

INSTRUCTIONS

*When adding a man to this book, use the next available page.
You have 30-days to pack and forward this book to the next Region.
Page order is at the discretion of the book creation team in Los Angeles.*

WASH HANDS
BEFORE
TOUCHING THE
BOOK !

Artifact Origin

This book was created by the men doing the work, for the men doing the work. It is for the men who have come before us and have departed this realm.

Simply put it is for all of us, for someday, we will all fall away to become a memory in the minds of the men who remain in the physical circle.

Over the years, our focus has become our legacy and the deep well of lessons we want to leave behind for future generations to drink from.

We took our legacy from our father and our father's father, yet we also create a legacy with our offspring, our actions and what we have built not only within our divisions and teams, but with all whom we touch in the brief period we call a lifetime.

This book is dedicated to those men who have touched our lives, who have left this life and left a legacy for others- honored within these white pages.

The idea for this book originated with a conversation in 2000 between Rod Greene of the Southwest Region and David Turk of the New York Region. Greene got the concept approved by the Southwest Regional Coordinator from San Diego, Sandy Peisner. The binding and cover was handmade by a leather craftsman in Beverly Hills with artwork by Rich Wilkie and text by Jim Ellis, both of the Southwest Region. These men merely brought this work to life. The book is to record the legacy and work of great men in our circles who have created a legacy that must be remembered and honored.

The purpose here is to honor their legacy and to never forget their wisdom, their giving and their being. This is our way of celebrating their lives and their contributions. These men mentored others how to live with excellence as mature masculine leaders while creating successful families and communities. These were men who demonstrated the definition of commitment, integrity, ownership and service.

This book is for the men who have passed away after serving and leading the men before, during, and after Men's Divisions International. These men took care of us and showed us how to build great men's teams, divisions and regions as well as a growing international community. These men were fathers, husbands, brothers, friends, teammates and role models. They came from all walks of life and gave their best to make us better men. They loved the men.

They were giants.

They were our men.

~Rod Greene, October 2009

Do not stand at our graves and weep....

We are not there, we do not sleep.

We are the thousand winds that blow....

We are the diamond glint on snow....

We are the sunlight on ripened grain....

We are the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the mornings hush....

We are the swift uplifting rush....

Of quiet birds in circled flight....

We are the guiding star that shines at night.

Do not stand at our graves and cry....

We are not there, we do not die.

~Lakota Sioux poem

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Over the years our legacy has become our focus and the well of lessons we want to leave behind for future generations to drink from. We took our legacy from our father and our father's father, yet we also create a legacy with our offspring, our actions and what we have built, not only within our divisions and teams, but with all of those whom we touch in a brief lifetime.

This book is dedicated to those men who have touched our lives, who have left this life and left a legacy - captured herein within these white pages.

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They were giants.

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-Rod Greene, October 2009

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EVAN ROSS

AUGUST 22, 1969 - OCTOBER 6, 2007



Evan Ross was a healer, a man who committed his life to a higher purpose. He devoted his life and energy to others on a daily basis, all while dealing with his own lifelong fight with cancer.

Evan was challenged from the age of two when he was diagnosed with cancer and lost the use of one eye. In the course of his battle, he survived numerous treatments and surgeries. Over the years his cancer resurfaced time and time again after many remissions.

Being marked with cancer at a young age, Evan lived his life as if each day had great value. He was an extremely fierce warrior. With one eye and marginal use of one arm, he became a 3rd degree black belt in Jiu Jitsu martial arts. He was a noted Musical Producer, and was the only Alternative Medicine Practitioner on staff at Cedars Sinai Hospital.

As Director of Alternative Medicine at Cedars Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles, one of the nation's premier hospital facilities, Evan built up a practice treating cancer patients in alternative pain methods. Patients in chronic pain, in many cases terminal, that could no longer be helped by traditional pain management alone.

Evan came to his men's team so that he could fight death, and not die alone. He gave love and respect easily to his men. He always had an interest in you even though he was in great pain himself.

Evan had no quit in him. He never gave up. He was writing a book and developing the plans to start an Alternative Medicine College in the last 6 months of his life. With less than a year to live he continued to treat his patients in acupuncture, even when his arm atrophied and he had difficulty walking. Evan never stopped giving.

Evan was a husband and a father. His dying wish to his men's team was that they help find a way to let his very young son know what kind of man he really was. Having a son was the most important thing in life to Evan.

Evan had no patience for bullshit in his life or in his circle of men. He always cut right to the truth.

WE MISS YOU BROTHER

GOD SPEED

Kurt William Thorne

October 17, 1960 - November 19, 2008

*Kurt Thorne was just a man.
No, truthfully.
Kurt Thorne was not just a man
He was our man
And he was the man.*

*Kurt Thorne was a father,
And though he may have maintained
An exceptional standard
of provisions and protection
for his family
his stand for fatherhood far
outreached the limits
of paternal responsibility*

*He was a son,
And though he may have lived
To meet his parents' brightest expectations
The iconic legacy he left on his community
Was one that would have made all
Of his ancestry proud.*

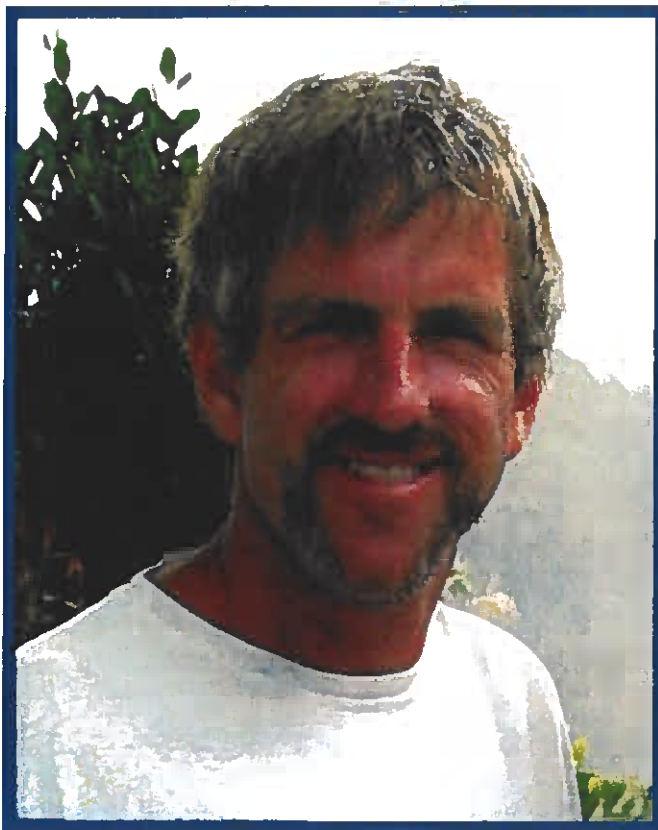
*He was a brother,
And though he may have embraced
a sibling intimacy
known only to his kin
The arms of his brotherhood
reached out in such a way
that all who knew him
felt him as their own.*

*He was always a teacher,
And though his passion was the children
and their future in this world,
you could not leave his presence
at any age
without a seedling of self-discovery*

*My favorite part would be
To stand aside and watch
As that small seedling of discovery grew
Into a full fledged inspiration*

*For me personally,
Kurt Thorne was a giant
in a world smaller than his own heart
He was an example
of the man I always wanted to be
When we spoke
he only spoke
to the greatness he knew existed
inside me
Only to the community he demanded
we create
and
only to the dreams
he inspired me to achieve
Kurt brought the courage out
of me again
Despite the history of my fears.
I will forever walk proudly
in the footprints
of his vision
for the rest of my devoted years.*

*thank you Kurt
for always teaching.
We are all so blessed
to have loved you.*



December 03, 2008

I will never forget all that Kurt did to help me over the years. I am forever grateful. He will be with me until my last day. He was an amazing man. - Ed Holohan, Oakland, California

December 02, 2008

Kurt, as many have probably already duly noted, was a man among men, a King in a world of princes and paupers. Of that fact I think that there is little dispute. What is more important to those who are writing in this book is that he was a great friend. The time we spend with each other was not frequent, however it was always meaningful. We would go Mountain Bike Riding with each other. In addition to the sport and exercise we would share camaraderie that was second to none. I would always come away with great yet simple lessons. I always felt welcomed by him at his level. There was never any pretense, only love and openness. What else is there to say... I will miss his physical presence, and always enjoy the benefit of his spirit! I love you Kurt. - David Brix, Oakland, California

November 22, 2008

Kurt, Thank you for never holding back and giving your all to everything that you do. You have touched the lives of thousands and you have demonstrated that one man can make a difference. I am a better man for knowing you. My thoughts and prayers are with your family as we celebrate the life of a great man that who inspired excellence from every life he touched. - Lance Lewis, Oakland, California

November 20, 2008

Kurt was an amazing man, and in a region of amazing men he was a standout. I will never forget him, his bearing control and allowance of situations had a visionary effect that affected everyone in a positive way. My thoughts are with Lisa and the kids. He will live forever in the hearts of the men who knew him and the countless men that will benefit from the legacy of his huge and unselfish context for generations. WE ARE MDI. - Pete Sanford, Concord, California

November 20, 2008

I have been pretty numb ever since I found out. The world has lost a great man of vision, commitment and purpose. I have lost a man I counted on to always see me as my best and remind me when I was not living up to it. - Rich O'Keefe, Lacey, Washington

November 20, 2008

Kurt Thorne was a great man who gave everything to his family and his community. He was a dedicated teacher and was loved by his fellow teachers and his students. He has an active community of men and women who he has touched through his volunteering which spans the United States and Canada and includes thousands of men and women who will remember him and continue to support his wife Lisa and his two children Casey and Janna. There are not enough words to express my gratitude for what he has meant to me over the years and there is no limit to my love for him and his family which I am committed to continue to express in action through the years to come. - William Fishkin, Lafayette, California

THOMAS KEVIN KANE



March 3rd 1967 ~ May 9th 2010



Tom was a man of great intensity who left us too soon. An extremely loving and dedicated father, son, brother and husband. He was the third, and youngest, son of Robert and Marilyn Kane. His older brothers were Denis, his identical twin Sean and he had a younger sister named Bridget. Very much a leader and warrior from birth, he was the first to start a family. In his first marriage he had four children. First a boy, who he named after his father, Robert W Kane II; and then he had three girls, Nicole, McKenna and Desiree.

As each of his children grew, he taught them his creed of Strength and Honor. He made it a point to teach them what that meant to him and what it should mean to them. Strength was something greater than physical ability; it was also mental and spiritual. Honor was something you held in your heart, it was what helped you decipher right from wrong and good from evil; it was what allowed you to gain and show respect. Tom lived his life through this creed.

Tom never missed an opportunity to inspire his children to greatness. He was always at their sports games and tournaments, either cheering them on or coaching the team. When his eldest son Robert was playing little league football he wrote him 'The Warrior's Prayer', which is still cherished by Rob. That prayer gives great insight into his mentality.

While he was a wonderful husband, it was not meant to last. While it was a huge obstacle for him to overcome, it soon proved to be a blessing in disguise. For when one thing ends, something else begins. Through the hardship of the divorce, he bonded even more with his children. Learning to appreciate his time with them even more, and drawing strength from their presence. With his new found strength it was no time at all before he met Tiffany, who he instantly knew was the love of his life. With Tiffany at his side Tom found more success than he had ever had before in business, he opened his own auto body shop. After their wedding came another blessing, his second son, Giovanni J. Kane.

Everything seemed to be going as planned, but tragedy was just around the corner. On in his life until May 8th 2010, Tom when he reluctantly admitted himself to the hospital for a fever with leg and back pain. While everyone was worried, this was far from his first hospital visit. He seemed almost invincible to some people considering how many times he had a brush with death. Unfortunately, his number was up and barely a day later he passed while in surgery He developed septicemia and then septic shock that took his life right on the operating table. This was a shock as this man always seemed invincible and bigger than life itself. His Legacy of naming his men's team "Valhalla" will always be with the men. Now that he has entered Valhalla we will miss him and always carry his memory in our Hearts.

Tom is greatly missed and will forever remain in our hearts.

We love and miss you dad.

-RK



THE WARRIOR PRAYER



Dear Lord,

Please bless me with the physical and mental strength to stand tall against those who are my sworn enemies. Bless me with the power to defend my comrades in arms and to punish those who threaten our existence. Bless that I may have the fury to conquer and the presence of mind to recognize the need for the vast destruction that I must cause. Please be with me as I storm the lines of the evil ones and bring glory to my cause. Please allow me never to fall weak at the time of truth. Let my strikes be both swift and devastating. Please be with the families of my foes as they witness their punishment for the wickedness and they lament the carnage I must cause. Allow me to be the mighty and fearless deliverer of death and destruction that has been my destiny. Allow the fire that burns in me keep my soul warm until the time that you want me by your side in Valhalla. And there let me stand tall and proud to the right of my father and his father before him. Let he who survives this purification of fire understand my name is truly Kane.

And I am the Warrior

HE WAS ONE OF OUR OWN

For Steve Krescanko (January 14, 1964 - October 2, 2011)

To encompass a life – for a son, a brother, a father and a friend
It would take a song eternal, and words without end
But we gather here – in the presence of the shadows and the light
Honoring a man's soul and celebrating a man's life
What can be said? What can be known?
Perhaps it's just simply ... he was one of our own

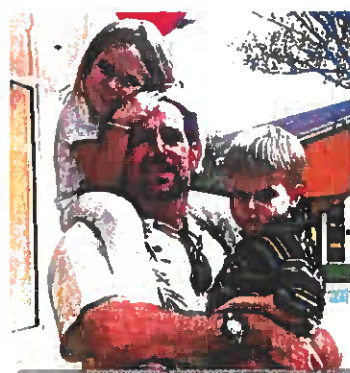
A brother ... and a son
That little mischievous, silly one
With the angst of boyhood, with its ups and its downs
One million smiles ... and one million frowns
But steady was his care, from a seed that had grown
For Steve's family – he was one of their own

A friend to many – a buddy, a pal, a mate
A mentor for agents in his real estate
A solid and steady support, forever giving of his time
"San Diego Blood Bank," "Feeding America," fundraising in kind
This was a man to be reckoned with, a man to be known
For Steve's friends – he was one of their own

As a teammate, as a man in our circle of success
He was game for every mountain, ready for every test
He stepped up quite often – leader, impact player and point man
Doing whatever he could – to make a mark, to take a stand
His comeback into honor and power was to be made at all cost
His fight was our fight ... his loss was our loss
Sometimes raw, biting and bitter, sometimes rock on bone
On a restless and turbulent sea, often tossed and thrown
From him a deep, and lasting, guttural groan
A spirit having loved, a spirit having flown
Building a heart out of ashes, and a soul out of stone
For those of our Men's Division – Krescanko was one of our own

And finally ... for his children, the most dear to his heart
There is no measure of this devotion – no end and no start
Putting them up high on his shoulders, and carrying them way up above
Nothing, nothing, nothing can ever take away this love
His "comeback" was for the kids, he fought to earn his right
To be in the company of these two – having fought the good fight
May they always feel his presence wherever they may roam
For little Lauren and Andrew – he was one of their own

Thank you daddy, thank you brother, and thank you dear friend
This song eternal is for you, a love without end
We wish you well on your journey, on your way back home
Knowing forever in our hearts – you shall never be alone
Knowing forever in this world – the light that forever will be shone
Steve Krescanko – you *are* one with us – you *are* one of our own



Forever Dog Soldiers

The Fallen



Dog Soldiers

Don Bayliss

Richard Byrd

Jim Diethorn

Steve Dockery

Brent Dufor

Tom Ennis

Dave Fara

Robert Fine

Howard Graber

Howard Hoge

David Holland

Tony Larocco

Raul Lerow

Larry McIntyre

George Mertzanis

Jerry Stein

Jake Waldrop

Jim Walker

John Watts

Dan Wiehl

Jason Young

"Ways to show a woman you love her"

Richard Byrd



Dog Soldiers

Richard once led a team project in which he brought a multi-page list of "Ways to show a woman you love her" and presented it with over the top enthusiasm. The team was wowed by his presentation, and many men were well-served by his expertise in this area, including myself.

He loved music and the Black Crows like no one else

"I'm just a fucking jerk!"

Insightful and direct

Service Positions:

-Team Captain

The Gentle Giant

Dave Fara



Dog Soldiers

Memory from Jack Brown:

I met Dave in the early 1990's. We attended the same church and together served on several projects and committees. He was a self-appointed greeter and met newcomers at the door with a smile and his easy way.

A teammate of mine, also a church member, invited him to do a Legacy Discovery. He threw himself into MDI with a passion I have rarely seen. He soaked up the Sterling Men's Weekend and was transformed by it.

He successfully completed his commitment to the SMW audio/visual team. And he served in MDI and the Atlanta Dojo in several capacities.

Once after a Division meeting, we gathered at a local pizza parlor. As we started to leave, Fara couldn't get up. His right leg "had stopped working"! It turned out that his fifteen year old hip replacement had come out of the socket! We put him in his car AND HE DROVE to the hospital. Three weeks later, he was up and around again.

Service Positions:

-SMW A/V Production



Positive about life, and a
good friend



Tough and gentle



"I'm FINE!!!"

Robert Fine

Do


Gawds; how does one remember Fine? Daaaaamn

Leathers. Harley. Chaps (and for god's sake don't ask what's under them...). Great stories...


And a smile for days – he was always the biggest kid in the Circle.

And – I always knew where I stood with him. No BS – he's tell me straight up what he was thinking. V in his eye to be sure, but he'd tell me.


Mr: Fine, the world is a sadder and a grayer and a lesser place without you in it.



Fine was a big kid – th
world was a fun plac
for him



One word: "Chaps"



This *IS* the Easy Way!

Howard Hoge

01/01/1951 – 08/07/2013

Howard Hoge was an incredible Man who joined and served in the Dog Soldiers Division and its antecedents for nearly 27 years.

Hoge did his SMW in about 1987 and was one of the original thirteen to start the Renegades, which became Atlanta's first Division



Just an overall Bad Ass of a man, he was committed to his family, to the men of the Dog Soldiers and his community. Known for his Ruthless Compassion and caring enough to state the truth as well as his long hikes through the woods, famously known as "Death Marches".

Robert Brown was a victim of Death March II In October, 2003... "As a team Overnight we left on Friday hiking in the rainy, north Georgia mountains. By late Saturday afternoon, Hoge had lead us to the bottom of a "boulder climb". Essentially about a mile nearly straight up. Already tired, with packs and pain We asked Hoge for another way out. He laughed and said "This is the easy way! The *hard* route is a little further down the path."

Even when life threw Hoge challenges, he never ever quit, working to support his family and showing up for Team meetings until his last days.

He will be remembered as a man who never, ever quit.

"Hit it!"

He really liked to hike and backpack alone, in the snow.

Service Positions:

- Team Captain
- Regional Training Manager
- Leadership Training Team

Left Behind:

- Samantha Hoge (daughter)

Howard was my friend and he always told me the truth.

I went on two death marches with Hoge and the oddest thing was he always thought he knew where he was!
Childers

Sterling Men's Weekend: 1987

Legacy Discovery: 09/2005

Wait – he died *AGAIN*?!?!

Howard Grabber



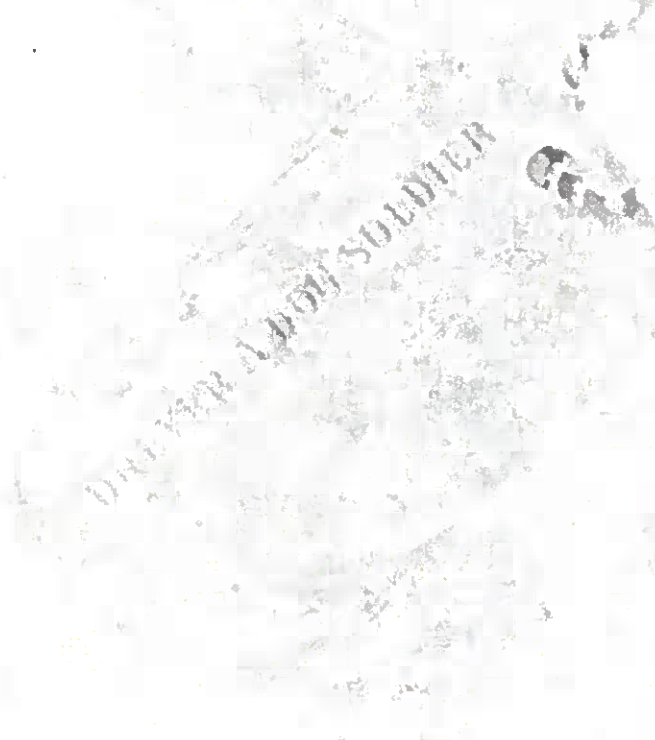
Dog Soldiers

The only person to die twice and come back.

After 2 years of working out still looking fat, most hugged Grabber and felt muscle.

He was always at every event he could be at... Dojo, MDI, Tribe, did Landmark and Reiki (a meditative form of Japanese healing).

You could love him and hate him at the same time, and have good reason for both.



What? Again?



Last Man Standing

George Mertzanis



Dog Soldiers

Mertzanis was the last DC of the Heyoka Men's Division, leading us through the merger process with the Dog Soldiers.

And ya know... He succeeded well beyond any of our wildest hopes, as the men from Heyoka carried forth our clownish traditions and did our level best to shake things up and take over the Dog Soldiers from within...

Mertzanis had a heart as big as the planet and a contagious laugh.

Oh, and a temper. But the laughter came right back out after any storm.

Service Positions:

-DC of Heyoka Men's Division



The last Raid



The Gizmo



Fuck the Government!

Jake Waldrop



Memories from Jack Brown:

During a crazy ball game at a Division overnight, Waldrop once tackled me into the lake that served as a boundary line. The problem was I was on his team! He just wanted to get wet and thought I should join him!

His dedication as an attorney should be what he is remembered for. Waldrop worked on several teams representing men on death row. Giving them his best as he fought to give them full representation.

He is known for one famous phrase, shouted by him at nearly every team and division meeting: "FUCK THE GOVERNMENT!"

Jake Waldrop brought in and enrolled Tom Thurmond who became a DC and RC in the Dog Soldiers, and one of my best friends. Thank you Jake!

And from Tom Horne:

I recall Jake helping me register for the LD in 2004, in that precise registration format for which I had no clue about how to complete the questions.

I did not know what that "weekend for men event" really meant, but I felt I was in good and trusting and knowing hands as he talked me through that process. His energy and enthusiasm were contagious, and he is one of the first men to get me started on looking at myself through men's work. Whatever he did seemed either outrageous or unforgettable, and he is still missed

Dedicated to Service

Seriously unserious about serious things

Heyoka!!!

Dan Weihl



Memory from Tom Thurmond:

I got to know Weihl when I changed teams and he was on my new team. I knew he had been around the men's circles, and had been a part of Heyoka (before their merger with the Dog Soldiers), but I did not know him until I got on the team.

Weihl had a great sense of humor and could "peel the onion" and get right to the heart of a man's issue, although he could not do that for himself.

He was always available to support me.

As he began slipping, I increased my support calls to him. Every time we had a team meeting and he was not there, I called him and left him a message to get his butt to the meeting. Eventually, I called to support him in the end and left him a message. He called me back on that Friday night and we had a 10 minute conversation.

I asked him if he had a plan for the weekend and offered to come over if he got to needing company. He thanked me for "never giving up on him." I think it was his way of saying goodbye, because later that night, he deleted most of his social media posts and killed himself.

His sister gave me one of Weihl's watches and I think of him often

Service Positions:

-DC of Heyoka Men's Division