

FAMILIA, Miosotis Familia

(Abstracted from internet sources)

Officer Miosotis Familia of the New York Police Department was the youngest of nine brothers and sisters, a family dynamic that gave her an outspoken personality and a no-nonsense edge, a nephew said — and made her a perfect fit for her job. On Wednesday morning, Officer Familia, 48, died after she was shot in the head by a man who the police say fired a revolver into a parked police vehicle in the Bronx. She was taken to St. Barnabas Hospital, where she was pronounced dead about three hours later. The gunman, who was identified as Alexander Bonds, was fatally shot by the police a short time later, after he drew a gun, the police said. Mr. Bonds, 34, was paroled four years ago after serving seven years in state prison. The killing of Officer Familia thrust the department into mourning and her family into grief. "She would set anybody straight," the nephew, John Cuello, said in an interview. "I've seen a lot of her putting her siblings in their place. Holding her ground. Her attitude was, 'I might be the youngest one, but I'm the toughest one.'" He recalled her encouraging her nieces and nephews, whenever they got into neighborhood scrapes, to confront their problems head on, and never hide. She used that strength to raise her three children — a boy and girl who are twins, and a daughter who is in college, Mr. Cuello said — as well to care for her mother, who lived with her and the twins in their apartment in Kingsbridge Heights, about two miles north of where she was killed. Officer Familia became a police officer at age 36 after holding a number of different jobs. It was instantly a good fit, her nephew said. "She was a warrior, tell you the truth," Mr. Cuello said. "She was a fighter, she was tough — and that was the job for her." Milton Castro, 47, a professional photographer, grew up in Washington Heights with Officer Familia, where she stood out among the other teenagers, he said: She was louder, funnier, bolder. "If we were in a circle in front of the junior high school, or in front of a building, she would be in the middle of everyone, making jokes, telling a story," he said. Mr. Castro described their childhood in Washington Heights as fraught — it was a time when the city was buffeted by a crack cocaine epidemic and high rates of crime that hit the streets of their youth particularly hard. "She was a survivor," he said. "She was around all of that stuff like we all were as kids, and she came out of that wanting to help people and wanting to become a police officer. It's a testament to who she was as a person." She wore shield number 7370 and joined the force 12 years ago, most recently assigned to the 46th Precinct, covering Fordham, Morris Heights and other neighborhoods in the northwest Bronx. Since March, Officer Familia was regularly assigned to a marked police van stationed on West 183rd Street, where a rash of shootings had erupted over the winter. She was there on Tuesday night and into early Wednesday morning, and she was sitting inside the vehicle with her partner, Officer Vincent Maher, when she was killed. Officer Familia never expressed reservations about the dangers of being a police officer, or anxiety about the recent attacks against the police, exuding a toughness that meant her family rarely feared for her, her nephew said. They felt confident in her ability to take care of herself. "She would say, 'There was nothing easy about it,'" Mr. Cuello said. "But she loved what she did." Relatives said that her children were her chief focus. "Being pregnant with twins — it must have been miserable, but she was so happy," said Claudia Collazo, whose sister had been married to one of Officer Familia's brothers for nearly three decades. "Her smile was as big as her heart." Her red brick apartment complex on Sedgwick Avenue is not far from where she was shot. On Wednesday, uniformed police officers stood sentry outside as people arrived, some sobbing, reaching to clasp the officers' hands. Inside the apartment, her mother and all but one of her siblings had gathered to mourn her, said a family friend, Ramona Román, 56. The last, a brother, was flying in from the Dominican Republic, where the family is from, she said. In the officer's home, Ms. Román said as she left, no one spoke a word of the man who killed her. Out on Sedgwick Avenue, neighbors discussed her death in heated tones. Officer Familia appeared to have been circumspect about her profession. She did not wear her uniform around the neighborhood, said Rafael Mercedes, 49. He had not known she was an officer until he learned of the shooting. "She was a very loved woman in the neighborhood," he said. "Everyone loved her." The 46th Precinct posted about the loss on its Twitter account. "We welcome prayers for our beloved sister. Thanks for your support in our time of need." On Wednesday afternoon, Mayor Bill de Blasio ordered all flags on city buildings to be flown at half-staff in Officer Familia's honor.

FERGUSON, Jaseramie Dion Ferguson

(Abstracted from internet sources)

Jaseramie Dion "JD" Ferguson was born in Honolulu, Hawaii on August 31, 1990 to his father David and mother Falesa Nash. He was raised in Georgia and graduated from Shiloh High School in Snellville where he excelled in athletics. At the age of 17, Jaseramie, affectionately known as JD, accepted Christ as his Lord and Savior and began his journey in youth ministry where he also met his wife Tiana. Their friendship soon developed into devotion which turned into marriage on July 15, 2011. JD had a deep desire to serve in ministry and his community. He was a volunteer counselor at PCDC working closely with inner city youth with special needs. He originally enlisted into the Navy but after meeting his wife turned his direction to law enforcement. JD was in the final stages of the application process for the Atlanta Police Department when he passed. JD was called home on April 10, 2016 after being shot and killed by a shoplifter while working at the local WalMart store as a security guard. He is survived by his wife Tiana Ferguson, his three children Aryana age 3, Jordan age 1 and Ava 3 months, his parents Mr. and Mrs. David Nash, his sisters Abreanna, Shela, Dava, Patia, Nariya, Yashawna, his in-laws Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Ellis and a host of other relatives. JD loved the Lord and his faith was unshakable. He would often say that his "Faith is on 100". He was a loving big brother to his god siblings Asia, Noah and Isaac could be seen playing video games with the boys or scaring the mess out of

someone's kids at any given moment. He was a man of few words but his light and his love was a beacon to those who did not know Christ and would often draw others to him. JD showed no fear when it came to sharing the good news of Jesus Christ. In light of this fact, JD's family and friends take great comfort in knowing that he has received his heavenly crown in heaven.

FIELD, Richard J. Field

(Abstracted from the San Diego Union Tribune from Apr. 30 to May 1, 2016)

OCEANSIDE - Richard J. Field, age 91, passed peacefully in Oceanside, CA with family by his side. Dick Field and his wife Ann moved to Southern California in the mid-seventies where he continued his career in the automobile industry retiring in the 90's. He served in World War II on the European Front in 1944/1945 seeing action in Southern France and The Battle of the Bulge. He received multiple medals, awards and recognition for his service during World War II. Richard Field was pre-deceased by his wife of 65 years, Ann Field, and son Richard Field, Jr. He is survived by daughter Virginia Field, granddaughter, Rachael Lunghi of California, daughter-in-law, Jeanne Field, granddaughter Christi Field (Jimmy) Woodcock, great-grandchildren Robert and Randy Woodcock, granddaughter Rebecca Field and grandson Richard Field III, all of North Carolina. An Honors Ceremony will take place at Ft. Rosecrans Military Cemetery as well as a Celebration of Life service. In lieu of flowers, the family is requesting contributions to "The World War II Experience" at www.wwiexperience.com.

FINICUM, Robert LaVoy Finicum

(Abstracted from <http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/thespectrum/obituary.aspx?page=lifestory&pid=177548249>)

Robert LaVoy Finicum was born on January 27, 1961 in Kanab, UT and was shot and murdered by Federal officials the day before his 55th birthday on January 26, 2016. LaVoy was born to David and Nelda Finicum and had six siblings, Sherre, Guy, Jody, Jill, Misty, and Tadi. LaVoy was married to Dortha Jeanette Finicum on February 18, 1994 and together they have eleven children, Thara, Belle, Tell, Tawny, Arianna, Brittney, Mitch, Thomas, Challice, Danielle, and Tean. Combined they have 19 grandchildren with three more on the way. LaVoy went to school in Page Arizona. He served a full time mission in the Dakotas for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints of which he was a faithful member his whole life. He served in many church positions; among them: the Young Men's program, Ward Mission leader, Elders Quorum president, a High Priest leader and a member of the Bishopric. LaVoy worked many years in property management but his passions were helping children and ranching. LaVoy had over 50 foster boys whom he was able to have in his home and mentor over the course of the past 19 years. He loved working on his ranch and teaching his children how to ride horses, brand cows, and most of all, to follow Christ. LaVoy loved God, his family, and his country. He believed that the Constitution of the United States was inspired by God and he was willing to, and did, die while defending our freedoms stated within. Funeral services will be Friday, February 5, 2016 in the Kanab Utah Kaibab Stake Center, 1435 South McAllister Drive. Arrangements were made with Hughes Mortuary of Hurricane and Mosdell Mortuary of Kanab.

FISHER, Zachary M. Fisher

(Abstracted from internet sources)

Zachary M. Fisher, Wednesday, July 14, 2010 in Zabul, Afghanistan. Beloved husband of Jessica Koltun Fisher; dear son of Susan (James) Jacobs and Bob (Alicia) Fisher; son-in-law of Sid (Sharron) Koltun; grandson of William (Ann) Fisher, Betty and the late Larry Schaughnessy (5-26-10) and the late Jack and Barbara Jacobs, and the late George and Jacqueline Horstman; grandson-in-law of Ruben and Roseleah Koltun and the late Sterling R. and Elsie J. Kennedy; brother of Andrew (Kim), Clayton, Emily, Alexander and Zoe Fisher; uncle of Colton and Baby Fisher; dear nephew, cousin. Services from the Schrader Funeral Home and Crematory, 14960 Manchester Road at Holloway, Ballwin, Monday, July 26, 2010 for private burial. In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to Disabled American Veterans, American Legion Post 313, St. Peters, MO or any VFW of your choice.

FISKE, William Meade Lindsley Fiske III

(Abstracted from several internet sources)

William Meade Lindsley "Billy" Fiske III (4 June 1911 - 17 August 1940) was the 1928 and 1932 Olympic champion bobsled driver and, following Jimmy Davies, was one of the first American pilots killed in action in World War II. At the time Fiske was serving in the Royal Air Force (RAF). He was one of 11 American pilots who flew with RAF Fighter Command between 10 July and 31 October 1940, thereby qualifying for the Battle of Britain clasp to the 1939-45 campaign star. Between his Olympic career and his military service, Fiske was instrumental in the early development of the Aspen ski resort. He and a partner built the first ski lift and lodge in the remote Colorado mountain town. Others would continue their work after the war. Fiske was born in New York in 1911, the son of Beulah and William Fiske, a New England banking magnate. He attended school in Chicago, and then went to school in France in 1924, where he discovered the sport of bobsled at the age of 16. Fiske attended Trinity Hall, Cambridge in 1928 where he studied Economics and History. In 1936 Ted Ryan, an heir of Thomas Fortune Ryan, brought some photographs of mountains near Aspen, Colorado, to Fiske. They had been given to Ryan by a man trying to interest him in investing in a mining claim. Fiske and Ryan, however, saw in them ideal terrain for downhill skiing, and the ski resort the pair had been talking about

establishing in the United States, similar to those in the Alps where Fiske had competed in the Olympics. Fiske and Ryan visited Aspen, then a faded mining town decades removed from its boomtown years in the 1880s. Many of the abandoned properties around town were available for very low prices. Fiske bought an option on one, and he and Ryan had blueprints drawn up for a ski lodge. For the next season, they hired guides, including Swiss ski champion André Roch, then studying at Reed College in Oregon. The lodge opened at the end of 1937, and a few weeks later the Boat Tow, an early ski lift, opened. These events are considered the beginning of skiing in Aspen. Fiske then worked at the London office of Dillon, Reed & Co, the New York bankers. On 8 September 1938, Fiske married Rose Bingham, Countess of Warwick, in Maidenhead. In 1928, as driver of the first five-man US Bobsled team to win the Olympics, Fiske became the youngest gold medalist in any winter sport (he was not eclipsed until 1992 by Toni Nieminen), aged just 16 years at the 1928 Winter Olympics in St. Moritz, Switzerland. His American team-mates were Geoffrey Mason, Nion Tocker, Clifford Gray and Richard Parke. Fiske competed again at the 1932 Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, New York, where he carried the United States' flag at the opening ceremony. The format of the race was altered to a four-man team, but again Fiske and his team-mates, Clifford Gray, Eddie Eagan, and Jay O'Brien took gold. Fiske was invited, but declined to lead the bobsled team in the 1936 Winter Olympics in Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany. It is believed by some that this decision was due to his disagreeing with the politics in Germany at the time, which may also explain his later decision to join the War-effort in 1940. Fiske was also a Cresta Champion, and was well known for jumps from the Badrutt's Palace Hotel's bar chandelier in St. Moritz. Shortly before the outbreak of World War II, Fiske was recalled to the New York offices of Dillon, Reed & Co, but on 30 August 1939 he returned to England aboard the Aquitania accompanying a bank colleague who was also a member of No. 601 (County of London) Auxiliary Air Force Squadron. Fiske was one of seven US aircrew personnel who fought in the Battle of Britain, although due to the neutrality of the United States, Fiske pretended to be a Canadian. He joined the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve and was promoted to the rank of Pilot Officer on 23 March 1940. Fiske undertook his flying training at No. 10 Elementary Flying Training School at RAF Yatesbury, Wiltshire, before moving to RAF Brize Norton, Oxfordshire, for advanced flying training. As an American citizen, he "duly pledged his life and loyalty to the king, George VI," and was formally admitted into the RAF. In his diary, a joyous Fiske wrote, "I believe I can lay claim to being the first U.S. citizen to join the RAF in England after the outbreak of hostilities." On 12 July 1940, Fiske joined No. 601 Squadron RAF, a Hawker Hurricane unit, at RAF Tangmere, West Sussex, the so-called "Millionaires' Squadron", carrying out his first sorties with the squadron on 20 July, when he flew two patrols. On 16 August 1940, in the midst of the Battle of Britain, No. 601 Squadron RAF were scrambled to intercept a squadron of German dive-bombers. Fiske was flying Hurricane serial number P3358. The Squadron destroyed eight Junkers Ju 87 Stukas, but after just 15 minutes of flying time, a German gunner put a bullet through Fiske's fuel tank. With his aircraft badly damaged and his hands and ankles burnt, instead of bailing out, Fiske nursed his Hurricane home, gliding over a hedgerow to the airfield. Although he landed his aircraft safely back at Tangmere, Fiske had to be extracted from the aircraft by ambulance attendants. Shortly after, his fuel tank exploded. Fiske was taken to the Royal West Sussex Hospital in Chichester for treatment, but he died 48 hours later from surgical shock. Fiske was 29 years old. Fiske's funeral took place on 20 August 1940. Six members of Tangmere's ground staff carried Fiske to his final resting place. As his coffin, covered in the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, was borne on a bier to Boxgrove Priory Church and buried. Fiske is buried in St Mary and St Blaise churchyard in Boxgrove, Sussex. The inscription on his gravestone reads simply: He died for England. The funeral was publicized for propaganda purposes. A memorial stained glass window was dedicated to him on 17 September 2008 at Boxgrove Priory. At the dedication service, a number of former colleagues attended and his green Bentley car was on display. Fiske is listed on the Battle of Britain Monument in London and the Battle of Britain Memorial, Capel-le-Ferne. On 4 July 1941, a plaque was unveiled in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral, London. The inscription reads: An American citizen who died that England might live. The decision to unveil this plaque on American Independence Day was probably a political one; the United States had not officially joined the war and the British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, was keen to popularise Fiske's story. The plaque was unveiled by Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Secretary of State for Air. He said at the ceremony: "Here was a young man for whom life held much. Under no kind of compulsion he came to fight for Britain. He came and he fought and he died." Other tributes to Fiske include a memorial tablet dedicated to him in the crypt of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, New York. The United States Bobsled and Skeleton Federation also created the Billy Fiske Memorial Trophy as a posthumous tribute to him. The trophy is awarded to the national champion four-man bobsled team each year. In addition to a 2005 documentary (American Warrior: Billy Fiske), Red Valley Productions performed a new play based on his life called Billy Fiske: King of Speed at the Alexandra Theatre, Bognor Regis from 20-25 July 2010.

FLETCHER, Robert Emmett Fletcher, Jr.

(Abstracted from Elmer's genealogy friend Valerie Brown Elkins)

Bob Fletcher, age 101, a former California agriculture inspector who, ignoring the resentment of neighbors, quit his job in the middle of World War II to manage the fruit farms of Japanese families forced to live in internment camps, died on May 23 in Sacramento. His death was confirmed by Doris Taketa, who was 12 when Mr. Fletcher agreed to run her family's farm in 1942, the year she and her extended family were relocated to the Jerome War Relocation Center in Arkansas. "He saved us." Mr. Taketa said. After Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the Roosevelt Administration forced 120,000 Japanese-Americans on the West Coast out of their homes and into internment camps for the duration of the War. Near Sacramento,

many of the Japanese who were relocated were framers who had worked land around the town of Florin since at least the 1890's. Mr. Fletcher, who was single and in his early 30s at the time, knew many of them through his work inspecting fruit for the government. The farmers regarded him as honest, and he respected their operations. After President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed an executive order in February 1942 that made the relocation possible by declaring certain parts of the West to be military zones, Al Tsukamoto, whose parents arrived in the United States in 1905, approached Mr. Fletcher with a business proposal: would he be willing to manage farms of two family friends of Mr. Tsukamoto's, one of whom was elderly, and to pay the taxes and mortgagers while they were away. In return, he could keep all of the profits. Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Tsukamoto had not been close, and Mr. Fletcher had no experience growing the farmer's specialty, flame tokay grapes, but he accepted the offer and soon quit his job. For the next three years he worked a total of 90 acres on three farms - he had also decided to run Mr. Tsukamoto's farm. He worked 18 hour days and lived in the bunkhouse Mr. Tsukamoto had reserved for migrant workers. He paid the bills of all three families, the Tsukamotos, the Okamotos and the Nittas. He kept only half of the profits. Many Japanese-American families lost property while they were in the camps because they could not pay their bills. Most in the Florin area moved elsewhere after the War. When the Tsukamotos returned in 1945, they found that Mr. Fletcher had left them money in the back and that his new wife, Teresa, had cleaned the Tsukamotos' house in preparation for their return. She had chosen to join her husband in the bunkhouse instead of accepting the Tsukamotos' offer to live in the family house. "Teresa's response was, 'it's the Tsukamoto's house,' " recalled Marielle Tsukamoto, who was 5 when she and her family were sent to the Jerome Center. Mr. Tsukamoto is now president of the Florin Chapter of the Japanese American Citizens League. Her mother, Mary Tsukamoto, was a teacher, activist and historical who, with Elizabeth Pinkerton, wrote, "We the People: A Story of Internment in America." Mr. Fletcher's willingness to work the farms was not well received in Florin, where before the War some people had resented the Japanese immigrants for their success. Japanese children in the area were required to attend segregated schools. Mr. Fletcher was unruffled by personal attacks; he felt the Japanese farmers were being mistreated. "I did know a few of them pretty well and never did agree with the evacuation." He told the Sacramento Bee in 2010. "They were the same as anybody else. It was obvious they had nothing to do with Pearl Harbor." After the War, the resentment against the Japanese in Florin continued. If Mr. Tsukamoto tried to buy a part at the hardware store only to be told that the part was not in stock, he would ask Mr. Fletcher to buy it for him. Robert Emmett Fletcher, Jr., was born in San Francisco on July 26, 1911, when the city was still rebuilding after the great earthquake five years earlier. He attended the University of California, Davis, and later managed a peach orchard before taking the job as a state shipping point inspector. Survivors include his wife, the former Teresa Cassieri, to whom he was married for 67 years; their son, Robert Emmett III; three granddaughters; and five great-grandchildren. The Fletchers bought their own land in Florin after the War and raised hay and cattle. Mr. Fletcher was a volunteer firefighter for many decades before becoming the paid fire chief. He was also active in historical groups. He was never much for celebrating his role in the War, and he noted that other Florin residents had helped their Japanese neighbors. "I don't know about courage," he said in 2010 as Florin was preparing to honor him in a ceremony. "It took a devil of a lot of work."

FREEMAN, Deputy Anthony Freeman

(Abstracted from <https://www.odmp.org/officer/22836-investigator-anthony-tj-freeman>)

Investigator TJ Freeman was killed when his patrol vehicle was rammed by a suspect vehicle during a pursuit at approximately 3:00 am. Another deputy had initiated the pursuit after encountering the suspicious vehicle that contained a wanted subject. The pursuit traveled down Columbus Road where the fleeing vehicle drove into Investigator Freeman's vehicle at the intersection with Buena Vista Drive. Investigator Freeman was transported to a local hospital where he succumbed to his injuries. His canine partner was in the vehicle at the time but was not injured. The wanted subject was taken into custody with minor injuries from the collision. Investigator Freeman had served with the Macon Police Department and the Bibb County Sheriff's Office for a total of seven years and was assigned to the Narcotics Division. He is survived by his wife and two children.