

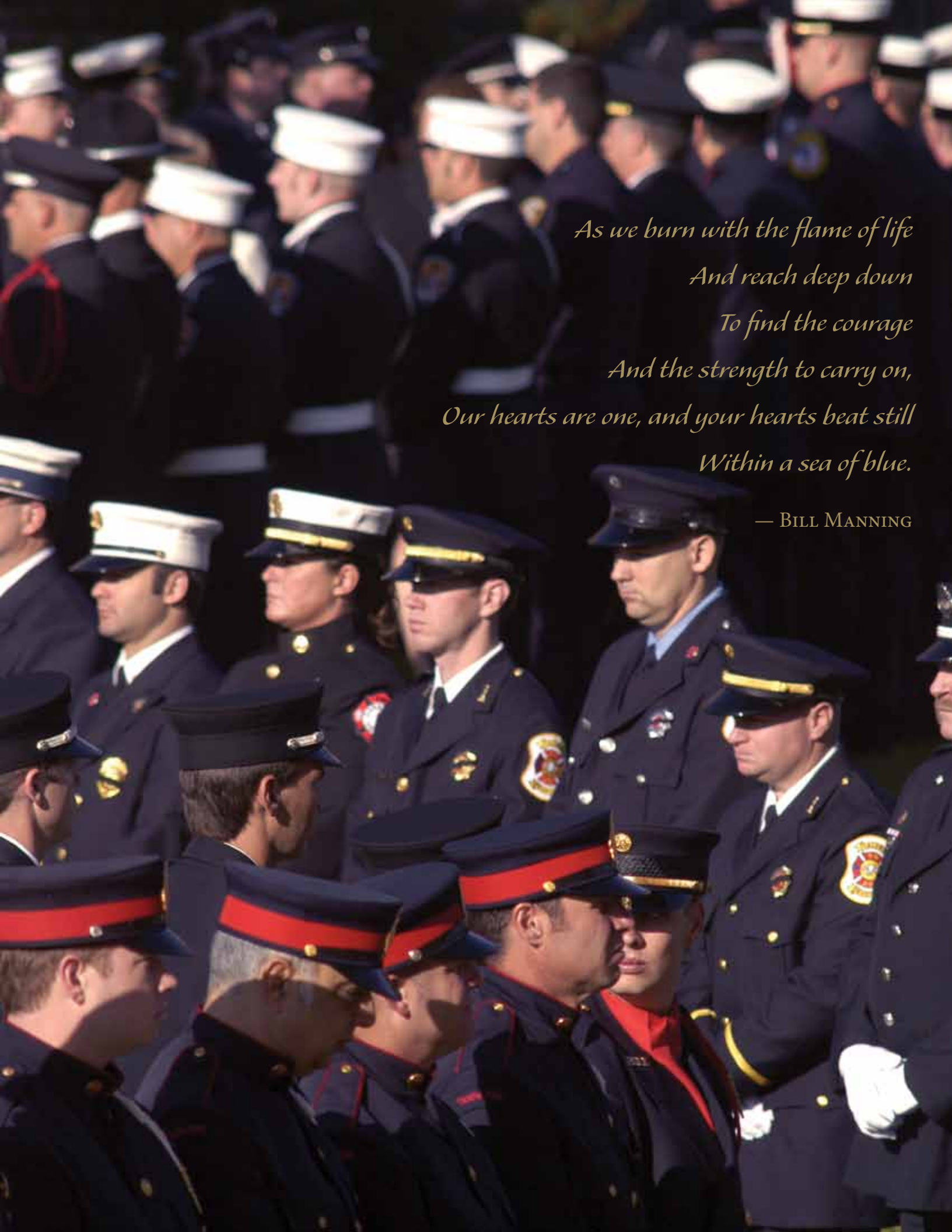
Remembering



NATIONAL
FALLEN FIREFIGHTERS
MEMORIAL WEEKEND

OCTOBER 6TH AND 7TH, 2007

Ronald P. Allen, Jr. • Allan H. Anderson, Jr. • Kevin A. Apuzzio • Roger W. Armstrong • John A. Beyer • Joseph L. Bilka • Jeffrey A. Bowman • Howard
 J. Carpluk, Jr. • Pablo Cerda • Tracy Champion • Gregory Allen Cloud • William LeRoy "Bill" Craddock II • Michael L. Davenport • Michael J. Day
 • Robert W. Edwards • Joseph Ezzo • Larry W. Fanning • Michael J. Greene • Dennis K. Hayes • Thomas Joseph Hays • Donald J. Herbert • Jeffrey S.
 Hollingsworth • John Destry Horton • Jeffrey D. Irwin • George M. Jackson • Terry W. Jacobs • Jason Allen Johnson • Dustin Keith Jones • Tommy Kidd •
 Kelly M. Kincaid • Spencer S. Koyle • Thomas "Emmett" Kuehl • Alan D. Leake • Dennis R. Lemery • Michael Gene Lewis • Kent
 Furman Long • Richard O. Longoria • Mark A. Jr. • Allan H. Anderson, Jr. • Loutzenhiser • Dana L. MacCrimmon •
 Gerald A. Machajewski • Edward Beyer • Joseph L. Bilka • Jeffrey A. Bowman • Howard J. Carpluk, Jr. • Pablo Cerda • Tracy Champion • Gregory Allen Cloud • J. Marbet • Hector "Sandy"
 McClune • Lloyd William LeRoy "Bill" Craddock II • Michael L. Davenport • Stamps McCulloch • Jason
 Robert McKay • Larry W. Fanning • Michael J. Greene • Dennis K. Hayes • Thomas Robert E. McLaughlin
 • Jess "Gus" Joseph Hays • Donald J. Herbert • Jeffrey S. Hollingsworth • John Destry
 Keith Jones • Tommy Kidd • Kelly M. Kincaid • Spencer S. Koyle • Thomas "Emmett" Kuehl • Alan
 D. Leake • Dennis R. Lemery • Michael Gene Lewis • Kent Furman Long • Richard O. Longoria • Mark A.
 McMorries, Loutzenhiser • Dana L. MacCrimmon • Gerald A. Machajewski • Edward J. Marbet • Hector "Sandy" McClune • Jr. • John
 Paul Jr. • John Paul Memory II • Errett W. Miller • Paul Montavon, Sr. • Richard P. Montoya • David L. Moore II • Memory II
 • Errett W. Lillian May Patten • Woodrow W. Poland, Sr. • Willie M. Price • Jose L. Ramirez, Jr. • Michael Curran Reilly • Miller • Paul
 Montavon, Wilbur A. Ritter • Allan M. Roberts • Amy L. Schnearle-Pennywitt • Robert J. Schnibbe, Jr. • Russell
 P. Montoya • David L. B. Schwantes • David E. Smith • Steven A. Smith • Leo H. Soderquist • Steven M. Solomon • Mark Sr. • Richard
 Kurtis Hoover Najera A. Stanley • Quin R. Stone • Robert P. Stone • Richard G. Sullivan • Garry Tanner
 • Eric J. Olson • David Ollie P. Tate • Harold V. Taylor • Phillip W. Townsend • Lee W. Moore II • Daniel
 Walters • Richard Washington, Jr. • Kyle
 William Clarence Weisbrich • John R. Westervelt • Vincent R. Neglia
 • Robert G. Whittaker • Edward D. Wilburn • George E.
 "Sandy" Willett, Jr. • Robert "Ockie" Wisting • Arnie W. Wolff • R. Packard • Joseph S.
 Rose Ann Woodbridge • Wayne Edward Yarborough •
 Pagano, Jr. • Lillian May Patten • Monica L. Zajanc Woodrow W. Poland, Sr. • Willie M.
 Price • Jose L. Ramirez, Jr. • Michael Curran Reilly • Wilbur A. Ritter • Allan M. Roberts • Amy L. Schnearle-Pennywitt
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 "Sandy" Willett, Jr. • Robert "Ockie" Wisting • Arnie W. Wolff • Rose Ann Woodbridge • Wayne Edward Yarborough • Monica L. Zajanc



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

— BILL MANNING

*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



Dustin Keith Jones

Moulton Fire Department — Alabama

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: February 21, 2006

Age: 23

“Dusty,” as he was known to friends and family, knew at a young age that he wanted to pursue a career as a fireman. Dusty was severely burned in a trailer fire when he was three years old. He suffered burns mostly on his arms and his legs, and through extensive therapy and dedication, he made his biggest dream a reality.

At the age of 18, he joined the volunteer fire department and dedicated his life to helping others. Dusty drove big trucks for a couple of years, but his passion lay with the fire department. It was always fun to listen to him talk about fires that he had gone on, wrecks that he had seen, and friends he made at the firehouse. My brother jumped every time his pager went off. I cannot recall a time or a fire that he did not respond to. The best thing was seeing the smile he had on his face just knowing he was a part of something big.

Dusty went to school at Lawrence County High School in Moulton, Alabama. He participated in JROTC and graduated in 2001, Cadet Major in his squadron. He also participated in the Lawrence County Sheriff’s Explorers Team and has many certificates and awards from both programs.



On February 21, 2006, Dusty had just gotten off work at Hoover Rock Quarry in Trinity. While driving home from work that evening, he could see the smoke some 20 miles away. He radioed in and went straight to the scene. At 5 p.m. the building was engulfed in flames; between 9-10 p.m. the fire was out and the firefighters were doing mop up operations. Chief Vinson was running the nozzle, and Dusty was behind him putting out hot spots; then the Chief gave the nozzle to Captain McCulloch. As the Chief was walking away, he heard a noise and turned to see the wall starting to collapse. He yelled to his firemen to get away, but the wall had already fallen on Lloyd McCulloch and Dusty. Lloyd was a very dear friend to the family, and Dusty looked up to Lloyd when he was a child.

I know that if Dusty were still alive today, and if he were ever put in the same situation, he would have done what he did that night all over again. He leaves behind a mother, father, sister, brother, grandparents, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, and cousins.

Dusty lived his life to the fullest in everything that he did and accomplished. I am very proud of him and the man that he became.



Remembering



Lloyd Stamps McCulloch

Moulton Fire Department — Alabama

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: February 21, 2006

Age: 63

Captain McCulloch was the first to respond to a commercial structure fire at approximately 1700 hours on the night of February 21, 2006. His excited communication to 911 indicated that he could see smoke when leaving his house. Just before 2200 hours, an exterior wall collapsed on him and a firefighter, Dusty Jones, killing both instantly.

McCulloch served in the Moulton Fire Department for 42 years and was the owner of McCulloch Furniture and Appliance Company, Inc. On days when he was working at the store, he could often be seen stepping out into the intersection to hold traffic so that the emergency vehicles could pass. He felt that if he could not respond to the call, he could at least help the rest of them get there.

He is survived by his wife, Gail Norris McCulloch; two daughters, Dr. Beth McCulloch Vinson (the fire chief's wife), Michelle McCulloch Manning; and a son, James Lloyd McCulloch. His grandchildren are Kelly Hyche, Blair Hand, Adam Campbell, Chelsea Campbell, Briana Manning, and Kaetlin McCulloch. His two great-granddaughters are Taylor Woods and McKenzie Hyche (who was born a month before her great-grandfather Lloyd died). He is also survived by his mother, Mildred McCulloch.



Captain McCulloch's hobbies included landscaping, cruising, ham radios, building model cars, and working on fire trucks. After retiring, he spent many days at the fire station helping his son-in-law keep the trucks in running order. Since the department has three paid men who rotate working every third day, Captain McCulloch would often work a 24-hour shift when one of the firefighters would take a day off. They recall that Lloyd would complete the checklist of shift duties and then proceed to doing any extra jobs he could find.

On the night that Lloyd died, the structure fire was under control. He walked up to Chief Keith Vinson, his son-in-law, and asked if he could "squirt some water." Due to back problems, he usually manned the pumps and had not been on a hose for over 6 years. His son-in-law gave him the hose. Just as Chief Vinson turned to walk away, he heard a loud crack and yelled, "Get back," as he saw the wall come straight down on Lloyd and firefighter Dusty Jones. Vinson recalls that in the few seconds of the wall falling, Lloyd stiffened up as if he were going to hold up whatever hit him. His family doesn't know why he chose to get the hose from his son-in-law, or why it was only a few seconds from the time he took it until the wall fell. But, they know that he lived a life here so that he will be with God throughout eternity.



Remembering



Pablo Cerda

USDA Forest Service, San Bernardino National Forest — California

Classification: Seasonal

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: October 31, 2006

Age: 24

Firefighter Pablo Cerda was one of five firefighters killed while protecting a structure on the Esperanza Fire. He was injured on October 26, 2006, and died at a regional burn center on October 31.

Pablo grew up in Fountain Valley, California. He graduated from Los Amigos High School in 2001 and attended Rancho College in Santa Ana for several years. He graduated from Riverside Community College's fire academy in May 2006.

Pablo was a parishioner of Santa Barbara Catholic

Church in Santa Ana. He enjoyed soccer and belonged to the Wolfpack Soccer Team, where he played every Sunday. He also enjoyed volleyball, basketball, swimming and working out.



Pablo was a Seasonal Firefighter for the US Forest Service on Engine 57 for three years. He was described by his cousin as being a "funny guy." He loved joking, laughing and sports; he loved life in general.

He is survived by his father, Pablo Cerda, Sr., and his sister, Claudia Meza Cerda.

What we once enjoyed and deeply loved we can never lose, for all that we love deeply becomes part of us.

— Helen Keller

Remembering

Terry W. Jacobs

Heavy Lift Helicopters, Inc.,
USDA Forest Service Contractor — California

Classification: Career

Rank: Pilot

Date of Death: August 4, 2006

Age: 58

Terry Jacobs died in a helicopter crash while fighting the Titus Fire in the Happy Camp Complex in California. His co-pilot also died in the crash.

“Jake” became a licensed pilot at age 17 and had logged thousands of hours of flight time. He had several certifications to fly different types of aircraft, but flying the “Skycrane” (a Sikorsky helicopter used for water drops on wildfires) was his favorite. Never married and with no children, he dedicated his life to flying helicopters and fighting wildfires across the United States. He was known as a skilled and careful pilot.



A Vietnam veteran, he did two back-to-back tours as a medevac pilot for Special Ops. After completing his military service, he received a degree in aeronautical engineering from Purdue University.

In 1998, Jake quit flying for several years and went home to care for his mother. After her death, he returned to flying. He was survived by his fiancée, two sisters, a brother, and his nephews and nieces.

He was a good, generous person, a hero. He saved people's lives.

Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours and ages that will follow it.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson



Remembering



Mark A. Loutzenhiser

USDA Forest Service, San Bernardino National Forest — California

Classification: Career

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: October 26, 2006

Age: 43

Captain Mark Loutzenhiser was one of five firefighters killed while protecting a structure on the Esperanza Fire.

Mark started his career with the Forest Service at the age of 18 and served 25 years, which included the Vista Grande HotShots, Keenwild Helibase, Captain of Engine 57, 54; as well as the C&M person during the winter season. Mark knew just about everyone in the fire, prevention, office, etc.—not only in his own district, but in all our neighboring districts and regions.

Mark coached volleyball for our local elementary school and also coached his children in basketball for our local Town Hall Recreation Program for many years. This basketball season, he would have been coaching his twin boys for the first time in their pro career of age eight. Mark was not only with us at the games in spirit, but in our hearts and in my own two eyes. I had the honor to see for the both of us. He had to have been very pleased, without a doubt!

Mark loved airplanes. In fact, he was putting together, I believe for the second time, his very large and costly model airplane. Mark's wish was to be a part of the airbase in San Bernardino. In fact, he was bummed out, because just two days before

he died, they told him that he couldn't work down there, for lack of funds or room, I can't remember for sure. I wish I could have remembered every word he said to me that week.



Mark is survived by his loving wife, Maria; sons, Jacob, Seth, and Kyle; daughters, Tesha and Savannah; parents, Russell and Pauline; sisters and brothers-in-law, Cheryl & Howard Brown and their children, and Beth & Steve Pachman and their children; and brother and sister-in-law, Michael & Sue Loutzenhiser.

Mark is not only proud to be a part of our wonderful town of Idyllwild, but a part of a world of strangers who were willing to call, send gifts, send a letter. The prayers prayed on behalf of us, from all around the world, have given him peace and allowed him to be able to rest in peace. He had a dedicated and loving desire to care, protect, and secure the one and only most important love in his life—his children, his wife of 13 years, and his parents and siblings. He also cared for the families of his crew, his working buddies, and volleyball friends.

Thanking God for you all—that is what he is doing now and what our family will do every day!



Remembering



Jason Robert McKay

USDA Forest Service, San Bernardino National Forest — California

Classification: Career

Rank: Assistant Engine Operator

Date of Death: October 26, 2006

Age: 27

Jason had five years with the USFS. Before that, he was a Mojave Green. He earned an associate degree at Victor Valley College in Fire Technology, taking every course they had to offer pertaining to fire. He was an EMT. From the age of 14, he was a Fire Explorer at the Adelanto City Fire Department, where he did volunteer work such as Christmas toy giveaway to needy children, the annual haunted house, and the Adelanto Grand Prix.

All during this time, he accepted every challenge that was offered with a determination to be the best. He earned Honor Roll every year in high school, and if he wasn't in the top few of every fire class and Fire Academy in college, he felt he had failed.

He loved the outdoors. Endurance hiking and climbing were his passion, second only to fire-fighting. He also loved mountain biking and spending time with his family: myself, his two sisters still at home, and his grandmother. He had hoped to some day be a smokejumper and had also expressed interest in getting his helicopter pilot's license.

From the age of 13, after his father abandoned the family, he became the man of the house. He

devoted his all in making sure that I, his mother, disabled with lupus; his sisters Brenda, age 16 at that time, Jody, age 8 at that time, and Crystal, age 6 at that time; and his elderly grandmother, who lives with us, were happy, healthy, and secure. He lost his own childhood in insisting on taking on this responsibility. So much so that, by the time he reached age 25, it became quite a concern to him that he had not found someone yet, and he was heartsick at the possibility of never having children of his own. He truly loved children.



But all was not lost. He met the love of his life in a beautiful woman named Staci, and for that last chapter in his short life, he was the happiest man! He had a sparkle in his eyes and a joy in his heart that could be felt by anyone who was near him. He now had his future, his life, the career that he dreamed of as a child, the best woman in the world, whom he planned to marry in October 2007, siblings who were well on their way, and a mother whose illness was stable.

It was now his turn... at least until the Esperanza Fire, where he and his crew were overrun by fire. Esperanza means Hope.



Remembering



Jess “Gus” McLean

USDA Forest Service, San Bernardino National Forest — California

Classification: Career

Rank: Engineer

Date of Death: October 26, 2006

Age: 27

Engineer Jess “Gus” McLean was one of five firefighters killed while protecting a structure on the Esperanza Fire, October 26, 2006.

Jess was born August 7, 1979, in Fontana, California, and lived in Beaumont, California, for the past four years. He grew up in and has been a longtime resident of the Pass Area.

Working for the US Forest Service for the past seven years, Jess began his career two years earlier as a volunteer and paid call firefighter for the California Department of Forestry. He volunteered every year at the Relay for Life cancer walk in Beaumont, California.



He wanted to transfer to a city department some day, but he always enjoyed teaching, and the Forest Service allowed him to do that every winter. His hobbies included just about any activity that was outdoors: camping, skiing, snowboarding, soccer, dirt bike riding.

Jess is survived by his loving wife of three years, Karen; his mother Cecillia McLean; his brother- and sister-in-law Josh & Christine; brother Jeremy; sister- and brother-in-law Jamie & Matthew Cale; members of the Clays family; and many nieces, nephews, extended family, and close friends.

I don't know what your destiny will be, but one thing I do know: the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who have sought and found how to serve.

— Albert Schweitzer



Remembering



Daniel Kurtis Hoover Najera

USDA Forest Service, San Bernardino National Forest — California

Classification: Seasonal

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: October 26, 2006

Age: 20

Firefighter Daniel Hoover Najera was one of five firefighters killed while protecting a structure on the Esperanza Fire, October 26, 2006. That day, the family lost a son, a brother, a nephew, a cousin, and a friend.

Daniel was educated from grades K-8 in Riverside, Antioch, and Utah, often attending Seventh-day Adventist schools while traveling with his grandparents, who built churches around the world. He attended grades 8-12 in San Jacinto and graduated from Mountain View High School in 2004.

Danny's dream as a young boy and teen was to become a firefighter. After his graduation from high school, he began training, applied for work with the U. S. Forest Service, and became a seasonal employee in 2005. Danny found his passion and calling in this life. He loved fighting fires. When Danny visited with family, he told them how much he "wanted to be on the fire engine." When he spoke about being a firefighter, you could see the light of true happiness in his eyes. This was the beginning of a young man's journey.

When the season was over, Danny began to work at Lowe's distribution center and continued to hike and skateboard daily. Skateboarding was definitely

a favorite pastime of Danny's. He would often arrive at home with a broken board and ask for a ride to the skateboard shop to replace the board and/or skate shoes that had been worn out while on his excursions.



Danny was known and respected by his family and friends as an individual of integrity, a man of leadership, and a warrior for what he believed was right and just. He had the ability to perceive people's honesty and motives.

Daniel was born on March 25, 1986, and left us on October 26, 2006. He is survived by his mother and stepfather, Gloria and Efren Ayala Jr., brother and sister, Monica and Michael; his father and stepmother, Tim and Lisa Hoover, brother and sister, Billy and Nikki; his aunt, Vivian Bauder, and cousin, Rikk; and his grandfather, Patrick Najera. Many friends and extended family will also miss him greatly.

The U.S. Forest Service family and the City of San Jacinto will miss Daniel, Mark Loutzenhiser, Jason McKay, Jess McLean and Pablo Cerda—the warriors who bravely fought the Esperanza Fire for the safety of the community. Danny is loved by many people—both family and friends and brother firefighters and will be forever missed.



Remembering



Robert P. Stone

California Department of Forestry & Fire Protection — California

Classification: Career

Rank: Battalion Chief

Date of Death: September 6, 2006

Age: 36

Rob Stone, of Visalia, California, died Wednesday, September 6, 2006, in an aircraft crash, while flying surveillance over a wildfire at Mountain Home State Park. The pilot was also killed. An 18-year veteran with the department, Rob Stone was known for his wealth of knowledge, experience, dedication, and passion for the firefighting profession.

Robert Paul Stone was born October 28, 1969, in Burlington, Iowa. As a young boy, Rob moved with his family and eventually settled in Three Rivers, California. He graduated from Woodlake High School in 1988. Immediately after graduation, Rob attended the California Department of Forestry Firefighter Academy, pursuing his life-long ambition. He moved in rank from firefighter to become one of the youngest engi-

neers ever in the state of California. He was then promoted to captain, and had recently earned the rank of battalion chief. At the time of his death, Rob's assignment was Battalion Chief of the Porterville Air Attack Base.

Rob's passions in life included working as a cowboy, gathering cows, and branding calves. He loved hunting, fishing, camping, and spending time with his family in the outdoors.

Rob is survived by his wife, Rindi; son, Wil; daughter, Libbie; parents, Cliff and Janet (Ginny) Stone; sister, Beth Jones, and her husband, Matthew, and son, Seth; sister, Melissa Martin, and her husband, Dennis, daughter, Katie, and son, Jack; brother, Marty, and his wife, Jaime; sister, Heather Kilcullen; and extended family.



Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has.

— Margaret Mead



Remembering



George E. "Sandy" Willett, Jr.

**DynCorp International Technical Services, Inc.
Department of Forestry & Fire Protection, Contract — California**

Classification: Career

Rank: Pilot

Date of Death: September 6, 2006

Age: 52

Sandy Willett, a good man who was loved and respected for who he was and how he lived, died on Wednesday, September 6, 2006, while doing a reconnaissance flight for the California Department of Forestry and Fire Protection over a dangerous area where three fires had erupted in the previous days.

Sandy was born in Fresno, California, on October 3, 1953, to George E. Willett, Sr. and Dolores Elder Willett. An Eagle Scout and a Police Explorer, Sandy spent most of his summers crop dusting with his father. An avid aviator throughout his life, Sandy grew up surrounded by planes and received his pilot's license at an early age.

"Sandy was a perfectionist," is how Bob Wolf, the president of CDF Firefighters, said his colleagues described him. "Sandy was methodical. The best firefighters trusted him when the inherently dangerous flights needed to be taken. He understood the risks associated with his job."

Adventurous, caring, incredibly friendly, reliable, and just plain fun, Sandy completely embraced life. He was a policeman who graduated from the College of Sequoias Police Academy in Visalia, California. His was with the Lemoore Police Department before transferring to the Santa Barbara Police

Department Motorcycle Unit. He was proud to participate in a police escort for then President Ronald Reagan. He transferred to the University Police Department, where he worked from 1983-1987.



Sandy could not imagine a life without flying. He went to work for Apollo Airways as a pilot. He relocated to Huron, California, and joined Willett International Air Racing and became a pilot for Willett Crop Dusting. Sandy saw a lot from the air and began a long love affair with the Westside of the San Joaquin Valley and its rich agricultural heritage. In a search for adventure and far away places, Sandy started flying in Columbia, South America, as part of the Federal drug eradication program.

He then went to work for the California Department of Forestry and DynCorp as an air attack pilot based in the Porterville Air Tactical Base. No one who ever met Sandy was a stranger. He was respected for his professionalism. He was a great pilot. That's just a fact. He was also the kind of man whom others loved to be around.

Sandy is survived by his loving wife and best friend for a long time, Judy. Sandy leaves behind many beloved friends.

Remembering

Richard P. Montoya

Denver Fire Department — Colorado

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: May 21, 2006

Age: 61

Denver Fire Department Lieutenant Rich Montoya's accident happened on Mother's Day 2006, just two hours from the end of his shift, and fifteen shifts from the beginning of his retirement. Rich's crew had responded to a house fire that involved a candle and nail polish remover. The fumes from the nail polish ignited and spread to a tapestry that was placed above the headboard of a bed. There were three lives saved that day, and one was lost. Rich suffered smoke inhalation while rescuing residents from the fire and was hospitalized until his death one week later.

Rich became a firefighter in 1976 at the age of 31, and married his wife, Louise. They were married for 32 years. Rich also raised two stepchildren from the ages of two and four. Eric, his son, followed in his footsteps and is also a Denver firefighter. Marti, his daughter, is an elementary public school teacher in Denver.

In 1982, Rich was promoted to Engineer, which he loved. He always stated, "I should have stayed an Engineer— it's the best job!" But he wanted to

further his career. He became a Lieutenant in 1995. Throughout Rich's career with the Denver Fire Department, he received various unit citations, one of which was awarded on the same day that Eric received one.



Rich was born in Roy, New Mexico, and was raised in southwest Colorado in the humble home of a coalminer father and his mother, who fronted most of the load of raising nine other siblings. Rich was Valedictorian at Trinidad High School, went to college, and learned a trade to become a master carpenter. He was always delighted to lend a helping hand to anyone in need.

He served two tours in Vietnam in the U.S. Navy as a Sea Bee and was honorably discharged. Rich was a loving husband, father, grandfather, and brother.

Rich loved to spend time with his grandchildren. He often woke up early on his days off so he could be at their home to make them breakfast and see them off to school. Rich spent his free time playing golf, senior baseball, plus spending time with his family. Rich lived simply, loved generously, cared deeply; and we will miss him greatly!!



Remembering



Joseph S. Pagano, Jr.

Middletown Fire Department — Connecticut

Classification: Career

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: November 3, 2006

Age: 52

Captain Joseph S. Pagano, Jr.'s last alarm came November 3, 2006, in the line of duty, while serving his city, when he suffered a heart attack after responding to multiple calls. This alarm signaled the passing of a fire fighter who dedicated his life and career to God, family, and education. He spent 28 years nurturing, mentoring, and leading the fire fighters of Middletown, Connecticut.

Captain Pagano loved his family. He married Linda in 1983, and for 23 years they created lasting memories which included his fellow firemen. He will forever be remembered through his two daughters, Marlise, 20, and Justine, 17.

Joe's passion for life showed in everything he did. As a young man, he starred in high school baseball and football. His presence defined each team's personality. Joe's experiences at Xavier High School, an all male Catholic high school, shaped much of his belief in service above self, and it forged a path that included a life spent with God, his family, and his fellow fire fighters.

Joe was appointed a fire fighter on September 11, 1978, completed the Fire Academy in October 1978, and soon received his first promotion to Lieutenant. Joe was active in the fire department's union, even after he had moved from rank and file into a leadership position. His efforts always focused on improving the working environment and the lives of each family under his command and in his department.



In 1999, Joe was promoted to the rank of Captain. In a ceremony punctuated by loud bursts of applause, he was sworn in to his new position. Joe's personal mantra was to better all aspects within the fire department without compromising the value that he placed upon the lives of each fire fighter and family. Joe Pagano was an extension of all that is good in fire departments across our nation.

In the Middletown community, Joe was known for his kindheartedness and his loud and authoritative "safe" and "out" calls made as a high school and American Legion umpire. His fairness and passion for supporting youth athletic and educational programs spoke volumes about Joe's love for the youth in Middletown. Joe was a familiar face on the Wesleyan University campus, and students often called upon him in time of need.

On November 9, 2006, an entire city was brought to its knees by the untimely passing of Joe Pagano. Businesses and schools closed, and an entire community came together to say goodbye and thank you. During Joe's eulogy, his best friend, Rick Misenti, summed up Joe's legacy. Mr. Misenti said, "Great leaders last forever. The great leader becomes immortal."

Joe Pagano will live forever in the lives of all the people he touched, mentored, and loved.



Remembering



William LeRoy “Bill” Craddock, II

DeKalb County Fire Rescue Department — Georgia

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: June 13, 2006

Age: 37

Bill’s introduction to the fire service was at age 25, working with the Hickory Flat Volunteer Fire Department in Canton. In 1996, he became a member of the DeKalb County Fire Department, and from there his love for being a firefighter took off.

Over the years of his career, he became a well known state and international instructor. In 2000, he started the Georgia Chapter of FOOLS (Fraternal Order of Leatherheads Society). Bill was known for being an “old school” firefighter, who lived by old school rules and the survival of brotherhood. He always wore his leather helmet in every fire and never deviated from that. It was his passion to make sure everyone came home. With that passion, he developed a class that DeKalb County is now teaching to each and every firefighter. He wanted to make sure everyone was safe and knew how to get out safely.

In 2001, he was awarded the 300 Club Award. This award is given to public safety personnel that save someone else’s life. Bill climbed a tall cell tower and rescued a person who had collapsed from heat exhaustion. In 2004, Bill was named Fireman of the Year for DeKalb County for his ability to exceed, above and beyond the call of duty.



Though Bill did serve his country for five years as a Marine, his love was for the fire service. Through his years of working as a firefighter, he also volunteered as an active assistant chief for the Bethany Salem Volunteer Fire Department, Station 8, in Pickens County.

As his wife, I always told him that his first love was the fire department, then me. He would laugh, and then say, “Maybe.” That was his way of giving me a hard time. I have many wonderful memories of him—all the horseback riding, and the famous eight seconds on a bull. As for Colby, he remembers his daddy playing cars with and hiding from him and grabbing me to help find him.

Bill’s achievements and knowledge will be remembered for many years to come.

His legacy will be handed down from generation to generation. Family and friends never realized the large impact he made on other people’s lives during his career. Never one to brag or boast about himself, he always stood in the corner and just watched! He will forever be missed.

In May 2006, Bill was on shift and working a second fire, when he suffered a massive heart attack with several other life threatening complications. His brothers treated him on scene, then transported him to the hospital, where he stayed for 40 days until June 13, 2006.



Remembering



Russell B. Schwantes

Atlanta Fire Rescue Department — Georgia

Classification: Career

Rank: Fire Apparatus Operator

Date of Death: April 25, 2006

Age: 39

Russell Schwantes collapsed after participating in mandatory physical training on April 16 and was hospitalized until his death on April 25, 2006.

Russell devoted his life to his family, his work, and his community. He was loved and respected by everyone that knew him. Russell married his high school sweetheart, Athena Williams, on April 20, 1995. They were raising their two beautiful daughters, Holly and Morgan, in Fayetteville, Georgia. Russell loved his family, and he was their HERO. The bond was so strong; he always put them first. He loved and cared for his parents until their death and continued a loving relationship with his sister, Patsy, who still refers to him as her “baby brother.” The kids in the neighborhood loved Mr. Russell. To them he was fun, loving, and safe.

Russell had a big heart! He was always there to lend a helping hand or offer encouragement to anyone with a need. His motto was to always make good memories and live as if today were your last. Russell lived life to the fullest. Making someone’s day was his lot in life. You could always see the gratification on his face when he made someone smile. He was much like the ARK, always committing Acts of Random Kindness.



Russell always wanted to be a fireman. As a little boy, he chased fire engines with his dad. He was strong, confident, and courageous. He believed, “You can only fail by not trying.” In addition to being a great fire fighter, he ran a successful landscape business and had recently ventured into medical sales. His friends joked that Russell knew enough about everything to get anything accomplished. His friends and coworkers trusted him and knew if anything was wrong Russell would take bold steps to ensure that it was made right.

Russell was an active member of a men’s bible study group, and the other men respected him and valued his input. He loved and believed in Jesus. Every morning, without fail, he would cover his family in prayer. He exemplified the love of Jesus by the way he loved and interacted with his family. This made it easy for his girls to relate to how much more love Jesus had for them.

Russell, it broke our hearts to lose you; you did not go alone. For part of us went with you the day God called you home. You left us peaceful memories; your love is still our guide. And though we cannot see you; you are always at our side. Our family chain is broken and nothing seems the same. But as God calls us, one by one, our chain will link again. We love you!



Remembering



Steven M. Solomon

Atlanta Fire Rescue Department — Georgia

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 29, 2006

Age: 33

Steven Solomon was critically burned while fighting a residential structure fire on November 23, 2006, Thanksgiving Day, and died from his injuries on November 29, 2006.

Steve was a loving husband, father, and son. His loves were Christ, his family, and his job. Steve was very caring and always willing to help those in need. He brightened the room with his wonderful smile and silly comments. His desire and passion for helping others led him to pursue a career as a firefighter. A strong believer in living a healthy lifestyle and staying physically fit, he inspired others to stay fit as well. Steve's main desire was to ensure that his family was safe and lived comfortably, and he did everything necessary to provide for them.

Steve was born in Macon, Georgia, and was always a thoughtful and loving child. As he grew into a man, he continued to love and support his parents. Steve enjoyed life to the fullest with his wife of six years. He was a best friend and a confidant. Steve was considerate, always assuring that his wife's needs and desires were met. He was generous in showing her affection and was able to make her heart smile in any given moment. He was a strict but loving and devoted father to his four children. He ensured that his children, especially his three sons, were equipped with a solid founda-

tion to build on, by instilling in them respect for themselves and others. His world became a little brighter when his daughter arrived in his life.

Steve served in the U.S. Navy Reserves for two years. He began his career as a firefighter with the Macon-Bibb County Fire Department, where he served for six years before joining the Atlanta Fire Rescue Department in 2006.

Steve's love for children and his desire to make a difference in the lives of youth led him to become an active participant in the Youth Ministry at Warner Robins CME Church, where he was a devoted member for almost three years. His life was a testimony to them, in that he was able to reach his goals through faith, hard work, and dedication to what he believed in.

Steve was a very easygoing person with an infectious smile. He always searched for the positive in any situation. He was a reliable confidant and encouraged others to work towards their goals. He was open to change and had a positive outlook on life.

Steve was survived by his wife, Kennetha; three sons, Kennard, Kenneth, and Keshawn; his daughter, N'Kya; his mother, Viola Solomon; his brother, Kenneth Coley; sisters, Marilyn Coley and Catherine Solomon; and extended family and friends.





Remembering



Michael Gene Lewis

USDA Forest Service, Payette National Forest — Idaho

Classification: Career

Rank: Assistant Helitack Manager

Date of Death: August 13, 2006

Age: 37

How do you describe someone in 450 words who had such a passion for life and lived his short life of 37 years to the fullest? Here are a few things that describe Mike: loving and caring, happy, sincere, mischievous, helpful, compassionate, kind, full of wisdom, a natural leader, a world traveler, a deep water certified diver, loved sports, smart, a gifted writer, a teacher who loved learning, a trusted friend, loved by all who knew him.

Mike started working for the forest service soon after he graduated from high school. He started on a fire engine as a rookie and soon was a manager of the engine and then the station. His largest contribution to the forest service was his gifted ability as a teacher. His teachings included formal fire-related courses in classroom settings, as well as hands on rappel training and helicopter-related topics. His last position was as an assistant helicopter crew supervisor stationed at Krassel, Idaho. He died in a helicopter crash in the Payette National Forest. The people he worked with loved and respected him. He was a humble man, wanting praises for others, never for himself.

Possessions did not make Mike happy. The things that did bring him joy, contentment and fulfillment were his family and friends; he never knew a stranger. He was



always there for each and every one with a kind word and encouragement, someone you could talk to and trust. He never judged others and, if asked to help out in any type of job needing to be done, work-related or personal, gave himself 110%.

Mike had always been a leader on this earth. I now envision him waiting at heaven's gate, ahead of us to greet all who grieve for him now with a smile that lights up heaven. As we cross over to his side, we will feel his and God's loving embrace and a huge welcome and hug that we have been missing since Mike entered God's eternal kingdom.

Mike had a framed print that he loved and lived his life by. He would be pleased to have this passed on to those he leaves behind...

The Essence of a New Day....

"This is the beginning of a new day. You have been given this day to use as you will. You can waste it or use it for good. What you do today is important because you are exchanging a day of your life for it. When tomorrow comes, this day will be gone forever; in its place is something that you have left behind...let it be something good."

In honor of those not here today, pass a kindness forward.



Remembering



Quin R. Stone

Evergreen Helicopter, Inc., USDA Forest Service Contractor — Idaho

Classification: Career

Rank: Pilot

Date of Death: August 13, 2006

Age: 42

Quin Stone died in a helicopter crash in the Payette National Forest while transporting fire service personnel.

Quin and his brother, Greg, grew up in California, New York, St. Pierre Island, Belgium and Zimbabwe, where his parents were training and working as medical missionaries. His early school years were taught in French and Shona.

Quin joined the Sun Valley Ski Education Foundation, Junior Nordic Ski Team, leading to years of wonderful camaraderie and lifelong loyalties. He had successes in cycling and triathlons. He shot rockets into the air, built and flew radio controlled aircraft and boats, and became an expert kayaker. His many interests made him an avid reader.

Quin attended Western State College in Gunnison, Colorado, on a cross-country scholarship. In 1989, he earned a B.A. in Business with a minor in History. College brought a large number of perennial loyal friends into his widening circle. In 1990, in a cross country ski race, he won an air ticket to Europe and bicycle camped from Portugal to Turkey. He earned his helicopter license in Concord, California, in 1991.

He was passionate about flying. He accumulated more than 4,500 hours as a pilot, including work as a flight instructor, in helicopter logging operations, and in wild-

life game surveys. He flew aerial tours of glaciers in Alaska, of volcanoes in Hawaii, and of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. He flew for aerial photography work for movies and for television news reporting. He flew transport of personnel and equipment for seismic studies, for offshore petroleum platforms, and for interagency wildfire control and suppression. Quin started with Evergreen Aviation in May 2005, as a pilot with the Forest Service Krassel Heli-Rappellars, returning for the 2006 fire season at their request. A bond had developed. Immediately after the 2005 season, he was seconded to FEMA in the Katrina rescue and cleanup.

Although he was never married, Quin enjoyed the patient love of his girlfriend, Kris. He loved and lived with her and her son, Braxton, for seven years until 2003. He left a bouncing, bereft Jack Russell Terrier named Riley that misses her Alpha.

Quin was a complex man with a deep sense of justice or injustice, loyalty, quiet intelligence, a startling dry sense of humor with the one liner (or "one worder" or "the look"). His friends learned the special alertness required in speaking Quinese. He almost never talked about himself. It was only after his death that we got so many more stories of his effect on others' lives. We'll all miss that out of the blue call, "Hi, it's me, Quin." Life was a dare, and he made it fun. Quin, you did well. Fly free.



Remembering

Monica L. Zajanc

USDA Forest Service, Payette National Forest — Idaho

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 13, 2006

Age: 27

Monica Lee Zajanc was born on November 2, 1978, in Pocatello, Idaho. She grew up learning to love the outdoors and enjoyed skiing, rafting, rock climbing, and camping. Monica had an endless energy, always pushing herself to try something new.

Monica was 20 when she followed her father, Larry, and her older brother, Daniel, into the Forest Service fire organization in 1999. She began on the Boise National Forest in Garden Valley, Idaho, on an engine crew. She moved to Lowman, Idaho, in 2001 to work on a seven-person engine module. In 2003, Monica worked for the Cascade Ranger district on a six-person hand crew. In the off seasons, Monica attended Boise State University, working toward a degree in psychology. In 2004, she moved to Payette National Forest as a helicopter crewmember on the Krassel Helitak operation. It was here that she found her home. She

loved the “family” that she had found in the wildland firefighting organization.

On July 18, 2006, she was one of the ten firefighters that survived the entrapment on the Little Venus fire on the Shoshone National Forest. The events of that day left her shaken, but determined to return to what she loved. Just a few weeks later, on Sunday, August 13, 2006, Monica completed her last assignment with the Forest Service when the helicopter she and three other coworkers were in crashed on the Krassel Ranger District on the Payette National Forest.

She will always be remembered as smart and beautiful and strong. She was doing what she loved, in a place she loved, with people she loved, and she left us with memories of her smile, her laughter, and her love of life. Those memories still hang in the air like they were yesterday and will be with us forever.

You gain strength, courage, and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face... You must do the thing you think you cannot do.

— Eleanor Roosevelt



Remembering

Roger W. Armstrong

Atlanta Volunteer Fire Department — Illinois

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: January 21, 2006

Age: 42

Roger Armstrong suffered a fatal heart attack after becoming ill at the scene while fighting a structure fire. A member of the department for eight years, he also served as assistant director of the Atlanta Rescue Squad.

His skill with computers and electrical work came in handy at the department, where he was always ready to help. He was remembered as a dependable, dedicated

firefighter who never expected more than a thank you for his efforts. He served with the U.S. Army and was employed as a financial analyst at Country Companies in Bloomington.

He was survived by his wife, his two daughters, his mother, one sister, three brothers, his stepmother, and extended family.

He would do anything for anyone. He had a heart of gold.



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

— Alfred K. Whitehead

Remembering

Jeffrey D. Irwin

Eldorado Fire Department — Illinois

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: July 29, 2006

Age: 43

Jeffrey Irwin suffered a fatal heart attack at home after becoming ill at the scene of a structure fire. A ten-year veteran with the department, he held numerous certificates, including: Firefighter II, Instructor I, Auto Extrication Specialist I, and Skywarn weather spotter. He was also a former Eldorado Auxiliary Police member and was certified as an EMTA.

He worked as a sales representative for Townley Manufacturing. He was a Ducks Unlimited member and sponsor and a member of Saline Ridge Baptist Church.

Jeffrey Irwin was survived by his son, Kaleb; his daughter, Kelley; his parents, Joe and Janet Irwin; a cousin who was as close as a brother, David Stricklen; his sister, Anita Lowery; and extended family.



We must not, in trying to think about how we can make a big difference, ignore the small daily differences we can make which, over time, add up to big differences that we often cannot foresee.

— Marian Wright Edelman



Remembering



Dana L. MacCrimmon

City of Carbondale Fire Department — Illinois

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 11, 2006

Age: 45

Dana MacCrimmon suffered a fatal heart attack after becoming ill at the scene of a fire the previous day. An eight-year veteran, she was the department's first female firefighter. Dana was a member of Associated Firefighters of Illinois and International Association of Firefighters Local 1961. She was named City of Carbondale's Employee of the Month for February 2005 and Employee of the Year for 2005. Dana was the first Carbondale firefighter ever to die in the line of duty.

Actively involved with the department's Fire Prevention Project, she served as instructor/coordinator for Carbondale elementary schools. Dana was director of the Southern Illinois Camp for Burned Children at Touch of Nature Environmental Center and was involved with the International Association of Burn Camps. Dana loved children. Her hobbies included being in the outdoors, photography, gardening, and hiking.

Before joining the Carbondale department, Dana worked as a teacher's aide for Carbondale New School and volunteered at Makanda Township Volunteer Fire Department, where she was elected captain of the second company and achieved her



Firefighter II certificate. She was also a full-time student at SIUC pursuing a master's degree in speech pathology.

Dana was survived by her two sons, Justin and Cody; her daughter, Mallory; her father, Bob Steele; her mother, Sheila Steele; her brother, Craig Steele; maternal grandmother, Elsie Arterburn; paternal step-grandfather, Leonard Petersen; and her significant other and best friend, Mike Huskey.

She always went out of her way to make everyone feel welcome at the firehouse, especially significant others and family members. Dana was a dedicated and caring coworker who always did her best. She took every opportunity to give gifts of love and confidence to others. She was one of Carbondale's finest.

She gave and gave and gave, and it made her that much happier. She was a wonderful person. Her life was not short; it was very full.

Dana was the kind of person that could brighten a room just by entering it. She looked for opportunities to make people feel important.



Remembering



Harold V. Taylor

Central Warren County Fire Protection District — Illinois

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Assistant Chief

Date of Death: January 26, 2006

Age: 65

Harold Taylor suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to the fire station for a call.

This is just a glimpse into the life of Harold Vernon Taylor. The following words can only begin to describe the depth of the impact that he had in the lives of those he knew, loved, and those he never met. Harold never met a stranger. He always saw people he didn't know as friends he hadn't made yet. He especially loved and enjoyed being around his family. When Harold came into my life, he unselfishly included me and all of my family as his own. This came to include many "rug rats" and "curtain climbers," as Harold lovingly referred to the little ones.

There was one phrase of his that we all still chuckle about. If someone asked Harold for any kind of advice or help, his reply was always, "Why, certainly."

When it came to the fire department, he put his heart and soul into it. He, along with his fellow fire fighters, dedicated his time and energy organizing soup suppers or pancake dinners to raise funds. These funds made sure that the Cameron Fire Department was well-maintained and equipped. The fundraisers became a tradition that brought families and friends together to create

a strong community bond. The best tradition, however, was the 4th of July fireworks show that the fire department put on. This celebration included a tractor pull, an antique tractor show, street dance, food, and other activities for people of all ages. At the end of the day, Harold and his crew put together a fireworks display that left us in awe.



Harold was a very energetic man, but there was one thing that could distract him and stop him in his tracks, and that was JOHN DEERE. His tractors were the second love of his life, although sometimes he teased me and said that they were his first love. He became part of the Maple City Antique Tractor Club, which gave him many opportunities to show off his tractors.

With a cup of coffee in hand, a quick kiss, and a sweet, "I love you," off to work he would go. He worked as a deputy for the Warren County Sheriff's Department for 20 years. When Harold was off duty, he enjoyed working on the farm for the Shaumans. To him, this wasn't just a job; it was fun for him to put his John Deere tractors to work.

Harold was not just a man, but a loving husband, father, grandfather, uncle, and friend. His care for others was returned to him with love and respect by all of those who were privileged to be part of his life.



Remembering



Gregory Allen Cloud

Kent Volunteer Fire Company — Indiana

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 1, 2006

Age: 32

Greg joined the Kent Volunteer Fire Department in 2003 and was also a member of the Arkema Fire Brigade, where he was employed in Carrolton, Kentucky. Greg was very passionate about the fire service and had eagerly traveled to Texas A&M fire school in the fall of 2005.

Greg was full of life and enjoyed it to its fullest. He will always be remembered for his beautiful smile that will forever be missed by all of those who knew and loved him. Greg was an avid hunter and fisherman and spent as much of his free time as he could enjoying those pastimes.

He was a devoted husband, brother, son, uncle and friend. Greg was always eager to help anyone in need and never expected anything in return. He was a very humble man who was always laughing and joking around. He never knew a stranger and was liked by all who met him.

On November 1, 2006, the Kent Fire Department and several other local fire departments responded

to assist the Hanover Volunteer Fire Department in battling a house fire at the Little Kings Horse Farm just outside of Kent, Indiana. The house was estimated to be approximately 13,000 square feet. Greg and other firefighters were inside the home when a decision was made to retreat due to the intense heat and smoke. As they were doing so, a flash-over occurred. When the firefighters made it outside, they realized that Greg was not among them. A rescue team was organized and quickly re-entered the home. Greg was located on the second floor and removed. Another firefighter was injured during the rescue and required surgery on his leg. Sadly, Greg had been in the heat and smoke too long and was unable to be revived.

Greg was very proud to be a member of the Kent Volunteer Fire Department and of the difference that he made by becoming a fireman. There will forever be an empty place in the hearts of all of his family and friends. He was a true hero in life and in death.





Remembering



Errett W. Miller

Posey Township Volunteer Fire Department — Indiana

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Assistant Chief

Date of Death: September 4, 2006

Age: 43

Errett first joined the fire department in his home town at the age of 18. Always interested in learning how to do the job better and safer, he participated in any training offered in the area. He brought back the knowledge he learned to his department and had taught most of the firefighters on the department. He progressed through the fire certifications to an Instructor 2. His special interest was auto extrication, and he was instrumental in getting the department equipped with extrication equipment and training the other members of the department.

Errett served as Lieutenant, Captain, and Training Officer. He was a former Chief and at the time of his death was Assistant Chief. He was selected as Fireman of the Year in 1996 and again in 2005 by his fellow firefighters. He was a volunteer firefighter on the Indiana State Farm Prison Fire Department while working at the prison from 1990 to 1996.

While responding in mutual aid to a structure fire, the tanker truck Errett was driving left the road on a curve. He was ejected from the truck while it rolled several times and died shortly after.

Errett loved the simple things in life, all within five miles of his home in Staunton. He enjoyed woodwork-



ing, making many items for the house. He enjoyed his dogs and kept a good rabbit dog to go hunting with his children and friends. He loved to fish in the local pits and ponds with his friends.

He was always willing to help his community and the people around him. Being on the hose at a fire or helping remove a victim of a car wreck was his passion, but he could be counted on to direct traffic or cut up a tree across the road after a storm just as well. He has been known to take time off from work to help with Fire Prevention Week at the local grade school. Collecting money at road blocks for Jerry's Kids was a Labor Day activity for years. Errett always participated in the toy distribution to homes of needy kids in the community during the department's Toys for Tots program.

Sharing quality time with his wife Jackie and children Chad, Tracy and Danielle always came first in his life, except possibly being interrupted by a fire call. His special joy was spending time with his new granddaughter.

Errett will forever be in our hearts and memories. His suggestions, instructions and ideas will always be missed and remembered.



Remembering



Steven A. Smith

Wea Township Volunteer Fire Department — Indiana

Classification: Volunteer
Rank: Deputy Chief
Date of Death: June 25, 2006
Age: 34

Steve Smith died when a floor collapsed as he fought a residential structure fire.

Steve devoted his life to his family, friends and the Wea Township Volunteer Fire Department. He worked for Alcoa as a general mechanic and was a first responder at the plant. He married his high school sweetheart, Tammy, in 1991. They are the proud parents of three daughters, Kirstyn, Baylee, and Samantha.

Steve joined the Wea Township Volunteer Fire Department on November 6, 1995. During his time with the department, he held the rank of lieutenant and captain before becoming deputy chief in 2006. He earned his certification as an Emergency Medical Technician, Firefighter I, Firefighter II, and Fire Medic II. Steve was on several fire department committees, starting with the Steering Committee (for new equipment), Nominating Committee (for election of officers), Disciplinary Committee, Membership Committee (for new members coming on the department), and New Truck Committee. He was always one of the first to sign up to ride on the fire truck in the local Christmas Parade, as Christmas was his favorite holiday.



Steve also had a passion for racing go karts. He raced from the age of sixteen. He often recruited family and friends for pit crew duty. From his many racing stories, he was nicknamed "Nitro" at the fire department. He was a volunteer little league coach, and once coached his oldest daughter's soccer team. He often volunteered at his daughters' school field trips. Steve enjoyed playing guitar, and listening to music. He especially liked the rock band Queen.

Steve was a giving person. He would do whatever was asked of him, day or night. He dedicated many hours of his time to the department. He was always ready to respond to the community he loved. If you needed help, support, or comfort, you could count on Steve. His family and friends were always close to his heart. He enjoyed spending time with family at his daughters' activities and sporting events.

With his humorous quick wit, he could put a smile on your face. His generous nature and caring way was felt by many. He had a kind heart and a warm smile. Steve was a loving husband, father, son, brother, uncle, and friend. With our memories of Steve, he will live in our hearts forever.

Steve is a recipient of the Medal of Valor.

Remembering

Jason Allen Johnson

Butler County Fire District #3 — Kansas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: January 14, 2006

Age: 28

Jason Allen Johnson, #367, a volunteer firefighter for BCFD #3 in Rose Hill, Kansas, passed away on January 14, 2006, after responding to two calls. That day, the lives of everyone who knew Jason changed forever. God created a sharp turn in our paths.

Born on April 25, 1977, to Richard and Michelle Johnson, Jason was raised with his younger brother, Sean, in Clinton, Iowa. Jason played baseball, ran track, golfed and, during his adult years, was always fishing when he had some free time. After high school, he joined the United States Army and was stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he met his wife, Jennifer. They moved to Rose Hill, Kansas, where Jennifer was from, and were married July 3, 2000.

It was here that Jason found another love—the fire department. He had family who had instilled the love of firefighting in him as a child, and his great-grandfather was the first paid fire chief in Clinton, Iowa. Jason called Rose Hill home, and so many people commented that they thought he was a hometown boy. His family was always first, but when his pager went off, he was out the door before anyone could ask what the call was, even at 3:00 a.m. Jason worked full-time and at times had a second part-time job, but that

would not stop him from answering his pager. If Jennifer had the car and a call came in, this would not stop Jason. He was known for running the four blocks to the station and, in most cases, being the first one there.



Jason joined the department in August 2000 and was in his 6th year. He loved to help in the community, whether it was setting up the fireworks tent, helping with Fire Prevention Week at the school, or driving a truck in the Fall Festival parade. He was always willing to be involved. Jason was so proud to be a fireman. He went everywhere with his department t-shirt on, and he had a great love for all the men and women he served with. In the almost five years Jason had with Trevor, he instilled a great passion for the Fire Department in him.

While we may not understand why, we must continue to live. Jason will live on in others, as he was an organ, tissue, and eye donor. What a great man he was. I believe that everyone who was touched by Jason now has a very special angel in heaven watching over them.

Jason leaves behind his wife, Jennifer, and their son, Trevor. He is also survived by his children, Jacinda and Kyle, who live in Florida. Jason was a loving husband, father, son, brother, and friend.



Remembering



Allan M. Roberts

Baltimore City Fire Department — Maryland

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: October 10, 2006

Age: 40

Allan Roberts was a 19-year veteran of the Baltimore City Fire Department. He joined the BCFD on April 20, 1987, and graduated from the Fire Academy on July 2. He began his service at Engine 37. On July 13, 1989, he was transferred to Truck 26, where he remained until his death while fighting a residential structure fire on October 10, 2006. During his time at Truck 26, he rose to the rank of Acting First Lieutenant on D shift.

During his service with the BCFD, Allan received several awards. He received the Exemplary Performance Award twice: first on February 28, 1994, for the rescue of an infant from a burning apartment building, and again on July 19, 2002, for his efforts in the Howard Street Tunnel Fire. He also received a Mayor's Citation, a City Council of Baltimore Resolution #5510, the African American Exposition Award, and a Certificate of Appreciation.

Allan loved the fire department, and when he wasn't spending time with his children (Samantha, Kaitlyn, Jacob, and Daniel), he could be found at the fire house. Known as the "Swap King," Allen was the guy you would go to in order to find someone to cover your shift if you needed a day off. He had a real interest in computers and served in the IT department for approximately one year. Allan

also enjoyed spending time with the youth at our church in Taneytown, Maryland. He was one of the leaders for the youth group, as well as a member of the church council.



Allan truly loved helping others in need and would drop what he was doing to do that very thing. Whether it was a neighbor who was struggling with some chore or a stranger involved in a car accident, Allan always stopped to do whatever he could. One of his favorite things was his 2001 Harley-Davidson motorcycle, and he rode it whenever he could, no matter how cold or hot it was. His oldest son, Jake, used to love to take rides with him around the neighborhood and would wear his daddy's helmet while riding his tricycle. Allan was an avid football fan. He had two season tickets for the Baltimore Ravens, in the hopes that Jake would one day accompany him to the games.

Allan was not only a great firefighter who loved what he did, but also a great father who loved his children and always wanted the best for them. Already, Jake has been telling his brother Danny stories about Daddy, and how Daddy would play with them and how much he loved them. I overheard him telling Danny once, "Whenever you think you're alone, you're really not, because God and Daddy will always be with you."

Remembering



Edward D. Wilburn

Deep Creek Volunteer Fire Department — Maryland

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: December 9, 2006

Age: 64

Edward Wilburn suffered a fatal heart attack while responding to the station for a call. A 33-year veteran, he was president of the department at the time of his death and had previously served as chief. Members of his department relied on his experience and often went to him for advice.

He was the owner-operator of Edward D. Wilburn General Contractor, Inc. A member of the Mountain Top Home Builders Association, he worked to help establish building codes in Garrett County. He was one of several contractors across the state of Maryland who crafted

a portion of the acorn that sits atop the Maryland Statehouse in Annapolis.

A lifelong member of Hoyes United Methodist Church, he held many offices including Sunday School Superintendent, Trustee Chairman, and Board Chairman. He was also a member of the Garrett County Farm Bureau and was an avid hunter.

He was survived by his wife, Betty; his daughter, Kimberly Becker, and her husband, Gregory; his son, Steven Wilburn; his brother, James Wilburn; and two grandchildren, Tonya and David Becker.



If your actions inspire others to dream more, learn more, do more, and become more, you are a leader.

— John Quincy Adams



Remembering



Amy L. Schnearle-Pennywitt City of Ann Arbor Fire Department — Michigan

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: January 13, 2006

Age: 34

Amy was born on March 6, 1971, in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The daughter of James and Jane Schnearle, Amy grew up on her parents' dairy farm. She graduated from Manchester High School in 1989 and earned a degree in education from Eastern Michigan University in 1997.

Amy always dreamed of being a fire fighter, and her passion and determination led her on the path of helping others. In 1996, she joined the Manchester Township Fire Department as their first female fire fighter. In 1998, she became a member of the Ann Arbor Fire Department, where she was an EMT and a member of the Hazmat Team. She was a fire fighter at the Ann Arbor Fire Department for eight years. On January 13, 2006, Amy tragically lost her life in the line of duty as a result of injuries sustained six days earlier at the scene of a motor vehicle accident.



Amy was an excellent hostess of parties. She loved water sports, vacationing, and being around friends and family. She was a Longaberger consultant and raised money to walk in the Breast Cancer 3-Day 60-mile walk in support of family and friends.

Amy had a zest for life that was contagious. She had a passion for helping others and building meaningful relationships. Her kindness, confidence and organization led her on a journey that touched so many lives. She is cherished by family, friends and communities, who have seen the beauty and dedication in how she lived her life to the fullest. She is deeply missed.

Amy is survived by her husband, Alan; stepson, Jacob; parents, Jim and Jane Schnearle; and two sisters, Bobbi Kunzelman and Jenni Kerns.

A leader is one who knows the way, goes the way, and shows the way.

— John C. Maxwell



Remembering



Kyle William Clarence Weisbrich

Melrose Fire Department — Minnesota

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 12, 2006

Age: 22

Kyle was a person of integrity and generosity of spirit. He set high standards for himself. Honesty and compassion for others were important parts of who he was. He truly loved spending time with those who meant the most to him. If a friend was in need, Kyle was the first one to offer a helping hand. It was not unusual for him to stop and help a stranded motorist; even if it meant driving over a hundred miles to get them home safely. Sometimes this was after bringing them home and making a meal. Due to his generosity and ability to see the best in others, he had many friends.

Kyle was devoted to his family. He enjoyed spending time with his parents and, after a hard day at work, he would think nothing of picking his brother up at school and taking him to dinner, the movies or a game. His favorite saying before leaving was, "Come on, give me a hug."

Kyle had hoped to make a career as a Firefighter and worked hard to achieve this dream. He attended St. Cloud Technical College, completing Basic Firefighting I and II, Hazmat Awareness, Emergency Cardiac Care, and Structure Burn. In addition, Kyle was an Emergency Medical Technician and enrolled in the Paramedic pro-



gram. He joined the Melrose Volunteer Fire Department in September 2005 and was proud to serve his community. After each alarm, he was more and more convinced that this was his true calling. He died in a motorcycle accident while responding to the station for an emergency call.

Kyle had a multitude of interests. He loved singing and had a beautiful voice. While in school, he was in the musicals and one-act plays. He played the trumpet and was in the Jazz Band. Kyle was also a member of the Saint John's Boys Choir and had the opportunity to tour with them throughout the United States and the Bahamas.

Kyle was eager to try new things. He entered his first marathon in 2005, tried parasailing, was a licensed scuba diver, enjoyed playing pool, going to concerts, Minnesota Twins games, traveling, and he loved riding his motorcycle. He was eager to learn everything about everything. Many times he would spend a weekend working on his car, or tackle a remodeling job, with the help of patient friends.

He was so excited about all life had to offer. He accomplished so much while he was here. While it hurts terribly to lose him, it was an honor and a privilege to have him with us as long as we did.



Remembering



Michael L. Davenport

Mississippi State Penitentiary, Parchman Volunteer Fire Department — Mississippi

Classification: Volunteer
Rank: Inmate Firefighter
Date of Death: March 9, 2006
Age: 39

Michael Davenport died as a result of smoke inhalation suffered while fighting a residential structure fire. Serving a life sentence for homicide, he had been a

member of the prison's inmate volunteer fire department for two years.

He was survived by his mother, twin brother, and sister.



*If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,*

*Or help one fainting robin,
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.*

— Emily Dickinson

Remembering

Robert W. Edwards

Tunica Volunteer Fire Department — Mississippi

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: June 23, 2006

Age: 45

Robert Edwards suffered a fatal heart attack on June 23, 2006, after responding to a mobile home fire. He was a 23-year veteran with the department.

He was survived by his wife, Mary; his son, Robert Matthew Edwards; three sisters, Sandra Bright, Mary Lou Edwards, and Marg Ann Brown; and two brothers, Steve Edwards, and David Hendrix.



Firefighters have a very simple job description—they're expected to be at the wrong place, at the wrong time, with the 'right stuff.' Firefighters aren't heroes because of what they do...they're heroes because each of them knows full well what they might have to do; and despite that, they carry that badge and that responsibility every day.

— Dr. Denis Onieal, Superintendent, National Fire Academy

Remembering

Ollie P. Tate

Thaxton Volunteer Fire Department — Mississippi

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 8, 2006

Age: 56

Ollie “Tater Bug” Tate suffered a heart attack while responding to a structure fire and fell from the vehicle in which he was riding. He served with the department for 23 years.

An avid sportsman, Ollie

was a member of Clear Creek Wildlife Hunting Club. He was also a member of the Baptist church.

Ollie Tate was survived by his two nieces and their families. A good member of the community, he never met a stranger and was loved by all who knew him.



Few will have the greatness to bend history itself; but each of us can work to change a small portion of events, and in the total of all those acts will be written the history of this generation.

— Robert F. Kennedy



Remembering



Alan D. Leake

City of Fulton Fire Department — Missouri

Classification: Career

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: April 30, 2006

Age: 51

Captain Alan Leake spent the final minutes of his life as he had on many other occasions in the prior 24 years— giving of himself to try to help a complete stranger, this time an accident victim. At great loss to his family and friends, Alan died in the line of duty that day. He had worked his second consecutive motor vehicle accident and, as he was preparing to clear the scene, he collapsed and could not be revived.

Alan became a firefighter for the City of Fulton in September 1982. He was promoted to fire engineer in September 1984 and promoted to captain in 1996. He was committed to his work and took great responsibility for the firefighters he led. Though at times those under his charge might have complained of his sometimes “militant” ways, they all knew what was in his heart — he wanted them to be prepared for anything, for the public’s safety, their own safety, and as he reminded them jokingly, his own safety. Alan set the bar high for himself and others, and the City of Fulton Fire Department and the public it served benefited as a result. The local public safety community will also miss his morning radio check, where his enthusiastic, “Good morning Callway,” often started their day.



Although Alan put a lot of energy and passion into his work, he did not do it at the expense of his family. He loved his wife, his children, his step-children, and his grandchildren with all his heart and tried to make sure they knew it by his actions and his words. Many spoke of the sparkle in his eye after he met his wife, Linda, and the renewed passion he had for life in general as a result. He absolutely relished his more recent role as a grandfather as well and looked forward to more little ones to come.

Alan’s hobbies included fishing and boating, activities he particularly enjoyed when accompanied by his wife or his best friend, and with his children when they were young. He was looking forward to introducing his grandchildren to these activities.

We have and will miss Alan’s happy spirit, good heart, mischievous mustache and loving arms for all times told. He will always be with us in our hearts and in spirit — a fact confirmed by his now three-year-old granddaughter, who has spontaneously informed us on many occasions throughout the last year, “Look, there’s Papa in the clouds.”



Remembering



Leo H. Soderquist

Axtell Volunteer Fire & Rescue Department — Nebraska

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: December 1, 2006

Age: 64

Leo was a 36-year veteran of the Axtell Rural Volunteer Fire Department. He was a second-generation firefighter for the Village of Axtell, his family's home for five generations. A respected community leader and small business owner, he was dedicated to his family, his church (Bethany Lutheran), and the Axtell Volunteer Fire Department. Leo also served on the Axtell Chamber of Commerce, the Axtell Housing Authority, Bethany Nursing Home Board, and was active for many years with the Boy Scouts.

Leo was born in 1942 to Reuben H. and Anna Mae Soderquist. After serving in the U.S. Army, he returned to his hometown. Leo married Linda Emal on November 30, 1968, and together they raised three children. His oldest son, Shawn, is also a firefighter with the Axtell Fire Department. Leo and his wife, Linda, started Soderquist Custom Cabinet Company in 1974. Leo was proud to be one of the first Certified Kitchen Designers in the state of Nebraska through the National Kitchen and Bath Association. All who knew Leo considered him a master craftsman and skilled wood artisan. His work can be found in homes, restaurants, and businesses throughout central Nebraska and beyond.

Leo truly enjoyed his affiliation with the fire department. He served as assistant fire chief, vice-president



and president of the department, and was an EMT for many years. He dutifully responded to emergency medical and fire calls night and day, helping numerous friends and neighbors in times of need. During the early morning hours of December 1, Leo helped battle a fire at a farm home north of Axtell. He suffered a heart attack after firefighters returned to the station around 2 a.m. He was assisted immediately by his son and fellow firefighters and was transported to Good Samaritan Hospital in Kearney, where he died. Leo and Linda celebrated their 38th wedding anniversary the day before his death.

Leo loved tinkering in his wood shop, fishing, and photography. Survivors include his wife, Linda; daughter, Michelle Hartnett and her husband, Chad; son, Shawn Soderquist and his wife, Melissa; son, Ryan Soderquist; five grandchildren: Brooke, Tyler, and Collin Soderquist and William and Emma Hartnett; sister, Marie Boston and her husband, Reid; one nephew, two nieces, and many cousins.

Leo knew no strangers and was a friend to everyone he met. In addition to his many talents, Leo will be fondly remembered for his friendly and easygoing nature, his joy in telling a good story, his warm smile, and his laughter.

Remembering

Richard Washington, Jr.

Clark County Fire Department — Nevada

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 8, 2006

Age: 49

Richard Washington suffered a fatal heart attack while doing physical training at the station as part of his duty shift. A 17-year veteran, he spent most of his time assigned to Station 16, one of the busiest stations in the department. Throughout his distinguished career, he rendered care and aid to countless citizens of Clark County, as well as protecting numerous structures and property.

Born February 10,
1957, in Walla Walla,

Washington, Richard had lived in Las Vegas for 22 years. He loved sports, music, fine cigars and, most of all, his family and fire department brothers and sisters.

He was survived by his mother, Belle Washington; his wife, Mary Washington; his son, David; his daughter, Charlotta; his brothers, James and Charles; and his sisters, Sharon and Gloria. He also leaves behind a larger family, his beloved brothers and sisters of the CCFD.



There is no greater calling than to serve your fellow men. There is no greater contribution than to help the weak. There is no greater satisfaction than to have done it well.

— Walter Reuther



Remembering



David R. Packard

Swanzey Fire Department — New Hampshire

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: January 11, 2006

Age: 41

David Packard suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to a medical call the previous day. A 14-year veteran, he had also served with the East Swanzey Fire Department. David owned and operated Packard Plumbing and Heating in North Swanzey, and had previously worked with Lawrence Brothers Plumbing and Heating.

A four-year varsity high school football player, he was instrumental in establishing the weight-lifting room and program at Monadnock Regional High School, his alma mater. David was a member of Gordon-Bissell American Legion Post 4 in Keene, New Hampshire. He enjoyed camping and was an avid NASCAR fan and Harley-Davidson motorcyclist.

David especially loved spending time with his children, family, and friends. He was survived by his wife, Heidi (Wyckoff) Packard; his children, Stephanie and Alisha Packard and Kirk and Kate Mattson; his

sisters, Patty Parker and Donna McLean; and extended family.



David will always be remembered for his practical jokes, willingness to help anyone, and for his ability to brighten anyone's day. He was famous for putting things in people's pockets, and was the first one to step up and ask what needs to be done, or gather you up for a "group hug".

David was very dedicated to his wife, 4 children, family, and friends. Through life, people come and go, but with David it was different. No matter what the story or circumstances were, he would still be there, years later, to give you that much-needed support. His six-foot-three-inch presence could solve many problems with his gentle hold and comforting words.

David will be forever in our hearts and souls and is missed deeply every second of every day.

When a man becomes a fireman his greatest act of bravery has been accomplished. What he does after that is all in the line of work.

— Edward F. Croker



Remembering



Kevin A. Apuzzio

East Franklin Volunteer Fire Department — New Jersey

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Foreman

Date of Death: April 11, 2006

Age: 21

Kevin was the type of person who walked into a room, and it lit up. He commanded the attention of all around him with his quick wit, his charm, and his smile. Kevin had the personality that put people at ease, whether they knew him for ten years or ten minutes. He loved to tell elaborate stories about the adventures that he had each and every day, because Kevin turned everything into an adventure. So he'd sit you down and describe his ridiculous day, and by the end of the story, you'd both be laughing with tears running down your face, and you would realize that you had just made a new best friend.



Kevin started his emergency services career at the age of 16. When most people his age are more concerned with video games, Kevin chose to devote his free time helping his community of Union, NJ. He joined the Union Emergency Medical Unit, and that started his passion for helping others. After he graduated from high school, Kevin moved to New Brunswick and started his college education at Rutgers University, studying Criminal Justice. While at Rutgers, he took the job as per diem Emergency Medical Technician. Kevin wanted to expand his knowledge of emergency services, so he joined the East Franklin Volunteer Fire Company. He went to fire school and obtained his

Firefighter I certification. Kevin quickly made friends in the firehouse and went to as many fires as he could to gain more experience. He became part of a small group that would stay at the firehouse all night so that, if there was a call, an engine could be on the road as quickly as possible. In 2006, he was recognized for his efforts and promoted to Foreman. Kevin was also a certified CPR instructor and enjoyed teaching people how they, too, can save lives. Kevin actively participated in anything that would benefit the community. Emergency Services was Kevin's passion and what he devoted his life to.

After college, Kevin was thinking about becoming a New York City police officer. He had already taken the exam and was awaiting the results of his test. Kevin died in the line of duty on April 11, 2006, while attempting to rescue a trapped resident from her burning home. His test result came the same day that he died. He had achieved almost a perfect score on the written exam—a 99.6%.

Kevin left a legacy with all those he touched. He taught us the importance of volunteering, the importance of family and friends. He was a talented, passionate, and selfless young man. We are all blessed to have known him.

Remembering

George M. Jackson

City of Camden Fire Department — New Jersey

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: March 7, 2006

Age: 67

In 1968, George was inducted into an elite group of professionals called “Firefighters” and his dedication saved many lives...He Made Us Proud! George was a Camden, New Jersey, firefighter and he loved his job. He would always give reports of the day’s events. George did not have to be on duty to respond to a call, even if it was a false alarm. He was deemed the family “fire marshal,” because he was consistently over-protective of fire safety. George loved reading all the information he could about being a great fireman and kept himself abreast of all current information. He could explain the function of anything to do with being a firefighter— equipment, vehicles (he was a “mean” tiller man), regulations, and any other study of this sacrificial profession. He often gave lessons on what he had learned. George made everyone around him fire conscious. He once demonstrated to the neighborhood how to escape from a second story building using knotted sheets.

George was a founding member of the Brotherhood of United Firefighters (B.U.F.F.). This group was instrumental in strengthening the unity among minority members. Through this organization, they built B.U.F.F. Hall, which is still servicing the community today. George was an avid reader. Education was very important to him, and he excelled in all sub-

jects. He wanted his children and their friends to always do the same. George was stern at times and a great disciplinarian. He enjoyed making people think about things in life. One word to use in describing George is “character.” Although he had plenty of it, at times he also demonstrated being one. He loved to tell stories and jokes and made people laugh. On October 21, 1990, George answered his final overtime telephone call from the Camden City Fire Department. He was critically injured that day doing what he loved. The injuries he endured left him incapacitated for 15 ½ years. Although George spent his last years totally disabled, they were not in vain. At home, he received the most loving nursing care through Private RNs Registry, Inc., Cecelia Boyd, Executive Director, and his physician, Dr. Marshall Lauer. He was surrounded with love, laughter and the presence of the Lord.

With his wife, Priscilla, at the helm and their four children, Ellen, Anita, George II and Glen Sr., and their families by her side, the years continued to grow with much love, devotion and grandchildren who loved “Pop” unconditionally despite his disability. God chose George for the journey, and his family, friends and co-workers have been richly blessed having the opportunity to cherish a TRUE HERO!!





Remembering



Edward J. Marbet

Burlington Township Fire Department — New Jersey

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: February 9, 2006

Age: 31

Ed was introduced to the fire service during his high school years, just hanging around the fire station. He joined his hometown volunteer department — Independent 301 — in Burlington Township. It became a passion, which led him to serve 14 years with various fire departments. Ed's accomplishments with the BTFD included a Unit Citation Rescue in 2000, Independent Lieutenant in 2001 & 2005, and Top Ten Responder for 2004. He died while rescuing family members from a fire at his own home.

Ed was an avid sports person. He participated in football, basketball, wrestling, track and baseball during high school and beyond. At an early age, Ed knew he wanted to become involved in Mortuary Science. Losing his 16-year-old sister Jeannette to cancer in 1986 was a big influence. Ed pursued his education in this field and became involved with a local funeral home. He started his own limo service, Passions, which flourished. It would be a sight to see Ed come in and out of the house, fire department, or any event in a suit, sportswear or fire gear. Ed was the modern "Superman," changing the many hats he chose to take on. Passion for people and the opportunity to do for others is what made Ed a valuable resource. The "Big Teddy Bear," as many referred to him, who was always there for anyone at any time. Ed had a great sense of humor and a wonderful persona.



Ed often helped the Ladies Auxiliary, of which his mother, Joan, was a member. He would have music blasting, broom in hand, and away he went, twisting and singing, giving everyone around a cheerful rise. He was a devoted son, brother, uncle and friend. In 2001, Ed's mom passed away, and once again he was the hero to the rescue. He was there at her last breath and saw that arrangements were perfectly completed to give a loving mother a befitting tribute. This was a time in which air was taken out of Ed's ever giving sails, and he needed to step back and regroup. With family and friends, he kept his passions alive and fruitful. Ed and his father, Charles, were left to be bachelors and build upon an already strong father and son bond.

Ed participated in many of the department's venues where children were involved, such as Fire Prevention Weeks at school, Operation Santa Rides and safety classes. Children were always a soft spot in his heart. Although Ed never got to marry, he was godfather to many and uncle to three special children — Carl, Jeannette, and Josette Eckhardt, children of his sister Donnamarie.

Ed will forever shine in our hearts and memories. His presence will always be missed and remembered.

Remembering

Vincent R. Neglia

North Hudson Regional Fire and Rescue — New Jersey

Classification: Career

Rank: Acting Captain

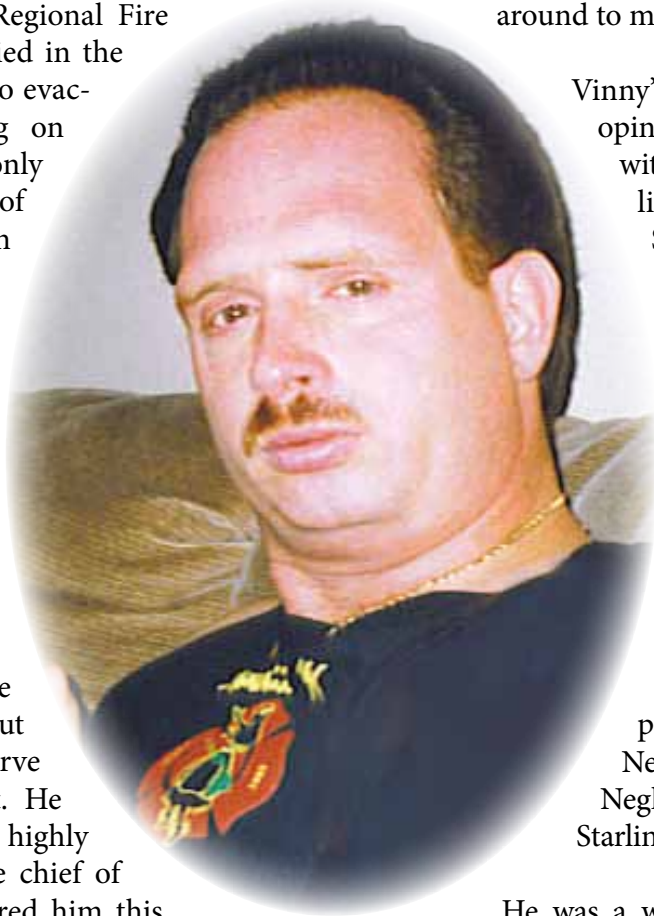
Date of Death: September 9, 2006

Age: 45

Vincent Neglia was a 23-year veteran of the North Hudson Regional Fire and Rescue agency. He died in the line of duty while trying to evacuate a burning building on September 9, 2006. It was only days from the anniversary of the September 11 attack on the World Trade Center, where he had served in the rescue efforts.

A native of North Bergen, “Vinny” was proud of what he did and enjoyed serving the community where he was born and raised. After high school, he worked briefly as a paramedic, and later at the post office in Paramus. But his dream was always to serve with the fire department. He loved his career and spoke highly of being a firefighter. The chief of his department remembered him this way: “He was well-respected and known as an aggressive firefighter who cared about the public

he served. He was the kind of guy you wanted around to make your rescue.”



Vinny’s friends described him as opinionated and outspoken, with a big heart. He enjoyed listening to the Rolling Stones, riding motorcycles, and visiting Bear Mountain in upstate New York. A kid at heart, his “toys” included an 18-foot jet boat, a Harley-Davidson, and remote control helicopters. He was known for his famous expression, “Get Smart.”

He is survived by his daughter, Nicole Neglia; his parents, Quirico and Marilyn Neglia; and his siblings, Ricky Neglia, Geraldine Neglia, Angela Starling, and Nancy Failla.

He was a wonderful and devoted firefighter, received many accolades, and died a hero, serving his community. He will be truly missed.

A hero is a man who does what he can.

— Romain Rolland



Remembering



Robert "Ockie" Wisting

Rio Grande Fire Company #1 — New Jersey

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: February 23, 2006

Age: 77

Ockie was a treasure to his community, family, friends, and his fire department, with which he served for more than half a century. He had a devotion to duty and a superior work ethic. He put his heart and soul into everything in life and anything he touched. He was an inspiration to all who knew him. Ockie served in the U.S. Army in the Pacific Theater during World War II, where he was commended by his officers for work of "extremely high caliber" and the devotion to duty that is an inspiration to his fellow soldiers. He was a soldier of exceptional ability and qualifications.

A lifetime member of the Rio Grande Volunteer Fire Company, Station 72, he led as chief in 1965 and served in many other capacities, including engineer, lieutenant, captain, safety officer, and training officer. During more than 51 years of service, he answered more than 3,600 emergency calls. He suffered a fatal heart attack at home, after attending a department drill and responding to a call the previous day. A master craftsman and inventor, he created beautiful furniture with his special Norwegian flare for his home, family and friends. His innovations included the "Ockie Nozzle," a fire nozzle that can punch through the wall or roof of a house. When the fire company was unable to afford a new pumper in its early days, he added a front-



mounted pump and tank to a 1959 Jeep body to create a pumper truck. Ockie took his middle name from his great uncle, the polar explorer Oscar Wisting, who discovered the South Pole with Roald Amundsen in 1911 and flew across the North Pole in 1926. He shared with his namesake a sturdy directness, and can-do attitude.

In 2000, Ockie traveled to Larvik, Norway, his father's native town, where he was interviewed by the newspaper and visited his uncle's cabin on the Polar ship *Fram* in Oslo. In March 2006, the Robert "Ockie" Wisting Fort Apache Recreation Complex was dedicated, honoring his years of volunteer service to the residents and visitors of Rio Grande. A Memorial Motorcycle Run for the Big House fundraising event has occurred now for the past two years in memory of Ockie.

Ockie was a wonderful person and is gone from us. He loved helping people, keeping people safe, and that is how his community will remember him. Ockie: a loving husband, father, grandfather, friend, and firefighter, who unselfishly gave his life to make others' lives better. We, your family, love and miss you and, in the words we heard you say many times, we will "carry on."

Remembering

Jose L. Ramirez, Jr.

Far South Volunteer Fire Department — New Mexico

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter/EMT

Date of Death: April 15, 2006

Age: 35

Jose Ramirez died April 15, 2006, in a motor vehicle accident while responding to an EMS call. Very active within the department, he had served for over ten years. He always did his best to help the community as much as he could.

He is survived by his wife, Sara Ramirez; sons, Jose Ramirez III and Peter Ramirez; and his parents, Jose Ramirez, Sr. and Juanita Ramirez.



Everybody can be great...because anybody can serve. You don't have to have a college degree to serve. You don't have to make your subject and verb agree to serve. You only need a heart full of grace. A soul generated by love.

— Martin Luther King, Jr.



Remembering



John A. Beyer

Wilson Volunteer Fire Company — New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter/EMT

Date of Death: September 22, 2006

Age: 38

John possessed a tender soul. Throughout his life he had an interest in helping people through their trials and tribulations. He was always a peacemaker and often reminded those in conflict that God made everyone, and we are here to demonstrate kindness and love toward one another. As a child, his favorite toys were anything that related to the fire department, and he was always interested in those professions where he could be of service to people.

While he was in high school, his parish priest took note of his spiritual gifts and asked him to consider the seminary. John ultimately decided this was not for him, because he wanted to raise a family. During the next two decades, he was always searching to find a conduit to use his ability to help others, and it was in Wilson, New York, that he was able to fulfill his purpose in life.

After John married and settled down as a family man, he decided at the age of 34 to try out the fire service and see what emergency services had to offer. John had a deep passion to find goodness in every person and to try to help people see that goodness in themselves. He believed that joining

the fire service would provide a pathway to accomplishing these tasks.



Soon after entering the fire service, John decided to start his training and entered into the Basic Firefighter class. This class opened John's eyes to the fact that this was not fun and games anymore and that what his instructors were teaching was what he lived for. John also realized there was a need for persons like himself in the emergency medical services field. He then went on to become certified as a New York State Emergency Medical Technician — Basic. This really proved to be John's forte, as he had more interactions with people and really had feelings of accomplishment he had not previously experienced.

Still not satisfied with his career, John decided it was time to try helping people on a full-time basis and went to work for Rural-Metro Emergency Medical Services of Western New York. It was here that John felt satisfied that he was really helping people in their time of need. Even as he was providing this selfless service in a full-time capacity, working mostly 12-16 hour shifts, he would still make every attempt to provide this service to the residents of the Town of Wilson, where he resided in his off hours.



Remembering



Howard J. Carpluk, Jr.

Fire Department of New York — New York

Classification: Career

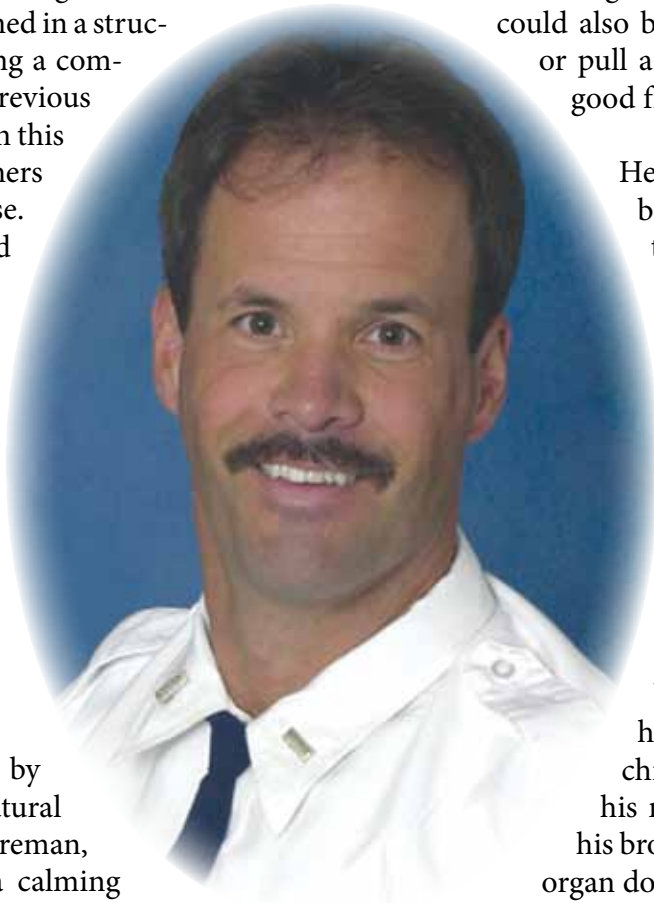
Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: August 28, 2006

Age: 43

Howard Carpluk died August 28, 2006, from injuries sustained in a structural collapse while fighting a commercial structure fire the previous day. Two firefighters died in this incident, and several others were injured in the collapse. A 20-year veteran, Howard Carpluk was assigned to Engine Company 42 at the time of his death and had previously served with Battalion 18 and Ladder Company 31. He received two citations for bravery during his firefighting career, including one for the 1988 rescue of two people from a burning building.

“Howie” is remembered by fellow firefighters as a natural leader and an excellent fireman, someone who provided a calming



influence and guidance to new firefighters. He could also be counted on to tell a joke or pull a firehouse prank. He was a good friend.

He enjoyed golf, cycling, softball, and had run marathons. An active member of his community, he was involved with the neighborhood civic association. His neighbors remembered his generosity and caring spirit.

A dedicated family man, his family remembers Howard as a wonderful father and a loving husband. He was survived by his wife, Debra Carpluk; his children, Bradley and Paige; his mother, Irene Carpluk; and his brothers and sisters. He was an organ donor.

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

— Jon McDuffie



Remembering



Michael J. Greene

West Babylon Fire Department — New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: June 16, 2006

Age: 43

On June 16, 2006, ex-captain Michael J. Greene died in the line of duty. While removing a salvage cover from the roof of a structure that had suffered fire damage, Mike was electrocuted when he came into contact with a sign that was unknowingly energized.

Mike joined the West Babylon Fire Department in April 1994. He served as lieutenant and captain from 2001 through 2004. Mike was proud to be a member of the truck company. He loved to get his hands dirty and was always one of the first to arrive for an alarm. He was skilled on the various Hurst tools, especially the Jaws of Life. Any time the truck left the firehouse and Mike was part of the crew, you knew the job would get done. He was also an outstanding interior firefighter when it came to search and rescue. He never backed down from a challenging scene and was always the guy you wanted by your side.

On December 19, 2005, Mike and other firefighters entered a burning house to search for a trapped woman. Mike found the woman and brought her out. For this act of heroism and bravery, Mike was awarded Firefighter of the Year and the Silver Medal of Valor from the Suffolk County Fire Academy. Mike used his experience, knowledge and leadership to train



and mold the future of the company. Knowing how adamant Mike was about training, the district dedicated their new fire training facility to him, naming it in his honor. Mike's memory lives on through the members he trained and the 'Mike-isms' that can be heard around the firehouse. Mike was a devoted husband to his wife, Liz, a loving father to his son, Colin, and daughters, Katie, Kristen and Meghan. Mike loved to surf and spent as much time as he could in the water. He was just beginning to share his passion for surfing with his son, which was a dream of his since the day Colin was born. Mike also relished spending time with his three girls, whether it was attending their sporting events, dance recitals or just simply taking them out for Italian ices. He was a devoted son and brother and considered family time to be of great importance. In addition to family time, he enjoyed relaxing barbecues with friends and hanging out and vacationing with the neighborhood families, which always brought many laughs.

Mike continues to be remembered for all he did for his community of family and friends through the "Mike Greene Great Guy Foundation" which was established to honor his memory for the great guy that he was. He is missed and will never be forgotten.



Remembering



Donald J. Herbert

Buffalo Fire Department — New York

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: February 21, 2006

Age: 44

Don joined the Buffalo Fire Department in 1986 and worked several years with the Heavy Rescue Company. He was critically injured in 1995 while fighting a structure fire and died in 2006 from complications of those injuries.

As a well-respected member of the department, Don was the recipient of the 1991 Marine Corps League Medal, 1991 Erie County American Legion Public Safety Award, and 1994 Buffalo Fire Commissioner's Award, and was named



Fire Fighter of the Year in 1996 for his dedication to the fire service. Known for his love of the outdoors, he enjoyed hunting, fishing, and camping with his wife and four sons.

Don was a man of courage and determination and was an inspiration to his fellow fire fighters. He is missed and will always be remembered as a loving husband, devoted father, and trusted friend.

He is survived by his wife, Linda; and his sons, Donald, Thomas, Patrick, and Nicholas.

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

— Christopher Reeve



Remembering



Gerald A. Machajewski

Cambria Volunteer Fire Company — New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: May 21, 2006

Age: 62

Gerald A. Machajewski suffered a fatal heart attack on Sunday, May 21, 2006, while helping victims of a three vehicle crash on Saunders Settlement Road in Cambria, New York. Mr. Machajewski was pronounced dead on arrival at Lockport Memorial Hospital, Lockport, New York. He was 62.

Howard Morgan, Cambria fire company president, said Mr. Machajewski joined the department eight months ago after he moved to Cambria, New York from Lockport, New York. Mr. Morgan, who also is the Cambria fire department chaplain, said the death has hit the department hard. "When you go down in the line of duty, it is very unique. We told his wife that they are part of a bigger family," Mr. Morgan said. Mr. Machajewski was working "scene support," a new program of less-strenuous activities designed specifically for older volunteers. He was talking to the crash victims—teens with minor injuries—because he was "so good with kids," Mr. Morgan said. He collapsed as he helped one of the victims into an ambulance.

Mr. Machajewski had long been active in community service, recently working with the Erie County



Community Emergency Response Team program and then helping Niagara County develop its own program. Its volunteers are called upon to coordinate services in the event of a disaster.

The Buffalo, New York, native was a graduate of Erie Community College in Williamsville, New York, and Fredonia State College in Fredonia, New York. He worked as a manufacturing chemist for Delphi Thermal Systems in Lockport, New York, for more than 20 years, retiring in 2001.

Mr. Machajewski was a member of the Harrison G-9 Group, Buffalo Choral Arts Society, and Chopin Singing Society. He enjoyed drum and bugle corps and was a fan of the Madison Scouts Drum Corps. He was a Boy Scout Leader for Troop 4 at St. John the Baptist Church in Lockport, New York, for several years.

His first wife, Nancy Gawrys Machajewski, died in 1983. He and his wife, the former Mary S. Neary, would have celebrated their 20th anniversary on May 23, 2006. Survivors also include a son, Erick, of Lockport, New York, and a sister, Veronica Szalasny, of Delevan, New York.







Remembering



Hector "Sandy" McClune

Millerton Volunteer Fire Department — New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 26, 2006

Age: 76

It is no coincidence that the word "extraordinary" contains within itself the word "ordinary" when remembering "Sandy" McClune. Sandy was an ordinary man in the scheme of the world, but extraordinary in the eyes of his family, friends, fellow firefighters, and the small community of Millerton, NY.

"Sandy" was born Hector Alexander McClune on July 1st, 1930, in Scotland. In 1951, he married Agnes "Nan" McClune. They immigrated together to Canada before moving to the United States, settling in Millerton in 1964. They had three children named Sheila, Bonnie and James. Sandy was a family man who enjoyed spending time with his grandchildren. His youngest grandson, Jarrett, shared an especially close bond with Sandy. As a toddler, he copied the way his "Poppy" walked and talked. They enjoyed mowing the lawn together with Sandy's tractors.

Sandy's hobbies were extensive and included "tinkering" with and repairing old tractors and vehicles, ice fishing, hunting and spending hours on his Farmall tractor to plow his driveway in the winter. He was an avid outdoorsman and loved to work with his friends on the farm. Sandy was well-known in his community. He was a volunteer firefighter with the Millerton Fire Department for



40 years and served as Second Lieutenant for some time. He was Superintendent of Highways for the town of North East and finished his employment years at the Salisbury School in Salisbury, Connecticut. His fellow firefighters remember him as a fatherly figure who was an active, efficient and dedicated firefighter even in his last years with the department. He loved being a fireman and went to countless fires. He did whatever he could to help. His membership to the MFD gave him a sense of belonging, even until the day he laid down his life for the wellbeing of his community.

Whether you ask Sandy's family, friends or fellow firefighters to describe him, you're likely to get the same response: "Sandy was a joker and a prankster."

He was always ready to make people laugh, and we really miss the sound of his laughter and his thick Scottish brogue. On the day of his funeral, when we all thought Sandy's pranks were gone forever; he had the last laugh. One of the Millerton Fire Department's trucks got stuck in the mud in the cemetery, and everyone just knew it had to be Sandy's doing.

Sandy answered his last call to duty in the early afternoon of November 26th, 2006. There was a small grass fire in the schoolyard behind his home. He suffered a heart attack and died at the scene doing what he had loved for so many years: serving and protecting his community.



Remembering



Michael Curran Reilly

Fire Department of New York — New York

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 27, 2006

Age: 25

Michael was born on April 3, 1981, a beautiful spring afternoon. He was the first child of Monica and Michael and the first grandchild for the Curran and Reilly families. The tow-headed toddler with big blue eyes loved playing with water and digging in sand for hours on end. Mike was a happy child with an infectious smile and a wonderful sense of humor at a very, very young age. He had a fabulous smile and sparkling eyes that would dance with mischief.

Mike was a bit disappointed when, at the age of four, his family moved to Ramsey, New Jersey, a suburb on the outskirts of New York City. He made it very clear that he would rather live in Brooklyn, “where the action is,” and that someday he was going to be a fireman.

Mike entered Ramsey High School. He was just an ordinary kind of teenager and an “average” student. He became actively involved with the Ramsey Rescue Squad and the Ramsey Fire Department, and his interest in and commitment to these organizations never wavered. Mike became more determined than ever to pursue his dream of becoming a New York City firefighter. He joined the Marines, specializing in aircraft firefighting and pilot rescue and served seven months in Iraq, receiving numerous medals. All the while, Mike never lost sight of his ultimate goal. While he was

in Iraq, he received notice from the FDNY that they wanted him. He was so thrilled — his dream was going to come true. Mike was determined to become one of “the best of the best.”



Mike graduated from the FDNY training academy on July 6, 2006, a squad leader and 10th in his class; that “average” young man was becoming a rising star. Mike was given the assignment he wanted— Engine Company 75 in the Bronx, the busiest firehouse in NY and a very long way from the tree-lined streets of Ramsey.

On August 27, 2006, a rainy Sunday afternoon, Mike lost his life fighting a three-alarm fire in a discount store, when the floor collapsed beneath him. He had only been on the job six weeks.

In his 25 years, Mike lived his life with gusto, accomplishing more than many do in a lifetime. At the time of his death, Mike was doing what he truly loved and was exactly where he wanted to be. He was determined, driven, loyal, loving, kind, compassionate and very giving of himself.

Michael is terribly missed by all who knew and loved him, especially his parents, sister, and brother. We are still realizing the profound impact he had on the lives of others. He will always be with us, never forgotten.



Remembering



Wilbur A. Ritter

Sayville Fire Department — New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Fire Police

Date of Death: August 28, 2006

Age: 78

Wilbur was a man committed to helping people in whatever capacity he could, and his devotion to his family, the Sayville Fire Department, and numerous firematic organizations was a testament to the remarkable person that he was. He joined the Sayville Fire Department in 1947 and dedicated nearly 60 years to his department and community. Following in his father's footsteps, he was an active yet humble firefighter who could be counted on to help with anything that was asked of him. His family was extremely important to him as well. His wife, Evelyn, and sons, Michael and Peter, formed the backbone of his existence. His insistence on taking care of his parents upon his honorable discharge from the Army led him to a long bachelorhood and favorite son status with his mother. Wilbur could remember every family member and their relations without hesitation, and was constantly sharing the information. He believed that knowing one's history would guide their future in the right direction.

Wilbur was neither a line officer nor chief, but he commanded the respect of all members young and old with his willingness to do all of the necessary work but not accept any of the acclaim. He served as Resolute Hose Company treasurer for 35 years, department president for two separate terms and finally went on to become fire police captain.



Neither age nor health could stop him from responding, and many times he had to be reminded that he had fulfilled all requirements and could relax. Even prostate cancer did not prevent him from his duties, and only convinced him to do more once he overcame it. His commitment to local volunteer fire organizations was equally important to him, and he rose up to become Suffolk County Volunteer Firemen's Association president and FASNY trustee. He served as secretary and treasurer of numerous organizations for a few decades, often juggling bankbooks and meeting minutes while taking on more tasks. Traveling several hours for meetings and conventions was common, and he thoroughly enjoyed the time he spent doing it.

Wilbur suffered a fatal heart attack on August 28, 2006, while responding to a reported roof emergency. Even in his time of need, he was most concerned about the posters going up for the blood drive he ran and making sure that his faithful dog, Shadow, would get walked. He was named Sayville Fire Department's 2006 Fireman of the Year. Everyone who knew Wilbur will forever remember his wonderful demeanor, always smiling and telling jokes that weren't the best, but were well-intended. His humility and enthusiasm for life were his finest qualities, and he will always be dearly missed by all whose lives he touched.



Remembering



Robert J. Schnibbe, Jr.

Hastings-on-Hudson Fire Department — New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Battalion Chief

Date of Death: March 3, 2006

Age: 57

*B*attalion Chief Robert Schnibbe collapsed while directing operations at a structure fire.

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and the Holy Name Society of St. Matthew's Roman Catholic Church. He worked as an independent insurance agent for 35 years.

Bob served as a Westchester County Battalion Chief for four years. His duties included coordinating mutual aid operations and organizing drills and training activities for six neighboring villages. He was a volunteer member of Protection Engine Company #1, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, from 1967-2006, including 24 years as Chief Officer and six years as company line officer. Chief Schnibbe was one of the most widely known and respected fire officials in Westchester County and throughout the state.



Bob was the heart and soul of the Hastings-on-Hudson Volunteer Fire Department. His fellow firefighters referred to him as their "go-to guy." If anything was ever needed within the departments in his battalion, Bob was there. He strived to make the department one of the best. His extensive knowledge of firefighting and his dedication made him a leader, supporter, and teacher within the county and state. He always made things happen.

He was a life member of the Westchester County Volunteer Firefighters' Association, Hudson Valley Volunteer Firemen's Association, NYS Association of Fire Chiefs, International Association of Fire Chiefs, Firemen's Association of the State of New York, and Westchester County Association of Fire Chiefs. He also served as president of the Westchester County Parade Judges Association. He was a member of the Hudson Valley Blue Vest Association, Hastings-on-Hudson Volunteer Ambulance Corps, Village of Hastings-on-Hudson Safety Council, and Hastings Exempts and Benevolent Association.

Bob was always smiling, enjoyed life, and lived every day to his fullest. He enjoyed having fun and sharing his infinite number of stories with friends and family. Bob had a big and generous heart. He always put others before himself. If you needed help, support, comfort, or a laugh, you thought of Bob Schnibbe. Bob was a very humble man and never wanted to be fussed over. He was passionate not only about the fire department, but also about the people in his personal life. He was a very dedicated father and a loving husband. It was only in his passing that we learned all of the things he had done and how proud he was to be a father, husband, and volunteer firefighter. Bob Schnibbe will be in our hearts and memories ALWAYS.

Active with community service, he was involved with the Quad Village Rotary Club, South Side Athletic Club,

Remembering

David E. Smith

Howells Fire District — New York

Classification: Volunteer
Rank: Fire Police Captain
Date of Death: April 11, 2006
Age: 74

David Smith suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to the scene of a HazMat incident. A veteran of more than 43 years, he was serving as a fire commissioner at the time of his death. He was a former chief and also the immediate past president of the Howells Fire Company.

During his retirement, David spent most of his time with the fire company as an administrator, an organizer, and a member and captain of the fire police unit. He belonged to numerous local and state firefighting organizations, including the Orange County Fire Chiefs Association, the Orange County Firemen's Association, the New York State Association of Fire Chiefs, the New York State Association of Fire Districts, and FASNY.

Born April 29, 1932, in Poughkeepsie, David was the son of the late Theodore and Florence Webb Smith. A lifelong resident of that area, he served in the U.S. Army during the Korean Conflict. Retired from General Telephone, he was a member of

American Legion Post 151 in Middletown and the Pioneer Club with the phone company. He installed the lifelines at Horton Hospital as a volunteer. He also volunteered for Meals on Wheels in Otisville and was involved with the March of Dimes and the Interfaith Council, as well as the IBEW Union. He assisted in various ways at the United Church of Christ in New Vernon, New York.

David Smith was survived by a son, Bruce Pinckney, and his wife, Carol; daughter, Pamela Smith; daughter Jo-Ann Gardner, and her husband, Wayne; brother, Steve Smith; grandchildren and great-grandchildren; and extended family. He was preceded in death by his wife, Adelaide Green Smith.

David is remembered for his extraordinary commitment and dedication to public service. At a time in life when many would scale back their involvement, David was known as a behind-the-scenes person with one of the highest attendance rates among the volunteers. He was always there.





Remembering



Richard G. Sullivan

Horseheads Fire Department — New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Chief

Date of Death: April 5, 2006

Age: 57

Dick's devotion to his family and his community is the legacy he leaves with us all. His community service started when he drove a fire truck to a call at the age of 14. That was just the first step on a long road of service and dedication to his community. Dick served as chief of the Horseheads Fire Department for over 27 years, making him the second longest serving fire chief in NYS. He followed his uncle, George D. Sullivan, who was chief for 16 years, and his father, Art Sullivan, who was chief of Town and Country Fire Department. Dick was employed for over 40 years with Erway Ambulance as an EMT and was also owner of Sullivan Fire Apparatus, a successful business he operated with his brother, Artie. Dick's honest approach and good nature made him a natural at business dealings with surrounding fire companies, and he was respected for his integrity and sincerity.

Dick's devotion to the Fire Department was only surpassed by his true devotion to his family. Dick married Carol Goodyear in 1970 and raised three children, Kevin, Bridget and Patrick. The apples of his eye were his two granddaughters, Hannah and Abby. His day at the office was always made brighter by a visit from his two girls and the trip to the snack machine, where Papa would indulge them to his own



delight. Dick's mother, Fran Sullivan, remembers fondly his dedication to the community and to his family. His brother, Artie, misses Dick not only as a loved brother, but as a business partner and as chief. Artie is now acting chief and relies on lessons he learned from his brother over the years.

Dick is truly missed on a daily basis by his fellow firemen; he was the "go to" person and was always there with a helping hand or guidance to fellow firemen. Dick spent many hours at the station, coffee in hand and ready to help.

On the evening of April 4, 2006, Dick assisted on a training drill of a burn of an acquired structure. As always, he was assisting wherever necessary from set up to the last task. Dick was found unresponsive the next morning at home, dead of a heart attack. The funeral and procession that followed in his honor were second to none that the village has ever seen.

Dick will forever be in our hearts and memories. A testament to this can be seen at the monument that was erected outside of the Fire Station, dedicated to Dick and fellow firemen fallen in the line of duty. The monument is a tribute and reminder to our community of what a special person Dick Sullivan was. He will always be in our hearts.

Remembering

John R. Westervelt

Spring Valley Hook & Ladder Co. 1 — New York

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: January 22, 2006

Age: 57

John Westervelt suffered a fatal heart attack on January 22, 2006, while preparing to respond to an alarm. A life member of the Spring Valley Fire Department, he joined in 1974 and, over the years, held every line officer position. He served as the department's chief from 1991 to 1993. John was also a former chief of the Rockland Lake Volunteer Fire Department. He was a member of the Rockland County Chiefs Association, the Red Knights Motorcycle Club, and a life member of the R.C.V.F.A.

John was born in Nyack, New York, to John and Anna Westervelt. He retired in 2002

from the Town of Clarkstown Highway Department and was working for W. Harris and Son Trucking in Pearl River at the time of his death.

John was survived by his loving wife of 35 years, Cathy; and his children, Lori and her husband, Michael; Michael and his future wife, Linda; Bryan; Kristin and her future husband, Moe; Patrick; and Kevin. He is also survived by his brother, Thomas; extended family; and his best pals, Scooby and Scrapy.

John was a great guy and a dedicated, respected member of the departments he served.



I can think of no more stirring symbol of man's humanity to man than a fire truck.

— Kurt Vonnegut

Remembering

Ronald P. Allen, Jr.

Tar Heel Fire Department — North Carolina

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: September 22, 2006

Age: 36

Ron Allen died on September 22, 2006, when another vehicle struck the brush truck he was operating as he marked fire hydrants along a state highway. He worked as an officer at the Department of Corrections prison camp in White Lake, but firefighting was his passion. An 18-year veteran with the fire department, he joined as a teenager and attended as much training as he could. At the time of his death, he served on the department's Board of Directors.

Born December 4, 1969, to Ronald Phillip Allen, Sr., and Alice Gibson Allen, he



grew up in the Tar Heel community and was dedicated to community service. On his days off, he often volunteered with the department and in the community. He was a member of the Tar Heel Baptist Church, where he served as a Bible school teacher and coached the youth basketball team.

He is survived by his wife, Jennifer; his daughter, Allison "Alli" Allen; his son, Cody Arnold; his daughter, Cheyanne Arnold; his parents, Ronald and Alice Allen; and his grandparents, T.G. and Joyce Edwards and John and Mozelle Henry.

I have no ambition in this world but one, and that is to be a firefighter. The position may, in the eyes of some, appear to be a lowly one; but we who know the work which the firefighter has to do believe that his is a noble calling.

— Edward F. Croker



Remembering



Joseph L. Bilka

Antioch-Fishing Creek Volunteer Fire Department — North Carolina

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: May 21, 2006

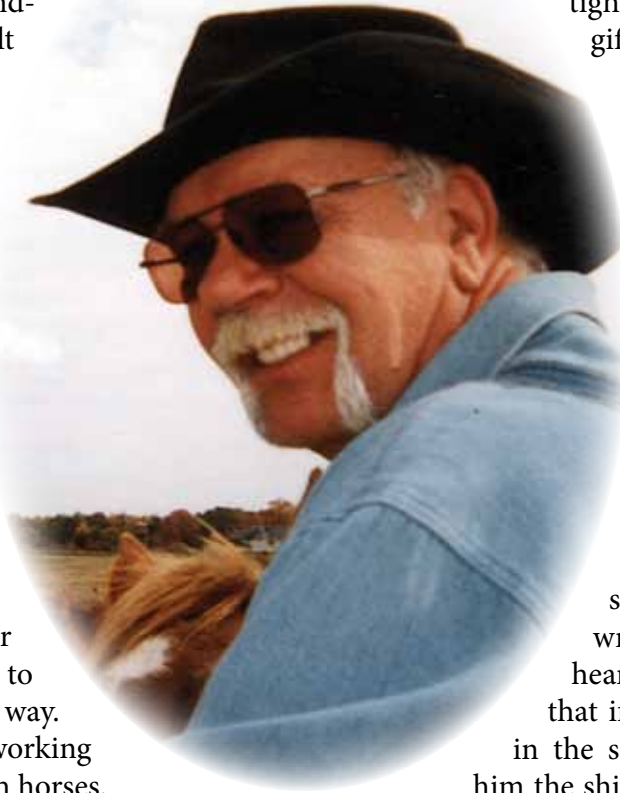
Age: 60

God, who has the First and the Last word in every event, mercifully took Joe home to be with Him after he spent 32 days suffering from extensive injuries received while responding to a call. It is still difficult to find the words that adequately reflect the loss we all feel.

Throughout his entire life, Joe loved being involved in anything that was of service to people. At a young age, he became a police officer and an EMT. He founded the Granville County Horse Rescue and then became a volunteer firefighter for his community here in Oxford. He loved being a firefighter and felt a strong obligation to serve his community in this way. He enjoyed flying, woodworking and, most of all, working with horses.

Joe married Linda Godowsky in 2001, and they celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary in Duke Hospital two days before he passed. Joe has left behind a daughter and three granddaughters in Florida. Here in North Carolina, he has also left behind his wife Linda, their son David, their daughter-in-law Jennifer, his grandson Benjamin, and his brother Fritz. Although he could not speak in the hospital and was suffering a great deal, he was given

the opportunity to love and communicate before he passed away. As his wife Linda fondly reflects, "He held his hand to my cheek and squeezed my hand tightly. What a blessing. What a gift."



Joe and Linda shared the deepest, most special kind of love. He was an awesome man and husband. Almost everything he did in life, he effortlessly put his family and friends first. Linda always used to say that when it came to Joe, you were either going to love him or hate him, because he wore his heart on his sleeve! Whether right or wrong, he always spoke his heart. He was the kind of man that if he were mad at someone, in the same breath he would give him the shirt off his back. If ever there was a need and he had the means, people knew they could rely on him wholeheartedly.

He is missed so very much. He's supposed to be here to tell us how to get through all of this! In the end though, we know that he never gave up, and he fought for every minute of his life. It was just his body that gave out, not his spirit. If Joe could speak to us now, he would say to each of you, "I love you."



Remembering



Larry W. Fanning

Garner Volunteer Fire Department — North Carolina

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 2, 2006

Age: 57

Larry Fanning suffered a fatal heart attack at home after responding to the station for a medical call.

quietly served until his death, quite an example for his two young boys.

My father began his 38-year fire service career as a volunteer, starting a career, marriage, family, and legacy in the same year. Dad always had a servant's heart. His years of employment took him through government-subsidized housing, to the mentally challenged and respite care for the elderly. His staff and residents always commented on how he had positively changed their lives, a debt they could never repay but would be forever thankful. His co-workers and fellow firefighters recognized his level of commitment to his community and those less fortunate.



As Dad's career took us from town to town, he always joined the local volunteer department. He knew that he had something to give and served as everything from grunt to captain and training officer to president of the board. There are trucks and stations, children and communities that bear his mark today.

One year, while serving as a deacon and speaking to the church congregation, Dad related his firefighting experience to the apostle Paul's description of the full armor of God. As if on cue, pagers tripped, the town siren wailed, and five firefighters jumped from the pews and darted past the pastor. "No brimstone today...apparently just fire," the pastor said.

From an early age, Dad would take me and my brother to fire calls in his pick-up truck--sort of a "take your son to work" day. Few people are fortunate enough to grow up in the shadow of "larger-than-life" heroes and, at the time, Dad seemed like a giant moving in and out of the smoke as we sat and watched each battle. We witnessed a few of the close calls and listened to the tailboard stories of the one that got away. His legacy, which took years of trials and my adulthood to understand, was one of uncompensated service, rich in the reward of a job well done. He never presumed to be more than he was; yet

Dad was a very patient and dependable man who willingly sacrificed his time to help his family. In the autumn of his life, his grandchildren brought him much joy, peace and happiness. His fellow firefighters often remarked on how the grandchildren had given him new life.

Dad was proud to be part of the brotherhood of those who unselfishly put their lives at risk for the benefit of mankind. May God bless this entire people and those of the Pulaski, Dublin, Lebanon, and Garner Fire Departments.



Remembering



Jeffrey S. Hollingsworth

Clement Fire Department — North Carolina

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Deputy Chief

Date of Death: November 30, 2006

Age: 38

Jeffrey Hollingsworth suffered a fatal heart attack on November 30, 2006, after responding to several calls earlier that day. He had served with the department for four years.

Jeff dedicated his life to God, his wife and family, friends, and people in his community. Jeff volunteered his time to the Hudson fire and rescue while living in Lenoir, North Carolina, for ten years. He and his wife, Cynthia Lynn Blackburn, were married for fifteen years, transferred back to their family roots, and moved to Salemburg, North Carolina. There, Jeff was employed with the North Carolina State Department of Corrections for Clinton and then Lillington, North Carolina.



Jeff joined the Clement Volunteer Fire Department on April 1, 2002, and devoted much of his time working to help the people in his community. Attending fire and rescue courses, Jeff quickly rose to the rank of assistant chief in just four years. It was evident that, if the pager had been sounded, Jeff would be at the fire department ready to head out in #1032 fire truck. Jeff volunteered so many hours to the fire department that he received many awards recognizing the efforts he put forth to protect his beloved community.

He is survived by his wife, Cynthia L. Hollingsworth; his mother, Marlene Godwin Oldham; two sisters, Sonya Miller and Debbie Ball; his brother, Johnny Hollingsworth; and his grandmother, Dorothy Hollingsworth.

*There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.*

— Edwin Markham

Remembering

Kelly M. Kincaid

Morganton Department of Public Safety — North Carolina

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: March 19, 2006

Age: 41

Kelly Kincaid suffered a heart attack on March 17, 2006, while assisting with fire suppression at an arson residential structure fire. He was hospitalized until his death on March 19. A 19-year veteran with the department, he served as a reserve firefighter. Kelly was also a lieutenant with the Burke County Sheriff's Office and a reserve police officer with Broughton Hospital. A former co-owner of the Boat House, he served on the Board of Directors of Mimosa Boat Landing. He was an avid fisherman and hunter and a member of Mull's Grove Baptist Church.

Kelly's coworkers remember him as someone who was always asking what was needed and how he could help. He kept an eye on his neighbors' homes, shared vegetables from his garden, and happily worked the grill during barbecues. He was a giver and never complained.

Kelly was also a loving husband, son, brother, uncle, son-in-law, and a devoted public servant. He was survived by his wife of eight years, Tanya; his mother, Linda Dale Kincaid; his sister, Shannon Kota; and extended family.



The life I touch for good or ill will touch another life, and that in turn another, until who knows where the trembling stops or in what far place my touch will be felt.

— Frederick Buechner



Remembering



Kent Furman Long

Charlotte Fire Department — North Carolina

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: December 1, 2006

Age: 44

*K*ent Long suffered a fatal heart attack after responding to multiple calls during his shift.

1 Thessalonians 4:11

Kent joined the Charlotte Fire Department in 1989. He worked at Station 23. He got the job done and treated others with respect. His fellow firefighters remember how they could always count on him, how he always had their back. He gave his all in everything he did. It was only in his passing that we learned of ALL he did.

Kent was a very compassionate, dependable and hardworking man. Totally devoted to his family, he was an amazing husband and father. He was very passionate about the people in his personal life. His wife and three children formed the passion of his heart. Sharing time with them and being the proud, “quiet” father was his favorite pas-time. That special quiet way about him will always be missed and remembered, along with his unforgettable smile. The following verse describes how Kent lived and the reason why he was looked upon with so much respect:



Make it your ambition to lead a quiet life, to mind your own business and to work with your hands, just as we told you, so that your daily life may win the respect of outsiders and so that you will not be dependent on anybody.

Help me, Lord, to finally comprehend what it means to consider it pure joy whenever I face trials of many kinds. Help me to know that the testing of my faith develops perseverance. Perseverance must finish its works in me so that I may be mature and complete, lacking nothing (James 1:2-4). Lord, You are not asking me to rejoice that I have lost someone precious, but You know that, in my loss, I can rejoice in all I have to gain if I'm willing. Never must my suffering be in vain.

Kent is survived by his wife, Gina, and children, Lance, Callie, and Gage. He would be humbled to be honored at this year's memorial.

Remembering

Willie M. Price

Jamesville Community Volunteer Fire Department — North Carolina

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 16, 2006

Age: 58

Willie Price suffered a fatal heart attack while on standby with the fire engine at a fireworks event. A 28-year veteran, he was very active with the department.

Willie was a self-employed auto mechanic.

He was survived by his son, Cody Price; long-time companion, Vickie Rochelle; sisters Jean Lombardo, Betty Heefner, Ann Morgan, Susie Stowe, and Judy Vaughan; brothers Raleigh Beacham and Donald Beacham; and extended family.



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

— Arthur Ashe

Remembering

Robert G. Whittaker

Marshallberg Volunteer Fire Department — North Carolina

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: November 14, 2006

Age: 55

Robert Whittaker died in a motor vehicle accident while responding in a rescue truck to the scene of a structure fire. A member of the Marshallberg department for only a few months, he was a ten-year veteran of the fire service.

He was survived by his wife, Judy; his daughter, Tara Spruill; his sons, Robert and Daniel Whittaker; two sisters, Bonnie La Buzzeta and Barbara Sharpe; a brother, William Whittaker; and three grandchildren.



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

— Jon McDuffie



Remembering



Wayne Edward Yarborough

Waynesville Fire Department — North Carolina

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: March 5, 2006

Age: 59

Wayne Edward Yarborough died in the line of duty March 5, 2006, two days before his 60th birthday. He suffered a massive heart attack at home after responding to a brush fire. A 38-year veteran, he loved the fire department and what it stood for and served as a lieutenant for many years.

After graduating from Waynesville Township High School, Wayne served in the U.S. Army and was honorably discharged in March 1968. He worked for the Town of Waynesville Electric Department for 26 years and had perfect attendance for all those years. He was a class 4 linesman, worked as a supervisor, and was named 1990 Employee of the Year. Wayne planned to retire in June 2006.

For four years, he pastored the small hometown church which he had attended for 55 years. He also served as a Sunday school teacher. He always kept his faith. He was a dedicated, hard-working man who took pride in his church, his work, and the fire department.

Wayne loved helping people and was a very giving, free-hearted person. He came home from a bad fire call many times with his turnout gear soaked and frozen. He would not leave the scene until the job was done and everyone was OK. He did the same



working on the power lines. He would always work until all the power was restored, no matter how sleepy or give out he was, and he never complained. Wayne almost lost his life in April 1982, fighting the Benningfield Chemical Fire. When the bucket truck from the electric department stalled with bucket in mid-air, his and another fireman's turnout gear was almost ablaze they were so close to the fire. Wayne was named 1982 Fireman of the Year.

I have heard the younger firemen say how much they appreciated how Wayne took them under his wing and taught them what he had learned in his many years of firefighting. And what a big impact he had on their lives! You could always count on Wayne to be one of the first with an air pack on, going into a burning business or house.

His son Dwayne is among those younger firemen that looked up to him. Since his dad has passed on, Dwayne has become a full-time lieutenant with the WFD and was named 2006 Fireman of the Year. His dad would have been very proud that he is carrying on the legacy.

Wayne loved to deer hunt and fish, collected antiques of all kinds, and enjoyed doing woodwork and growing his garden. Wayne was loved by everyone who knew him and is deeply missed.

Remembering

Allan H. Anderson, Jr.

Wellington Fire District — Ohio

Classification: Part-time Paid

Rank: Rescue Diver

Date of Death: June 22, 2006

Age: 47

Allan “Buz” Anderson Jr., 47, was a member of the Wellington Fire District’s dive rescue team for four years and was a trained swift water rescue diver with fifteen years of experience.

He was a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles Aerie # 2051 for ten years and an active Black River Fullbacker for eight years. He was an avid scuba diver and enjoyed bowling and attending his sons’ sporting events. His last family event, in June 2006, was spent at the NASCAR Race in Michigan with his father, Al, and two sons, Jarred and Jacob, a family tradition.

He always made time for his extended family and was an outstanding influence on many, many young people who gathered at his house. He always took the time to explain things to the young people. When others would just brush them off, he would sit and explain everything in detail until they completely understood.

Buz was married to his wife, Julie, for 16 years and had four children, Joseph, Joshua, Jarred, and Jacob. He is also survived by his parents, Al and Cathy Anderson; and his sisters, Sharon, Caryn, and Ellan.

At 1:18 pm, on June 22, 2006, the Wellington Fire District responded to a 911 call for a water rescue in Wellington Township. The department’s dive rescue members responded to the call, with reports of two juveniles in the water. The initial efforts to save the juveniles, who had attempted to drive their vehicle through the ROAD CLOSED barricades and rushing water, was unsuccessful. During a second attempt, Diver Allan “Buz” Anderson, Jr., entered the water attached to a safety line. Water conditions rapidly deteriorated, and he was overcome by the water current. At that point, he was extricated by rescue personnel using his attached safety line. He was transported by Lifelight to Cleveland Metro Hospital, but resuscitation efforts at the hospital were unsuccessful.



*Your presence we miss,
Your memory we treasure.
Loving you always,
Forgetting you never.*

Remembering

Paul Montavon, Sr.

Whitewater Township Fire Department — Ohio

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: August 13, 2006

Age: 59

Paul served his community for 33 years. In 1973, he started as a volunteer with the Harrison Fire Department, serving as a Lieutenant and Captain. During his time at Harrison, he received several awards from the department for making the most off-duty responses. After retirement, he joined the Whitewater Township Fire Department, serving for nine years as Safety Officer and Lieutenant.

He served his communities while still maintaining a full-time first job at U.S. Shoe, where he worked for 32 years. After U.S. Shoe, he worked for the City of Harrison as the van driver for the Senior Citizens Center. He drove the seniors to appointments, shopping and delivered meals to those unable to get out. He loved to listen to the stories of the seniors, and they all enjoyed his sense of humor. He would keep dog biscuits in the van for their pets, which they thought was great. The seniors counted on his sense of humor to brighten their day and keep them laughing.

He married Luana in 1972, and they raised three children together: Paul Jr., Aaron and Melissa. Paul Jr. has followed in his father's footsteps as a firefighter. One of Paul's greatest joys was his two grandchildren, Trevor and Lillian. He loved to spend time with them and would often pick them

up from school or daycare. Paul loved the outdoors and spent many hours of his time tending to his yard. He had friendly competition with neighbors in keeping their yards flowering and looking good. They would all try to be one up on the other.

Paul had a great sense of humor and had a knack for keeping people calm during emergencies and hard situations to deal with. His fellow firefighters knew that they could count on Paul to make everyone feel at ease during tough situations. He was very good at taking people's minds off the situations and still being able to keep things in perspective while performing their duties.

His upbeat personality will be missed by fellow firefighters. Paul often assisted newer members in teaching them from his experiences.

Paul collapsed of a heart attack while on the scene of a domestic injury response. Efforts by his crew members to revive him were unsuccessful, and he died at the hospital shortly after arrival.

He will be missed by many people he interacted with: family, friends, seniors, and firefighters. Our memories of his humor and him laughing will allow him to continue touching our lives.





Remembering



Rose Ann Woodbridge

Hanover Township Fire Department — Ohio

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter/EMT

Date of Death: July 28, 2006

Age: 56

Rose Ann Woodbridge thrived on the fact that she was needed by so many people. She devoted her life to being a loving wife, mother, grandmother, friend, and citizen of her community. Married to Ray for nearly 37 years, they were frequently the envy of newlyweds. Rose and Ray were often seen holding hands and taking hikes on long weekend camping trips. With her moral compass as a guide, Rose helped raise three daughters: Lori, Kim, and Jennifer. She spent as much time as possible with her six grandchildren, showing them the value of hard work and respect for elders by participating together in outdoor activities, 4-H, and sports.

Rose generously gave her love, time, and money. She was a great listener, and Rose's friends always knew they could count on her loyal support. Most of her friends considered Rose to be their best friend. A tireless promoter of keeping the family together, she rose to the role of family matriarch when her mother passed in 1987. This effort was made considerably easier due to her tremendous talent for cooking extravagant, home-cooked, holiday meals, which every family member eagerly anticipated. Rose's favorite times were the holidays, especially Christmas. She spent the whole year shopping for just the right gifts and loved decorating her house and yard. She had an extravagant display that she called "The Christmas Village."



Rose served on the Reily Fire Department Auxiliary for more than 30 years. At the age of 50, she went back to school to join the department as an EMT. In January 2003, she realized she could also serve Hanover Township by being available during the day when most volunteers were working other jobs. She later overcame asthma, claustrophobia, and a fear of heights to become a firefighter for Hanover Township. Following the example of her father, Charles Ashdown, former Chief of Fairfield Fire Department, Rose and several other family members took great pride in serving their local communities on the fire department.

Rose was a member of Queen of Peace Catholic Church and a life member of the ladies auxiliary for Amvets Post 2. She also served the Board of Elections year after year as a poll worker.

Rose passed away Friday, July 28, 2006, when she lost control of her vehicle on the way to another auto accident. The funeral procession of more than 100 emergency vehicles and 300 personal cars was an awesome tribute to a wonderful woman. She touched so many lives that more than 1,000 people surrounded the funeral home for her visitation.

Her love of family, service to the community, and generosity are sorely missed.



Remembering



John Destry Horton

Grady County Fire Service/Acme Fire Department — Oklahoma

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: March 24, 2006

Age: 32

John Destry Horton was born on May 26, 1973. He lived in Rush Springs, Oklahoma, and married his childhood sweetheart, Brandy Pittman, in 1998. They started a family and had two daughters, Kiley and McKenzie.

Destry worked for the Rush Springs Volunteer Fire Department for several years before moving to the Chickasha Fire Department in 1999. He was a paramedic, a Hazmat Technician, a PALS instructor, and had just been promoted to driver. He worked at Lindsey EMS and was the EMS director at Rush Springs for two years.

Destry was the worship leader at Grand Assembly of God and a youth sponsor. He loved music, singing, playing his guitar, and writing his own songs. On his days off, he refereed every possible sport there was and could often be found on the golf course with his best friend. A person could also find him hiding in a tree, scoping out that “big buck” or hunting for quail with his bird dog, Boomer.

Destry gave of himself whenever the call came, and that day was March 1, 2006. He gave up a day of golfing to help the volunteer firemen fight wildfires in southern Oklahoma. In the midst of chaos, Destry did not think twice before jumping out of the fire

truck to help a fellow fireman. He stepped into an inferno and suffered severe burns to a majority of his body. He fought for 24 days with everything he had in him and went home to be with Jesus on March 24, 2006.



His fire department friends called him “Golden Phone” because of the volume of calls he would receive while on duty. One friend said that they could always play a good joke on Destry and he was always ready for a good game of ping-pong. How those two characteristics coincide, only his buddies might ever know, but that is their piece of Destry.

These are only bits and pieces. A few words on a page cannot sum up a life, no matter how we might try. There are a million things his family and friends will treasure in their hearts: jokes, his smile, a look, some wisdom shared, or his contagious laugh. There are shared stories, respect, and a fond remembrance for a man who gave his life for another.

Destry still looks out of pictures with kind eyes, eyes of a man in love with his God, his family, his work, and his life. He looks out as a man who fought as he did to hang on to that life—a man who wouldn't give up.

For Destry, death was not merely the end. It WAS the beginning.

Remembering

Tracy Champion

Philadelphia Fire Department — Pennsylvania

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: January 28, 2006

Age: 49

Tracy “Champ” Champion suffered a fatal heart attack on January 28, 2006, at the scene of a residential structure fire. A 20-year veteran with the department, he served with Engine 60 and Engine 65, but spent the majority of his career at Engine 54 in Overbrook. He was named 2004 Firefighter of the Year. Honored in 1997 for rescuing a laborer trapped in a trench, he was a model for the younger members of the department.

A lifelong resident of West Philadelphia, Tracy graduated from Overbrook High School in 1974. He served for four years in the Marine Corps and then did office work before becoming a firefighter in 1985. He loved being a firefighter, and the work was a perfect fit for his giving nature. In addition to working for the fire department, he worked with two ambulance companies, Physician’s Choice, and Jeff STAT.

A sports fanatic, he played on the fire department’s softball teams and had won trophies with the department’s bowling league. He also enjoyed riding his motorcycle, shooting pool, golfing, and deep-sea fishing. At home, he cut the grass and did yard work for elderly neighbors.

Tracy is survived by his wife, Charisse Crowder Champion; his two sons, Tracy and Timothy; his mother, Leola Champion; two brothers; and a sister. He loved spending time with his family and was a very involved father who took time off to attend his sons’ athletic events and school field trips.

Tracy is remembered for his fun-loving nature, his upbeat attitude, and his smile.



Remembering

Dennis K. Hayes

McClure Fire Company — Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: August 12, 2006

Age: 59

Dennis Hayes suffered a fatal heart attack on the scene while fighting a structure fire. A ten-year veteran with the department, he was active in everything from fundraisers to running calls. Denny retired after thirty years as a truck driver for Garrison Leasing and Beavertown Block Company. He spent several years as truck foreman for the department and did a great job in that position. He was the guy that could put the engine anywhere you wanted it. You never worried when Denny was driving because he always got his crew safely home.

Denny was a big fan of NASCAR and was planning a trip with his son to the Dover race. He attended Trinity Lutheran Church in McClure. He loved to laugh and had a special place in his heart for children. His dog, Nikko, was his little baby. You could always find him walking Nikko in the early morning and late in the evening.

As we were responding to his last call, Denny told our crew that Nikko was going to be mad at him because he didn't take him for his morning walk.



Denny lived with Linda Bachman for 20 years. In addition to Linda, he was survived by his son, Dennis P. Hayes, and his wife, Betty; his grandson, Cyrus Anakin Hayes; his brothers, Doug and George Hayes; Linda's children, Patricia Bachman, Blane Bachman, Jr., Barbara Aumiller, and Brenda Parthemer; and extended family.

Denny will be missed by everyone at our station, and we will always remember him spending time with us around the station. He was the go-to guy. If you needed something done, you called Denny. If he was home and the beepers started going off, he usually had the engine already in the parking lot when everyone else arrived.

We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give.

— Winston Churchill



Remembering



Thomas Joseph Hays

Lower Merion/Narberth Fire Company — Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: December 8, 2006

Age: 25

Thomas Joseph Hays, a lifelong resident of Lower Merion and Narberth, Pennsylvania, died Friday, December 8, 2006, at his home in Narberth after fighting a fire. Though his life was cut short, Tom achieved more than most people do in a lifetime. He was an active fireman for the Merion Fire Company of Ardmore for seven years and for Narberth Fire Company for three years. He was named Fireman of the Year in 2003, and received the Rotary Club of Ardmore award for Outstanding Contribution as a Firefighter.

He was an accomplished driver on all fire trucks, including a 105 ft. All-Steer Quint and Quality 105 ft. Stick Ladder. Tom was qualified as a hazardous materials technician and helped maintain the radio networks. He kept up to date on all classes that the fire academy offered and planned to return to school for his fire management degree. He was treasurer of the Active Members Club for the Merion Fire Company.

Tom graduated from Temple University in Civil Engineering and was beginning a promising career in property management. He received the first Gloria Wolek Citizenship Award in 1999. He became the youngest member of the Wynnewood Civic Association and was one of the first junior members of the Men's Garden Club of Philadelphia. With the help of two of his

fire buddies and his brother, Tom displayed a railroad garden in the Philadelphia Flower Show.



Firefighting was always on Tom's mind, and he was active in anything and everything that had to do with his first passion, firefighting. He had other passions, though. He had an extensive model railroad collection set up in the basement of his parents' house. He was proud the day he obtained his HAM radio license and continued to baffle people with the number of blue lights he could fit on his green F150 truck. Tom was infamous in the neighborhood around Christmas time. He loved finding interesting ways to set up Christmas lights and even managed to suspend reindeer and a sled across his parents' backyard for the town to see.

Tom was a gentle giant. At 6'5", he never looked down on anyone and always had a great smile to put a close friend or a new acquaintance at ease. He helped out in any situation, no matter what it entailed. He helped at the firehouse so other men could be with their families for Christmas or Easter, helped friends with electrical and computer work, and even squished bugs on the ceiling for his mom. He was a man of many talents.

Tom will be loved and missed by many. Luckily, we have good memories, funny pictures, and great tales of Tom Hays, an all around good guy.



Remembering



Eric J. Olson

Laury's Station Volunteer Fire Company No. 1 — Pennsylvania

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: July 5, 2006

Age: 35

Eric Olson was a family man: devoted husband, proud father, loving son and brother. He was like family to many who knew him; his easy smile and his eagerness to help cemented relationships and made it seem like you had known him forever.

It was his desire to help others—along with the inspiration of his cousin, a career and volunteer firefighter—that led Eric to join the Laury's Station Volunteer Fire Company. He served as photographer, apparatus driver/operator, and membership secretary. He had a tremendous amount of respect for the fire service and was proud to serve his community as a firefighter. He died from a heart-related condition the morning after responding to a water rescue call in July 2006. He was 35 years old.

Asked what they remember most about Eric, family and friends alike recall that he was a family man, a master storyteller, and a talented woodworker who was generous with his time and talents. He would help anyone at anytime. Eric also had a keen intelligence and great curiosity that made him a master of trivia. He loved to quiz people and challenge them, almost as much as he liked being challenged. Eric always wore a smile and was typically calm and easy-



going, as if he had no worries. He was truly mellow and acted as a calming influence to those around him. He also had a great sense of humor. He was happiest when he was making a joke at your expense or you were making one at his.

Eric's greatest loves were his wife and daughters. He gladly put his handyman skills to work in making their house a home, and he seemed born to be a father. There was no splitting of parental duties, only sharing. Often sporting a goatee, and by virtue of being 6' 4", Eric often looked the tough guy. However, he was actually the most gentle of men, and he was not afraid to read and play with his daughters, change their diapers, or blow dry their hair. He always made an effort to be home at night to say goodnight to his girls and help tuck them into bed, even if it meant leaving a function or meeting a little early.

We lost Eric in the prime of his life, and while we will never understand why, we have faith that we will see him again someday. Until then, his memory lives on through his daughters and the many family and friends who are better people for having known and loved—and been known and loved by—him. His laughter and love will forever ring in our hearts.

Remembering

Michael J. Day

Providence Fire Department — Rhode Island

Classification: Career
Rank: Deputy Assistant Chief
Date of Death: June 13, 2006
Age: 49

Michael Day suffered a fatal heart attack in his office on June 13, 2006, after responding to a fire earlier in the day. A 27-year veteran with the department, he was officially recognized for outstanding professionalism and courage on three separate occasions. In 1989, he was awarded the Heroic Action commendation for rescuing four people from the roof of a burning house.

Promoted to the rank of Deputy Assistant Chief in June 2005, Michael

Day completed his final class in the Executive Fire Officer program at the National Fire Academy shortly before his death. He had previously served as the Health and Safety Officer for the International Association of Firefighters Local 799.

He was survived by his wife, Cynthia Day; and his children, Michael J. Day, II, Amanda Day, Brianne Day, and Stephanie Day. His father and three brothers were also firefighters.



Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

— Alexander Pope

Remembering

Lee W. Walters

Sheldon Township Fire District — South Carolina

Classification: Part-time Career

Rank: Assistant Chief

Date of Death: August 2, 2006

Age: 54

Assistant Chief Lee Walters suffered a fatal heart attack while supervising personnel operating at a working fire in a large single family dwelling. He was employed by the Sheldon Fire District for the past six years. The year 2006 was Chief Walters's 39th year in the fire service. He had a very rewarding

career which started in the volunteer service in North East Pennsylvania.

Chief Walters is survived by his wife, Lynn, and son, Jason, who is a career firefighter with Hilton Head Island Fire Rescue in South Carolina.

He is loved and will be missed by many!



If something comes to life in others because of you, then you have made an approach to immortality.

— Norman Cousins



Remembering



Thomas “Emmett” Kuehl

Elkton Volunteer Fire Department — South Dakota

Classification: Volunteer

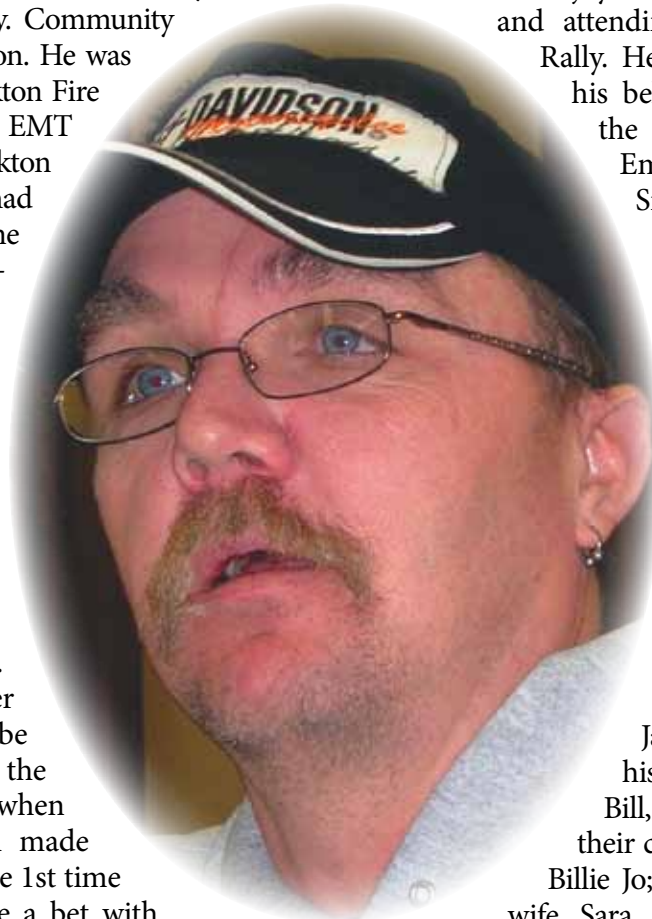
Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 11, 2006

Age: 38

“Emmett” Kuehl was a true hero to many in the Elkton community. Community service was Emmett’s passion. He was a 17-year veteran of the Elkton Fire Department and was an EMT for 16 years with the Elkton Ambulance crew. Emmett had a knack for being the first one to respond to a fire or ambulance call, even getting to the fire hall in his underwear and getting dressed on the way to the call.

Elkton was life for Emmett. Whether it was a community event or a school activity, the one thing that you could count on was Emmett’s presence. He was a staunch supporter of Elkton athletics and will be remembered by many in the community for his antics when the boys’ basketball team made the state tournament for the 1st time in 85 years. Emmett made a bet with the team that if they made it to “state” he would shave his shoulder length hair completely off. Needless to say, the boys did make it to state, and he made good on his promise. He even went one better and painted his head blue for the championship game, which the team did win. To show their respect to Emmett for driving the ambulance to all the home football games for the past 16 years, the 2006 football team dedicated the season to Emmett and went on to finish as Runner-up in the class 9AA championships at the state tournament.



Emmett enjoyed riding his Harley Davidson and attending the Sturgis Motorcycle Rally. He also enjoyed cheering for his beloved Dallas Cowboys and the Northern State Wolves. Emmett was a member of the Sioux River ABATE.

Family was another big part of his life. Grateful for sharing in his life is his family: his sister, Dawn Uilk, and her husband, Mike, and children Megan, Kayla, and Kara; his brother, Steve, and his wife, Melanie, and their children Brooke and Dylan; his brother, Rick, and his wife, Pam, and their children Shaylee, Janaya, and Jayden, his brother, Chad, and his fiancée, Donna; his brother, Bill, and his wife, Charity, and their children Mandy, Shauna, and Billie Jo; his brother, Shane, and his wife, Sara, and their daughter Natalie; his nephew Chris; and many aunts, uncles, cousins, and firefighter and EMT brothers and sisters. He was preceded in death by his parents, Marie (McClemans) Kuehl and Milo (Hank) Kuehl, and a brother, Chuck.

His life was tragically cut short as a result of injuries sustained while operating at the scene of a fire. He lived life to the fullest and made friends with everyone he met. There is a huge void in the life of everyone that Emmett touched.

Remembering

Jeffrey A. Bowman

Chattanooga Fire Department — Tennessee

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: March 11, 2006

Age: 42

Jeff began his career with the Chattanooga Fire Department in 1998. To him, it was an honor to be accepted into this community of caring and dedicated people. He came to realize that it was not just a career, but quickly learned that he had become part of a big family. He poured his heart and soul into the fire department. He was so proud of being there. He had a passion for learning, so he began studying and trying to learn all he could soak in. As a result, he received many certificates and eventually was promoted to lieutenant in January 2003.

He was well loved and respected by his fellow fire fighters. They knew he cared about them, his job, and others. He would have risked his life for any one of them. He was especially remembered for his daily jokes and pranks. He lived to make others smile.



Jeff lived life to the fullest. He enjoyed many activities such as canoeing, fishing, running, working out, hiking, and boxing. His love for life and his competitiveness helped him to achieve many accomplishments. He won the All-Navy Middleweight Boxing title in 1985, while serving in the Navy. He placed in many body building contests, as well as winning several races. You just couldn't keep him still. He was happiest when he was with his family. He adored his wife and two sons. He devoted his life to them. He was a loving husband, guiding father, dedicated brother, and loyal friend to many. Jeff died from a heart attack at home, after responding to several calls during his shift. He will never be forgotten as a courageous fire fighter, protector of the underdog, encourager to those in need, and respecter of our flag & heritage. But, most of all, he loved God, his family, and all who came into his path.

Success is not the key to happiness. Happiness is the key to success. If you love what you are doing, you will be successful.

— Herman Cain

Remembering

Mark A. Stanley

Tennessee Division of Forestry — Tennessee

Classification: Career

Rank: Forestry Technician

Date of Death: April 13, 2006

Age: 49

Mark Stanley died April 13, 2006, when he was struck by a falling tree while preparing for a prescribed burn. A 28-year veteran with the Tennessee Division of Forestry, he served as a forestry technician for most of those years. He began his career in 1978 in Brownsville. In 1997, he transferred to Hardeman County, where he supervised wildfire suppression and forest management activities. He also had



experience as an advanced firefighter, squad boss, helicopter crew member, equipment manager, and base camp manager.

Mark was survived by his son, Jason Stanley; his daughter, Stephanie Stanley; his father and stepmother, Earl and Armandina Stanley; three brothers, Anthony, Sammy, and Paul Stanley; and his sister, Carolyn Stanley.

No kind action ever stops with itself. One kind action leads to another. Good example is followed. A single act of kindness throws out roots in all directions, and the roots spring up and make new trees. The greatest work that kindness does to others is that it makes them kind themselves.

— Amelia Earhart



Remembering



Garry Tanner

Pleasantville Volunteer Fire Department — Tennessee

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Assistant Chief

Date of Death: April 19, 2006

Age: 57

Garry was a loving, devoted dad to his three children. He had two grown daughters, Christine and Connie, and a thirteen-year-old son, Travis. He also had three grandchildren: Robbie, Hollie, and Sarah. They all were his pride and joy. Garry loved all children; they all touched a special place in his heart.

Garry loved spending time with his family, having big cookouts. Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were always special to him, because he was with his family. Christmas was one of his favorite times of the year. Garry, along with his wife, Debra, owned and operated a country store and restaurant in Pleasantville, Tennessee, a small, close-knit community full of family and friends.

Garry was also running for election as a county commissioner. When there was a need in the community, they would try to help—gifts for kids at Christmas, wood for winter heat, groceries, food for people that could not get out, just to name a few. Most people did not know this until Garry had passed away. That is why it is not surprising that, when a call went out in the community that a small boy was missing, Garry and his wife answered the call for help. Along with family, friends, neighbors, rescue squad, and more, they went to a field along a creek where the little boy



had wandered away. He was finally found in the creek, but it was too late for Duncan.

The next day, people started to talk about what they could do to help each other. If they had been trained, could it have made a difference for one little boy? That was the question asked. Finally the Pleasantville Volunteers was formed — neighbor helping neighbor. Training began — CPR, search and rescue, and more. After a few years, Pleasantville Volunteer Fire Department was formed, and fire training began. Garry was the Assistant Fire Chief.

Garry and Debra's little market became the dispatch center. On April 19, 2006, a call came in about a fire. Garry left and said, "I am out of here. Call the rest of them." It was a dryer on fire in a trailer. They got the dryer out, and the trailer saved. Garry said, "We did a good deed today." On the way back from the fire, the brakes on the truck went out. He made the decision to take the truck, which he loved, into a chert pit, so no one else would get hurt. That is the kind of person he was. Garry died doing what he loved and believed in.

John 15:13: "Greater love hath no one than this; that he lay down his life for his friends."



Remembering



Richard O. Longoria

Corpus Christi Fire Department — Texas

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter II/ Senior Paramedic

Date of Death: January 3, 2006

Age: 54

Richard Longoria suffered a heart attack on his way home after responding to an emergency call. Richard was the most giving and loving husband, father and friend. He was dedicated to his family and job with all his heart and soul, always there for everyone, always giving and never taking. He served with the Corpus Christi fire department for 26 years.

Leading by example, he took on the Acting Captain's role with pride and confidence. He was a member of Local 936. He is survived by his wife,



Sandra Rose; and children Richard, Stacey, and Amy. He was a dedicated husband and father and was blessed with two granddaughters and two grandsons who proudly referred to him as "Papa."

His favorite hobbies were fishing and baseball. He is, and will always be, greatly missed by all of us. In my eyes, no one can fill his boots. We will never forget, but always treasure his memory.

Truly, firefighters are a breed all their own!

Courage is not the absence of fear, but rather the judgment that something else is more important than fear.

— Ambrose Redmoon



Remembering



James McMorries, Jr.

City of Howardwick Volunteer Fire Department — Texas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: April 9, 2006

Age: 62

James McMorries died April 9, 2006, in Amarillo, Texas, from injuries he suffered when his fire truck rolled down a ravine while fighting the March 12th fires in Donley County. The fire burned over a million acres and strained the resources of small volunteer fire departments.

On March 12, 2006, our children and grandchildren were visiting. James never went anywhere when they were here, but when he received the call, he grabbed his hat and said, "There's a fire. They need me," and ran out the door. It was the last time we saw him so full of life. When it came time to help, James W. McMorries, Jr. could never say no. James lived his life helping others. When we lived in Amarillo, he would mow all of the little widow women's yards, expecting nothing in return, just a smile on their faces. He also bought prescriptions for older people who could not afford them.

James was a Certified Real Estate Appraiser for 36 years and had his own business. He was a member of the National Association of Fee Appraisers, Amarillo Association of Realtors, Khiva Shriners, the Clarendon Country Club, the Howardwick Volunteer Fire Department, and a former member of the Civil Air Patrol in Search and Rescue. He was a Master



Mason, a pilot, farmer, rancher, and a devout Christian man, reading his Bible every day. James was credited with helping to reinvigorate the fire department, which was down to just a handful of members and incapable of defending its own community. A lot of younger guys didn't know how to drive the older trucks, and James did. James donated tires for the fire trucks and radios and did mechanical work on the trucks.

James had decided to run for Mayor of Howardwick. His name was already on the ballot, and after his death he still won by a landslide, so an interim mayor was appointed to take his place. He was liked by everyone who knew him. James had an infectious laugh and never met a stranger. James was my soul mate, my everything. We did everything together, so many projects and goals. My life was whole and complete with him by my side. I feel God and James watching over me, helping me make the right decisions.

James is now with his Lord, with a new body that is no longer broken. Many wonderful things have come about since James's death. I joined the fire department, we have a new truck, and my goal in life is to continue helping others. I want James W. McMorries, Jr. to be as proud of his wife as I was of him.



Remembering



David L. Moore, II

Valero Refinery Fire Brigade — Texas

Classification: Career

Rank: Assistant Chief

Date of Death: April 3, 2006

Age: 40

David was the Assistant Fire Chief of Valero Energy's Houston Emergency Response Team. He was, in the words of his coworkers, "a born leader." He loved his job, and people respected his judgment. He was patient and treated everyone with respect. David had the ability to remain calm, analyze problems, and arrive at a workable solution, even in the midst of chaos.

While on his first day of a week-long fire school in College Station, Texas, David collapsed and never regained consciousness. His coworkers and EMT specialists worked very diligently trying to save his life. It was determined that, at the young age of 40, David had suffered a fatal aneurysm. Twelve days prior to David's demise, he expressed his wish to be an organ donor. He said that if he could not lead a healthy, happy life, then he would want to help someone else. His wishes were carried out, and he gave the gift of life to four strangers. He also gave the gift of time to their loved ones.

David was married for over 20 years to Charlotte, and they have three beautiful children: Lana, Lacey, and David L. Moore III (Trey). They live in Deer Park, Texas, and enjoyed a traditional family home life. He was involved in all of their activities and enjoyed

being a spectator at their soccer games, football games, dance recitals, or whatever they happened to be doing. David had the most wonderful sense of humor. He was so much fun to be around, always laughing, and his practical jokes are legendary.

In the 2005 Katrina aftermath, David took vacation days and spent most of that time at church, preparing meals and delivering them to Katrina evacuees who were sheltered in our community. David loved the outdoors. He was a member of the NRA, and he liked to hunt and fish. He was blessed with opportunities to travel through the years, and he was able to fish in Jamaica and Cancun. He also fished many, many, times in the Gulf of Mexico.



David's lifelong dream was to hunt in Africa. This dream was realized in 2001, when he was able to spend two weeks in South Africa with his brothers. He was very excited about this opportunity. He shot an impala and a warthog. This was truly the trip of a lifetime, and David enjoyed remembering how special this trip was. He also had a deer lease in South Texas, where he hunted with his son every year and made many special memories. David will forever be in our hearts and in our minds. He lives on in all of us.

Remembering

Phillip W. Townsend

Denison Fire Department — Texas

Classification: Career

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: December 30, 2006

Age: 31

Phillip Townsend died from injuries sustained while fighting a commercial structure fire.

Phillip joined the fire department on December 1, 2005, and was there two days shy of 13 months. He loved working for the fire department. I remember the day his father, Larry, called with the news. Wow, he rushed up to the department! Larry told him that he started on December 1. Phillip was so excited he almost knocked his father down. His words: "Now I really can be just like my dad." He enjoyed every minute being there. He loved it so much that he joined another volunteer fire department. He was proud that he was able to do some good and save the lives of others.

He completed a training course in Radiological Emergency Preparedness on October 19, 2006; Firefighter Basic on May 15, 2006; and EMT Basic on June 15, 2006. The family received his EMT Intermediate on May 12, 2007. He was named Firefighter of the Year for 2006.

Phillip was very involved with his family, his career, and the community. He coached girls' softball. Phillip was in the United States Army prior to the fire service. He and his father loved to play golf.



Phillip is survived by his father, Larry Townsend, and Larry's fiancée, Lori; mother, Sherry Richardson; sons, Maddox, Rylen, and Tristian; sister, Stormy Townsend-Sparks, her husband, Randy, and their children, Deni, Colby and Keeley; grandmother, Cleda Richardson, and grandparents, Marvin and Helen Townsend; girlfriend, Tresa Curtis, and her daughter, Cassidy; numerous family members; and a host of friends.

Phillip always had a smile on his face. He enjoyed life to the fullest. Phillip was adventurous and just the greatest to be around. He was the sun and moon all by himself. Phillip could turn a bad thing into something good. He was an amazing son, brother, and father. He will never be forgotten. We miss him, but he will always be with us no matter where we are. He is in God's arms now. Until the day we rejoice, we will live our lives in memory of him. Our hero.



Remembering



Spencer S. Koyle

Utah Bureau of Land Management, Fillmore Field Office — Utah

Classification: Career

Rank: Fire Operations Supervisor

Date of Death: August 17, 2006

Age: 33

Spencer S. Koyle, age 33, lost his life August 17, 2006, when he was overrun by fire while doing what he loved — fighting wildland fires.

He was born June 22, 1973, in Murray, Utah, the third of Stan and Sue Koyle's seven children. Spencer was raised in Kanosh and graduated from Millard High School, Snow College, and Utah State University, earning a Bachelor of Science degree in Forestry. He loved sports, and during college he worked on various intramural staffs. He served an honorable mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to Copenhagen, Denmark.

On December 28, 1995, Spencer married his high school sweetheart, Nichole Nixon of Holden, in the Manti LDS Temple. Together they had three children: Turner, Kadence, and Kambree. His family was his greatest joy, and Spencer was a tremendous husband and father. Spencer loved taking his children with him wherever he went. He enjoyed hunting, the outdoors, sports, and was an Eagle Scout.

Spencer was an active member of the LDS Church. At the time of his death, he was serving in the Sunday School Presidency, where his favorite assignment was to ring the bell. He loved children and youth and spent many years serving in Primary and as Scoutmaster. He was also a faithful home teacher, and his service and



testimony have always been an example to all those around him. He loved fighting fire and was a professional firefighter for the Bureau of Land Management and USDA Forest Service for 15 years. His career began in high school, where he worked as a seasonal firefighter during the summers. At the time of his death, Spencer was the Fire Operations Supervisor for the Fillmore Interagency Fire Crew.

Spencer was a great mentor and touched countless lives. Many appreciated his dependability, integrity, and work ethic, and admired the love he had for his profession. He represented the best of these organizations with his dedication to protecting our natural resources on private and public lands. He took pride in teaching and ensuring the safety of others. He had a passion for his profession, but had strong ties to his family and community.

Spencer was a very giving, selfless, compassionate person who was a friend to everyone who knew him. He was honest and hardworking, with a strong commitment to doing things well, whatever the task. He was also known for being a big tease with a fun-loving personality.

His loss leaves emptiness in each of our lives, and we will forever remember his great legacy.



Remembering



John Paul Memory, II

Carrollton Volunteer Fire Department — Virginia

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter/EMT

Date of Death: September 16, 2006

Age: 19

John Paul Memory II, affectionately known as “JP” by friends and family, collapsed while participating in an extrication demonstration and died in the line of duty on September 16, 2006. Born in Newport News, Virginia, on March 11, 1987, JP was raised in Isle of Wight County and was a 2006 Smithfield High School graduate. He was truly an Isle of Wight County man; as he mentioned in his Senior Biography, “I would not want to live anywhere else.” There are three things JP loved and enjoyed in life: family, NASCAR, and community service.



JP loved the family life and was there for babysitting for his niece and nephew, spending the night with his great-grandmother, and holding her hand when she passed away. In his Senior Biography he wrote, “The two biggest influences in my life are my grandpa and Scott Brower, Assistant Fire Chief of the Carrollton Volunteer Fire Department.”

JP was an avid Earnhardt and NASCAR fan and enjoyed collecting cars and going to the races throughout the country, particularly at Richmond International Raceway. In his Senior Biography he wrote, “I always journey to different races throughout the year. We will get a camper, get a bunch of us together, and go to the races for the weekend. It is one of the best times you can have.”

Even though JP was only nineteen years old, he was devoted to his community and Isle of Wight County, Virginia, for over three years as one of the most active members of the Carrollton Volunteer Fire Department. JP wanted to be a firefighter more than anything. He was consumed with this passion, and somehow he managed to successfully juggle high school with firefighting.

During his brief but active period, JP’s contribution to the community did not go unnoticed. In 2004, he received the Chief’s Award—an award that recognizes leaders within the fire department. In 2005, JP received the prestigious Firefighter of the Year award—an honorary award bestowed upon him by his peers and co-firefighters.

JP was on his way to becoming a career firefighter. He was scheduled to enter the Southside Regional Fire Academy in Portsmouth in October 2006, to continue his education in firefighting and emergency medical services.

At the age of 19, JP has left us, but his spirit lives on. It is our sincere hope that other young people will hear his story and choose to pursue an equally noble path. We have all learned that age does not limit a person’s character and ability. JP Memory has challenged all of us to follow our dreams.



Remembering



Robert E. McLaughlin

Ocean Shores Fire Department — Washington

Classification: Career

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: March 22, 2006

Age: 40

Robert McLaughlin died from injuries suffered during surf rescue training. At the age of 16, he was a resident volunteer firefighter for the Silverdale Fire Department.

Rob served two years as a paid Firefighter/Paramedic and six years as Captain/Paramedic with Ocean Shores Fire Department. During his years of service, he was also an acting Fire Marshal, Assistant Chief, and Surf Rescue Team member.

Rob dedicated himself to making his department the best it could be. He was always working, even on his days off — looking for opportunities to train and improve upon the department. He strove to improve morale through participation in department activities, and he implemented training programs that had not previously been offered at our small department.

He was involved in the department's annual Halloween Carnival, Easter Egg Hunt, adopt-a-family at Christmas program, the North Beach High School Scholarship program, MDA Boot Drive, Harley Weekend, pancake breakfast, egg drop for Ocean Shores Elementary School, and the fire prevention program for local elementary schools.



Rob was very instrumental in starting the Grays Harbor County Firefighter 1 training academy, where he was a head instructor. He also taught search and rescue for the North Bend Fire Academy and was an instructor for the Grays Harbor paramedic program. He was named 2006 Grays Harbor Firefighter of the Year.

At the age of 18, he enlisted in the Army as a Recon/ Sniper team leader. He was a Babe Ruth Little League baseball coach. He loved to go hunting and fishing and spent as much time as he could outdoors. He also enjoyed restoring old jeeps, collecting firearms, target and skeet shooting, spending time with his family, camping, and traveling to different places in the US.

He is survived by his wife, Christine; daughters, Christa Hoff-McLaughlin and Katalin McLaughlin; and son, Robert Killian McLaughlin. Rob saved countless lives and touched even more during his time with us. He had a skill and assurance on and off the job that will be difficult to imitate. His gentle heart, quick wit, and infectious grin will be missed.

Rob McLaughlin is missed deeply by his family, his fire family, and the community which he proudly served and to which he dedicated his life.



Remembering



Lillian May Patten

USDA Forest Service, Payette National Forest — Washington

Classification: Seasonal

Rank: Lookout

Date of Death: August 13, 2006

Age: 32

Lillian May Patten, fire lookout on Williams Peak, Krassel Ranger District, Payette National Forest, was killed in a helicopter crash on Sunday, August 13, 2006, near Yellow Pine, Idaho. Lilli had been on Williams Peak each summer since 2001, and the 2006 fire season was the most intense in her experience, with many fires started by lightning strikes in the vicinity. The helicopter was bringing Lilli down from Williams Peak for a break. Also killed in the accident were two other firefighters and the pilot.

Lilli very much enjoyed the solitude and beauty of Williams Peak. She had mastered the technique of locating lightning strikes and wildfires. Particularly adept at radio communication, she was often the indispensable link between fire crews operating in her sector and their base. In her six summers, she had become known among Forest Service personnel as "Lilli of the Mountain." Many felt they knew Lilli from her calm and friendly radio voice, even though they had never met her in person.

Lilli lived in Olympia, Washington. She graduated in 2002 from Evergreen State College in Olympia, where she had studied organic farming and art. She loved nature and was a creative artist in several media. Lilli was born in Portland, Oregon, and lived with her mother, Loraine Patten. After her mother's death



when Lilli was eight, she lived with her aunt and uncle, Suzanne and David Tufenkian, and cousins, Jeffrey and Jennifer. As a fourth grader, she moved to Cyprus to join another aunt and uncle, Jere and Ray Ewing, and cousins, Greg, Tom, and Joyce. A year later, Lilli moved with them to Annandale, Virginia. She joined John Calvin Presbyterian Church and took modeling classes, serving as a model for art classes off and on for the rest of her life.

When Lilli was in 10th grade, the Ewing family moved to Ghana. On several visits, Lilli greatly enjoyed the beauty, music, art, and people of this West African nation. She graduated from the John Woolman School in Nevada City, California, in 1992. Lilli often spent extended childhood vacations with another uncle and aunt, John and Jan Patten, and cousin, Jason, of Ukiah, California. She also spent time with her beloved grandmother, Dorothy Patten, of Ukiah. During her high school years, Lilli began a relationship with her father, Bill Albrecht.

Our family greatly misses Lilli. She was a beautiful young woman, extremely creative, and loved all of nature. She had many friends. Our grief is tempered by knowing Lilli was where she wanted to be, doing work of great service for all who treasure and love our forests, and doing this work effectively and in close communication with others.



Remembering



Arnie W. Wolff

Green Bay Fire Department — Wisconsin

Classification: Career

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: August 13, 2006

Age: 55

Arnie (Arnold) W. Wolff died August 13, 2006, when a floor collapsed as he fought a structure fire. He was the first firefighter to die in the line of duty in Green Bay. Arnie was born July 14, 1951, in Portage, Wisconsin. He graduated from Poynette High School in 1969 and from the University of Wisconsin-Madison in 1975, with a degree in agricultural/business management. He first worked as an assistant co-op manager in Chilton, Wisconsin, and then as manager in Mishicot at the Cenex Cooperative. He met and later married the former Mary Jerabek on August 18, 1979, at Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Minitowoc.

While living in Mishicot, Arnie started volunteering with the Mishicot Ambulance Service. After leaving the co-op business, he started working for the former M&T Ambulance, Manitowoc, as an EMT-ID. On January 26, 1989, Arnie began working for the City of Green Bay as a firefighter/paramedic. He was just recently promoted to lieutenant and was very involved in teaching future paramedics.



Arnie became very involved with soccer once his children started playing the game. He coached several recreational teams, helped found and managed the first Green Bay Lightning U-11 girls' select soccer team and, at the time of his death, had coached his daughter's select soccer team in Allouez. Arnie was certified as a master soccer referee official.

Arnie was a true handyman, having built his family's last two homes. His last project was a pond in the backyard. He had an avid passion to read and was always at his children's activities. Family was always his first priority.

Survivors include his wife, Mary; three children, Eric, Ryan, and Kathryn; his parents, Marlene and Harold Wolff; brothers, Jeffrey, Paul, and Rick; parents-in-law, Clarence and Kathryn Jerabek; brother-in-law, Mark Jerabek; and his brothers and sisters of the Green Bay Fire Department.

We will always remember our hero, Arnie!!

Remembering

Joseph Ezzo

Riverdale Volunteer Fire Department — New Jersey

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Captain

Date of Death: August 25, 1982

Age: 64

Joseph Ezzo suffered a fatal heart attack while responding to the scene of a vehicle fire in a department rescue truck.

Known for his community service, Joseph “Papa Joe” Ezzo was a 45-year veteran of the fire service and captain of the emergency rescue trucks. He assisted the department every chance he could. He was instrumental in the renovation of the company’s 1926 fire truck and helped build the new firehouse headquarters.

A lifelong resident of Riverdale, Ezzo’s dedication to his community went beyond his service at the fire-

house. A Little League coach for more than 25 years, “Papa Joe” was like a father to everyone. He was retired from a job as a truck driver for Harry Kimble of Newfoundland. Ezzo was a World War II Army veteran.

He was survived by his wife, Anna Bella (Pat); five sons, Joseph, Frank, Dennis, Thomas, and Patrick; five brothers; three sisters; and 16 grandchildren.

His personal interests were his family and coaching the local softball team. If he were here today to see how much his family had expanded, he’d be the proudest father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of them all.



Men achieve a certain greatness unawares, when working to another aim.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Remembering

Tommy Kidd

Choctaw Volunteer Fire Department — Arkansas

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

Date of Death: July 13, 1985

Age: 57

Tommy Kidd suffered a fatal heart attack at the scene while fighting a grass fire.

He was retired from the U.S. Air Force and was a member of the D.A.V. and the Choctaw Church of Christ.

He was survived by his wife, Amelia; his son, Tommy Kidd, Jr.; his daughters, Judy Kidd and Melanie Sheppard; his brothers, Marvin and Joe Kidd; his sisters, Loretta Stephens and Sue Kidd; and two grandchildren.



*The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.*

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Remembering

Dennis R. Lemery

Dayville Fire Department — Connecticut

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Lieutenant

Date of Death: January 19, 1994

Age: 36

Dennis Lemery was a devoted husband, father, son, and member of the community who was always there to lend a listening ear or shoulder to cry on. He married his wife, Linda Blain, in 1978. Together they settled in Killingly, Connecticut, where they raised their two children, Holly and Eric.

Dennis worked as a school bus driver for the Town of Killingly, as well as part-time in the family business, Lemery's Auto Upholstery. When he was not working, community service made up a large part of his life. He participated in both Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts, in which he was a Scout Master. He was a tee ball and baseball coach for both children. Dennis also enjoyed many hobbies such as adult-child bowling league, camping, and hunting.

At the age of 18, Dennis joined the Dayville Volunteer Fire Company as a volunteer firefighter. The fire department was a very important part of Dennis's life, as well as a second family. He spent many hours at the firehouse, whether it was for drills or polishing the fire trucks with his fellow

firefighters, or just spending time with his children. He was an active member of the fire department until his death in 1994, as a result of a heart attack after responding to several calls.



Dennis put in 18 years of dedicated service as a firefighter and achieved the rank of lieutenant of the ladder company. As a last tribute to him, Dennis was carried on an engine to his final resting place. This was a wish he confided in his daughter after watching the movie *Backdraft*. This wish became a reality with the hard work of his wife and dedication of his fellow firefighters.

Dennis passed his love of the fire department on to his children. After his death, the members of the fire department remained an active part of his family's lives. Both children joined the fire department at the age of 16 as junior members and still play an active role as members of the local fire and EMS services.

Dennis will be forever in the hearts and memories of all those he has touched.



Remembering



Woodrow W. Poland, Sr.

North River Valley Volunteer Fire Company — West Virginia

Classification: Volunteer

Rank: Firefighter

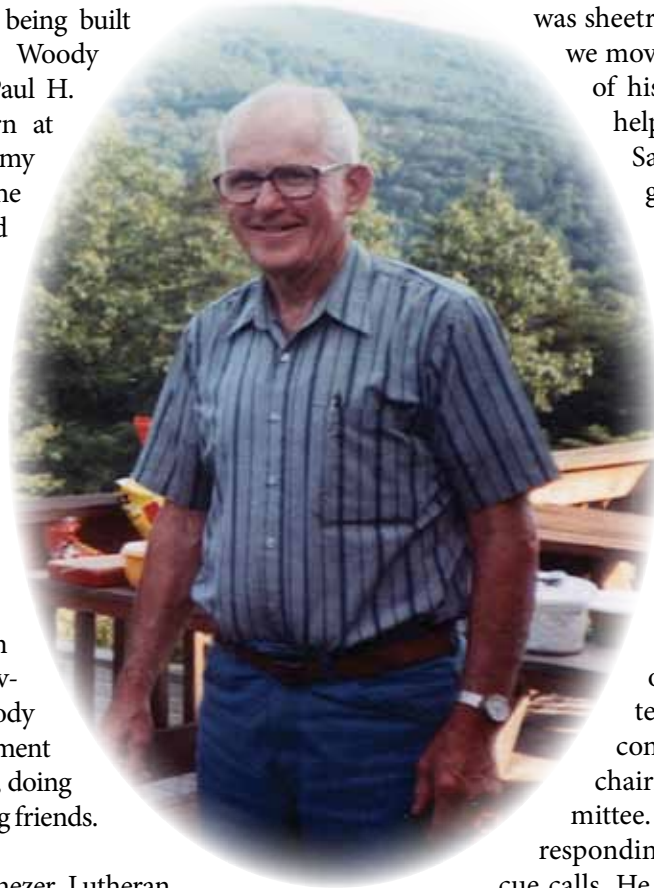
Date of Death: April 19, 2001

Age: 72

North River Valley Volunteer Fire Company volunteer Woodrow W. Poland died from a fall at the substation being built for NRVVFC at Delray, WV. Woody was one of ten children of Paul H. and Mae Davis Poland, born at Rio, WV. He served in the Army from 1951-1953 during the Korean War. Woody married Eileen Wilson in 1957, and we have three children and five grandchildren.

Woody attended trade school while working at the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, DC, as a machinist. In 1963, he transferred to NASA in Greenbelt, Maryland. He retired January 6, 1986, as an Engineering Technician, moving to Rio the same day. Woody spent his fifteen years of retirement finishing our retirement home, doing community service, and helping friends.

Woody belonged to the Ebenezer Lutheran Church, where he served on the church and parish councils and as a trustee of the church and the cemetery committee. He helped finish the new addition to the church. He was a member of North River Mountain Hunting Club, a lifetime member of Post 134 American Legion, and a member of the Modern Woodmen of America. He held leadership positions in all three organizations and helped in several major building projects. In July 1986, Woody joined the Rio-Delray Ruritan Club, where he remained a faithful member until his death. Over the years, he served as secretary, vice president, president, and treasurer and on the county fair board.



I told Woody he was a jack of all trades and a master of none, but I have a nice home which was sheetrock and plywood floors when we moved in. Woody was very proud of his family and always ready to help them. He spent Friday and Saturday nights playing card game set back or volleyball with his friends.

While serving in the NRVVFC, Woody held the offices of Vice President (1993) and President (1988-1992 and 1996-2001). He took the following training: Hazmat Incident Analysis, Firefighter I and II, Mass Casualty, Wilderness Search, First Aid, and CPR. Woody oversaw the upkeep and maintenance of the fire station and community building and was the chairman of the substation committee. He was an active member, responding to fire and search and rescue calls. He was our representative at the county association meetings.

Woody Poland: son, brother, brother-in-law, husband, father, father-in-law, grandfather, uncle, best friend, neighbor, community leader, mathematician, carpenter, surveyor, plumber, electrician, auto mechanic, machinist, builder of houses, volunteer fireman, veteran, teacher, student, man of humor, hunter, fisherman, card partner, volleyball player, farm worker, whistler of tunes, church worker, baptized child of God... a good and honest man who is loved and will be greatly missed!

*On the wings of a snow white dove
He sends His pure sweet love
A sign from above
On the wings of a dove*

*When troubles surround us
When evils come
The body grows weak
The spirit grows numb*

*When these things beset us
He doesn't forget us
He sends down His love
On the wings of a dove*

-- Bob Ferguson





National Fallen Firefighters Foundation

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

SPONSOR THE ANNUAL NATIONAL FALLEN FIREFIGHTERS MEMORIAL WEEKEND

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

HELP SURVIVORS ATTEND THE WEEKEND

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

OFFER SUPPORT PROGRAMS FOR SURVIVORS

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

AWARD SCHOLARSHIPS TO FIRE SERVICE SURVIVORS

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

HELP DEPARTMENTS DEAL WITH LINE-OF-DUTY DEATHS

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

WORK TO PREVENT LINE-OF-DUTY DEATHS

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

CREATE A NATIONAL MEMORIAL PARK

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



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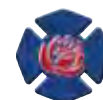
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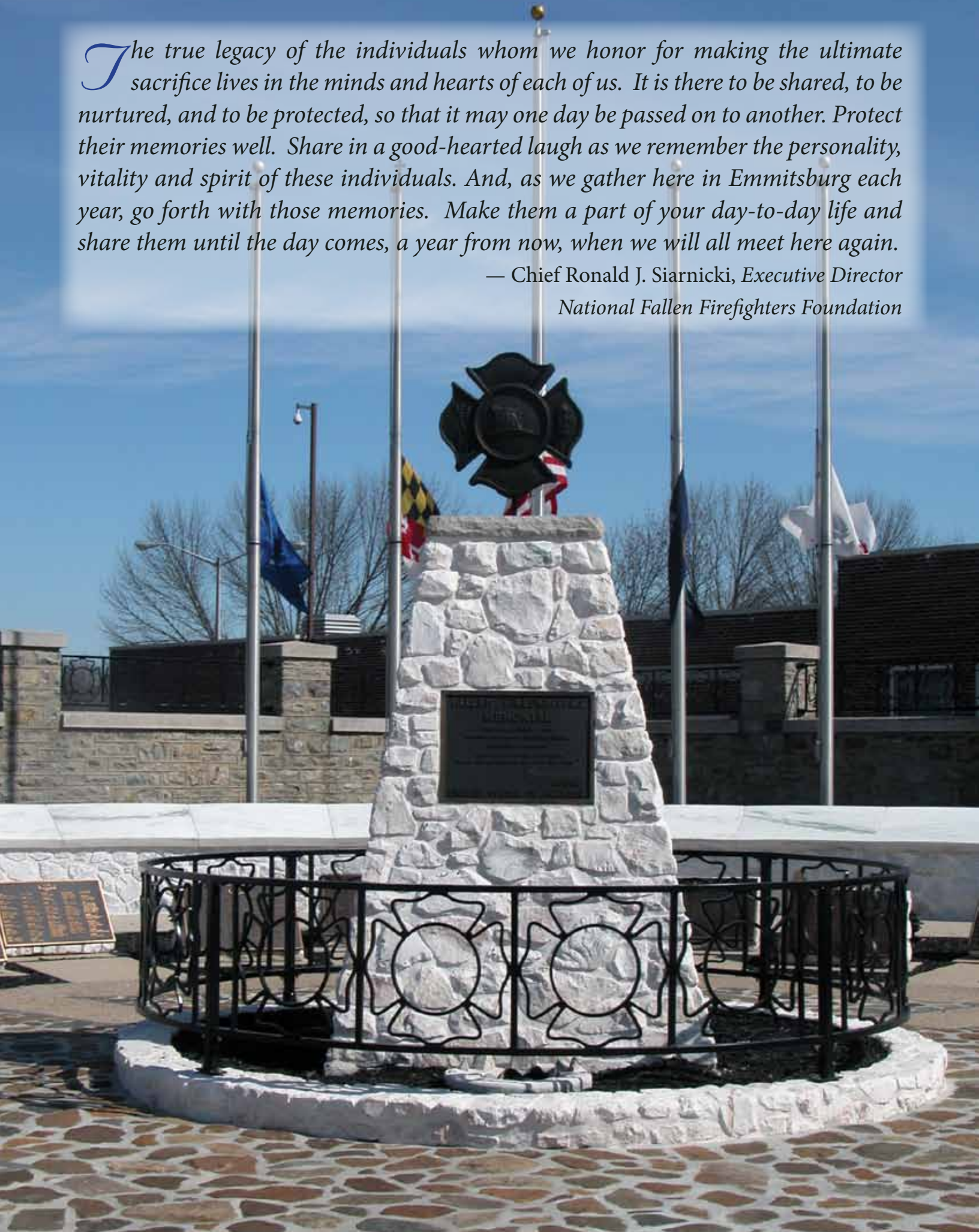


*And hundreds of others who have helped in many ways.
Special thanks to the members of the fire service who assisted and served
as family escorts and the honor guard units that participated in the Memorial
Weekend programs. Special thanks to our survivors who return each year
and assist with Memorial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



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

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



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