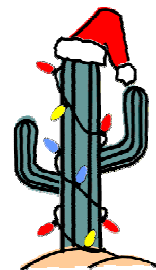


Thirteen Years and Counting

Merry Christmas To All!



From Your Family at T.E.A.M.



Inside this issue:

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UPCOMING EVENTS AND TRAININGS

December, 2006

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1 Tempe Festival of the Arts Downtown Tempe	2 DTC Artfest USAC NCAA Basketball Phoenix Lite Parade
3 Tempe Festival of the Arts Downtown Tempe USAC Event	4	5 USAC Event	6	7	8 USAC Event	9 USAC Event Tamale Festival
10 Tamale Festival	11	12	13	14	15 USAC Event	16
17	18	19 USAC Event Xmas Party at Martini Ranch	20	21 NYE Supervisor meeting. (Jeff P.)	22 USAC Event	23 hands class invite only 10am
24	25 CHRISTMAS	26 USAC Event	27	28	29	30

31
New Years Eve
Block Party
Downtown
Tempe



December Blackout Days
1st, 2nd, 3rd and 31st

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

T.E.A.M. Cents encourages all staff and employees to submit an article about your work experience, suggestions and ideas.

E-mail your letters to:
lane@teamsecurity.net

Or FAX to:
(480) 736-8252

Management has the right to review and approve all written material. Any article deemed inappropriate will not be published

December Birthdays

Steve Ortega	3
Viola Vera-Martinez	13
Jeff Pierce	14
Eric Campbell	16
Jason Giltzow	16
Pedro Franco	17
Jeremy Maine	18
Danne Dutcher	21
Ron Vogel	22
Patti Jo Milligan	25

December Anniversaries

Davin Crocoll	1 yr
Garrett Ferguson	1 yr
Jeremy Maine	1 yr
Kathleen Mullin	1 yr
Bob Morici	2 yr
Jessica Garcia	2 yr
Candy Ortega	3 yr
Gary Patrick	3 yr
Jon Bearup	3 yr
Mike Schier	3 yr
Steve Ortega	3 yr
Jerry Deines	4 yr
Bobby Erdmann	6 yr

Dear Mick,

you may wonder now, what's going on in your monthly newsletter. And I hope that your TEAM kept this secret until the last moment. You know that we were recently speaking by phone, because I wanted to know something from you.

First of all: excuse my English, which is much more worse than your German.

On that Friday my problem was, that between Germany and Arizona, there is a time lag of 8 hours and I wanted to speak with you before leaving my office. This turned out to be a problem. When to ring my friend Mick? At 8am? Old boy! I know you for more than 30 years now, and I learned my lesson: be careful not to wake up a sleeping dog, but NEVER wake up Mick!

I decided to first ring your company and ask, when you usually come into office. I tried at 8am and I tried at 9am. In the meantime, I could read some of your newsletters on your website. It was Lane, I guess, who finally picked up the phone at 10am. She confirmed that you were certainly already up. I dialed your number. You know.

On my way home some memories came up. And I decided to write a contribution for the next issue of your newsletter.

Who is Mick? Who was Mick?

I think I was 12 or 13 years old, when I met Mick first time. He was a phenomenon for me. A real American (the first one I met), who perfectly spoke German and not only this. He could speak our Hessen style and Bavarian style also. I admired him for this. But our foolish English teacher was thinking, that American people should speak his own style. I didn't like him for this. And this was the beginning of our friendship.

Mick invited me to go with him and his father to the greyhound races. I do not remember the names of their own greyhounds. But I perfectly remember the black poodle of Mick's family. She was a little bit old already. "Püppi" was her name and I had the impresssion that Püppi was Mick's real favourite.

A greyhound race needs a fell of a rabbit. And Mick had to lay out the long cord with the fell around the oval. For this he took an old "Zündapp" motorbike and, starting at the finish, he brought the fell to the start point, where the cages for the dogs were. And I could go with him on the back seat. I admired him!

The problem was the curve with the guiding roles for the cord. I still can feel the pain, when we crashed on that damned slippery grass... smile... It was a good time.

Mick liked to collect things. Nobody can imagine what the hell he collected all. Beer cans, music records, books, pieces of copper wires, glasses, music tapes and much more. What a pity, that at that time personal computers were still unknown. He could have needed one to register and order all. Sometimes we had to take cover, when his mother complained about this... and us... smile... It was a good time.

Mick liked to collect newspaper scraps. He had many pictures of one of his heroes, Sepp Meier. Mick had two heroes: his father George sen. and the goal-keeper of the Bavarian soccer club "FC Bayern München". His name was Sepp Meier. Sepp Meier was one of the world best goal keepers (maybe the best) at that time. He is still trainer for the current Bavarian goal keeper. Both, George sen. and Sepp Meier, were and are always symbols for Mick: have a dream, believe in this dream and work hard for the dream. And I agree in this, although I personally never liked soccer very much... smile... It was a good time.

Mick hates laziness, unreliability and falseness. We do not always have the same opinion (for example about politics), but we both think, that a given word should be sacred to us and that finally a written contract should be superfluous. Those who call themselves friends should behave like friends.

Friends will be friends.... one of the best songs of Freddy Mercury.

Music was part of all our live. Together with him I visited the AFN radio station in Frankfurt, which was the main information and news channel for the American Forces in Germany at that time. AFN was located beside a shopping center for members of the US Army only. Mick bought for me a dictionary, English – German. The main difference between such a dictionary and one you can buy in a German shop is, that the languages are in the reverse order. I was always envious, that gasoline and whiskey was so cheap compared to what we had to pay in Germany. One day, we already had a car, Mick brought me Jim Beam. Of course a cheap whiskey, but not only one bottle. I could have opened a shop! I did not know what to do with so much Jim Beam. I had promised not to sell it illegally. I decided to drink a little and use



the rest as an antifreeze for the front pane of my car.

Forgive me, Mick, but you should have seen the faces of the people going with me in my car, when I switched on the wipers..... It was a good time!

In the first time, the early eighties, I did not like Freddy Mercury very much. Mick was working for a concert agency. We only had two big concert agencies in Germany, Mama Concerts and Lippmann & Rau. At that time, Mick worked for Lippmann & Rau. One day he called me and asked if I would like to work as a member of the local crew during a QUEEN concert in Frankfurt. Mick never had a problem to get up early for these gigs, and this was somehow a wonder for me. I agreed.

We had to carry amplifiers, boxes and parts for the light show into the concert hall. I made my first mistake: I left a can of Coke on one of the amplifiers. I will never forget the lesson that followed: NEVER LEAVE A CAN ON AN APMLIFIER!

After the sound check, my job was to guard one of the Super Troopers, which was installed somewhere upstairs. WATCH OUT, THAT NOBODY TOUCHES THE SUPER TROOPER! they said to me. OK! I was sitting beside this floodlight. A little tired after 9 hours of work and a little bored. I wanted to inspect the Super Trooper. It was winter, maybe 5pm and therefore already dark outside.

I touched the Super Trooper cautiously with my hand. Believe me, I will never forget the next moment: THE COMPLETE CONCERT HALL WAS SUDDENLY DARK!!

NO LIGHT AT ALL!! You can imagine how I felt. I moved back to my seat, praying to god, that nobody had seen me. Thank God! After some minutes they found out, that one of the roadies had caused a short downstairs.

Today I admire Freddy Mercury for his music. He had a dream.

Together with Mick I worked for a lot of these gigs: Frank Zappa, Udo Lindenberg, Steve Hacket, John Denver, Elton John, Cheap Trick, Eloy, etc.
etc. I cannot count them. It was a good time.

There were also sad moments, especially, when Mick's father died. Mick really loved and admired him. I often met George sen. at Mick's home. He was a quiet man. I liked him.

One day he invited me and my girlfriend to a barbecue in the garden of their house. It was a nice sunday afternoon and seemd to become also a nice evening. My girlfriend however liked to watch thrillers in TV and just on this day, a special movie was announced for the evening. My girlfriend asked if she could watch TV in the living room for two hours. OF COURSE! However (Mick and me did not need to arrange things with each other) we explained to my girlfriend, that the TV of family Hirko was of course bought in the shopping center for US Army members and therefore had an automatical builtin translator so that all German movies were directly understandable by Americans. We needed some time, but using a very technical vocabulary, we finally could convince her. She was a little frustrated but decided to watch TV despite of this and to try to understand as much as possible. When the movie started, my girlfriend was really not amused... smile... but finally she forgave us and we married later... Mick was always good for jokes.

The time came when Mick left Germany. He asked me to keep some boxes for him in my cellar. Some boxes? Smile.... I guess there were about 25 boxes with private stuff. Did I forget to mention that Mick liked to collect things? The boxes are still here.

Dear Mick,

I am proud of you and of what you built up. You can leave the boxes here for additional 20 years. I gave you my word for this. You will not miss anything, nothing will disappear. Greet your mother. I will not forget the nice dinner with her in Bad Homburg, just before she left Germany. And greet all the rest of your family.

And I greet all of your T.E.A.M.

Your friend Uwe



Something Special Letter....Continued

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And I greet all of your T.E.A.M.

Your friend Uwe



We want you!

(your friends - and family too...)

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MAKE \$20/HOUR?!

It's that time of year again!!

**The Tempe Block party will be here before
you know it!**

(New Year's eve is automatically time and a half - min \$9/hr)

In addition, you will be paid an extra dollar per hour for EACH person
you bring with you!!

Translation?

10 friends = \$10/hour

25 friends = \$25/hour

This incentive will be paid at \$1/hour per friend, per hour THEY work.

The Fine Print: All persons brought will need go through orientation - they will need to be registered no later than 12/29/2006 for orientation on 12/30/2006. The standard referral bonus WILL still apply to everyone you bring that joins T.E.A.M.

(there is NO limit as to how many people you can bring!)



Mike SilvermanA Different Silent Night

This has been a fantastic year for me at T.E.A.M. working with everyone in the field at all the events. As the year winds down, and we prepare for the coming of the annual craziness that IS the Tempe Block Party, I would again like to thank everyone that I've had the pleasure of working with during the last year. We've had some easy events and we've had some that were a bit more difficult. But I can honestly say, I haven't had a single event where I didn't have a great time working with some GREAT people! Whether you celebrate Christmas, Chanukah, Kwanza, this is a time of year when emotions run from very, very high to very, very low. Remember that December is also National Dunk and Drugged Driving Prevention Month. Celebrate the season with family and friends and be safe. Designate a driver, BE a designated driver for someone else. Spend and cherish time with family. We sometimes get caught up in the rat race and forget how important they are to us.

For me, this will be the first holiday season without my daughter in 25 years. But I am proud of her and the job that she does with the U.S. Navy. Remember our Armed Forces service men and women who won't be here this holiday season. There are many websites and services which can send cards to them that won't cost a thing or gifts that are inexpensive but that will mean so much to those who receive them.

I wish you all, the joys of the season, and the love of family and friends and look forward to working with you all again at the events this month and all the

events still to come next year. Peace and be well.

Wizard



IT'S DA KINE, BRAU!

Lane Honda

Mele Kaliki-maka to all the brudahs and seestahs in TEAM! Wow, talk about a year that was on warp drive. A year ago Mick was asking me to consider taking the HR managers position and I was thinking, "Hmmm. I thought I was the one always breaking the rules?"

I want to take a minute to thank all the wonderful staff and wish everyone a very merry Christmas. Mick, thanks for the opportunity to learn, grow and work in a environment that tests, rewards and (sometimes) punishes the decisions we make. Marlies, Elizabeth, Deann. Thank you for the support during a very rough, difficult time. Taz, Robert, Mike, Jeff. You guys are all in the same rubber lifeboat. Don't play with knives. Bonnie, what were you thinking? Seriously, I'm glad you're back. Jeff and Dan. Wow, Keep plugging away. To all the new staff, Michelle, Andrew and last but certainly not least Lane, welcome to the team.

Lots of the old time folks have moved on. Lynda, I hope all works out well. T.J. and Marianne, Kathy, Jerry, Ron, Fred, Gary, Ray, Jer-

emy, wizard, robin, Cynthia, and a whole bunch of others. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I want to wish the best to the New Mexico Lobos (alma mater) for their bowl bid. (go lobos! Woof, woof, woof!). To the Sun Devils for getting into the Hawaii Bowl. Hmmm, 24 ranked Hawaii Warriors at home with the number one running back in the nation. This should be interesting. I still think the Fiesta Bowl should be played in a college stadium, not in a pro stadium.

Please keep in mind all the men and women in the military that are serving us in lands forgotten. I was one and remember the fun of holidays spent in a country that was foreign surrounded by people that didn't necessarily want us there. "...pass the gravy, SHIT, Incoming!!!"

Remember to keep it real and stay safe out there. Try to keep the holiday spirit with you as long as you can and see you guys at the next big event!



Michelle Korensky

It's December! That means there's snow in most of the country (just not here).

Are you all excited for New Year's yet? I know I am. This will be the first NYE I have spent away from my kids ever, and though that's hard, I have a very large group of friends and family here that will help me through it.

I don't know how you all feel about the past month, it's been crazy here in the office. If only you could truly see what it's like to watch chickens running around with their heads cut off. And I have such prime viewing back here with Bonsai in my office in the corner.

I have been working many more shifts than normal, and I have gained new appreciation for some of the shifts you all pull – nothing like guarding dirt to (not) help you keep from falling asleep in the middle of the night.

But that's okay, nothing a little pizza from Oregano's and hot chocolate can't fix!

Aerosmith was GREAT, Godsmack was a blast – the holidays are upon us, and it's like a Zamboni – unstoppable now that it's started!

It's always this time of year when I like to think about the changes in my life.

This year has been a busy one for me. I finished my first year of university and started my second. My oldest daughter started 1st grade, and my 5 year old is in Kindergarten. I made a cross country move, got married and started a new job with TEAM. I love my job, and I know I wouldn't without our guards.

Thank you again, for all of your support, kindness and love.

There's nothing like that warm fuzzy feeling of all the smiles and hugs I get from the field staff (and yes, the office staff too).

Come visit me, say hi, and send me your friends for a job!!! I hope you all have a wonderful holiday and I can't wait to see you all again on New Year's Eve!!!

**Different Christmas Poem**

The embers glowed softly, and in their dim light,
I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.

My wife was asleep, her head on my chest,
My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.

Outside the snow fell, a blanket of white,
Transforming the yard to a winter delight.

The sparkling lights in the tree I believe,
Completed the magic that was Christmas Eve.

My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,
Secure and surrounded by love I would sleep.

In perfect contentment, or so it would seem,
So I slumbered, perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,
But I opened my eyes when it tickled my ear.

Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know,
Then the

sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.

My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,
And I crept to the door just to see who was near.

Standing out in the cold and the dark of the night,
A lone figure stood, his face weary and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old,
Perhaps a Marine, huddled here in the cold.

Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,
Standing watch over me, and my wife and my child.

"What are you doing?" I asked without fear,
"Come in this moment, it's freezing out here!"

Put down your pack, brush the snow from your sleeve,
You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift,
Away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts..

To the window that danced with a warm fire's light
Then he sighed and he said "It's really all right,

I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night."

"It's my duty to stand at the front of the line,
That separates you from the darkest of times.

No one had to ask or beg or implore me,
I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me.

My Gramps died at 'Pearl on a day in December,"

Then he sighed, "That's a Christmas 'Gram always remembers."

My dad stood his watch in the jungles of 'Nam',



POST ORDERS

And now it is my turn and so,
 here I am.
 I've not seen my own son in more
 than a while,
 But my wife sends me pictures,
 he's sure got her smile.

Then he bent and he carefully
 pulled from his bag,
 The red, white, and blue... an
 American flag.

I can live through the cold and the
 being alone,
 Away from my family, my house
 and my home.

I can stand at my post through
 the rain and the sleet,
 I can sleep in a foxhole with little
 to eat.

I can carry the weight of killing
 another,
 Or lay down my life with my sister
 and brother..

Who stand at the front against
 any and all,
 To ensure for all time that this
 flag will not fall."

"So go back inside," he said,
 "harbor no fright,
 Your family is waiting and I'll be
 all right."

"But isn't there something I can
 do, at the least,
 "Give you money," I asked, "or
 prepare you a feast?"

It seems all too little for all that
 you've done,
 For being away from your wife
 and your son."

Then his eye welled a tear that
 held no regret,
 "Just tell us you love us, and
 never forget.

To fight for our rights back at
 home while we're gone,
 To stand your own watch, no
 matter how long.

For when we come home, either
 standing or dead,
 To know you remember we
 fought and we bled.

Is payment enough, and with that
 we will trust,
 That we mattered to you as you
 mattered to us."

As this season is in full gear,
 please take time to remember
 those of whom you do not know,
 for those will be the ones that will
 change your life..forever. TAZ

Richard Zahn

TAZ TOOLBOX

You never know when you will be
 reminded of how life has changed.
 Then we need to go change our
 life....

The following was written by Ben
 Stein and recited by him on CBS
 Sunday Morning Commentary,
 Sunday, 12/18/05.

Herewith at this happy time of year,
 a few confessions from my beating
 heart: I have no clue who Nick and
 Jessica are. I see them on the
 cover of People and Us constantly
 when I am buying my dog biscuits
 and kitty litter. I often ask the
 checkers at the grocery stores.
 They never know who Nick and
 Jessica are either. Who are they?
 Will it change my life if I know who
 they are and why they have broken
 up? Why are they so important?

I don't know who Lindsay Lohan is
 either, and I do not care at all about
 Tom Cruise's wife.

Am I going to be called before a
 Senate committee and asked if I
 am a subversive? Maybe, but I just
 have no clue who Nick and Jessica
 are

If this is what it means to be no
 longer young, it's not so bad.

Next confession:

I am a Jew, and every single one
 of my ancestors was Jewish. And
 it does not bother me even a little
 bit when people call those beauti-
 ful lit up, bejeweled trees Christ-
 mas trees. I don't feel threatened.
 I don't feel discriminated against.
 That's what they are: Christmas
 trees.

It doesn't bother me a bit when
 people say, "Merry Christmas" to
 me. I don't think they are slighting
 me or getting ready to put me in a
 ghetto.

In fact, I kind of like it. It shows
 that we are all brothers and sis-
 ters celebrating this happy time of
 year. It doesn't bother me at all
 that there is a manger scene on
 display at a key intersection near
 my beach house in Malibu. If peo-
 ple want a creche, it's just as fine
 with me as is the Menorah a few
 hundred yards away.

I don't like getting pushed around
 for being a Jew, and I don't think
 Christians like getting pushed
 around for being Christians. I
 think people who believe in God
 are sick and tired of getting
 pushed around, period. I have no
 idea where the concept came
 from that America is an explicitly
 atheist country. I can't find it in
 the Constitution, and I don't like it
 being shoved down my throat.

Or maybe I can put it another
 way: where did the idea come
 from that we should worship Nick
 and Jessica and we aren't al-
 lowed to worship God as we un-
 derstand Him?

I guess that's a sign that I'm get-



POST ORDERS

ting old, too.

But there are a lot of us who are wondering where Nick and Jessica came from and where the America we knew went to.

In light of the many jokes we send to one another for a laugh, this is a little different: This is not intended to be a joke; it's not funny, it's intended to get you thinking.

Billy Graham's daughter was interviewed on the Early Show and Jane Clayson asked her "How could God let something like this Happen?" (regarding Katrina)

Anne Graham gave an extremely profound and insightful response. She said, "I believe God is deeply saddened by this, just as we are, but for years we've been telling God to get out of our schools, to get out of our government and to get out of our lives.

And being the gentleman He is, I believe He has calmly backed out. How can we expect God to give us His blessing and His protection if we demand He leave us alone?"

In light of recent events...terrorists attack, school shootings, etc. I think it started when Madeleine Murray O'Hare (she was murdered, her body found recently) complained she didn't want prayer in our schools, and we said OK.

Then someone said you better not read the Bible in school. The Bible says thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, and love your neighbor as yourself. And we said OK.

Then Dr. Benjamin Spock said we shouldn't spank our children when they misbehave because their little personalities would be warped and

we might damage their self-esteem (Dr. Spock's son committed suicide). We said an expert should know what he's talking about. And we said OK.

Now we're asking ourselves why our children have no conscience, why they don't know right from wrong, and why it doesn't bother them to kill strangers, their classmates, and themselves.

Probably, if we think about it long and hard enough, we can figure it out.

I think it has a great deal to do with "WE REAP WHAT WE SOW."

Funny how simple it is for people to trash God and then wonder why the world's going to hell.

Funny how we believe what the newspapers say, but question what the Bible says.

Funny how you can send 'jokes' through e-mail and they spread like wildfire but when you start sending messages regarding the Lord, people think twice about sharing.

Funny how lewd, crude, vulgar and obscene articles pass freely through cyberspace, but public discussion of God is suppressed in the school and workplace.

Funny how we can be more worried about what other people think of us than what God thinks of us.

Someone once told me "People are to busy being busy"

..... a n d we wonder why we're in the shape we're in

Be safe out there TAZ

TAZBOX

There are things in life that make us laugh. Some of those things even make us think. When those things make us laugh and think, it becomes a life changing opportunity for you! Application and dedication are two things needed to incorporate a new part of YOU.....enjoy

Deep Thoughts For Those Who Take Life Way Too Seriously:

1. Save the whales - Collect the whole set.
2. A day without sunshine is like - Night.
3. On the other hand - you have different fingers
4. 42.7 percent of all statistics are made up on the spot.
5. 99 percent of lawyers give the rest a bad name.
6. Remember, half the people you know are below average.
7. He who laughs last thinks slowest.
8. Depression is merely anger without enthusiasm.
9. The early bird may get the worm - but the second mouse gets the cheese in the trap.
10. Support bacteria - They're the only culture some people have.
11. A clear conscience is usually

the sign of a bad memory.

12. Change is inevitable, except from vending machines.

13. If you think nobody cares, try missing a couple of payments.

14. How many of you believe in psycho-kinesis? Raise my hand.

15. OK, so what's the speed of dark?

16. When everything is coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.

17. Hard work pays off in the future - Laziness pays off now.

18. Every one has a photographic memory. Some just don't have film.

19. How much deeper would the ocean be without sponges?

20 Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines

21. What happens if you get scared half to death twice?

22. I couldn't repair your brakes, so I made your horn louder.

23. Why do psychics have to ask you for your name?

24. Inside every older person is a younger person wondering what happened

25. Just remember -- if the world didn't suck, we would all fall off.

26. Light travels faster than sound. That's why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.

27. Life isn't like a box of chocolates . . . it's more like a jar of jala-

penos. What you do today, might burn your butt tomorrow.

So, enjoy every moment of each day and make it count! Remember.....TAZ

TAZ THOUGHTS

"If we hold tightly to anything given to us, unwilling to let it go when the time comes to let it go or unwilling to allow it to be used as the Giver means it to be used, we stunt the growth of the soul."

Jeff Pallavicini

Time flies when you work for TEAM. It seems like every time it is time to write another newsletter another event gets lost. I wasn't even at this one and I am being blamed for riots, fires, lost principles. Why you may ask? Evidently because it was one of my minions that I trained supervising. You have to admit I trained him well...riots, fire, bottles being thrown, main band leaving. I guess you know you've done a good when Mick calls you at 1230 and leaves a message that all it says is: This shit has got to stop Pav!! I'm so proud of my minions. One thing I do want to say is that everybody that worked that night did an excellent job, no one got hurt, the stage stayed intact and everyone went home with a little more pride in how well we do our job.

So you all made it through Hell

weekend eh? For all you new people reading this for the first time, what did you think? Not to bad was it? I mean really what are 30 overnights for three days plus all the day shifts scattered from one end of the valley to the next? Look at it this way, at least we didn't have Tempe Music Fest , Gay Pride and Light Parade all at the same time this year. For you veterans, one more under our belts and ready to blow into New Years Block Party.

We are going to be doing a alcohol training class coming up in the next few weeks to get ready for Block Party. Right now I have a list of 50 people that I need to attend. I or our schedulers will be letting you know the night and time. It will be held in the Tempe PD Auditorium in Tempe on 5th street just east of Mill Av. This class is designed to help you recognize and understand the laws in dealing with ID's.

I'm running out of time for my deadline and most of that time was taken up dealing with Clear, cactus and dogma not to mention the ambiance of literature.....what??

Oh and if time allows which I hope it will, there will be the next supervisor training class coming up before the Block Party and, there will be a meeting of all key personnel pertaining to the Block Party. If your name is called you will be required to attend, there is no 'ifs', 'ands', or 'buts'.





POST ORDERS

Jeff Swanson

Finally, I can open the windows of my car and not feel like I'm opening the door of my oven. As many of you know, I'm not a big fan of our Arizona heat. This is the only time of year that I don't mind being outside. Funny thing about Arizona, just because it cools down for a couple of months, your body will still dehydrate easily. Keep this in mind while working those long shifts, even if you are working an overnight, and you can't feel your feet because it's a chilling 75 degrees outside, you still need to be drinking plenty of fluid. Don't let the weather fool you, as long as you are in Arizona, your body will appreciate a good drink.

As a reminder, New years is just around the corner and we are looking for that extra help! If you know anyone that might be interested in getting paid to have fun, possibly working with you, get them into the office.

Also, we are looking for extra help in the warehouse to help us prep for the big events. If you, or someone you know is interested in finding out what we do, stop in and ask. Dan and or I are usually in the warehouse mon-fri from 11am-5pm.

Last but not least, I've been working with TEAM for well over seven years now. Every year is a new adventure. I've seen allot of people come and go (and sometimes even come back). I've seen allot of changes with policies and procedures. I've seen 30 radios mate into 300 radios. I've seen our office turn from a walk-in closet to a stand alone building. I've seen some amazing events, and met

some incredible people. I've seen kids turn into adults. I've seen friends turn into spouses. I've seen the Hirko mobile turn from a beat up old van, to a shinny black yukon. But do you know what the coolest thing I have seen since I've been here? I've seen the look on your face after you worked a really cool shift. There are not to many places that you can work a long hard day, and walk away with that look of having one of the best days of your life. For the few of you that do not know what I'm talking about, give it a little time and don't forget to show a little pride, you'll soon know what I'm babbling about.

Stay safe out there,
Jeff

Robert Russell

Hay All,

Well, I hope everyone got plenty to eat, I know that I did.

Arts Fest will be over by the time this comes out, so I want to thank everyone for all your hard work.

So now it's time to hit the Block Party hard, don't forget you can make a lot of money all you have to do is get your friends to work, call Michelle for info.

Well the cold weather is coming so as a little reminded T.E.A.M. WHITE Jackets must be worn and if you don't have your T.E.A.M. shirt on underneath, it must be buttoned up.

Christmas is just a few weeks away. let's not forget our men

and women that are not with their families; there are so many in need. If you do nothing else-say a prayer for them.

REDNECK WORD OF THE MONTH

let-tuce (let'-es) to suggest allowance of a specified action by a group.

"Oh Lord, I swear I will never play chicken again if you just please LETTUCE survive this!"

Stay Safe and I'll see you out there

Robert

Deann Barker

Merry Christmas to everyone in TEAM land!! I hope you all are having a happy holiday season and are getting to spend as much time as possible with your loved ones. I have another reason to celebrate December. Happy Anniversary Chris, I love you.

It's now approximately 3 weeks until New Year's Eve. Have you all made plans to work? Not only will we have the Tempe block party to cover but we will also have our regular STO accounts as well as other special events. We need **EVERYONE** to work. Oh...in case you've forgotten; New Year's Eve is a blackout date. Mmmm.....let me rephrase that. It is THE biggest blackout date we have all year. It's also a time to make some extra money. Didn't you know? New Year's Eve is automatic time and a half. If you make \$6 an hour, you'll make \$9 an hour on NYE. Talk to Michelle or Elizabeth about how to make even more money

that night. They can explain it much better than me.

I guess that's about it for this month; Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I'll see you at Block Party or one of our other NYE events.

Deann

A Little Bit of Humor...

According to the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, while both male and female reindeer grow antlers in the summer each year, male reindeer drop their antlers at the beginning of winter, usually late November to mid December. Female reindeer retain their antlers till after they give birth in the spring. Therefore, according to every historical rendition depicting Santa's reindeer, every single one of them, from Rudolph to Blitzen - had to be a female. We should've known. Only women would be able to drag a fat man in a red velvet suit all around the world in one night and not get lost.

Elizabeth Gill

If I were ever to have children, wait- scratch that, if I were ever to borrow someone's children, it would be at Christmas time. There is such amazement to be found in a child simple wonder and joy. Oh sure, there is the greedy aspect of "yippee, presents for me!" But that in itself is enough to make one smile. And let's be honest—we all want them to be for us. Children have this gift, an innocence, such that regardless of their circumstances,

allows them to have such faith in the imagination of the season. Much to the frustration of my co-workers, I try very hard never to lose that wonder. I think if you lose the simple beauty of a flower for the sake of a garden, you lose part of what makes people unique. Yes, it results in some child-like behavior; but laughter and happiness are never overrated. Things could always be worse, and I think it is important to celebrate that they are not, especially when you work with "worst-case Pav." Besides, most things, at the root, are actually quite funny.

So, at this time of the year, I like to imagine that I don't live in the desert, that the 8 tiny scorpions are really 8 tiny little poisonous reindeer, and hope Santa doesn't land with a butt-full of cactus thorns.

I am grateful for many things this year. My parents are happy and healthy enough to come down and annoy me. My (wonderful) boyfriend doesn't care when I have to work late because he has the new LEGO star wars video game. My dog is still alive and the best choice I ever made. That is a miracle unto itself, as those of you know. My bestest is happy, and her family is growing. I have met so many crazy new people, and started friendships with some people who have become terribly important to me, and am still lucky enough to have some of the world's greatest people back home who for some reason, love me back.

It's been a year since I moved down here. I still miss home fiercely, painfully at times although time is the gentlest balm. I am learning to like it down here. Or at least handle it for several more years. -Peace



A Dog's New Year Resolutions

I will stop trying to find the few remaining clean pieces of carpet in the house when I am about to throw up.

I will not roll on dead seagulls, fish, crabs, etc.

I will not eat other animals' poop.

I will not lick my human's face after eating animal poop.

I will not eat my own vomit.

I will not eat "kitty box crunchies".

I will not eat any more socks and then re-deposit them in the backyard after processing.

The diaper pail is not a cookie jar. I will not eat the disposable diapers, especially the dirty ones.

I will not chew my human's toothbrush and not tell them.

I will not chew crayons or pens, specially not the red ones, or my people will think I am hemorrhaging.

When in the car, I will not insist on having the window rolled down when it's raining outside.

I will not drop soggy tennis balls in the underwear of someone who is sitting on the toilet.

I will not bark each time I hear a door bell on TV.

I will not walk under the big dog when he is peeing.

I will not play tug-o'-war with Dad's underwear when he's on the toilet.

The sofa is not a face towel. Neither are Mom & Dad's laps.

My head does not belong in the refrigerator.

I will not bite the officer's hand when he reaches in for Mom's driver's license and car registration.

I do not need to suddenly stand straight up when I'm lying under the coffee table.

I will not roll my toys behind the fridge. The garbage collector is NOT stealing our stuff.

I must shake the rainwater out of my fur BEFORE entering the house.



Mick Hirko

I sometimes sit here, as it is time for me to write my newsletter and ask myself why it is so hard for me to know what to write. For crying out loud, I do have a college degree in journalism, after all. Now that I know that Arizona is the dumbest State in the U.S., it makes a bit more sense. But still I wonder: Am I stupid because I moved here, or did I move here because I am stupid, or am I stupid because I stayed, or did I become stupid from being here? At least I know why I have nothing to write about - I'm stupid. Just read the newspaper. If it says so in the newspaper it must be true, right. Well, we believe all the crap about Iraq we read in the paper. Again, is that because we are stupid? Why don't you ask a soldier that is returning from Iraq. Don't believe everything you read. (Unless it is in T.E.A.M. Cents, of course)

I recently was a social event, and there was a Marine there with his wife. I walked up to him, and asked if he was a Marine. He smiled and nodded. I shook his hand and said: "Thank you for what you are doing". He smiled again and responded: "Thanks. It's nothing". I shook my head and told him: "No, it's everything". I meant that, and I know it meant something to him. To me, soldiers, marines, sailors, airmen, police officers, firefighters and paramedics are heroes. Every other "hero" is just an overpaid, spoiled, egotistical bozo. They get paid millions for what kids do for free and for fun. Our sense of values is just wrong, plain wrong. I hope it is just in Arizona, because we have an excuse. We are stupid. Just ask the press. They will tell you.

In the last couple of months I have attended the funeral of two police officers. One was a good friend. Both were good people. Please do me a favor. In the coming days, in the time we celebrate the Christmas Holidays, to some the birth of Christ, to others

the celebration of family and love, or to whatever this time of year means to you - Please bow your head and say a prayer to protect and save the lives of our members of the military, our police officers and fire fighters, so that no family shall suffer such pain at a time of giving and love. May all your wishes come true, and may love fill your hearts. Remember the meaning of Christmas, and may the ACLU kiss my ass for telling anyone how they can celebrate the holidays.

Speaking of celebration - Mick Treadwell is throwing the second annual Industry Christmas Party, to be held at Martini Ranch in Scottsdale on December 19th at 1900. This is all of our Christmas Party, and expect to see everyone from other security companies, staging, production, runners, anyone having to do with the crazy business called Rock and Roll to be there. There will be drink specials all night long, food, live music, and lots of fun. For those under 21, let Lane, our receptionist know you want to attend, because there are plans in the works so that you can party like a rock star, too.

Block Party is almost upon us. Remember to bring all your friends and family in for orientation, and make big \$\$\$. I look forward to seeing you all out there. Keep the Peace, Happy Holidays and Merry Christmas, Hanukkah, Kwanza. May Allah bring peace to your life and your angry souls. Peace to all men.

Mick Hirko
President
T.E.A.M. Security
www.teamsecurity.net

