

Sonshine 2013 Recap

Greetings Sonshine Security Crew of 2013!

Another year gone by filled with great memories spent with great friends and the opportunity to meet some great rookies. Together we all put together a very smoothly run four days of top notch security with some of the best volunteers in the country! We were impressed (but not surprised) by the poise and character of so many new crew, including our rookie Teen Challenge guys, **Dustin Price, Jason Firkus, Curtis Gaul, and Jeremia Cummings**, but really, so many of the 31 rookies this year did an awesome job I couldn't name you all. Thank you. You make our job as Supervisors that much easier. Several people stepped in to fill long term Supervisor vacancies and did incredible jobs. A special thanks to the new Sups this year, **Bou Gazley, Terry Post, and Rachel Hubbell**. You did great jobs! Well, it's time to relive some of Sonshine this past year. What I've compiled here are some of the highlights, lowlights, activities and stories that made this year special. Enjoy!

From **Pastor Ray Jarosik** – "I think the funniest thing I saw, and in all honestly enjoyed watching unfold at HM was when **Mike Rodger** came up to a kid that had his shirt off in the pit. Mike gently put his arm around his shoulder and asked him to kindly put his shirt back on. I could see by the look on the kid's face that he thought this was an outrageous request so Mike started to walk the kid over to the sidelines to have a "deeper conversation" with him. Just then, like a scene out of COPS, the kid makes a run for it. However, what the kid did not notice was that **Todd Hensel and Lizzy Alexandr** happened to be standing about five feet away. Todd professionally and with a lot of grace tackled that kid in approximately .03 seconds, like a linebacker on Adrian Peterson, and brought him to the floor where he was quickly subdued and his t-shirt put back on." Seems to me it would have been easier and less painful for the kid to just put his shirt on rather than endure the concrete skid rash across his chest.

At the signing table Thursday night, many requests were made for LeCrae to sign. One such request was from a middle-aged, much sunburned mom walking up to **Benjamin Chase** and asking if LeCrae would be signing. When told he would not, she responded, "Well, that's too bad. I don't really want his autograph, I just want his picture - that boy is FINE!" Ben did all he could to hold in the laughs until she had left.

Every year the pit crew sends me a barrage of stories of their heroic injuries in the pits and their trips to EMS. They go sorta like, "I took a shot to the face, a knee to the kidney; I think I'm paralyzed from the waist down, I almost died, blah, blah, blah". Well this year, not to be outdone, several of the Main Stage "pit" crew reported horrific injuries as well. At least two of the crew working the LeCrae show reported people bumping into them as they danced to the music! They were immediately rushed to EMS but released after they found no sign of the minor bruising they reported experiencing.

In related injury news, several of the Day SRT were admitted to EMS for severe inflammation of the buttocks, most likely caused from sitting on golf carts all day. (**Joe Kendall and Joe Remde...or me?**)

Here's **Suzanne Anderson's** perspective of the story I will continue in the next paragraph: Saturday morning, **Jeff Quiggle** and Suzanne had seen **Paige Henggeler** (Baby Hubbell) and **Hannah Taylor** (Baby Suzanne) at their campsite. We had a nice chat, something about them actually doing some biking, and drove away. We stopped and talked to **Lesa Carlson and Nerissa Vance** (who were working), and suddenly a voice comes over the radio—whether it was Hannah or Paige I'm not sure. "Jeff! We need a golf cart so we can keep patrolling." Jeff tells the girls that "you need to find us first." Suzanne kept feeding (ok, lying) them about their location. After about an hour of chasing, Suzanne had to use the restroom. Jeff parked near EMS by the Front Gate and Suzanne stalked around to the backstage handicap biff. **Sheila Quiggle** came over the radio yelling, "Run Suzanne! Run!" as Hannah started to chase her on her bike. Suzanne took off towards the biff and locked herself in, yelling things like, "You'll never take me alive!" and "I'll never let you know where Jeff is! NEVER!" Paige and Hannah were not deterred and kept banging on the door threatening that, "We're going to tip you over! Get out here!" Suddenly the giggling outside the biffy stopped, and a male voice said, "What's going on? Hurry up in there!" Suzanne walked out to see **Jon Oachs** smiling and holding a small teddy bear with a cast on his leg and a camera. "He needs to use the potty", Jon said. He then took pictures of the teddy bear on the toilet. We didn't ask.

Here's how the story unfolded from my side: During a visit to their campsite, two mildly psychotic members of the Crowd Patrol, **Hannah Taylor and Paige Henggeler**, made a deal with the devil (well, in this case **Suzanne Anderson**) that if they found **Jeff Quiggle** and Suzanne on their golf cart they would get to drive it the rest of the day. After a brief chase through tent city in which we were seemingly always one step ahead of them, they found me next to my golf cart at EMS. Exuberant at their apparent victory, and squealing and dancing with glee as only two Crowd Patrol girls can, they readied themselves to drive away in my golf cart. At that moment, **Jim Kroona**, head of the EMS medical staff, confronts the girls with some very distressing news. Unbeknownst to me, they had visited EMS the night before and been treated and released, but only after the trained staff felt they were safe to return to their tent considering they both had suffered what they could only think (from the way they acted) was severe head trauma. Jim then proceeded to break the news to them that their medical condition was serious enough to warrant them to be forbidden from operating any motor vehicles, including golf carts. Shocked and in disbelief, the girls refused to believe what Jim was saying until another of the medical staff produced two "very official" doctor's notes from Doctor Ted himself, the chief surgeon and probably the greatest doctor to have ever lived. The note read in plain English, "far too mentally unstable to drive a golf cart". Crumbling the piece of paper and demanding a second opinion, Paige and Hannah again showed some of the symptoms of the head trauma they suffered from as they flailed their arms about and screamed for justice. Jim bravely stood his ground as the two girls raged on about how unfair this was. I was powerless to help them, for even the Head of Security cannot defy a doctor's orders. Jim offered to let the girls plead their case directly with the great and all-powerful Dr. Ted, and the girls rushed into the EMS tent, ready to let Dr. Ted have it with both barrels. At the far end of the tent, they finally laid eyes on Dr. Ted; a five foot stuffed teddy bear with a stethoscope around his neck. While his orders did stand, I understand Dr. Ted did clear them to drive again on Sunday, just in time to go home.

Sheila Quiggle, still learning the basics of operating a golf cart, or possibly any motorized vehicle, somehow managed to hit a picnic table in the food court when she wrongfully thought the Whopper Wagon had a drive-up window. Later in the week as **Jon Oachs** and **Jeff Quiggle** were talking by the security trailers we heard a long, ear piercing screech. I already knew what happened but Jon went to investigate the source of the dreadful noise. From around the corner of the dumpsters I could hear Jon laughing as Sheila pleaded, "I need help. My golf cart is stuck against this dumpster, and PLEASE don't tell Jeffrey!" She had been trying to throw away some trash and knowing how poor her aim was she needed to get as close as she could to the 40-ft dumpster.

There seemed to be some friendly competition between **Hayley Hoefs** and **Mitch Shelstad** as to who would visit EMS the most times this year. Mitch took an early lead on Thursday, puking numerous times for the EMS nurses (which they thoroughly enjoy). He had been drinking enough water but no Gatorade. Hayley came back strong with a trip to EMS right out of the gate on Thursday night when she felt nauseous and lightheaded working HM (sounds like the same symptoms **Anna Walters** and **Terry Post** get when they're forced to go into HM). Although **Suzanne Anderson** brought her directly to her campsite, she snuck back to HM and went back inside after **Lizzy Alexandr** gave in to her plea to get back to work. The night ended with her back at EMS for headaches. End of day - Hayley 2, Mitch 1. Anyway, Mitch notches 2 visits the next day to take a commanding lead, again throwing up plenty of times. When I visited him in EMS he staunchly insisted he had been drinking plenty of fluids, but I'm not sure he knew where he was as his sister **Mackinzey Shelstad** would probably agree. This time we determined he probably had not been eating enough protein. Hayley managed to stay out of EMS on Friday leaving Mitch the frontrunner going into the final day. Mitch was told to take the morning off but soon after he began his late afternoon shift he was back in EMS. This time it was time to contact his parents and have him go home, leaving the door wide open for Hayley, but down 4-2 she had her work cut out for her. During Love and Death, the closing band at HM, Hayley seized her opportunity to score a trip to EMS by choosing to break up a fight between two guys. Luckily, **Kyle Voltzke** and **Kevin Pickar** intervened quickly but the girlfriend of one of the guys screamed at Haley and hit her on the side of the head. Off to EMS she went with a possible concussion, but alas it wasn't enough to overtake Mitch. We prefer this not become an annual competition between crew members as it gets exhausting for Suzanne and I to keep making house calls to visit you all in EMS!

Suzanne Anderson had gotten a call from **Jim Kroona** that he had a few of the HM crew in the EMS tent. She walked in and saw **Leah Preble**. Suzanne sat down on her cot and started chatting with Leah. Leah's EMT came up to her and said, "Jim says you can't leave until Suzanna checks in on you." Leah looked at Suzanne and said, "Well it might be a while!" Suzanne and Leah kept giggling about "Suzanna" The poor EMT looked confused so Leah finally let him in the loop by telling him "Suzanna is Suzanne, and you're looking at her."

Sonshiners are so caring and thoughtful of one another that **Joe Remde** watched a teen in the Skillet crowd volunteer to hoist a young 10 yr old boy onto his shoulders that was too short to see the show well. You can't tell me you'd see that on the Warped Tour!

- There was a lively security led “hoe-down” during the David Crowder show that was quite fun!
- **Nerissa Vance** brought back the baby whale for **Suzanne Anderson, Rachel Hubbell and Jeff Quiggle** during a late night Perkins run. We might try to explain this a bit later.
- The AWESOME and super sweet slushy man come through the Security Tent and gave away slushy for the group! Truly needed on such a HOT day!
- **Steven Broll** walking around with pink and orange striped umbrella for his sunburn! So cute!
- **Janna Langer** was getting LOTS of attention from the Love and Death drummer!
- Paige and Hannah handed out their yearly awards- this winners were **Randy Quiggle**- "Most Stylish", **Suzanne Anderson** "The most Tots Adorabs", **Jeff Quiggle** "Most Conniving", and **Rachel Hubbell** "Best Hair".
- **Jon Oachs** was nice enough to play some music to accompany the street preacher on Saturday afternoon by blasting some Skillet and TFK from the back of his pickup. Such a great guy!
- **Melissa Carlson** was paid the highest compliment by **Connie Crowe** for being tough at gates!
- Little **Heidi Broll**, all of 4'10", also displayed her tough as nails approach by denying Ike from the front trench one day. Ike was mad at first when he spoke to me, then just amazed that a girl that small had stood up to him!
- The Overnight SRT had **Terry Post** dreading all week the expected prank on the new Supervisor, and they left him hanging all of Sonshine... waiting....until next year?

You never know where you'll meet artists and discover ways they serve God by serving others. Chris and Jason, of the HM band The Great Commission, were the only artists to donate blood in the blood mobile parked by Main Stage on Friday and Saturday.

What's Sonshine without at least one awkward biffy story? This one comes from **Chris Alexander**. Shame on the rest of you for being TOO embarrassed to share your horror story from the porta-potty! Chris overheard a young boy talking to his mother (**Emily Alexander**) after coming out of a biffy near HM. The boy, trying to explain to mom why his face was all wet, and wiping it swiftly with both hands, kept repeating, "I accidentally PEED in my eye, I accidentally PEED in my eye!" Mom shook her head and said, "THAT'S why you should NEVER use the urinal. I never knew a urinal was that dangerous?"

Probably the biggest lowlight of the Festival was our super loving street preachers that began shouting their message of repentance in tent city directly in front of **Paige Henggeler** and **Hannah Taylor's** tent (Coincidence? I think not girls!) and later were asked to move to the curb on Dept of Transportation property. They went on and on, despite very few people paying them any attention. **Randy Quiggle**, "acting" Head of Security according to the preachers, drew quite a bit of their wrath, calling him "a mocking sinner who hates Jesus", "dark hearted", and a "hypocrite of the worst kind". They also made fun of his hair, but really, haven't we all done that at some point?

One of the preachers said online after Sonshine, and I quote, "Do you honestly believe all the people there (at the Sonshine Festival) know God? **There are as many alcohol and drug related arrests at Sonshine as there is at WEFest**". The sheer lunacy of that statement makes me chuckle and wonder if he's EVER really been to WEFest.

Nerissa Vance, Jeff Quiggle, Rachel Hubbell, and Suzanne Anderson went to Perkins early Thursday morning after their day had finished around 1am. While it had been an intense day, we quickly unwound, starting with Suzanne giggling like she was high on something. The server came over and Suzanne kept laughing even as she ordered. The rest of us felt so bad for the server as she tried to understand Suzanne's incoherent order. The server patiently waited while giving Suzanne a look she probably only reserves for drunk college girls. While we waited for our food the laughter kicked up a notch and Suzanne was falling out of the booth onto the floor. Once the food arrived, conversation turned to the events of the day. Someone mentioned how sad and lonely the ponies looked going round in circles all day in the hot sun. As Jeff was eating his buffalo chicken wrap he suddenly makes it start "galloping" in the air in a circle around the middle of the table claiming it was made from one the ponies that didn't survive that day. All the girls laughed hysterically (ok, you had to be there), but Nerissa started the laugh we had not heard in FAR too long. As a rookie Nerissa introduced many of us the "baby whale", an eerily infectious laugh that is equal parts death-bed wheezing, high pitched supersonic squealing, and gasping for one last breath before drowning. You have to hear it to believe it. Needless to say we kept egging her on to get more, but we finally had to let her stop laughing or risk seeing her die! It had been years since the "baby whale" had made her appearance!

During their Crowd Patrol shift one evening in tent city, **Jessica Eddy** and **Joe Remde** were treated to a sweet "air guitar" band using swimming pool noodles as instruments and rocking out to Skillet's Comatose and Alien Youth.

As most of you know, Sonshine Security is not all about fun and games. We always seem to have a few heartwarming stories and testimonies of how much people appreciate the job we do. Well, on Friday evening the short bus, being driven by **Janna Langer**, was picking up Building 429 from the signing table, and backing up to return them to the Main Stage. Out of nowhere, a small girl (maybe 2-3 years old) darts out from the Civic Center in the path of the reversing bus. Quick as a flash (no seriously this guy has speed) **Chris Alexander** scoops her up from behind the bus and returns her to her mother's frightened arms. In Chris' own words, "God had his hand on her because I saw her and was able to grab her and spin her to safety." Chris was working as a member of the Artist Protection team that night but apparently God needed him to protect a little child as well and avoid a real tragedy.

Joe Schurch was working in the pits for Skillet and towards the end of the concert a couple teens from the crowd dropped the bandanas covering their faces and gripped his shoulder saying, "We appreciate all that you [Sonshine Security] do; we love it." It just kind of blew my mind, because you would expect an authority, a security guard, or a cop to have a negative response from the masses, but instead of being a buzz kill this security team is accepted by the crowd as their own. And THAT, crew, is what we strive for, to be the friendliest, most professional security team in the country!

From **Jessica Sievers**: During Sleeping Giant's show, the lead singer led an alter call and invited people to come up front (and there was quite a crowd that responded). He spoke passionately about God and getting right with Him, he had everyone pray a salvation type prayer, then just let the crowd cry out in unison to God. After awhile he 'baptized' those up front by taking water bottles and pouring/spraying them out over the crowd. They are my new favorite band because of all of that.

Another story, again from the Pit Crew, this one from **Andrew Yorkovich**: "On Friday night, I was working pit crew in HM, and I decided to join an especially rowdy pit. I got jostled around as usual, generally having fun. And then, WHACK! I slammed face first into another guy, and I heard something pop in my eyebrow where we had hit. Being a bit dazed and having enough common sense to know that I shouldn't stay in the pit any longer; I immediately held my hand to my eyebrow and walked out of the pit. As I got halfway to the stage exit where the EMS was stationed, I pulled my hand away from my head to check...yep, there was blood there. Not much but enough, so I put my hand back on my head so that I wouldn't bleed on **Lizzy Alexandr's** floor (I'm sure he appreciates that) and headed out to the EMS crew. They cleaned the wound and walked me to the EMS tent just to make absolutely sure I was ok. I was, but in hind sight, they probably should have stitched it up. I will now have a scar there for the rest of my life (not that I mind). But as we all know...chicks dig scars right?

During the last band of the night at HM, the pit crew retrieved balloons they had earlier filled with silver glitter and blown up to give **Lizzy Alexandr** the sendoff he deserved, this being his last year before moving on to the mission field of Taiwan. Stealthily bringing them in behind their backs and waiting for the right moment, they suddenly tossed them all into the air. The crowd went nuts when they learned there was glitter in the balloons that would explode into the air when popped! Of course the hardcore dance and moshers kept going at it, all the while covered in glitter - most hilarious/best site ever. The crowd went around scooping up glitter and throwing it at one another or blowing it into faces, but the real fun was when someone (no one said who!) popped a balloon over Lizzy's head, covering him with glitter. He looked like a sparkling vampire from Twilight! He apparently has this passionate hatred towards glitter, a deep seeded fear, like holy water or garlic to a vampire, and he immediately tried everything he could to get the toxic glitter off him. He even sent **Meagan Musolf** running to the Security Trailer to find duct tape to help remove it. When she returned everyone grabbed a section of the duct tape and proceeded to assist in de-glittering their Supervisor until EVERY last spec was gone. And now, every person involved (except Lizzy), is to this day finding glitter everywhere!

My heart always weighs heavily when I write these recaps of an event we will not experience for another full year. It was a great year, but it will be another full year before we get to do it again. Our hearts rejoice that Lizzy Alexandr and his wife Cheryl will be following God's plan by moving to Taiwan, but we will miss him more than he could know. He brought great character and leadership to his position as HM Supervisor, and his shoes will be hard to fill. You've also been a GREAT friend to so many of us and you served Sonshine with the humility God expects from a leader. **Jessica Sievers** has served alongside him for a couple years and will take over as the top dog in 2014.

The team came together so well as you always seem to do. I am proud to work with each and every one of you and even more proud to call you my friends and family. We say it on Wednesday to our rookies, that by Sunday afternoon you WILL be hooked by the Sonshine Security experience, a feeling that runs deep after sweating and sometimes bleeding together for four long days. I consider it an honor to lead such a fine group of individuals, young and old, veteran and rookie, that come together and accomplish so much. We now go our separate ways, but with the knowledge that Sonshine 2014 will come quickly.

Jeff Quiggle