

REMEMBER ME
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU

NO, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE
EXCITEMENT OF RIDING ON A FIRE
RIG, "LIGHTS FLASHING, SIREN
WAILING," NOR THE FEELING OF A
"GOOD SAVE", WHETHER IT BE A
HUMAN LIFE OR THE VALUED POS-
SESSIONS OF A FELLOW CITIZEN.

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN OF STAN-
DING ANKLE DEEP IN FREEZING
WATER ON A BELOW ZERO JANUARY
NIGHT, GLOVES FROZEN TO A NOZ-
ZLE, FIGHTING A FIRE I KNOW WAS
CAUSED BY CARELESSNESS OR WORSE.

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN TERROR,
OF BEING LOST IN A SMOKE FILLED
BUILDING, FEELING THE HEAT OF
THE FIRE WORKING ITS WAY
THROUGH MY TURNOUT GEAR, NOR
THE TASTE OF A HOT CUP OF COFFEE
AND A COLD SANDWICH AT FOUR IN
THE MORNING.

NOW, WHEN I WALK INTO MY OLD
FIRE STATIONS, ONLY TO FIND IT
FILLED WITH STRANGERS. I MAY
NOT WALK AS FAST, OR STAND AS
STRAIGHT AS YOU, MY HAIR MAY BE
GRAY AND THIN, AND MY B-S DON-T
COME AS EASY AS IT ONCE DID.
BUT I KNOW IN MY HEART I HAVE
PAID THE PRICE, AND HAVE EARNED
THE RIGHT TO SAY PROUDLY,
" I AM A RETIRED FIRE FIGHTER"

BY JACK CROLL
EVANSTON FIRE DEPT.
1979 RETIREMENT PARTY