

July 17, 2013

Fire Chief Dan Fraijo

Prescott Fire Dept.

1700 Iron Springs Road

Prescott, AZ 86305

Dear Fire Chief Fraijo:

This is my tribute to the 19 Firemen, who were killed recently.

My regards to their wives and children, their other loved ones and friends, you and the men and women of the Prescott Fire Department; and, your community.

I'm sorry.

Regards,

Ray Hart

New York, NY

cc: FDNY: Engine 47, Engine 74, Engine 76, Ladder 25, Ladder 22, Ladder 16, and Fireman Kenny Ruane (Recently retired, after 43 years of service.)

NYPD: 24th Precinct Inspector Nancy Barry, Police Officers and Detective Squad.

PS-I've included copies of " Big Red Truck, the 343 " and " Policeman's Prayer " I'll be approaching Congress for my super-company, " Care Giver's International ". This will give retired Firemen, Police Officers, Federal Agents, severely injured Vets, highly decorated Vets, Nurses, EMTs and those Citizens, who ran to the flames, who risked their lives for others, jobs and ownership of a company and companies. I'm looking to give half the profit, every year, to religious and other charities. CGI is built too, to challenge social wrongs. It'll be best done, on a national and international basis. 20 or 25 years? My guess is \$ 4 to \$ 6 billion a year billing; and, lots of profit.

19 FIREMEN

As kids, back east, we dreamed of the West, where rivers had cut through red rock, since time's first ticking, with fish gone airborne, above run river's splash, laughing at gravity, and dumb bears, sitting clumsily down.

We could almost hear Gene Autry, on a tin radio, in the city, while we waited to be cowboys or President or Ted Williams or Firemen, Texas Rangers or Detectives. Presidents became coins or stamps. Cowboys became drunks or songs. Some ballplayers still live in hearts so young. But, theirs was the easy life. A Fireman's death isn't to be seen or talked of. Words of death walk the other way. It's tough on everyone. Fire is the cruelest and smartest of all killers. These men are Heroes. Heroes may never leave, not for a second time. No!

A traveler once told me the Arizona dawn sky is prettiest of all the earth. A traveler once told me.

I saw the photo, the angry, coughing wind, the horse-shoe wind, that took life, like it wasn't even there. Nature has its own evil. Draught, a word older than all of us, has returned, with its moonscape axe cuts. Vegetation everywhere, forty years, without flint, waiting-came she did. A small bolt, that churned and ate; and, by Sunday, the orange eating machine was in high kick.

Fireman Andrew Ashcraft, Fireman Robert Caldwell, Fireman Travis Carter, Fireman Dustin Deford, Fireman Christopher MacKenzie, Fireman Eric Marsh, Fireman Grant McKee, Fireman Sean Misner, Fireman Scott Norris, Fireman Wade Parker, Fireman John Percin, Fireman Anthony Rose, Fireman Jesse Steed, Fireman Joe Thurston, Fireman Travis Turbyfill, Fireman William Warneke, Fireman Clayton Whitted, Fireman Kevin Woyjeck, Fireman Garret Zuppiger

Death is awful in its moment. May it not be worse in memory.

May the One and good God, meet these, his 19 Sons, in the pasture of new Heaven. May He shadow the Firemen's loved ones, their wives, children, children, about to be first born. Walk with them, God, past the barking, black dawn, the bitter, crying moon. Protect them, God. Grant them peace.

May the children take from their father's sacrifice, the heroism of his blood; and, let them carry that sacred message through life, that others might live. That others might live.

There is no greater love than what their father gave.

May each have prayer in their own secret heart. May prayer be life again. Meet you in Heaven.

Ray Hart July, 2013 New York City