

# Sonshine 2014 Recap

Greetings Sonshine Security Crew of 2014!

What a great year we had, filled with much shenanigans, and wonderfully mild weather! We saw and heard lots of incredible music and amazing worship, and even found time to do some security. The 2014 crew of 115 included 25 rookies, and each of them brought something unique to the crew. Some were pitters, others Crowd Patrol, while others got their feet wet as members of the Backstage crew. Rookies like **Peter Strom** handled the challenging 9pm side gate with confidence, and **Hunter Sannes** handled shifts like a veteran would. Still others, most notably on Crowd Patrol, ended up with partners that seemed like matches made in Heaven. **Sue Sannes** partnered up with **Lesa Carlson**, and they became overnight best friends. **Scott Stover** hit the bikes with **Shawn Klein** and it was easy to see they too shared a kindred spirit. It never ceases to amaze me how God finds the right puzzle pieces to add to the crew every year. Rookies, I hope your experience was everything we promised it would be. I told you it would be like NOTHING you'd ever done before. I trust it was. Sonshine 2014, like every year, had plenty of lasting memories. Nine pages worth, which only proves you guys screw around too much and should do some work. Some stories were humorous, others touching or moving. The trick is in prying them from your minds before I put together this recap. Anyway, here's the collection of stories, thoughts, and memories from Sonshine Security 2014.

I don't get pranked very often, as it can be like poking an angry old grizzly bear. A prank on me taken too far could have you pulling Access Point duty for the remainder of your Sonshine career. Taking this risk, **Hannah Taylor** and **Paige Henggeler** asked to borrow my golf cart, presumably to fill the water coolers at the security tent, but instead stole away to a secret location and proceeded to "pimp my ride" with colorful flowing streamers, tons of neon silly string, a disco ball, and a fetching poster of Justin Bieber on the back. Apparently this was all done with the full approval of a certain ex-Executive Assistant. Having been so thoroughly pranked by these two masterminds, I bowed my head and was forced to take the "lap of shame", touring all over the Sonshine grounds, and subjected to all sorts of jeers, laughter, and finger pointing from the peasant population. Girls, it's a LONG time to Sonshine 2015, more than enough time to devise a retaliation prank worthy of the gods, or possibly jail time.

**Jessica Eddy** was SUPER excited to help balance and hold Switchfoot lead singer **Jon Foreman's** leg when he came off the stage to stand on the barricade and sing to the crowd. Even after **Kirk Partello** came over to assist, she didn't let go. Come to think of it, EVEN after Jon tried to climb back onto the stage, she STILL didn't let go. Now that's SRT dedication!

From **Ben Chase**: Wednesday night was Red, and due to their pyrotechnics, we had security blocking each entrance to the stage. None other than **Bob Poe** came to talk with me as I stood guard and Bob took the role of Captain Obvious. Standing next to Ben, he commented on the light directed at the staircase and directly pointed at eye level and exclaimed, "That thing is sure bright." He then followed that pearl of wisdom up with one even better. As the fire-shooter behind the stage shot off in a collection of fingers of fire into the air, he exclaimed, "That's pretty hot, isn't it!" Yes, Bob, yes it is.

**Jessica Sievers** spotted a guy in the crowd at HM who was leaving the front in a hurry, and he wasn't looking so good. She followed him to make sure he was ok. Just as he gets to the fire lane on stage right he pukes ALL over the floor, takes a few steps, and pukes a few more times. The vomit was mostly clear, and as she was escorting the guy away **Meagan Musolf** (who didn't realize he had just puked) does what any good Pit Crew person does and whipped off her security shirt and started mopping the "water" off the floor. After Jessica got the situation settled, Meagan pointed to her bunched up shirt and with a disgusted look on her face said, "I don't think that was water." I learned that **Lonnie** from EMS had the shirt destroyed as a bio-hazard. Meagan WAS given a new shirt of course.

I guess **Alex Schmidt** had told a young lady on crew (**Joy Krinitsyn** I think) he wanted to wear shorts just like hers (very short). So Friday afternoon Schmitty and **Jacob Pasch** ran to Goodwill in town to buy some jeans for their evening at HM. Well, the boys found a pair of scissors to cut them into jean shorts (or jorts). Let's just say their skills as tailors were truly awful, as the lines were horribly crooked and ran dangerously close towards the thigh and crotch regions (although they passed the fingertip test according to **Anna Walters**). They both changed in the security trailer and came out to "model" their new shorts. The crews reaction... was one where you couldn't look at them, but you couldn't look away either. So bad. The feeling I got looking at them prancing around in their "fabbbulous" shorts was the same feeling you might get after eating very bad Mexican food, or possibly sniffing road kill.

Later that night, I went over to HM to check out the mosh pits. A group of 3-4 Pit Crew were standing on the edge of the largest pit, doing nothing, except staring across to the other side of the pit. I looked across the pit and there's this incredibly beautiful young lady wearing VERY short Daisy Duke-type shorts and a halter top. **Suzanne Anderson** noticed her too at which point I told her, "As nice as those shorts are, they're still the SECOND best shorts in HM tonight compared to the ones Schmitty is wearing."

**Rachel Marchand** showed up for brunch Sunday morning with her arms and shoulders oddly covered by a jacket worn backwards. When asked, she revealed a dazzling array of 25+ bruises of all shapes and sizes, all received courtesy of the mosh pits at HM. While she fully understood she was doing "ministry" in the crowds, convincing her parents why she looked like a badly beaten victim of spousal abuse was a bit trickier. Next year we'll get her some of those huge arm pads used to train attack dogs.

The meanest prank of the year probably goes to those two very devious Crowd Patrollers, **Hannah Taylor** and **Paige Henggeler**. In their own words: Hannah and I were able to get **Joe Kendall** to believe he had a secret admirer. Each day we composed a love letter that contained creepy, cliché love phrases... "You're the love of my life." "I have our two children already named." "I like to watch you from afar." "I hope you don't mind, I have a lazy eye." We would place the love letter with a nasty stuffed animal inside his tent and watch and wait to see what his reaction was. He didn't disappoint! Hannah and I didn't have to do anything else. He talked it up all on his own, showing the notes to everyone on crew! Hahahaha It got to the point that he almost called the cops.

In a related story, in what could only be described as an act of unbridled heroism and chivalry, **Joe Kendall, Michael Curran, Mike Rodger, Andrew Ashton, Ben Jaschke, and Scott**

**Lloyd** rescued the tent of **Hannah Taylor** and **Paige Henggeler** that had been obviously blown onto the top of the Biffy's by a strong gust of wind. We salute and applaud the gentlemen we have on the Sonshine Security crew.

Comment overheard from a couple of kids: "You guys are the coolest security people ever...we have never seen security come and actually play in the pits with us." Score another one for the Pit Crew!

Waiting to make their way out into the crowd for Red, **Anna Walters, Jessica Eddy, and Alex Schmidt** (Schmitt) were chatting and preparing for what promised to be a very physical crowd for Red. Alex, never one to hide his narcissism, was slowly and gently rubbing his chest, pecs, and abs as if it were a part of his pre-workout routine. Decidedly uncomfortable, Jess asked Schmitt why he was rubbing himself. He quickly replied, "Wouldn't YOU if you had this body?" to which Anna smugly shot back, "I don't have to. I've got boobs."

From **Jessica Sievers**: While clearing out folks sitting under the 'no sitting' signs just outside of HM, I noticed a bunch of guys standing around, and one guy sprawled on the floor - obviously in great pain. So I walk over and ask if he's ok. "NO" was the emphatic response I got, so I ask if he needs EMS. He stammers, "No...Yes... ugh". He stands up, and I ask again if he needs EMS. As he's standing there awkwardly adjusting himself he explains that he "got hit...in a place". I calmly told him that "we don't take people to EMS for that", smiled and walked away. After seeing those guys on stage later, I realized they were all from the band Colossus.

**Connor Peoples** and **Jacob Pasch** were on night SRT trolling tent city along transportation road when they came upon two guys running with an unzipped sleeping bag between them. As the campers ran up near the cart, they were stopped and asked what they were doing. Earlier in the night, the sleeping bag had gotten wet and so they decided running would be a great way to get the sleeping bag dry. To help them figure out a more reasonable solution they brainstormed and came up with the following other ideas: Holding the sleeping bag while riding on the back of the cart, Holding the bag over the exhaust of a car to warm it up and dry it out, Holding the bag near the engine to get the warmth of the engine without the effects of Carbon Monoxide, and lastly, putting the bag over the top of a car and inserting the corners in the windows to keep it on the vehicle. Fortunately, none of these rather silly ideas were put to use and the two campers found their way back to bed.

A bunch of the crew with FAR TOO much free time on their hands (**Hannah Taylor, Suzanne Anderson, Paige, Diana Huffer, Alex Schmidt, Jessica Eddy, Anna Walters, Jacob Pasch, Patrick Bergh, Nerissa Wilker, Jed Martin and EVEN Sheila Quiggle**) challenged each other to Selfie Wars in which they had to find specific people and take selfies with them (picture with a Canadian, someone in orange, Jack Sparrow, etc.). I kept wondering why so many of the girls wanted to get a picture with me. I now realize they were just trying to get the required "picture with a muscle bound hunk of a MAN" photo. I was only too glad to help.

A group of campers making strawberry rhubarb cobbler devised a super-secret way to signal **Tyler Musolf** and **Kirk Partello** when it was done cooking. Kirk and Tyler decided on

“frantically waving flashlights in the air”. Clever guys, no one will notice that, OR the six golf carts at the site eating it.

Friday night I ran into some members of Red Society from the Fringe Stage that missed the last shuttle back to the hotel. It was after midnight and I scrambled to think of how to help them when I realized **Sheila Quiggle** and **Nerissa Wilker** were sitting in my vehicle, about to head to Perkins in Willmar. I asked Sheila and she said she’d take them. Before they drove off I made sure to tell her to drive safely, and the guys in the band gave me a puzzled look of “why would he need to say that?” At Perkins later Sheila (in her own words) said they were about 78% safe. She described much yelling and screaming in the car (by all parties, including the poor band) as Sheila did numerous sharp U-turns as they gave her confusing directions. She joked to them about how difficult it is to drive a car after driving a golf cart all day. The terrified band told Sheila her driving reminded them of the crazy drivers in their home of Nicaragua as they hastily got out. They probably kissed the ground as they thanked God they were still alive. The next day **Suzanne Anderson, Diana Huffer** and I ran into the band and I asked them about their ride to the hotel. Their eyes got real big and with a VERY serious look on his face one band member leaned in close to me and said, “It was bad...it was REAL bad.” And then he just walked away.

Apparently **Joe Kendall, Joe Remde, Peter Swanson, and Scott Lloyd** had been having water balloon fights with some campsites as they were “patrolling” tent city. I had seen them filling balloons earlier but didn’t give it much thought. Later that day, after stopping to chat with the group from Montana on the front edge of the Blue Section, they asked me to PLEASE talk to “the guys throwing water balloons at them.” I instantly knew who they were talking about and devised a plan for our Montana friends to pay them back. I told them I would order them to apologize for their bad behavior and when they did they should be ready to pelt the four guys with water balloons of their own. I told the kids to fill everything they could find with water because it was indeed “going to rain”. Excitedly, the kids gathered around as I radioed for Joe Kendall to meet me on Transportation Rd near their camp site. They pulled up slowly, with heads bowed and tails tucked between their legs. I proceeded to scold them and say their actions had offended a number of kids in that camp site and an apology was needed. They made the short drive around the corner to apologize to the 20+ kids gathered and waiting for them. As soon as they stopped the golf cart the kids HAMMERED them with water, and all four of them took off (like rabbits out of a cannon – oh shut up **Suzanne**, it made sense in my head when I said it!) in every direction. I’ve NEVER seen any crew member run as fast as the four of them did. Lesson learned big time. The lesson I learned is that like alcohol and narcotics, it’s VERY dangerous to mix SRT with Pit Crew.

Things learned this year on crew:

**Suzanne Anderson** has a mashed potato obsession bordering on psychotic.

Hand hugs can be creepier than regular hugs, just ask **Anna Walters** to demonstrate the proper technique because apparently I do it way wrong.

It was the year of the REDHEAD!!! More crew than EVER this year had red hair!

#hashtagsarestupid #hashtagsareannoying #canigetaname.

**Terry Post** is STILL waiting to get pranked by his overnight SRT, which might end up being more entertaining than the prank itself when it finally gets played.

**Janna Langer** used her car to drive **Scott Stapp's** road manager to the Civic Center with another band member and had to open the door for them because the child safety locks were on. Oops.

**Tammie Hudalla** and **Courtney Holte** learned some awful dance moves from staying late for the dance party.

Lots of Sups got creative but creepy statue awards from **Paige** and **Hannah**, with **Suzanne's** being aptly named, "Fallen Angel". Mine should have read, "Hero of everyone".

Conversation overheard between two crew members:

**Peter Strom:** "It's really warm out here."

**Diana Huffer:** "Um, are you kidding me?" (stating so in a sweatshirt and pants)

**Peter Strom:** "No, seriously it is....Well, I'm fat though."

From **Rick Prairie:** Working the Fringe Stage with Disciple playing, there were extra security up front as they have been known to get a crowd moving. As we moved in front of the stage just prior to the band starting, a lady says to me, "How come security has to be so tall?" I returned by saying, "I'm sorry, do you want me to switch positions with another security person?" She said, "Pretty please?" I said, "Hey **Ben Chase**, trade places with me, I am blocking this ladies view of the stage" She looked at Ben and said, "No, no, no, you're fine, don't move!" It was hilarious and you had to be there to appreciate it. Apparently I am taller, but Ben would have blocked a little more view than she would have liked.

While on Artist Escort Thursday, **Jess Eddy** and **Michael Sherman** were in the pop tent when **Suzanne Anderson** stops for some water also. Jess tells Suzanne, "The water tastes... different. You need to go check it out. You won't regret it." Suzanne thought it was a weird request, but curiosity got the best of her. Under the pop tent was a little girl around 9 years old, staring at Suzanne and creepily smiling. She ominously says, "The water tastes funny." As Suzanne grabs a cup, another girl LEAPED out of an empty cardboard box, and Suzanne screams and throws the (empty) cup at her and runs away.

On Friday I received a radio distress call from **Bob Poe** on the Supervisor's only channel, So I KNEW it had to be important. Apparently **Jamie Grace** needed to use a "real" restroom (rather than a biffy) for reasons we were never told. Sensing the urgency, I told Bob I would get it taken care of ASAP and radioed for the only "all girl" team I could think of on a golf cart at the time – **Hannah Taylor** and **Paige Henggeler**. They agreed to handle it, and were joined by **Amberlie Haak**. Later on they were so proud, having completed their successful mission. As they stood their glowing with pride, I pointed out that SRT are responsible for artist escorts while CP are left to handle artist potty breaks.

Thank God the truck tire in the Purple 5 section did not make an appearance until Saturday AFTER Alex Schmidt had already gone home. It's been around 5 years since his run in with a truck tire, when he and several others on SRT overnight decided it was a good idea to get inside and roll down the steepest hill they could find – multiple times. Oddly enough it was also the year Alex sat at the breakfast table at the hotel a few hours later talking to his bowl of cereal and making less sense than he usually does. **Anna Walters** and **Jeff Quiggle** laughed at him and pronounced him officially "concussed".

**Anna Walters** and **Jessica Eddy** were kind enough to purchase a flashlight for **Patrick Bergh**, a fellow SRT and rookie to overnights. He had forgotten to pack a flashlight and they didn't want him to get fined. They found the perfect flashlight for him at Wal-Mart – a pink, hello kitty flashlight complete with a safety whistle and blinking lights. We had serious fun making him show off his flashlight the rest of Sonshine and by week's end it looked like he had really grown attached to that flashlight.

From **Greg Nordin**: Our relationship with the Willmar Police has always been good, and it's improved vastly since they're now so well fed at the North Forty. Well, Saturday morning **Officer King** was enjoying his breakfast at the N 40 and mildly eavesdropping on a conversation **Meagan Musolf** was having with a group of crew members while she sat in a chair having her hair done. He listened for 10-15 minutes as they were talking about Tasing and/or getting Tased. When Officer King had finished, he thanked **Deanna Musolf** for her hospitality, and then softly added, "Do you want to see her (Meagan) jump?" (as if Deanna would say NO, lol) He took the Taser from his belt and carefully removed the cartridge that holds the flying electrically charged fish hooks. He then walks up behind Meagan, put the Taser right to her stomach, and PULLS the trigger! Oh my, did she FLY out of that chair! Just one of MANY "pick on Meagan" moments from Sonshine 2014.

I understand **Peter Strom** (Jack Black) had **Ray Carlson** laughing so hard he was crying like a baby and half the campsite snorting and practically rolling on the ground. I need to HEAR that story!

The SRT crew often gets a bad rap on crew as being "thugs" and not the smartest on crew. We love them of course, but they get handed some of the hardest tasks we're asked to do at Sonshine. On Wednesday **Ray Carlson** and three others were assigned to Artist Protection. Because of the massive pyrotechnics in store, they were told once Red took the stage that Sonshine credentials meant NOTHING and not to let ANYONE on stage without official tour lanyards. Ray was smart enough to ask if "it was really that black and white?" The reply was, "absolutely, it IS that black and white." So with those "absolute, cut in stone" instructions Ray and the others took their positions. Sounded easy enough, but Production Crew were not notified of the mandate and wanted on stage. They argued their case quite convincingly but to no avail. This did not seem to deescalate the situation, in fact it had just the opposite results. **Ben**, the head Production guy, left angrily only to return a few minutes later flying around the trailer coming at Ray. As he was about 15 feet in front of him he announced (in a distinct Australian accent) that he was going on stage and to get out of his way. Unfazed, Ray did not move. He was still moving at full speed when he ran into Ray's outstretched arm with an iron grip on the railing. This did not deter him at all. Ray tried calmly to explain the "memo" again and pleaded to let him call for clarification. When Ben grabbed Ray with both hands and tried to remove him from his post it did not end well. His failed attempt to get past Ray ended with Ben on his back looking up at him from the dirt. Note to reader... never, I mean NEVER, mess with SRT when they are on the job.

From **Paul Anderaos**: During the whole Sonshine Festival I found it extremely easy to distinguish God's voice. On Friday night outside of the HM stage I prayed with several others for a guy who gave his life to Christ. An hour later I saw a girl sitting on the grass with two

friends praying for her. I joined in and found out she had lost her breath and found breathing difficult. I talked to her until the EMS crew showed up. Later on in the night some fans of Triple Stitch had a free hotdog stand in memory of their absence and I found that same girl and her friends there and got to further talk to and encourage her.

**Susan Sannes** had an eventful first year, purchasing a "new" tent at Wal-Mart that came with an assortment of gruesome blood stains, making it look as if someone had been murdered in the tent and the killer returned it to Wal-Mart for a full refund.

**Eric Horner** reported an especially grievous tragedy to EMS Thursday morning, asking for emergency assistance at the Vehicle Gate around 8am and they completely ignored his call for help. Apparently, Eric had drank the LAST of his coffee with a full hour left of his early morning shift!

From **Janna Langer**: Sometimes it is funny to watch people and how they interact with artists. There was an older guy (40's) who was in one of the bands in HM. He was backstage when **Scott Stapp** was standing outside his bus. He went over to Scott and asked if he could have his photo taken with him. Scott said sure. This guy then takes this shirt with his band's name on it and holds it up to Scott. It reminded me of what my mom use to do when we were school shopping. The guy asks Scott to hold the shirt as he took the photo. Scott smiled as this guy took a selfie with Scott holding his band's tshirt. The guy thanked Scott and runs away like a little kid back to where his band was hanging out.

During Family Force 5, beach balls, balloons, and other fun floatables were being sent off the stage into the crowd, and those in the trench stayed busy, not pulling people over the wall, but bouncing the balls back into the crowd when they came over the barricade. One ball landed on the stage and **Diana Huffer** waited patiently for it to roll to the edge so she could throw it back. As soon as it got to the edge, she grabbed it with her hands, only to have it kicked out of her hands by the lead singer **Crouton**. Luckily, all of her 10 fingers are still attached.

Late one evening, **Suzanne Anderson** joined **Bou Gazley**, **Jeff Quiggle** and **Jed Martin** at the Communications Trailer, with Bou and Jeff discussing what team would go out where. As Jed was dutifully holding the flashlight to illuminate the schedules on the trailer, he leaned over to Suzanne and says (so she thought) "I have a pork chop" to which she replies, "Umm...well, good for you?" Jed smiled widely and turned back to his flashlight duties. Sleep deprived Suzanne started laughing and snorting like a complete idiot when she realized what Jed had actually said was "I have an important job."

**Tammie Hudalla** and **Courtney Holte** saw a guy with a sign that read, "Hire a Jedi to follow you around for an hour - \$5." They asked if it had to be them he followed or could they pick someone else. The Jedi said, "Who do you want me to follow?" Just then a group of guys wearing American flags came by. Tammie and Courtney looked at each other and said, "Them!" He grabbed his light saber and took off on his mission. They thought it was money well spent until they saw him wandering around by himself 10 minutes later. Worst... Jedi...ever! I'm surprised "stalker Jedi" didn't get arrested for harassment!

Friday night, access points only had to serve half hour shifts. When it was **Jacob Pasch** and **Anna Walters** turn to take over for **Jed Martin**, they decided who would sit at the Access Point the only way they knew how-- rock, paper, scissors. (My first guess would have been arm wrestling) Well, after best 2 out of 3, Anna won. However, when she picked Jacob up a half hour later, he told us he sat down to rest, and apparently fell asleep, waking up only after hitting his head on the cement. Watching night SRT over the years, I can't help but wonder how many more of them have hit their heads on concrete.

From **Nerissa Wilker**, a 10 year veteran and first year Supervisor: "If anyone knows me, I don't really get embarrassed, but this year I definitely embarrassed myself with my love for **Colton Dixon**. Many may not have even known or heard him until that Thursday. Well I have! He is on every mile of my half marathon play list, and there is just something about meeting the person behind the highly motivating music that has cheered me on through at least two half marathon races (plus numerous miles of training). Six months ago, I told **Suzanne Anderson**, "Just to warn you, Thursday I will be CRAZY because for the first time ever I WILL be star struck." I got the typical laugh from Suzanne, but I don't think she really knew what she was in for. So Thursday came around and I was doing well up until about 2 hours before his concert. I just couldn't keep my composure any longer so I told Suzanne to take my calls for an hour or so. I had to sit in my trailer and convince myself that he is just a servant working for the Lord. I saw him at his meet and greet from afar and I thought, "See, he is just a servant, just a person." Yeah, that didn't help. So I enjoyed his show and relived memories of my last half marathon and before I knew it I had to go check in radios. I thought my fan-girl day was done. Then I ran into my lovely friends, **Michelle Hopkins, Nora Nutt and Jessica Eddy**, and they tried for 30 minutes to convince me I HAD to meet him, but I said I couldn't meet him in my security shirt because I would bring shame to the group and I never want to do that. After a while I finally convinced myself that I was holding it together, but I don't think I convinced all of my friends on Artist Escort. Finally, Colton came walking out of the artist food tent and I was speechless. My three friends walked...well, pushed me, over to meet him and I was in shock. I tried so hard to keep it together. We had a great exchange about how we like each other's hair :D, but most importantly I told him that he was on my play list, a song for every mile, for my half marathons. The look of honor and sincere thankfulness from Colton was amazing, and he really is a class act of a man, a true man of God! Thank you to all of my friends for making this happen! Hey Nora, you were right I would have regretted it if I didn't meet him!" **Jeff Quiggle's** take on the meeting: I thought the crew would either have to cart her away after she passed out from her dizzy school girl euphoria...or they would have to pry and drag her off poor Colton when she decided a 3 minute full-on hug was perfectly natural and appropriate. Neither scene would have been pretty. By the way Nerissa, did the restraining order arrive in the mail?

Stuff ONLY the members of the Pit Crew will understand:

Trips to Walmart and toolboxes, trust issues, pliers, and ears.

Talk of jazz nubs and various other sad pit crew greetings.

Late night trips to Perkins, invisible mosquitos, and "not" dozing supervisors.

After pit conversations in the circle involving interns, creepy internet videos, padded walls, and headphones.

Daytime conversations involving juggling demonstrations and offers to collect children for said juggling demonstrations.



Dancing to the intro to Season 2 of Venture Brothers with Hank and with Red, before ABR.

Twitter: #stuffpitcrewsays

Pit crew nicknames: **Peter “Red” Swanson, Andrew “Froggy” Ashton, Brandon “Hank” Bakken, Andrew “Gideon” Offerman, Veronica “Newts” Nutt, and Ben “Jazz Hands” Jaschke.**

**Paige Hengeller** and **Hannah Taylor** (or Pannah, because I’m getting tired of typing their names in this recap) decided to “dress up like punks” (their words not mine – sorry Pit Crew) and visit the HM stage. They did the HEAVY black eyeliner, all black clothes (because nothing says “HM” like black spandex) and skull bandanas to complete their outfits. In typical Crowd Patrol form, they spent 2 hours getting ready, got distracted by God knows what, and ONLY caught the last SIX minutes of Sleeping Giant. Epic fail.

From **Susan Sannes**: “My story about my lost car keys: My son **Hunter Sannes** had driven my vehicle Friday morning and supposedly handed me the keys. I texted Hunter asking if he was SURE he gave them to me. Yes, he says. UGH! I ripped apart all the tents, throwing the contents out onto the grass, dumping bags, purses, shower caddies and everything out. NO KEYS. I didn’t want to panic, but I live 4 HOURS away....I finally told **Ray Carlson**, who informed everyone else by radio to be on the lookout for my keys. We had eaten earlier at N 40, so we rode back there looking to the ground the whole way searching. Nothing. Went to the lost and found, no keys. SO, back to the campsite again....back into the tent for the 3rd time, and THERE they were, in the tent all along! By this time **Randy Quiggle** had already called a locksmith, and had talked to him about the possibility of making a new key. It was so embarrassing to let everyone know, since they were looking so hard, that they were in front of my face all along, but that shows how much people care on this team. Ray even said he would drive me home, or let me use his car to go home and get my extra set of keys. It warms my heart to know everyone has each other’s back, no matter what the situation is. I am eternally grateful to everyone for dropping everything to help ME, a silly rookie who lost her keys. Thanks for an amazing opportunity and blessing my family with all that was said and done for us!”

I probably don’t include enough of the warm heartfelt moments from Sonshine because they’re often “in the moment” and hard to fully comprehend later the emotions felt. One such moment was during Switchfoot, the closing band on the last night of Sonshine, as **Nerissa Wilker** and I (**Jeff Quiggle**) went into the crowd to watch the show. It’s always an emotional time for me because it means Sonshine is over...and the sadness is sinking in. For Nerissa, Switchfoot is a band which reminds her of home in southern California, but that night it was more than that. The emotions that welled up inside of her as the band began to play were more than just being homesick. Nerissa had looked out over the awesome crowd, saw the moving passion in their faces, and the immensity of the stage, and realized she had played a HUGE part in making moments like THIS happen. I leaned over to her and said that very thing to her. I told her, “YOU had a part in this” and “this makes it ALL worthwhile”, as I was choked up too, and put an arm around her shoulder. We both cried as we listened to “We Are One Tonight” and “Love Alone is Worth the Fight”. I have always said how much of an impact you ALL make at Sonshine, and it was hitting Nerissa hard as we stood there together soaking it in. As she says,

"It was my first year as a Supervisor and I FINALLY felt like I found my spot in the family. For 10 years I had been on every crew, but never found a spot that truly fit. But this year was different. I finally found my passion and heart for security".

To my ENTIRE second family, my dear friends of Sonshine Security, it was again an honor and joy as always to spend those 5 days together fighting the crowds, weather, weariness and even each other. Like many of you, I wish it never ended. Now comes that time of waiting, and looking forward to when we will return to Sonshine and come together as one and again make Sonshine one of the best Festivals in the entire country. Every single one of you made a difference, from the oldest to youngest, from the 20 year veteran to the first year rookie. Your legacy as a member of Sonshine Security is the countless seeds planted and lives changed each year. I thank you all for another fabulous Sonshine.

Proudly serving together as one;

**Jeff Quiggle**

Director of Security

Sonshine Festival

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