



Wall-Rives
American Legion Post 58
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JULY 2024



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Officers:

Commander	Ruff Pennington
1st Vice Commander	Walt Chessa
2nd Vice Commander	Ralph Guckenberger
Adjutant	CJ Kester
Finance Officer	Bill Robinson
Chaplain	Timothy Haley, Sr.
Historian	Roy Davis
Sgt at Arms	Bob Barcelona
Service Officer	Stu Wiesbaum



Officers:

President	Betty Tilley-Poole
1st Vice President	Katherine Burns
Treasurer	Cynthia DiCarlo
Secretary	Linda Scott

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS WILL BE JULY 10TH AT 6PM BY OUR 4TH DISTRICT COMMANDER AND HIS TEAM

4th District meeting will be at our post on August 10th. Registration starts at 9am and the meeting starts at 10am.

National Convention will be in New Orleans August 23rd -29th.

Officer training will be at Post 77 in Inverness on September 14th.

Hope everyone had a wonderful 4th of July. Sorry the newsletter is late this month with people being on vacation and in doctors offices. I sincerely hope that everyone comes to our meeting this month with the installation of Officers and stay for a home cooked meal after and mingle with new people. The Executive Board will meet at 5pm prior to the General Meeting. Please remember our members on sick call: Stu Weisbaum, Ed Partlow and Ralph Guckenberger. ALSO our members in nursing homes: Bob Anderson, Dave Bergeron, and Bob Gumbby. Sorry if I didn't mention someone, and please let me know who they are. PLEASE come to our meetings this year and join us to help plan our new banner year and other surprises. PRAYERS TO EVERYONE!

Commander Ruff Pennington

CONGRATS TO DISTRICT 4 FOR REACHING 102% MEMBERSHIP !!

July 2024

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4 Independence Day	5 RED Shirt Friday	6
7	8	9	10 Installation of Officers at 6pm	11 Bingo	12 RED Shirt Friday	13
14	15	16	17	18 Bingo	19 RED Shirt Friday	20 Flea Market
21	22	23	24	25 Bingo	26 RED Shirt Friday	27
28	29	30	31			

Send any comments or concerns of the newsletter to Floridapost58@gmail.com

“Chaplin Tim Talking” -by Tim Haley

As I stood looking down at the dead little two-year-old boy, my heart was overwhelmed. My rescue unit was the very first emergency service vehicle to arrive. No police or fire engine backup. It was a dirty, very run down motel that had lost its tourist income to fast Florida interstates and chain hotel big guys. Now it rents rooms, that were meant to spend a night in, to family and invalids by the week or month.

When we pulled into the hack dirt, half broken concrete parking lot, a crowd, of 25 to 30 “motel guests,” was gathered around a single car. As I stepped through the human ring, I found a 17 year old mother, crying on her knees, in the dirt, holding the dead body, her second baby. His name was Toby. 3 1/2 year old sister stood crying softly next to the teen mom. It was 6 PM on a warm August, Florida night. Toby was only wearing a disposable diaper. His little body was pale and without any signs of injury, but his small blonde head was broken open by the car that backed over him.

I instructed my EMT to secure the area. As I gently pulled mom away from the baby, I was whispering, rational thoughts into her ear, like “he is gone... You have to leave his body where it is for the police... let me help you... etc.... I zombie walked her to the back of my unit, and as I was assisting her into the back, noise from the crowd drew my attention. I observed a large 55 to 60 year old man with long black gray hair and matching beard leading against the wall of the motel with his head slumped to his chest. His broad shoulders were bent and covered with a black T-shirt that had two words in white on the chest. “Jesus saves” it proclaimed, and it looked like he was going to have to count on that. I noticed the crowd was throwing trash at the broken man and calling insults. “That’s who ran over Toby,” the young mom said as I looked at the escalating incident. “Do you know him?” I asked. “Yea... he is my boyfriend’s father... He is Toby’s step grandfather kinda.” I felt broken hearted. A lot happened on that call. Two firefighters quit the fire service over it. I think of little Toby and the grandfather often. I am thinking of them now.

That day four months ago was never more real for you to see today... I ran over a little two-year-old boy with my fire engine. We were responding to a house fire. I was moving down a low income neighborhood street. There were broken down mobile homes and autos on blocks lining both sides of the street. On the passenger side of the firetruck were six or seven children. They pushed a 9 foot tall, portable basketball hoop to the edge of the road and as a two and three years old kids held on to the pole, the older kids rocked it back-and-forth and tried to knock the younger ones off. On my side (drivers) was a broken down van with two tires in the roadway and men working on it. Loose puppies and kittens were running back and forth across the road chasing playing children.

We had obviously slowed down to a crawl, and we’re almost clear of the basketball hoop turned Disney ride when it happened. As the rear of the firetruck started to pass, the kids miss, judged their timing and rock the hoop forward into the side of the passing firetruck. The rope net of the 9 foot tall group came down on top of the ladder attached to the side of the engine and snagged on the moving truck. The basketball structure was dragged down the road. It swung around and flew off the base in every direction. Me from my side view mirror, and the rest of the neighborhood from the sidelines watched a horror as a little two year-old in particular was flung under 3 tons of truck. The tumbling rolling little body shot out the other side of the engine and continue to roll, head over heels, another 40 feet down the asphalt. My heart exploded as I jumped out of the driver seat like I had been electrocuted. A shirtless man dashed out into the roadway and scooped the little boy into his arms. He screamed at me, passed a cigarette clenched in his teeth, and said, “You... , you better get the cops quick and he dashed into a house. The frozen neighbors erupted as chaos built around me, and I ran up to the door to provide medical attention to my victim. My heart was overwhelmed, and my brain was playing the “Toby Tate. “I was moving up the driveway, numb, clear thinking, but blunted. (My brother Harts, said, “This is how Job must have felt when he was told his children had been killed and his friends were blaming him.) I reached the door, but it opened prior to my touch. A confused mother stepped out with the quiet little guy. “Ma’am, “I said, “please let me treat him until our ambulance arrives... Can you see where he is hurt?” the parent stepped into the driveway and as she stood the two year-old up on the hood of a park car, she said “that’s just it, I don’t think he is hurt, at least nowhere I can see. “Walked forward and placed my hands on the perfect little body. I removed his shirt and pants and on the hood of that car still naked, little boy, glad only in a disposable diaper, smiling... Perfect... Unhurt. mom said, “but there isn’t even a red mark on his chin from rolling under the truck and down the street. He should at least have red marks from where his exposed skin hit the street. “I looked at dad and he said “I saw him get run over by that truck and come out the other side. “I said, “so did I, it’s like God had an angel wrapped around that little body, and it never made contact with the street. “The whole neighborhood scene changed and everybody smiled and shook hands. dad apologized and admitted that it was his kids fault and he saw them tipped the hoop over onto the truck as it passed. All were happy and the ambulance was canceled.

You can choose to believe what you want. I was there. It happened to me. I saw that baby roll down the road. I know an angel was around that precious little life. As some attempt to arrive at other explanations, I should also mention that the child clothes had no dirt on them. The atmosphere at the scene had turned from ominous to carnival as fast as an accident had happened. A grinning bystander stepped up to me and proclaimed, “you’re right, an angel must have been looking out for that kid. “

I thought of Toby again as I replied, “that angel, sent by God, wasn’t just looking out for that kid... He also was looking out for me!”

Believe or explain what you want, after all, this is just “Chaplin Tim talking. “

We have great news for those asking when their church at the American Legion is opening up. It is Sunday, August 11th from 10 to 11 AM. This is a Christian, non-denominational and totally independent church. Come to get answers to questions like, do I have to be baptized, or speak in tongues, or go to church? Join us and find out.