



JUL - SEP 2009

Issue #23

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From the Desk of
DeeDee Reno
Editor & Navy Mom

If you have been listening to the podcasts this summer you know that our youngest son, Johnathan, graduated High School in June. Summer was busy with camping trips to Sleeping Bear Sand Dunes, a trip to visit Da-Chief and his fabulous family, a party for friends and family to wish John luck in the Navy, a trip to the Michigan Renaissance Festival and then John went off to US Navy boot camp on 9 Sept. You can just imagine how messed up my emotions have been.... let's put it this way, it doesn't take much to make me cry and I am not a weepy person.

Just before Labor Day (9/3/09) HM3 Benjamin Castiglione was killed in Afghanistan. His Uncle Joe Petre was the one who came on the site and broke the news of his passing. Darrell and Tony worked fast and were able to do an online memorial for "Doc Stiggy" that night and from what I hear there were several family members in attendance when it was taped. In 2006, when Dan joined the Navy as a corpsman, I made a promise that if a corpsman from our area were killed that I would do everything within my power to go pay my respects to the family of that corpsman. Ben was from the same area where both of my parents grew up, so it wasn't far from my home to his. We didn't know when services would be but I was already planning to attend (as long as it wasn't the same day as Johnathan left for boot camp) As fate would have it, the services for Ben were scheduled for the day after Johnathan left. The plan was to stay in the background and quietly pay my respects. This was not to be the case, Darrell and Tony knew I was going to be there and they let Joe know and it was requested that I introduce myself to him. It was an emotional event from the time I arrived and drove up the driveway of the funeral home with Patriot Guard Riders and Rolling Thunder lining the drive with flags. When I parked, I called Darrell and cried. All I can think about is how do I go in and approach a complete stranger and tell him, I'm DeeDee from Corpsman.com. Darrell was so supportive, he knew how hard this was for me. He told me I would

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be fine and make everyone proud. So, in I went. When I saw the flag-draped casket, it really hit me hard. The tears were at the brink again. I found one of the escorts and asked him to help me find Joe Petre, it just happened that at that very moment Jennifer Petre (Joe's wife) was passing by, I told her who I was and was immediately enveloped in the arms of this woman who had never met me, wouldn't know me if she passed me on the street, but here she was hugging me like I was a long lost member of the family. She took me to Joe, who hugged me

and told me how much my being there meant to all of them. I was introduced to Ben's mother, Carrie, and too many of Ben's family to remember all their names. But they are all etched in my memory. I have never been hugged by so many people who have never met me, I hugged back and cried with them. [It's a good thing I come from a "huggy" family, or I might have run for the hills] The love and kindness I received from his family is something I will never forget.

I heard great stories about Ben from his family and from his fellow Corpsman, who traveled from Camp Lejeune to be with his family during this time. I know that I would have liked Ben if I had been given the opportunity to know him. I have never had so many people thank me for what we do on Corpsman.com.

This was my first time at a service where military honors were rendered. I didn't stay with Joe and his family. This is just too personal a time for a complete stranger to be hanging around. So, I stood behind the Patriot Guard/Rolling Thunder flag line. I cried, not only for Ben, but for his family and friends. It was beautiful and heartbreaking to be there. I can't even begin to explain how this part of the service made me feel. But I do remember afterward, one of the boys saying to me; "This is all we have left of him." referring to the folded flag that had been presented to them. All I could do was hug him and let him cry.

I was invited to join family and friends for dinner following the services, I considered not going, but Joe basically said I had to go - so I went. I'm glad I did. Ben's family is incredible, I am honored that they allowed me into their family.

I have had a really hard time writing this but wanted to share my experience with all of you. I am very proud of my sons, it takes a lot of courage to enlist and serve, especially during these times. But, I worry too, Dan leaves on a MEU in January, who knows where they will send them and what situations they will be in.

Johnathan is just about half done with boot camp. His PIR date is 6 November, of course we will be at Great Lakes, in the stands just like we were when Dan graduated 3 years ago. Darrell and the rest of the Crone family will be there with us to congratulate John, as will another member of the Corpsman.com family, IDCWife, who I am looking forward to meeting. Then he is off to South Carolina to learn to be a "Nuke".

I am adjusting to our "empty-nest", sometimes it seems like he just left and others it seems like it has been an eternity since we last saw him. But you can count on this..... I am one proud Navy Mom.

Thanks for letting me share this with you.

DeeDee Reno

Editor, Scuttlebutt News

Rant from Da-Chief by HMC Darrell Crone (Ret.)

DA-CHIEFETTE'S NOT-SUCH-A-RANT

Your crusty-old-Chief-friend is spread a little thin, and so he has asked me to do his rant for the month. *Rant?* I asked. I am not exactly sure what the audience is looking for here. Should I drop a few F-bombs? How many times do you think I should say “FUBAR” and “Goatrobe?”

Well, let's get one outta the way right now: The VA's boondoggle with the Post-911 GI Bill: FUBAR, damn it. We know first-hand about that. Gratefully, when the Administration finally came around to handing out checks to cover the (way) past due payments, Darrell did not encounter too much difficulty cashing it. However, many veterans are now holding checks that they can't cash. And they knew this was a potential problem because they sent us with letters explaining the condition of the checks to the banks! Obviously, the letters aren't cutting it. WTF? What JO-JO is running things over there, anyway?

Back here on planet Earth, things are rolling along... Little Johnny Reno is in our backyard learning how to be a sailor. Whenever I read a Facebook update from his Mom—our pal, the sweetheart of Corpsman.com, DeeDee Reno—I think about what he is doing, remember doing it myself... I remember how, there, everything had a *right* way, and every task was imperative. While it was painful letting go of so many aspects of myself to complete the mission, there was purpose, and safety from confusion. I remember marching with my division as the AROC, saluting the Admiral, feeling as though we could do anything. Now, some of my shipmates are gone, having grown up in their careers into places without a right way, without safety, having grown into places we could never have seen coming.

I look forward to seeing Johnathan march. I am stocking up on facial tissue, and planning to kiss his cheeks until they burn bright red. Before this, he was already a kind, bright, trustworthy young man. Now he is a kind, bright, trustworthy servant of this country. I ache for him, and for all his shipmates, as they bravely step forward without knowing where they are going. I pray they will grow into the safest, warmest, best places in their careers.

Sigh.

Hmmm... What else? Oh—F-Bomb, F-Bomb, F-Bomb.

Happy Autumn!

Da-Chief's Best Girl

Band-Aids for the Corpsman/Medics Soul

from
Doc Pardue

I heard a song the other day that really got my attention as I am dealing with a situation with one of my children. This month's message is about learning how to deal with the fear we sometimes face in life when things happen to us and we are afraid of the outcome for either ourselves or someone else that we love.

There are times in my life that I do become afraid of what is happening when things go wrong or at least differently than what I expected. I think fear is a normal reaction to the things that happen to us negatively. It could be sickness, loss of relationship, a job loss, being overwhelmed by debt, dealing with a death of a loved one, to having cancer. Life happens to us. I have heard before, it doesn't matter what happens to us, but it is how we handle it that counts. There is much truth to that.

I heard a story once of a teen age girl who was in her senior year in high school. When she was very small she had leukemia and undergone chemotherapy. She lost all of her hair from the time she was 8-13 her hair was gone. One day in her freshman year her results came back that she was in remission and her hair finally began to grow again. She had gotten a boy friend and he had asked her to go to the Prom with him. Two months before the Prom her blood test came back that the cancer had returned and she had to go through chemotherapy again. She was talking to her pastor and was crying and he asked what was wrong. She told him for the first time in her life she had hair and was so proud of it and she had brought her dress for the Prom and now she would have to lose her hair again just before Prom.

There was a knock at the door and when the pastor opened the door there stood her boyfriend with a red rose and a shaved head...he told her to come to the window and she looked out and saw the entire football, basketball, track teams, the Principal, and several of her teachers had shaved their heads and held up a sign that said "WE LOVE YOU AND SUPPORT YOU". She was taken back by the love shown to her by her boyfriend, all her friends, and teachers from school. She looked at her Pastor with tears and said I do feel the presence of God in my life, He loves me very much.

May you come to know that God truly loves and cares about you...

Kerry Pardue

National Chaplain, Medics & Corpsmen 2008-2010

<http://www.medics-corpsmen.org/>

<http://www.kerrypardue247.com/Index.html>

The song goes like this:

Praise You In This Storm

by Bernie Herms and Mark Hall

Verse 1

I was sure by now; God You would have reached down
And wiped our tears away, Stepped in and saved the day
But once again I'll say Amen, And it's still rainin'

(pre chorus)

**As the thunder rolls, I barely hear You whisper
Through the rain, I'm with You
And as Your mercy falls, I'll raise my hands
And praise the God who gives, And takes away**

Chorus 1

**And I'll praise You in this storm, And I will lift my hands
For you are who You are, No matter where I am
And every tear I've cried, You hold in Your hand
You never left my side, And though my heart is torn
I will praise You in this storm**

Verse 2

I remember when, I stumbled in the wind
You heard my cry to You, And raised me up again
But my strength is almost gone, How can I carry on
If I can't find You.

Bridge

**I lift my eyes unto the hills
Where does my help come from
My help comes from the Lord
The Maker of heaven and earth.**

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Received from Kerry Pardue (Doc_Pardue) - well worth sharing.

I received the following e-Mail and felt that this needed to be passed on to you - hope you do the same. For those who are unaware, at a Military theater, the National Anthem is played before every movie. Now read this e-Mail:

THE MUSIC STOPPED

This is written from a Chaplain in Iraq :

I recently attended a showing of 'Superman 3' here at LSA Anaconda. We have a large auditorium we use for movies, as well as memorial services and other large gatherings. As is the custom back in the States, we stood and snapped to attention when the National Anthem began before the main feature. All was going as planned until about three-quarters of the way through The National Anthem the music stopped.

Now, what would happen if this occurred with 1,000 18-22 year-olds back in the States? I imagine there would be hoots, catcalls, laughter, a few rude comments; and everyone would sit down and call for a movie. Of course, that is, if they had stood for the National Anthem in the first place.

Here, the 1,000 Soldiers continued to stand at attention, eyes fixed forward. The music started again. The Soldiers continued to quietly stand at attention. And again, at the same point, the music stopped. What would you expect to happen? Even here I would imagine laughter, as everyone finally sat down and expected the movie to start.

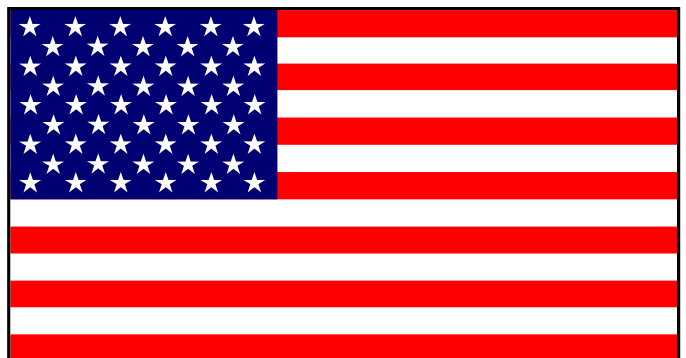
But here, you could have heard a pin drop. Every Soldier continued to stand at attention. Suddenly there was a lone voice, then a dozen, and quickly the room was filled with the voices of a thousand soldiers, finishing where the recording left off:

"And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

It was the most inspiring moment I have had here in Iraq . I wanted you to know what kind of Soldiers are serving you here. Remember them as they fight for you!

Pass this along as a reminder to others to be ever in prayer for all our soldiers serving us here at home and abroad. For many have already paid the ultimate price..

**Written by Chaplain Jim Higgins
LSA Anaconda is at the Ballad Airport in Iraq,
north of Baghdad .**



The Collection Plate

Here is a true story about a nine year old boy who lived in a rural town in Tennessee. His house was in a poor area of the community. A church had a bus ministry that came knocking on his door one afternoon..

The kid came to answer the door and greeted the bus pastor..

The bus pastor asked if his parents were home and the small boy told him that his parents take off every weekend and leave him at home to take care of his little brother. The bus pastor couldn't believe what he kid said and asked him to repeat it. The youngster gave the same answer and the bus pastor asked to come in and talk with him. They went into the living room and sat down on an old couch with the foam and springs exposed.

The bus pastor asked the kid, 'Where do you go to church? The young boy surprised the visitor by replying, 'I've never been to church in my whole life.' The bus pastor thought to himself about the fact that his church was less than three miles from the child's house. 'Are you sure you have never been to church?' he asked again... 'I sure haven't', came his answer.

Then the bus pastor said, Well, son, more important than going to church, have you ever heard the greatest love story ever told?' and then he proceeded to share the Gospel with this little nine year old boy. The young lad's heart began to be tenderized and at the end of the bus pastor's story the bus pastor asked if the boy wanted to receive this free gift from God.

The youngster exclaimed, 'You bet!' The kid and the bus pastor got on their knees and the lad invited Jesus into his little heart and received the free gift of salvation. They both stood up and the bus pastor asked if he could pick the kid up for church the next morning. 'Sure,' the nine old replied.

The bus pastor got to the house early the next Morning and found the lights off. He let himself in and snaked his way through the house and found the little boy asleep in his bed. He woke up the little boy and his brother and helped get them dressed. They got on the bus and ate a donut for breakfast on their way to church. Keep in mind that this boy had never been to church before. The church was a real big one. The little kid just sat there, clueless of what was going on.

A few minutes into the service these tall unhappy guys walked down to the front and picked up some wooden plates. One of the men prayed and the kid with utter fascination watched them walk up and down the aisles. He still didn't know what was going on.

All of a sudden like a bolt of lightning it hit the kid what was taking place.. These people must be giving money to Jesus. He then reflected on the free gift of life he had received just twenty-four hours earlier. He immediately searched his pockets, front and back, and couldn't find a thing to give Jesus. By this time the offering plate was being passed down his aisle and with a broken heart he just grabbed the plate and held on to it. He finally let go and watched it pass on down the aisle. He turned round to see it passed down the aisle behind him. And then his eyes remained glued on the plate as it was passed back and forth, back and forth all the way to the rear of the sanctuary. Then he had an idea. This little nine year old boy, in front of God and everybody, got up out of his seat. He walked about eight rows back, grabbed the usher by the coat and asked to hold the plate one more time. Then he did the most astounding thing I have ever heard of. He took the plate, sat it on the carpeted church floor and stepped into the center of it. As he stood there, he lifted his little head up and said, 'Jesus, I don't have anything to give you today, but just me. I give you me!'

This is a simple story that God doesn't ask for much in return for the gift of eternal life He has given to us...how much have you given back? I don't expect an answer from anyone but just think about what have you given back.



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I have read an article about six degrees of separation. We are no more than six people away from knowing or being in a persons life...I have often wondered about the reasons people are there at the time that they are...and come to the following conclusion...this conclusion brings much joy to my heart and mind...

People come into your life for a reason, a season or a lifetime.

When you know which one it is, you will know what to do for that person.

When someone is in your life for a REASON, it is usually to meet a need you have expressed.

They have come to assist you through a difficulty, to provide you with guidance and support,

To aid you physically, emotionally or spiritually.

They may seem like a godsend and they are.

They are there for the reason you need them to be.

Then, without any wrongdoing on your part or at an inconvenient time, this person will say or do something to bring the relationship to an end.

Sometimes they die. Sometimes they walk away....

Sometimes they act up and force you to take a stand.

What we must realize is that our need has been met, our desire fulfilled, their work is done.

The prayer you sent up has been answered and now it is time to move on.

Some people come into your life for a SEASON, because your turn has come to share, grow or learn.

They bring you an experience of peace or make you laugh.

They may teach you something you have never done.

They usually give you an unbelievable amount of joy.

Believe it, it is real. But only for a season.

LIFETIME relationships teach you lifetime lessons, things you must build upon in order to have a solid emotional foundation.

Your job is to accept the lesson, love the person and put what you have learned to use in all other relationships and areas of your life.

It is said that love is blind but friendship is clairvoyant.

Thank you for being a part of my life, whether you were a reason, a season or a lifetime.

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CHAPLAINS MESSAGE - From Doc_Pardue

This month's message is a bit different, it is a story, written by someone else. As I read it something stirred within my heart and by the time I finished reading it I knew that this is what I would be putting in this month's newsletter....

Just remember you are somebody special and are loved very much...

THE LETTER

They told me the big black Lab's name was Reggie. I looked at him lying in his pen at the no-kill shelter. The place was clean and the people seemed really friendly.

I'd only been in the area for six months, but everywhere I went in the small college town, people were welcoming and open. Everyone waves when you pass them on the street.

But something was still missing as I attempted to settle in to my new life here and I thought a dog couldn't hurt. Give me someone to talk to. And I had just seen Reggie's advertisement on the local news. The shelter said they had received numerous calls right after, but they said the people who had come down to see him just didn't look like "Lab people," whatever that meant. They must've thought I did. But at first, I thought the shelter had misjudged me in giving me Reggie and his belongings. His stuff consisted of a dog pad, and bag of brand new tennis balls, his dishes and a sealed letter from his previous owner. You see, Reggie and I didn't really hit it off when we got home. We struggled for two weeks, which is how long the shelter told me to give him to adjust to his new home. Maybe it was the fact that I was trying to adjust, too. Maybe we were too much alike.

For some reason, his stuff (except for two tennis balls always stuffed in his mouth) got tossed in with all of my other unpacked boxes. I guess I didn't really think he'd need all his old things. I would get him some new stuff once he settled in, but it became pretty clear that he wasn't going to. I tried the normal commands the shelter told me he knew -- like "sit" and "stay" and "come" and "heel," and he'd follow them when he felt like it. He never really seemed to listen when I called his name. Oh, he'd look in my direction after the fourth or fifth time I said it, but then he'd just go back to doing whatever. When I'd ask again, you could almost see him sigh and then grudgingly obey.

This just wasn't going to work. He chewed a couple shoes and some unpacked boxes. I was a little too stern with him and he resented it, I could tell. The friction got so bad that I couldn't wait for the two weeks to be up, and when it was, I was on search mode for my cell phone amid all of my unpacked stuff. I remembered leaving it on the stack of boxes for the guest room, but I also mumbled, rather cynically, that the "damn dog probably hid it on me."

Finally I found it, but before I could punch up the shelter's number, I also found his pad and other toys from the shelter. I tossed the pad in Reggie's direction and he snuffed it and wagged, some of the most enthusiasm I'd seen since bringing him home.

But then I called, "Hey, Reggie, you like that? Come here and I'll give you a treat." Instead, he sort of glanced in my direction -- maybe "glared" is more accurate -- and then gave a discontented sigh and flopped down with his back to me.

Well, that's not going to do it either, I thought. And I punched the shelter phone number.

But I hung up when I saw the sealed envelope. I had completely forgotten about that, too.

"Okay, Reggie," I said out loud, "let's see if your previous owner has any advice."

To Whomever Gets My Dog:

Well, I can't say that I'm happy you're reading this, a letter I told the shelter could only be opened by Reggie's new owner.

I'm not even happy writing it. If you're reading this, it means I just got back from my last car ride with my

Lab after dropping him off at the shelter. He knew something was different. I have packed up his pad and toys before and set them by the back door before a trip, but this time it's like he knew something was wrong. And something is wrong -- which is why I have to go to try to make it right.

So let me tell you about my Lab in the hopes that it will help you bond with him and he with you.

First, he loves tennis balls. The more the merrier. Sometimes I think he's part squirrel, the way he hoards them. He usually always has two in his mouth, and he tries to get a third in there. Hasn't done it yet. Doesn't matter where you throw them, he'll bound after it, so be careful. Don't do it by any roads. I made that mistake once, and it almost cost him dearly.

Next, commands: Maybe the shelter staff already told you, but I'll go over them again: Reggie knows the obvious ones like "sit," "stay," "come," "heel." He knows hand signals such as "back" to turn around and go back when you put your hand straight up, and "over" if you put your hand out right or left. "Shake" for shaking water off, and "paw" for a high-five. He does "down" when he feels like lying down. I bet you could work on that with him some more. He knows "ball" and "food" and "bone" and "treat" like nobody's business. I trained Reggie with small food treats. Nothing opens his ears like little pieces of hot dog. Feeding schedule: Twice a day, once about seven in the morning, and again at six in the evening. Regular store-bought stuff, the shelter has the brand.

He's up on his shots. Call the clinic on 9th Street and update his info with yours. They'll make sure to send you reminders for when he's due. Be forewarned. Reggie hates the vet. Good luck getting him in the car. I don't know how he knows when it's time to go to the vet, but he knows.

Finally, give him some time. I've never been married, so it's only been Reggie and me for his whole life. He's gone everywhere with me, so please include him on your daily car rides if you can. He sits well in the backseat, and he doesn't bark or complain. He just loves to be around people, and me most especially.

Which means that this transition is going to be hard, with him going to live with someone new.

And that's why I need to share one more bit of info with you ...

His name's not Reggie.

I don't know what made me do it, but when I dropped him off at the shelter, I told them his name was Reggie. He's a smart dog, he'll get used to it and will respond to it, of that I have no doubt. but I just couldn't bear to give them his real name. For me to do that, it seemed so final, that handing him over to the shelter was as good as me admitting that I'd never see him again. And if I end up coming back, getting him, and tearing up this letter, it means everything's fine. But if someone else is reading it, well... well it means that his new owner should know his real name. It'll help you bond with him. Who knows, maybe you'll even notice a change in his demeanor if he's been giving you problems.

His real name is Tank. Because that is what I drive.

Again, if you're reading this and you're from the area, maybe my name has been on the news. I told the shelter that they couldn't make "Reggie" available for adoption until they received word from my company commander.

See, my parents are gone, I have no siblings, no one I could've left Tank with. My only request of the Army upon my deployment to Iraq was that they would make one phone call to the shelter ... in the "event" ... to tell them that Tank could be put up for adoption. Luckily, my colonel is a dog guy, too, and he knew where my platoon was headed. He said he'd do it personally. And if you're reading this, then he made good on his word.

Well, this letter is getting to downright depressing, even though, frankly, I'm just writing it for my dog. I couldn't imagine if I was writing it for a wife and kids and family. but still, Tank has been my family for the last six years, almost as long as the Army has been my family.

And now I hope and pray that you make him part of your family and that he will adjust and come to love you the same way he loved me.

That unconditional love from a dog is what I took with me to Iraq as an inspiration to do something selfless, to protect innocent people from those who would do terrible things ... and to keep those terrible people from coming over here. If I had to give up Tank in order to do it, I am glad to have done so. He was my example of service and of love. I hope I honored him by my service to my country and comrades.

All right, that's enough. I deploy this evening and have to drop this letter off at the shelter. I don't think I'll say another good-bye to Tank, though. I cried too much the first time. Maybe I'll peek in on him and see if he finally got that third tennis ball in his mouth.

Good luck with Tank. Give him a good home, and give him an extra kiss goodnight -- every night -- from me.

Thank you, Paul

Bits and Pieces

0311_Doc sent this to me to pass on to our readers :)

GOOD STUFF... OORAH & Semper Fidelis

This happened over a year ago, but it doesn't change the facts and it deserves our attention!

Thought you might like this

Subj: Armed Forces Center-MSP (2/12 medical incident)

Good morning Lt. Col. Conner & 1st LT. Peterson,

I hope you read this after you've had some much needed leave time. I wanted to brief you on the medical situation involving four corpsman at the MSP airport, on 2/12/08, during a stop over from Iraq, en route to Camp Pendleton, CA.

Around 6:00 PM, approximately 100 Marines (with 1 BN/1 Marines) were exiting through the F.I.S. area, on their way to baggage claim for a smoke. About the same time, a sixty-three year old female passenger from NWA #55, was waiting in the US Customs line (with her family) when she passed out.

All of a sudden, a male voice yelled "CORPSMAN"... and four Navy doc's came running. When they saw the lying woman on the floor, the "docs" went into action ... they cared for her as if she were a fallen comrade. Corpsman Douglas called out the procedures, while they all worked on her (with the assistance of Airport Police). Even though the woman had vomited everywhere, the doc's didn't hesitate to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation (without the plastic cover used by paramedics), perform chest compressions and use the defibrillator.

We always hear about the heroic actions of the medics and doc's in a combat zone ... but, to witness them in action (on a passenger in an airport) is simply amazing. Everyone in the immediate area from the US Customs agents to the NWA employees, were very impressed with the speed and quality of care provided by the navy corpsmen listed below, on the last leg of their long journey home.

It wasn't until after the paramedics arrived, the doc's were able to clean up. Unfortunately, we were only able to provide them with basic toiletries (tooth brush, toothpaste, mouth wash, etc.) since, the Marines were limited to the NWA G6 gate area. However, I took the liberty of collecting their contact information and forwarded it to all concerned at MSP, to help ensure they are acknowledged for their "continued" service to our country.

If you need additional information please let me know -- the airport police and US customs documented the aforementioned situation.

HN3 Kwesi Douglas

HN Eli Hernandez

HN Mathew Lynch

HN Johnathon Sirlin

In gratitude,

Debra Cain

Executive Director

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PS. Upon leaving Corpsman Lynch inquired about the status of the woman they assisted. If the outcome is not positive, I've asked that the information be withheld from him (they have enough to deal with).

You may have read this before, if so read it again, it is a reminder that many seem to forget as they go about their daily lives, but remember that someone you know, or knew, gave each and everyone of us, the ability to even be able to read this email.

The Classroom

A lesson that should be taught in all schools . . . and colleges!

Back in September of 2005, on the first day of school, Martha Cothren, a social studies school teacher at Robinson High School in Little Rock, did something not to be forgotten. On the first day of school, with the permission of the school superintendent, the principal and the building supervisor, she removed all of the desks out of her classroom.

When the first period kids entered the room they discovered that there were no desks. 'Ms. Cothren, where're our desks?' She replied, 'You can't have a desk until you tell me how you earn the right to sit at a desk.'

They thought, 'Well, maybe it's our grades.'
'No,' she said.
'Maybe it's our behavior.'
She told them, 'No, it's not even your behavior..'

And so, they came and went, the first period, second period, third period. Still no desks in the classroom.

By early afternoon television news crews had started gathering in Ms. Cothren's classroom to report about this crazy teacher who had taken all the desks out of her room.

The final period of the day came and as the puzzled students found seats on the floor of the desk-less classroom, Martha Cothren said, 'Throughout the day no one has been able to tell me just what he/she has done to earn the right to sit at the desks that are ordinarily found in this classroom. Now I am going to tell you.'

At this point, Martha Cothren went over to the door of her classroom and opened it.

Twenty-seven (27) U.S. Veterans, all in uniforms, walked into that classroom, each one carrying a school desk. The Vets began placing the school desks in rows, and then they would walk over and stand along side the wall. By the time the last soldier had set the final desk in place those kids started to understand, perhaps for the first time in their lives, just how the right to sit at those desks had been earned.

Martha said, 'You didn't earn the right to sit at these desks. These heroes did it for you. They placed the desks here for you. Now, it's up to you to sit in them. It is your responsibility to learn, to be good students, to be good citizens. They paid the price so that you could have the freedom to get an education. Don't ever forget it.'

By the way, this is a true story. Martha Cothren is the daughter of a WWII POW.

Please consider passing this along so others won't forget that the freedoms we have in this great country were earned by U. S. Veterans.

10 Tips for PSCing
From
IDCWife

10. Have LOTS of copies of your orders (5 at least).
9. Get rid of stuff BEFORE the movers come!
8. Feed your movers/packers (some may disagree with this, but I find it VERY useful!)
7. Cook what is in your house, try not to go to the grocery in the last 3 weeks before pack out except for important perishables i.e. milk, eggs.
6. Keep important documents **ON YOUR PERSON** – birth certificates, SS cards, passports, insurance info, school records, shot records. You may need them before your HHG arrive at the new duty station.
5. Research your new duty station for requirements regarding pets; especially if you are going OCONUS.
4. If you intend to live in base housing contact the office at your new duty station to see if you can get on the list prior to arriving.
3. Request your travel allowances 3 weeks prior to the day you intend to leave. DLA should be paid 10 days prior to departure along with any advances you choose to take (per diem, MALT, etc.)
2. Expect something to go wrong or be delayed.
1. In one large wardrobe box pack sheets, pillows, shower curtain/hooks, microwave, toaster and other things you would need on that first day your HHG will arrive and CLEARLY MARK IT BOX ONE. Once you are amidst 500 cardboard boxes it will be refreshing to find the one that holds enough to get you through a few days until you can unpack!

Enjoy your move! It's one of the best parts of military life!

Here is a copy of the Obit Notice for Lowell Harmon Easter. He served as a Navy Corpsman during World War II and Korea.

All there is to identify his service is a single line. Thought the site should know of this info.

Richard Deiters

MSGT (USMC Ret.(1965-1985))

"Lowell Harmon Easter, 82, passed away September 13, 2009, in Ogden, Utah, from congestive heart failure. He was survived by his wife of 62 years, LaLonde (Morris) Easter; two daughters, Linda Smith of Ogden, and Loyce (Jimmy) Gladieux of Bogard, Mo.; son, Larry (Barbara) Easter of Tonganoxie, Kan.; 10 grandchildren and 18 great grandchildren. He was a member Emeritus of Emerson Park Christian Church where he served as a Deacon, Elder, Chairman of the Board and Treasurer. He was a member of Ben Hur Masonic Lodge #322 in Kansas City, Kan., for 61 years. He was a life member of the Scottish Rite Body of Valley of Northeast Kansas, Inspector General Honorary 33rd Degree Royal Order of Scotland, a life member of Abdullah Shrine in Overland Park, Kan., member of the American Legion Post 111 in Kansas City, Kan., and Honorary Fellow of the Harry S. Truman Library in Independence, Mo. He was born in Kansas City, Kan., the son of Harmon B. and Bessie N. Easter.

He is a veteran of WWII and Korea where he served as a Navy Corpsman.

He retired in 1987 after working 44 years for the Santa Fe Railroad as a machinist in the Argentine Shops. He and his wife moved to the Pine Mt. community on Bull Shoals Lake in Arkansas where he enjoyed 20 years of fishing and hunting. They moved to Ogden in 2007 due his poor health. He was preceded in death by his parents, and one brother, Jack B. Easter. Services 2 p.m. Friday, Sept. 18, at Maple Hill Funeral Home, 3300 Shawnee Dr., Kansas City, Kan. Visitation with Masonic services one hour before the service. Memorials may be made in his honor to Emerson Park Christian Church; Shiner's Children's Hospital in care of Abdullah Shrine in Overland Park; Rocky Mountain Hospice, 350 East 300 South, Bountiful, Utah. The family wishes to acknowledge the tender loving care provided by the staff of Rocky Mountain Hospice and the concern and caring of all his friends and family in Utah.

Published in Kansas City Star on September 17, 2009. "

Fantasy Football

Week 4 of Fantasy Football is over and the standings are as follows:

Rank	Team	W-L-T	Owner
1.	Bombed_Squad	3-1-0	bobby knoxville
2.	Ping Jockeys	3-1-0	sonarmark
3.	Devil Docs	3-1-0	kahuna210
4.	D/C's Boneheads	2-2-0	da-chief
5.	Pardue's Pirates	1-3-0	doc_pardue
6.	Bat Fastards	0-4-0	indy

Searching for.....

ANYTHING? SOMEONE?

Why not post it in the newsletter? Someone, somewhere might know how to find it/them

Email: editor@corpsman.com and it WILL be in the next issue.

Great Lakes Mates

Great Lakes (and surrounding area) Spouses:

This is Doc_Konkle aka Da-Chief's better half aka Karen.

I am looking for interest in a Corpsman.com Christmas/ New Year's Party. I am leaning toward New Years...

Wondering how many of you would be interested in forming a Corpsman.com Great Lakes Area Docs' Mates Club. I would love to liason with all of you, working together for common interests, and of course, planning Corpsman.Com family get-togethers.

[If you are interested, please respond to this thread.](#) Or email editor@corpsman.com and your message will get forwarded on.