

J.E.A.M. CENTS

Volume X Issue No. 5

May 1-30, 2005

ELEVEN YEARS AND COUNTING

DISCLAIMER

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**!!!!!!ALL EMPLOYEES ARE
REQUIRED TO WORK ONE SHIFT
ON BLACKOUT DAYS!!!!!!**

UPCOMING EVENTS

04/29 to 05/01 - McDowell Mountain
Music Festival @
Westworld

04/30 to 05/01 - Cinco De Mayo @
Pioneer Park in Mesa

05/05 - **BLACKOUT DAY**
Numerous events

05/11 - **BLACKOUT DAY**
Maroon 5 @ Cricket Pavilion

05/15 - **BLACKOUT DAY**
Alan Jackson/Sarah Evans/The
Wrights @ Cricket Pavilion

05/19 - **BLACKOUT DAY**
Snoop Dogg/The Game @
Cricket Pavilion

MAY ANNIVERSARIES

Seven Years: Bill Selby

Five Years: Rick Skupski

Three Years: Fred Begay
Joel Birch
Johnnie Powell

Two Years: Dorsey Brown

One Year: Will McNeel
Jesus Arce

MAY BIRTHDAYS

Dustin Barker	05/03
Victor Reynoso	05/03
Kim Hitt	05/06
Wendy Clark	05/06
James Mitchell	05/06
Jermey Morehouse	05/12
Chris Boatright	05/13
Tim Rice	05/14
Robert Russell	05/15
Joey Perez	05/15
Richard Campbell	05/19
Dennis Lynch	05/24
Bruce Lawson	05/30
Sean Matheny	05/31

T.E.A.M. IS NOW HIRING

If you like your job, why not tell a friend?

If you refer someone to T.E.A.M., who we consider a good candidate, they get a great job and you get a little something extra on your paycheck.

(\$25.00 for each person, once that person completes 100 hours)

LANE'S LINES

As the summer months approach, I want to remind everyone to bring water, keep sunscreen available, avoid too much soda, (soda actually draws water OUT of your tissues), wear a hat and ask for frequent breaks. Another area of concern is the use of insect repellent. West Nile Virus is real so use the bug spray.

This newsletter has turned into my forum for thanking the individuals that have worked so hard at all our events and permanent posts. It never ceases to amaze me how hard all of you work to make the customer feel happy about using TEAM Security.

Everyone that worked the Tempe Arts Festival, the Tempe Music Festival, Gay Pride, all three Cricket Shows; boy. We have had a fun filled April and are looking at May being just as full. Soooooo. Some special kudos to:

At Maryvale Stadium

Joey Perez	Linda Benson
Steve Sullivan	Brandi Brimmer
Ron Vogel	Tracie Moore
Bill Stout	Krieg Eastman
Jeff Pallavachini	Mauli Hodge
Bob Morici	Peter Som
Bill West	Robin Graham
Robert Flores	Jon Bearup
Richard Paul	

Awesome Job. Also, congratulations to both Lynda and Brandi for Perfect Attendance. 32 consecutive shifts without a late or call off.

Tempe Arts Festival.

Terry Tautimes (remember the movie, "Same Time, Next Year"?)

Liisa Walimaa	Victor Reynoso
Mike Hammerand	Charles Bennefield
Lisa Glagola	Nick Henslee
Jerry Heather	Kim Hitt
Marco Schupbach	Roger Coulter
Terrie Coulter	Jimmy Kaleta
Renee Kaleta	Keith Liermann
Thomas Lytle	Kiev Darrington
Amanda Morrisey	Jackie Smith
Rogelio Saucedo	Ted Landry
Robert Russell	Ed Aponte
Melissa Dawson	Nicole Durr
Brenda Bunch	Liz Olson
Ben Rodriguez	Troy Pope
Julie Pope	Simmons-Stuber
James Russo	Michael Salinel
Chad Peterson	Chelsey Davis
Maria Peck	Ralph Foster
Candy Ortega	Dorsey Brown
Alex Pasula	Steve Murray
Jesus Arces	Sylvia Thomas
Robert Hart	Andrew Tomlinson
Wendy Haynes	Will McNeel
Jessica Garcia	Kathy Rice
Lee Rodriguez	Joseph Benefield
Greg McKee	Peter Stelljes
Frank Herbert	Fred Begay
Anthony Bosley	Gary Patrick
Michelle Schneider	Jerry Dienes
Tom Groves	Paula McLean
Carl Haines	Michael Schier
Glen Dever	Sean Matheny

Glendale Jazz and Blues Festival

Deann Barker	Bill Pierce
Melissa Garcia	Ed Hanna
Zack Nelson	Sean Peterson
Dominic Gonzalez	James Hanrahan
Dusty Barker	

Hilton Pointe Tapatio. NCA Trade Show.
Sylvia Thomas Danny Waisner

Special Commendation for Sylvia Thomas
From the Trade Show Promotion
Company.

If I've forgotten anyone, you have my
apologies but more importantly, my
thanks.

This leaves about 100 employees that I
have not had the pleasure of working with.
Some of you I have met socially and
others just occasionally. I am sure that
over the next few months, our paths will
cross and I will be ranting and raving to
Mick and Campbell about how terrific so-

and-so is.

One thing I would like to encourage is
open communication from everyone in
the field. I feel that YOU are our best
representatives and your input is
valuable. If you see problems, and more
importantly, solutions, please feel free to
bring them to our attention. I also would
like to encourage the supervisors of each
event to write a thorough debrief of your
event, what happened that was
noteworthy and some suggestions on how
to make things better.

With all the sadness and
trauma going on in the world
at the moment, it is worth
reflecting on the death of a
very important person which
almost went unnoticed last
week. Larry La Prise, the
man who wrote "The Hokey
Poky", died peacefully at age
93.

The most traumatic part for
his family was getting him
into the coffin.

They put his left leg in, and
then of course the trouble
started.

See you out and about.

Kelly's Corner

by Kelly McQuillian

The word TEAM denotes Collaboration.
Without Communication, there is no
possible way to collaborate. Sometimes
we forget that our customers are
everyone around us, **including our co-
workers.**

Becoming aware of how others perceive
and trying to adapt to their level of
communication is important for an
effective dialogue. In this business, most
of us are probably assertive or aggressive
in our communication style. However,
many times, an assertive communicator
can become passive when they run across
someone who has a very aggressive style
of communicating. In some situations,
they will shut down and stop
communicating altogether when they feel
dominated or bullied.

Communication can fail if someone lets the
intensity of a situation get the best of them
and they raise their voice at a co-worker.
Personally, I will stop thinking about **what**
you are saying and focus only on **how** you
are saying it and I know I'm not the only
one. We all get pretty intense at times
throughout the night at any one of our
events. Some show this intensity
differently than the next guy. If someone is
aware that they turn into a bully when they
get stressed out, then it should be a lot
easier for them to control. If they're not
aware, then hopefully someone will tell
them.

Another communication disaster is that
there are so many supervisors out there that
not everyone knows. If you are a
supervisor, obviously you've proven
yourself to the company, now prove
yourself to us. Take a couple of minutes to
introduce yourself to us. We don't need to
see your resume, a single's ad, or need to
have a lengthy conversation with you. A
handshake and "How are ya doing, my
name is ..." should suffice.

I'd like to challenge all of the supervisors
to do their own meet and greet with the
staff members. How much time could it
take as you are walking by us to stop and
introduce yourself? We may know who
you are by sight, but have never actually
met you. Wouldn't you like to know the
name of the person watching your back if
you get in a bad situation?

Necolai's Tips

Hello to all of you out there in TEAM land.
I'd like to introduce myself to you. My
name is Necolai Wendelboe. I am one of
the Supervisors for Team. Most of you,
that have ever worked the east or west
gates, know who I am.

In addition to supervising the gates, I am
also part of the Team Armed Division.
Now, I know a lot of you want to become
armed and are waiting patiently for your
year to be up so you can apply. In the
meantime, you might be asking yourself,
"What can I do to be prepared, so when I
take the tactical class I won't look like an
idiot!"

My advice to all shooters is: Practice!
Practice! Practice! How can I do this, you
ask? Well, going to the range is a good

start. After going to the range, I would suggest to all experienced shooters and also you new shooters, to participate in some local matches, ie., IDPA and USPCA. You experienced shooters (you know who you are – the ones “horseman” makes fun of when we go out to the range to re-qualify). I know, I know, you don’t know where they are, or what time or place! Well, here you go! The 4th Saturday of *every* month there is an IDPA match at Rio Salado Sportsman’s Club. The cost is \$10.00 per person - start time is 1600 (4:00 pm). For the match you will need a firearm (gun), holster, magazine pouches, three ten round magazines and about 200 rounds (just to be safe). If that doesn’t meet your schedule, don’t worry. There is always Tuesday Night Steel. This is *every* Tuesday night. Cost is \$10.00 - sign-up is 1600 to 1900 (4:00-7:00pm). There is a mandatory safety meeting at 1800 (6:00pm) before you can shoot. You will need 300 rounds (high cap is OK) to be safe. These matches are open to new shooters as well as experienced/armed shooters. If you carry a firearm or plan on carrying a firearm, I would highly encourage you to try one of these offered matches.

Remember the four basic rules of shooting:

1. Be safe
2. Have fun
3. Learn how to improve your skills
4. Have fun

If you have any questions, please contact me @ (602) 525-2676.

I leave you with this...**Practice, practice, practice!!** (as any shooter will tell you).

Remember, shoot straight and keep them in the *ten range*.

Rio Salado Sportsman’s Club is located at:
3960 North Usury Pass
Mesa, AZ
(For directions or questions contact Necolai at (602) 525-2676)

Article By: Necolai Wendelboe

Campbell’s Crayons

I am sorry that I did not make it in the newsletter last month, but I am sure that no-one missed it since I did not get a call on it. I tell you the last two months have been long with a lot of hours involved by all. From Buffett to Country Thunder. I personally had a great time and I hope that it continues. This Monday 4/25 we have a guest speaker coming into the Supervisor Meeting. All are invited to come and I hope you take me up on it. We are going full swing with events and I want to thank everyone for doing there all to make it happen. I want to thank Mick for hanging with my family out at Florence last week and I know that he learned a lot and it was a valuable learning tool for him. He now understands how it is to be part of America and not the T.S.A. or French. I actually think he was listening to the music also. I will talk to you all next month and I hope you are open to all the changes that are going on in the office and field to try and help each and everyone out in the future.

Lillie’s Lulabye

Wow! What a month April has been! It's been busier in the office since before block party. We've survived another crazy month and now May is upon us.

Remember to bring plenty of water to **every** shift you work. It was in the 90's a few days ago and it's only going to get hotter.

THANK YOU to everyone who worked with me at Glendale Jazz & Blues Festival. It was my first event to supervise and you guys were great!

I want to say HAPPY BIRTHDAY to my sons; Dustin on May 3rd and Barry on May 24th. To my mom...HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY.

In honor of Mother's Day I offer the following funnies. Talk to ya later.

Deann

A Mother's Dictionary

Bottle feeding: An opportunity for Daddy to get up at 2 am too.

Defense: What you'd better have around de yard if you're going to let the children play outside.

Drooling: How teething babies wash their chins.

Dumbwaiter: One who asks if the kids would care to order dessert.

Family planning: The art of spacing your children the proper distance apart to keep you on the edge of financial disaster.

Feedback: The inevitable result when the baby doesn't appreciate the strained carrots.

Full name: What you call your child when you're mad at him.

Grandparents: The people who think your children are wonderful even though they're sure you're not raising them right.

Hearsay: What toddlers do when anyone mutters a dirty word.

Impregnable: A woman whose memory of labor is still vivid.

Independent: How we want our children to be as long as they do everything we say.

Look out: What it's too late for your child to do by the time you scream it.

Prenatal: When your life was still somewhat your own.

Prepared childbirth: A contradiction in terms.

Puddle: A small body of water that draws other small bodies wearing dry shoes into it.

Show off: A child who is more talented than yours.

Sterilize: What you do to your first baby's pacifier by boiling it and to your last baby's pacifier by blowing on it.

Storeroom: The distance required between the supermarket aisles so that children in shopping carts can't quite reach anything.

Temper tantrums: What you should keep to a minimum so as to not upset the children.

Top bunk: Where you should never put a child wearing Superman jammies.

Two-minute warning: When the baby's face turns red and she begins to make those

familiar grunting noises.

Verbal: Able to whine in words

Whodunit: None of the kids that live in your house.

Robert's Ropers

I have started this newsletter 4 times and I still am not sure how it is

going to turn out.

April has been the busies month I can remember. So let me say thank you to

all of you who showed

up to your post on time and to those who came in at the last minuet.

I what to say a special thanks to the Crew at Country Thunder, you put in a lot of hard work and long hot hours to make T.E.A.M. shine. We all had a great time some more than others, no names, and we where able to keep Campbell away from the livestock. So if you didn't go this year stay on you toes, show up for your shifts and do more than what is asked of you and you will be asked to do special jobs.

I'll see you out there

Robert

Lynn's Lyrics

Thumbs up!

The thumb has many uses. One is to be negative and give thumbs down. Another is to be proud and give thumbs up. Thumbs up is a sign of approval or acceptance, often accompanied by smiles, laughter, pride and accomplishment.

The thumb, of course, is the short, thick finger of the human hand. One of its advantages is that it can be used in opposition to the other fingers. You can thumb through a book, you can be all thumbs, meaning you are clumsy, you can try to thumb a ride, you can stick out like a sore thumb, you might twiddle your thumbs, or you could be under someone's thumb.

One of the most favorite uses of the thumb is to express approval or disapproval, thumbs up and thumbs down respectively.

Training new employees is a GREAT job. It affords me the opportunity to get to know each employee. When I work an event I am able to evaluate how well I do my job by the performance of each employee at that particular event.

To all of you who have worked so hard in these last few weeks and gone the extra mile, THANK YOU!

A BIG THUMBS UP TO ALL OF YOU!!!

Marianne's Mini Message

I have noticed in the past few weeks that the people in general are not very courteous. It just amazes me that no one is willing to help anyone do anything unless they think they are going to be compensated for it. What happened to simply being a nice person and being willing to help someone just for the personal satisfaction of doing it. It will not make you any less of a person if you show someone a little compassion and help them with something. Monetary reimbursement is a good thing but self gratification is also a good thing. People in this country have gotten away from the fact that helping thy neighbor is what made this country great in the first place.

Taking a few minutes out of your time while you are working to pick something up and throw it away, or helping a customer pack up some of their stuff, or helping them carry stuff to their car is NOT A CRIME. It may not be your job but it is an act of kindness that in the end will be returned, usually twice fold. So look beyond your fellow team mate who won't take the time, be different, help out your fellow man. Be kind and someone will be kind to you.

Taz's Toolbox

I was thinking about how life works the other day and the relationship people have with each other. The simple fact is that we all have our own way we do

things and we all judge others, some more than the rest of us. Some of us even base our lives on the decisions others make. We should live like there is no tomorrow until the end of the day when we lay our head to rest. Give everything our ALL! Do our very best, nothing else is acceptable. It does not matter what the circumstances are we should live each day like it's our last and someday we'll be right.

Below is something I found that really puts "life" in perspective...

A man was sitting on the edge of the bed, observing his wife turning back and forth, looking at herself in the mirror. Since her birthday was not far off he asked what she'd like to have for her Birthday. I'd like to be six again, she replied, still looking in the mirror.

On the morning of her Birthday, he arose early, made her a nice big bowl of Lucky Charms, and then took her to Six Flags theme park. What a day! He put her on every ride in the park: the Death Slide, the Wall of Fear, the Screaming Monster Roller Coaster, everything there was.

Five hours later they staggered out of the theme park. Her head was reeling and her stomach felt upside down. He then took her to a McDonald's where he ordered her a Happy Meal with extra fries and a chocolate shake. Then it was off to a movie, popcorn, a soda pop, and her favorite candy, M&M's. What a fabulous adventure! Finally she wobbled home with her husband and collapsed into bed, exhausted. He leaned over his wife with a big smile and lovingly asked, "Well dear, what was it like being six again?"

Her eyes slowly opened and her expression suddenly changed.

"I meant my dress size!!!!

The moral of the story: Even when a man is listening, he is gonna get it wrong!

So..even when we are working hard and giving it our all, things just may not turn out the way we had hoped. Don't give up. There is no trying. You either do it or not! You may be working on something or attempting a task however there is no trying. Continue on and learn everyday something that will help you as well as others.

At the end of the day when your head hits the pillow you will know unselfishly that you did everything you could to make a difference in your life and the others around you.

Be safe out there...TAZ

TAZBOX

OLDER THAN DIRT

"Hey Dad," one of my kids asked the other day, "What was your favorite fast food when you were growing up?"

"We didn't have fast food when I was growing up," I informed him. "All the food was slow."

"C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?"

"It was a place called 'at home,'" I explained. "Grandma cooked every day and when Grandpa got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate I was allowed to sit there until I did like it."

By this time, the kid was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table. But here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I figured his system could have handled it:

Some parents NEVER owned their own house, wore Levis, set foot on a golf course, traveled out of the country or had a credit card. In their later years they had something called a revolving charge card. The card was good only at Sears Roebuck. Or maybe it was Sears AND Roebuck. Either way, there is no Roebuck anymore. Maybe he died.

My parents never drove me to soccer practice. This was mostly because we never had heard of soccer. I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed, (slow). We didn't have a television in our house until I was 11, but my grandparents had one before that. It was, of course, black and white, but they bought a piece of colored plastic to cover the screen. The top third was blue, like the sky, and the bottom third was green, like grass. The middle third was red. It was perfect for programs that had scenes of fire trucks riding across someone's lawn on a sunny day. Some people had a lens taped to the front of the TV to make the picture look larger.

I was 13 before I tasted my first pizza, it was called "pizza pie." When I bit into it, I burned the roof of my mouth and the cheese slid off, swung down, plastered itself against my chin and burned that, too. It's still the best pizza I ever had.

We didn't have a car until I was 15. Before that, the only car in our family was my grandfather's Ford. He called it a "machine."

I never had a telephone in my room. The only phone in the house was in the living room and it was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line.

Pizzas were not delivered to our home. But milk was.

All newspapers were delivered by boys and all boys delivered newspapers. I delivered a newspaper, six days a week

It cost 7 cents a paper, of which I got to keep 2 cents. I had to get up at 4 AM every morning. On Saturday, I had to collect the 42 cents from my customers. My favorite customers were the ones who gave me 50 cents and told me to keep the change. My least favorite customers were the ones who seemed to never be home on collection day.

Movie stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least, they did in the movies. Touching someone else's tongue with yours was called French kissing and they didn't do that in movies. I don't know what they did in French movies. French movies were dirty and we weren't allowed to see them.

If you grew up in a generation before there was fast food, you may want to share some of these memories with your children or grandchildren. Just don't blame me if they bust a gut laughing.

Growing up isn't what it used to be, is it?

MEMORIES from a friend:

My Dad is cleaning out my grandmother's house (she died in December) and he brought me an old Royal Crown Cola bottle. In the bottle top was a stopper with a bunch of holes in it. I knew immediately what it was, but my daughter had no idea. She thought they had tried to make it a salt shaker or something. I knew it as the bottle that sat on the end of the ironing board to "sprinkle" clothes with because we didn't have steam irons. Man, I am old.

How many do you remember?

Head lights dimmer switches on the floor.
Ignition switches on the dashboard.
Heaters mounted on the inside of the fire wall.
Real ice boxes.
Pant leg clips for bicycles without chain guards.
Soldering irons you heat on a gas burner.
Using hand signals for cars without turn signals.

Older Than Dirt Quiz: Count all the ones that you remember not the ones

you were told about Ratings at the bottom.

1. Blackjack chewing gum
2. Wax Coke-shaped bottles with colored sugar water
3. Candy cigarettes
4. Soda pop machines that dispensed glass bottles
5. Coffee shops or diners with table side juke boxes
6. Home milk delivery in glass bottles with cardboard stoppers
7. Party lines
8. Newsreels before the movie
9. P.F. Flyers
10. Butch wax
11. Telephone numbers with a word prefix (OLive-6933)
12. Peashooters
13. Howdy Doody
14. 45 RPM records
15. S&H Green Stamps
16. Hi-fi's
17. Metal ice trays with lever
18. Mimeograph paper
19. Blue flashbulb
20. Packards
21. Roller skate keys
22. Cork popguns
23. Drive-ins
24. Studebakers
25. Wash tub wringers

If you remembered 0-5 = You're still young

If you remembered 6-10 = You are getting older

If you remembered 11-15 = Don't tell your age,

If you remembered 16-25 = You're older than dirt!

I might be older than dirt but those memories are the best part of my life.

Don't forget to pass this along!!
Especially to all your really OLD friends....

Remember.....TAZ

Marlies' Notes

Well it's that time again. And you know...
It has been another crazy month at

T.E.A.M. I would like to share a store that was sent to me this month. Have a great month !

Angel Knocking at the Door

There came a frantic knock
At the doctor's office door
A knock, more urgent than
he had ever heard before.
"Come in, Come in,"
the impatient doctor said,
"Come in, Come in,
before you wake the dead."
In walked a frightened little girl,
a child no more than nine,
It was plain for all to see,
she had troubles on her mind.
Oh doctor, I beg you,
please come with me,
My mother is surely dying,
she's as sick as she can be."
"I don't make house calls,
bring your mother here,"
"But she's too sick,
so you must come or she will die I fear."
The doctor, touched by her devotion,
decided he would go,
She said he would be blessed,
more than he could know.
She led him to her house
where her mother lay in bed,
Her mother was so very sick
she couldn't raise her head.
But her eyes cried out for help
and help her the doctor did,
She would have died that very night
had it not been for her kid.
The doctor got her fever down
and she lived through the night,
And morning brought the doctor signs,
that she would be all right.
The doctor said he had to leave
but would return again by two,
And later he came back to check,
just like he said he'd do.
The mother praised the doctor
for all the things he'd done,
He told her she would have died,
were it not for her little one.
"How proud you must be
of your wonderful little girl,
It was her pleading that made me come,
she is really quite a pearl!
"But doctor, my daughter died
over three years ago,
Is the picture on the wall
of the little girl you know?"
The doctors legs went limp
for the picture on the wall,

Was the same little girl
for whom he'd made this call.
The doctor stood motionless,
for quite a little while,
And then his solemn face,
was broken by his smile.
He was thinking of that frantic knock
heard at his office door,
And of the beautiful little angel
that had walked across his floor.

Bert's Business

Hello everyone. How are all of you doing?
I was sitting in my office thinking of my
word to define and to put into context for
all of you this month and after long soul
searching I thought that
"UNTOUCHABLE" would be a good word
to talk about.

Untouchable is defined by Webster's as
exempt from criticism or control; lying
beyond reach.

There is no one in this organization
that is "Untouchable" when it comes to my
world. If you see ANY problem in our
company feel free to let me know. When I
receive complaints I keep the source
confidential and bring it to Mick's attention
if needed. If I can handle it myself I will.
Over the past month people are feeling
more comfortable to come to me with
problems. There is one side note to this
though. If what you are telling me is not
first hand knowledge please refrain from
enlightening me. I DO NOT TAKE PART
IN NOR DO I CONDONE ANYONE
SPREADING RUMORS. If it is not your
direct knowledge there is nothing I can do
about it. Although hearsay may have some
basis in reality it is not valid enough to take
terminable action on. I need and ask for
truth at all times so please make sure what
you are telling me is the truth. Thank you
all for your hard work.

Bert

Mick's Memo

Hey, just very short this month. Most
everything you will read here has been
plagiarized from other sources, and every
once in a while I read or hear
something that I feel is worth passing on. I
would, before I pass on two
articles to all of you, thank all of those
demented warriors that did such
an incredible job out at Country Thunder. I

personally am still recovering, after being diagnosed with a near fatal infection of Rosaris Nednakis, which basically is an allergic reaction from being around too many red-necks. One would think that after all this time, I would have built some tolerance after being surrounded by Campbell's kin-folk in the office. Anyway, I just wanted to thank all of you that worked out there, the amazing job you did, the long hours and keeping a good attitude, no complaints, and just getting the job done above and beyond. You rock!

Many years ago, I saw something written on a wall in the middle East. It was on a wailing wall in Israel, and I later used it in my yearbook, as my most memorable quote. I never had heard it again, until now. It makes the article that follows pretty self explanatory.

"You have never lived until you have almost died. For those who fight for it, life has a flavor the protected will never know."

A new 'Greatest Generation" is coming home.

What I learned serving in Iraq.

BY GREG MOORE

SARANAC LAKE, N.Y.--There are no longer generators running, or armored vehicles rumbling, or mortars exploding, and the roar of the silence is deafening to me. What I hear at night now is the gentle breaths released from the perfect lips of my sons. The same lips that I cannot kiss enough. The lips that make my eyes fill with tears every time they touch my cheeks.

My release from Fort Drum came earlier than expected, so when I pulled into my driveway at noon the house was empty. I dropped my bags inside and walked alone through the rooms, soaking in the images and smells that had been only a memory during ten months in Iraq. My older son's first-grade teacher had been wonderful to me while I was away. She sent school updates and pictures via e-mail almost weekly. So when

I popped my head into her classroom she came running and gave me a "welcome home" hug.

"Easton is practicing a song. Why don't you surprise him?"

My heart was racing. I followed the sound of the piano and the little voices singing, then stood and watched. Trickle of love and pride started involuntarily down my cheeks as I listened to my son. He has gotten so big. The anticipation built as I waited for him to see me.

The little girl next to him was the first to notice the uniformed man standing in the doorway. The image she saw and the facts she had been told were doing battle in her brain. Then her eyes grew wide and her mouth fell open.

"Easton! Easton . . . your Daddy's here!" she said in an electrified whisper.

My son's head snapped around. The excitement and disbelief on his face is something I will never forget. I motioned him to me and he ran into my open arms. There was no hiding my tears, and I didn't care to. This was the day I had waited for.

I choked out my words of love and hung on to this boy who had cried so many nights, who said he didn't care if he got any other presents for Christmas, he only wanted his Daddy to come home. This boy who had used all his wishes on me. He kept pulling his head back from my shoulder to look at my face. Cheers rose from the other kids and teachers.

Hand-in-hand, Easton and I stepped outside and drove to the other side of town. I had another little boy to catch up with. When I went inside he was napping. "Marshal, wake up. I have a surprise for you," I heard his day-care provider say.

>She came out with his head on her shoulder. When he looked up his eyes grew wide and all signs of sleepiness disappeared. "Daddy!" he exclaimed in pure excitement as he fell forward into my arms. My heart ached with love, and pure joy soaked my cheeks.

I was complete again. I had my boys. And there have never been more perfect words spoken to me than "I love you, Dad."

It may take my wife and children a long time to realize that while I look the same, I am not the same person who said goodbye to them many months ago. I will never be the same again--thankfully so.

Each day now I am acutely aware of what makes me happy, and what it is I do that makes other people happy. Walking point through the volatile streets in Iraq helped me see this much more clearly, and I will make every effort to preserve that awareness for the rest of my days.

When I look through my photo album I think about the men I served with, and learned to count on, who are no longer by my side. The men who had their bodies pierced by the hatred of terrorists, men who left their last breaths in a place far away. Great men doing a job that allows this noble country the freedoms it deserves.

I have seen the dark side of humanity and it has forever changed me. As I sit here in my house, with the sun streaming through the windows, I look out and see the boughs of the evergreens blowing in the breeze.

There are no armed guards on the roof. No sandbags. I don't call in grid coordinates of my whereabouts any more. Mission briefs have been replaced by wonderful communication between two parents. As I drive through town, I am alone; with no turret and no gunner above me. I don't have to scrutinize every pile of dirt, every plastic bag to check whether it may explode. Amazingly, I am safe.

Mr. Moore is a staff sergeant in the New York National Guard's Second Battalion, 108th Infantry.

The second article gives me hope. After all the anti-American bantering we all heard from Hollywood, from the likes of Michael Moo-re, Hairy-ass Ford, Leonardo De Crapio, and all of their idiot friends, it was refreshing to read the following article:

Don't know whether you heard about this, but Denzel Washington was visiting Brook Army Medical Center, in San Antonio, Texas(BAMC)the other day. This is where soldiers that have been evacuated

from Germany come to be hospitalized in the States, especially burn victims. They have buildings there called Fisher Houses. The Fisher House is a hotel where soldiers' families can stay, for little or no charge, while their soldier is staying in the hospital. BAMC has quite a few of these houses on base but as you can imagine, they are almost completely filled most of the time.

While Denzel Washington was visiting BAMC, they gave him a tour of one of the Fisher Houses. He asked how much one of them would cost to build. He took his check book out and wrote a check for the full amount right there on the spot. The soldiers overseas were amazed to hear this story and want to get the word out to the American public, because it warmed their hearts to hear it. I hope you will spread this story. A true American and friend to all in uniform!

If you want to send a message to people like Moore and Ford, do not watch their movies, rent them, buy them. Soon, when nobody is listening anymore, they will find out that their opinion does not matter more than anyone else's. They have all forgotten that they are filthy rich, because we buy their crap. Not me! While people like Ford have no problem taking millions of dollars to play a character in a war movie, and Moore capitalizes off of diminishing and ridiculing the leaders of our country (Is he not calling us all idiots?), a man like Denzel gives, instead of taking. What has any Hollywood liberal given back for? Yeah, they are all great Democrats when it comes to sitting in their mansions, talking about taking someone else's money, but you better not touch theirs. They suddenly become very Republican.

I recently saw an interview with Senator Bob Dole, and he was reflecting on his days in World War II, how he was injured, and his recovery. He was asked why he never made a big deal out of almost dying, and he explained that what Tom Brokaw described as our Greatest Generation did that - they went and fought a war, came back, and went on with life. That is a hero, an unsung hero, someone who does the right thing, not seeking glory or recognition.

Denzel Washington gave without being asked, without needing a news conference to do it, no microphone, and not to get attention. He has earned my respect, and I salute him. I have another type of salute for Harrison Ford and DeCrapio. Hey Sparky, Canada is calling for ya!

Be safe, keep the Peace, and I'll see you out there.

Mick Hirko
President
T.E.A.M. Security
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