

Remembering



NATIONAL FALLEN FIREFIGHTERS
MEMORIAL WEEKEND
OCTOBER 11-12, 2014

TOKEN M. ADAMS · JOHN T. APPLETON · ANDREW S. ASHCRAFT · JOHN T. AUSTIN · TONY BARKER
· DAVID R. BARR JR. · ROBERT RYAN BEBEE · MATTHEW D. BLANKENSHIP · MORRIS W. BRIDGES JR.
· DAVID A. BRIER · CHRISTOPHER REED BROWN · MICHAEL LOUIS BROZ · THOMAS J. BURLEY ·
ROBERT E. CALDWELL · PERRY WAYNE CALVIN · TRAVIS C. CARTER · JERRY DANE CHAPMAN · JAMES B.
CLARK · DANIEL ALAN DAVIDSON · DUSTIN J. DEFORD · CHRISTOPHER L. DOUGLAS · CODY FRANK
DRAGOO · CLYDE R. FARMER · JEFFREY L. FIELDS · RICHARD J. FLOERSCH · MATTHEW CHARLES
FRANTZ · JANTZEN MURRELL FRAZIER · NATHANIEL C. FRUIN · ROBERT H. GARNER IV · DANNY A.
GOMEZ · JAMES C. GOODMAN JR. · MICHAEL R. GOODWIN SR. · RUSSELL D. GOW III · TERRY
RICHARD GUSS SR. · DANIEL J. HALL · JOHN E. HAMMACK · RODNEY C. HARDEE · BRADLEY C. HARPER
· KENNETH LUCKEY HARRIS JR. · DAVID ANTHONY HEATH · STEVEN ANTHONY HESTER · ARLIE
“POOH” HILL III · HAROLD B. HOLLINGSWORTH · JOHN M. JANOS · KEVIN L. JOHNSON · THOMAS A.
JOHNSON · JOHN R. KEPPLER JR. · GENE MEIR KIRCHNER · DAVID C. LIDKE ·
DAVID JEFF LITTLE · DENNIS JAMES LONG · CHRISTOPHER
ALAN MACKENZIE · ERIC S. MARSH · STANLEY
H. MARTIN JR. · GRANT Q. MCKEE · RODNEY P.
MILLER · RICHARD D. MINGOLELLI · SEAN M.
MISNER · DONALD MARK MIZE · OSCAR MONTANO-
GARCIA · SCOTT A. MORRISON · LEROY E. MURPHY JR. ·
ALBERT A. NEJMEH · JOSEPH E. NEWSOME · SCOTT DANIEL NORRIS
· LONNIE L. NUTT · WADE SCOTT PARKER · JOHN J. PERCIN JR. · GREGORY WADE PICKARD · CHARLES A.
PIERSON · TIMOTHY WAYNE PIGG · MATTHEW J. PORCARI · JOSEPH F. “JOEY” PUSTEJOVSKY · DALE
SCOTT QUEEN · CYRUS ADAM REED · MATTHEW R. RENAUD · I.D. RIVERS · ANTHONY M. ROSE ·
KEVIN WILLIAM SANDERS · JEFFREY SCHEUERER · DAVID M. SCHNEPP · JON SCHONDELMAYER ·
BRUCE LAMAR SENSENIG · LUKE DOUGLAS FOSTER SHEEHY · JOSHUA TRAVIS SMITH · DOUGLAS J.
SNOKHOUS · ROBERT L. SNOKHOUS SR. · CLAUDIA J. SOKOL · MICHAEL D. SOWICH · JESSE J. STEED ·
ANNE MCCORMICK SULLIVAN · STEVEN ALLAN SULLIVAN · JOE B. THURSTON · JESSE AUSTIN TRADER
· TRAVIS TURBYFILL · GEORGE A. TURNER JR. · MARK T. URBAN · ERIC D. WALLACE · WILLIAM H.
WARNEKE · JOHN J. WAYMAN SR. · CLAYTON T. WHITTED · BLAINE E. “SKEETER” WILDNAUER JR. ·
STAN WILSON · BRIAN A. WOELKE · KEVIN J. WOYJECK · MICKEY L. YATES · GARRET ZUPPIGER



THE FIREFIGHTER'S PLEDGE

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

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

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

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

—Author Unknown



*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



Jantzen Murrell Frazier

Oden Ridge Fire and Rescue – Alabama

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: October 17, 2013

Age: 28

Jantzen and I married in 2006, right before he deployed for the last time in the Army. He was wounded in combat on October 12, 2007. We began the long journey of recovery from October 2007 until May 2011, when he medically retired from the Army.

At this time we had four girls, Arianna (age 4), Coral (age 2), and twin girls, Aubrey and Shelby, who were only two months old.

In his spare time, Jantzen did gunsmithing jobs for people, and word got around that he was great at it. We were looking to buy a house with a shop to open a business together. In August of 2013, we found that house and used our VA loan to get it.

Jantzen immediately joined as a volunteer with Oden Ridge Fire and Rescue. He went on every call and helped anyone in need, giving a victim and her family all the money out of his

wallet. Anyone who knew him knew this was a typical thing he would do for anyone.

We were big into BBQ competitions, and our team won a few state championships in the Alabama wildlife cook-offs. Our team name is the Rib-Ticklers.

October 5, 2013, we celebrated seven years together with our daughters, Ari (6), Coral (4), Aubrey and Shelby (3).

Then, on October 17, 2013, Jantzen responded to a fire behind our house. On the way back from the fire house with the truck, the water shifted and he crashed head on into a light pole, killing him instantly.

This has been hard on me, the girls, and especially his parents, James Murrell Frazier and Debbie Blackwood Frazier; he was their only child. We will never forget.





Remembering



Stanley H. Martin Jr.

Springfield Volunteer Fire Department – Alabama

Volunteer Assistant Chief
Date of Death: May 6, 2013
Age: 71

Stanley H. Martin Jr. was born February 6, 1942, in Hale County, Alabama. He was the eldest of six children. Stanley married Nita Hamilton Martin of Eutaw, Alabama, on February 23, 1963, and had recently celebrated 50 years of marriage. At the time of his death, Stanley was the assistant fire chief for the Springfield Volunteer Fire Department.

Stanley's life can be summed up in a few select words, such as dependable, hardworking, fun loving, enthusiastic, fearless, and adventurous. He instilled upon his family that a man was only as good as his word. Mr. Martin was very active in the church and fire department and completed any task with a smile on his face. Whether working for Bill Hunter Trucking, Alabama Power, or United Transport, Mr. Martin got up every morning and readily performed his duties. He believed in an honest day's work for an honest wage, and his actions demonstrated those values. Mr. Martin served his community and assisted those who needed a hand. He could be counted on to assist less fortunate individuals with cutting grass, storm cleaning, barn raising, hay baling,



garden plowing or any other task that needed to be accomplished.

Stanley was always READY to go with an enthusiastic smile on his face. He was never afraid to take on a difficult project or situation. He loved action, and he loved to travel. If it had wheels, he drove it! Whether it was a church van, automobile, lawn mower, tractor, fire truck, eighteen wheeler, backhoe, or flatbed...if it rolled, he would make it roll. He never knew what was around the next bend, but he sure wanted to find out.

Stanley panned for gold in Alaska, combed Mayan ruins in Mexico, plowed fields in Alabama, and hiked the mountains of North Carolina, New Hampshire, and Alaska. He sailed the Caribbean and canoed the worst rapids the Okatoma River had to serve. He may not have emerged upright in his canoe, but he enjoyed the ride.

He was welcoming to all and served all, regardless of who they were or where they came from.

Stanley Martin Jr. is missed by his wife, children, grandchildren, extended family, Eutaw Baptist Church, and the community of Eutaw, Alabama.



Remembering



Dale Scott Queen

Oak Ridge Volunteer Fire Department – Alabama

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: April 29, 2013

Age: 37

Firefighter Dale Scott Queen died April 29, 2013, after responding to a call. Firefighter Queen, 37, of Hartselle, Alabama, was a member of Oak Ridge Volunteer Fire Department and the Morgan County Rescue Squad. He worked as a truck driver, but was a jack of all trades.

Dale was born August 16, 1975, in Jefferson County, to Billy Troyce Queen and Sara Penny (Griffin) Queen. He was always willing to help a neighbor in need and never met a stranger. He was as dependable as they come and loved helping people.



He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Queen; three sons, Tanner (14), Dakota (13), and Avery (9); his mother, Sara (Penny) Queen; two brothers, Terry (April) Fendley and Billy Dale Queen; four sisters, Connie (Matt) Lawrence, Missy (Chance) McCurley, Shannon (Thomas) Burgess, and Tracie Williams Morgan; his grandmother, Mary E Roberts; parents-in-law, Doug and Gena Baker; and uncles, Elbert Arledge and James Roberts.

He was preceded in death by his father, Billy Queen, and an aunt, Ruby Arledge.

Dale was a devoted husband, father, son, and friend.

Remembering

Steven Allan Sullivan

Nicol Volunteer Fire Department – Alabama

Volunteer Chief

Date of Death: January 16, 2008

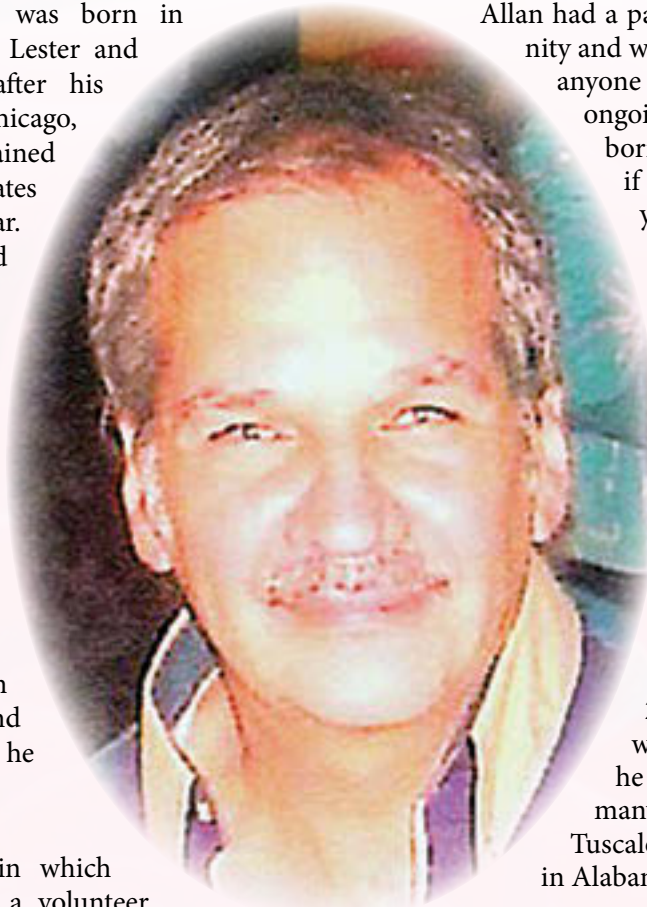
Age: 54

Steven “Allan” Sullivan was born in San Antonio, Texas, to Lester and Marjorie Sullivan. Soon after his birth, the family moved to Chicago, Illinois, where Allan remained until he entered the United States Navy during the Vietnam War. After discharge, he returned to Chicago to work for his father in his privately owned business.

Allan’s parents divorced, and his mother moved back to Tuscaloosa, her childhood home. While visiting his mother, Allan met his future wife, eventually marrying, and making Tuscaloosa his home. Allan opened his own plastering and painting business, which he operated until his death.

In 1998, the community in which Allan lived united to start a volunteer fire department. Allan was elected chief and served until his death ten years later. The firehouse was a converted barn, with a dirt floor and no heat. Nicol now has trucks and equipment worth over \$250,000, some of which was donated in his memory.

The first year in operation, Nicol Fire was honored as “Fire Department of the Year” by the Tuscaloosa County Fire Association. Allan was chosen “Firefighter of the Year” by his department. Until this day, Nicol is still housed in the same barn, now heated by gas heaters. Allan’s dream is still intact that one day a better building will be built.



Allan had a passion for serving his community and was a trusting, helpful person to anyone that needed his help. It was an ongoing saying that if you needed to borrow something from him, even if he were using it, he would let you borrow it. He was an artist, and his skills were superior. He was honored for his work by the Tuscaloosa Historical Society. Allan never met a stranger. People from all walks of life referred to him as “friend.”

Allan became a member of the Moose Lodge in 2005 and was voted his first year there as “Rookie of the Year.” He quickly moved up the ranks to become governor in 2007. The lodge was struggling when he became governor, but he diligently worked, taking on many tasks himself to bring the Tuscaloosa Lodge to one of the best in Alabama.

He was a people person with a heart of gold. Whatever he undertook, he gave one hundred percent. He responded for fire calls whatever the weather, no matter how sick or tired.

Allan left behind his widow, one son, a daughter-in-law, and a granddaughter. Although he had only a year with his granddaughter, he loved her deeply, and she touched his heart.

He left a legacy for his community service and willingly helping those in need. There are many who still have their own story to tell about this special man. He was just a simple person with a huge heart.



Remembering



Andrew S. Ashcraft

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 29

Andrew Sterling Ashcraft was born on February 15, 1984, to parents Deborah Pfingston and Thomas Ashcraft in Orange, California. At the age of five, Andrew moved to Prescott with his family, where he spent the next 24 years of his life with his brother, Thomas James (T.J.) Ashcraft II, and his sister, Shelby Laura Pfingston.

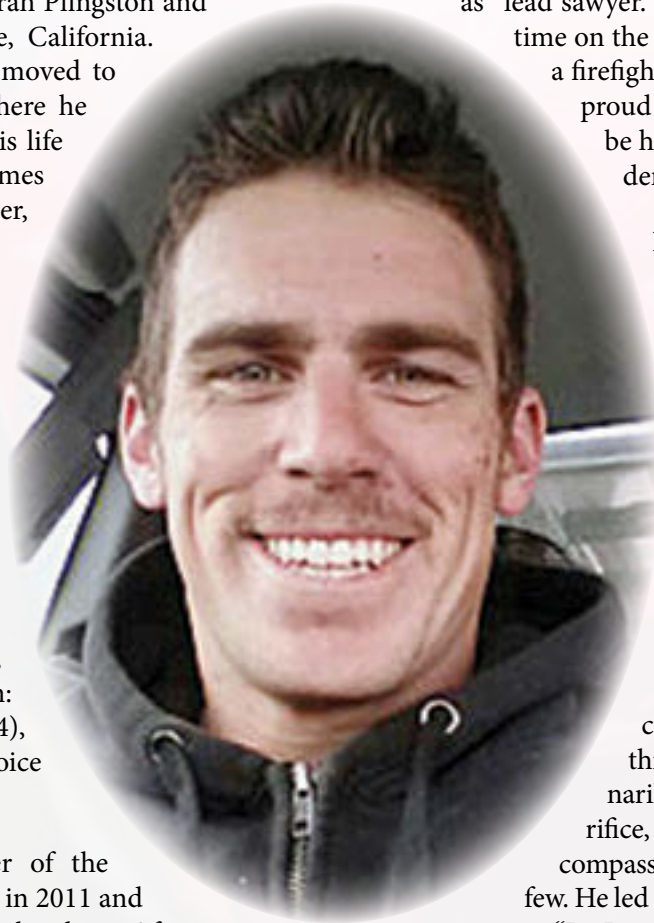
Growing up in Prescott, Andrew attended Abia Judd Elementary School, Mile High Middle School, and graduated from Prescott High School in 2003. It was at Prescott High that he met the love of his life, Juliann Crockett Ashcraft. The two were married on July 22, 2006, in Prescott, and have four children: Ryder Sterling (6), Shiloh (4), Tate Andrew (2), and Choice Crockett (18 months).

Andrew became a member of the Granite Mountain Hot Shots in 2011 and proudly served alongside his brothers. After being awarded the honor of “Rookie of the Year” in

2011, his skills with a chain saw landed him the position as “lead sawyer.” He loved every second of his time on the crew and had dreamt of being a firefighter since he was a boy. He was proud to be a firefighter and would be honored to be part of this wonderful memorial.

He was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Andrew had a pure heart. Known for his genuinely kind spirit, he was a loving husband, larger-than-life father, and treasured son. As the life of the party, he always wore a contagiously bright smile below his beloved mustache that earned him the nickname “Stache-craft.” There were countless things that made him extraordinarily special—determination, sacrifice, charisma, laughter, hard work, compassion, and integrity, to name a few. He led and taught by example with his motto “Be Better” and lived every moment of his life to the fullest, in the service of others.



Remembering

Robert E. Caldwell

Prescott Fire Department,
Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 23

“I’d rather die in my boots than live in a suit.” Robert Caldwell lived by these words and was always a man true to his word. He died with honor, with his brothers, in the line of duty with his boots tight on his feet. Compassionate, sensitive, and never afraid to show his true emotions to those he loved and held close to his heart, Robert was unquestionably the most amazing husband, son, brother, father, and friend. He is survived by his wife, Claire; son, Zion; his mother and father, Dave and Linda Caldwell; and his sister, Taylor Caldwell.

His wife, Claire, says, “I am fortunate to be Robert’s



wife. While I didn’t have him in my life long enough, each moment that we shared was a blessing. The night we met, we knew it in our hearts that we were soul mates. We had known each other for a thousand years before and would know each other for another thousand years. Robert was the kind of man every man strives to be—he was the husband every woman dreams of and a father a child could look up to. We were all so blessed to have him in our lives, and I will carry him in my heart for the rest of my life. There simply aren’t enough words to explain the love and gratitude I feel for him.”



Remembering



Travis C. Carter

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 31

Travis Carter was born on August 7, 1982, in Prescott, Arizona, to Tripp Carter and Glenna Eckel. As a little boy, he loved to work on the Necktie Ranch in Walnut Grove with his dad, Trip Carter, and grandpa, Arden Carter. He rode tractors, played in the snow, and loved Christmas time with his extended family at the ranch. As he grew older, Travis began to become a real help on the ranch and, according to his dad, he was a good hand and worked, branded, and shipped cattle, drove the large equipment, and was a great horse shoer.

Approaching high school, Travis was an outstanding athlete and, in 2000, began school at Orme in Dewey, Arizona, where he played football and was an all-state, all-conference football player. He scored 16 touchdowns his senior year as tailback. Married in 2005 to Krista Smalley, the couple has two children, Brayden and Brielle.



His firefighting career began in 2005, where he worked for the Prescott National Forest as a hotshot and worked on the Rodeo-Chediski Fire and many others until 2009. In 2009 he was chosen to be among the elite Granite Mountain Hot Shots crew through the City of Prescott. In 2009, the city received a grant from FEMA for firefighting, which provided a full-time career for each member of the crew. Their job was, in the off season, to trim brush and limbs to protect the areas in and around Prescott. They are known as Prescott's Finest and were professionals with a great deal of training.

Travis has said that one of his favorite places on earth is the fishing pond at the ranch. His family is grateful to the Lord for Travis' life and for the time they had with him. He will be greatly missed, but know he is finally home with the Lord, whom he loved.



Remembering



Dustin J. DeFord

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 24

Dustin James DeFord, 24, was born December 13, 1988, in Baltimore, Maryland, to Steve and Celeste (Crago) DeFord. Dustin joined brothers Brandon, Darren, Jonathan, and Ryan. Later, Kenton, Stephen, Rebecca, Nathaniel, and Heidi completed the family. The family moved to Columbus, Montana, in 1990 and later to Ekalaka, Montana, in 1996.

Like his siblings, Dustin was homeschooled through elementary and high school, graduating in 2007. He attended Cornerstone Bible Institute in Hot Springs, South Dakota, graduating in 2010. Dustin decisively put his trust in Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior as a young boy. In 2011, he took a short-term mission trip to Northern Alberta, Canada. Through college and after, Dustin worked for the Carter County Fire and Mitigation crew in Ekalaka. His ambition was to be a hotshot firefighter, so he was thrilled

when he was accepted with the Granite Mountain Hot Shots.

Dustin was the “life of the party” at any gathering of friends or family. He loved entertaining with his goofy humor, hunting, spotlighting, espresso coffee, noise of any kind, social life, and life in general. He could be seen reading his Bible every morning.

Dustin is survived by his parents, Steve and Celeste DeFord; seven brothers, SSgt Brandon DeFord, Jonathan and Rachel (Anderson) DeFord, Darren and Becky (King) DeFord, Ryan DeFord, Kenton DeFord, Stephen DeFord, and Nathaniel DeFord; two sisters, Rebecca DeFord and Heidi DeFord; one nephew, Tucker DeFord; three nieces, Sage DeFord, April DeFord, and Samantha DeFord; grandparents, Lyle and Emily DeFord and Bill and Flo Crago; and too many aunts, uncles, and cousins to list.



Remembering



Bradley C. Harper

Phoenix Fire Department – Arizona

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: May 19, 2013

Age: 23

Bradley C. Harper, age 23, was a firefighter with the Phoenix Fire Department in Phoenix, Arizona. He was injured at the scene of a fire and died of those injuries on May 19, 2013.

Brad was a faithful Christian; a loving husband, son, and brother; and a loyal friend. He was a fitness and nutrition enthusiast, a junior high basketball coach, and a role model for his three younger brothers.

His dream was to be a Phoenix firefighter. He graduated from Northwest

Christian High School in 2008, the Phoenix Fire Academy in 2011, and Grand Canyon University in 2012. After completing the academy, Brad roved until a permanent position opened up on Rescue 21, the station that had been his first booter assignment.

Brad's first love was his wife, Lena. Although only his wife for a short time, she was the love of his life since they met in 10th grade. His life was full and without regret.

Well done, good and faithful servant. (Matthew 25:23)





Remembering



Thomas A. Johnson

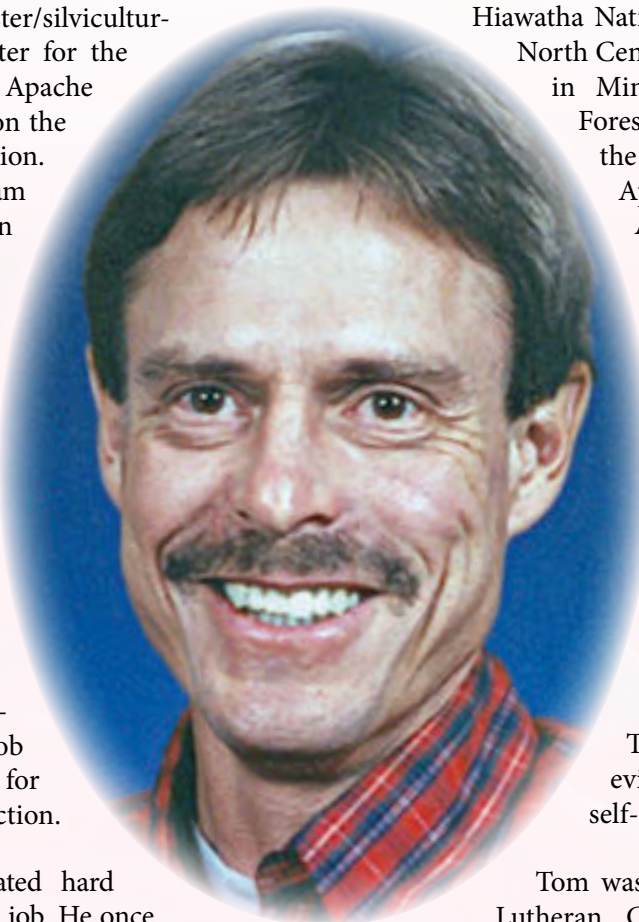
Bureau of Indian Affairs, Fort Apache Agency – Arizona

Career Forester/Firefighter

Date of Death: June 28, 2001

Age: 47

Thomas Alan Johnson loved the beauty of the forest. He was a forester/silviculturist and a wildland firefighter for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Fort Apache Agency, Branch of Forestry, on the Fort Apache Indian Reservation. At various times, he was a team member of both the Eastern Arizona Type II Team and the White Mountain Zone Type II Team as air tactical group supervisor. He was a qualified crew representative, crew boss, division/group supervisor, engine boss, fire fighter 1&2, field observer, strike team leader/crew, task force leader, helibase manager, helicopter crew member, helicopter coordinator, incident commander 3&4, and firing boss. Thomas's primary job was as a supervisory forester for the timber sale preparation section.



Tom was a friendly, dedicated hard worker, and he truly loved his job. He once explained that whenever he went out into the forest, he could talk with God and feel His presence among the trees and see the miracles in the beauty of the nature.

Thomas Alan Johnson, was born on January 30, 1954, to Harvey and Arlene Johnson in Monmouth, Illinois. He was proud of his brothers, Mark (Sharon) Johnson and Brian (Tami) Johnson, for their many accomplishments. He was also very close to his only sister, Mariam Duffin. Tom graduated from Sterling High School. He continued his education, receiving a bachelor's degree at Augustana College, and a master's degree from the University of Illinois, Department of Forestry.

Tom worked with USDA Forest Service at the Hiawatha National Forest, in Michigan; the North Central Forest Experiment Station in Minnesota; the Tonto National Forest in Arizona; and finally, with the Bureau of Indian Affairs-Fort Apache Agency in Whiteriver, Arizona.

Tom was protecting the reservation from fire when he sustained the injuries which took his life. He responded to a fire at night and ended up in a hazardous site where the heated toxic fumes severely damaged his lungs. Once he knew the full details of the danger he was in, he saved others' lives by stopping them from coming into the hazardous area. The incident provided further evidence of Tom's honorable, self-sacrificing character.

Tom was a member of the Immanuel Lutheran Church in Pinetop-Lakeside, Arizona, where he was active in the church council, Sunday school, and Power Hour. He was a talented horseman who trained horses for ranches in southern Arizona. Those who knew him best would describe him as a real-life character right out of a Louis L'Amour novel.

Tom was a devoted husband, married to a former tribal queen, and was a proud, loving dad. He is dearly missed every day, especially by his family members of the White Mountain Apache Tribe, the extended Beatty family.

Thomas A. Johnson was a man of honor.



Remembering



Christopher Alan MacKenzie

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter
Date of Death: June 30, 2013
Age: 30

Christopher Alan MacKenzie was born on September 12, 1982, in Fontana, California. Chris lived in San Bernardino for three years and then moved to Hemet, California. Chris attended Hemet, Whittier, and Valle Vista Elementary, Dartmouth Middle School, and Hemet High School, where he graduated in 2001.

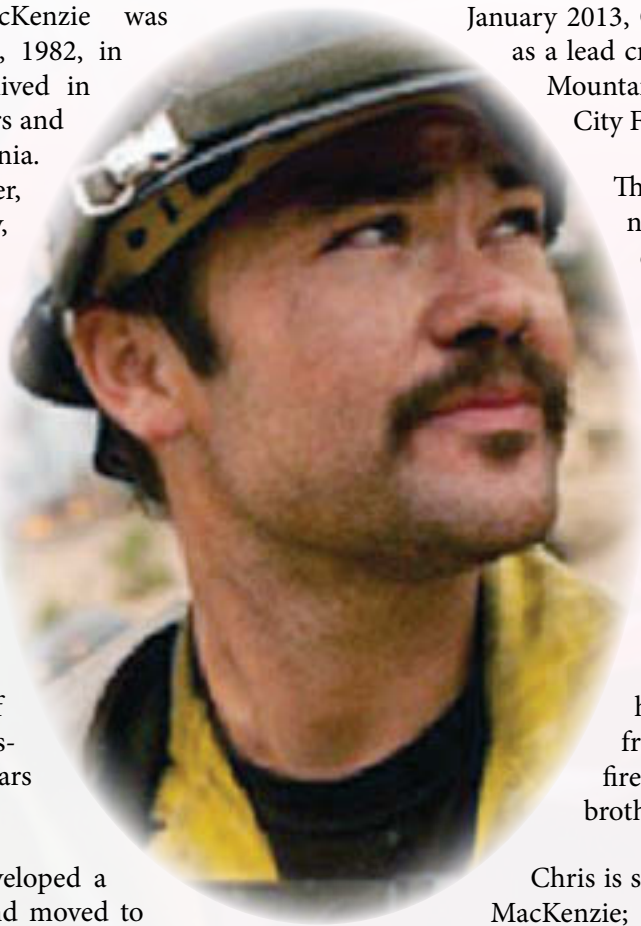
As a boy, his sense of adventure began to get a hold of him, and he hungered to be active. It was in high school that Chris thrived. There wasn't a student that didn't know him. He never was part of any clique; he knew and had friends in nearly all walks of life. Football became his passion, and he played all four years in high school.

After high school, Chris developed a passion for snowboarding and moved to Big Bear, California, where he worked seasonally on a snow blowing crew and eventually as a snowboard instructor.

Before working for the Prescott, Arizona, Fire Department, Chris worked for the Bureau of Land Management on engine and helicopter crews and for the U.S. Forest Service on engine and hotshot crews.

In 2010, Chris was invited by one of his former captains to apply to the Granite Mountain Hotshots. In

January 2013, Chris started his third season as a lead crew member with the Granite Mountain Hotshots out of the Prescott City Fire Department in Arizona.



The testament of Chris's life was not so much in the moments of his journey but more told in the manner in which he lived them. Chris lived his life to the fullest and went places most people dream about. He loved to travel and explore the outdoors. He loved fighting wildfires and told his brother that he saw it as a way to see the most beautiful country in America. But most of all, Chris loved to be with his friends. He cultivated his friendships and received his firefighting teammates as true brothers.

Chris is survived by his father, Michael MacKenzie; mother, Laurie Goralski; brother, Aaron MacKenzie; stepmother, Janice MacKenzie; and stepsisters, Janae Gier and Jill Allison.

On behalf of Chris's extended family, we all say that Chris never let the negativity of this world get to him. He loved and lived life with a full heart. As his life and career reveal, he embraced the responsibilities of a man, all while maintaining the fun loving heart of a child. Chris's attitude was infectious; you wanted to be around him, and he would make you laugh. Chris absolutely loved his family, and they loved him.

Remembering

Eric S. Marsh

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Superintendent/Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 43

A loving husband and dedicated son, Eric Shane Marsh was born and raised in the mountains of North Carolina. He graduated with honors from Ashe Central High, where he was a running back on the football team. He graduated from Appalachian State with a degree as a biologist/naturalist and worked and excelled at several jobs, but the one he really loved was wildland firefighting. He worked for several years with the Globe hot shots out of Tonto National Forest.

Eric had a great love for the outdoors. He was a rock and ice climber who proposed to his wife on an ice climbing trip to Ouray, Colorado. He was also an equestrian with a great love for his horse, "Shorty," a skier and member of the ski patrol at Sunrise Mountain, a fisherman, motorcyclist, and avid cyclist and mountain biker. He competed in endurance mountain bike races and recently completed a 24-hour mountain bike race as a part of a four-person



relay team. He and a friend made a pact to compete in the next 24-hour race as solo competitors.

Eric was also a talented tile setter, stone mason, and gifted welder/fabricator. He joined the City of Prescott in 2003 as part of the fuels management crew and worked to build a city-sponsored wildland team. He was an instrumental part of the Granite Mountain Hot Shots organization.

He helped start the Arizona Wildfire Academy (from his living room), where he taught basic firefighting, squad boss, and leadership classes. He liked to say that working on the crew "turned boys into men." He was so well known for his quotes and sayings that his crew wrote down his "Eric-isms."

Eric's wife, Amanda, and his parents, John and Jane, want Eric remembered as a compassionate, good-hearted, loyal, and generous man of integrity who loved his family, his life, and being a Granite Mountain Hot Shot.



Remembering



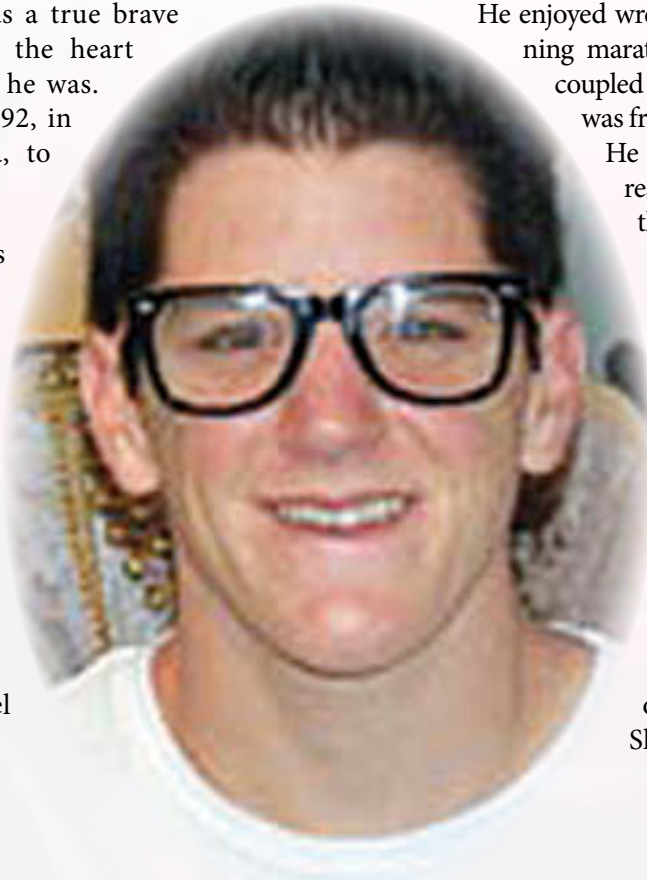
Grant Q. McKee

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter
Date of Death: June 30, 2013
Age: 21

Grant Quinn McKee was a true brave heart. To say he had the heart of a lion falls short of who he was. Grant was born May 18, 1992, in Newport Beach, California, to Marcia and G. Scott McKee.

Everything he did was threaded with respect and care for other people's feelings. Grant honored those around him. He loved his mother, father and grandmother. Grant moved to Prescott and met the love of his life, Leah Fine. Leah is like an angel. She made Grant complete, and together they exemplified what love is. Grant wanted to travel the world with Leah.



He enjoyed wrestling in high school and running marathons. His competitive nature, coupled with his desire to help others, was from where others drew strength. He was always loving, kind, and respectful. Fear was never part of the equation. Grant brought light in a sometimes dark world. He saw the crew as what they will always be—brothers.

While attending Prescott High School, Grant spoke at other high schools in Yavapai County, spreading the anti-drug message with the D.A.R.E program. He received his EMT from Yavapai College and joined his cousin, Robert Caldwell, on the Granite Mountain Hot Shots in 2013.



Remembering



Sean M. Misner

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 26

Sean Michael Misner was born April 8, 1987, in Goleta, California. He attended Santa Ynez High School, where he played football and ran track. From the age of 10, Sean played football, baseball, and soccer. Because of his size, his nickname on the high school football team was “Mighty Mouse.” He was also known as Spiderman because of how the ball would stick to his hands. Sean always wanted to play professional football for the Dallas Cowboys, but quickly realized his true passion was to be a firefighter like his grandfather, great-grandfather, uncles, and cousin.

He loved to be outdoors—at the Red Rock River, the ocean, hiking, and snowboarding. At Santa Barbara City College, he played football. He moved to Wyoming with his best friend, Jason Lambert, but returned to Santa Ynez after only three months. He became an assistant football coach for Dunn High School and also worked at Los Olivos grocery, where he met his wife, Amanda (Wilkinson) Misner, in 2010. He moved



to Auburn, Alabama, again with Jason. This time, it was his love for a girl he had just met that brought him home.

Sean proposed on April 8, 2012 (his birthday), and was married on September 15, 2012. The couple moved to Prescott Valley, where Sean worked with Mountain West Aviation as a line tech while pursuing his dream and passion of becoming a wildland firefighter. On January 1, 2013, Sean learned he was going to be a father for the first time to a son. April 8th was his first day with the Granite Mountain Hot Shots. Sean spoke highly of all his crew members, and he trusted every single one of them to have his back. Sean’s smile could light up a room, and he became instant friends with people he met.

Everyone who knew the devoted husband, father-to-be, son, brother, grandson, nephew, cousin, and friend could count on him. Sean will be missed, but we know our angel in heaven will be watching over his family with his grandpa, “Smokey.”



Remembering



Scott Daniel Norris

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter
Date of Death: June 30, 2013
Age: 28

Scott Daniel Norris was born October 12, 1984, to Jim and Karen Norris of Prescott, Arizona. Scott was an intelligent, stable, responsible young man who valued his family and friends, loved adventure and traveling, and enjoyed making others laugh.

Scott grew up in Prescott, and along with his sister, Joanna, learned to appreciate the outdoors as soon as he could walk. He attended local schools, played basketball, and did some wrestling at Bradshaw Mountain High School, where he graduated in 2003. Scott attended Yavapai College while working for a local irrigation business; along with general education classes, he acquired his firefighter certification.

When Scott was twenty years old, he and his lifelong friend, Sean, bought a home. As parents, we appreciated the fact that Scott was good with money, a saver. He was a reader and a thinker who analyzed political and social issues and enjoyed discussion and debate. More importantly, Scott had a solid knowledge of the Bible and was a Christian believer.

Scott made several backpacking excursions into various parts of the Grand Canyon. In 2010, he was trip leader for a 230-mile, 20-day private raft trip down the Colorado River, which included his parents and close friends. He took an extended trip to Nicaragua, Honduras, and Costa Rica one summer with his friend, Ian, and also traveled



to Thailand and Cambodia. During his time off, Scott made it a priority to spend time with family, friends, and his girlfriend, Heather, and her dogs. He loved exploring and camping in the beautiful canyons and creeks in northern Arizona. He was also an excellent snowboarder, and regularly enjoyed winter trips to Colorado. He was passionate about weather, and along with his Dad, often chased thunderstorms and snowstorms. Scott had a creative side as well and was an exceptional writer; while traveling, he sent detailed, descriptive emails and occasionally penned a poem.

In 2009, Scott was hired by the Payson Hotshots, with whom he worked four seasons; he learned discipline and leadership, gained wisdom, and forged many fine friendships. Fellow hotshots felt lucky to work side by side with Scott and were grateful for the countless times he made them laugh. Payson hotshot Evan Whetten said, "Scott was one of the toughest, most unbreakable guys, with the biggest and the sweetest heart of anyone I'd ever known. A true original, Scott was never afraid to be himself and did not follow trends. He was his own man. He would do absolutely anything for a friend."

Scott was hired in March 2013 to be a wildland firefighter for the Granite Mountain Hotshots. Scott, along with eighteen other brave young men, lost his life on Yarnell Hill on June 30, 2013.

Remembering

Wade Scott Parker

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 22

A native of Chino Valley, Arizona, Wade Scott Parker was born on October 30, 1990. He graduated from Chino Valley High School in 2009 and attended Lamar Community College in Colorado in 2009-2010. At the end of the 2010 spring semester, he chose to return to Arizona to pursue his dream of becoming a firefighter like his father.

Wade joined the Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshot crew in 2012. He was awarded Rookie of the Year his first season. Wade was honored to be a part of the Granite Mountain crew. He loved his job and the amazing men he worked with. Being a Hotshot allowed Wade to spend time in the great outdoors, one of his great passions.

Wade was a motivated and driven young man. He loved competition and always gave 110 percent. Wade grew up an athlete, playing baseball and football from the time he was five years old. He played shortstop and was captain of the Chino Valley baseball team. He earned numerous awards and was a four-year letterman in baseball, making the All State team. He also lettered in football, earning All Region every year he played. He went on to play in Lamar, Colorado, on a baseball scholarship.

Wade was a natural leader; he didn't demand respect, but earned it. Wade was always there to help. He was a

man of honor, integrity, and wisdom beyond his years, as well as an inspiration to others. Wade's laughter was contagious, and he had a zest for life.

Wade loved the outdoors and hunting and began shooting a bow at the age of two. He hunted with a traditional bow made by his father. He loved shooting the bow with his father, uncle, and brother, and they did it quite often.

Wade grew up very involved in church and was a mentor in his youth group and in his community, as well as a spiritual team leader on his football and baseball teams. He carried this on in his profession, leading many to Christ, including his team members and fellow firefighters.

He loved his family and fiancée more than life itself and couldn't wait to start his own family. He planned to be married to his high school sweetheart in September 2013. Wade was a devoted son and soon to be husband, as well as a wonderful uncle and brother. His legacy will live on in Arizona with his friends and family and at LCC with scholarships that bear his name.

Wade and the other members of the Yarnell 19 loved and honored each other, staying together until the end. They will all be greatly missed.





Remembering



John J. Percin Jr.

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter
Date of Death: June 30, 2013
Age: 24

John Percin loved his family and his beautiful English lab, Champ, more than anything in the world. John's honesty and loyalty guided him every step of the way and will continue to touch many forever. John's smile, kindness, and warm embrace were unmatched. All of those who knew John felt the exact same way.

John is forever grateful for the love and support of the Prescott, Arizona, community—a tight-knit place where he bettered himself and proudly called home. He was forever touched by



the love of his friends at the Chapter Five Recovery Center, and he was equally touched by the love of his brothers in the Granite Mountain Hot Shots.

John's passion for life was deep. He approached every day with optimism and excitement. John was truly at peace when he was out enjoying the beauty of life. While he shined in everything he did, his true passions were hiking, basketball, and family. John is a hero who made us all so very proud. He and his brothers will never be forgotten.



Remembering



Anthony M. Rose

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 23

*A*t the young age of 23, Anthony was compassionate for anything that had to do with fire. He became a crew member for the Granite Mountain Hotshots in 2012, after working for four years with the Crown King Fire Department.

He was a diligent, hard-working member of his crew and was frequently depended on for the hardest of tasks.



Anthony could brighten up a room with his smile and sense of humor, and he was always well liked by others. He was loyal to his brothers through thick and thin.

Anthony will never be forgotten. He lives on every day through his daughter—bright blue eyes and an unforgettable smile. He leaves behind his fiancée, Tiffany, and his daughter, Willow.



Remembering



Jesse J. Steed

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Captain/Firefighter
Date of Death: June 30, 2013
Age: 36

Jesse James Steed was born in Cottonwood, Arizona, September 28, 1976, to Claudia Federwisch. Jesse was the beloved husband of Desiree Steed and amazing father to Caden (4), and Cambria (3).

He was the second oldest of four siblings—Cassidy Steed, Levi Federwisch, and Taunya Steed—and grandson to Herman and Reaut Federwisch. Jesse was an amazing individual, husband, father, and brother to all. His children and wife were the light of his life; he was a truly dedicated family man.

Jesse grew up in the southwest, calling the quad city area his home. After Jesse graduated from high school he joined the United States Marine Corps, serving from 1996 until 2000. He joined the Forest Service in 2001, often saying it was the closest thing to military camaraderie that he



could find in the civilian world. He worked on the Prescott Hotshot, helitack, and engine crews until he became a part of the Granite Mountain Hot Shots in 2009. He proudly served as the captain to a crew he referred to as a brotherhood.

Jesse enjoyed being outdoors hiking, running, and biking. He had a need for speed, whether on a street bike, dirt bike, or sand rail. He loved spending time with his kids doing whatever they wanted to do. He was a big kid himself, often called a teddy bear and a gentle giant. He was always the life of the party and the comedian of the group. He loved making people happy.

Jesse had a way of making everyone around him feel like they were the most special person in his life. He would always greet and leave you with a rib crushing hug and never said goodbye to anyone without an “I love you.”



Remembering



Joe B. Thurston

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 32

Joe was a devoted husband, father, and son. He had a smile that would light up a room and a laugh that would warm your heart. Joe always did everything he could to help others.

An avid outdoorsman, he loved skateboarding, snowboarding, cliff jumping, hiking, and anything that could get the blood pumping. He was a talented drummer and member of several bands. Joe could always be found at the park with the kids or in the kitchen making up a masterpiece of a meal.



Joe earned his bachelor's degree in biology in 2006 and his EMT in 2011. Joe began his wildland fire career in 2008 working for Blacktimber Fire, as well as The Groom Creek Fire Department. He was thrilled and so proud when he became a Granite Mountain Hotshot in 2012.

A very smart and extremely loving man, he will be so missed.

He is survived by his wife, Marsena, and his children, Ethan and Collin.



Remembering



Travis Turbyfill

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 27

Travis Turbyfill was born on March 25, 1986, and grew up in beautiful Prescott, Arizona. As a child he lived in Groom Creek, where his love for the outdoors began. He lived next door to his grandparents and spoke of hunting and fishing with his grandpa on a daily basis from the time he was three years old. Travis was an only child, but began developing friendships at a young age that would last a lifetime.

He graduated from Prescott High School in 2004 and fulfilled a lifelong dream when he began his career as a wildland firefighter in 2005. Travis served in the United States Marine Corps from 2007 to 2010. He then resumed his career as a firefighter in 2011 with the Granite Mountain Hot Shots, a crew of men who were not just coworkers but friends and brothers.

Travis' first date with Stephanie was July 22, 2007. He told her just days before he died that he fell in love with



her on that night. They were married on August 1, 2009, with their best friends and family surrounding them on the red rocks of Sedona, Arizona. "He was the love of my life, my best friend, and my soul mate," she says. "We loved spending time together, talking, and making each other laugh. We shared a tremendous pride for our two little girls, Brooklyn Elizabeth (2), and Brynley Elizabeth (1). I loved our life together."

Travis was a hands-on dad. He changed diapers, painted toenails, and played with the girls non-stop. He had a heart of gold and wore it on his sleeve. "Not a day went by that we didn't know how much he loved us, cared for us, and appreciated us," says Stephanie. "He thought he was the luckiest man in the world, but I know we were the lucky ones."

He was a strong man, a natural leader and a great firefighter. He loved what he did and did it well.



Remembering



William H. Warneke

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 25

William Howard Warneke, “Billy,” as he was called by family and friends, was an avid outdoorsman. He was born in Hemet, California, on August 13, 1987, to Kathie Holland and Harry Warneke. He was raised in the country and was instilled with the morals of country living—love for country, integrity, honesty, and pride in one’s work. He lived each day with courage.

His courageous spirit led him to enlist in the United States Marine Corps when he was 17 and to serve a combat tour in Iraq. After honorably serving in the United States Marine Corps, he attended Pima Community College in Tucson, Arizona, where he earned his EMT-B, graduated from the college’s fire academy, took additional courses at the Arizona Wildfire Academy, and earned a degree in fire science with a 3.55 GPA.

When he was not working, he was learning something new. He frequently purchased books to read about his favorite topics: military history, reloading ammunition, construction, carpentry, landscaping, animal husbandry, archery, hunting, and wildlife. At the first opportunity he had, he would apply his new knowledge into his life, whether it was building a chicken coop or fixing a broken something around the house.



Billy would always lend a helping hand without expecting a reward. He was always the gentleman, opening doors and pulling out chairs. He would help a child with their homework or help them to overcome their fears through patience, understanding, and tutelage. The children in the neighborhood where he and his wife lived knew that Billy would always help them out if they had a fundraiser. Billy would buy items from their catalogs and take all of the vehicles to their carwashes.

Billy loved to laugh and to play pranks on his wife or siblings. He was easygoing and quick to smile. He viewed everyday casually and as another day for adventure. A few days a week he would enjoy the things he loved doing—hunting, fishing, and mountaineering.

Billy possessed honor, high morals, and unwavering loyalty. He always strived to be the best in everything that he did, which led him to the Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshot Crew. He believed that Granite Mountain IHC was a hotshot crew that deserved his admiration and respect.

He made a commitment to himself that he would earn a coveted position in their ranks, which he fulfilled.

Billy is survived by his wife, Roxanne, and his daughter, Billie Grace.



Remembering



Clayton T. Whitted

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Squad Leader/Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 28

Clayton Thomas Whitted was born June 27, 1985, to Carl and Kathleen Whitted. He was welcomed by his two sisters, Carmen and Cheryl. He was raised in Prescott, Arizona, and from a young age had a strong love for life and the outdoors.

Clayton attended Prescott High School, where he played football, basketball, and ran track. He loved the friendships that he gained more than the games that they won. Clayton graduated in 2004 and continued his education at Yavapai College and Arizona State University, gaining more knowledge of fire science.

After high school, Clayton pursued his longtime dream of becoming a firefighter and accepted a position with the Prescott Hotshots. When his mother became ill, Clayton took a full-time position with the Heights Church Youth and became the junior high pastor, where he mentored hundreds of young teens. Clayton's mom passed away in December 2007, and the next spring Clayton resumed his career and started

with the Granite Mountain Hot Shots. Clayton's work with the Granite Mountain Hot Shots expanded, as did his responsibility, when he became a squad leader. Soon after, he was introduced to Kristi Hoffman, who quickly captured Clayton's attention and his heart. They were married on February 12, 2011.

The more anyone got to know Clayton, he became less like a friend and more like a brother. Clayton's heart was so selfless, and he was willing to sacrifice for others as he would for his own family.

Clayton spent his life serving in the community and helping numerous organizations and people alike. Clayton's unique personality and contagious smile, paired with his laughter and hugs, were an example to all who met him of what it meant to love fully.

Though Prescott may mourn the loss of Clayton Whitted, though the nation may mourn the loss of a brave firefighter, and though the world may mourn this tragedy, we will choose to celebrate his time on earth.



Remembering

Kevin J. Woyjeck

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter

Date of Death: June 30, 2013

Age: 21

Kevin Woyjeck, 21, died fulfilling a family firefighter legacy. His father, Joe Woyjeck, was a fire captain with the Los Angeles County Fire Department. His two uncles were firefighters there as well. Kevin's grandmother, Delores Woyjeck, said her grandson wanted to follow in his father's footsteps, first joining the Los Angeles County Fire Department Explorers Club when he was 15.

After working for several years as a firefighter, he joined a hotshot team in South Dakota. From there he joined the Granite Mountain Hot Shots in April. Los Angeles County Fire Chief

Daryl Osby stated, "Kevin and I just spoke a few months ago about how excited he was to be a hotshot in Arizona." Kevin joined the Granite Mountain Hot Shots to gain the wildland firefighting experience he needed for his desired job in the Los Angeles County Fire Department.

He is survived by his parents, a brother (19), and his 16-year-old sister. Maddie says there are so many things she will miss about her brother. "I'm going to miss his smile, his laugh, the way he said 'I love you.' He was so outgoing; he could walk into a room and just start a fire inside of somebody," she said.





Remembering



Garret Zuppiger

Prescott Fire Department, Granite Mountain Interagency Hotshots – Arizona

Career Seasonal Firefighter
Date of Death: June 30, 2013
Age: 27

Garret was born December 14, 1985, in Phoenix, Arizona. He graduated from Greenway High School in Phoenix in 2003 and from the University of Arizona with a degree from Eller College of Management in 2008.

During his freshman year of high school, he was nominated for the People to People Student Ambassador program and traveled to England, Ireland, and Wales representing and promoting our country. As a boy, Garret was one of the youngest at that time to receive certification and sail Long Beach harbor in a sabot.

He was extremely proud and excited to be accepted as a member of the Granite Mountain Hotshots for the 2012 season, having no prior experience or background in firefighting. During his rookie season as a hotshot, he attended wildfire training school and was awarded the fire boots for being first in his class.

During the off months of fire season he was a carpenter by trade, which he loved as well.

Garret most valued his family, friends, and the outdoors. He loved to run, hike, fish, rock climb, travel, cook, and play his guitar for his friends and family. Garret was the most generous, giving, kind and hardworking man, using his everlasting abundance of energy towards always helping others, regardless of his help having been requested or not.



One friend shared a story that perfectly exemplifies Garret's generosity. He and his new bride had moved into a home that needed a little upkeep. Garret learned the pair were going out for the evening and quickly went to work, digging up and removing old dirt and grass from the yard. When the newlyweds arrived home, Garret turned on his truck lights as the couple approached and unveiled a flower garden he had made for them. He thought it would be the perfect gift.

Garret was also an avid reader and a beautiful writer. He loved vocabulary and would try to stump his "Ome" by choosing a word he thought may accomplish that. Garret's words and avid imagination touched the hearts of many as his blog "I'd Rather Be Flying!" was shared following his loss. In his blog, Garret articulately accounted his life's adventures, including his status as an outlaw. Garret recounts, "I am, at current, an outlaw. I have been forced to go from town to town, to hide my shame.... It wasn't always this way. The beautiful city of Tucson got me again. Tucson got me for jay-walking once."

Garret had a sense of humor like no other. He was a free spirit and loved a great adventure. He lived his life by his favorite saying: "*Dream as if you will live forever, live as if you will die tomorrow.*"



Remembering



Christopher L. Douglas

CAL Fire, Riverside County Fire Department – California

Career Engineer/Paramedic

Date of Death: July 5, 2013

Age: 41

Christopher L. Douglas, affectionately known as “Topher,” was born on November 19, 1971, and grew up in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He moved to California in 1992 when he joined the United States Air Force (Vandenberg AFB) to work on Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles.

Upon witnessing a car accident scene, Topher knew he wanted to pursue a fire-fighting career. After five years of volunteer, reserve, and paramedic service, he began work with CAL FIRE in 2004. He was promoted to fire apparatus engineer/paramedic in July of 2012. At his graduation ceremony he received the Carpe Diem Award, which was an honor (recognizing leadership) bestowed on him by his fellow classmates. In addition to his regular role as engineer/paramedic, Topher was responsible for heading the local CPR program.

Where some might cut corners, Topher put his entire being into every endeavor. He was dedicated to self-sacrifice in the effort to love and support his family and to help others. He valued his lifelong friendships and other passions—surfing, playing the guitar, cooking,

working on cars, travel, and spending time with family.



While responding to a traffic accident, Topher was struck by a vehicle as it passed his stopped engine. Although his time here was cut far too short and his loved ones feel robbed of being with him longer, there is comfort in knowing he embodied the adage “living life to its fullest” and that Topher enjoyed several lifetimes of experiences in his 41 years.

Thankfully, Topher is survived by a wonderful little boy that looks just like him and a daughter (who he never had the opportunity to meet) that has his happy disposition. Topher’s legacy will continue through the indelible imprint he left on all those he knew and through the lives of his son and daughter. Topher will forever be remembered for his winning attitude, cheerful nature, funny sense of humor, and quite simply the best personality of anyone in a room.

We love you, Toph!

Wife: Amy

Children: Sammy (3 yrs) & Bridget (infant)



Remembering



Luke Douglas Foster Sheehy

USDA Forest Service, Pacific Southwest Region – California

Seasonal Smokejumper/Firefighter

Date of Death: June 10, 2013

Age: 28

Luke Sheehy did not die an unlived life. Luke was truly at home in nature, and he committed his brief adult life to one of the few professions that allowed him to be constantly surrounded by it. He was born and raised in the small town of Susanville in the Sierra Nevadas of northern California. Luke grew up to be a truly fearless and adventurous young man. At age 18, he found a profession where those traits were highly valued – wildland firefighting. Luke's career included being on an engine with CAL FIRE, a member of the Diamond Mountain Hotshots, and Bieber Helitack Crew.

In 2009, Luke achieved one of his goals when he was asked to join the country's elite smokejumper crews with Region 5 in Redding, California. In addition to his required duties as a smokejumper, Luke also loved training the rookies. This was just one example of how passionate he was about his responsibility as a firefighter, but also his steadfast commitment to the team—to his bros. He was constantly striving to go



above and beyond in his work, but never forgetting the importance of helping others along the way, both inside and outside of his profession.

Aside from firefighting, Luke loved playing the guitar with family and friends, snowmobiling, fishing, riding his motorcycle, and hunting. His huge smile lit up a room, and his laughter was contagious.

On June 10, 2013, Luke died doing what he loved and as a member of a crew that he loved. While fighting the Saddle Back Fire in the Southern Warner Wilderness, he was struck and killed by a falling piece of timber. He was just 28 years old.

Luke's genuine nature, his desire to live every day like it was his last, and the love he shared with so many, has inspired all those who loved him to "Live Like Luke." Whether it was a brief encounter or a lifelong relationship, all those who were touched by his vibrant spirit are forever changed.



Remembering



John R. Keppler Jr.

Flagler County Emergency Services – Florida

Volunteer Captain

Date of Death: March 21, 2002

Age: 54

John was born into the fire tradition.

Since 1860 every man in the Keppler family has joined the profession. With both grandfathers founding members of the Westfield Volunteer Fire Department and his father, John Sr., often working at the station, John grew up in the fire house. He officially joined the department in 1965. He was also a member of the Newark, New Jersey, Auxiliary Fire Department and helped to quell the Newark Riots in 1967. Volunteering on the Westfield Rescue Squad as well, John earned his New Jersey Paramedic certification in 1987 and went to work for St. Barnabas Medical Center.

After moving to Pennsylvania in 1989, John joined the Lehigh Township Volunteer Fire Department. While at Lehigh Township, John enjoyed training and sharing his knowledge and experience with the other members. His proudest moments came when his sons, John III and Andrew, joined him on the job.



When he retired in 1993, John moved to Flagler County, Florida, and quickly made his way to the local fire house. He joined the St John's Park Volunteer Fire Department and earned the rank of captain while there. He responded to his last call on March 21, 2002.

John enjoyed fishing and gardening. He was an avid reader and an excellent cook. He coached his sons' ice hockey teams and formed a garage band with his boys and his brother-in-law, putting on impromptu shows for family and friends.

John is lovingly remembered by his sons; his wife, Kathleen Morey; and his daughter, Monica. His children consider themselves lucky to have been raised by a man who genuinely cared about people and went out of his way to help whether he was on duty or not. It was commonplace for people to stop him on the street to thank him. They keep his memory alive for his five grandchildren who, sadly, never got to meet him.



Remembering



I.D. Rivers

Hillsborough County Fire Rescue – Florida

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: September 22, 2013

Age: 48

Firefighter Iran David “I.D.” Rivers was born on February 7, 1965, and was a lifelong resident of Temple Terrace, Florida. I.D. began his career with Hillsborough County Fire Rescue in 1989, where he served for 24 years. Twenty of those years were spent at Station 6 with his B-Shift family. He deeply cared for all those he came in contact with and always had a big smile and a warm embrace.

I.D. was generous and giving to all with his time and resources, always there to lend a helping hand to anyone in need. Whether you were homeless on the street, or the president of the United States, you would get the same courteous, respectful, kind treatment that I.D. was known for.



I.D. lived up to the highest traditions and standards of a firefighter. His captain said that I.D. made HCFR stand for HONOR, COURAGE, FAMILY, and RESPECT.

I.D. was an avid fisherman and outdoorsman. When he was not on duty, you could find I.D. out on the waters of Tampa Bay. Rarely in life do you get the chance to meet such an outstanding human being, and for those of us who knew I.D., his imprint will be left in our hearts forever.

He is survived by his mother, Janelle Rivers; his brother and sister-in-law, Emerson McCobb and Pam Walker; his nephew, Jason McCobb, wife, Denia, and daughter, Reese; and his life partner, Sharri Dufresne.



Remembering



David Jeff Little

Waycross Fire Department – Georgia

Career Lieutenant

Date of Death: December 15, 2013

Age: 50

Lt. David Jeffrey Little was born in Sylacauga, Alabama, to Isaac Paul and Mary Carter Little on April 19, 1963. He began his public safety career in 1981. After graduating from Sylacauga High School, he attended Trenholm Technical College and obtained his EMT-Paramedic certification working in the private ambulance field.

His fire service began in April 1984 with Childersburg Fire and Rescue, where he started as a fire medic and worked through the ranks. In 1993, he was promoted to captain/emergency medical services director. While in this position, he was responsible for the daily operations of the department's paramedic rescue unit and three advanced life support transport units. He held this position until 1998, when he was moved to the administrative captain/hazardous materials director position. As HAZMAT director, he directed a Level A hazardous materials response team. As training officer he conducted fire and EMS training for the department's career and volunteer firefighters and paramedics, ensuring compliance with state and national continuing education guidelines.

Lt. Little moved to Waycross, Georgia, in November of 2000, when he married Sherry Dianne Hosey Little. He began his career with the Waycross Fire Department in February 2002 as a firefighter and was promoted to driver in 2006. In July 2013, he was promoted to lieu-



tenant and commanded an engine company of three members. In his 32 years of public service, Lt. Little received National Professional Qualifications Board certificates as Firefighter I and II, fire and EMS instructor, fire investigator, and hazardous materials technician. He was a self-contained breathing apparatus specialist, also known as a "smoke diver."

Jeff had one son, David Baker Little, born August 7, 1995. One of Jeff's favorite father-son outings was the two of them spending the day on the lake, teaching fishing skills to his son. They also loved shark fishing on St. Simon's Island. Jeff had two stepsons, Michael and Matthew Grubb, with whom he enjoyed some Alabama Roll Tide Football.

Jeff was a bright spot in everyone's day. He took the negative and made a positive. He was always encouraging and never seemed to let life get him down. When he got his feet knocked out from under him, he just started climbing right back up that ladder and faced life with a smile. He made my heart smile then and now.

Jeff and Dianne celebrated their 13th wedding anniversary on November 10, 2013, and he lost his life on December 15, 2013. Jeff was my friend, my love, my husband, and forever my hero. He died doing what he loved. If I had one wish it would be that I would have met him sooner so I could have loved him longer. RIP, Lt. Jeff Little, my love.



Remembering



Lonnie L. Nutt

Marietta Fire Department – Georgia

Career Firefighter/Engineer
Date of Death: March 7, 2013
Age: 49

Lonnie Lee Nutt, 49 years old, was born in Oklahoma on February 29, 1964. He left his wife, Rosa; his daughter, Cassandra; his parents, Charlotte and Ron Nutt; and his sister, Lori.

Lonnie graduated from Edmond Memorial High School. After that, he studied at the University of Central Oklahoma.

Lonnie had his own plumbing business. In 1989, he joined the Air Force. He worked on the rescue vehicle as a firefighter in Florida until 1992.

He joined the Marietta Fire Department on May 16, 1994, and served with the department for almost 20 years. He worked his way up through the ranks and most recently served as a firefighter/engineer. He worked in the department's investigation team. He had a desire to do inspections and investigations.

Lonnie enjoyed his job. He was aware of its importance. He loved the job so much that he rode in an ambulance on his days off. Lonnie was very good with people and very invested in Marietta. His comrades described him as a man who loved to help, who welcomed everyone with a strong handshake and a big smile, and who was known for his love and devotion to his wife, Rosa, who

made him happier than he had ever been before. It was a good relationship. Lonnie spoke often of Rosa on his job and was proud to bring her to the station to meet his new crew.

Lonnie counted on his other family and the brotherhood of his fire department. With devotion and hard work, he would risk his life to keep the community safe. He was very proud of his career.

Lonnie had a winning personality. He hated losing. His passion was motorcross. Lonnie had many plans. One of his big dreams was to buy an RV and travel the U.S.A. when he retired.

On March 7, 2013, Lonnie was assisting the ambulance paramedics with a stretcher when he suddenly collapsed. Despite his coworkers' attempts to revive him with CPR and ALS for almost one hour, he died while being transported to the hospital.

The Marietta Fire Department was established in 1854, and this was the department's first line-of-duty death experience.

Lonnie will always be missed and loved. He will be in our hearts forever.



Remembering

Dennis James Long

Idaho Department of Lands, Maggie Creek Forest Protective District – Idaho

Contract Firefighter/Equipment Operator

Date of Death: July 8, 2013

Age: 65

Dennis Long was born in Lewiston, Idaho, to Harry and Zelpha Long. He helped his folks run the local coal delivery business. He graduated from Clarkston High School in 1967 and went on to college at LCSC, where he majored in heavy duty diesel and was on the dean's list.

Dennis married the love of his life, Judy Martin, who he had known since they were very young. Dennis and Judy enjoyed 39 years of marriage, and during that time they had two daughters, Janie and Andrea. Dennis provided everything for his family. He worked many jobs and sometimes worked all week, then drove the postal truck for Gerald Bacon, who was one of his best friends. He had many side jobs as well. Anyone that knew Dennis could say he worked hard, and there wasn't anything that couldn't be fixed. He would always figure it out. He worked as a mechanic for Bennett Lumber Company in Clarkston, where he was very well respected by the Bennett and Dimkie family. He also worked for Steelman and Duff for a number of years. Then he went to work for Richard and Rae Swanson's company, S&M Logging, based out of Clarkston. Richard was another of Dennis's best friends, and I don't think there was anything that they wouldn't do for each



other. After Richard passed away a few years back, Dennis remained friends with his son, Mark Swanson, who still runs the business. Dennis enjoyed the lumber industry and worked for other companies as well, but the ones mentioned were his best experiences.

Dennis had one sister, Margret Long, and two brothers, Pat and Dan Long. He enjoyed many hunting and camping trips with his dad and brothers in their youth. Dennis enjoyed the mountains, hiking, hunting, fishing, riding his ATV, and many family camping trips throughout the northwest. He enjoyed just sitting in his pickup watching the clouds pass over him as he watched the sun rise or set. He took it all in and enjoyed every minute of it.

Dennis would volunteer to do just about anything. If someone called and they needed a hand, no matter what, he was there for his friends. One of his friends, John Mallory, said Dennis was the most honest person he had ever known. He worked hard and gave too much of his time away. He never charged enough, but the way Dennis looked at it, he was helping a friend. They had families, too, and he knew if he gave them a break, more work would follow later on. He was respected by all for his honesty and hard work.



Remembering



Mark T. Urban

Bureau of Land Management, Boise Smokejumpers – Idaho

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: September 27, 2013

Age: 40

Mark T. Urban (1973–2013) was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, to Tom and Pam Urban. He graduated from the University of Massachusetts—Amherst with a degree in building materials and wood technologies. After college, Mark served in the Massachusetts Air National Guard for eight years as an A-10 mechanic.

Mark began his career as a wildland firefighter in 1999, working for the U.S. Forest Service in California. In 2001, the Black Mountain Hotshot Crew, an elite firefighting crew known for its hard work ethic, brought Mark into its ranks. Mark's positive attitude and toughness made him a natural fit.

In 2003, Mark continued his firefighting career with the Boise BLM



Smokejumpers. Once again Mark excelled, rising to the challenge of parachuting into wildland fires.

Mark served as a BLM smokejumper for 11 years. He was appointed lead rookie trainer, passing on his attention to detail, firefighting prowess, and leadership skills to incoming recruits. In 2012, Mark was promoted to a smokejumper spotter position. Mark's positive impact upon the Boise BLM Smokejumper Program will be felt for many years to come.

Mark leaves behind his loving wife, Rebecca, his parents, sister, extended family, and brethren in the wildland firefighting community. Mark will be remembered for his adventurous spirit, his unquestionable integrity, and his great enthusiasm for life.



Remembering



Christopher Reed Brown

Hudson Community Fire Protection District – Illinois

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: March 5, 2013

Age: 39

Christopher Reed Brown—husband, father, son, brother, friend, and mentor. If you knew him well, hearing his name alone would bring a smile to your face. Speaking of smiles, his was infectious. He possessed so many good qualities. To know him was to love him.

Chris's love for firefighting began at a young age. His great-grandfather and uncle were both firefighters. He began as a volunteer in Peoria Heights, followed by the Morton Fire Department. His career was with the Bloomington, Illinois, Fire Department for 12 years, and he was a volunteer in Hudson, where he lived.

Chris's positive attitude and practical approach to life made him a beacon of light for those who had a hard time seeing through the storm. He was a "cut to the chase" kind of person. Complaints were hard for Chris to hear; he was all about helping you think it through and find a solution.

Even though his household projects seldom got completed, his family's needs were always met. He had a "can-do" attitude...as long as he had his iPhone, internet, and friends to tell him how he could do it! No project was too big, and no need too small. Helping others brought Chris so much joy. His selfless heart was just a small part of a much larger person.

A devoted husband and model father, the core of Chris's world was Amie, Maxwell, and Mason. When Chris



and Amie got married, they were up and running with their feet never touching the ground. Through hard work and determination, they managed to turn the American dream into a reality, creating an almost perfect environment for their children in a less than perfect world. From Boy Scouts to hockey, coaching a team or leading the pack, Chris devoted everything he had to doing the absolute best he could do. Chris was very proud of his family. You could see it on his face every time he looked at them. Chris was passionate about the whole family being close and involved with each other. Even in death he has accomplished that goal. The family has taken several trips together and will continue to do so annually.

Chris loved the outdoors, especially camping, fishing, and boating. He led a full life and was always on the move. Juggling a busy schedule that involved his kids' athletics, family outings, work, back rubs for his wife, and maybe a little time for that ever growing list of projects that we all loved to tease him about.

There is no question that the day Chris died forever changed all of our lives. The 39 years he spent on this earth were so positive, so impactful, so...Chris, that he will live on in our good deeds, hearts, and laughter forever.



Remembering



Arlie “Pooh” Hill III

Whitley City Fire Department – Kentucky

Volunteer Lieutenant

Date of Death: October 27, 2013

Age: 37

We all have friends, but have you ever asked yourself what exactly is a friend? According to the Merriam-Webster Dictionary, a friend is defined as someone who you like and enjoy being with; a person who helps or supports someone or something. A friend is someone who is attached to another by affection or esteem, one that is not hostile, and one who is a favored companion.

On November 7, 1975, one of the greatest friends a person could have was born into the world. Lt. Arlie Hill III, better known as “Pooh,” was born in Somerset, Kentucky, to Arlie Hill, Jr. and Ruth (Foster) Hill. On March 11, 2000, he was united in marriage to Sharen (Hamlin) Hill. Together they had two children, Arlie “Kyle” Hill and Taylor Grace Hill.

Pooh was a unique person who never met a stranger, but was always making a friend. He could turn anyone’s day around with a simple joke or remark. Those who knew him instantly loved him. Pooh made a career as a CNA for the Southfork Medical Clinic and volunteered for the Whitley City Fire Department for over 12 years. He enjoyed helping his community and was well known for being involved in helping those around him.

During his time with the fire department, Pooh was involved in several activities and received numer-



ous training certificates as a first responder through both the fire department and EMS. Pooh was the guy in the crowd that just made life better. Many can recall the stress and pressure of training, and Pooh would immediately find the light of the situation, turning any bad time into a more relaxed one. He had pride about making others laugh by poking fun or teasing.

The people of McCreary County quickly learned Pooh’s sense of humor when he began working in the medical field through SouthFork, as well as McCreary EMS, when he was training to become an EMT. Patients recall their visits into the triage office where Pooh was the friendly face that made the experience one that everyone remembered. He thought if he wasn’t giving you a hard time and making you smile, he wasn’t doing his job.

Although he was a fantastic person within his community, Pooh’s pride and joy was within his home. He loved nothing more than spending time with his family and his children. Pooh was an avid outdoorsman. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, and riding his motorcycle with his kids. Pooh was a laid back person, never sweating the small stuff, but enjoying everything life had to offer. He was a simple man and content being who he was, a friend that we all miss and love dearly.



Remembering



Clyde R. Farmer

Caddo Parish Fire District No. 8 – Louisiana

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: April 23, 2013

Age: 73

Clyde Ray Farmer, most well-known as PawPaw to everyone, was born April 22, 1940. He attended Caddo Community School in Ida, Louisiana, and finished his high school years at North Caddo high in Vivian, Louisiana. He worked hard all of his life in the oilfield to provide for his family, all the way up to the day he retired.

On June 23, 1961, he married his high school sweetheart. He was a devoted husband, father, PawPaw, and most of all a man of God. In his early years at his church he was the music director. Later on he became a deacon. He was truly an example to follow! As a father he was the best, always teaching his son right from wrong, but it didn't stop there. Both his grandson, Garrett Ray Farmer, and his granddaughter, Ashley Elizabeth Farmer, learned many things from him.



Hunting and fishing were his favorite hobbies until his grandson, Garrett, talked him into becoming a volunteer firefighter. With his grandson being a professional firefighter it was a big encouragement to him. He didn't stop there either! After a year or so he became a board member for Caddo Fire District 8.

There are no words to express the love for God and family that Clyde Farmer had. He never met a stranger, and if you were one, it wouldn't be long before you would call him a friend. I have to say, as his son I had the best dad, friend, teacher, and most of all a true example of what it takes to be a man.

From the family of Clyde Ray "PawPaw" Farmer, we love you and miss you every day. Until we see you again, Rest In Peace.



Remembering



Steven Anthony Hester

New Orleans Fire Department – Louisiana

Career Captain

Date of Death: August 1, 2010

Age: 40

Steven Anthony Hester joined the New Orleans Fire Department in 1992, beginning his career as a firefighter at age 22. He was born December 26, 1969, to the late Rose M. Boguille, and grew up in New Orleans. He served in the U.S. Navy, where he was trained in aircraft and shipboard firefighting.

With the NOFD for 18 years, Steven was skilled and ready for action when responding to emergencies. He had a natural talent for his profession and was named 1993 Fireman of the Year by the American Legion for saving a young boy from drowning. Over his career, he received two Awards for Valor from the New Orleans Firefighters Association, a Special Recognition Award from the Veterans of Foreign Affairs of the United States, and a Certificate of Commendation from the American Legion.

A man of strength and great courage, Steven served unwaveringly when Hurricane Katrina devastated New Orleans in 2005 and independently initiated rescue and evacuation of citizens after being released from duty. He received a Hurricane Katrina Commendation from the NOFD for his actions. Years later, a woman stopped Steven on the street to thank him for saving her life during the storm, saying she could never forget him. He was promoted to captain in 2010, earning one of the top scores on the test. He spent the majority of his career at Engine 21, also Engine 18, and as captain at Engine 39.



Six of Steven's closest cousins are also with the NOFD, and they'd regularly go fishing on their off days. He felt fishing calmed him after being on duty. Once, when his daughter was six months old, he caught a sheep-head fish that was bigger than she was! Steven also enjoyed watching the Saints play football, BBQing, dancing, playing video games, and watching movies. He attended church regularly.

Nicknamed "The Rock," Steven had a quiet passion about him. Steadfast and stoic, focused and determined, he looked at life philosophically like the lyrics in the song "My Way." He was well-liked and respected by his fellow firefighters and always had a joke, a look, or an entertaining story to tell. Like so many of our bravest and most heroic, he never thought he deserved accolades for what he did on the job, but was a man worthy of tribute.

Steven's death is a great loss to many, but his beautiful daughter, Aenea, misses him most. His wife, Kylia, finds a reason to smile in the laughter and happiness of their daughter. He is also survived by his in-laws, many family, friends, and colleagues of the NOFD.

Steven responded fearlessly and with bravery whenever called for duty. He lived life his way. May his life and good deeds speak for him and remain in our hearts forever.



Remembering



David R. Barr Jr.

Community Fire Company of Perryville – Maryland

Volunteer Fire Police Captain
Date of Death: November 7, 2013
Age: 64

David joined the Water Witch Fire Company of Port Deposit, Maryland at age 16 and was a life member. One of the department's first EMTs, he served as ambulance captain from 1975-1977 and ambulance secretary treasurer in 1978-1979. He could often be found in the food trailer at the company's carnivals, flipping burgers and making pizza. He worked with fire prevention programs in schools and with the elderly.

David became a federal firefighter at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Perry Point in 1970 and was promoted to lieutenant in 1985. He retired from the Department of Veterans Affairs Fire Department in 2004, after 34 years of dedicated service to our nation's veterans. He received numerous achievement awards for his service protecting those who had protected us.

David loved and appreciated the veterans, working with veterans' organizations at the V.A. and in the community. He was active with the Sons of the American Legion Squadron 135 of Perryville, where he served as SAL commander. David worked at carnivals, served dinners at the post home, and helped raise funds to support veterans.

In 2000, David joined the Community Fire Company of Perryville. He provided fire ground safety and protection for firefighters operating at the scenes of emergencies. Day or night, in any type of weather, David was on the scene providing a refuge for the crews. Often over-



looked, these members of the fire department are usually the first to arrive and the last to leave, providing a blanket of security for those on the scene. David was serving as captain when he answered his final alarm.

Family was the most important part of David's life. He coached his sons' Little League baseball teams and provided medical support for the Little League and high school football teams. As a member of the Perryville High School Booster Club, he helped raise funds for scholastic and athletic programs. Family vacations were always a high priority for David. Highlights included a trip to the Football Hall of Fame with his father-in-law, taking his youngest grandsons on their first airplane trip, to Lake Tahoe, California, and watching his oldest learn to ski on the slopes of Massanutten, Virginia.

On October 25, 2013, David was struck by a passing motorist while directing traffic at an accident scene. He died on November 7, 2013. The citizens of Cecil County lost a faithful volunteer who offered aid and assistance for 47 years. The entire Cecil County fire services community suffered a great loss and will never forget David's contributions to each organization he served.

David is survived by Donna, his wife of 41 years; two sons, David R. III (Nikki), Cecil County paramedic, and John R. (Rachel), communications operator for the Department of Defense Aberdeen Proving Ground; and seven grandchildren.



Remembering



Gene Meir Kirchner

Baltimore County Fire Department, Reisterstown Volunteer Fire Company – Maryland

Volunteer Firefighter
Date of Death: May 2, 2013
Age: 25

Firefighter/EMT Gene Kirchner of the Reisterstown Volunteer Fire Company died on May 2, 2013, eight days after he was critically injured while fighting a house fire and attempting to rescue a resident of the building.

Although he was only 25 at the time, Gene had been associated with the Reisterstown Volunteer Fire Company for nearly a decade, having joined the company's ranks as a junior firefighter at the age of 16. Two years later, he officially became a volunteer firefighter/EMT. In his tenure, Gene had responded to more than 3,000 emergency calls, earning top responder status multiple years.

Gene was born August 22, 1987, in Israel. He was a 2006 graduate of Owings Mills High School, where he lettered in cross country and track, and was an all-county band selection. After graduation, he attended the University of Advancing Technology in Phoenix, Arizona.



Among his family and friends, Gene is remembered as a fun uncle, the family peacemaker, and a hero. The dependable young man enjoyed spending time with his mom. He was a dedicated friend who had a big heart and whose smile lit up a room. He enjoyed playing video games and watching movies, but above all he enjoyed serving his community.

In addition to his volunteer job, Firefighter Kirchner worked as a dispatch controller and EMT for Butler Medical Transport.

Gene Kirchner is survived by his parents, Paulette and Gene; his siblings, April, Shelly, and twin brother Will; his three nieces and one nephew; two brothers-in-law; and many aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends.

Gene was a dedicated firefighter, and his colleagues note that when he responded to a call, he was on a mission to save lives, not just to put out a fire. It was that dedication that earned him the department's Medal of Honor, which was awarded posthumously.



Remembering



John T. Austin

City of Quincy Fire Department – Massachusetts

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: July 8, 2013

Age: 37

John T. Austin was a son, grandson, father, nephew, cousin, and friend who made us proud of his accomplishments and unselfish acts of kindness. He always gave 100% to being a Marine and firefighter, placing others before himself. When a fellow student was bullied or lost their way in life, John was known to step in to help.

He was a member of the City of Quincy Fire Department for 11 years. He especially enjoyed work-



ing at Engine 5. John was born in Boston and grew up in Quincy, Massachusetts, which introduced him to our country's history and fostered a love of politics. He loved having lively discussions with his fellow firefighters or anyone in his company, taking the side of either a Republican or Democrat depending on the opposing view.

He is survived by his parents, John and Lillian Austin; his sister, Jane; his fiancée, Kari Brown; and his son, John W. Austin.



Remembering



David A. Brier

Middleboro Fire Department – Massachusetts

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: July 22, 2013

Age: 50

David A. Brier was born on September 27, 1962, and grew up in Plympton, Massachusetts. David was passionate about many things and seemed to excel at them all, as he was a perfectionist. That perfectionist's attitude followed him into the fire service. Dave joined the Middleboro Fire Department in September of 1998 and started his 15-year career as a firefighter/EMIT-I. Shortly after joining, he attended the Mass Firefighting Academy classes and was trained and certified in as many areas of expertise as he could find. Dave was also a licensed plumber and worked at 1-800 Board Up in his down time from the fire department. He was always very dedicated to anything he chose to do.



For David, if it had to be done, then it needed to be done the right way. He knew that knowledge was the power to succeed, and he had a thirst for it. Dave was a hands-on firefighter and took his job very seriously. He knew that, more than being just a career, he had a duty to perform to the best of his abilities. He was the kind of firefighter that you felt comfortable working beside and was a true "brother" to his

fellow firefighters. Dave had an abundance of energy and was affectionately referred to by some as "Ricochet Rabbit."

Dave was a loving husband and found his soul mate in his wife, Wendy. Perhaps his first and greatest devotion was to her, as they shared every possible moment together exploring the world's great treasures. He enjoyed spending as much time with his grandchildren as he could. He was clearly the type of friend a friend would like to have, in that he was always available to help those in need.

David enjoyed being outdoors. He was an avid and ethical outdoorsman and understood the balances of nature in respect to living in harmony with it.

The department, as well as the community, suffered a great loss when David passed, and it will be difficult to replace the boots he filled. His memory will never be forgotten, as he touched all of us in some way. He wore many hats in life. At times he helped fill the firehouse with humor, but when the call came in and the firefighting hat went on, he was all business. He will be greatly missed.



Remembering



Richard D. Mingoelli

Boston Fire Department – Massachusetts

Career Lieutenant

Date of Death: August 6, 1999

Age: 44

Richard D. Mingoelli was born in Brighton, Massachusetts, on November 30, 1954. He was one of four children of Richard and Vincenza Mingoelli. He graduated from Franklin Institute in Boston and sought further training and employment as an EMT prior to becoming a firefighter.

He became a proud member of the Boston Fire Department in 1985 and an active participant in Local 718. He served on several active engine and ladder companies over his years of service and was a lieutenant on Ladder 10 at the time of his death. Richard was a dedicated and highly respected officer in his firehouse. He had all the great qualities of a team leader and was appreciated and admired by all the firefighters with whom he worked. He always worked alongside his men, protected them, and served as a wonderful mentor and role model.

His easygoing manner, patience, and gentle smile brought comfort to all he met. He was a member of several Boston Fire Department sports teams, including the hockey and golf teams. He was an excellent athlete and enjoyed participating in team competitions and events. He was an untiring and talented instructor



and coach. Lt. Mingoelli was also an accomplished cook, well known for his sauces and special recipes, and enjoyed making meals for his company. He had an interest in computer programming and repair and had taken additional training in these fields. He enjoyed teaching computer skills to other members of his department and assisting with computer repairs and programming for his firehouse.

Richard Mingoelli was a devoted husband, father, son, brother, and friend—a tribute to his family and to his chosen profession of Boston firefighter. His greatest love was that of his family, and they adored him in return. Lt. Mingoelli married his high school sweetheart, Anne Marie Sweeney, in 1984 and became the proud and loving father of twins, Brian and Jenna, in 1995. He was devoted to his family. He enjoyed traveling, cooking, and spending time with his extended family and many friends. He impressed all he met with his knowledge, compassion, respect, and dedication to his job and family.

Richard Mingoelli made a lasting impression on everyone he met and will live forever in the lives of all he touched.



Remembering



Nathaniel C. Fruin

Mattawan Fire District – Michigan

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: February 26, 2013

Age: 22

Nathaniel was born February 10, 1991, in Kalamazoo Michigan, the second of three children, and was raised on his parents' grape farm in Mattawan, Michigan. Nathan had a thirst for life like no one else. He never let grass grow under his feet; he was always moving forward to experience everything life had to offer. Growing up, Nathan never had a moment's trouble making friends. He introduced himself to everyone and asked if they'd like to be his friend. Nathan was the comedian of his family, always making everyone laugh and smile.

Nathan graduated from Mattawan High School in May 2009. He received his firefighter certification shortly after graduation and became a volunteer firefighter with the Mattawan Fire Department. While exploring his options for a lifetime career, he worked as a logistics coordinator and social media director for a local trucking company. He was in the process of rebuilding his employer's website and updating their training videos and photography for their marketing department.

Nathan's love for computers and photography was evident; he always had a camera and video camera close at hand. He was setting up a helmet video camera system for the fire department to use for training videos and had set up the computer system in all of the department's fire trucks. Nathan was teaching a local businessman the finer points of editing film for his murder mystery cruises. He was always assisting a friend or family mem-



ber in computer and smart phone repair. Nathan was very involved in the technical program at the local high school, assisting with various theatre and musical productions. He had just completed his first year as technical director for the high school's musical production at the time of his death. Naturally drawn to music and the fine arts, he played trombone in middle and high school and taught himself to play saxophone, oboe, and piano. He was never too far from his guitar; during rare free moments, he would take out his guitar to bring his music alive.

Nathan was very well known and respected by his community and his peers. He had a difficult time telling someone no and was on the go constantly helping others through firefighting, teaching, working, or playing. He moved from one project to another with very little time for himself. His giving was unselfish and with love.

He leaves behind his loving parents, Charles and Linda; his two best friends, sister Sarah and brother Alex; and his adoring grandparents, Lucinda Barnes-Boven, James (JoAnne) Boven, and Phyllis Fruin. He is also survived by his uncles, Mark (Penny) Boven and David (Kim) Fruin, and his close cousins, Christopher (Grace) Fruin, Grace Boven, and Jacob Boven.

Nathan's loss to his family, friends, and community continues to be felt by all.



Remembering



Brian A. Woehlke

Wayne-Westland Fire Department – Michigan

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: May 8, 2013

Age: 29

Brian A. Woehlke was born July 27, 1983, in Detroit, Michigan, to parents William and Elizabeth. He grew up having a special bond with his grandfather, who was a firefighter in his hometown, and always strived to follow in his foot-steps since childhood.

Brian excelled athletically from a young age. He was able to share his love of soccer with his three older brothers and spent many of those precious family moments with his father who coached him. Brian loved being around friends and family. In his spare time he enjoyed golfing and looked forward to University of Michigan football games. With his signature “Woehlke Smile” and most original dance moves, it was hard not to fall in love with the person he grew to be.

In 2002, Brian met his wife, Jennifer. There was no happier moment for the two than in 2012 when their beautiful daughter, Ava, was born. Brian loved nothing



more in this world than his family and his faith. There wasn't a day at work where one of the guys didn't hear about one of baby Ava's milestones. Brian was a sincerely proud father and husband. Ava and Jennifer were truly the drive and support behind Brian's being.

Brian worked hard to achieve his dream of becoming a husband, father and a fireman. In 2012, he was hired with the Wayne-Westland Fire Department. Brian served as a firefighter and by being the positive catalyst that assisted in merging the two fire departments. It was apparent that Brian loved firefighting and always mentioned how he loved the “human element” of being a paramedic. His personality was bigger than life and left a memorable impact on everyone he came in contact with. His last call was May 8, 2013, while courageously battling a strip mall fire.

His pride and memory live on through his family and friends.



Remembering



Matthew Charles Frantz

Rice Lake Township Volunteer Fire Department – Minnesota

Volunteer Chief

Date of Death: December 9, 2013

Age: 42

*M*att Frantz, the second of four boys, was born June 8, 1971, in St. Paul, Minnesota. Later, his family moved back to Duluth, where he remained until his death.

As a child, Matt would listen to the stories his grandfather would tell about his career as a firefighter for the Air National Guard and later a founding member and chief of the Rice Lake Volunteer Fire Department. It was at a young age that he developed a passion for firefighting and knew that this was what he truly wanted to do in life.

Matt served in the U.S. Army from 1991 to 1993, during which time he served abroad in Korea. He later served as a reservist in the Army National Guard, achieving the rank of sergeant and retiring in 1999.

Matt attended Lake Superior College School of Fire Technology and Administration and began working for UPS as a local sorter, later becoming a full-time delivery driver.

We met in early 1995, and in August of 1998 we were married. In 1999, he adopted our oldest daughter and we had our second daughter. He was so proud of his girls and loved spending time with them.



We moved to Rice Lake Township in 2000, and Matt joined the volunteer fire department soon after. In 2009, Matt was elected chief and held the position up until the time of his death.

He had a deep passion for this particular organization and cause, and all who knew him could see it. Some of his closest and dearest friendships were formed with the men and women he fought fires with. He was a dedicated chief and wanted every member to feel that they were a part of something special, part of a family.

Matt was a do-it-yourselfer and was proud of the home he built for us. If he didn't know how to do something he played around with it until he succeeded. He loved fishing, hunting, and camping and absolutely loved to do these things with his family, especially our daughters.

Since the girls were little, we took our annual family trip to Applefest in Bayfield, Wisconsin. This was one of his favorite things to do. You could always tell when something was coming up that he loved to do; he would talk about it endlessly for weeks before. Get him around a campfire, and you'd be up all night!

These are just a few of the things that will be difficult to continue without him, but we will, because we know that he will be with us no matter what.

Remembering

Kevin L. Johnson

Mississippi Air National Guard, Combat Readiness Training Center – Mississippi

Career Master Sergeant

Date of Death: April 6, 2012

Age: 50

*M*Sgt Kevin L. Johnson died in the line of duty on April 6, 2012, while fighting a brush fire at the Air to Ground Range, Camp Shelby, Mississippi. MSgt Johnson served his country honorably, serving in both the United States Navy and the Mississippi Air National Guard, assigned to the Combat Readiness Training Center, Gulfport, Mississippi. A 22-year Air National Guard veteran, he served in numerous positions. He had been in charge of the Air-Ground Range at Camp Shelby as its top non-commissioned officer.



Kevin was born in Flint, Michigan, and lived in McHenry, Mississippi. He was an extremely loving and devoted family man. He enjoyed competition pistol matches, played bass guitar, was learning to play the cello, and was always ready for a good game of golf. Kevin had a wonderful sense of humor and will be sorely missed by his family, coworkers, and friends.

He is survived by his wife and two daughters.



Remembering



Mickey L. Yates

Greenfield Volunteer Fire Department – Mississippi

Volunteer Chief

Date of Death: July 6, 2013

Age: 47

Chief Mickey L. Yates, 47, died in a motor vehicle accident while responding to the scene of an earlier accident on July 6, 2013. He served as chief of Greenfield Volunteer Fire Department for 23 years. He was passionate, hardworking, and dedicated to the department. He spent countless hours working to get necessary equipment and make the department stronger.

A resident of Decatur, Mississippi, he was an active member of Sand Springs Baptist Church. He was remembered as a good Christian and a devoted

family man. He enjoyed the outdoors and loved to fish, hunt, camp, and work on his farm.

He is survived by his wife, Karla Yates; four children, Tyler Yates, Zach Yates, Kaylee Yates, and Brandon Yates; and three stepchildren, Julie Thompson, Joshua Thompson, and Christopher Green. Also surviving are his mother, Nancy Yates Thorne, and her husband, Curtis; two stepbrothers, Wendell and Chris Thorne; stepsister, LeeAnn Henry; and several nieces, nephews, and other family members.





Remembering



Matthew D. Blankenship

Marshfield Fire Protection District – Missouri

Volunteer Lieutenant

Date of Death: July 20, 2013

Age: 38

On July 13, 2013, while fighting a structure fire, Matt and his partner were briefly trapped in the building. Rescued by fellow firefighters after his partner made it out, Matt suffered severe burns and was airlifted to Mercy Hospital Burn Center in Springfield, Missouri. He passed away on July 20, 2013.

Matt was born May 5, 1975, to Bruce and Flecia Blankenship, the oldest of three boys. Known as the daredevil, Matt would try anything once. His brothers looked up to him for his physical strength and his strength of character. His fondest childhood memories were of hunting, fishing, and spending time with family. At age 14, Matt started working at the local quarry. He always had the desire to work, and helping others was in his blood. Matt graduated from Marshfield High School in 1993, following in his dad's footsteps to become a diesel technician. He worked at Peterbilt of Springfield for 20 years, where he loved hearing the engine fire up after being in pieces just hours before.

Matt joined the Marshfield Fire Department in April 2009. He said, "I wish I would have started this a long time ago. I feel like I have wasted my life not helping others." By November 2009, he was promoted to engineer. He was awarded Rookie of the Year and then Firefighter of the Year in 2010. Matt became a certified



first responder, Fire 1 & 2, HAZMAT awareness and instructor. Matt always had a smile on his face and led by example. Chief (Hobo) Jeter said, "Matt was the kind of firefighter that, if I told him to paint the firehouse red with a toothbrush, he would have done it, done it right, and never complained."

Although Matt was shy, he easily became close with his fellow firefighters, whom he thought of as his second family. He worked closely with the cadets, including his daughter Brooke, providing positive instruction and reinforcement. You could count on Matt to share his honest opinion, followed by a handshake or a warm hug. He was genuine and truly cared.

Matt's greatest passion was his family. He was a devoted husband to Amanda for 17 years and a loving father to Brooke, Megan, and Dylan. His love for them radiated.

It was important to him to be a good provider and instill good values in his kids. He never left without kissing them goodbye and tucked them in every night. He worked in the yard with his son and played dolls with his girls. Strong in his faith, he was a youth leader and Sunday school teacher who loved those kids as if they were his own.

Matt was a loving and devoted husband, father, son, brother, and friend. His teachings, values, and memories live in the hearts of many.



Remembering



Harold B. Hollingsworth

Fort Osage Fire Protection District – Missouri

Career Assistant Chief

Date of Death: April 7, 2013

Age: 47

Harold Hollingsworth found his calling in life at an early age. Harold's career began in 1986 with the 110th Combat Engineers with the Missouri Army National Guard. He started his fire and emergency medical service career in the city of Lexington, Missouri, as a volunteer firefighter and emergency medical technician in 1988.

In 1997, Harold joined the ranks at Fort Osage Fire Protection District as a firefighter paramedic. In his sixteen years with the Fort Osage Fire Protection District, Harold held the rank of firefighter paramedic, fire specialist, captain, and assistant chief of operations. He served as union vice president of Local 3133 of the IAFF during his rank of captain with Fort Osage Fire.

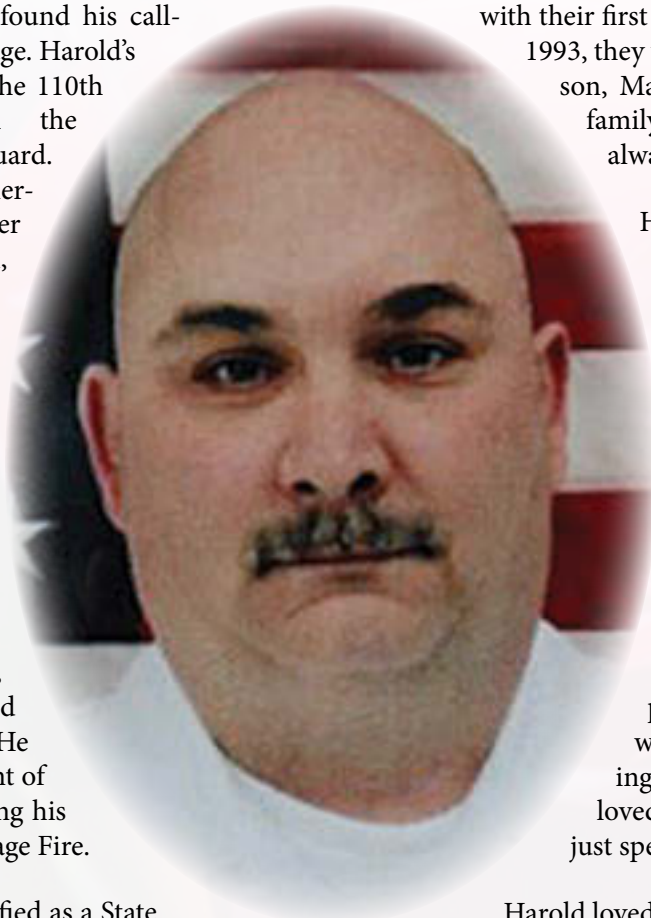
Harold was trained and certified as a State of Missouri fire investigator, fire instructor, and fire inspector.

On November 17, 1990, Harold married the love of his life, Allison. On November 25, 1992, they were blessed

with their first son, Nathan. On December 6, 1993, they were blessed with their second son, Matthew. Harold made sure his family was his first priority and was always there for them.

Harold was a loving and devoted father, very involved with all aspects of Nathan and Matthew's lives. He helped both of them achieve the rank of Eagle Scout. Every summer he would spend ten days with them at Boy Scout camp, where he earned the rank of honorary warrior in the Tribe of Mic-O-Say. He helped coach them in all sports they participated in. If his sons were participating in an activity, he was there with them, supporting and encouraging them. He loved going fishing with them and just spending time with "his boys."

Harold loved his family. He loved his country. He loved his career. He loved helping people, and he loved life. He made an impact on everyone he came in contact with. He is greatly missed by his family, friends, co-workers, and his community. He will never be forgotten.





Remembering



James B. Clark

Bedford Fire Department – New Hampshire

Career Lieutenant

Date of Death: April 11, 2013

Age: 56

James B. Clark was born in Batavia, New York, in 1957, the son of Richard and Ruth (Preston) Clark. He was educated in Goffstown Public Schools and graduated from Bishop Brady High School in Concord, New Hampshire in 1975. He was captain of the cross country team at Plymouth State College and he graduated with a B.A. in 1979. He maintained his love of running throughout his life, bringing home many trophies and awards. He coordinated the Hershey Track program in Goffstown, New Hampshire, for many years, earning him the Clint Robinson Recreation Department Award. He also coached the spring track program at Mount Zion Christian Schools in Manchester, New Hampshire. He was an active member of Bethany Covenant Church in Bedford, New Hampshire, working with the youth group and teaching Sunday school classes. He was also a ready hand at any work project involving the church, community, or school property.

Jim's love of farm life was well known in the area. He grew up on the family farm, helping with the milking and showing cows at state fairs. As a young adult, he was working out west at ski areas when he was called home suddenly at the time of his father's death. He continued the farming by raising beef cows and sheep. During this



time, he felt called to volunteer at the local fire station as an EMT and was soon hired as a full-time firefighter. He received the Cooperator of the Year Award in 2009 from Hillsborough County (NH) Conservation District for Outstanding Work Applying Best Management Practices for Forestry.

He first worked as a firefighter in Goffstown. In 1987, he moved to the Bedford Fire Department, where he worked until his death. He attained the rank of lieutenant, obtained many certifications, and taught numerous classes to other firefighters and EMTs.

He also was a talented artist and wrote poetry. His pictures and poems reflected the many aspects of his life and continue to bring enjoyment to all.

Jim was a devoted father to his two daughters, Stephanie and Allison, both of Goffstown. They were the joy of his life and brought happiness to his days. In addition to his daughters, he is survived by his mother, Ruth, of Goffstown; his fiancée, Sue Sexton, of Milford, NH; two brothers, Richard (Janice), of Deerfield, NH, and John (Maureen) of Plymouth, NH; and two sisters, Eleanor King (Michael), of Goffstown, and Elizabeth (David) Clark, of West Richland, Washington. He is survived by many loved nieces, nephews and cousins.



Remembering



David C. Lidke

Hightstown Engine Company #1 – New Jersey

Volunteer Fire Police Lieutenant
Date of Death: December 23, 2013
Age: 51

David Charles Lidke was born on January 22, 1962, in Trenton, New Jersey, and was a lifelong resident of Hightstown, New Jersey. He sadly passed away in the line of duty on Monday, December 23, 2013.

David was a Graduate of Hightstown High School and worked full time as a maintenance man for a local apartment complex for 25 years.

David also was a dedicated volunteer for the Hightstown Fire Company #1 since January of 2000 and a member of the Mercer County Fire Police. David



worked his way up the ladder to lieutenant fire police and donated all his time to the fire company. The fire house was David's second home and family. He was well known by all the local residents for selling Christmas trees in the front of the fire house and was always seen sitting on the front of the fire truck waiting for a call.

David loved what he did, and you would always see him laughing. He would help in any way he could and religiously donated to the Red Cross. David spent as much time with his family as he could and loved them very much.



Remembering



Jeffrey Scheuerer

New Jersey Forest Fire Service – New Jersey

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: March 28, 2013

Age: 35

Jeff Scheuerer wore his Readington Fire Company uniform with pride. He died on March 28, 2013, while on the job as a fireman with the New Jersey Forest Fire Service. He had deep Hunterdon roots as a longtime resident of Raritan Township and as an active volunteer with the Readington Volunteer Fire Company, possibly since his high school days at Hunterdon Central.

Born in Framingham, Massachusetts, he was the son of Thomas and Barbara Scheuerer of Cumming, Georgia. Jeff lived in Whitehouse Station before moving to Flemington. He was a 1996 graduate of Hunterdon Central Regional High School.



Jeff was a 21-year member of the Readington Fire Company and served as a lieutenant and safety officer. He was also a district warden with the New Jersey Forest Fire Service, Division A, Section 8, since 2007.

Besides his parents, Jeff is survived by his brother, David Scheuerer, and his wife, Kate, of Tybee, Georgia, and his niece, Lauren. He is also survived by his paternal grandfather, Thomas Scheuerer; his uncles, James Knox and his wife, Barbara Anne, and Robert Scheuerer and his wife, Terri; his aunts, Valerie Hughes and her husband, Michael, and Diane Keagins and her husband, Jim, and many cousins.



Remembering



Token M. Adams

USDA Forest Service, Santa Fe National Forest – New Mexico

Career Captain

Date of Death: September 6, 2013

Age: 41

First off, I'm just going to say that my husband, Token Adams, was an amazing person. He was an engine captain for the Santa Fe National Forest, with the Jemez Springs Ranger District. He had always protected others, whether it was serving in the U.S. Navy or fighting wildland fires. Token was one of the least selfish people I have ever met, always thinking about others before himself.

He was very well known and liked by everyone in the community. He loved the Pueblo food, and I'm pretty sure he stopped in there every day for lunch! Token loved to joke and play, but was also very professional when he



needed to be. He always strived to be better, never taking shortcuts and always working hard for what we had. His family was his number one. We would always do something as a family on his days off, whether it was going to lunch or just for a drive. He was a very dedicated husband and father. He would tell me every night that he loved me, and would prove it every day.

Unfortunately, at the young age of 41, the man upstairs decided he needed another angel. I know Token is always around and watching over us. I see him every day in our children.



Remembering



Daniel Alan Davidson

USDA Forest Service, Sacramento Ranger District – New Mexico

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: May 5, 2013

Age: 26

Daniel Alan Davidson was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas, on April 3, 1987, son of James E. and Cynthia L. Davidson. He was the youngest of four children, brother to Joseph Davidson, Sarah McMahan, and Nicky Davidson. He attended elementary school in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and graduated from Westview High School in Martin, Tennessee. An excellent athlete who excelled in baseball during his school years, Dan was an avid lover of all things related to the Kansas City Chiefs and Jayhawks.

Dan enlisted in the United States Army on March 27, 2008. Like his father and brother before him, Dan joined the 3rd Infantry Battalion and served as a combat infantryman with the 10th Mountain Division at Fort Polk, Louisiana. He deployed to Baghdad, Iraq, from July 2008 through January 2009, in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom, and to Wardak Province, Afghanistan, from November 2010 through November 2011, in support of Operation Enduring Freedom. Daniel was honorably discharged from the Army in February 2012, with the rank of specialist, and returned home to Tennessee.

Home and family always had his heart. He was pursuing a bachelor's degree at the University of Tennessee. However, when his fiancée, Terrah Eads, told him of a soon to be second child, he placed his degree on hold in order to sup-



port his growing family, including son Tyler and unborn daughter Madelynn. In April 2013, Daniel accepted the position of wildland firefighter with the United States Forest Service on Engine 621 of the Sacramento Ranger District. On May 5, 2013, Daniel returned to his Lord Jesus Christ while working with two other engine crew members during a Forest Service project in Monument Springs, New Mexico.

If you knew Dan, you have to smile when you think about him. Dan didn't walk into a room; he bounced. Full of life and larger than it, too, Dan stood 6'4" when slouching! If you look up the word "escapades" in the dictionary, there was Dan's picture. You could never be mad at him more than a minute, because in the next minute you would be laughing.

Dan had an enormous amount of love for others. He always looked out for others and would go to their aid if possible. He was a defender of the weak. He couldn't stand to see suffering. Helping others was something he looked forward to when working with the Forest Service. To quote Dan, "Unlike the Army, no one is shooting at me." The cause of Dan's death was dilated cardiomyopathy, an enlarged heart. This couldn't be more fitting to Dan, a man whose heart was so full of love. A source of constant laughter and love, Daniel Alan Davidson is desperately missed by all. There is no one else on this earth like him.



Remembering



Danny A. Gomez

Bureau of Indian Affairs, Northern Pueblos Agency – New Mexico

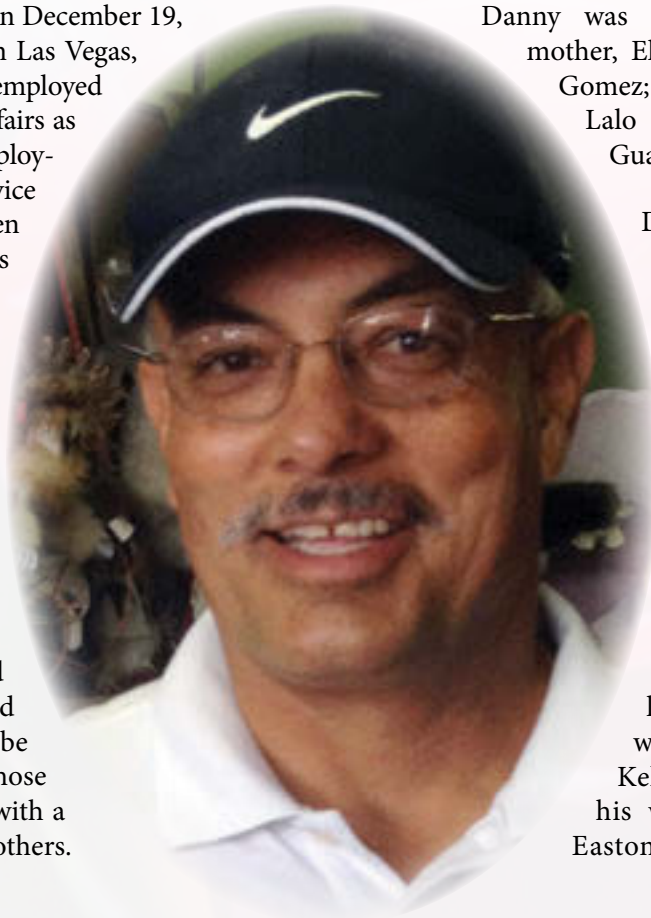
Career Forestry Supervisor

Date of Death: July 24, 2013

Age: 53

Danny A. Gomez was born December 19, 1959, to Eliza Gomez in Las Vegas, New Mexico. Danny was employed with the Bureau of Indian Affairs as a forestry supervisor. Past employment was with the Forest Service in Colorado. Danny was often a first responder to the fires in the area and sometimes would travel with the agency firefighters as an interagency resource representative.

Danny had a passion for his work and the people that he worked alongside. Danny would share his love of health and fitness with his staff, family, and friends. He was a family man who loved his wife, children, sister, and extended family. He will be remembered fondly by all those close to him as a kind man with a beautiful spirit, at service to others.



Danny was preceded in death by his mother, Eliza Gomez; brother, Richard Gomez; sister, Yvonne Vigil; uncle, Lalo Gomez; and grandmother, Guadalupe Gomez.

Danny is survived by his wife, Deanna Gomez; daughter, Danielle Gomez; sons, Jon Bjork and Tyler Bjork; daughter-in-law, Kali Bjork; sister, Charlie Williams, and her husband, Michael; nephew, Storm Williams; niece, Leona Chavez; great-nephew, Andrew Moore; great-niece, Shaylee Moore; in-laws, David and Donna Myers; brother-in-law, David Myers, and his wife, Nikora, their children, Kelly and Luke Myers, and his wife Beth, and their child, Easton.



Remembering



Thomas J. Burley

Youngstown Volunteer Fire Company – New York

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: June 18, 2013

Age: 20

In his short time with us, Airman First Class Thomas J. Burley was one of those rare individuals who made a difference in the lives of others and left a lasting impression on those who knew him.

Tom was born on June 16, 1993, in Williamsville, New York. Born with a birth defect, he underwent five major surgeries by the age of four. Perhaps because of his challenging beginning, Tom developed a fighting spirit and fierce determination to live his life with purpose and commitment.

From an early age, Tom was a gifted athlete; however, his “gift” went well beyond the ball field. Although he participated in Little League and received numerous awards, he also felt compelled to serve as a mentor/coach for other youth. This was an early sign of the man he would eventually become.

In high school, Tom joined the Air Force ROTC program, and after one year was designated commander of his class. At the same time, he joined the Youngstown Volunteer Fire Company, learning the skills of firefighting and emergency medical management. Continuing to seek his dream of becoming a police officer, Tom also joined and became the primary trainer for the Lewiston Police Explorers. After high school graduation in 2011, Tom joined the U.S. Air Force Reserves in Air Force Security Forces.



Tom was recognized as a leader in all endeavors amongst his peers and supervisors.

He was a sensitive and compassionate teacher; an individual who led through example; a person of discipline and commitment to a worthy cause. He freely gave of his time to coach other youth in the basics of police work. Moreover, it was his kindness, zest for life, and a commitment to excellence that made Tom the man he was. If you met him, you remembered him; if you worked with him, you were influenced by his character and commitment; if he was your friend, you knew he would always be there for you in times of need.

Even after leaving this world, Tom continued giving by being a tissue and eye donor. His donations helped many to live less encumbered by physical limitations. And for his service as a member of our armed services, he received a posthumous “Letter of Commendation” from the President of the United States and the Air Force Achievement Award. In honor of his service to the Youngstown Volunteer Fire Company, he was named Volunteer Fireman of the Year.

While his leaving in the manner he did remains a painful daily struggle for his family and friends, we are comforted by the fact that Tom accomplished many of his dreams and, in the process, greatly influenced the lives of so many others. For this we are forever thankful and blessed.



Remembering



James C. Goodman Jr.

Nedrow Volunteer Fire Department – New York

Volunteer Lieutenant

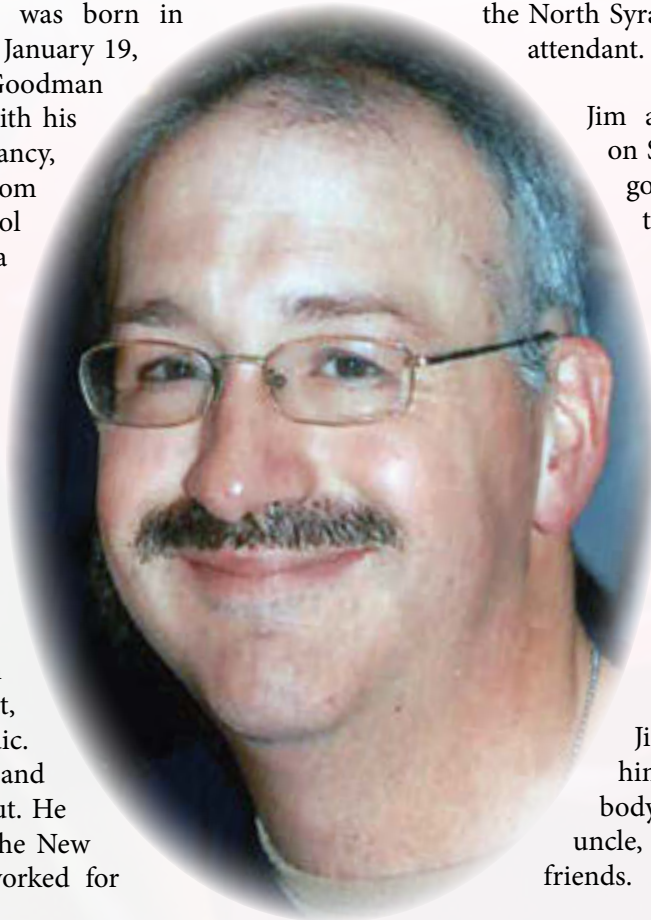
Date of Death: November 11, 2013

Age: 52

James C. Goodman Jr. was born in Syracuse, New York, on January 19, 1961, to Marian and James Goodman Sr. He had a loving bond with his four sisters, Jonnie, Sharon, Nancy, and Denise. Jim graduated from Bishop Ludden High School and went on to Onondaga Community College. He got his L.P.N. license and was a W.O.I. for the Medic 244th National Guard. He loved to go down to Camp Smith to help with the medical part. He was also called down for the 911 with his guard unit to help out at Camp Smith.

He was a volunteer fireman for Nedrow Fire Department, where he was an EMT medic. He loved the fire department and was always there working out. He loved to work security for the New York State Fair. He also worked for

the North Syracuse School District as a bus attendant.



Jim and Christina were married on September 29, 2000. He was a good husband for the 13 years of their marriage. Every year, they went down to the Poconos Resorts to meet their friends. Jim was an avid hunter and fisherman and loved to fish with his cousins. He always had a smile on his face, and people were captured by his friendliness. He never had a bad word to say about anybody, and everybody liked him. He was always there to help people when they needed help.

Jim was only 52 when God took him. He will be missed by everybody he knew—his wife, aunts, uncle, cousins, nieces, nephew, and friends.



Remembering



John M. Janos

City of Binghamton Bureau of Fire – New York

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: April 6, 2013

Age: 57

Firefighter/Paramedic John Janos joined the Binghamton Fire Department on November 12, 1988. John was quickly admired by his peers and trusted to accomplish any task. He was always the first to help someone in need whether it was on or off the job.

His dedication to the job was reflected in every call he answered, as he always went above and beyond what the job or task at hand required. John was a longtime member of the Binghamton Fire Department HAZMAT team. He also stepped forward and became a paramedic for the city of Binghamton. Both of these positions required intense training, followed up with additional ongoing training and responsibilities. Through both roles, he cared for the city residents with great enthusiasm, compassion, and professionalism.

One of John's later callings in life and career was his involvement with the International Association of Firefighters, Local 729, where he quickly rose to president. John became involved with numerous charitable associations as well, serving on the board of some. Over

the years, John received various citations from the city.

On April 6, 2013, John answered his last call while on duty at Quint #3 on State Street on the north side of Binghamton. He responded to an alarm activation at a multistory building at the center of the city. After searching the building in full gear, John returned to the station and became ill. He died of a massive heart attack.

John was a fierce protector of his family, neighbors, coworkers, friends, and the community. He had a true feeling of what it meant to help others. He was a loving and dedicated family man. John enjoyed music and worked at a local music recording studio. He had a great impact on many local artists. He also loved fishing. John will be missed by many.

John always gave his best and was willing to lay down his life to save others. John's was a career of the very highest standards and honorable service. On his last call, on his last day, he paid the ultimate sacrifice for the lives of many others.





Remembering



Matthew J. Porcari

Owego Fire Department – New York

Volunteer Captain

Date of Death: January 22, 2013

Age: 34

*M*att Porcari, age 34, was a volunteer captain of the Owego Fire Department's Croton Hose Company #3, home of the "Flat Rats," who perished while battling a mutual aid structure fire.

Matt entered the fire service at the age of sixteen as an apprentice firefighter, following in the footsteps of his father, John; his grandfather, Pete Porcari; and his uncle, Lester Dunham. For more than half his life he served the Owego community with steadfast dedication matched by very few in the department. Matt was a proud "Flat Rat," a name affectionately given to residents living in the "Flats," the area of the village where his family lives. Flat Rats have certain qualities about them, all of which are exemplified by Matt. They always have each other's backs, are never afraid to voice and stand up for their beliefs, and always are there when needed.

Growing up three doors down from Owego Station #3 and later living four blocks away, Matt was usually one of the first people to get to the station for a call. Whether it was a motor vehicle accident, smell of gas, or working structure fire, when the fire whistle sounded he was there to serve the Owego community time and time again. His call duty went beyond his own community.



In the aftermath of Hurricane Sandy in 2012, Matt went on a week-long mutual aid detail to Long Island, New York, where he assisted in their recovery from the storm. This commitment to the fire service as a whole was also shown when Matt organized a group of firefighters to travel to West Webster, New York to support that department after two of its members were savagely killed by a gunman in December 2012.

As soon as Matt joined the department, he started fire-matic hose racing just like his father and grandfathers before him. Hose races are timed events where firefighters test their skills. Matt was so good at the sport that he was a member of the youngest team in history to win the Central New York tournament. He hose raced every year until his death. The hose team also participated in the Firemen's Association of New York (FASNY) Winter Games, where Matt was leader of the pack and social chair for the rest of the departments staying at the team's hotel. He always represented the Owego Fire Department with pride.

He was a family man in every sense of the word—a loving father to his children, big brother to his sister, Tammy, and husband to the love of his life, Christina. Owego still carries a heavy heart for the loss of one of its favorite sons.



Remembering



Michael D. Sowich

New Hartford Fire Department – New York

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: March 2, 2007

Age: 50

Michael D. Sowich, age 50, of New Hartford, passed away unexpectedly on March 2, 2007, while attending training during the NYS Firefighters Weekend at the National Fire Academy.

Michael was the son of the late Leon and Donna Sowich. A 1975 graduate of T.R. Proctor High School, he pursued studies at M.V.C.C., earning an associate degree in criminal justice. He also received diplomas from the U.S. Army for training in medical and police studies. As a proud veteran, Michael's military experience spanned 20 years, including a tour in Germany. He was also a reservist with the 331st General Hospital Unit. On June 27, 1981, he married Barbara Lynn Bailey, with whom he shared and celebrated over 25 years of marriage.

Michael was employed by Oneida Limited for 27 years. He was the City of Sherrill Village codes officer and fire inspector. Michael joined the Sherrill-Kenwood Volunteer Fire Department in 1991 and held the positions of fire marshal, lieutenant, and EMT. Michael was awarded 1996 Firefighter of the Year. He took numerous courses and was proud of his studies at the New York State Academy of Fire Science in Montour Falls. In 1997, he became Sherrill's official training officer, and in 2001, he was appointed a county fire instructor. This was a natural career progression to an appointment as New York State Fire Instructor. Michael was certified to



instruct 22 courses, held 133 training records, and was certified as a HAZMAT specialist. Michael was an amazing instructor who grasped knowledge and taught in a way that each person could comprehend. His attentiveness to detail was impeccable, and his method of teaching was well organized and well planned.

Shortly before Michael's passing, he joined the New Hartford Volunteer Fire Department, where he had previously taught fire service classes. Many firefighters already knew him, and others quickly learned that Michael was a man of great character and integrity. The New Hartford Fire Department Firefighter of the Year Award is named in his honor.

Michael is survived by his wife, Barbara, and his cherished daughter, Lisa Marie. Also surviving are his sisters and brother-in-law, Barbara Loomis, and Susan and Robert Kubelius; his brother and sister-in-law, Joseph and Vanessa Sowich; his father-in-law, Clarence Bailey; his sister-in-law, Mary Lou Smith; two godsons, Roger E. Smith, Jr., and David W. Smith; and a special uncle, Edward Sowich. He was predeceased by his mother-in-law, Marie Bailey, and brother-in-law, Roger E. Smith, Sr.

Michael's inherent resolve, as all firefighters know and proclaim, was that others' safety comes first. He lived by the precept that if he could save one person's life, he did his job. This was an accomplished goal which made him proud.



Remembering



George A. Turner Jr. Jericho Fire Department – New York

Volunteer Captain

Date of Death: March 8, 2013

Age: 60

George A. Turner Jr. was born into a firematic family in Locust Valley, New York, on June 22, 1952, to George and Helen Turner. His father and two uncles were members of the Locust Valley Fire Department, and over the years his father, uncle, and cousin served as chief of the department. George joined the department on his 18th birthday. As a kid, he would go to the races with his uncle, and when he joined the department in 1970 he joined the racing team as well as the softball and bowling teams. He bowled in the battalion league until 2008. During those years George rolled two 299 games, and in 1998 he rolled a 300—a perfect score. He was an avid golfer and loved to cook.

Along with his firematic duties, George became an EMT and then AMT, which he kept up with for over 15 years. Over a ten-year period from the mid-70s to mid-80s, he lived in Glen Cove and Glenwood Landing and served in those departments as well. During his time in Glen Cove, George was caught in a backdraft and suffered 2nd degree burns on the right side of his face by the ear. Even that could not deter him from serving.

George married his wife, Diane, in 1997, and they settled in Hicksville, New York. During the first eight years



there, George did not join the fire department. In March 2005, he came home from bowling one night and asked what I would think if he said he wanted to join a fire department. After some explanation from him, I told George I knew how much the fire department was a part of him, and I would never say 'no' to him joining. George joined Jericho Guardian Engine Company #2 in May of 2005 and served as a lieutenant before transferring to Trident Engine Company #3. He served Co. #3 as a lieutenant for three years before being elected captain in December 2012. Every year he was a member, George was one of the department's top responders. After joining Jericho, he became a master pump operator and was one of three people responsible for training new chauffeurs.

George loved the fire department and serving his community. No matter when the whistle blew, he responded to help those who needed it. During firematic services, one of the chiefs stated George could drive you crazy—one minute he'd be arguing a point with you, and in the next instant he'd have you laughing. I miss George every day—his laughter and his smile. I lost my best friend, but I know he's looking out for me from the fire station in the sky.

Remembering

Tony Barker

Mountain View Volunteer Fire Department – North Carolina

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: June 13, 2013

Age: 36

Tony Barker served the community of Hays, North Carolina, as a member of the Mountain View Volunteer Fire Department. Tony, like everyone who is involved in public service, had the desire and motivation to help others. That led him to join the department, which had been a goal that he had in life for several years. Almost a year and a half after joining the fire department Tony was fatally injured while on the scene of a vehicle fire. Tony gave his life doing what he loved and will forever be a hero and role model in the eyes of those that knew him.

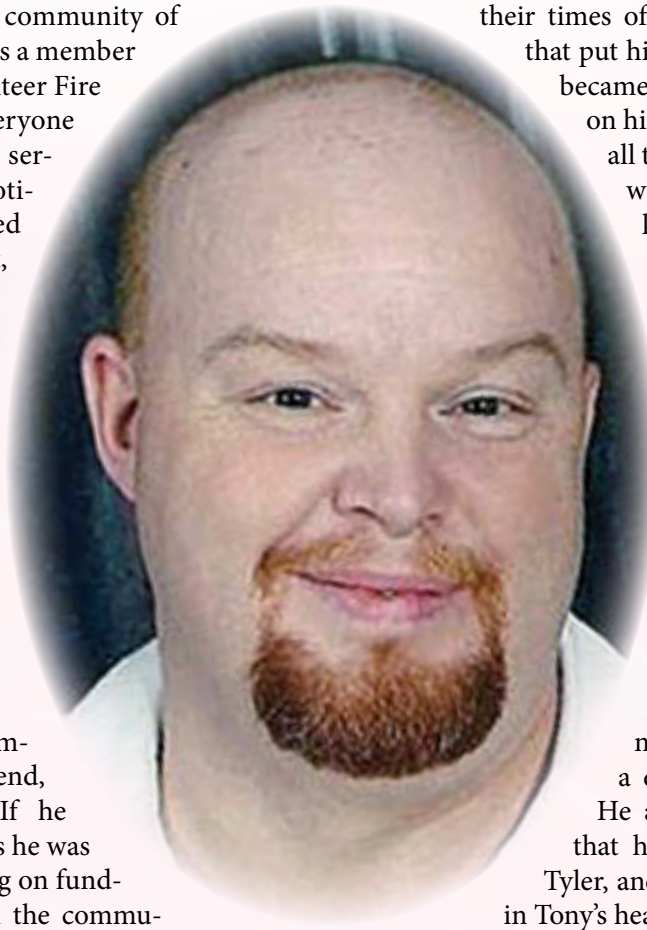
Tony was a dedicated family man, firefighter, friend, employee, and coworker. If he wasn't responding to fire calls he was helping organize and working on fundraisers, either at work or in the community. He was always the one to call if you needed something done, because he proved time and time again that he was dependable and compassionate to others in

their times of need. He had many hobbies that put him in contact with people who became lifelong friends. With a smile on his face and sparkle in his eyes at all times, it was hard not to see the warmth and care that Tony was known for.

Tony was born December 14, 1976, in Havre de Grace, Maryland, to Jerry and Judith Barker. He was the second of five children, having three brothers, Rickie, Gary, and Stephan, and one sister, Virginia. In addition to his parents and siblings he is survived by his wife, Beth, and their four-year-old son, Eli. Eli was the light of Tony's life, and nothing made him prouder than being a dad to a wonderful little boy.

He also had nieces and nephews that he loved dearly. Gabby, Erica, Tyler, and Noah all held a special place in Tony's heart.

Greater love has no one than this, that they lay down their life for another. John 15:13





Remembering



Jeffrey L. Fields

Youngsville Volunteer Fire Department – North Carolina

Volunteer Assistant Chief
Date of Death: December 25, 2013
Age: 51

Assistant Chief Jeffrey Lee Fields was a passionate man when it came to his family, his church, his fire department and his Zumba time! On 12/12/13 Jeff took command of a fire call for a wreck. Less than 24 hours later, he suffered a heart attack. He subsequently had quadruple bypass and returned home on 12/23/13. He was found dead Christmas morning, 12/25/13, at the age of 51. He is greatly missed by all of the people in his life and is survived by his wife, Lisa; his 20-year-old daughter, Emily Jo; and his 14-year-old son, Jeffrey Brice.

Jeff was a dedicated father who made providing for his family his top priority. He was Little League coach and Boy Scout leader for his son Brice, who was his shadow in most everything Jeff did. Jeff was his daughter's beloved father and chief, as he had seen her through junior firefighter at 16, to rookie, to yellow helmet in the fall of 2013. He was so proud to have her follow in his footsteps! He was my greatest fan and supporter through many years of marriage. We would have celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary in February 2014.

Jeff was a faithful deacon and leader at Youngsville Baptist Church. He participated in many projects, both at the church and in his community. He was one of the most generous people I have ever known in sharing

his time and ability. He brought joy to those around him and loved to be a part of the work at home, at the department, and in his community.



Jeff was an active member and assistant chief with Youngsville Fire Department in the truest sense of the word. He was usually first to the station and attended most calls. He was Fireman of the Year for several years and served nearly 30 years with his YFD brothers, sisters, and daughter. He sacrificed family dinners and holiday moments to be available when the call went out. He was a cheerful servant and loved working with and training the juniors and rookies. He loved to laugh and was known to be a prankster at times. He was considered a mentor, and many of his peers sought his counsel in dealing with their personal and fire lives.

Jeff loved his Zumba class, which he attended regularly three nights a week. He loved the music and the dance exercise, but mostly he loved the people! A Zumbathon was held in his honor to raise money for the First Out Phantom 5K, also in his honor, scheduled for 9/27/14 in Youngsville, North Carolina.

Jeff loved greatly, was greatly loved, and is greatly missed!



Remembering



David Anthony Heath

New Hanover County Fire Rescue – North Carolina

Career Captain

Date of Death: October 14, 2013

Age: 48

David Anthony Heath was a brilliant man. He loved a few things that no one could take away from him, like his family, surfing, the ocean, and of course the fire service. He ate it up in every possible way, and those around him knew it and could see it because he leaked it from every pore of his body.

As a baby, his love of the fire service was more than evident with his first words spoken being “Fi tuck.. fi tuck,” while he lay on the changing table in his childhood home. From the beginning, David would pay visits to the fire station where his assistant fire chief uncle worked in Wilson, North Carolina, and his love for this profession grew tremendously.

Before graduation from Fayetteville Terry Sanford High School in Fayetteville, North Carolina, David began his distinguished fire service career. In 1984, he joined as a volunteer with Bonnie Doone Fire/Rescue in Cumberland County. In 1985, our family moved to Raleigh, North Carolina, where he eventually joined with Durham Highway Fire/Rescue. Shortly thereafter, he left for the department he so loved, Six Forks Fire/Rescue, where he attained the rank of lieutenant and served for over seven years. He was then hired by the City of Wilson, where he served for two years. Because he missed Raleigh so deeply, David returned to the area and began working for the City of Raleigh Fire/Rescue. David spent many years there, until he was given the



opportunity to become employed as an officer with the Town of Morrisville, where he spent three additional years.

He was offered the most important position of his career, as fire inspector/investigator with New Hanover County Fire/Rescue Services in Wilmington, North Carolina, which would be his final assignment. At the time of his passing, David was a fire instructor and training officer for New Hanover County Fire/Rescue. David attained certifications as a nationally certified fire investigator, emergency medical technician, and numerous additional certifications. Most recently, he was in the process of attaining his executive fire officer certification and was awarded his bachelor’s degree in organizational development from Mt. Olive College in October 2013.

He was lovingly known as “Wingnut” and “Torque Wrench,” referring to his character and work ethic. David was a firefighter of nearly thirty years, as well as a son and a brother. He is the reason his brother is a firefighter of twenty-eight years. Losing David has been extremely difficult, but the many blessings arising from his death have been tremendous.

Rest Easy, “Dabid.” Your baby brother has it from here. We all do. We love and miss you.







Remembering



Scott A. Morrison

Knotts Island Volunteer Fire Department – North Carolina

Volunteer Chief

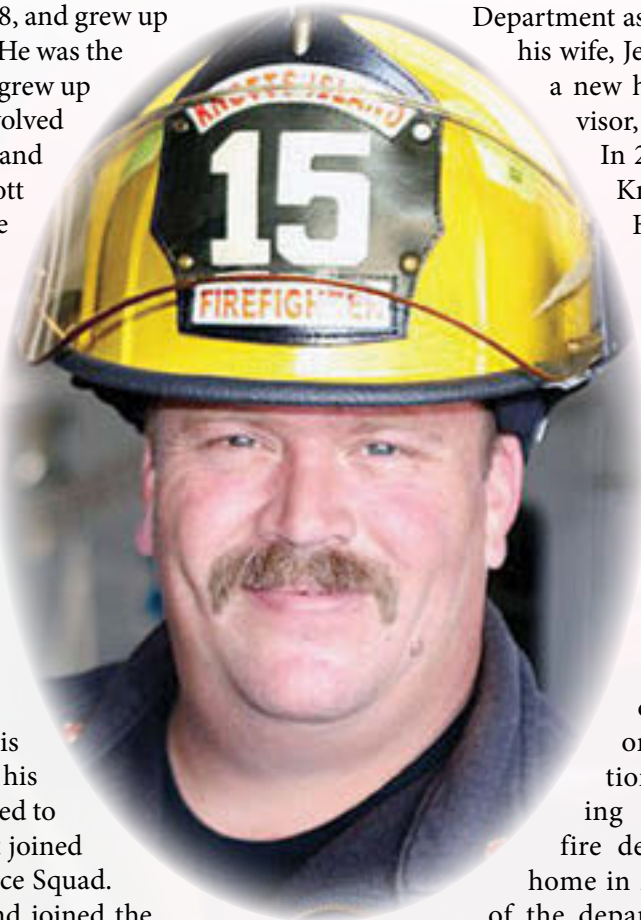
Date of Death: March 3, 2013

Age: 44

Scott was born July 25, 1968, and grew up in Norwood, New Jersey. He was the youngest of four children. He grew up in a family that were all involved in scouting, Little League, and community volunteering. Scott joined the Cub Scouts at the age of seven and went on to Boy Scouts at eleven years old. He was involved in all the troops' service projects, including periodic newspaper collection (before the time of recycling) and the clean up of a very old cemetery in town. In his teens, Scott spent two years as a Sea Scout and also volunteered with the local Red Cross chapter.

In 1986, a few years after his father's passing, Scott and his mother, Gwen Morrison, moved to Toms River, New Jersey. Scott joined the Seaside Heights Ambulance Squad. In 1987, he changed paths and joined the Silverton Volunteer Fire Department, following in the footsteps of his older brothers, Joseph and Michael, who were both firemen. (Michael is still volunteering for 35 years) During the time in South Jersey, he became a dispatcher for the Manchester Police Department and volunteered at the local hospital.

Scott moved south to North Carolina in 1993. He landed a job with the Chesapeake, Virginia, Police



Department as a 911 dispatcher. That's when his wife, Jessica, entered his life. She was a new hire and Scott, being a supervisor, was in charge of training her. In 2000, he and Jessica settled on Knotts Island, North Carolina. He immediately joined the Knotts Island Volunteer Fire Department. They married and were blessed with two children, Kaitlyn and Sean (mini me).

Over the following years, except for a short time in Virginia, Scott remained dedicated to Knotts Island Fire Department and its community. He worked tirelessly to make the fire department grow, always on the lookout for contributions of equipment and funding opportunities. Finally the fire department got a new larger home in 2007. Scott was elected chief of the department in 2010. He set two major goals for himself: a smoke detector in every home, and getting the first new apparatus for the department. He got the alarms and the engine (E-ONE 1500 Pumper), but he never got to see the fire engine.

Scott dedicated his life to family and community service. Scott left us on March 3, 2013, doing what he loved to do.



Remembering



Jon Schondelmayer

**Cary Fire Department/
Swift Creek Rural Volunteer Fire Department – North Carolina**

Career Captain

Date of Death: December 18, 2013

Age: 44

Jon Schondelmayer was 44 years old when he passed away on December 18, 2013. He was an avid outdoorsman. His unique laugh will never be forgotten.

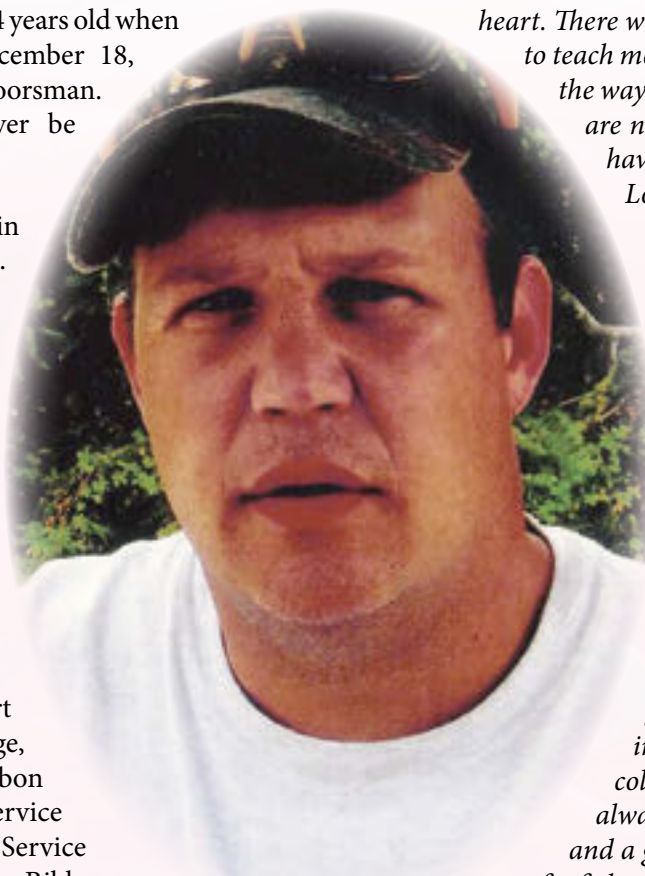
Jon was born and raised in White Cloud, Michigan. He was a captain for Cary Fire Department in Cary, North Carolina, and served as a firefighter for Swift Creek Fire Department in Raleigh, North Carolina, for over 19 years. He was also in the USMC 8th Marine Division.

During his years of military service he received the following awards: Rifle Expert Badge x2, Pistol Expert Badge, Sea Service Deployment Ribbon x3, National Defense Service Medal, Southwest Asia Service Medal x4, Combat Action Ribbon, Kuwait Liberation Medal, Navy Unit Commendation, and Meritorious Mast. He served in Operation Desert Storm.

Jon Schondelmayer is survived by his son and daughter, Zayne and Alexis, and former wife of 19 years, Cindy Carleton.

My favorite memory is when I was four years old and you took me fishing under a little bridge. I caught my first fish, a sunfish. Even though it was just a tiny little fish, it was my first one, and you helped me catch it. Now that you are gone, there is nothing to fill the hole in my

*heart. There was a lot more that I wanted you to teach me, and you should not have died the way that you did. I am sad that you are not around, but you will always have a special place in my heart.
Love, Zayne.*



My favorite memory is when you took me and Zayne to Frankie's Fun Park. We played laser tag and went go-carting. You played a game inside with me called Fruit Ninja, and I would always win—probably because I had the app on my phone and practiced it a lot. You were a great father, and I love you very much. I am going to miss going to Michigan and picking the morels that you and I collected, cooked, and ate. I will always remember you as my father and a great man. My dad was a great firefighter who had a big heart. I will always remember you and will always love you. Love, Allie.

Jon, you were taken away from us way too fast and way too young. We all have to hold onto the good times. The memory that I will cherish the most is when my father found out we got married by a justice of the peace and how mad he was. We ended up having a wedding a year later and many happy years together that brought us two beautiful children. The void in my heart aches beyond belief. Love, Cindy

We love you always and forever.



Remembering



Terry Richard Guss Sr.

South Zanesville Fire Department – Ohio

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: December 15, 2013

Age: 71

Terry Richard “Dick” Guss Sr. was born in Zanesville, Ohio, on October 6, 1942. Dick was the son of the late Marlyn M. Guss and Ruth A. Terry Guss Allbritain. Dick passed away December 15, 2013, at the age of 71.

Dick graduated from Zanesville High School in 1960. He was a member of Sons of the American Legion Post 29 in Zanesville.

Dick was employed at Owens-Brockway Glass Company. He was a very hard worker and was rewarded by being the youngest man in the glass industry in the United States to become a supervisor in the hot end. Dick retired from the plant after 31 years of service. While working at the plant, Dick joined the volunteer fire department in 1988 and served his community for 25 years. Dick loved being a fireman. From the time he was a child, he chased after the fire trucks.

After Dick’s retirement he became bored, and he was offered the job of the Village of South Zanesville administrator. He served in this capacity for ten years, then became a member of the city council. From that position, he moved on to be the mayor of the village for over six years. The first call he made after he became mayor

was to his sister, Glenna, who was always proud of Dick and was very shocked by the phone call.

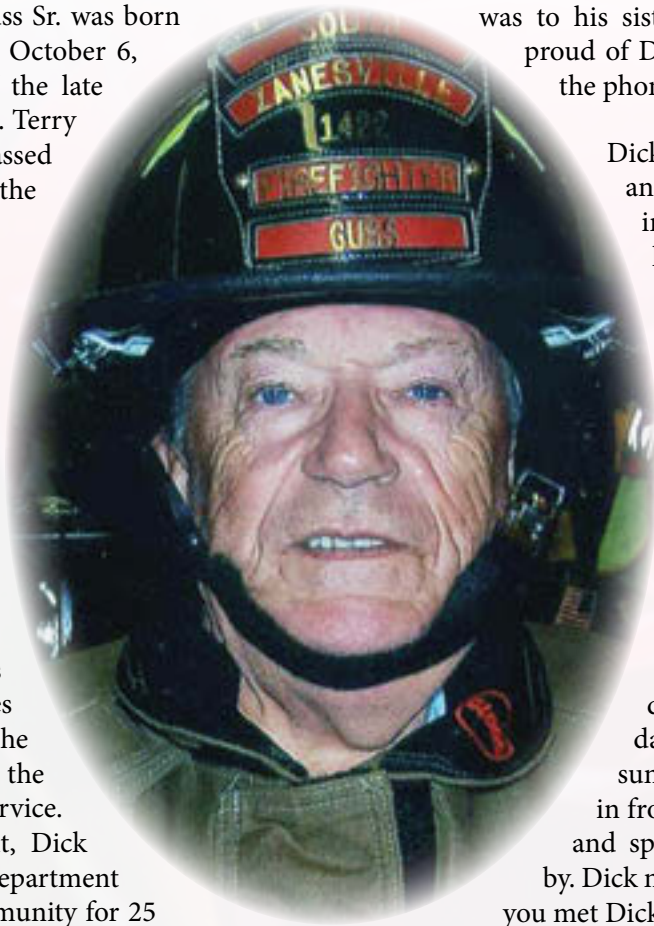
Dick was an avid outdoorsman and enjoyed hunting and fishing with his three sons and his grandsons. Dick also enjoyed spending time with his two granddaughters, and he dearly loved his three great-grandchildren.

Dick was the heart and soul of this community. He was straightforward, honest, and very sincere. Dick would do anything for anybody in the village and Muskingum County. His death has left the community dazed and bewildered. In the summer, Dick sat on the bench in front of the firehouse and waved and spoke to everyone who passed by. Dick never met a stranger, and when you met Dick you had an instant friend.

Dick is survived by his wife, Anita, the love of his life.

Dick has left a legacy that will never be matched in our lifetime. He was honored by the county with his name on a monument that stands in front of the courthouse.

Dick is sadly missed by his family and his friends. Dick will live on in our hearts forever.





Remembering



Leroy E. Murphy Jr. Gettysburg Fire Department – Ohio

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: October 20, 2013

Age: 56

Leroy Murphy, age 56, of Greenville Ohio, died October 20, 2013, doing what he loved best. As a fire instructor for Clark State College, he was beginning his class in full gear when he fell ill. His fellow firefighters began lifesaving measures and transported him to the hospital. There in the emergency room, when the doctors decided to “call it,” his comrades continued taking turns doing CPR for 2½ hours. He was then put on life support. A steady stream of firefighters came through the night to sit with him and pray with his family. He died the following morning of a pulmonary embolism. His loss was deeply felt by the community.

Leroy was a firefighter and EMT for the Gettysburg Fire Department and the Englewood Fire Department. He was the former assistant chief and EMT of the Greenville Township Fire Department. He was a member of the HAZMAT team and coordinator for the Darke County LEPC. He was the safety director for the Whirlpool Corporation.

In 2010, he was honored with the Hometown Hero Award for his courageous rescue of a Whirlpool employee who had accidentally driven a car into an icy pond. He has a brick in the Walk of Honor for his heroic effort. In addition to being a firefighter, EMT, inspector and instructor, he was a member of the Eagles, Darke



County Coin Club, Treaty City Amateur Radio, Ohio Society of Fire Service Instructors and past member of the Fire Chiefs Association.

Leroy was a jokester and had a funny line for everything. He could make you laugh. He loved to have family and friends around the fire pit in the backyard, telling stories until late in the night. He loved wearing his kilt and enjoyed his Irish ancestry. His mother passed away a few short weeks before his death. He is survived by his father, Leroy E. Murphy, Sr.; his wife, Betty; children, Wyatt and Amanda; his stepchildren, Betty, Nicole, and Michael; 12 grandchildren; a brother, Terry, and sister, Debbie; numerous nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles and his brother firefighters.

Leroy had an ethical strength about him that signified trust. He was a good listener and a person of his word. His legacy will continue to inspire many. 700 mourners packed The Cardinal Center for his funeral. His casket, draped with the flag, was carried on the fire truck in a procession that was over three miles long lined with fire trucks, EMS vehicles, and police and fire officials from all over the State of Ohio and neighboring counties.

He is greatly missed by his wife, family, friends, and fellow firefighters.



Remembering



John J. Wayman Sr.

Jefferson Volunteer Fire Department – Ohio

Volunteer Chief

Date of Death: December 15, 2013

Age: 69

John started on the Jefferson Fire Department in 1971 as a fire-fighter. In May of 1975 he became chief and served until his death on December 15, 2013. He started the first ambulance service at the fire station in 1975.

John was a member of the Ohio State Fire Chiefs Association during his term as chief.

John was township trustee for four years. He was employed with Koski

Construction for 40 years and was a proud union member of Ohio Operating Engineers Local 18.

In 1986, the Village of Jefferson named him Citizen of the Year.

Upon his death, John gave the gift of sight through eye donation to the Cleveland Eye Bank.

John restored a 1932 Ford Prospect fire truck that now sits in Firehouse Subs on Route 20 in Mentor, Ohio.





Remembering



John E. Hammack

R & K Water Service – Oregon

Career Firefighter/Tree Faller

Date of Death: August 1, 2013

Age: 58

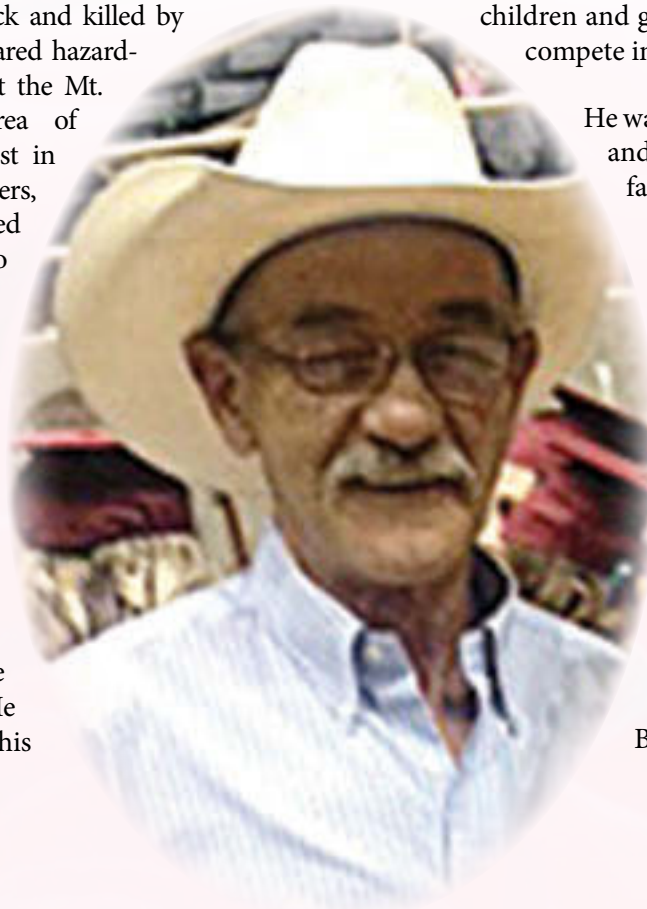
John Hammack was struck and killed by a burning snag as he cleared hazardous trees during a wildfire at the Mt. Washington Wilderness Area of the Deschutes National Forest in Oregon. Born and raised in Sisters, Oregon, he was an experienced tree faller and firefighter who loved being outdoors.

He was an accomplished rodeo rider, winning the All Around at Sisters Rodeo in 1974, 1977, 1980 and 1984. He competed professionally all over the country and won the Champion Bareback Riding title at the “The World’s Toughest Rodeo” at Madison Square Garden in New York City. He shared his love of rodeo with his

children and grandchildren, who went on to compete in the sport.

He was hardworking, well respected, and a man of his word. His strong faith guided his actions.

He is survived by his mother, Dona Hammack; his wife, Maura Hammack; son, John Tyler Hammack; daughter, Kelli Jo Hammack; grandchildren, Taylie, Taitem, T.C., Taelor and Hazey; brothers, Jack and Jim; sisters, Patty and Denise; and numerous nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his father, Milton Hammack; brothers, Dick and Lyle Hammack; and sister, Becky Hammack.





Remembering



Oscar Montano-Garcia

Pacific Coast Contracting, Inc. – Oregon

Contract Firefighter

Date of Death: August 25, 2013

Age: 54

Firefighter Oscar Montano-Garcia, of White City, Oregon, died after suffering a heart attack on August 25, 2013, while working on the Nabob Fire in Siskiyou County. He was a contract firefighter for Pacific Coast

Contracting. Oregon Governor John Kitzhaber ordered all flags at public institutions to be flown at half-staff in his honor.

Firefighter Montano-Garcia is survived by his wife and children.





Remembering



Jesse Austin Trader

Oregon Department of Forestry, Southwest Oregon District – Oregon

Contract Firefighter

Date of Death: August 6, 2013

Age: 19

Jesse Austin Trader was born November 29, 1993, to Ted and Ruby (Gigi) Trader.

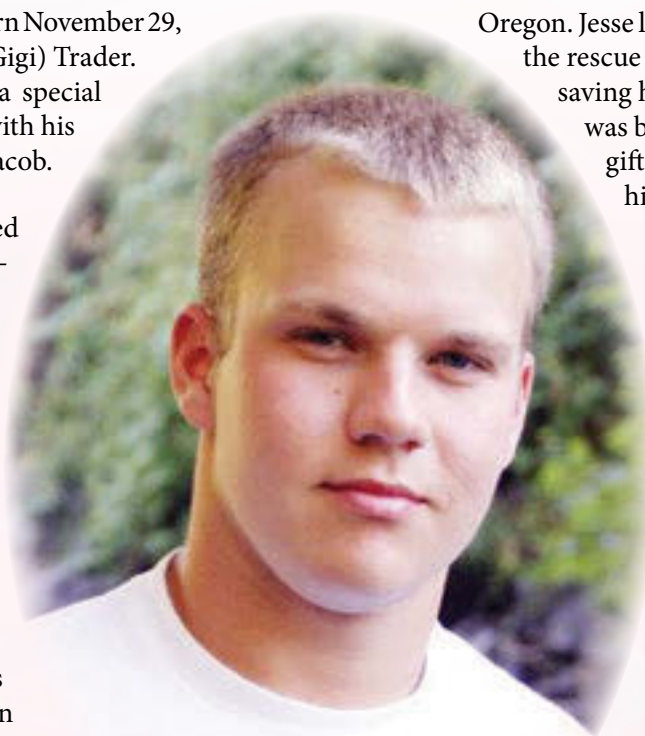
The eldest of three, he had a special friendship and loving bond with his sister, Desiree, and brother, Jacob.

Jesse was a much anticipated child. After five years of pregnancy attempts, Ted and Gigi came to a realization, based upon doctor's evaluations, that we may never have a child. Lo and behold, after a blood test in preparation for surgery on Gigi's foot, the nurse informed us the surgery would need to be rescheduled, because we were finally expecting. At that moment our lives changed forever; Jesse Austin Trader was on his way.

As a child, Jesse was eager to learn everything. Fishing was his first love. He loved to be on the water enjoying the experience of the fighting fish on the end of his rod. Sports came shortly after fishing. He wrote in the bill of every baseball cap Philippians 4:13 "I can do all things through Him who strengthens me." A three sport athlete, Jesse played Pop Warner football, Little League baseball, and Boys Club basketball at a very young age.

Jesse dedicated his life to Christ at age 11 and was baptized at Grant Avenue Baptist Church in Corvallis, Oregon, which he attended from infancy until the day he was dispatched to the Big Windy Fire in Merlin,

Oregon. Jesse lived his faith, always coming to the rescue of his friends, and at one point saving his best friend from suicide. He was born to lead and rescue; it was a gift from God. As he grew, so did his love for Jesus Christ.



Jesse was a tremendous athlete, mentor, and friend. He lettered in both varsity football and baseball for three years and was recruited to Western Oregon University to play baseball. Western Oregon University offered courses in fire science, but Jesse was eager to get on with his career. He had dreams of being a detective in the fire department. After finishing his freshman year, he applied to the elite fire suppression program at Chemeketa Community College. Jesse was selected into the program as one of the top three candidates out of 175 who applied. He was posthumously recognized as an honorary graduate of the program.

Jesse's zest for life and his love of God and family showed every day in how he led others to Christ. Jesse wanted everyone to do the right thing. Desiree and Jacob sincerely lost their mentor. Jesse's friendliness, humor, spontaneity, fun loving nature, and passion for life will be remembered forever by all who were a part of his life. Jesse was a hero and a young man of bravery and faith. God has selected the best.



Remembering



Michael R. Goodwin Sr.

Philadelphia Fire Department – Pennsylvania

Career Battalion Chief

Date of Death: April 6, 2013

Age: 53

*M*ichael R. Goodwin Sr. was known to all as one of the good guys. Born and raised in Philadelphia, Mike proudly served the U.S. Navy and was honorably discharged in 1983. In September of that year he joined the Philadelphia Fire Department, something he had aspired to do all his life.

Mike married his adoring wife, Kelly, and they shared 30 years of true love. Daughter Dorothy and son Michael Jr. completed the family. During these happy years Mike was an active member and council president of his family church where he was married and his children and grandchildren were baptized. The family scheduled their lives around the fire department routine knowing that Mike's dedication to the safety of the citizens was a priority.

Mike rose through the ranks and was promoted to lieutenant in 2003 and then again to captain in 2008, receiving three unit citations along the way.



Prior to his death, Mike was on the list to be promoted to the rank of battalion chief, and he received the promotion posthumously. He was proud to work alongside the men and women of the department. In fact, nothing made Mike happier than his work, except the love of his family. He had such pride in his son, Michael, when he was accepted to Penn State University. When his daughter, Dorothy, married Tim Dunn, Mike joyously escorted her down the aisle. Mike and Kelly welcomed grandson Timmy Jr. and granddaughter Bailey and expected years of helping to raise and enjoy their grandchildren together.

But that was not to be. On April 6, 2013, Michael R. Goodwin Sr. answered his last call. That afternoon he kissed Kelly goodbye and went to work for the last time. Kelly, Dorothy, Tim, Michael, his grandchildren, and all of the family miss him every day and know that he will be their hero forever.



Remembering



Russell D. Gow III

Factoryville Fire Company – Pennsylvania

Volunteer Assistant Chief

Date of Death: November 21, 2013

Age: 58

Russell David “Rooster” Gow III, age 58, of Factoryville, Pennsylvania, died November 21, 2013, doing what he loved, courageously answering his final call.

Russ was born in East Benton, Pennsylvania, to the late Russell Gow Jr. and Evelyn Davis Gow. He was a 1974 graduate of Lackawanna Trail High School.

A grizzly of a man with the heart of a teddy bear, Russ was very well known and respected for his duties as a dedicated first responder and a loving community servant. His passion was truly community service in every way. He never met a stranger; he could stop just about anywhere in the tri-state area and run into someone he knew. Russ was also infamous for his sayings, which many imitated but none could quite replicate.

Russ served as a 43-year life member of the Factoryville Fire Company. He previously served 10 years as chief and was currently serving as assistant fire chief and trustee. He was a 40-year member of the Nicholson Fire Company, a member of the Fleetville Fire Company,



president of the Abington Area Line Officers Association, former instructor of the Northeast Pennsylvania & Susquehanna County Volunteer Firemen’s Association, a former Pennsylvania Department of Health EMT Instructor, a member of the Scott Dive Team, and a member of the NRA.

Russ enjoyed the outdoors and was an avid hunter and fisherman. His favorite time of year was buck season. He spent months preparing for it.

Above all else, Russ was a loving husband, father, and grandfather. He is truly missed by his wife, Sharon Butler Gow; daughter and son-in-law, Holly and Lance Ward; son and daughter-in-law, Brian Gow & Kara Waters; grandson, Brian Russell Gow, who was the light of his life; stepson and stepdaughter-in-law, Nick & Jodie Edder; stepdaughter, Jennifer Edder; and step-granddaughter, Emma Jean Edder.

Russ will forever live in the hearts of all who had the pleasure to know him.



Remembering



Rodney P. Miller

Loganville Fire Company – Pennsylvania

Volunteer Chief

Date of Death: April 27, 2013

Age: 45

Rodney P. Miller was born February 6, 1968, to Paul and Elaine Miller. As a child, Rodney helped on the family farm, where he learned the meaning of hard work, dedication, and quality, loving family time. In high school, Rodney played baseball for the township in which he lived, receiving numerous trophies and medals.

Rodney studied in the tool and diemaker apprenticeship program, earning his Journeyman papers, and spent 15 years in this trade prior to becoming a self-employed general carpenter and mason. While he was self employed, he would explain to prospective customers that the fire company was his priority, so if there was a call he would leave the job site and return when the call was completed. Some of his customers have said that when he started a job he was their contractor, but by the time the job was completed he was their friend.

Following in his older brother Gary's footsteps, Rodney joined the Loganville Volunteer Fire Company as a junior volunteer at the age of 16. There, he found the brotherhood of firefighters that became his second home. Through his close association with strong leaders, Rodney perfected his leadership skills.



After holding several positions and serving as 1st assistant fire chief, he was elected chief in 2001 by his peers. Rodney was a 29-year veteran of the volunteer fire service, a mentor and well respected within the community. He was posthumously named chief emeritus of the Loganville Volunteer Fire Company.

Rodney was a humble man who never sought notoriety, which is ironic given all of the honors that have been bestowed on him prior to and since his death. Rodney had an infectious smile, laugh, deep blue eyes, a heart of gold, and was always lending a helping hand. He was a loving, caring, and devoted husband, son, brother, uncle, and friend and a leader by example. He was community and faith oriented.

Rodney was an avid hunter and was surrounded by a strong, close-knit family. However, when his pager sounded, his priority and passion was to help anyone in need. Even after his passing, he continued to help others by being a Gift of Life donor. He was brave and a hero to many.

Let your life speak. Rodney's life spoke volumes, and in the end it rang out, *"Well done good and faithful servant."*



Remembering



Bruce Lamar Sensenig

Quentin Volunteer Fire Department – Pennsylvania

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: July 22, 2013

Age: 20

Bruce Lamar Sensenig was 19 years old when he began to volunteer with the Quentin Fire Company. He enjoyed being a first responder. He attended training classes and was disappointed when the class was canceled due to low enrollment. He took his duty seriously. On the evening of July 22, 2013, he lost his life less than a mile away from the fire station, when he collided with an oncoming vehicle while responding to a call during a heavy rainstorm. He was only 20 years old.

Bruce Lamar told his wife many stories about good memories with the fire company. He had a great sense of humor. He was often the first one to do something, such as accepting challenges during training. When the fire chief had trouble deciphering his signature, he gave his name as Bruce Willis. The name and the joke stuck.

Bruce Lamar grew up in a Mennonite family on a farm and lived in Lebanon County all his life, not far from the small town of Quentin. He often took time to play with his little brother, two nieces, and nephew. He loved hunting and fishing, which he often did with his brothers or his friends. He was well known for his friendly



personality. He was a happy go lucky person who could easily make people smile.

Bruce Lamar loved taking challenges and was willing to learn sign language when he started dating Katie, who is deaf. On March 30, 2013, he and Katie were married and started a new life together, which only lasted for four precious months.

The night of the accident, a lady arrived at the scene just after impact, and she stopped. As a nurse, she saw that Bruce Lamar was dying. She took his hand, talked, and audibly prayed for him. She held his hand until he died. She told him if he had to go, just let it go and take Jesus's hand. He died, and she told the family that he peacefully let go.

Between the wedding day and his death, Bruce Lamar had good sayings, and his personality brought many good memories to help his wife face life on her own after his death. His wife is encouraged by his famous phrase he had for her: Life is not fair; you have to accept it and be happy anyway. Since his death, this phrase has continued to encourage Katie as well as other people.



Remembering



Claudia J. Sokol

Diligence Fire Company No. 1 – Pennsylvania

Volunteer Fire Police Officer
Date of Death: February 22, 2013
Age: 55

Claudia J. Sokol of Summit Hill, Pennsylvania, passed away on February 22, 2013, after collapsing while performing traffic control duties as a fire police officer at the scene of a motor vehicle accident. Claudia was born on August 30, 1957, in Ridley Park, Pennsylvania. She was the daughter of the late Robert and Gretchen (Willing) Ehle.

Claudia, was an outstanding member of the Diligence Fire Company No. 1 of Summit Hill, where she had served since 2007. She was also an outstanding member of her community and church, where she is and will be greatly loved and missed by all.

Claudia helped run the Lutheran Food Pantry in Lansford and was a volunteer for the Number 9 Coal Mine and Museum. She was a cheerleading coach for the Panther Valley Knee-Hi Program and a member of the Panther Valley High School chain crew for home varsity football games. She helped with Panther Valley Breaker Boys football team, where her husband, Dave, served as assistant coach. Each year, she volunteered her time at the Summit Hill Memorial Day Weekend Stay-at-Home Festival, parade, and 5K run.

Claudia worked full-time at the Panther Valley School District and Kistler Transportation Company as a bus monitor for 26 years and was previously employed by the Jim Thorpe School District for 10 years. She touched many little hearts over those 36 years. She loved children and enjoyed singing with and teach-

ing them. In the summer, she worked part-time at Mahoning Valley Speedway and Mountain Speedway.

Claudia was the wife of David M. Sokol Sr., with whom she celebrated their 36th anniversary just days before her passing. Claudia was a loving, caring, and faithful wife, mother, Grammy, sister, aunt, and friend who would do anything and everything for anyone. She was a full-time caretaker for her Aunt Betty.

Claudia loved spending time with her grandkids and family. She enjoyed cooking, planting flowers, sharing family dinners, shopping, swimming, camping, and family trips. She also enjoyed phone calls with her brother and sisters and being together to make memories.

Claudia is survived by her husband, David; her son, David Jr., and his fiancée, Beth Burkert; daughters Jennifer (Ron) Kusse and Patty Werner; a brother, Robert Ehle; sisters, Elizabeth (Wes) Miller, Gretchen (Robert) Kunkle, Barbara (Mark) Kesterson, and Laura Mattera; grandchildren Ashley Collins, Megan Kusse, Ryan Kusse, Tori Utruta, and Cody Utruta; and many nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her sister, Sharon Norton.

Claudia Sokol was a hero to her family, friends, fellow firefighters, and community at large. She will always live within us. We treasure the memories, love, support, courage, guidance, and faithfulness that she gave us throughout our lives.





Remembering



Blaine E. "Skeeter" Wildnauer Jr.

Fox Township Volunteer Fire Department – Pennsylvania

Volunteer Firefighter

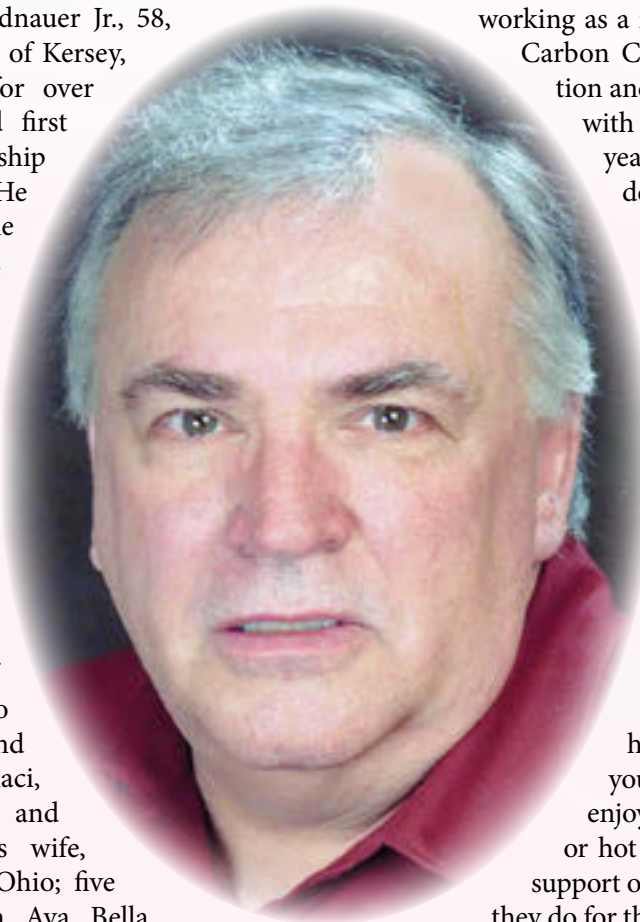
Date of Death: November 2, 2013

Age: 58

Blaine E. "Skeeter" Wildnauer Jr., 58, was a lifelong resident of Kersey, Pennsylvania, and served for over 40 years as a fireman and first responder with the Fox Township Volunteer Fire Department. He passed away suddenly while attending to the victim of a car accident on the morning of November 2, 2013.

He was a loving son, brother, father, uncle, and grandfather. He is survived by his parents, Blaine E. Wildnauer Sr. and Phyllis Wildnauer, also of Kersey PA; his daughter, Crystal Wildnauer, and her fiancé, Daniel Rippey, of St. Marys, Pennsylvania; two sons, Patrick Wildnauer, and his spouse, Thomas Balamaci, of Los Angeles, California, and Steven Wildnauer, and his wife, Laura Wildnauer, of Clyde Ohio; five grandchildren, Corbin, Ryan, Ava, Bella, and Landyn; and two brothers, Paul Wildnauer, and his wife, Georgia, of Fishers, Indiana, and Kurt Wildnauer, and his wife, Denise, of Mason Ohio.

"Skeeter," as he was affectionately nicknamed, was devoted to the community where he was born, raised, and called home. He was a lifelong member of the Kersey United Methodist Church. He was also a long-time supporter of the local football team through his work with the St. Marys Area High School Quarterback Club, at the same high school where he played football and from which he graduated in 1973. He began



working as a machinist at what is now SGL Carbon Company shortly after graduation and celebrated 40 years of service with the company, alongside his 40 years of service with the local fire department.

He enjoyed spending time and sharing a beer with his fellow firefighters and many friends who described him as kind, reliable, and fun loving. Skeeter could often be found at the fire station preparing for one of the many events hosted for the community throughout the year, including the Children's Halloween Parade and the recent bicentennial celebrations for the township. When he wasn't rolling up his sleeves, you could find him laughing and enjoying a "Friday Fish Fry" dinner or hot wings on "Wing Night," all in support of the station and the good work they do for the local area.

We, his children, and our entire family are very proud of my father. He didn't seek acknowledgement or reward for his volunteer service, despite how deserving it was. He simply did what needed to be done when a person or family needed help. He exemplified what it means to be a good citizen, and we are deeply grateful for his service and the service of all other firefighters who answer the call when they are needed.

With love,
The family of Blaine "Skeeter" Wildnauer



Remembering



Michael Louis Broz

Dorchester County Fire Rescue – South Carolina

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: March 10, 2013

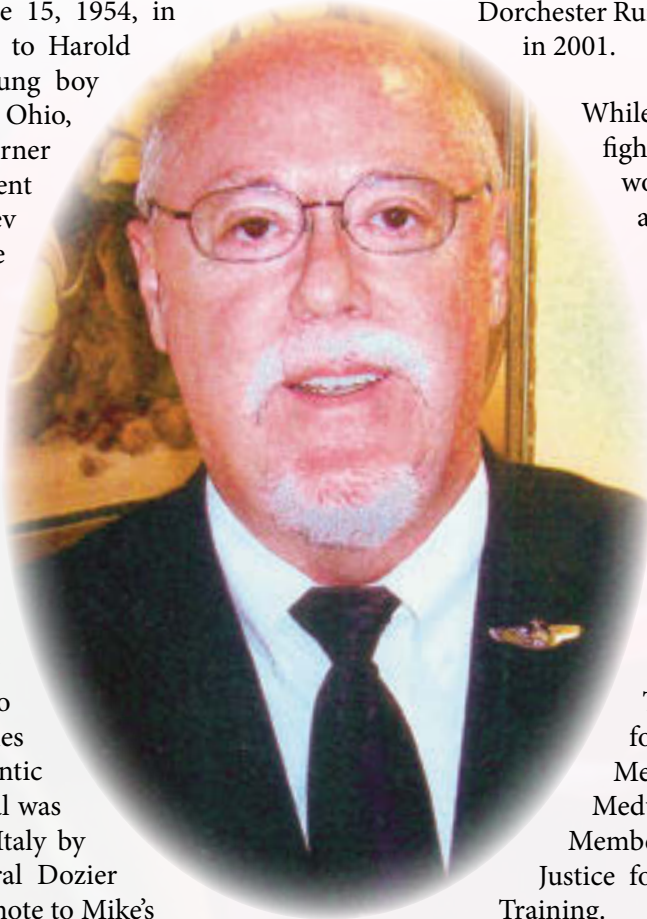
Age: 58

Mike was born on June 15, 1954, in Spokane Washington, to Harold and Marion Broz. As a young boy growing up in Cincinnati, Ohio, Mike would sit at the street corner near the local fire department and wait for the engines to rev and the sirens to blare as the firefighters raced off to a call. He knew he wanted to serve as a firefighter one day.

After completing high school, Mike joined the U.S. Air Force. He served as a tech sergeant, a loadmaster, and a U.S. Air Force military police officer. On February 3, 1982, Mike had the distinct honor of being part of the flight crew who flew Brigadier General James Lee Dozier across the Atlantic Ocean to the U.S. The general was held captive for 42 days in Italy by Italian Red Brigades. General Dozier wrote and signed a personal note to Mike's youngest daughter, Sherri, which she treasures to this day. Mike received an honorable discharge from the U.S. Air Force in 1985.

While stationed at the Charleston Air Force Base, Mike met the love of his life, Dixie Felder. They married in 1981 and resided in Ridgeville, South Carolina. Feeling the need to fulfill his dream of becoming a firefighter and first responder, Mike joined the Ridgeville Volunteer Fire Department in 1982, where he served as assistant fire chief for many years. He then joined the

Dorchester Rural Volunteer Fire Department in 2001.



While serving as a volunteer firefighter over the years, Mike worked various jobs, many as a safety director. He received an associate degree in occupational safety and health from Belford University and certificates from the following: SC Fire Academy for Interior Structural Firefighter and Hazardous Materials First Responder, National Fire Academy for Fire Arson Detection, SC State Fire Marshal for Hazardous Materials, Arson, and Fire Department Safety, Trident Technical College for Confined Space Rescue, Medical University of SC for Meducare Flight Support Team Member, and U.S. Department of Justice for FBI Community Relations Training.

Second to being a firefighter, Mike truly loved his family first and foremost. He enjoyed staying in touch with his mom and his brothers, Steve and Bob, and their families, all from Ohio. Mike was a loving husband to his wife, Dixie, and a devoted father to children, Debbie, Glenda, Fel, and Sherri. He was a doting grandfather to grandchildren, Michelle, Mary, Taylor, Hillary, Madison, and Andrew. Mike's family says that from heaven he has given them the most precious gift of all—life, in the form of his great grandson, Baby Wyatt.



Remembering



Rodney C. Hardee

Loris Fire Department – South Carolina

Volunteer Assistant Chief

Date of Death: July 9, 2013

Age: 66

Rodney Hardee was born January 22, 1947, in Horry County, South Carolina, to Joseph Clifton Hardee and Irene Hardee. A 1965 graduate of Loris High School, he received a bachelor's degree in business management from Coker College. He served as the public works director for the City of Loris for 41 years.

Rodney was a firefighter for 40 years, more than 20 of those as an assistant fire chief. After God and his family, the Loris Fire Department was his greatest passion. During his time with the department, he became certified as a state fire marshal.

A veteran of Operation Desert Storm, Mr. Hardee served in the South Carolina Army National Guard, obtaining the rank of first sergeant with 33 years of service to his state and country.

One of his greatest loves was the Oak Dale Baptist Church, where he served as a deacon and held numerous other positions during his lifelong affiliation there. He was the founder and director of the Food Distribution Program at Oak Dale, and his life's focus was caring for others in need and those less fortunate within his community. Even while battling several health complications, he worked tirelessly at everything he did.



He was a member of the South Carolina State Firemen's Association, South Carolina National Guard Association, South Carolina Water and Pollution Association, and Loris Masonic Lodge #205 A.F.M.

He answered his last call just hours before being hospitalized and died in the line of duty on July 9, 2013.

Rodney is survived by his wife, Donnella Stevens Hardee; two sons and their spouses, Cole & Tanya Hardee and Ashley & Angie Hardee; his mother, Irene Hardee; three sisters, Brenda Canada, Charlotte (Lloyd) Harrelson, and Yvonne (Ray) Stanley; sister-in-law, Vicky Stevens; five grandchildren, Holly, Maclaley, Bryson, Colson, and Bella Hardee; and numerous nephews and nieces.

He became "Pa-pa" to a great number of "acquired" grandchildren throughout the local community. He was preceded in death by his father, Joseph Clifton Hardee.

Rodney Hardee loved his wife with all his heart and was the best mentor and father a family could have. He taught us all the importance of supporting family and community. He was a public servant in the truest sense, and he did everything because he loved people.



Remembering



Richard J. Floersch

Milan Fire Department – Tennessee

Career Captain

Date of Death: October 2, 2013

Age: 59

Captain Richard J. Floersch, 59, was a captain of the Milan Fire Department in Milan, Tennessee. His number was 3, and he wore it proudly. He had 36½ years of service, from January 20, 1977, to October 2, 2013, when he had a massive heart attack while on duty on a 24-hour shift.

He was certified in Basic Firefighting (TFACA), Emergency Vehicle Operator, Vehicle Extrication (Basic/Advanced), CPR Instructor through the American Red Cross and the American Heart Association; Fire Officer 1 & 2, Fire Instructor 1, Hazardous Materials Operator, and SCBA Repair Technician.

In 2013, he started back the Milan Middle School Fire Patrol Program. He loved firefighting. He followed in the footsteps of his dad, Robert Floersch, who was a former Milan Fire Department Chief.

Richard loved his wife, the Atlanta Braves, the Smoky Mountains, camping, and collecting baseball cards.

He was born April 12, 1954, in Evergreen Park, Illinois.



He is survived by Dreama, his wife of 33 years; his brothers, Robert (Monica) Floersch and Ron (Linda) Floersch; his father-in-law and mother-in-law, Jack and Bettie Wyatt; and his nieces and nephews, Tracy, Kim, Elizabeth, Mike, Robert, and Dominick. He is also survived by his extended family, Kelli, Wade, and Travis Sanders, and special pet, Friday.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Robert and Rita Floersch; his sister, Mary Floersch Scileppi and his nephew, Mario Scileppi.

We were married for 33 years (September 6, 1980). Richard was my loving husband, my best friend, my soul mate, and my rock. I love him and miss him so much. He's always on my mind and always in my heart and all around me, but just not physically with me. It is so hard without him.

Not knowing why God took him so young and so soon is very hard. One day I will see him again, and we will be together forever.

Love you Richard, Always and Forever,
Dreama Floersch - Wife



Remembering



David M. Schnepf

Carter's Valley Fire Department – Tennessee

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: February 25, 2013

Age: 43

David had more than 20 years of fire-fighting experience. He was only 43 years old when he passed away. He loved being able to help others. He ate, slept, and breathed being a firefighter.

On the morning when he passed away, he had been at Carter's Valley Station 2 the night before. We had worked a brush fire earlier that day. I went home while he stayed behind at the station getting one of the trucks ready for the funeral



of one of the retired members. He got home about 1:00 a.m., took a shower and went to bed, only to wake me at 7:00 and ask for help. My husband didn't make it. But he had so much love and passion for our members and any fire departments. If he could stop and help anyone he would.

He was the love of my life. He left behind his wife, mother and father, two brothers, his children and grandchildren. He will always be in our hearts forever. We love and miss him every day.



Remembering



Robert Ryan Bebee

Houston Fire Department – Texas

Career Engineer/Operator
Date of Death: May 31, 2013
Age: 41

Robert was born on January 14, 1972. He loved life to the fullest and was dedicated to his family and friends. His days off between two jobs were filled with remodeling projects and helping his friends as needed with moving, etc. He would show up and support his nieces' functions during school and after, and he managed to do the same for his friends' children as well.

Robert was a dedicated public servant, first as a deputy for Harris County Precinct 2, and then as a



Houston firefighter and part-time at Jersey Village Fire Department.

He was a lover of animals, who he rescued, nursed to good health, and helped place in good homes. But most, he kept. Silently and without much fanfare, he worked to leave this world a better place.

He was our hero long before his last alarm on May 31, 2013.

Robert was a beautiful gift from God. May he rest in His glory.



Remembering



Morris W. Bridges Jr.

West Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 41

Morris Wayne Bridges was born February 28, 1972, in Dallas, Texas, to Morris and Sharon Bridges. He had two sisters, Melinda Hager of Olean, Missouri, who was very close to Morris, more like his best friend, and Louise Mills of Bristol, Texas.

Morris, age 41, of West, Texas, passed away April 17, 2013, while providing the ultimate sacrifice for the community of West. Morris attended schools in Dallas and graduated from Bruceville-Eddy High School in 1990. He later became a pipefitter for Action Fire Pro in Waxahachie, Texas. He had been a volunteer firefighter for two years.

Morris was kindhearted and loved by everyone in the community. He loved riding motorcycles, fishing, camping, and most of all he adored the smile and love of his two-year-old son, Jaimeson. He loved to hear him giggle. He also had two teenage children, Brittany and Brent.

Morris had many achievements. One he was very proud of was receiving his bachelor's degree from Penn State. He leaves to cherish his memory his wife, Carmen Bridges, whom he met in high school. They reunited during the planning of their 20-year high



school reunion and married. Jaimeson Ayden Bridges born two years later and was two years old when Morris died.

When Morris was not volunteering his time to the fire department and his community, all his extra time was spent with Jaimeson. He was a proud new father and very happy to brag about it. Also left to cherish his memory are Brittany Bridges and Brent Bridges, both of West.

When duty calls me, Oh Lord, wherever flames may range,

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, Oh Lord, and guide my every move,

For life is so precious, please don't let us lose.

I want to fill my calling and to give the best in me

To guard my every neighbor and protect their property.

And if according to Thy will, I must give my life,

Then with Thy protecting hand, My Lord, I pray thee,

Protect my children and my wife.

Amen



Remembering



Perry Wayne Calvin

Mertens Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 37

Perry Wayne Calvin was a firefighter with Navarro Mills Volunteer Fire Department and Mertens Volunteer Fire Department. He served both departments wholeheartedly, and his passion for this service and helping others led him to pursue firefighter and EMT certifications. He wanted to turn his passion into a career, but the Lord took him home two weeks shy of graduation.

Perry was born January 18, 1976, in Dallas, Texas. He grew up in the small community of Emmett, just outside of Frost, Texas. He spent his youth helping his dad on the farm and showing calves through FFA and 4-H with his sisters and brother. After graduating from Frost High School in 1994, he held various jobs doing anything from mechanic work to driving trucks to construction, and at times still working with his dad on the farm. He was a man of many talents.

Perry lived life to the fullest and was passionate about everything he did. He enjoyed fishing, hunting, horseback riding, and especially rodeo. He spent a few years after high school riding bulls when he had time. Later in life he spent several years bullfighting, primarily at youth bull riding events throughout central Texas. He loved working with kids and youth and always had a desire to help others in any way he could.



Perry met his wife, Becky, in January of 2002, and they were married on October 19 of the same year. About a year and a half later they started their family and had their first of two sons, Wyatt. Almost four years later they had their second son, Preston. Perry loved his family entirely and was so proud of his sons. He planned to teach them everything he knew.

Two weeks before his death, Perry and Becky found out they were expecting a third child. Perry was very excited to be having another child and had hopes for a girl. Presley Wreanne was born on November 13, 2013, and although Perry was not there in person, we know he was there in spirit and was a proud father once again.

Perry is survived by his wife of ten years, Becky Calvin; sons, Paul Wyatt Calvin, Preston Wade Calvin, and Weston Wills; daughter, Presley Wreanne Calvin; parents, Phil and Cindy Calvin; brother, Wes Calvin and wife, Emily; sisters, Penny Calvin and Page Calvin; and grandmother, Edna Calvin. He is also survived by several nieces, nephews, and other relatives.

Perry left a lasting impression on all those lucky enough to have him in their lives. He was one of a kind and will be missed greatly but never forgotten.



Remembering



Jerry Dane Chapman

Abbott Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Firefighter

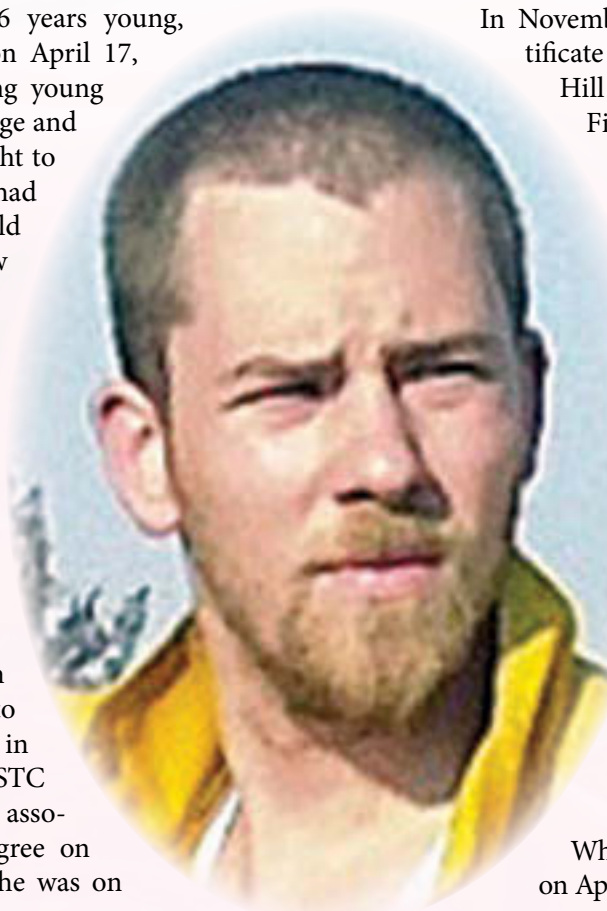
Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 26

Jerry Chapman, only 26 years young, became a real HERO on April 17, 2013. Jerry was a fun loving young man who lived life on the edge and to the fullest. He was a delight to anyone who met him. He had a servant's heart and would go out of his way if he knew there was a need and do his best to find a way to meet it.

As a young man, Jerry attended AWANA club at Pampa Bible Church for 13 years. He came all the way through the program, which included learning the Word of God, actively serving in his church, and after high school graduation he went on a mission trip to Japan. After high school in 2005, Jerry chose to attend TSTC in Waco, and he received an associate of applied science degree on December 11, 2007, where he was on the dean's honor roll.

Later, Jerry became involved with the Abbott Volunteer Fire Department. He became NIMS compliant in many areas and received many certifications that furthered his career as a firefighter. In October 2012, he received from the National Fire Academy, ICS-300: Intermediate ICS for Expanding Incidents for Operational First Responders and ICS-400: Advanced ICS for Command and General Staff, Complex Incidents and MACS for Operational First Responders.



In November 2012, Jerry was given a certificate marking one year of service to Hill County through the Hill County Firefighters Association, then began the EMT Course with West EMS. He was certified to administer CPR and AED, and the course was to conclude at the end of April 2013. As of April 15, 2013, he had passed his skills test and was near completion and ready for National Registry soon after.

Jerry's desire was to become a helicopter EMT. Flying was on the agenda, but schooling was very expensive, so he was doing the things he needed to do to provide the income necessary and take the steps to further his dream and make it a reality.

While attending one of his EMT classes on April 17, 2013, a call came in for assistance at the West Fertilizer Plant, and Jerry responded as an Abbott volunteer firefighter. He was giving by serving and protecting others while fighting a battle that he soon lost, only to be with Jesus.

Now he is in Heaven, flying far above all the worries and trials this world has to offer.

Survivors are his parents, Dane and Rhonda Chapman of Hillsboro; his sister, Shay, and her husband, Justin Pohlmann; a niece, Chloe Rose; and a nephew, Micah Dane.



Remembering



Cody Frank Dragoo

West Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 50

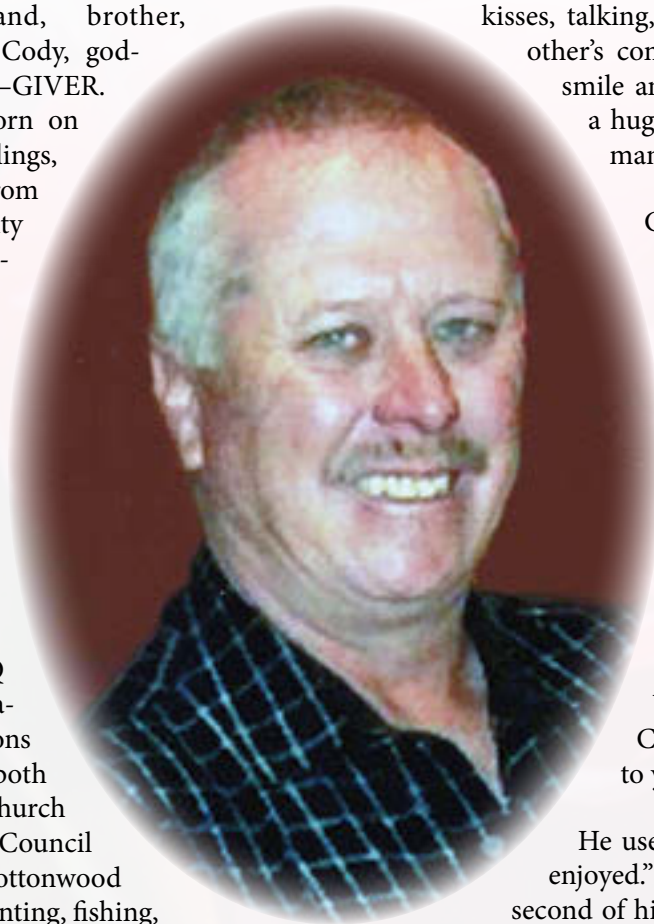
Cody Dragoo—husband, brother, brother-in-law, Uncle Cody, god-father, volunteer, friend—GIVER.

That was Cody. He was born on October 15, 1962, in Billings, Montana, and graduated from Montana State University with a degree in agriculture. Cody moved to West, Texas, in 1995, where he was employed by the West Fertilizer Company and two years later married Patty Mynar of West.

Cody joined the West Volunteer Fire Department in 1997. He was actively involved in the annual volunteer fire department BBQ cook-off fundraiser and organized tractor pull competitions in West. He was a member of both the St. Mary's Catholic Church and Knights of Columbus Council 2305 and president of the Cottonwood Water Supply. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, cooking, watching NASCAR races and, most importantly, being with family and friends.

Cody loved his family and especially his wife. They did everything together. A day never went by without little

kisses, talking, laughing, and enjoying each other's company. Cody had the biggest smile and was always happy. He had a huge heart and was a very gentle man.



Cody loved to BBQ and grill, and steaks were his specialty. Sundays were family days. Cody would cook for everyone and watch NASCAR. His favorite driver was Dale Jr. Cody loved to swim, and Destin, Florida, was his favorite vacation spot. He also loved to hunt. His best and last year to hunt, he shot two bucks and a doe.

We are very proud of our Cody and miss him dearly. Love to you, Cody, forever.

He used to say, "Life is meant to be enjoyed." He certainly enjoyed every second of his life, and his life was putting others before himself.

On April 17, 2013, Cody gave the ultimate sacrifice to the community of West and will certainly be missed.



Remembering



Robert H. Garner IV

Houston Fire Department – Texas

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: May 31, 2013

Age: 29

Robert “Bobby” Garner IV was a tenacious 29-year-old with a huge heart. From the time he was a little boy he always enjoyed serving and helping others. Robert knew when he was in high school that he wanted to be a fireman.

Not long after graduation, Robert joined the U.S. Air Force and served as an airman for six years. During that time Robert was able to travel and serve his country. At the end of his six years, Robert knew exactly what he wanted to do—join the Houston Fire Department. And that he did. Robert made A’s in high school and never cracked a book. However, for the HFD Academy that guy lived in his textbooks. He went

through the academy and graduated second in his class.

Upon graduation, Robert was assigned to Station 68. He had done copious amounts of research about all of the stations in the city, and Station 68 was his first pick. Robert was fortunate enough to serve all of his time as a Houston Firefighter with his Station 68 family. Robert was quiet at his station and took his work seriously. Outside of the station he was a fun loving, down to earth guy who enjoyed hanging out with friends and spending time with his sisters.

Robert will be missed by his family and friends, but his legacy will continue to live on.



Remembering

Kenneth Luckey Harris Jr.

Dallas Fire-Rescue – Texas

Career Captain

Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 52

Luckey was the best husband and father in the world. He was also a wonderful friend.

Luckey always had a smile on his face, and he never met a stranger. He lived life to the fullest and had a great time doing it.

One of his favorite things to do was deep sea fishing with his sons and fishing buddies on his boat, the "Boots Up."

He loved his work as a firefighter, and all that worked with him say they couldn't have asked for a better captain.

He was a great man, and he will be missed by many.

He is survived by his wife, Holly, and sons, Jud, Jarrod, and Heath.





Remembering



Donald Mark Mize

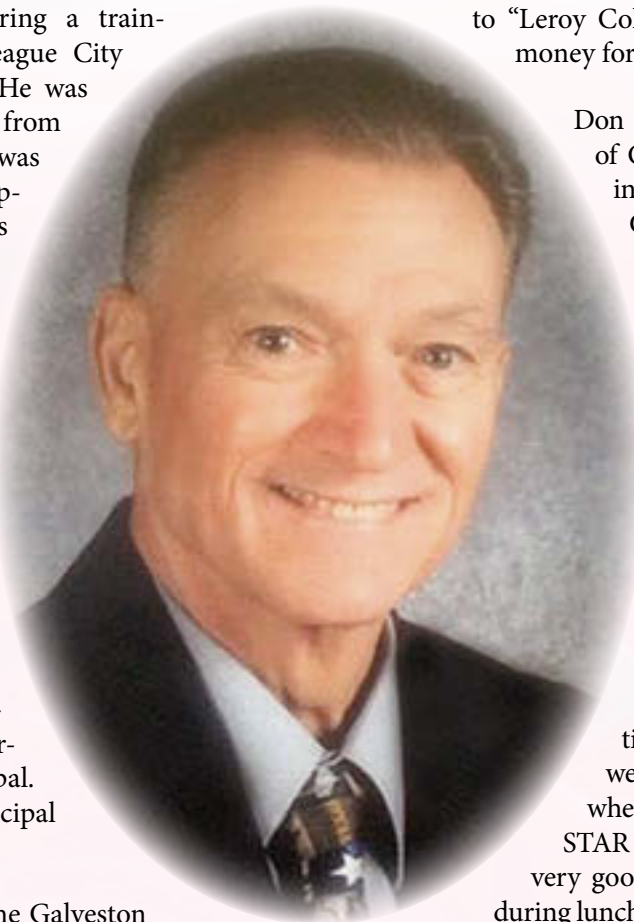
League City Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Firefighter Cadet
Date of Death: March 6, 2013
Age: 63

Don Mize, 63, died during a training exercise for the League City Volunteer Fire Department. He was a cadet. He had just retired from teaching for 39 years and was extremely excited about helping in the community. He was always involved in the community and county.

As a teacher, Don felt that every student would find their way and become successful. He never had a bad word to say about anyone. He wrote and received many grants that benefited the school and Clear Creek ISD. Even after retirement he was at school on a regular basis, helping out the department he chaired or putting furniture together for the principal. One day the assistant principal said, "Didn't he retire?"

For years, Don belonged to the Galveston County Historical Society. He did research and obtained historical markers for many old homes and churches in League City and Galveston. He obtained street sign changes to commemorate citizens of Galveston. He took particular interest in a deaf lifeguard who saved almost a thousand lives during his lifetime, but had been forgotten by most; even his grave was unmarked. Don's research obtained a state historical plaque that we placed in front of the convention center on the seawall, as well as changing that part of the street



to "Leroy Colombo's View." He also raised money for a marker for his grave.

Don was a Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus member. After retiring, he went through Texas State Guard Training in order to help with disaster relief and through League City Citizens Police Academy. He was looking forward to helping the community as a volunteer fireman.

Don has a daughter, Stacey Mize, and two grandsons, Jordan (17), and Connor (2½) from a previous marriage.

On the last day of his life, at 4 a.m., he opened up the YMCA, where he worked part-time and exercised every day. We went to Clear View High School, where we were substituting for the STAR and TAKS tests. He was in a very good mood, laughing and talking during lunch. When we got home, he got on the computer to study and take tests for his fire school classes. He got out his bunker gear and stopwatch to practice getting dressed in under a minute; he was close. It was almost time for him to go to his fire practice, so he packed his gear and rushed for the garage door. The strap to his bag snagged on the doorknob, and I grabbed it and pulled him toward me. I said, "Slow down. Take a breath. You won't be late." I kissed him and said, "I love you." He said, "I love you, too." After finishing the training stations, he stepped out of his boots and collapsed.



Remembering



Gregory Wade Pickard

Bryan Fire Department – Texas

Career Lieutenant

Date of Death: February 16, 2013

Age: 54

Gregory Wade Pickard was born February 4, 1959, in Guymon, Oklahoma. He was the second son of four children born to Robert and Carla Pickard. Robert was a ranch manager for most of Greg's youth. Because of this, Greg quickly developed a love of the outdoors and animals, especially horses. Eventually they ended up in Italy, Texas, where the family put down roots.

He was blessed to find Susie, the love of his life, at the age of 17. From that day on the two were inseparable. After a four-year courtship they were wed on June 21, 1980, in Italy. Soon after, they moved to College Station, Texas, where they both attended Texas A&M University. While Susie pursued a career in education, Greg realized his true passion was firefighting when he joined the Bryan Fire Department in 1980.

Greg and Susie welcomed their first child, Robin Blair, in March 1983. Greg loved being a dad and took to it right away. Any time he wasn't at the fire station was spent at home with his family. Robin was a daddy's girl, and he was so proud of the mother that she became. In 1987, Greg was thrilled to welcome his son, Jacob Wade, born on the 4th of July. Jake adored his dad and wanted to be just like him. Greg was so proud to have the honor of pinning his son when he joined the College Station Fire Department.



In his career as a firefighter, Greg was a former member of the Texas Task Force 1 and an original member of the Bryan Fire Department Rescue Team. His leadership after the Texas A&M University Bonfire collapse as rescue division commander was exceptional. His grace under pressure helped keep others focused on the difficult task before them.

He progressed through the ranks to become battalion chief from 1999-2005 before choosing to step back to lieutenant to finish out his career. He served as a mentor to many throughout his 32 years of service.

Greg had such a passion for life and knew how to get the most out of every day. Summers with the family were spent traveling in the RV, which was what he loved doing most. He also developed a passion for golfing and passed it onto his entire family. He knew the value of hard work, but always remembered to have fun, too.

Greg devoted his life to serving others. If someone was in need, he was never far away. He exemplified what it meant to be a good son, brother, husband, father, grandfather, and friend. Those he leaves behind aspire to make him proud and live up to the extraordinary example that he set for us.



Remembering



Joseph F. "Joey" Pustejovsky

West Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 29

Joey walked into the face of danger and made the ultimate sacrifice of his life on April 17, 2013, protecting his community by battling a blaze at a local fertilizer plant in West, Texas, which ended in an explosion. Although not successful in extinguishing the blaze, it gave the citizens of West precious time to save countless lives.

Joey was born on August 3, 1983. He graduated from West High School in 2001 and then attended McLennan Community College. He had previously worked at Sears and also for the McLennan County Appraisal District, where he was a personal property appraiser.

At the young age of 29, Joey was a committed man to his family, his church, and to his community, and he served all well. Joey was an active member of the St. Mary's Catholic Church of the Assumption in West, where he organized the Catholic Brothers and Sisters United youth group and served two years as the youth minister. He had worked as the West city secretary for the past four years and was a mem-



ber of the West Volunteer Fire Department, where he also served as the treasurer. As West city secretary, he was instrumental in securing many grants for city improvements. He approached every job with passion and integrity, no matter how tedious or difficult it may have been.

He was a member of the West ACTS group, where he had served as past director and served on the West ACTS Core as secretary/treasurer. Joey was a member of the Knights of Columbus Council #2305 of West and the Monsignor George Dosckocil 4th Degree Knights of Columbus Assembly #2319 of West. Joey loved to hunt, loved Texas A&M sports, loved being with his family and friends, and working in his yard.

Joey is survived by his wife, Kelly; his son, Parker Pustejovsky; his stepchildren, Kayla Bridgeford, Beau Bridgeford, and Ashley Bridgeford; his parents, Joe and Carolyn Pustejovsky; his brother, Brad Pustejovsky, and wife, Dolores; his grandmother, Teresa Compton; and his in-laws, Joe and Brenda Sebesta.



Remembering



Cyrus Adam Reed

Abbott Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 29

Cyrus (Cy) Adam Reed was born February 11, 1984, to Mark and Lucy-Anne Reed, in Houston, Texas. Cyrus is survived by his parents, Mark and Lucy; sister, Sarah Hobbs; brother-in-law, David Hobbs; and his nieces, Edith Garrison and Grace Hobbs.

Cyrus was a happy, curious, loving child. He was fascinated by trains, fire trucks, anything with sirens and bells, and anything that went “boom.” Cy loved nature, the great outdoors, space exploration, camping, fishing, racing and building stock-cars, and entertaining family and friends. He enjoyed taking things apart just so he could put them back together. He had a wonderful sense of humor, a compassionate heart, and was a man of strong faith.

Cyrus attended school in Alief ISD and was an active Boy Scout, earning his Eagle rank in 2002. He served four years in Marine Corps JROTC, graduating with honors. He was also involved in theater and FFA. It was there, in “Ag. Mech.,” that he discovered a talent for welding, which led him to TSTC in Waco, where he studied welding technology. While in Waco, Cyrus fell in love with central Texas (“God’s Country”) and began his life as a volunteer firefighter. Highlights of his career include Community VFD and Hill County Sheriff’s Department. When his life ended, he was a captain at Abbott VFD, an on-call firefighter at Bynum



VFD and Mertens VFD, and had just passed his final EMT exam at West Ambulance, moments before responding to his final call. He was also employed full-time as a maintenance technician at Hunting Titan Specialties, where he gained his training and certification in chemical fire suppression.

On the evening of Wednesday, April 17, Cyrus responded from the classroom at West EMS. His entire life culminated when the tones dropped that night. He had the passion, the heart, the skills, and the knowledge to handle such a fire, and when the call came, he was less than a half mile away. Cyrus and other first responders were lost when the plant exploded about 20 minutes after they arrived. They lost their lives so that others may live, in what some call a “miracle.” In a blast that injured 160 and damaged more than 150 buildings, only 15 lives were lost, 12 of them being the first responders that were able to prevent an even bigger disaster.

In the Bible, John 15:13 reads, “No one has greater love than this, than to lay down one’s life for one’s friends.” Cyrus departed this world showing the ultimate act of love he could, and he showed his dedication and unwavering tenacity to his credo by laying down his life so others may live. He will always be remembered as “the gentle giant.”

Remembering

Matthew R. Renaud

Houston Fire Department – Texas

Career Captain

Date of Death: May 31, 2013

Age: 35

On July 2, 1977, Matthew Rena Renaud was born at Herman Hospital in Houston, Texas. Matthew was proud to be a native Houstonian, Texan, and of his heritage. After graduation from North Shore High School in 1996, he received a degree from San Jacinto College. During college, Matthew began to realize his calling to become a firefighter. Shortly after earning his fire science degree, Matthew was a cadet at the Houston Fire Academy, Val Jahnke Training Facility. He graduated 10th in his class in 2001. Matthew's first station was 51, in southwest Houston, where he built close relationships, bonds, and his love for Station 51.

He excelled quickly through the ranks of the Houston Fire Department. In 2007, he was promoted to engine operator. In 2011, he scored high on the captain's exam and was promoted to captain. Throughout his career he worked at several stations around Houston; however, he found his way back home to Station 51 after his captain's promotion. At the time of his death, Captain Renaud had just completed taking his senior captain's exam and scored well to insure yet another promotion.

Matthew received the Unit Meritorious Medal on April 27, 2013. He, along with two of his fellow firefighters, pulled an unconscious victim out of a burning apartment in April 2012. He never thought it was that big of a deal. He was just doing his job. Matthew loved

being a Houston firefighter, captain, his fellow firefighters, and serving his city.

Matthew had a great love for his family, friends, and his dog, Hoagie. He enjoyed visiting with people he cared for and loved on any level. Sports were a very big part of his life. Growing up he played baseball and lived a very active life. When he wasn't playing, he enjoyed and loved his Houston professional sports teams, especially the Astros. Every year, along with some friends and his brother David, Matthew would take a trip to watch the Astros play in another city. They were able to take seven of these trips together, and the memories will be cherished by all who went.

Today we still take those trips, with a fire station visit to honor and remember Matthew.

Watching the Astros play in another city fulfilled another love of his, traveling. Whether taking a road trip to the river or boarding a plane to fly to another city, he was ready for the getaway and to have fun. Having fun is what he wanted to do, whether it was at the station, home with family, a Texan's game, or traveling.

Captain Matthew Renaud is survived by his father and stepmother, Xavier and MicDalia Renaud; his mother, Barbara Perez; his brother, David Renaud; his brother's wife, Courtney; nephew, Luke Renaud; and his basset hound, Hoagie.





Remembering



Kevin William Sanders

Bruceville-Eddy Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 33

Kevin William Sanders was born outside Chicago on October 13, 1979, to Duane and Sandra Sanders. He grew up in Palos Hills, Illinois, and graduated from Marist High School in 1997. He graduated from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign in 2001 with a bachelor's degree in animal science and from Parkland College in 2003 with a veterinary technician certification.

Kevin truly believed in the strength and goodness of people. His passion in life was helping and caring for others. He held registered veterinary technician positions in Champaign, Illinois; Fort Wayne, Indiana; Plainfield, Illinois; Waco, Texas; and Hewitt, Texas. Kevin always did what he thought was right and strove to be the best he could be. He taught at Fox College in Tinley Park, Illinois, and McLennan Community College in Texas, inspiring greatness in his students. Kevin lived for the service of others through his participation in the Plainfield Emergency Management Agency in Illinois and the Bruceville-Eddy Volunteer Fire Department



in Texas. He was soon to be an emergency medical technician, having just passed his skills test.

Kevin loved caring for animals, working on cars, restoring his 1970 Dodge Charger, listening to music, attending concerts, watching the Chicago Bears and the Fighting Illini, playing paintball, and spending time with his family.

Kevin is survived by his wife, Sarah Sanders; his son, Reeve Sanders; his mother, Sandra Sanders; his maternal grandmother, Eleanore Frey; a sister, Jeanette (Tim) White and their two sons, Nolan and Alex White; a brother, Scott (Allison Muscolino) Sanders; and many friends and extended family. Kevin was preceded in death by his father, Duane Sanders.

Kevin died in the West Fertilizer Plant explosion on April 17, 2013. He was doing what he loved to do by serving and protecting others and will be forever remembered as a hero.



Remembering



Douglas J. Snokhous

West Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 50

Captain Douglas James Snokhous was born January 1, 1963, to Louise Jares Snokhous and Jimmy Snokhous. He was the oldest of four children. His brother, Robert Snokhous, also died in the West explosion. Surviving are his sister, Karen Hoelscher, and brother, Barry Snokhous, who retired from the United States Air Force.

Douglas spent his entire life living in the town of West, Texas. He attended St. Mary's Catholic School from 1st grade through 8th grade. He served as an altar boy for many years. He was part of the West Boy Scouts and spent his childhood years with his dad and uncles, who also served on the West Volunteer Fire Department.

Doug went to West High School, loved science projects, played baseball, and was great in football. After graduating from high school, he worked for neighbors mowing grass and saved money to buy his first car. That gave him the chance to go to Waco, Texas, and work. He began his lifelong career at Central Texas Iron Works, where he worked for 32 years as a supervisor.

Douglas was married for 13 years to Donna Beseda Snokhous. He has two daughters, Lauren Snokhous and Laken Snokhous. Douglas also has one grandson, Hogan James. He also had three stepchildren and several step-grandchildren.



Douglas loved being involved in the community. He enjoyed cooking barbecue for different events in West. He always spent time with his family and friends. His hobbies were golf, NASCAR racing, football, and deer hunting.

Douglas's real passion was volunteering for the West Volunteer Fire Department alongside his brother Robert. Both Douglas and Robert were captains on the fire department. They would always try to be the first two to arrive on the scene and were always ready to help.

Douglas was a wonderful husband and dad. He taught his daughters to drive, taught them to swim, and was understanding about everything in their lives. Being his daughters, he made sure they knew how to hunt and fish. He was proud of all their accomplishments.

Central Texas Iron Works helped to donate a brush fire truck in memory of the two Snokhous brothers, in honor of their dedication and loyalty to the company.

Douglas was a sweet, calm person and friend to all. Always willing to help everyone, he was a brave and faithful man to the West community. His love and support will be missed by all his family and friends, especially the fire department. His courage will always be remembered in our town of West, Texas. He was a true hero!



Remembering



Robert L. Snokhous Sr.

West Volunteer Fire Department – Texas

Volunteer Captain

Date of Death: April 17, 2013

Age: 48

West Volunteer Fire Department Captain Robert “Bob” Snokhous, age 48, of West, passed away on Wednesday, April 17, 2013, while providing the ultimate sacrifice to the community of West.

Robert was born on June 4, 1964, in Hillsboro, the son of Jimmy Rudolph and Louise Marie (Jares) Snokhous. He graduated from West High School in 1982 and received an associate degree from Texas State Technical College in Waco. He was a project manager for Central Texas Iron Works in Waco and was on their emergency response team. Robert had been a volunteer for the West Fire Department, where he had a passion for putting out fires, was a member of St. Mary’s Catholic Church of the Assumption, and a member of the Knights of Columbus West Council #2305. He loved hunting and outdoor BBQs.



Robert was preceded in death by his parents and brother, Doug Snokhous. He is survived by his beloved wife of 14 years, Alison (Patke) Snokhous, whom he married on April 15, 1999; son, Robert “Bubba” Snokhous Jr. of Cape Coral, Florida; daughters, Marquee Snokhous of Cape Coral, Florida, and McKenzie Ryan of West; brother, Barry Snokhous, and wife, Sayoko, of Okinawa, Japan; sister, Karen Hoelscher, and husband, Keith, of Ross, Texas; sister-in-law, Donna Snokhous of West; two grandchildren, Kadence and Kameron Snokhous of Cape Coral; and several nieces, nephews, great niece, great nephew, other relatives and many friends.

Robert is loved and missed by all those close to him, and we are proud to have known him as not only our hero, but as many others’ now as well.



Remembering



Anne McCormick Sullivan

Houston Fire Department – Texas

Career Probationary Firefighter

Date of Death: May 31, 2013

Age: 24

Anne McCormick Sullivan was born on December 4, 1988, in Houston, Texas, to Jack and Mary Moore Sullivan. Anne was sister to Will, Kate, and Thomas Sullivan.

Anne always had a big ole Texas smile on her beautiful face. She has been described as compassionate, courageous, loyal, disciplined, stubborn, honest, determined, dedicated, a self starter, funny, headstrong, optimistic, unshakable, trustworthy, tenacious, and spiritual.

Anne loved athletics, especially soccer and cross country running. She loved the competition and the camaraderie of being part of a team. In her senior year of high school, she was honored as Female Athlete of the Year. Her coach told her, "You won the award because you worked harder and pushed yourself more than any other athlete, never missing a practice or game and always helping and encouraging your teammates."

At age 17, Anne decided to become a firefighter, and nothing was going to stop her. Her determination and perseverance to overcome obstacles to achieve that goal was remarkable. True to her dream, Anne earned her firefighter and EMT certifications and joined two volunteer fire departments, where she was nicknamed "Punky"

and "Mighty Mouse." Punky because Anne always wore her hair in a ponytail, and Mighty Mouse because at 5'2" she could pick up a 180-pound man and carry him around the station.

Anne graduated from the Houston Fire Department Academy in April 2013. Her instructor said, "Anne showed that of her 5'2" frame, 5'1" was heart. She amazed the staff on how she made it through evolutions on sheer determination; she NEVER quits."

On May 31, 2013, Anne was killed at the Southwest Inn fire in Houston, along with three fellow firefighters. To honor Anne's spirit and sacrifice, the Houston Fire Department Academy commissioned the Anne McCormick Sullivan Award, to be presented to the cadets "who best exemplify integrity, extraordinary responsibility, never-quit attitude, and the discipline and commitment to be the best." In addition, the Anne Sullivan Foundation was created as a living legacy to provide scholarship funds for women to pursue the noble calling of firefighting to carry on Anne's dream.

Anne will be deeply and forever missed by her family, friends, fellow firefighters, and the many people whose lives she so positively touched.





Remembering



Eric D. Wallace

Bryan Fire Department – Texas

Career Lieutenant

Date of Death: February 16, 2013

Age: 36

Eric David Wallace was born June 24, 1976, to Frank and Sheridan Wallace. He is the oldest of three children. Eric was always exploring and looking for new things to fix or to tear apart to see how they worked. Eric accepted Jesus Christ as his personal savior at an early age and was very active with the youth group at First Baptist Church of Bremond, in Bremond, Texas.

In high school, Eric enjoyed playing football and baseball. He graduated from Bremond High School in 1994. Eric went to school for engineering, but knew he wanted to help others. Eric became the training officer for the Bremond Volunteer Fire Department, while working for Falls County EMS. Eric was hired by Bryan Fire Department in the year 2000. His dream had finally come true; he was working for the only department he ever wanted to.

Eric worked hard to promote to the one position in which he thought he could best serve the community of Bryan and his fellow brothers. One of Eric's passions was working with all the citizens of Bryan no matter the age. He was the lead instructor for the Citizens Fire Academy. Eric loved watching the citizens' faces when they learned new things that the firefighters endure while on the job. He also taught Gator Camp to the



younger citizens of Bryan. Eric thoroughly loved teaching children to be safe and pass the information on to their parents. Other things Eric was passionate about were being hazardous materials team leader, a member of the truck committee, and most of all being the lieutenant on Engine 1.

In 2010, on his way home from working an extra shift, Eric saw a trailer house on fire. He made contact with 911 and then went closer to make sure there wasn't anyone inside. Upon his arrival, there was a man inside who was unable to make it out due to smoke. In May 2010, Eric was honored by the 100 Club with an award for going above and beyond while off duty.

Eric also enjoyed being active in the City of Marlin, where he lived with his wife and five children. Eric always made time in his busy schedule for helping coach his three sons' football team. He always made his daughter's volleyball games, watched her cheer at high school football games and march in the band, and helped coach her high school softball team. Eric was very devoted to all five of his children. He always made special time for each one. Eric was an avid hunter and enjoyed golf.

He is survived by his wife, Brandie, and his children, Paige, Matthew, Robert, Barrett, and Isabell. He will be greatly missed.

Remembering

Stan Wilson

Dallas Fire-Rescue – Texas

Career Fire Rescue Officer

Date of Death: May 20, 2013

Age: 51

Stan Wilson was born August 18, 1961, in Dallas, Texas, to Nell and Jess Wilson.

After receiving his Bachelor of Science degree in business administration from the University of Texas in Austin, he joined the Dallas Fire Department in February 1985. His career with the department spanned 28 years, the last 20 at Station 53. On May 20, 2013, Stan answered his final alarm while courageously battling a six-alarm fire at an apartment building.

Stan was captured by Christ in his early life through the efforts of his parents and those of the Church. He became a Christian and a true son of God, and he strived to live his life in a way that honored that call. Stan met the love of his life, Jenny, while playing softball in a church league, and they married on September 12, 1992. He was a faithful husband and a devoted father to their two teenage sons, active in every aspect of their lives. Stan had a heart for serving others, which was demonstrated in the time he spent with church activities, as quartermaster of Boy Scout Troop 890, and going on several mission trips to Mexico and the Rio Grande Valley.

He gave of himself on a daily basis, cooking and cleaning after meals when Jenny was working the night shift or

sleeping, as well as doing whatever needed in his sons' Boy Scout troop, at their church, or at his sons' school. He was a true servant and a man after God's own heart whose goal and calling in life was as a servant, serving his family up until his death and loving them with all of his heart. He sought to glorify God in his daily life and disciplined his sons to follow Christ.

He had a true love for his brothers in the fire department and for all that they stood for. Having applied for a job with the fire department on a dare, he grew to love the selfless attitudes and all the challenges that this job entailed. He was proud of his department, his station, and the skills God gave him, answering the station phone as Master Firefighter Stan Wilson. He loved Station 53 and all of his brothers there.

Known for his sense of humor, his strong faith in Jesus Christ, and his love for his family, Stan was quick to respond to anyone in need. He died as he lived, giving his life for others. Stan Wilson is survived by his wife, Jenny; sons, Noah and Luke; mother Nell; sister, Teri, and her husband, Dean; brother, Ken, and his wife, Kristi; and nieces and nephews, Brittany, Tyler, Cyndi, and Jacob.





Remembering



Joseph E. Newsome Chesterfield Fire-EMS – Virginia

Career Captain

Date of Death: April 23, 2007

Age: 42

Joseph E. Newsome was born on March 14, 1965, and was the youngest of five children. He began his career in the fire service with the City of Petersburg, Virginia, Fire Department in 1984, where he gained a lot of firefighting experience as a firefighter and a sergeant. In 1989, Joe became a member of the Chesterfield Fire and EMS Department in Chesterfield County, Virginia. He graduated from Recruit School #19. Joe worked in many of the fire and EMS stations throughout the county and was named the department's Firefighter of the Year in 1992. He was known for his sense of humor and his willingness to say what was on his mind.

He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and later to the rank of captain. Joe was a member of the department's technical rescue team and enjoyed being assigned to Station 3 which had an engine, truck, medic, and technical rescue unit. This station was very busy, and Joe was able to mentor many young firefighters on the wide variety of incidents that they responded to. Joe received the department's Medal of Valor for his efforts to res-



cue a young woman who was trapped during rapidly rising flood waters in August 2004 during Tropical Storm Gaston.

Joe later requested an assignment into the department's emergency medical services division, serving as the deputy director of EMS. He became well-known throughout the region during his tenure, serving on numerous committees and workgroups.

Joe was a dedicated husband of 18 years to Laurie. His sons, Robbie and Tommy, benefitted from his guidance, wisdom, and love. Joe served as their athletic coach and a leader in their scout troop and was very proud of both of them. Joe also served as a deacon in his church and served on mission trips to Central America.

He had just been named as the acting director of emergency medical services when he died in the line of duty while performing his physical training program on April 23, 2007. Laurie, Robbie, and Tommy, as well as all of the members of Chesterfield Fire and EMS, suffered a tremendous loss on that day, and Joe's memory and legacy will live on in the organization.



Remembering



Timothy Wayne Pigg

Amherst County Volunteer Fire Department – Virginia

Volunteer 2nd Assistant Chief

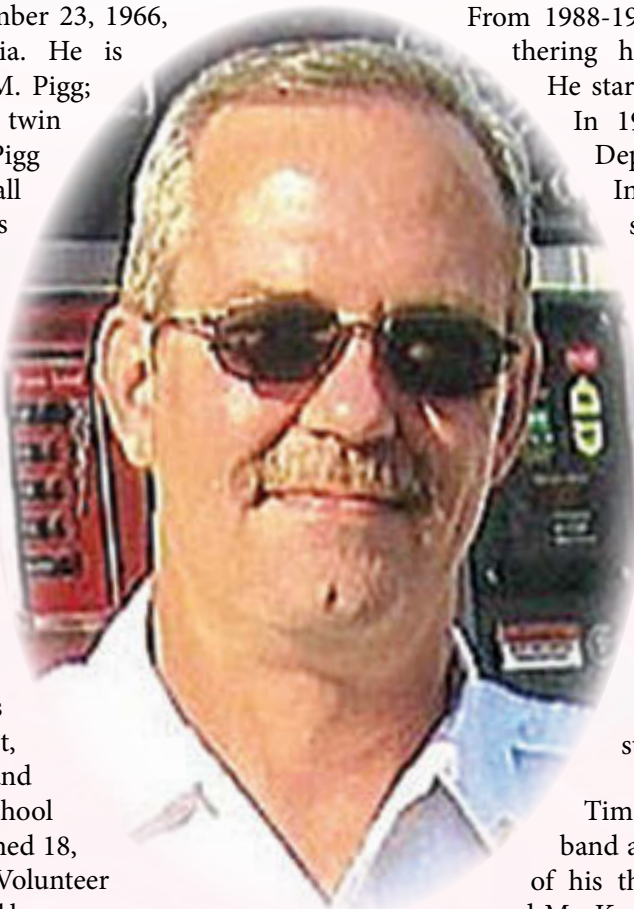
Date of Death: August 8, 2009

Age: 42

Timothy was born September 23, 1966, in Martinsville, Virginia. He is survived by his wife, Leigh M. Pigg; son, Ryan Walter Pigg; and twin daughters, MacKenzie Gray Pigg and Morgan Mallory Pigg; all of Amherst, Virginia. He was the son of Philip C. Pigg and the late Thelma Stultz Pigg of Horsepasture, Virginia, and the brother of Connie G. Pigg of South Boston, Virginia. He is also survived by a very special aunt, Lucy C. Stultz, of Waynesboro, Virginia.

Raised in Horsepasture, Virginia, Timothy was a member of the Horsepasture Christian Church, sang bass for the Horsepasture Quartet, was very active in 4-H, and played the drums in his high school marching band. When he turned 18, he joined the Horsepasture Volunteer Fire Department, which would become one of his life's passions. He graduated from G. W. Carver High School in 1984 and Danville Community College in 1986, earning a degree in drafting.

In 1987, Timothy moved to Amherst, Virginia, to join Buffalo Air Handling Company as a draftsman. In November 1988, he married Leigh M. Hancock of Piney River, Virginia, and they made their home and life in Amherst. Before long, Timothy joined the Amherst Fire Department, where he served as a volunteer member for more than 20 years. In 1993, he was elected to the position of captain, which he held until 2008, when he was elected to the position of 2nd assistant chief.



From 1988-1995, Timothy worked on furthering his education in firefighting. He started with Fire Fighter I status. In 1995, he earned the Virginia Department of Fire Programs Instructor III status. Timothy served as an instructor for new firefighters and was deeply involved in the Amherst Fire Department's junior firefighter program. His son, Ryan, followed in his footsteps, joining the Amherst Fire Department in the junior program and becoming a full member when he turned 18. Timothy received the Fireman of the Year award in January 1998 for "most calls run" and "most number of hours served" at the station for 1997.

Timothy Pigg was a devoted husband and an incredibly loving father of his three children. Ryan, Morgan, and MacKenzie played several sports, and Timothy was right there to help coach each team. He never missed a game in which any of his children played.

In the year prior to his death, Timothy was instrumental in the design and completion of the AFD Engine 2 fire truck. He was given the honor of being transported atop Engine 2 to his final resting spot. The service and family night were attended by his family and over 200 professional firefighters and rescue personnel. As a final gesture to his memory, Timothy was "called home" in honor by a corps of bagpipes provided by the Lynchburg Fire Department.



Remembering



Joshua Travis Smith

La Crosse Volunteer Fire Department – Virginia

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: December 14, 2013

Age: 25

On December 19, 2013, family, friends, and the La Crosse Volunteer Fire Department said farewell to Joshua Travis Smith, 25. He was given firefighter's honors; people lined the route and saluted the procession as it passed through his hometown. His flag draped casket was carried on the back of La Crosse Fire Department's oldest fire engine to his resting place at Crestview Memorial Park, La Crosse Virginia. Joshua is the second La Crosse firefighter to die in the line of duty.

December 14, 2013, Joshua's life was tragically cut short when, while responding to the fire station alarm, he had a car accident and died from injuries sustained in the accident. Joshua Travis Smith was born on November 22, 1988, only minutes after twin brother, Jason. Joshua's parents are Mildred Smith Lewis and James Allen Baskerville, Jr. He has a brother, Jabaris, twin brothers, Malcolm and Malik, and a sister, Shameka. He lived in the town of La Crosse, Virginia, all of his life.

In high school, he was an awesome athlete and participated in soccer, football and basketball. He received numerous awards in school, including Male Athlete of the Year. Joshua volunteered at the local YMCA and worked in food service at McDonald's in South Hill, Virginia.

After graduating high school in 2007, he took college courses at Southside Community College and went to work at Sonic in South Hill, Virginia. He was a manager and a valuable member of the management team working in South Hill and Creedmoor, North Carolina Sonics.

Joshua coached and was a referee for Lake Gaston Soccer Association. He was a born leader who loved serving people and working with young people in his community. Joshua had a contagious laugh and a heart of gold. When he walked into a room, he lit it up. He never met a stranger. Joshua loved all things Duke Blue Devils, Dallas Cowboys, and the color royal blue. He loved muscle cars, the 1967 Shelby GT 500 and the 2003 Mustang Cobra SVT, drawing, and cooking. He especially loved spending time with his family.

Joshua wasn't one to shy away from a challenge or new experiences. He often made his fire house brothers laugh, but they knew he was serious about learning to do his job well. Three months after becoming a volunteer firefighter, Joshua announced to his family that he was scheduled to interview for a salaried fireman's job. He had finally found a place in the world where he could make a difference. Joshua's spirit and influence live on in the hearts and memories of parents, Mildred and James, and the entire family.



Remembering

Daniel J. Hall

Washington Department of Corrections, Airway Heights Corrections Center – Washington

Inmate Firefighter

Date of Death: October 17, 2013

Age: 47

Inmate Firefighter Daniel James Hall was struck and killed by a falling tree while working the fire line on the Springboard Fire.

He was born March 26, 1966, in Everett, Washington, to Joy and Clay Hall. He grew up and attended school in Snohomish.

Danny was a creative and talented artist. He is remem-

bered as outgoing and people-oriented, generous, and kind. In addition to his parents, Danny is survived by his two sons, Brandon and Tristen; a grandson, Jaden; his grandmother, Ella Songstad; brothers, Buddy(Jeannie) and Timm (Chris); and a sister, Jennifer (Steve). He also left four nieces, Ashley, Kylie, Bailey, and Chloe, as well as many aunts, uncles and cousins.





Remembering



Albert A. NejmeH

Tacoma Fire Department – Washington

Career Firefighter

Date of Death: May 14, 2013

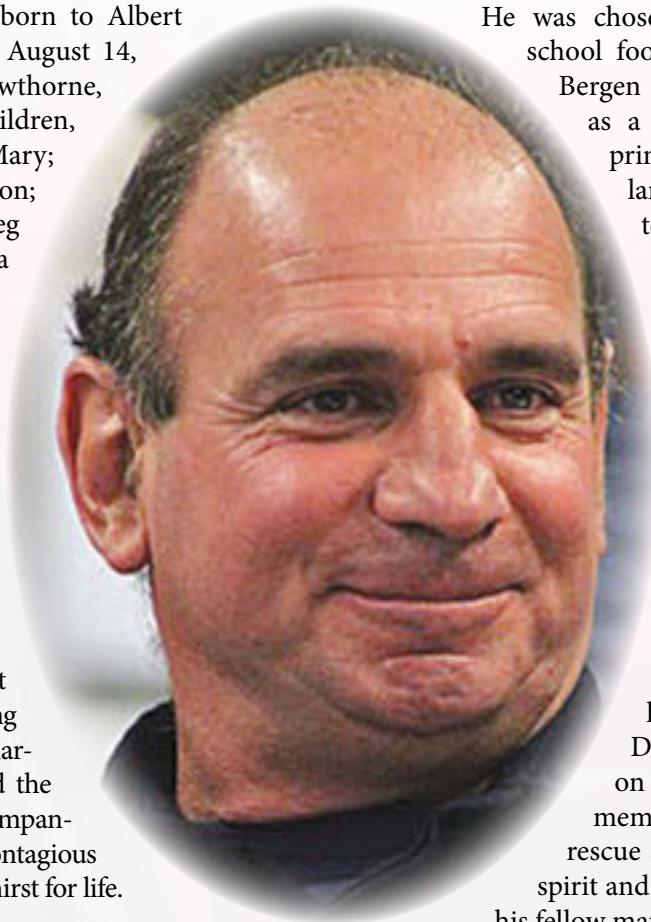
Age: 59

Albert A. NejmeH was born to Albert and Mary NejmeH on August 14, 1953, and was raised in Hawthorne, New Jersey. One of four children, Al is survived by his mom, Mary; an older sister, Gail Robinson; and younger brothers, Greg and Brian NejmeH. Al was a 1971 graduate of Hawthorne High School and a 1975 alumnus of Montclair State University, where he studied biology and psychology.

Al passed in the line of duty on May 14, 2013, serving in his capacity as a Tacoma firefighter.

One of Al's friends posted that he was the "most interesting man in the world"—a fitting characterization to those who had the pleasure of Al's company, companionship, unpretentious yet contagious spirit, fun loving nature, and thirst for life.

Al was so many things to so many people—a son, a brother, a brother-in-law, an uncle, a godfather, a nephew, a cousin, a friend to all he met along his fascinating journeys throughout the world, a best friend to more still, a proud Tacoma firefighter.



He was chosen as an All Century high school football player in 2000 by The Bergen Record (NJ). Al was known as a staunch environmentalist, a principled conservationist, a philanthropist, a community volunteer, a gifted singer/songwriter, a poet and author, a sailor, a cyclist, a teacher, a builder (his hand-built home on Marrowstone Island is a thing of true beauty), a lifelong New York Jets fan, a mountain climber, a world traveler, and a consummate adventurer.

At the age of 47, Al became among the oldest firefighters ever to join the highly regarded Tacoma Fire Department, where he served on Ladder 2, Station 8 and as a member of the station's technical rescue squad. Al had an unwavering spirit and loving soul, a compassion for his fellow man, and was tireless in his effort to lend a hand to his friends, his family and those less fortunate. Indeed, he died as he lived, a hero trying to rescue another who was in need.

Al was a man among men.

Remembering

John T. Appleton

Malden Volunteer Fire Department – West Virginia

Volunteer Firefighter

Date of Death: June 24, 2013

Age: 62

John Appleton was born to a strong Irish Catholic family on January 5, 1951, in Alamogordo, New Mexico. As a child he spent most of his time out west and always dreamed of returning some day. He moved around quite a bit and finally ended up on the east coast. John attended the University of Texas.

John became a “2nd career” man when he felt the calling of serving Christ in the ordained ministry. He ended up at the Reformed Episcopal Seminary in Philadelphia. John, his wife, and their five children served the Lord in Philadelphia for 25 years. On that eventful day, September 11, 2001, he decided he needed to do something to help. At that time he became involved with a group known as the Chapel of Four Chaplains. It was with this group that he made several trips to “Ground Zero,” where he met people from all over the country and was able to share the gospel and help in many ways, from serving food to sweeping floors. It was at this time John got the bug to become a firefighter; however, where he was living at the time, South Philly, there were not many opportunities to volunteer. John continued to minister in Philadelphia for

five more years, when the Lord led him and his family to West Virginia.

It was this move that gave him the opportunity to fulfil that dream of becoming a firefighter. In the community of Malden, West Virginia, just outside of Charleston, John became active in the volunteer fire department. He attended fire school and took classes every chance he got.

He became active in the local community and worked very hard to “keep it local” in outreach and service. He worked to bring a farmers market to the area. This drew people from all over and was scheduled for its first opening the day he died. John had three great loves in his life—God and the church, his family, and the Malden Volunteer Fire Department. He served all three with love and enthusiasm.

John and Cathy were married 38 years and have five children and five grandchildren. John was a man of many words, but a young man in the church said it perfectly, “When you saw Preacher you heard the gospel, and he would tell you to be ready, because you never know when you will be called home.” John was ready when he was called.





Remembering



Charles A. Pierson

South Jackson County Volunteer Fire Department – West Virginia

Volunteer Chief

Date of Death: December 7, 2013

Age: 76

Charles A. “Charlie” Pierson, founding chief of the Southern Jackson County Volunteer Fire Department, died suddenly on December 7, 2013, while responding to an accident. He was a driving force in public and industrial safety and security throughout the state and region,

If I could choose the appropriate words that best describe Charlie as a dedicated fire chief, father, and grandfather, I would cite John F. Kennedy’s famous quote, “Some men see things as they are and say why. I dream things that never were and say why not.” Charlie had a compassion for serving others and had a vision of creating the Southern Jackson Volunteer Fire Department and providing quality service by the volunteer fire department members and taking care of citizens. His compassion for insisting on doing it correctly through training, training, training, and training, benefited both the members of the fire department and the people in time of need.

Charlie exhibited an aggressive attitude of getting the job accomplished and expected the very best performance from the fire department members. “Why not?” After all, that is what was expected from everyone. Charlie would remind me that the public expected quality service. When Charlie had an idea, he pursued it with compassion and would debate the idea



which he believed was important because it would benefit the county and not just his department. I earnestly believe a lot of people did not understand Charlie’s approach to achieving goals for the county. Some were not accustomed to his unusual demeanor of persuasion. I personally could get eye to eye and have a lively discussion, and when we were finished he would always say, “Let’s go have a cup of coffee.” That was his unique and unusual method of persuasion. During his years, he achieved remarkable accomplishments in providing quality service to Jackson County.

Charlie lived his fire service years by serving others. He was dependable and always responding to help someone. Charlie’s characteristic of sacrificing his time and energy for others was quite authentic; he was never trying to gain anything for himself. In the Book of John, Chapter 15, Verse 13 says, “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” Charlie Pierson, responding to an emergency that early morning, gave his life serving others.

In the days before us, when you hear the sirens, remember Charlie. I shall miss him but his legacy will continue. To the members of the Southern Jackson Volunteer Fire Department and his family, you are the legacy. I remember Paul Harvey and how he signed off on his radio messages, “And now the rest of the story,” to continue.



“EVERY ACTION IN OUR LIVES TOUCHES ON SOME CHORD
THAT WILL VIBRATE IN ETERNITY.”

— EDWIN HUBBEL CHAPIN



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. The Memorial Weekend activities are televised nationwide.

HELP SURVIVORS ATTEND THE WEEKEND

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

OFFER SUPPORT PROGRAMS FOR SURVIVORS

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



AWARD SCHOLARSHIPS TO FIRE SERVICE SURVIVORS

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

HELP DEPARTMENTS DEAL WITH LINE-OF-DUTY DEATHS

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

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

WORK TO PREVENT LINE-OF-DUTY DEATHS

With the support of fire and life safety organizations, the Foundation launched the "Everyone Goes Home®" campaign in 2004. Its goal is to reduce firefighter deaths.

CREATE A NATIONAL MEMORIAL PARK

The Foundation is expanding the national memorial site in Emmitsburg, Maryland, to create the first permanent national park honoring all firefighters. The park includes a brick Walk of Honor® that connects the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Chapel and the official national monument. A statue honoring the firefighters who died in the World Trade Center, "To Lift a Nation," was added to the park in 2007.

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Tampa Fire/Rescue, Florida Tim Taylor	Michael Wells, USFA
Vickie Taylor	Wheaton Volunteer Rescue Squad, Maryland
Jeff Thompson	Smiley White, USFA
Terry Thompson	The Whitestone Group
Dave Thornburg	G. Crawford Wiestling
Jim Tidwell	Wilmington Fire Department, Delaware
Heather Tinney	Winchester Fire and Rescue Department, Virginia
Barry Titler	Dennis Wolfe
Barry Thoma, USFA	Bryant Woodall
Matt Tobia	Wyndham Gettysburg Hotel
Town of Emmitsburg, Maryland	

...and hundreds of others who have helped in so many ways.

Special thanks to the members of the fire service who assist and serve as family escorts and the honor guard and pipe band units that participate in the Memorial Weekend programs.

Special thanks to our survivors who returned to assist with Memorial Weekend activities.



Staff and Contractors

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

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Eric Hagman	Respect Consulting Limited	Patricia J. Watson
Jonathan Hart	Kevin Roche	Jenny Woodall

Special thanks to all of the fire service members who serve as State Advocates for the Everyone Goes Home® program, as members of the Local Assistance State Teams, as volunteers at Hal Bruno Camps, and those who coordinate golf tournaments and stair climbs.



Remembering



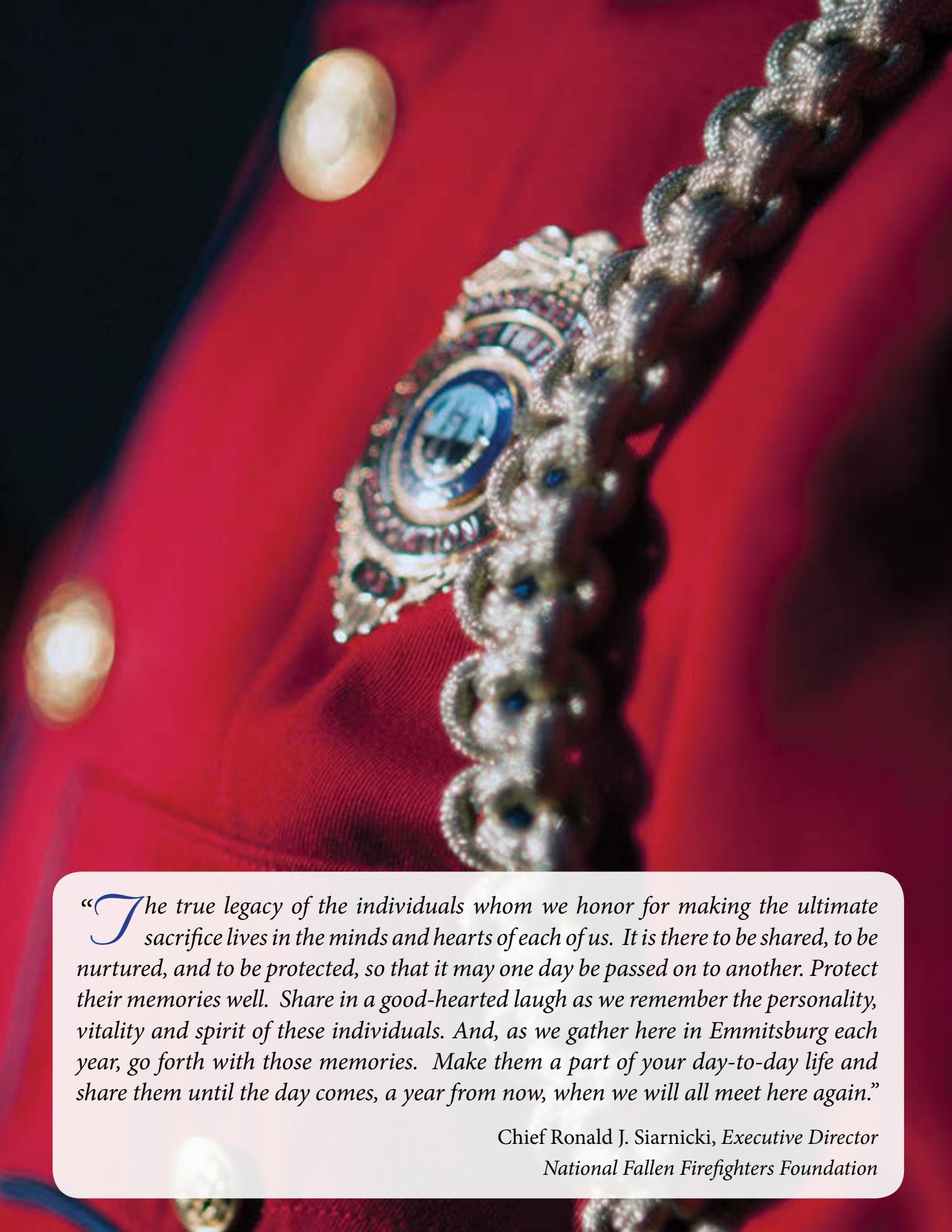
SPECIAL RECOGNITION Arthur Glatfelter



In 2013, the fire service lost a great leader and benefactor when Arthur Glatfelter died. Mr. Glatfelter was instrumental in establishing and building the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial in 1981, and he served on the Board of Directors of the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation from 1995-2005. He generously donated time and support to the National Fallen Firefighters Memorial Weekend and sponsored the broadcast of the Weekend for many years.

“Art was a true gentleman who cared deeply about the well-being of all fire service members,” said Chief Ronald J. Siarnicki, Executive Director of the National Fallen Firefighters Foundation. “He was instrumental in helping to guide the Foundation’s efforts to serve the survivors of the fallen.”

We extend our sincere thanks to Art and his family for the very generous donation which will support the Foundation and its programs for years to come.



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

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

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