doing something for someone. One of his best friends even called him to get her cat out of the tree one day, but laughingly he went and climbed the tree to rescue the little cat. His main interest in life was to share God with everyone he came in contact with, young or old.

He was a wonderful husband, devoted father, and servant of the Lord. He was a friend to many. He is not only missed by his wife and children, but by the community and church as well. He never received any awards until now, but he never undertook a task to be recognized. He did everything out of love to his fellow friends.

*. . . You asked nothing more
You knew the risk,
Served without fear
And paid the highest price.*

*You embody a quality of which many
only dream
Your selflessness for others
Is now your eternal crown. . . .*



Remembering



James C. "Jimmy" Webb, Jr.

Bynum Volunteer Fire Department – Mississippi

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Assistant Chief

Date of Death: November 5, 2005

Age: 41

James C. "Jimmy" Webb, Jr. was a firefighter for Bynum for eight years. If I was to highlight the years I spent with him it could only be summed up in these few words, "The things he did, he did so others may live".

I married Jimmy in February 2001. We had two boys; Caleb, 11; and Blake, 4. In those short years together, his stepson found a father who instilled values in him, and his son found an idol. I found a man who was more than a husband; he was a best friend, a lover, the true half of my soul.

In a brief summary, Jimmy joined Bynum in 1997 and graduated from the Mississippi State Fire Academy in 1998. At the time he was #919. He became a certified Emergency Medical Responder in 2000, and that eventually led him to truck/station captain. In 2005 he was elected as Assistant Fire Chief, #902, for Bynum Volunteer Fire Department. This was his calling, and he went forth with a fervor that had everyone else being swept along in his wake.

His dedication did not stop with the fire department. He loved his church family, and for awhile he



led the evening devotions at our church. His favorite subject? Daniel 3: 19-25, "The fourth Man in the Fire". He loved his family. Everything he did, he did with his family in mind. It was not unusual for him to drop anything at a moment's notice to help family and friends. And it was not unusual to find him with his wife and children at Enid Lake fishing; which was another love he instilled in his sons and me.

Jimmy once told me before we married that he knew when it was time for him to be called home, it would be while he was "doing God's calling." November 5, 2005, when the tone sounded and he responded in his favorite truck, Tanker 95, to a structure fire with entrapment, is a day that will forever be emblazoned in our memories and a scar upon our hearts. He was involved in an accident before he reached the scene of the fire.

Jimmy was the epitome of firefighting, the epitome of a hero. Not because he gave his life doing a job that helped so many people, but because he was a man who gave so much and asked for nothing but a smile in return. He is not here with us right now, but his love and memory lives forever.

Remembering

Bob Bestgen

Osborn Fire Protection District – Missouri

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: September 3, 2005

Age: 50

Bob was born on August 9, 1954, to Helen & Garland Bestgen in Cameron, MO. He graduated from Cameron High School in 1972 and from the Kansas City Institute of Electronics in 1974. During the summer of 1976, Bob purchased his first dump truck and began Bob Bestgen Trucking. He continued the dump trucking business until 1994, when he purchased his first Kenworth tractor and pneumatic trailer and began hauling cement ingredients. Bob was a proud member of the Owner-Operator Independent Drivers Association.

Bob met his wife Pat in 1981. They married in 1988 and were blessed with 2 sons, Robert Zachary & Nicholas Ryan.

Bob was proud of his more than 20 years of service as a volunteer firefighter for the Osborn Fire Protection District. He serviced and maintained all



of the vehicles that the District owned. He spent many hours devising or revamping equipment for a district with little or no money. The District meant everything to him; suffice it to say "It was his baby". He also served as President of the fire district's Board of Directors. Bob was part of a fire department safety crew on standby at a local racetrack. He was struck and killed while attempting to stop a push truck that was rolling toward spectators.

Bob loved racing, especially winged sprint cars and Nextel Cup. He was an avid sports fan his entire life, competing in basketball, slow-pitch softball, and mud-a-thons. He rooted tirelessly for the Kansas City Chiefs & Missouri Tigers. He never missed his sons' basketball or baseball games. Bob deer hunted with his boys in the fall and took great pleasure from others' enjoyment of the deer chili & meat sticks he painstakingly made.

Remembering

Jerry Buehne

Affton Fire Protection District – Missouri

Classification: Career

Rank: Chief

Date of Death: March 10, 2005

Age: 64

Gerald “Jerry” J. Buehne, 64, Fire Chief, Affton Fire Protection District, died March 10, 2005, while en route to a Chief’s meeting, when his staff vehicle was struck head on by a fleeing robbery suspect. Jerry was with the Affton Fire District for 43 years. He was the Fire Chief for the last 5 years. The fire service was his life and one of his loves, along with his family.

He was an instructor at the St. Louis County Fire Academy, along with his son, Tim, who followed his dad’s footsteps into the fire service. Jerry was

instrumental in building two fire stations and ordering two state-of-the-art fire trucks before his death.

Jerry was a husband of 43 years to Ladonna, father of Tim and Cindy, and a grandpa to Torrie, Luke, Timmy, & Paige.

Jerry was a friend to all. His positive outlook, mild manner, and love of life were his strongest attributes. He was truly a gentleman. He died with his pocket bible in his breast pocket, which probably speaks the most of this man and his life.



*... O fallen comrades,
Give us all this quality
That we may more fittingly prolong your memory.*

— Anonymous
*(from a poem left at the
National Fallen Firefighters Memorial)*

Remembering

Timothy S. Hardy

Neosho Fire Department – Missouri

Classification: Career

Rank: Engineer

Date of Death: November 7, 2005

Age: 32

Timothy Hardy died when he became entrapped on a conveyer belt during a grain elevator fire. He joined the department in 1994 as a volunteer and was promoted to engineer in 1999. He was taking classes to become a lieutenant and had completed EMT training to better respond to medical calls. Timothy was also in the process of becoming a state certified fire investigator. He had mailed all his paperwork off and was just waiting for his certification to come back.

You couldn't ask for a better fireman. He was dedi-

cated to his job. He would work overtime, do shift trades if someone needed help. He was always there.

A lifelong resident of the Neosho area, Timothy had an associate's degree from Crowder College. He attended Calvary Baptist Church.

He is survived by his wife, two daughters, four stepchildren, his father, maternal grandparents, and two brothers. He talked about his family all the time. They came to the station to visit, sometimes four or five times a day, just to say 'Hi.'



"I think a hero is an ordinary individual who finds strength to persevere and endure in spite of overwhelming obstacles."

— Christopher Reeve



Remembering



Mike Aunkst

Benedict Volunteer Fire Department – Nebraska

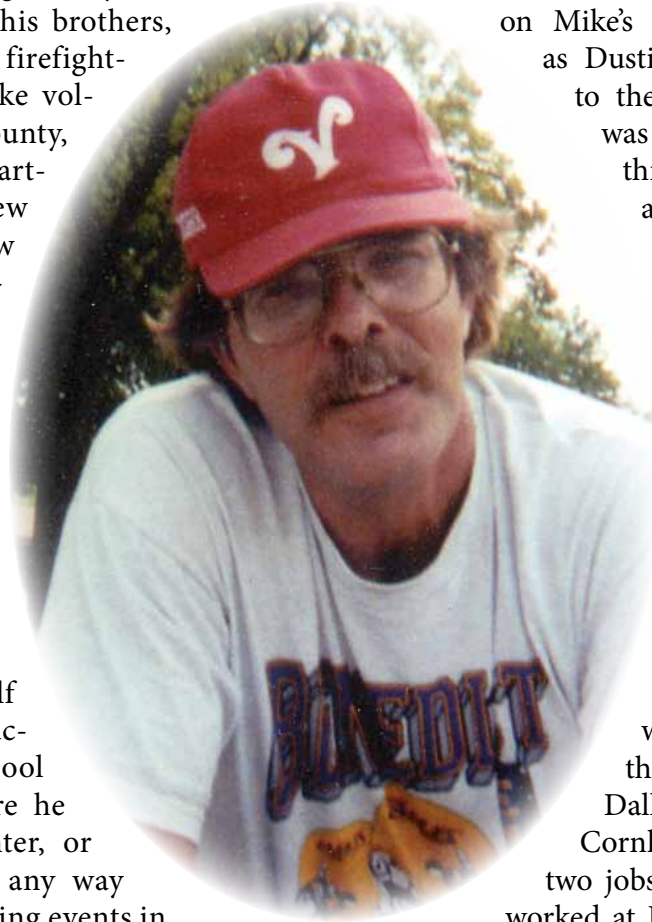
Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: February 27, 2005

Age: 45

Mike came from a large family of eleven children. Two of his brothers, David and Jim, are career firefighters. From 1987-1991 Mike volunteered on Bernalillo County, #10 district fire department in Albuquerque, New Mexico, as vehicle crew chief, under the supervision of his brother, Jim. In the spring of 1998, Mike joined the Benedict Volunteer Fire Department, where he served until his death on February 27, 2005. He suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to the scene of a barn fire. Mike always kept himself busy, whether it was racing season at the McCool Junction Speedway where he was a volunteer firefighter, or volunteering to help in any way during local or area sporting events in and around Benedict.



baseball. You could count on seeing a smile on Mike's face watching with pride as Dustin played. Mike would go to the dance studio where Liza was practicing and watch her through the viewing window and smile, never missing a spin, twirl or step. He also taught her how to hold a bat, throw, and catch left-handed. You would never catch him on the bench during her games either. He would stand on the sidelines, cheering her and her team on.

He loved all sports. He never sat in the bleachers at races – he had to be where the action was, in the dugouts. He was a loyal Dallas Cowboys and Nebraska Cornhusker fan. Mike held down two jobs to support his family. He worked at Even Temp and Valentino's on weekends. During football season he would fly his Husker flags on the delivery car while delivering pizzas, and during Christmas he would deliver pizzas in a Santa suit.

On February 27, 1997, Mike and I were married in a small ceremony with only family in attendance in Benedict. We reside in Benedict, where we were raising our two wonderful children. At the time of his death he was a great stepfather to my son Dustin (18) and father to our daughter Liza (9). He never missed a sporting event that the children were in. He would attend all of Dustin's games whether it was band, football, wrestling, track, basketball or

Mike was the first to pull off a prank or two on someone for their birthday or just because they needed it. Mike didn't do anything for the glory or fame. He did things for others because he truly cared. He will be missed by many, but most of all by his family. He smiles down on us everyday.

Remembering

Brian K. Brunns

Aero Union Corporation – Nevada

Classification: Career

Rank: Pilot

Date of Death: April 20, 2005

Age: 47

Brian was the only person who could turn a seven-hour trip into 24 hours, arrive at your house at 2:00 in the morning, somehow find an unlocked door, jump into a full wave waterbed that contained you and your wife and the family dog--yelling at the top of his lungs and scaring you to death--and be ready to talk for hours about the latest of his adventures.

His obituary didn't say who Brian really is. It didn't talk about his love for life, his love for people (especially women!), his sense of humor, his charm, his modern chivalry, or his innate ability to build a lasting relationship with everyone he met. It didn't mention the pranks he pulled, his love of Mexican food, his contagious laugh, his mischievous eyes, the cinnamon gum he always had, or his willingness to do anything for anybody. It didn't mention his love for cars and bikes, in addition to his love for the P-3 Orion and the Navy. Or how he was always late unless it was work, and then he was all about getting the job done. But most importantly, words can never express how he touched the lives of so many people.



Brian loved what he was doing. He felt that his job was important, that he was helping people on a fundamental level. He didn't want easier flying jobs. He thrived on challenge and pushing himself to the limit. Brian died in an air tanker crash while training for the upcoming wildfire season. Two other pilots also died in this incident.

Brian was a true friend, the kind of a person that doesn't come along in one's life very often. When he did come into your life, you noticed. He listened and really remembered what was going on in your life. Most of us will be lucky to touch one or two people the way that Brian touched hundreds.

On one visit, he told me a story that really exemplifies who he is. He was sitting in traffic, and there was a woman in a car near him who was honking and yelling, on the verge of road rage. So he took out of the glove compartment a pair of those black plastic glasses with the big nose and mustache, put them on, and got the woman's attention. He started motioning to her like, "Come on, cool it, there's nothing you can do, so calm down." Of course the woman cracked up and laid off the horn. This is how he lived his life: calm down and enjoy it.

Remembering

Christopher R. DeWolf

Newington Fire Department – New Hampshire

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: January 6, 2005

Age: 40

Christopher DeWolf died in a motor vehicle accident while responding to a shift recall to cover the station due to extreme weather conditions. He began his service as a call firefighter with the town of Kittery, Maine, and was later hired by the Dover Fire Department in New Hampshire, where he served for 17 years as a firefighter, paramedic, and lieutenant. He had been with the Newington Fire Department for less than a year.

Chris was an instructor for New Hampshire Fire Standards and Training, and he received extensive training at the National Fire Academy. He served as a correspondent with the Fire Emergency Training Network (FETN) and was one of the first to provide coverage at the Pentagon during the terrorist attacks on September 11th. With FETN, he also authored several American Heat lesson plans and served as Content Coordinator and Technical Advisor. Chris served as an escort for

families of fallen firefighters during several Memorial Weekends in Emmitsburg.

A resident of Maine, Chris held an associate's degree from Southern Maine Technical College and a bachelor's degree in Organizational Management from Daniel Webster College. A hockey enthusiast, he was a junior varsity coach at St. Thomas Aquinas High School for several years, varsity coach at Marshwood High School, and coached Dover youth hockey for many years. He was a Civil War buff and an avid Red Sox fan.

Chris's first love was his family. He is survived by his wife, two children, his father, his brother, and extended family.

Chris had a passion for firefighting. His love of the job was evident by the enthusiasm he brought to work every day and the relationships he fostered through his years of service.



Remembering

Paul Carr

Atlantic City Fire Department – New Jersey

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: May 31, 2005

Age: 58

Paul Carr suffered a fatal heart attack at the station after participating in training drills earlier in the day. He began serving with the department in 1973 and was a member of Ladder 3 in Platoon 3.

A native of Atlantic City, Paul loved researching and telling the history of his hometown. He worked on the Atlantic City Beach Patrol from 1967 to 1973 and was a champion rower and swimmer. He was a premier athlete who ran, rowed, swam, boxed, lifted weights, played basketball, and was never beaten in arm wrestling.

In the 1970s, Paul owned and

operated Artman's Health Foods. He was a spiritual family man who helped everyone and believed in and taught transcendental meditation. He spent time with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

Paul is survived by his wife, his two sons, and extended family.

Paul was a gentle soul, loved by everyone. His friends ranged from the guy on the street to the heads of corporations, and of course his firefighter, police, and lifeguard buddies.

He risked his own personal safety on many occasions and was awarded many citations. He was a true hero.



Fire - Rescue

In the heat of the day, in the dead of the night

A crash on the road, or a fire to fight.

The bad ones and worst ones, they've been to them all

when the signal goes out, they answer the call. . . .

Remembering

Angelo Petta

Garfield Fire Company #3 – New Jersey

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief Engineer

Date of Death: February 12, 2005

Age: 46

Chief Engineer Angelo Petta, an 18-year veteran of the Garfield Fire Department and an equipment operator for the Public Works Department in Garfield, died suddenly of a heart attack while evacuating a residence due to a natural gas leak. The residence was around the corner from Chief Engineer Petta's residence.

Angelo will be missed, not only for his upbeat personality and his willingness to help, but for the family he leaves behind at a young age. Angelo is survived by his wife, Domenica, and his two young boys, George and Joseph, along with his mother and numerous brothers and sisters.



*... Never too sure what perils they'll face
or what they may see that time won't erase,
None of them people much different from you
And, no, they don't love it, it's just what they do. . . .*



Remembering



William W. Pierce

Ogdensburg Fire Department – New Jersey

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: February 10, 2005

Age: 53

Bill was with Ogdensburg for 25 years and served as Chief in 2003 and 2004. He was with Hardyston for 15 years, serving as Chief in 1996 and 1997. He received the Firefighter of the Year Award in 1997 from The Knights of Columbus. He was an Instructor at the Sussex County Fire Academy for a number of years and a Fire Inspector for the Borough of Ogdensburg. Bill gained many certificates in different fields and areas of firematics. He suffered a fatal heart attack after fighting a mobile home fire.

Bill is survived by his wife of 18 years, his parents, two sons, five stepchildren, and twelve grandchildren. He met his wife, Barbara, when she was a single parent of five children. He immediately accepted all six into his life, as Barbara and her children accepted him and his two children with open arms. Barbara and her children consider Bill to have been the mender of their once broken road. He will be missed terribly.

Bill worked in the sheet metal fabrication industry for 30 years. During many of those years he was self

employed under the company name of Bill Pierce & Sons. He worked for Local #7, a Tile and Marble Union, for the five years prior to his death.



Bill took firefighting very seriously and was known as a firefighter's firefighter. Even though he served on two volunteer departments, he took them as seriously as though he was being paid. He never failed to respond to a call that he was able to make, and the fact that he was exempt for numerous years didn't reduce his level of duty in the least.

He loved to take trips to Atlantic City, NJ, to gamble and play craps. Most of the local convenience stores knew him well due to his love to play the New Jersey Lottery on a regular basis. After his death, one store owner said that Bill was a wonderful person and that he learned something new each time Bill came into his store. He had a contagious enthusiasm that could be felt anywhere he was.

Bill will be forever missed by his family and friends and will never be forgotten.



Remembering



Joseph F. Walsh

Keansburg Fire Department – Co. #1 – New Jersey

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Fire Police Officer

Date of Death: August 18, 2005

Age: 76

Joseph F. Walsh was struck by a drunk driver while directing traffic at the scene of a Hazmat incident. He was hospitalized and died the following day.

Joe had served with Keansburg Fire Department for 54 years, as well as Keansburg First Aid Squad and EMS. He was Fire Police for the past couple of years and was involved with the Historical Society and the Legion (veterans).

He worked for the KMUA, Parking Meters, St. Ann's and St. Joe's Schools, and was a store owner for more than 50 years. He served our country from 1946 to 1955 (on active duty from 1953 to 1955) in



the Army Reserve Artillery Infantry and the Army Reserves National Guard (cavalry) as a Marksman. He served in the Korean War. His rank was Private First Class, being moved to Corporal on June 14, 1955. He received a National Defense Service Medal.

Joe had many wonderful qualities. He was caring and always willing to lend a helping hand. He was a friend to young and old and was called "Blue" by his friends from the Fire Department, after an old character from the movie "Old School."

He will always be missed and remembered by all. We love you, POP!!

*... For somehow, when someone's life is on the line
Or a home full of memories built up over time...
... Grabbing his gear on the way to the door.
- Or her gear - she leaving her family behind
Because someone else's may be on the line. ...*

Remembering

Ornell Fuller, Jr.

Midway Volunteer Fire Department – New Mexico

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: January 3, 2005

Age: 40

Captain Ornell Fuller, Jr. suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to a structure fire the previous evening. He was a member of the Midway Volunteer Fire Department since its beginning in 1983.

Ornell never met a stranger; no matter what your situation or the circumstances, he treated everyone the same. He was very devoted in his love and following of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as a result touched many lives.

Ornell had many awards and letters of commendation. He was the 1st place trophy winner in the Chaves County Truck Rodeo in 2004 and won many other driving challenges throughout his career. He was recognized by Chaves County when he went out of his way to respond with another department and use his IV skills to save the life of a young girl who had been shot in a hunting accident.



On Christmas Eve, Midway Fire Department has a Santa Run to pass out treat bags to children of our community and to deliver gifts to families in need. Ornell was our Santa year after year. Even when he was ill, there was no holding him back. That was the highlight of his holiday season.

Ornell was an avid outdoors person. He loved fishing, camping and hiking with his brothers. When severe thunderstorms would roll in, it was not uncommon to find him sitting outside with his diet Coke and two-way fire radio, keeping an eye on things. He is known by his nieces and nephews as “Uncle Tickle Bug”, because no matter where they were, they always wanted him to tickle them.

There truly is not enough that can be said about what a wonderful and amazing person Ornell was. If only he could have known what an impact he was making on so many lives before he passed away. He was a “take life by the horns” kind of a man. He will truly be missed by all.



Remembering



John G. Bellew

Fire Department of New York – New York

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: January 23, 2005

Age: 37

John G. Bellew, 37, firefighter, New York City Fire Department, died January 23, 2005, when he succumbed to injuries after being forced to jump out of a fourth story building while battling a fire. John was a 10-year veteran who was assigned to Engine 46, Ladder 27. He was three months away from being promoted to lieutenant.



John loved to ski, run, and play with his children. He left behind four young children, Brielle 6, Jack 3, Katreana 2, and Kieran 5 months, and a wife of 10 years. He is best known for his ability to talk with everyone about anything and his great smile. He will forever be missed by his family and remembered as a hero as both a firefighter and father.

*. . . Yielding a hose in the flames like the rest
You can't tell them apart, when they're put to the test.
For these men and women are chosen and few
The blood in their veins makes them do what they do. . . .*

Remembering

William C. Bostian

West Webster Fire District – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Fire Police Lieutenant

Date of Death: August 6, 2005

Age: 62

Bill devoted his life to his family, the West Webster Fire Department, and his community. Bill married Linda Welsher in 1963, and they were together until Linda's passing in 1992. They settled in West Webster and raised their four children – Pam, Gary, Tom & Kevin. To his children, Bill was "Dad," and he was always there when we needed him, right up until the end. He was also there for the other kids in the neighborhood, who all referred to him as Mr. B. He was a scout leader, baseball coach, and a medic for Pop Warner Football.

Bill had a big heart and a generous nature, always putting others before himself. If anyone ever needed a place to stay, he would make room for them and make them feel like part of the family. He had a great sense of humor and could always take a joke about himself by laughing right along. He was a devoted son, bringing his mother up from Florida after a mild stroke and taking care of her. He breakfasted every morning with his close circle of friends, but if a new guy wanted to go, Bill welcomed him with open arms. Bill was passionate about helping others in his community. He joined the fire department in 1977 and quickly rose through the ranks to captain. He was also an EMT and would jump on the ambulance whenever he could. He went social



for a few years, but became active again in the late 90s. He joined the Fire Police, rising to the rank of lieutenant. Bill suffered a heart attack after responding to several calls on August 2, 2005. He remained hospitalized and died from a second heart attack on August 6, 2005. He was named 2005 Fireman of the Year.

Bill's fellow firemen remember how they could count on him, how he always had their back. He would have his truck across the road with every rotating and blinking light imaginable on. Bill became Vice President of the department and was looking forward to becoming President in January. He was proud of his position and the good that he was doing. He was proud of the organization and its people.

Bill was also Vice President for the Monroe County Volunteer Firemen's Association. His fellow firemen always joked with him about his green jacket and asked if he won the Masters Tournament. A long time friend and fellow fireman remembers how Bill was an old time firefighter who gave his all to everything he did. As a member of the special police, he was all over town protecting the residents. Bill was very humble, never bragged. It was only in his passing that we learned of ALL he did.



Remembering



Robert G. Brooks, Sr.

Montgomery Fire Department – New York

Classification: Volunteer
Rank: Firefighter Trainee
Date of Death: March 28, 2005
Age: 42

Robert G. Brooks, Sr. was my husband, my best friend, and a terrific father to our five children: Desiree, Robert Jr., Patrick, Maxwell, and Gabriel.

Bobby and I (Shannon) got married on May 19, 1995. We had already had our daughter, and we completed our family and were blessed with four boys. Bobby was a very hard worker, and a godly man. He always believed that he was the sole provider and I should stay home and nurture and care for the children. He was always so proud of his family.

On September 1st, 2004, we moved into our new house in upstate NY. On September 15th, Bobby came home after work with a grin from ear to ear, looking like a little kid in a candy store. He showed me his pager and told me that he had joined the Montgomery Fire Department. He was going to start Firefighter I training in January.

Bobby was working as an operating engineer for refrigeration and air conditioning in Manhattan, running to fire calls every chance he got, and spending time with his children. Every day was crazy, but great.

On the morning of March 26, 2005, Bobby woke up happy, yet nervous, because that was the last

day of training in Firefighter I and the day of his final. As he was leaving, I told him, "Don't worry. You'll do great. Be safe, and I love you."



My daughter and I started to prepare his favorite meal for lunch that day as a celebration for his graduation from Firefighting I. At about 9:40 a.m., the phone rang. Bobby had collapsed at the training center. At the hospital, the doctor told me that my husband had a berry aneurysm that had burst in his brain and that he wasn't going to survive. On March 28, Bobby went home and entered the gates of Heaven.

After Bobby's wake and funeral, I really began to see how supportive and helpful the brothers from the fire department were. I wanted to honor my husband in a noble way, and I joined the Montgomery Fire Department. He was so dedicated to helping people and such an inspiration to others that I wanted to pick up where he left off, let him live on through me, and carry out his dream. In May 2006, I graduated and received my certificate for Firefighting 1.

Everyone would say that when they first met Bobby, they felt they had known him for years. This was his character. Bobby is not here in person, but he will always live on in our hearts.

Remembering

Micheal Falkouski

Rensselaer Fire Department – New York

Classification: Career

Rank: 2nd Assistant Chief

Date of Death: January 23, 2005

Age: 59

*M*icheal Falkouski suffered a fatal heart attack at the scene of a garage fire.

A firefighter for 37 years, he was a pillar of the department. Falkouski joined the E.F. Hart Hose Company as a volunteer in the early 1970s and transferred to Chemical & Hose Company a decade later. He had served as 2nd Assistant Chief since 1998.

Mike is survived by his wife, two children, and two grandchildren.

Mike was a great guy. He was a great asset to the city of Rensselaer and a great firefighter. His death is a tremendous loss for the entire community.



*... Though the walls of smoke gone out of sight
They're neighbors and friends- they're heroes unsung
seldom remembered for all they have done.
But often remembered or never at all
The team never fails to respond to the call,
These- brothers and sisters- of Rescue and Fire.*

— Melissa Sue Masters



Remembering



John R. Husser

Rockville Centre Fire Department – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: June 28, 2005

Age: 55

Ex-Captain John Husser was sworn into the Rockville Centre Fire Department in July of 1969, when he was 19 years old. His company was Alerts Engine Co. 2. John served as a warden, safety officer, Board of Instruction delegate and led the color guard for many years. John was honored with the 2005 Town of Hempstead Firematic Award, posthumously, on October 19, 2005.

John was an active firefighter and a leader for 35 years, up until his untimely death between late June 27th and early June 28th 2005, when he suffered a heart attack after responding to four calls earlier that day. John was given a beautiful funeral with full honors.

John was one of those firefighters others looked to for guidance and help. At a call, John was always sure to keep an eye on his crew, making sure everyone was safe and accounted for. He would drop anything at a moment's notice to help out a friend, even if it meant inconveniencing himself. I recall a letter, written by a close friend to the members of Alerts Engine Co. 2 that read as follows:



“When John joined, there was no OSHA telling us how to dress, there were no benefits to speak of, but this was not an issue for him. John VOLUNTEERED to join, accepting all the duties that he was asked to perform. He did not volunteer to come out only when it wasn't raining or snowing, only when it wasn't too hot or too cold, only when he wasn't having a barbeque or a date with Angela. He volunteered for the whole enchilada!”

John's loud laugh, his quick wit, his enjoyment of a good joke or a gentle jab, are what will be missed and remembered. Our loss is deep and painful. He was a friend to all, whether you just met him or knew him for 35 years. But it was his beloved wife, Angela, whom he could not be without.

He joins her now, where they are watching over us, and if you listen hard enough, you will hear him saying, “HA HA.....No no no no no no..... Get outta here!” and finally, “You're killing me!”

We love you and miss you and will keep you with us every day! Until we meet again.

Remembering

Terry A. Kelder

Wales Center Volunteer Fire Company – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: June 10, 2005

Age: 48

Terry Kelder suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to numerous weather-related calls. A life member, he had served with the department for 30 years. During that time, he held numerous elected and appointed offices. Terry was the Vice President and Rescue 7 Lieutenant at the time of

his death. He was also a member of the fire company's softball team.

A school custodian, Terry worked at Northtowns Academy in the Sweet Home School District for eleven years. He was a longtime resident of Wales Center and enjoyed golfing, bowling, and fishing.



Lights and Sirens

*...The firefighters not knowing,
What they may find,
And still doing what they do.
Risking their lives,*

*For the lives of strangers.
Without expecting gratitude.
Firefighters are the true heroes,
Without realizing it themselves. . . .*



Remembering



Peter B. Lund

Woodmere Fire Department – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Lieutenant

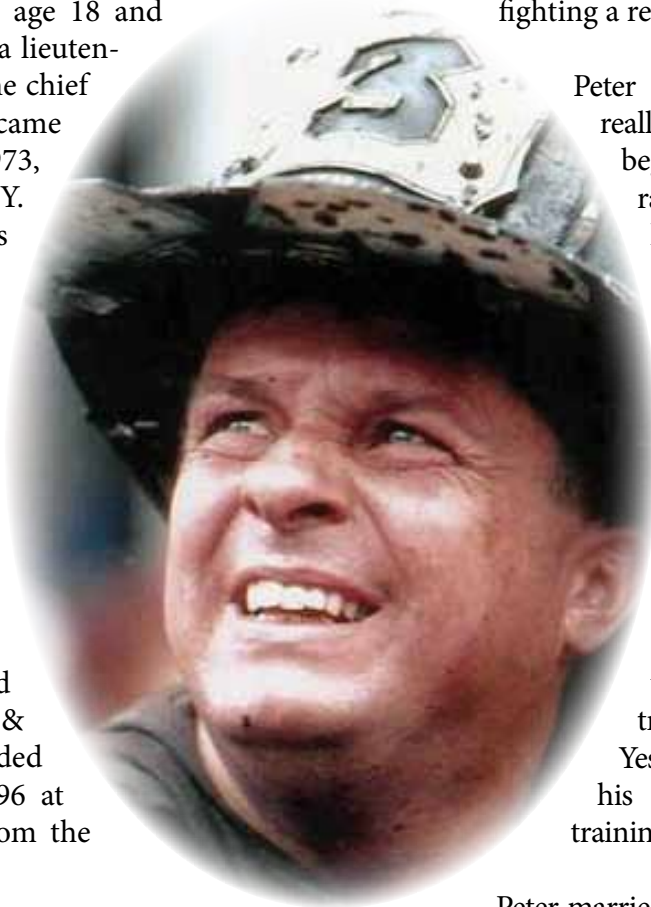
Date of Death: June 14, 2005

Age: 54

Peter joined the Woodmere Volunteer Fire Department at age 18 and served the department as a lieutenant, captain and later as the chief of the department. He became a career firefighter in 1973, when he joined the FDNY. He was promoted and was a Lieutenant in Rescue 3 in the Bronx for 11 years before returning to his beloved Rescue 2 in Brooklyn, where he had served as a firefighter before he was promoted. He received numerous awards for bravery during his career, including the Chief John J. McElligott Medal and the Lawrence Fitzpatrick & Gerald Frisby Medal, awarded by Mayor Giuliani in 1996 at Medal Day. He retired from the FDNY in 2003.

Peter loved the fire service and, after his promotion, began to teach and train firefighters from across the country. After he retired, he joined the staff at the University of Illinois Fire Service Institute. He continued to volunteer in both Woodmere and the Kentland Fire Department in Maryland. While serving with Woodmere, Peter

suffered a fatal heart attack at the scene after fighting a residential structure fire.



Peter had many hobbies, but he really loved photography and began taking pictures of apparatus, which were often published in the Fire Apparatus Journal and Firehouse Magazine. Later he began to photograph sporting events and was able to photograph his much loved San Diego Chargers and Virginia Tech Hokies from the sidelines. He also had pit passes to photograph NASCAR races. He was a model railroader who also took pictures of trains, and he was paid by the Yes Network to photograph his beloved Yankees at spring training.

Peter married his high school sweetheart and was a devoted husband and father to his children, Matthew and Valerie. He coached both children in soccer and had served as a youth soccer coach in his community for many years. He loved his family, friends and “brothers in blue”. He was an easy going, fun loving, friendly, funny man who knew how to make every moment count and who enjoyed and embraced each of those moments.

Remembering

James E. Mero, Jr.

Essex County Office of Emergency Services – New York

Classification: Career

Rank: Deputy Fire Coordinator

Date of Death: March 9, 2005

Age: 51

James Mero collapsed while conducting an investigation at the scene of a residential structure fire. He was a fire commissioner, an Essex County arson investigator, and a NYS fire instructor. In addition to his service with Essex County, he was a 35-year volunteer and past chief with the Willsboro Fire Department. He belonged

to the NYS Fire Investigators Association and the NYS Fire Chiefs Association. He owned Mero Trucking in Willsboro.

James enjoyed hunting, fishing, camping, and following NASCAR racing. He is survived by his wife, parents, a brother, a sister, his parents-in-law, and extended family.



*... They always say,
"That's what I'm here for." or
"That's just what we do."
Taking chances to save a life,
Regardless of any discrimination.
At the end of the call,*

*They sit back and ponder
"Could I have done anything better?"
or even "What if....?"
But like always
When the tones are set off,
They'll gear up again.*

— Angela Hartshorn

Remembering

Curtis W. Meyran

Fire Department of New York – New York

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: January 23, 2005

Age: 46

Curtis Meyran died when he and other firefighters were trapped and forced to jump from a burning apartment building. Another firefighter also died in this incident, and several others were seriously injured. A 15-year veteran, Curtis received two medals for bravery during his years with the department. In 1997, he helped rescue two little girls trapped in a burning basement.

Survived by his wife, his son, and his two daughters, Curtis always worked a second job so his wife could stay home with their children.

He loved the job and taking care of and teaching younger firefighters. He loved his family. He was the consummate father.



*...Tell me not of the gallants who wear the helmets bright,
Who boast of their deeds of slaughter in some degrading fight;
But sound aloud the praises, and give the victor-crown
To our noble-hearted Firemen, who fear not danger's frown....*

Remembering

Mark A. Mianulli, Sr.

Syosset Fire Department – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: May 14, 2005

Age: 51

Mark Mianulli suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to a motor vehicle accident involving an overturned tanker and fuel spill. A 21-year veteran with the department's Woodbury Fire Company No. 1, Mark joined the department as soon as he turned 18. He rose through the ranks to serve as chief from 1986-1987. His father and brother also served with the department.

After completing his term as chief, Mark took a break from active service to spend more time with his family and to focus



on his career. When his son turned 18 and became a Syosset firefighter, Mark became active with the department again in order to share the experience with his son. One of his proudest moments was the day his son was sworn in as a firefighter with the FDNY.

Mark worked as a fire alarm dispatcher with the FDNY, a job he loved. On September 11, 2001, he was on duty at FDNY's Bronx dispatch facility and handled numerous phone calls from trapped victims. He later assisted with rescue efforts at Ground Zero.

*...They of many a conflict, with the haughty demon of flame,
With the rising sun of the morning, their gallant deeds proclaim.
The signal that strikes terror, to them is known full well;
Forth to do and dare they spring at the tap of the bell....*

— Frederic G. W. Fenn

Remembering

Dale A. Monica

Burke Volunteer Fire Department – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 16, 2005

Age: 54

Dale Monica suffered a fatal heart attack while fighting a structure fire at his home. A 30-year veteran with the department, he was a former assistant chief.

A lifelong resident of Malone, Dale was remembered for his involvement in the community. He owned Monica's Refrigeration and Mechanical and was the codes enforcement officer for the Town of Burke. He was past president of the Malone Lodge of Elks

and past exalted ruler, and a member of the Royal Order of Jesters and the Furnace Mountain Hunting Club. A Mason, he was past master of the North Aurora Lodge of the Free and past district deputy grand master of the Franklin Hamilton District Free and Accepted Masons. He was past potentate of the Media Temple Shrine and sat on the boards of both the Montreal Shriners Hospital and Shriners Boston Burn Hospital. Dale is survived by his wife and two daughters.



A Firefighter's Promise

*We arrived in this place
As strangers,
And soon
We will leave
To follow our solitary paths.*

*But until then,
Right here, right now
In this frozen moment in time,
I hold your hand in my hand . . .*

Remembering

James J. O'Neil

Hempstead Fire Department – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: June 13, 2005

Age: 54

James O'Neil suffered a fatal heart attack at home after responding to a vehicle fire. A 34-year veteran, he worked his way up to captain and later served as a driver. Fellow firefighters remembered him as a teacher and as a “book of knowledge” in the department.

James is survived by his wife, mother, three sisters, and extended family.

He was a jokester, fun loving, the greatest guy you could ever be around.



*... And your soul in my heart.
And as fear and darkness
Surround you,
Remember for all eternity -*

*You are loved,
You are cherished,
And you are not alone.*

— Author Unknown



Remembering



E. Timothy Parsell

Collins Volunteer Fire Company #1 – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: November 4, 2005

Age: 39

Captain E. Timothy Parsell, 39, volunteer firefighter of the Collins Volunteer Fire Company #1, died of a heart attack November 4, 2005, while preparing to respond to an EMS call. Active in the department for more than 21 years, he held the offices of Vice President, Assistant Chief, Captain and Training Officer. He was the department's "Fireman of the Year" in 2000. A dedicated fireman from the start, and a trusted friend to all.



He was an avid sports fan. He enjoyed baseball, bowling, cards, horseshoes and NASCAR (Rusty Wallace) racing. He leaves behind his wife and two stepdaughters. His wife is an active member of the department's Ladies Auxiliary.

Tim was a guy whom you could count on for anything. He had the ability to quickly solve problems or make anybody laugh no matter the situation. He is deeply missed by his family and friends.

Firefighter's Life

*We've found our calling,
Where the flames rage,
We know that we'll drop everything,
When we hear the page.*

*As we search each room,
For the one we might have missed,
The smoke above us looms,
The fire continues to crackle and hiss. . . .*

Remembering

Richard T. Sclafani

Fire Department of New York – New York

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: January 23, 2005

Age: 37

Richard Sclafani suffered fatal burns while searching for victims during a residential structure fire. A 10-year veteran, he was with Ladder 103. Sclafani was remembered as a skilled, knowledgeable firefighter. He was single and felt it was his duty to go in first, in order to protect fellow

firefighters who had wives and children. He was an avid weightlifter, strong, and in excellent physical shape.

Richard often visited his mother and sister and loved spending time with his two young nephews.



*. . . Finally we find her,
A girl of two or three,
Hiding beneath a bed,
I know she's scared of me.*

*I reach out my hand,
And tell her I can help,
I tell her I'm a firefighter,
And I've come to put the fire out. . . .*

Remembering

Todd R. Smith

New Paltz Fire Department – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: February 6, 2005

Age: 31

Todd Smith suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to the station for a call. In addition to his service with New Paltz, he was a former chief of the Stone Ridge Fire Department, and a former member of the Cottekill, High Falls, and Bloomington Fire Departments.

He was employed by the Highland School District as a school bus driver.

Todd is survived by his parents, his sister, his grandmother, and extended family.



*. . . I realize that soon,
It might be too late,
To save this little girl,
From a horrible fate.*

*But as I pass that little girl,
Out the window,
Out of that fiery world,
I look down to the ground below,
And see her family smile, . . .*

Remembering

Alfred A. Wohrman

Beekman Fire Department – New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 17, 2005

Age: 60

Al Wohrman was a lifelong New Yorker and resident of the hamlet of Poughquag in the Town of Beekman. He married his childhood sweetheart, Sharon Shepard. Al and Sharon were the involved and caring parents of Christan and Brian and the happy and proud grandparents of Sarah and Coryn. Al was devoted to his family.

Al joined the Beekman Fire Department in 1964. He served on the Board of Directors in addition to being a Fire Commissioner. He was revered as "the heart" of the department, for many decades.

Al was known for his humble determination to lend a hand with little fanfare. He has been recognized and honored for his spirit of volunteerism with many local organizations. Al was an avid golfer, sports enthusiast, and roller coaster fanatic. He was a former coach of Little League and Youth Soccer. With his outgoing and gregarious personality, Al will be deeply missed by this close-knit rural community.

Al had great energy and zest. He packed a lot of living into his 60 years. Al loved to travel with his friends and family. If there was a rainforest, a cliff with a view, or a rock outcropping, Al was there. He never took the same route twice, always looking for a new experience. This could often turn into

an adventure, as Al relied on his collection of 1960s Esso maps.



Al had an uncanny ability to ingratiate himself with strangers. One time, while vacationing with friends in St. Thomas, a good friend was swimming in the ocean when he saw Wohrman in the distance, wading towards a local wedding on the beach. "We were watching Al from about 200 yards away, and we saw him in his bathing trunks and glasses getting closer and closer to the wedding. The next thing we knew, he was right in the middle and taking part in the ceremony."

More than anything, Al enjoyed the company of friends and family. The Wohrman household was known as "Mecca." The couple would often host huge barbecues, and friends would simply stop by. Al loved to laugh and make others laugh.

Alfred Wohrman died in a motor vehicle accident while driving a rescue truck back to the station after a call. In a final gift to others, his organs were donated to the New York Organ Donor Network and his skin to the burn unit for firefighters.

Al will be remembered as a loving husband, father, grandfather and "Best Friend" to many.



Remembering



Todd A. Blanchard

Eastern Wake Fire & Rescue – North Carolina

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: July 14, 2005

Age: 31

Todd had “the look” in his eye that you see with every firefighter. It was his passion and, simply put, he knew that being a firefighter was who he was. He had been working with the Eastern Wake Fire Department for 2 years at the time of his death and had previously worked in Garner, NC and Gill, MA. Todd was struck and killed by a falling tree limb while working to extinguish a fire in a large oak tree.

Todd was a huge Red Sox fan, and he also liked the 49ers, Stars, and Bobby Labonte. He is survived by his mom (Marie), dad (Allan), sister (Charlene), three brothers (Allan, Mike, & Norman), his daughters (Jessika & Ryan), their mother (Ami), and his best friend (Matthew).



Todd was extremely outgoing, and you always knew where you stood with him. He spoke his mind freely and rarely worried about the consequences. He had a terrific sense of humor and couldn't resist pulling a good prank or telling a colorful joke.

Todd loved his family and friends as much as he loved being a firefighter. We all understand now what he meant when he said he would sacrifice anything to be a firefighter. I asked him what he would have done on 9/11 if he had been working in NY. Without hesitation, he said, “I would have gone into those buildings with my brothers.” He's with them now.

*... And I know what I faced in there,
Compared to the warmth of love is
mild.
That little girl's family thanked me,*

*For saving their daughter's life.
I simply told them it was part of the
job,
It was a firefighter's life.*

— Amanda Stewart



Remembering



Michael Thomas Childress

Level Cross Fire Department – North Carolina

Classification: Career

Rank: Assistant Chief

Date of Death: May 7, 2005

Age: 48

Michael had 16 years of volunteer service and two years of paid service. He was serving the community by being a part of the Level Cross Fire Department. He earned four awards, having been voted Firefighter of the Year four times during the years of 1993, 1995, 1996 and after he died in 2005. This last award was given to his wife and daughter during the Christmas dinner.

Michael suffered a fatal heart attack while on duty at the station, after responding to an EMS call the previous evening.



We got a camper to go camping in, and he also enjoyed NASCAR, golf, and gardening. He loved to watch the Andy Griffith Show on TV. He is survived by his wife and daughter of the home and two half-sisters.

Pride and Honor

There is so much pride and honor in being a fire fighter.

Everyday, one faces a challenge.

Every night, one faces the unknown.

One can be proud of a son,

And of every other man and woman,

Who each day faces the challenge and the unknown.

— Rick Meehan Sr.



Remembering



Donald Conner

Brooken Volunteer Fire Department – Oklahoma

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: January 26, 2005

Age: 74

Donald Conner suffered a fatal heart attack while fighting a forest fire. He had served with the department for three years.

Born in Indiana, he worked in the nursery business with his father. Later, they converted the nursery land into a racetrack for stock cars and midgets. Donald served as a Seabee in the U.S. Navy. He moved to California, where

he worked as a carpet installer for 30 years and opened a carpet store with his two sons. He also worked with the San Bernardino City School District. Donald eventually retired, but was never one to sit still. After moving to Oklahoma, his need to stay busy led to his involvement with the fire department.

He is survived by his two sons, Donald Conner, Jr. and Michael Conner.



Flame Fighter

*Flame fighter, flame fighter you'll never be
inferno's friend.
In bright red you race, to the flames that
you chase.
Through smoke and heat, soot on your
arms and feet.
In the darkness with no sight, you search
for the light.*

*With water you defeat smoke, flames and
the heat.
Fellow brothers and sisters unite, for not
alone are you in this fight.
Into the fire with might, ready for the fight.
Then with the settling of flames, all that
remains...is life.
See it is for the lives that you save, that we
call you the Brave.*

— Lauren J. Wynn



Remembering



James Harrison Fugate, Jr.

Collinsville Fire Department – Oklahoma

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

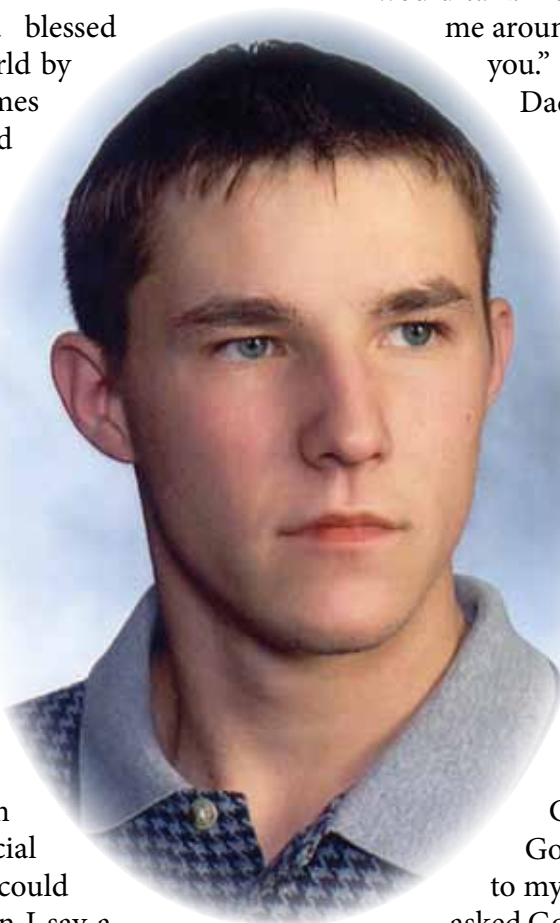
Date of Death: January 11, 2005

Age: 20

The day our hearts were full was February 18, 1984. God blessed us with a son. We had the world by the tail. We named him James Harrison Fugate, Jr. I carried him for 9 months and felt the life of him in my heart each time it beat. When he was born, we counted each finger, each toe – perfect! No hair of course, but one special little mark which was on his nose – red. He was called a stargazer. He was our life.

We began teaching him as well as he taught us. Long nights with no sleep were worth every bit of it. Sick days, the good days, we took them any way we knew how. As he got older, we taught him how to talk. One thing special was that he always asked if he could cuss. He would say, “Mom, can I say a cuss word?” We taught him how to walk, and then he taught us how to run after him.

As a teenager, Mom and he grew a lot closer because Mom always gave in before Dad. We all laughed together at good things, cried together at bad things. We shared schoolwork. He was so smart, but was more into real things in life. He enjoyed his life every day. He would get mad if he didn't get his way and walk away and come back later. Then we



would talk. He would pick me up and swing me around and say, “Mom, sorry – love you.” He would have done that to Dad, but Dad was too big.

He had a heart of gold and loved life so much. He always helped anyone who needed help. There is not enough time or paper to tell about the memories of our son.

The day our hearts left us was January 11, 2005. He died from injuries suffered in a car wreck on December 27, 2004, while going to a fire call. He lived to do that – loved it – couldn't wait to hear the radio go off.

God took him on January 11th. God gave me the strength to talk to my son that night before he left. I asked God to take me, too. I am sure his father did also. But God needed the best one, so he took him. I ask every day, “Why God? He was so full of life!” But we know in our hollow hearts that when we get there, God will tell us why.

We will never be the same. We will all pull up another tomorrow and go on just like he would if he was here. We will continue to live life until we get to the other side, where we know he will be waiting.



Remembering



Daniel Raymond Angert

Petrolia Volunteer Fire Company – Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Fire Police

Date of Death: August 25, 2005

Age: 44

Daniel Raymond Angert, 44, January 31, 1961 to August 25, 2005. He died after being injured while directing traffic at the scene of a fire the previous day. Danny was a person who lived his life to the fullest and accomplished more things in his short life than some people will ever accomplish in their entire lifetime. For that, we are very proud of him.

He was a member of the Petrolia Volunteer Fire Department, Petrolia, PA, for over 22 years. The last 10 years he was a Fire Police Officer. He was also a member of the North Washington Fire Department, North Washington, PA. He loved helping his community. He was elected Mayor of Petrolia in the 1990s and helped the Petrolia Borough receive much needed grant money to help the Fire Department and other community projects.

In 1994, when he worked at the Veterans Administration Hospital, he saved a patient's life by performing the Heimlich maneuver and received the Heroic Act Award for his actions. For many years he managed a baseball team for the local United Athletics Association. His record was undefeated, something he took great pride in making possible. He had hoped to one day go back to managing a T-ball team and starting all over again. He

also was an assistant coach for the local high school's boys' varsity soccer team.



He enjoyed all the outdoor activities, especially hunting and fishing. He shot a 10-point trophy buck two years ago, he holds the records for the largest small mouth bass in Pennsylvania, and held the record for the largest salmon in New York. He taught his skills to his son, Zachary, and daughter, Brittany, who love the same activities as much as their dad did.

Danny joined the Army after graduating from high school. While in the military, he volunteered to go on different assignments; he traveled to many foreign countries. After his military tour of duty was over, he enlisted in the Pennsylvania National Guard for several years. He was very proud of being a veteran, and in June of 2005 went back to visit his old Army military base.

He was always helping his neighbors by mowing their yards in the summer and plowing their snow in the winter. He loved spending time with his family in their new house, playing with his Chihuahua, Mickey Mouse. He was a great person, he could make friends instantly, he had a caring personality, and a great sense of humor. He is sadly missed by his wife and children.

Remembering

Robert G. Gallardy

Altoona Fire Department – Pennsylvania

Classification: Career

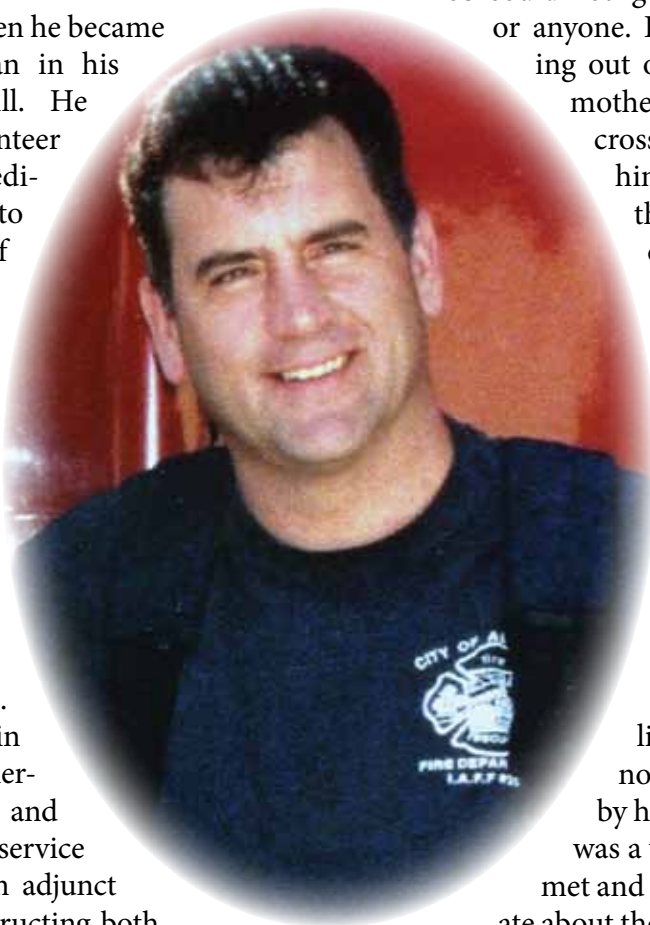
Rank: Captain

Date of Death: October 25, 2005

Age: 47

Bob started his introduction to the fire service at age 16, when he became a junior volunteer fireman in his hometown of Summerhill. He joined the Summerhill Volunteer Fire Department and dedicated 20 years of service to them. This was the core of his lifelong passion of the fire service. In 1996, at the age of 36, he was awarded "Outstanding Firefighter" of his career academy class at Harrisburg Area Community College. This began his career with the City of Altoona Fire Department.

Education was Bob's passion. He excelled with a degree in Fire Science, obtained numerous National certifications, and advanced to become a fire service instructor. He served as an adjunct instructor and enjoyed instructing both career and volunteer firefighters. Bob's respect and admiration for the profession was reciprocated by his students, fellow instructors, and brother firefighters. He served the Altoona Fire Department in many capacities such as: Engine Captain, Hazmat Technician, First Responder Instructor, and Physical Training Instructor for new cadets. Bob's fellow firefighters could always depend on him. While conducting a live burn training exercise at the Pennsylvania State Fire Academy, Bob suffered extensive burns. He was hospitalized until his death two days later.



Bob could not ignore the needs of anything or anyone. In May 2005, while traveling out of Altoona, he witnessed a mother duck and her ducklings crossing the street in front of him. While mom made it over the curbing, the ducklings did not. They all traveled along the curb until they fell through a catch basin and disappeared. Bob immediately was out of his car. By removing the cover and dropping into the basin, he lifted all the ducklings to safety.

Bob enjoyed everything in life. He enjoyed having fun and sharing his joy of life with others. You could not help but to be drawn in by his quiet charm and wit. Bob was a very special man to all who met and knew him. He was passionate about the people in his personal life.

If you needed help, support, comfort, or a smile; you think..."Bob." His wife and three sons formed the passion of his heart. Sharing time with his sons at their sporting events, being the proud "quiet" father was his favorite pastime and recently, riding his motorcycle with his wife would come second.

Bob will forever be in our hearts and memories. His special quiet way will always be missed and remembered.

Remembering

James E. Lafferty

Union City Volunteer Fire Department – Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Fire Police Captain

Date of Death: November 15, 2005

Age: 68

November 14, 2005 was a sad day for the family of James E. Lafferty Sr.

Jim, as all knew him, answered his final call with the Union City Fire Department. Jim was serving as Fire Police Captain, a position that he had held with honor and dignity since 1997. He suffered a fatal heart attack while performing his duties at a structure fire.

After serving with the fire department earlier in his life, he rejoined us on December 3, 1980, and was appointed to the Fire Police. Jim served in many positions with them as Captain, Lieutenant, Treasurer, and President.

Jim was awarded Fire Police of the Year twice; once in 1985 and again in 1993. In 2004, those who served in the Fire Police under Jim's command presented him a special appreciation award.

In August 2005, Jim was instrumental in the purchase of a Fire Police Response Unit (1149) that the Union City Fire Police could call their own. He was very proud of this accomplishment. At the time of his death, 1149 was dedicated to Jim's memory. Jim could always be counted upon to provide a bit of humor. Most importantly, he could be counted upon to provide his wisdom and knowledge. Sometimes,

he also played the role of peacemaker when tempers would flare up.

Jim served 14 years as the President of the Chamber of Commerce, along with Retail Chairman for several years. He chaired many of the Chamber of Commerce's activities. Jim served for three decades on the Union City Alumni Association. He was Chairman of the parade for many years and was honored as the Grand Marshal. Jim served 25 years in the Lions International, holding most of the offices. In 1989, he earned the Lions Club Citizen of the Year. He served as District Governor from 1994-1995. In 2001, he earned the prestigious International President's Award from the Lions Club.

Most importantly, Jim was a devoted husband, father, and grandfather. He could be seen at baseball, softball, football, and basketball games. He also attended wrestling tournaments, concerts, musicals, plays, and horse shows. Jim was truly devoted to his family.

Jim, you are sadly missed by your family and your brothers and sisters of the Union City Fire Department.



Remembering

Thomas L. Mower

Goodwill Fire Company #1, Darby Township – Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Fire Police

Date of Death: March 3, 2005

Age: 62

Thomas L. Mower was a loving husband, father, grandfather and uncle. His entire life was dedicated to the fire services of several Delaware County boroughs and townships. He first started as a junior firefighter with the Media Fire Department in the 1950s and was elected to several line officers positions. He had just become a member of the Goodwill Fire Department of Darby Township, where he was an active member of the fire police unit and a member of the Delaware County Fire Police Association.

As a policeman for Darby Borough, he worked in the K-9 unit with his partner, King. He was active in community service with his partner, and was instrumental in forming the Darby Borough P.A.L.



After many competitions, Tom placed 5th in the 1980 Pennsylvania Governor's 20 Award Ceremony for police revolver competition. After retiring as a detective with Darby Borough Police Department, he was one of the principal organizers of the Delaware County Search and Rescue Team utilizing trained dogs and rescue personnel.

On March 3, 2005, doing what he did his entire life, Thomas L. Mower - Tom to his friends - was responding to a fire call on that fateful day. On his way to the fire call, Tom passed away from a massive heart attack. Even without his involvement with fire and police departments, Tom was always a hero to his family and those who knew and loved him.

“Choose to think of him as a hero in death, and I will tell you that he was a hero in life.”

— Jon McDuffie

Remembering

Walter M. Sarnoski

Sandy Township Fire Department, Sabula Fire Station – Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: January 20, 2005

Age: 19

Walter “Matt” Sarnoski died when his vehicle collided with the vehicle of a chief from a neighboring department as they both responded to a call. Sarnoski joined the department as a junior firefighter and had been active for five years.

Matt loved the outdoors, hunting, fishing, and playing football. He had joined the U.S. Army and was awaiting the call to basic training.

He is survived by his son, his father, and his two brothers.



*You're the victim's guardian angel
Sometimes their only ray of hope.
You're the difference between life
and death
It's amazing how you cope.*

*. . . You risk your lives for others' sake
Without question a special breed.
Yet too often your efforts go unnoticed
When you are there for those in need . . .*

— Renee Mesogianes

Remembering

Robert T. Staepel

Navy Region Mid-Atlantic, Philadelphia Naval Shipyard – Pennsylvania

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 25, 2005

Age: 41

Robert “Tim” Staepel, 41, was a loyal and devoted father, husband, and firefighter. Tim loved being a firefighter and began his career in 1981 at the age of 18, as a volunteer for the Woodland Fire Company in Cherry Hill, NJ. At the time of his death he was an 11-year veteran at the Philadelphia Federal Fire Department. He was President of Local F-61, a dedicated and courageous firefighter, and a good friend to his fellow firefighters.

On January 9, 2002, Tim and his partner responded to a call of a woman who was bleeding profusely in a warehouse. Although the woman denied being pregnant, a gut feeling told both Tim and his partner differently. They looked around the warehouse and discovered a bloody restroom and began searching for a baby.

The baby had been discarded by its mother and was found in a trash can, where it was rescued. The baby is alive today and doing well. Tim and his partner received a life saving citation for rescuing the baby.

Away from work, Tim enjoyed spending time with his children, Shaun (9) and Michaela (6), and his wife, Tracy. He loved watching movies

with his children and enjoyed playing DJ for dance parties in his living room for his friends and family. He was an avid Philadelphia Eagles fan and was a season ticket holder for many years.

Tim was a loving and caring son, brother, uncle, a good friend, and a godfather ten times over. Anyone who came in contact with Tim always had a funny story to tell about his antics. He was known as “Unc” to his nieces and nephews, who loved him dearly. His love of children was evident whenever he was with his children, nieces, and nephews, and his friends’ children.

If there was a child in the room, that is where you would find Tim, smothering them with kisses until they cried for help.

Tim suffered a heart attack on November 22, 2005, after participating in a live burn training the day before. He remained hospitalized until his death.. His death was a tragic loss to everyone who loved him. Tim is missed by all who knew him. He lives on through his wife and children and the many fond memories his family, friends, and brother firefighters have of him.





Remembering



Michael A. Switala

Lower Burrell Volunteer Fire Department – Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 28, 2005

Age: 50

Michael A. Switala was a life member of the City of Lower Burrell Fire Company. For the majority of this time, he served Company #3 as an EMT and firefighter. In 2000, Michael became a member of Company #2 Dive/Rescue Team. He had participated in several divers' training/certification classes throughout the years and had accompanied the team on various rescue-recovery events. On August 27, 2005, Michael drowned during a night dive certification class. He was revived, but remained unresponsive and died the following day.

Michael was a good and generous man, a man of commitment. His life was marked by service to others. As a boy, he had attained the rank of Eagle Scout, the Scouting system's highest rank. As a young man, while enrolled at Slippery Rock State College, Michael joined the Navy (1973). He was a Machinist Mate 2 aboard the USS Andrew Jackson.

After the Navy in 1977, he married his wife, Aimee Bohrer Switala. Together they have three children, Heather (27), Aaron (25), and Matthew (20). We consider them "our greatest treasures." Michael was a wonderful husband and father who partici-



pated in his children's lives. He was a nurturer, instructor, protector, provider and mentor. His love was enormous. In addition to his wife and children, Michael is sadly missed by his mother, Genevieve; siblings Lydia and Joseph and their spouses; as well as several in-laws, nieces and nephews.

Michael was an avid hunter and fisherman and shared these activities with his sons and brother. As a family, we shared a summer camp in Erie, Pennsylvania, where we'd swim, fish, go boating, cook out, and spend evenings around the fire. Watching Steelers football was also a weekly event for our family. In honor of their dad and because of the wonderful impact he had on his sons, Aaron and Matthew have also joined the fire company as firemen and are also training for the dive/rescue team. Michael died doing what he loved. As my husband, Michael was my best friend and my greatest love. We are committed to each other, our children, and God. To our children, he was "dad" – the guy who could do anything and make everything right.

Michael always gave his best, did his best, and to all of us, was the best. His love does go on.

Remembering

Timmy Young

Columbia Fire Department – South Carolina

Classification: Career

Rank: Fire Equipment Operator

Date of Death: January 20, 2005

Age: 41

Timmy Young suffered a heart attack at the scene of an EMS call on January 7, 2005. He remained hospitalized until his death on January 20, 2005.

Timmy served 21 years as a firefighter and four years in the military. He is survived by his wife, Eyvonna Young; a daughter, Jasmine Moore; a son, Travis Young; a granddaughter, TaShea

Young; his mother, Bertha Mae Young; his father, Issac Young; two sisters, Tawnada Young and Sarah Osborne, a sister-in-law; two brothers-in-law; a niece; a nephew; his mother and father-in-law; maternal grandmother; numerous aunts, uncles, cousins; and two special friends, Tommie and Thomas Jones.



“True heroism is remarkably sober, very undramatic. It is not the urge to surpass all others at whatever cost, but the urge to serve others at whatever cost.”

— Arthur Ashe



Remembering



Donald E. DeVries

Belvidere Fire Department – South Dakota

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: July 17, 2005

Age: 50

Donald E. DeVries served on the Belvidere Volunteer Fire Department in Belvidere, SD, for 32 years. He suffered a fatal heart attack after fighting a grass fire.

Don was very generous with his time, being a member of the Belvidere Community Church, where he served as an elder for 14 years. He was instrumental in the development of the Belvidere Christian School, where he served as president and secretary. He has served on the Belvidere Cemetery Board for 30 years and presently served as sexton of the cemetery and worked very hard at maintaining the cemetery grounds.

Don was a member of the West Central Board of Directors since 2000, a member of the South Dakota Stockgrowers

Association, and the American Quarter Horse Association.

Don was a man who gave selflessly to his neighbors and community.

Don's true love was his family and ranching, especially enjoying raising cattle and quarter horses. He loved that he was on the family farm that originated from grandparents that emigrated from Holland to South Dakota.

Grateful for having shared his life include his wife, Dana DeVries; three daughters, Terri Tieman and her husband Aaron, Kelli Halls and her husband Shane, and Kerri Schofield and her husband Andy; his mother, Kate DeVries; and a sister, Ruth Ann Niehoff, and her husband Dennis.



“Greater love has no one than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.”

— John 15:13



Remembering



Gerald M. "Jerry" Martinez

USDA Forest Service, Custer National Forest – South Dakota

Classification: Federal
Rank: S.E.A.T. Manager
Date of Death: July 18, 2005
Age: 53

Gerald "Jerry" Martinez was born September 24, 1951, in Salinas, California. At the time of his death he lived with his wife, Lynn, and son, Jake, in Camp Crook, SD. He was the Fire Management Officer for Custer National Forest on the Sioux Ranger District.

Jerry dedicated over 30 years of his life to his career with the Forest Service. He worked at various forests and locations throughout the Northwest. Throughout his career, Jerry assisted on countless fires in various roles, including some time in 1977 as a smokejumper in Redding, California. Early on his passion was working in fire, later working in supervisor and training positions.

Jerry was also instrumental in the research and development of the Huckleberries in the Yakima, Washington area. He was proud to have helped with the Columbia Shuttle Mission. During his last years, he had become interested in aerial support and had been trained as a Single Engine Air Tanker Manager. He was also in the process of becoming a Maffs Liaison Officer. Jerry was involved in devel-



oping Community Wildfire Protection Plans and had helped obtain grants to help the local volunteer fire departments. He was active in training and putting on refresher courses on a local level.

Jerry dearly loved his family and friends and could often be seen extending that love to others in the community. Jerry was intrigued by local history and was always eager to visit with someone about the past. He enjoyed living in the small community of Camp Crook and had many plans for all he could do here upon his retirement.

Jerry passed away in his sleep on Monday, July 18, 2005, after working many long, strenuous days with aircraft and ground operations at wild land fires. He was in Cortez, Colorado on assignment with the U.S. Forest Service, managing single engine air tankers. He is survived by his wife, Lynn, and son, Jake Martinez, of the family home; his sons, Gerald "Little Jerry" Martinez and Matthew Martinez; and one daughter, Athena Martinez.

Jerry will always be "Forever in our Hearts."

Remembering

Jerry W. Hopper

Tennessee Department of Agriculture – Division of Forestry

Classification: State

Rank: Forestry Technician

Date of Death: January 11, 2005

Age: 61

Jerry Hopper was shot as he was having maintenance done on his department vehicle at the Tennessee Department of Transportation (TDOT) maintenance shop. The shooter was the estranged husband of a TDOT employee. Three people were killed in this incident, and two others were seriously injured.

Jerry was a 28-year veteran with the Division of Forestry. He loved his job and always participated in the annual Christmas Parade, where he proudly escorted Smokey the Bear. Earlier in his life, he had worked as a Chester County sheriff's deputy and at Bailey Brothers Trucking.

Born near the Cabo Community, he lived in the area his entire life. He was a very respected member of the commu-

nity, which he served in various ways. He was a member of the Election Committee. Jerry was also an active member of the Masons and had served as a Master Mason. He was an avid gardener who shared with his neighbors and friends. He loved the beaches of Destin, Florida.

Jerry considered himself a wealthy man with all his beloved family and friends. He is survived by his wife, daughter, son, beloved granddaughter, and many friends.

Jerry never knew a stranger, finding a friend in everyone he met. He thrived on telling and listening to stories of old times and putting a smile on the face of everyone he met. He was a wonderful listener and an avid peacemaker.



“To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.”

— Author Unknown

Remembering

Wendell Anthony Jeffery

Memphis Fire Department – Tennessee

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: October 24, 2005

Age: 47

Wendell Jeffery suffered a fatal heart attack at the station after responding to multiple calls during his shift. A 19-year veteran with the department, he was stationed at Firehouse 19.

Wendell was a graduate of Shelby State Community College and a student at Southwest Community College. He was a mem-

ber of the Black Pioneers, the Teamster Union, Progressive Firefighters, and the David Street Block Club. He was also a member of Harris Memorial CME Church.

Wendell is survived by his wife, three daughters, two sons, his father, three sisters, two brothers, and extended family.



Because

*do you see what my eyes
have seen?*

furious flames

crying children

mangled metal

hammered homes

this is my job . . .

*. . . do you hear what my ears
have heard?*

screaming sirens

bellowing bangs

angry alarms

mourning mothers

this is my work . . .

Remembering

David W. O'Conner

Memphis Fire Department – Tennessee

Classification: Career
Rank: Driver/Operator
Date of Death: April 20, 2005
Age: 38

David O'Conner suffered a fatal heart attack while operating an engine back to the station after responding to an alarm.

David was a devoted firefighter who worked for the Memphis Fire Department for nine years. During that time, he competently served on numerous trucks and engines, including Truck 9, Truck 25, Engine 15, driver of Engine 42 and, most recently, driver of Engine 7. He was a member of Local 1784.

David was a man of tremendous character whose

life was devoted to work, family, and hobbies such as computers, racing, and Ford Mustangs. He was the loving husband of Brenda and father to his dog "Pepei", whom he greatly adored. He will long be remembered for his "hard work approach" around the Engine house, desire to stay in tune with modern technology, and eagerness to share information with others.

David made a lasting impression on everyone he met and will live forever in the lives of all he touched. He is a hero in many hearts and will never be forgotten.



... do you know what my heart has felt?

*breathless babes
abiding anguish
scorching sorrow
rapt resolve*

this is my calling . . .

... do you understand what my soul has given?

*tearful tolerance
lasting loyalty
sincere sympathy
ultimate unity*

this is my pursuit . . .

Remembering

Grady Don Burke

Houston Fire Department – Texas

Classification: Career

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: February 19, 2005

Age: 39

Grady Don Burke loved God, his family, life, and being a firefighter. Not necessarily always in that order. Grady was the ultimate “smoke eater.” Oh, how he loved being a firefighter. It was his passion, his life, his utmost desire. He served the Houston Fire Department and the City of Houston for 12 years, achieving the rank of captain for the last two years of his career. Grady died from injuries sustained when a roof collapsed as he performed search and rescue operations at a residential structure fire.

When he was not at his station, he was completely



devoted to his family, church and friends. He was married to his wife, Cindy, for 12 years, and they had three beautiful children together, Hannah, Hailey and Hunter. Grady was a “behind the scenes” servant to God, his church and his fellow man. He was always ready and willing to help and never wanted credit for his deeds. He was loyal, funny, adventurous, courageous, handsome and, above all, a gentleman.

Grady was a genuine, kind-hearted individual with a soul the size of Texas. He is our true hero.

*... do you know how I survive the call?
cultivated courage
bonded brotherhood
simple sacrifice
redemptive rescue
this is my life.*

— Robin Weinrich

Remembering

Charles L. Edgar

USDA Forest Service, Sabine National Forest – Texas

Classification: Federal
Rank: Fire Management Officer
Date of Death: March 10, 2005
Age: 54

Charles Edgar and two others died when a helicopter crashed during a prescribed burn in the Sabine National Forest.

A 27-year veteran with the Forest Service, he began his career as a forestry technician in 1978. Over the years, he received many awards for outstanding work in prescribed fire and forest management. He also received a public service award for his support of the search and recovery efforts of the Space Shuttle Columbia. We will always remember

him for his desire to put others before himself, and his commitment to a healthy and beautiful National forest.

Charles was a U.S. Army veteran and served with the 101st Airborne Unit in Vietnam. He was a talented musician, a loving father, and is described as “a best friend” by so many who knew him. He will be missed by each life he touched. Charles is survived by his son, Adam Edgar, and a brother, Raymond Edgar.



“I provide a faceless, nameless service to a community that rarely knows how much they need me. If I am called from a sound sleep to sacrifice my life attempting to save the life or property of someone I do not know, I will do so without regret.”

— Jon McDuffie

Remembering

Kenneth Ray Gailley

Locust Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter/EMT

Date of Death: June 21, 2005

Age: 45

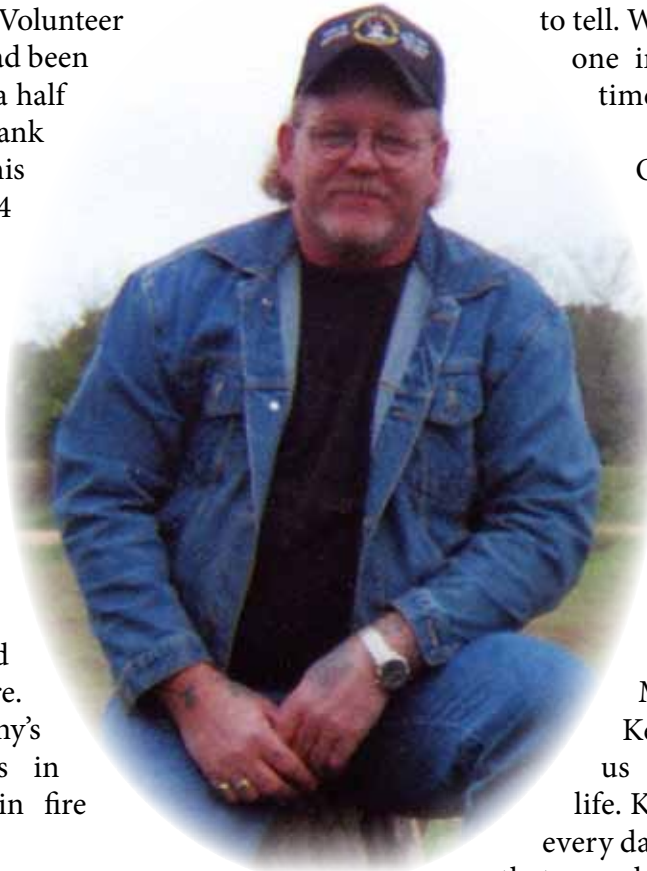
Kenneth Ray Gailley was a member of the Locust Volunteer Fire Department and Preston Volunteer Emergency Services. He had been with PVES for a year and a half and had just received the rank of captain at the time of his death. He received the 2004 “Outstanding Fireman of the Year” award from Lakeside VFW.

Kenny was a message to all of us that you can overcome life’s hardest times and become someone of honor and valor. When Kenny was a child, his brother died after he backed up to a heater and his clothing caught fire. That always stayed in Kenny’s memories. Several times in his life he volunteered in fire departments.

Kenny’s father was a batchman at a concrete company, and his older brother drove a dump truck. It became a family tradition, with all four of the Gailley brothers driving or working in the sand and gravel companies. Kenny and I met when we were both drivers for a sand company and started talking by CB radio.

Kenny was a whirlwind, always working on some project. He drove for a local asphalt company, attended Collin County College, and was in the

process of remodeling our home. He never met a stranger and always had a story to tell. We were always taking someone in that had fallen on hard times.



One day Kenny said to me the fire and rescue to him meant “will you give your life for them.” On June 21, 2005, that’s exactly what he did. After seeing an accident happen on the highway, Kenny stopped to assist the Sherman Fire Department. Then he got back in his truck and died from a heart attack 15 minutes later.

My lesson learned from Kenny was that God loans us angels sometimes in our life. Kenny lived life to the fullest every day and taught me how to live that way also. We have a wooden floor in our kitchen and a 1972 jukebox which he loved to turn on and just dance together.

He never left me without saying, “I love you,” not even to just run to town. That morning as he was leaving for work, he said, “I love you with all my heart,” to which I replied the same, not knowing those would be the last words we said to each other. He loved music, his family and friends, and from what all his friends say, he loved me most.



Remembering



Jose Victor Gonzalez

Brainerd Helicopter Service, Inc., USDA Forest Service – Texas

Classification: Contract

Rank: Pilot

Date of Death: March 10, 2005

Age: 45

Pilot Jose Victor (Joe) Gonzalez died March 10, 2005, in the Sabine National Forest in East Texas during a prescribed burn operation. His two firefighter passengers also perished in the tragic helicopter crash.

Joe was born and raised in San Juan, Puerto Rico, but called Texas his home. He left behind a daughter, Sara Maria Gonzalez, age 12, and a son, Ricardo Gabriel Gonzalez, age 11. Joe's passions in life



were family, friends, flying, photography and traveling. He bravely served his country, beginning with the Coast Guard at age 17, then later as an officer in the Naval Reserves. He traveled extensively and never backed down from any challenge. He was never happier than when he was flying or just hanging out with his kids.

Joe's life is an inspiration for us all, and we will forever cherish the time we had with him.

There are so many lessons we can learn from our past. One of them is what brings us here today – the commitment and sacrifice made by members of the fire service to keep our communities safe and our families secure. We must never forget this history and lore of those who will follow us. The lesson we learn from the names we add this year to the memorial, is that it is our duty to make the best we can of each and every moment we are given.

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

Remembering

Brian Hunton

Amarillo Fire Department – Texas

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 25, 2005

Age: 27

Brian was known to his family, friends & fellow firefighters by many names, including Bubba, Mustang, Lubbock, and finally as Shrek.

Brian enjoyed most sports. He hunted and fished with his father for many years. In his last hunting season, his little sister joined them. His greatest love was baseball. He played in one league or another for 20 years.

Brian graduated from Amarillo College Firefighter Academy in 2002. Shortly thereafter he joined the Randall County Volunteer Fire Department. The Amarillo Fire Department hired him in



March of 2003. He served at both departments until his death when he fell from a fire truck while responding to a structure fire on April 23, 2005. He was hospitalized until his death two days later. While working as a firefighter, he attended class at the National Fire Academy in Maryland, the Weapons of Mass Destruction & Hazard Materials class in Alabama, and the National Incident Management System at Texas A&M.

Brian truly loved being a firefighter and was dedicated to serving his fellow man. His family & friends will keep him in their hearts forever.

It is our responsibility to remember those who have gone before us and during their life forged the trail to bring us to where we are today. This is vital to our ability to truly discover the potential of our destinies in what we are capable of achieving.

— Hal Bruno

Chairman, Board of Directors

National Fallen Firefighters Foundation



Remembering



Lonnie W. Nicklas

Shepherd Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief

Date of Death: February 24, 2005

Age: 39

Lonnie Wayne Nicklas was a member of the Shepherd Volunteer Fire Department for over 10 years, serving as Chief at the time of his death. Lonnie was committed to the department, its members, and the community as a whole. During his tenure, he obtained numerous certifications for safety, command, and hazardous materials. In 2004, he received the “Most Outstanding Member” Award for his contributions and dedication to the department. He was also given a special appreciation award from the membership in 2004.

When I think of my husband’s life, three words come to mind – creative, spontaneous, and provider. Lonnie was often referred to as “MacGyver” because of his uncanny ability to make something out of nothing. He was always fixing something with little or no parts by making what he needed, whether it was mechanical or technical. If he had the idea, he would produce the item. As for him being spontaneous, Lonnie lived his life in the moment. He often said, “Tomorrow is not here yet; make the most out of today.” He was confident and proud in his accomplishments, and he looked forward to the next challenge.

When I think of what he provided for us and our family, I am still awestruck. He was a man of his word. He promised to care for and protect this community



and this department, and he did. It was his dedication and commitment that helped to bring our department up to where it needed to be. He gave time, energy, materials, money, and supplies to help wherever it was needed. He was involved with every aspect of the department: responding to calls, writing SOPs and bylaws, assisting with grants, benefits, fundraisers, building an office for the department, maintaining the trucks and equipment, building floats for parades, building haunted houses, teaching fire safety, and working closely with our Junior Department. He taught us about being proud of who we were and what it took to keep that pride and respect.

Away from the department, Lonnie enjoyed car races, fishing, and being outdoors. You could find him tinkering on some project or listening to his favorite songs while relaxing at the outdoor bar/deck he built. One of his favorite pastimes was drinking coffee and visiting with friends at “Sally’s”, our local café. Many of his ideas were thought out and planned over a good cup of coffee and friendly conversation.

Lonnie W. Nicklas, 39, passed away very suddenly from a heart attack on February 24, 2005, after working on a sliding storage unit for the “Jaws of Life” tools. He is survived by his wife, Cindy; son, Lonnie E. Nicklas; and step-daughter, Nicole Wade.

Remembering

Brandon S. Phillips

Keller Fire Department – Texas

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter/Paramedic

Date of Death: March 30, 2005

Age: 26

Brandon was born and raised in Fort Worth, the second of three children, with an older brother and younger sister. He grew up and attended school in the Keller ISD. It was at the age of eight that Brandon knew that his calling in life was to be a fireman. He suffered an aortic dissection after running several calls during an overtime shift and died after surgery in the hospital.

Brandon loved and respected nature, with great interest in wildlife and preserving natural beauty. His greatest interest and love was his wife and the three children they were blessed with.

Brandon's unquenchable desire for knowledge motivated him to continue learning as he worked toward his college degree. His desire, however, was not just a quest for

knowledge, but for a deep and transforming relationship with Jesus Christ. Brandon was involved deeply in his church and spent countless hours reading God's word, anxiously desiring to apply what he gleaned from scripture. He was wise beyond his years, as he knew at an early point in his life the importance of the Bible, a personal relationship with God through Christ, and his family.

Brandon's hobbies included mountain and road bicycle riding; anything outdoors; carpentry; singing; spending time with his wife, family, and friends; making people laugh; and performing. His accomplishments included choral performance at Carnegie Hall; swim team; EMT, paramedic, basic and intermediate firefighter certifications; and continuing education at the college level.



"I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor."

— Henry David Thoreau

Remembering

Clinton D. Rice

Carlton Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 22, 2005

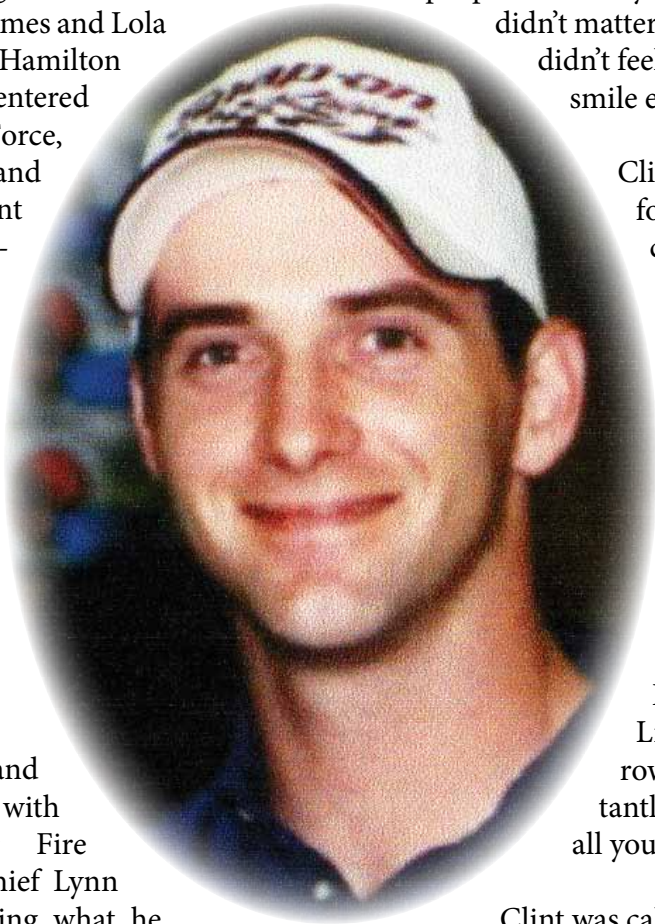
Age: 28

Clint was born August 7, 1977, in Andrews, Texas, to James and Lola Rice. He graduated from Hamilton High School in 1995 and entered the United States Air Force, serving in Alaska, Korea, and Saudi Arabia. When Clint returned home, we married on January 6, 2001. He was a hard worker and enjoyed working side by side with his dad.

If there is anything to be said about Clint, it is that he loved life and was dedicated in all the things he did. Clint always told me, "If you're going to do something, do it right."

Clint was a mechanic and a volunteer firefighter with the Carlton Volunteer Fire Department. Assistant Chief Lynn Smith said Clint was doing what he loved to do, which was helping people. He was a person who got his biggest joy from helping other people. No matter the task, big or small, he was always ready and willing to help. I can't count how many times we stopped to help stranded motorists, or he brought home some poor animal, gave it to me, and said it could not make it on its own. It is easy to see what made him so special to so many

people. He always had a smile on his face. It didn't matter if you were sick, sad, or just didn't feel well, Clint could make you smile every time.



Clint enjoyed fishing, riding four wheelers and dirt bikes, camping at the lake, tubing down the river, restoring old cars, and spending time with family and friends. There are some people in this world who give of themselves freely, their time and talents, for no pay or recognition. Clint was one of those people. He taught me, and many others, important lessons. Put others before yourself. Live life. Never take tomorrow for granted. Most importantly, when you love, love with all your heart.

Clint was called home on November 22, 2005, when the tanker truck he was driving overturned while he was en route to a large grass fire. Clint died at the age of 28 years, 3 months, 3 weeks, and 2 days. We can never replace him. He is truly loved and missed by everyone who knew him. The memories of Clint warm my heart each and every day. I thank my GOD upon every remembrance of you. PHIL 1:3

Remembering

Chad E. Wessels

Briggs Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: December 11, 2005

Age: 31

Chad E. Wessels was not only a loving husband, father and son, but a devoted firefighter and friend. Chad died in the line of duty on December 11, 2005, while responding to a structure fire.

Chad started his career in emergency services as an explorer with Palm Beach County Fire in Florida. He later joined the Army so he could give back even more to his country. It's the military that moved Chad to central Texas. He may have been transplanted to Texas, but he called it home and wouldn't ever leave. Chad devoted his life not only to his family, especially his pride and joy, his 7-month old daughter, Kaylee, but to firefighting and overall helping others. At the time of his death, Chad was a full-time firefighter for Fort Hood Fire Department, a part-time firefighter for the City of Marble Falls, and a captain with the Briggs Volunteer Fire Department.

Chad did not need a title or recognition for anything that he did. He considered a handshake (he preferred hugs) and a thank you the best recognition ever. However, he had been recognized several times. He was awarded 1998 EMT of the Year, Civilian Firefighter of the Quarter in August 2004, 2004 Emergency Service Person

of the Year, and Firefighter of the Quarter, posthumously, in January 2006.



When Chad joined the Briggs FD, he wasn't living in their jurisdiction, so he would drive up to 25 miles one way to help with ANY situation they had. He joined the department to help improve it and had so many goals, many not accomplished yet. He later moved to the small town with an eagerness never seen in that community. Everyone was so excited to see someone so young wanting to help and getting involved with the community. Even though Chad loved his volunteer department, part of his dreams were reached when he was selected to work for Fort Hood. He considered it an honor to be a firefighter on the military base.

Chad never met a stranger, and he called everyone he met a friend. Chad always had a smile for you, and it could light up a room. He gave his life trying to help a neighbor whose house was on fire. The loss of this wonderful man has not only devastated his family, but has been deeply felt by thousands of lives he had touched. He has been and will be truly missed.

Chad was not only my husband and friend, but also my HERO.

Remembering

Keith D. Allred

**Juab Special Service Fire District,
Granite Station of the West Desert Department – Utah**

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief

Date of Death: June 21, 2005

Age: 52

Keith Allred died in a tanker rollover after the tires blew out on a converted tanker he was driving to a safety inspection. Allred was instrumental in organizing the rural West Desert Department after a structure fire claimed the life of a child in the mid-1990s.

A father of twelve, Allred was remembered for his affinity for all children and his ability to captivate a room full of kids with his stories. He had a

well-crafted sense of humor, which he used to share his love of the Gospel with young and old.

Allred is survived by the loves of his life, his 12 children, six grandchildren, his mother, and his brothers and sisters.

Keith lived a life worthy of aspiration by all. He was the embodiment of Christ-like love. It was a joy simply to have known him.



Gone But Not Forgotten

*Brother when you weep for me
Remember that it was meant to be
Lay me down and when you leave
Remember I'll be at your sleeve
In every dark and choking hall
I'll be there as you slowly crawl*

*In every roof in driving snow
I'll hold your coat and you will know
In cellars hot in searing heat
At windows where a gate you meet
In closets where young children hide
You know I'll be at your side . . .*

Remembering

Max B. Willard

Oakwood Volunteer Fire Department – Virginia

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief

Date of Death: November 12, 2005

Age: 69

Our Dad, Max B. Willard, died in the line of duty while fighting a 350-acre forest fire that burned in the Marvin-Shortt Gap area of Buchanan County, Virginia. He served his country and community.

Dad was a United States Army veteran of the Korean Conflict and a 30-year volunteer fireman and EMT (serving 10 years as Chief) with the Oakwood Volunteer Fire Department. He was a member of the Oakwood Lions Club, Shriners, and the American Legion. A past member of the Buchanan County Planning Commission, he was also on the Social Services Board. He maintained a full-time profession as an accountant.

Dad had three passions 1) the love of life, 2) his family and 3) his community. He led an extremely active life; very little seemed to slow him down. He had a “work-hard, play-hard” attitude. He loved being with family and friends out

on the golf course, skiing down a mountain or deer hunting. At the age of 69, he was just beginning to think about slowing down.



Many of those who attended Dad's funeral spoke to us about the role he played in their lives. Most said he was a “father figure” to them. He was always there to give a helping hand or advice (which he so loved to do whether solicited or not!). Dedication always comes to mind when thinking about our father. He put his life on the line often to help others. A childhood friend of ours said he saved her life, and she is forever grateful.

A representative from the Department of Forestry spoke about his dedication and explained to us that Dad knew what he was doing that day when he picked up the fire rake and headed up the mountain to the fire. He was doing a job he loved to do.



Remembering



Richard A. Fast

Midway Volunteer Fire Department – West Virginia

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 11, 2005

Age: 49

Firefighter Richard Fast suffered a fatal heart attack while responding to the scene of a motor vehicle accident.

He had been a firefighter with Midway Volunteer Fire

Department for the past five years and served as the supply sergeant for the past two years. He was also involved in the Adopt-a-Highway Program. He left behind his mother, two sisters, one brother, one daughter, and one son.



*... The house from
which I now respond
Is overstaffed with heroes
gone,
Men who answered one last bell
Did the job and did it well.
As firemen we understand
That death's a card deck in our hand,
A card we hope we never play
But one we hold there anyway.
That card is one that we ignore*

*As we crawl across a
weakened floor,
For we know that we're the
only prayer
For anyone that might be there.
So remember as you wipe your tears
The joy I knew throughout the years,
As I did the job I love to do
I pray that thought will see you
through.*

— Author Unknown

Remembering

Michael A. "Mikey" Hart

Elkins Fire Department – West Virginia

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter/Paramedic

Date of Death: December 20, 2005

Age: 33

Michael A. "Mikey" Hart was a loving husband to Judith, a loving father to Kelsey and Zachery, and a cherished son to Michael and Louise Hart.

Mikey gave countless hours as a third-generation firefighter and a paramedic, volunteering at the Belington Fire Department for over 15 years and at the Belington Emergency Squad. Mikey was proud that he and his grandfather, father, and three uncles, had given a combined 180+ years to the fire service. Mikey was also an asset to the fire departments of Clarksburg, Bridgeport and, most recently, Elkins, where he worked for over eight years. He was President of IAFF Local 2652.

Mikey held many certifications, including Level III Fire Fighter, Driver/Pumper/Operator, Fire Service Instructor, Rescue Scuba Diver, National Registry Paramedic, and Hazmat Tech, and was a member of the WV Regional Response Team. He developed the truck company class that is presently taught through the West Virginia University Fire Service Extension. Mikey participated in the making of the movie "Ladder 49". He gave countless hours towards fire safety education to adults and children of his community. He had many commendations as a firefighter and a paramedic. Mikey loved to learn and take classes as much as he enjoyed teaching them.

He stayed on the cutting edge of technology and kept up with the latest training, and he encouraged his brother firefighters to do so also. Mikey strove to be one of the best of the best in the fire service, and to ask anyone that knew him, he was.

Although he lived and breathed fire service, his family always came first. Mikey loved his close knit family with all of his heart. He was the greatest husband, father, son, nephew, cousin and friend that one could ever hope to have. He was so proud of his kids. He loved to play with them, chase them, wrestle with them and even just watch them fall asleep. He was always really good about helping his wife around the house and sharing the responsibilities of raising the kids.

Mikey had a zest for life and was well known for his sense of humor. You knew when you were with him that you'd have a good time, as well as a good laugh, as he thrived on playing practical jokes on the guys at the fire station.

Mikey was tragically taken from us on December 20, 2005, when a tractor-trailer struck his vehicle while he was returning from helping his dad teach a Fire Fighter 1 class. Mikey left a lasting impression. We'll remember him every time we see those flashing lights or hear a siren wail. Sadly missed by all, he will live in our hearts forever.



Remembering

Jacob Earl Cook

Evanston Fire Department – Wyoming

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 18, 2005

Age: 23

Jacob Earl Cook, 23, Firefighter, Evanston Volunteer Fire Department, died April 18th, 2005, while looking for children in a burning apartment building. Jake had been with the department for two years and had just passed the test to receive his Firefighter Two License.

Jake was an avid hunter, taxidermist, and outdoorsman. He was married just three short weeks before his death. Jake was a friend to everyone who

knew him, and his death was felt by the entire community.

Jake had an enthusiasm for every aspect of life. He was willing to try anything, and he always included his entire family in every new activity, from paintball tournaments to weekend hunting trips. He will always be remembered for his incredible smile and his quick laugh.

He is missed dearly.



“Take heart in knowing that they were engaged in an endeavor that is a measure of human greatness and that they will always be remembered for their courage, honor, and selfless dedication.”

— Alfred K. Whitehead

Remembering

Robert Purjue Henderson

Evanston Fire Department – Wyoming

Classification: Volunteer
Rank: Assistant Lieutenant
Date of Death: April 18, 2005
Age: 38

Robert Henderson died in a smoke explosion while searching for children reportedly trapped in a burning townhouse on April 18, 2005. A volunteer firefighter for over 11 years, Robert took advantage of the many training opportunities available to him and became an EMT in 2000. His skills as an EMT served him and the community well, as he was often the first to arrive on a scene - whether on duty or not.

Robert was honored posthumously as Wyoming EMT of the year for 2005, receiving the Pete Vase Award. He was also honored twice as Firefighter of the Year, for the Evanston Fire Department. His work as an EMT and firefighter opened doors for him to volunteer as a medic for the 2002 Winter Olympics, participate in the Space

Shuttle Columbia Recovery, and to work many western forest/wildland fires.

Robert's first love was his family. Whether it was family activities, school, sports, or scouts, he was always there for his wife of 15 years and his children, aged 12, 8, and 6. Robert also loved hunting, fishing, paint ball, camping, and anything that took him outdoors. He served his country for eight years in the US Army, reaching the rank of Sergeant, and was a veteran of Desert Storm. Robert will also be greatly missed at the Evanston Post Office, where he worked for the last 10 years.

Robert's life always involved giving, whether it was to his family, his many friends, his community, or his country. His passion was the fire department, and his bravery won't be forgotten.



... For no greater gift is that of life, and to sacrifice your own for another undisputedly holds the highest honor ...

— Renee Mesogianes

Remembering

Eugene M. Knause

Pennsburg Fire Company #1 – Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 13, 1982

Age: 71

Eugene “Gene” Knause suffered a fatal heart attack after arriving at the scene of a barn fire. A 53-year veteran and past chief, he was the primary apparatus driving instructor for the company for many years. He was active in many local and county fire service organizations and was a lifelong member of the International Association of Fire Chiefs. He was a dispatcher for over 40 years, taking calls at his home.

A master machinist, Gene created numerous firefighting tools and equipment over the years and developed a special nozzle used for fighting chimney flue fires. Before retiring, he worked as a grinding machine operator at the Plummer Precision Optics.

He was survived by his wife, grandson, and two brothers. His grandson, whom he helped raise, is now a firefighter.



“Firefighters are special people; they serve the highest pinnacle of service to humanity. They don’t ask – they serve; they don’t talk – they act. They don’t try to analyze all the angles, and they never think about the odds. Firefighters have a very simple job description – they’re expected to be at the wrong place, at the wrong time, with the ‘right stuff.’ Firefighters aren’t heroes because of what they do . . . they’re heroes because each of them knows full well what they might have to do; and despite that, they carry that badge and that responsibility every day.”

— Dr. Denis Onieal, Superintendent, National Fire Academy

Remembering

Leroy M. Byers

Liberty Fire Company #1 – Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Fire Police Lieutenant

Date of Death: April 17, 1988

Age: 70

Leroy “Punch” Byers suffered a fatal heart attack after directing traffic in front of the station. Punch lived next door to the firehouse, and department members could always count on him to have traffic stopped for the trucks when they pulled out of the firehouse to respond to a call. A 45-year veteran and life member, Punch served as first assistant fire chief, engineer, driver, and ambulance technician over the years. He was a member of the Adams County Firemen’s Association, Adams County Fire Police, and the Pennsylvania Firemen’s Association.



Punch once worked as a self-employed dump truck driver. He retired from Penn Dairies of York after 29 years as a driver-salesman and later worked for Green’s Dairy in York.

After his retirement, he worked part-time for Nell’s Market in East Berlin. He was a member of the Quarter Century Club of Penn Dairies.

Punch was survived by his wife, five daughters, one son, 18 grandchildren, three great-grandchildren, and six siblings.

“To let oneself be bound by a duty from the moment you see it approaching is part of the integrity that alone justifies responsibility.”

— Dag Hammarskold



Remembering



Vincent J. McGuinness

Morris Plains Volunteer Fire Department – New Jersey

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: February 13, 1992

Age: 63

Vincent was born to Alice and George McGuinness in 1928. He had one sister, Maureen, and his beloved dog, Scamper. He graduated from Morristown High School in 1946, where he played on the varsity baseball team. He attended Seton Hall University.

He joined the National Guard in 1948, and we married in 1949. A year later, our first son, George, was born, and the National Guard became activated in the Korean War. Vince left with his company for active duty in Korea. He wrote me daily, and I treasured his letters, always telling me how much he loved us and missed us. He received several commendations for his service, including a Korean Service Medal with one Bronze Service Star, a Combat Infantry Badge, and a United Nations Service Medal.

When Vince was discharged, we moved to Morris Plains, and he joined the Morris Plains Volunteer Fire Department in 1961. Vince's love for his family—his six sons and one daughter—came first. At one time, he donned three different hats to accommodate three different jobs to support his family. His love for the Morris Plains Fire Department came next.

He was a proud member of the fire department and rose swiftly through the ranks of Engineer, 2nd and 1st Assistant Chief, and in 1968, Chief



of the department. Vince served on every important committee of the fire department. He was a Life Member of the NJ State Firemen's Association and a member of the NJ State Exempt Firemen's Association. He served as secretary of the Morris Plains Firemen's Association and president of the Firemen's Relief Association. He participated in Operation Essex Newark Fire Emergency, when 400 fires were burning in Newark in April 1968.

Vince was a Telephone Pioneer of America and retired from active service with NJ Bell Telephone System in 1990. He enjoyed coaching Little League, golfing, bowling, and gardening.

On February 13, 1992, while at work at Morristown Memorial Hospital, I was called to the emergency room. As I approached, three of my sons were standing at the doorway. I was told that my Vince, upon returning from a fire call, backed his fire truck into the firehouse garage, walked over to join his fellow firemen to discuss the call, collapsed, and died at the firehouse.

My husband, Vince, had a great effect on his fellow firemen and our community. He is survived by his wife, Jean; seven children, George, Michael, Karleen Leahey, John, Vincent, Glenn, and Mark; and fourteen grandchildren.

Remembering

Carl W. Shoemaker

Mesa Fire Department – Arizona

Classification: Career

Rank: Engineer

Date of Death: February 7, 2001

Age: 45

Carl absolutely loved being a fireman. He was known for saying, “and they pay us for this!” When he was a little boy he dreamed of being a fireman, and in 1980 his dream came true. He loved fighting fires, rendering medical aid, the rescues, working the scene, and the lights and sirens.

By 1986, Carl was an engineer for the Mesa Fire Department and pursuing his degree in Fire Science. The man who didn't like school was pulling straight A's. Then on June 30, 1986, he was on the way to a training exercise when his LTI made National news. It collided with a dump truck full of wet mortar sand. It was a horrible accident and sent four firemen to the hospital. One died during sur-



gery, and Carl was to spend the remainder of his life dealing with terrific pain “27 hours a day”, as he would say. He died from complications related to the chronic pain.

Carl filled those long hours, when he could work, in a woodshop. He built so many things such as rocking horses, shelves, pinewood derby plaques, picture frames. Sometimes he would weld things, pool fences, gates, and trailers. He did work for the church and for the neighborhood. He gathered his six children and played with them. He received an award for courage and was Arizona's Firefighter of the Year in 1987.

We will always love him and cherish his memory.

Remembering

Glenn J. Winuk

Jericho Fire Department– New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter/EMT

Date of Death: September 11, 2001

Age: 40

Glenn Winuk, a lawyer who worked one block from the World Trade Center, led the evacuation of his office during the terrorist attacks of September 11th. He then assisted NYPD and FDNY members in evacuating the South Tower of the World Trade Center. He was killed when the building collapsed. A 19-year veteran with the Jericho Fire Department, he was a decorated former lieutenant and a former fire commissioner in Jericho.

A park in Jericho was renamed in Winuk's honor, and a stone monument was dedicated in his memory. The firm for which he worked, Holland and Knight, has established a humanitarian fund in his honor.

Firefighting was a passion to him, the chance to help someone. He was always sprinting toward danger. He had a calm, firm way that assured you he knew what he was doing.



*“There is a destiny that makes us brothers, none goes his way alone.
All that we send into the lives of others comes back into our own.”*

— Edwin Markham

Remembering

Robert E. Woolf

Phillipsburg Fire Department – Ohio

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 25, 2004

Age: 63

Bob became a volunteer firefighter in 1968 and later an EMT for the Phillipsburg Fire Department in Phillipsburg, Ohio. In 1985, he became Fire Chief and served in that capacity for 13 years. Later he stepped down as Chief, but still remained on the department as a firefighter until his death on August 25, 2004.

He truly loved the department and everything that was connected to it. He was a very caring, thoughtful, and helpful man. Everyone in the community knew they could call his home 24/7 and he would try to help them with whatever their needs might be. He served on the Phillipsburg Village Council, Emmanuel Lutheran Church Council, Indianapolis Motor Speedway, and many other various activities. He received many awards during his career.

Bob owned an insurance agency. Once again, people knew they could count on him anytime to help with their problems or concerns. The day after 9/11, he left for New York City with one of his sons,

who was associated with Box 21, a unit out of Dayton, Ohio. He worked on Ground Zero, doing all he could to help those in need.

He was a wonderful husband, father of three sons, and grandfather to six grandchildren. He meant a lot to family, friends, and the community. He had 1,000 people come to pay their respects to him at his visitation, which lasted nine hours. He never wanted any recognition, and he would have been very humbled if he knew what was done for him after his death.

He lost his life while helping with the department annual fundraiser. He was on the tailgate of the truck when the cables broke and he fell, striking his head on the road. The day started happy, but ended in tragedy. His two sons are still on the department, one as Fire Chief, and will continue to do their father's work.

Family of Robert Woolf: wife, DaOnne; sons & daughters-in-law, Doug & Cathy, Steve & Laura, and Jeff & Kim; six grandchildren, Todd, John, Nick, Maggie, Alex, and Kayla.



Remembering

Bennie J. Shields

Memphis Fire Department– Tennessee

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: January 2, 2004

Age: 54

Bennie Shields suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to multiple calls dur-

ing his shift. He was a 31-year veteran with the department.



*A thirst for action
that never faded
away
Caused me to be a
firefighter today -
Quenching the fires
that bring such strife
Is why serving and
protecting is my way
of life.*

*As a child I dreamed at the
siren's wail,
Of times when fires were fought
with pails.
Even now, with techniques, 'state of the art',
Extinguishing the blaze is a matter of heart.*

*Working a fire is dangerous, then pleasing
Dark embers mean the fire is through
teasing.
So we break down our gear and go on our
way,*

*Ready for the next
scene where our hoses
we'll lay*

*The training intense,
and experience a
must -*

*But, just as important,
in God we trust.*

*From the newest
ladderman to the seasoned
chief,*

*Our solemn duty to give our
neighbors relief.*

*Rich with history, the fire service looks to the
future*

*Knowing a way you can help, even nurture;
Will you find a moment to say a heartfelt
prayer*

For those of us concerned with your care?

— Timothy Christopher Cummings



To work with devotion...

you're called a professional.

To face perils without fear...

you're called brave.

To lay down your life for others...

you're called a hero.

To be all of the above...

you're called a firefighter.

— P.M.O.



National Fallen Firefighters Foundation

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

SPONSOR THE ANNUAL NATIONAL FALLEN FIREFIGHTERS MEMORIAL WEEKEND

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

HELP SURVIVORS ATTEND THE WEEKEND

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

OFFER SUPPORT PROGRAMS FOR SURVIVORS

When a firefighter dies in the line of duty, the Foundation provides survivors with a place to turn. Families receive emotional assistance through a Fire Service Survivors Network. This Network matches survivors with similar experiences and circumstances. This contact can be an important part of their healing. Families receive a quarterly newsletter and specialized grief resources. Our Web site provides information on Federal, State and local survivor benefits and other resources. With support from the Department of Justice, a new initiative is establishing response teams at the state level to provide assistance to departments and families when a line-of-duty death occurs.

AWARD SCHOLARSHIPS TO FIRE SERVICE SURVIVORS

Spouses, children and stepchildren of fallen firefighters are eligible for scholarship assistance for education and job training costs. Since 1997, survivors have received over \$650,000 in scholarship awards.

HELP DEPARTMENTS DEAL WITH LINE-OF-DUTY DEATHS

Under a Department of Justice grant, the Foundation offers training to help fire departments handle a line-of-duty death. Departments receive extensive pre-incident planning support. Immediately after a death, a Chief-to-Chief Network provides technical assistance and personal support to help the department and the family.

WORK TO PREVENT LINE-OF-DUTY DEATHS

With the support of fire and life safety organizations, the Foundation has launched the "Everyone Goes Home" campaign to reduce firefighter deaths. Its goal is to reduce line-of-duty firefighter deaths by 25 percent in 5 years and by 50 percent in 10 years.

CREATE A NATIONAL MEMORIAL PARK

The Foundation is expanding the National memorial site in Emmitsburg, Maryland, to create the first permanent National park honoring all firefighters. The park includes a brick Walk of Honor that connects the newly renovated National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Chapel and the official National monument.



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Special thanks to Karen and Curt Yoder for permission to use excerpts from *The Heart Behind the Hero*. Curt is a veteran firefighter with the Costa Mesa Fire Department, California, and the son of Battalion Chief John Yoder, Los Angeles Fire Department, who died in the line of duty in 1983. Curt serves as a family escort during the Memorial Weekend.

And hundreds of others who have helped in many ways.

Special thanks to the members of the fire service who assisted and served as family escorts and the honor guard units that participated in the Memorial Weekend programs. Special thanks to our survivors who return each year and assist with Memorial Weekend activities.



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

— Chief Ronald J. Siarnicki, *Executive Director*
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