



MSgt William McDaniel II

SSgt Juan M. Ridout

(Given by STS teammate SSgt John Romspert)

Saying good-bye is never easy. It is especially hard when the good bye is forever. We may have to say good-bye to 2 teammates, friends, father, and soul mate right now, but it does not mean that we have to forget them. We are here today to help us in closure and begin our own healing. More importantly we are here to accept a challenge. The challenge is to keep the memory of our lost comrades alive. As long as we remember to tell the memories that we have our friends will live on in our hearts and minds. Juan and Bill will always be close to us.

Bill came to the team as a new MSGT; he had only been a PJ for about 2 yrs and placed in charge of the team. Being Bill he did not want to be in charge at first he just wanted to be a team guy and strived to be one, but he did not avoid his duties as the boss. Bill has left the team one thing very important. That is his smile. No matter how bad it got Bill was always there with a smile. He always made sure to tell you how you were doing and was able to find some good in everything. A quick story to remind us all of Bill came with our units last full mission profile. Bill was in a zodiac raft coming through the surf when his boat overturned throwing him into the sea. Bill walked the rest of the way in. As he was coming on the shore we noticed that his zipper on his dry suit was left open and his suit was filled with water up to his waist. Bill came in shaking his head but as soon as he saw us laughing he realized just how funny it was, he smiled and went on with the mission. I believe that Bill had his biggest smile on his last mission. Bill was flying lead as PJ team leader. He was a team guy, flying with his teammates and it was his team. It was what he loved to do.

Juan the Irish Mexican who was always up for the challenge of being a PJ. He was always honest and told you exactly how he felt or what was on his mind even if it was the last thing you wanted to hear. He was always there for the team if we needed something done. Juan was a unique PJ. He was one of the few who would tell you straight up that he was not comfortable with the op or that he was a little nervous going into a training iteration, but he never faltered. Juan was always the straight shooter and wise cracker but never forgot how to be humble, never once did he brag or boast about his combat mission in Bosnia or the warrior's rack he wore on his uniform. I have a lot of great memories of Juan, some of the best was our last trip to Key West. Juan, myself and another PJ chartered a Shark fishing boat and went of for a 6 hr tour of shark fishing at night. Even if we did not catch a single fish that night we would have had a blast. I will always remember as Juan would have said "fishing for the toothy white devil."

As I end my eulogy to my fallen teammates I now say a few words to us. Remember always that they were doing what they loved, fighting for the freedoms and privileges that our country provides. Juan and Bill set a standard for us to follow. They were truly great Americans. They lived by the motto and died by the motto.

It is my duty as a Pararescueman to save life and aid the injured. I will be prepared at all times to perform my assigned duties quickly and efficiently. Placing these duties before personal desires and comforts. These things we do,

"That Others May Live"

Hooah-Yah Brothers