

Dearest Firefighters,

This is a poem that my husband, Mark Anthony Mitchell wrote for my cousin, Travis Turbyfill. I asked Ken if he wouldn't mind, to please get it to y'all. Thank you so much for everything y'all do for everyone. You may do with this whatever you see fit.

Thanks again,

Molly Malone Mitchell

Muse of Shoals, AL 35661

From Hotshots to Heroes

Yarnell Hill was in jeopardy, the flames were spreading fast
But the Hotshots stood ready, though dangers wild and vast
Courageous, skilled and fearless, they faced the fiercest of fires
Braving the terrain and the weather, the heat, smoke, and briars

Cutting a line of protection to save the lives of me and you
With no thought of fame or glory, because it's just what they do
For 21 long days, away from friends and families back at home
They'd battle for containment, till all the flames were gone

They received the call for duty on that hot and fateful day
With less than 3 days of rest, they were eagerly on their way
They were the Granite Mountain Hotshots; 20 firemen strong
An experienced team prepared to fight; they were brothers to the bone

Where the desert breeze met the mountain air, they fought their final
round

Prescott's Elite, trapped with no escape, lay lifeless on the ground

God now has these 19 heroes embraced in His loving arms

Sunday, June 30th 2013 would be their Last Alarm

Written by: Mark A. Mitchell, July 6, 2013

(Dedicated in memory of Travis Turbyfill and his 18 fallen brothers)