



MARKTOWN UPDATE

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Marktown Gardens In Bloom Once Again!



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A MARKTOWN CONNECTION TO 911

by Sharon Fernando Reinke - 11 September 2001

Terror comes in the morning. Dennis called to tell me that a plane has just hit the World Trade Center. I go to tell my boss but he is already watching television with several other office workers. I am mesmerized by the scene and return to my desk thinking of the loss of life in New York and that no one will feel much like working today. I take another call that a second plane has hit another World Trade Center (WTC) tower. Like most other Americans, I watch in horror as the scene is revisited on the screen again and again. Things settle down a bit after a few minutes but we know that things have just changed for the worse and that it will be a very long day in the Pentagon.

Suddenly the building seems to jump and I hear an odd sound. I look up from my desk and see what appears to be smoke. Someone tells us that a helicopter has crashed at the helo pad and that the building is being evacuated.

It takes time to process this kind of information. I want to call home and tell Dennis I am OK but I just tell my people to close their safes and get out. Although we all know this "fire drill" is for real, everyone is orderly and there doesn't appear to be a panic. I see some young ladies crying but they are orderly in departing the spaces. Art, my deputy, and I exit the building on the south side and see smoke and fire coming from the side of the building where the heliport is located. We learn that a plane had plowed into the building and this is the third prong of the terrorist attack on the U.S. We continue walking to the Pentagon City shopping mall, about 1/2 mile away, thinking we will be able to find out more when we get there, but soon learn that the shopping center is closed because "a

bomb exploded at the Pentagon." I feel as tough I'm a part of a movie... this can't be real.

We continue walking to Crystal City where we entered a Sheraton Hotel and join others in the lounge area to watch the television. We wait the obligatory time in lengthy lines to use the phones. I call Dennis to let him know I'm OK and that I don't know when I will get home. I rode the bus to work today and now all public transportation has been suspended. All the roads have been blocked and you can't get anywhere from where I am. I try to get a room at the motel but

they are booked. What to do? Art and I realize that it has been some time since our last meal so we eat lunch in the hotel restaurant and discuss what our next steps will be. We decide to try to get to his car which is parked on the north side of the Pentagon. We finish lunch and make another call home before starting out on the next leg of our trek around the



Navy Captain Sharon (Fernando) Reinke and her brother, Bob Fernando, lived at 511 School Street with their mother Myrtle. Myrtle moved into Marktown in 1932 where she lived until her death in 1977.

Pentagon.

There is gridlock on the roads. Anyone who has an automobile is on the road and traffic isn't moving. All roads are blocked so Art and I walk several miles the long way around the Pentagon to get to his car. Success! The lot where Art's car is parked is almost empty. We are really surprised but pleasantly so. We learn that there is only one highway open so we leave the Pentagon area for route I-66. We take a circuitous route to get to the area where I live but I am grateful to get home. Art has been my deputy for more than ten years and a friend for longer than that.

I go to church to work in the library and notice signs cancelling all Wednesday activities. There will be a prayer meeting in the sanctuary Wednesday

night.

I go home and watch television and learn that they think hundreds died at the Pentagon. I wonder how many of the church family are affected by the day's events.

These folks got up this morning, walked the dog, endured the commute to the workplace, had a cup of coffee and were ready to tackle the day. Their lives were needlessly snuffed out in an instant and the lives of their loved ones changed forever.

I am numb but thank God I am alive.

How ironic that on September 11, 1941, the first spadeful of dirt was turned that started the building of the Pentagon. Funny how trivial thoughts come to mind.

12 September 2001

Today I see the damage to the Pentagon from the bus. Devastating! Public transportation cannot go to the Pentagon so it is extremely difficult to get to the building. I board the bus at 7:30 a.m. and am deposited at Pentagon City shopping mall, about 8 miles from home, at 9:30 a.m. I walk from there to the Pentagon where I go through extreme security measures to get into the building.

I go to my office and find smoke and stench. It isn't long before my eyes burn and throat is raw. I am still numb and in shock. We are evacuated again from the building (false alarm but almost everyone had left for home by the time it was determined that the plane headed for the building was a FEMA plane so the boss just threw up his hands and said to go home.) In the meantime, I have learned what offices were housed in the spaces where the plane hit. It is primarily Army Personnel and I am hoping against hope that I don't know anyone. The people who work Army Personnel issues occupied the offices adjacent to my office until about six weeks ago when they were moved in to new spaces so their offices could be renovated. Some of the ladies who worked in those spaces and I have shared the same restroom facilities for 20 years. I had made a couple of friends and made some good acquaintances with those folks over the years.

It's Wednesday night and I go to the church prayer meeting. I learn that Lieutenant Colonel Brian Birdwell is burned over 60% of his body and suffered smoke inhalation. He is on a ventilator. Lieutenant Colonel Jerry Dickerson is among those not accounted for. Captain Tom Joyce's office was on the floor above the impact site and, when the plane hit, he was catapulted out of his seat and out of his office into the hall. That is what saved his life. We pray for the victims and their families and pray that the events of this day will be used to glorify His name. I go home and Dennis tells me to call Craig, a friend with whom I served in Naval Reserve. I do so and Craig informs me that the pilot of the plane that slammed into the Pentagon was our friend and fellow reservist, Chic Burlingame. I am stunned and wonder when this list of people I know who died yesterday will end. I call

Chic's wife and speak briefly with her. I felt an enormous sense of loss and pray that God will stop this unbearable hurt.

13-14 September 2001

It's Thursday. I fed Margaret's (my neighbor) cats and managed to get ready to go to work. The commute to the office is unreasonably lengthy and I am so tired -- not sleepy - just weary.

I can't concentrate nor make sense of what I read. I read Psalm 91 over and over. I am numb and can't think so I do only those things I can do by rote.

The number of missing at the Pentagon is far less than originally anticipated.

The list of passengers aboard American Flight 77 is released. There are several names I recognize. Chic Burlingame, Admiral Bud Flagg and his wife, Dee. Admiral Flagg is retired from the Naval Reserve and working Reserve and National Guard & Employee issues. Jack Bryan worked in one of the offices of the Secretary of Defense components and I knew him. And, after reading his obituary, I learn that his wife (married since July) was in my reserve until after Desert Storm. She is an artist and has a studio in the Torpedo Factory. Ann Judge worked transportation at the National Geographic for years. Bob Ploger worked for Lockheed and manned a display every year at the



With TEAMWORK all things are possible. Let's all work together to make the Marktown Historic District a better, cleaner and safer place to live and to raise our families.

Surface Navy Association Symposium.

The list of Navy missing is issued and there are three names I know. Then the list of Army missing is published. I have learned already from an Army friend that an officer who came to the office every day is gone. He was working on his Ph.D. in computer science. There will be a memorial service for him at the War College on Monday.

There were seventeen Army budget analysts in the division. Fourteen are gone. I know how numb I feel and know the three remaining analysts must be numb, too. I pray that God will sustain these ladies and give them strength for the task of completing the budget before the deadline.

There will be a memorial service for Chic next Thursday at the Naval Academy Chapel and I have been invited to attend. I feel profound loss and pain. I am angry that we (Americans) have been cheated of our sense of security and am angry that so many brilliant minds have been wasted in this atrocity.

The events of the past days have been shocking to me. And there is nothing like being in it. There's a distance to it emotionally and every other way. Now I know why some folks had that look on their faces after I told them of my experience...like it was just another event. For the people in it, it's not just another event.

I listen to the news. I still have trouble comprehending the attack on the sovereignty of this country. I remember Alexander Haig making a remark at his first news conference as Secretary of State that, "International terrorism will take the place of human rights in our concern because it is the ultimate abuse of human rights." And now, twenty years later, we may be on the verge of a profound appreciation of General Haig's remarks.

News sources continue to break stories of new developments. Tonight arrests of possible terrorists were made at JFK and LaGuardia airports. Fire broke out again at the Pentagon. Rescue workers at the WTC, reminiscent of some Civil War soldiers, write the names, SSNs, and phone numbers on their arms in case their body must be identified. There may be a call-up of the Reserves. The President and Secre-

tary of State describe current conditions as a state of war.

While there may be a shortage of factual information, there is no shortage of opinion or speculation. All the "experts" have something to say and offer their opinions on everything. Bottom line is that initial reports are fragmentary, evidence is scant, documentation is fragile, initial impressions are confused and the future is uncertain.

There are two pretty interesting stories that have come from the Pentagon crash site. One the second floor, by the broken window immediately adjacent to the crash site, a soldier saw a heavy open book on a stool. When he was able to identify what it was, he noted that the book was a Holy Bible. There were no burn marks in a circular area around the stool straight up through the upper floors, and the Bible was not singed. He said, "I'm not religious at all, but

this sure makes you think."

On the fourth floor, next to the broken window, was a United States Marine corps flag that was in perfect condition. The Marines retrieved the flag and presented it to Lieutenant General Michael Williams, Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps.

I am having a hard time analyzing

what happened. Maybe I'll think more clearly after the passage of time. I do not believe this evil was committed by a bunch of mentally deranged fanatics. Rather, I think it was committed by a group of very intelligent and dedicated people who hate the United States of America with every fiber of their being. They have a commitment to the demise of the nation and way of life, and they do so with every fiber of their being. They have a commitment to the demise of the United States and we must not underestimate the power of that commitment. This was not a random act of violence. I am sure this war will escalate and more attacks will happen here in the U.S. We will win only if we learn from our mistakes, have the fortitude to persevere through more terrorist attacks, and adapt to new situations.

I know that God is in control. I hate this chapter but I've read the Book and in the end, Jesus wins.

Captain Sharon Fernando U.S.N. - Retired



S.T.A.R.S Program Ends With A Surprise Appearance

When the team leaders, support staff and children from the Marktown portion of the S.T.A.R.S. program went to Veteran's Park at City Hall on Friday, August 12th for the close of this year's program, I don't think they expected the Lake County Sheriffs Department helicopter to land in the parking lot. But that's exactly what happened.

The two props had barely come to a stop when the Marktown representatives approached and greeted Sheriff Dominguez. While the Sheriff was more than glad to take a few photos, what impressed everyone the most was his individual attention to each of the children (and adults) who wanted to take a closer look at the helicopter. Young Osiel Alvarado of Park Street spoke up and asked "Can I drive it?" The Sheriff laughed and said "Well maybe someday when you're just a bit bigger." Osiel was one of the first of many to have Sheriff Dominguez stand him on the landing frame and show them the controls.

Special thanks goes to Aaron Facen, a staff member in the Parks and Recreation Department for making the telephone calls that made this very special visit from Sheriff Dominguez possible. Well done Aaron - now that's teamwork!



Above: Sheriff Roy Dominguez takes a moment to pose with the children and staff from the Marktown Historic District.



Right: Osiel Alvarado is given an up close and personal look at the working end of the helicopter controls.

Prospect Street Declared Model Street For Redevelopment

Most of 2005 and especially Tuesday, July 19, 2005 will probably go down in history as the turning point, or tipping point as it is referred to today, for the Marktown Historic District. With the painting of ten homes on Prospect Street under the World Changers program and a commitment to paint an additional six homes on that street by Paul Myers, MPS president Rafael Bejar stepped forward and submitted a written proposal to the East Chicago Redevelopment Commission. In part it read:

I come to you today and ask that the Redevelopment Commission consider the following two requests:

- 1. That Prospect Street be designated as a Model Street for the purposes of redevelopment and that like the World Changers program this past month, you concentrate your efforts on this one particular street so that an example can be set for the rest of the neighborhood, and*
- 2. That the East Chicago Department of Redevelopment and the Redevelopment Commission consider the funding of a two phase plan to install the fences and street side gardens on that street.*

That request was granted unanimously, but just what does it mean? What it does not mean is that Prospect Street will not receive funding over

other residents in Marktown. Anyone qualifying for a Department of Redevelopment grant will be given the exact same consideration as they would in the past.

What it does mean is that the residents of Prospect Street have been willing to work together for several decades and are now willing to step forward and help set an example for all of Marktown in this one singular effort.

The Project: As a part of the 1990 street improvement project, federal approval was granted to replace all of the fences in Marktown with what is called English Garden Walls with adjacent street side gardens. At some point between the federal approval of the project and the bidding for the first phase of the project the fencing and gardens were removed.

The East Chicago Redevelopment Commission has agreed to provide funding in the amount of \$16,000.00 to cover the cost of materials only for the properties on Prospect Street. The program is scheduled to begin this fall and be completed in 2006. The residents will be assisted in their labors by the MPS. If you are interested in having a similar program on your block, please contact Rafael Bejar at 218-3579 today. You see, with teamwork all things truly are possible. Join the team TODAY!

Please contact us via the internet at mrmarktown@sbcglobal.net

House Numbers - Something Old And Something New

One of the most frequently asked questions by visitors to the Marktown Historic District is in reference to the house numbers on Prospect Street. They are hand painted on the stucco in red, white, blue and black. The original concept came from Mr. John Barsich of 420 Prospect Street. He had painted the design on both ends of his building literally decades ago.

About 20 years ago Paul Myers got permission to cut a stencil and reproduce the concept on all of that street. It added a degree of uniformity to the homes and made it a great deal easier for letter carriers and others to identify one home from the other from the street or a passing automobile.

The original house numbers were on 3" X 6" brass plates that were attached to the front door of the homes. As many of the doors face the yard as opposed to the street, finding the right address often took some guess work. Having the house numbers painted on the corners of each home makes it much easier to identify a particular address.



Note:

The house numbers have been used on Prospect Street for more than 20 years and they have worked out quite nicely. If you are interested in having your home or your block done please contact Paul Myers at 397-2239.

Above: House number shield on Prospect Street.

Right: Original Marktown house number in brass.



Email From Our Friends

Paul, July 21, 2005
I finally got to slow down after returning to Alabama and took a look at the Marktown web site. It touches my heart each time I think about the work the Lord sent us to do in East Chicago. The week we had there was a great time in our life as we met people that I don't think we will ever forget. I know that you are already preparing for next year and I am praying that everything concerning the planning of World Changers 2006 is progressing with ease and cooperation from all there as God prepares the crew members (even now) to come to East Chicago in 2006. I think next year will be even more exciting than this year because of the work that the Lord did in all areas where World Changers were sent. Paul, Thank You for all of your work and concern for your community and the way you treated all of the World Changers. If I can assist you with any of the planning for next year just let me know. I am praying for all people East Chicago area.

Thanks, Tim Blackmon

Editor's Note: *It is amazing just how much people really do care about this community. From the World Changers to neighbors to people who have literally flown across the country just to visit tiny little Marktown. People here and elsewhere do care and they do want to see Marktown fully restored.*

You Reap What You Sow -
Mr. Myers,

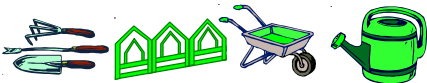
July 23, 2005

I have never spoken to you or e-mailed you before but I see you walking around Marktown all the time and I know who you are. The reason I am e-mailing you is so you can tell the parents of Marktown that they need to act like parents and raise their kids right. These parents know who they are. They're the ones who let their kids stay out all night, the ones that don't know what their kids are doing, and the ones that are probably getting angry if they read about this subject in your paper. Everybody is tired of these kids knocking over garbage cans, breaking into houses, breaking windows, or stealing car stereos. This is how criminals start. They need to be disciplined when they are young because when they get older it is too late. When I was younger we had a curfew and the police would drive around with their lights looking for underage kids in the street. I wish that was still going on. Me and several others I know see these troublemaking kids in your paper and know who they are. I just hope that nothing happens to these kids because they are putting themselves in danger. Maybe they will break into the wrong house one night and the homeowner will be a gun owner. These kids don't understand that they will reap what they sow.

Anonymous or Unanimous?

The printing of this newsletter is made possible through the generosity of Mr. Dan McArdle, a former Marktown resident and a true friend of this community.

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