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IN MEMORIAM



Chief Warrant Officer Five Sharon T. Swartworth

8 November 1959 – 7 November 2003

A PERFECT PATRIOT AND A NOBLE FRIEND

*He stood, a soldier, to the last right end,
A perfect patriot and a noble friend,
-- Ben Jonson*

Few would have guessed in 1977, when she enlisted in the Army, that Sharon T. Swartworth would so dramatically change the Army and so profoundly improve the lives of her fellow Soldiers. But those fooled by her demure physical stature (five feet, two inches), her girlish grin, or her easy laugh would be surprised by the toughness and tenacity that sprung from Sharon's giant heart. From her heart flowed intense love and dedication to three things. First, she loved her family, especially her beloved son, Billy. Second, she loved her country with an intensity that inspired her to serve her Nation for 26 years. Finally, she loved those around her fully and genuinely—a degree of caring that marked her as a friend, in the truest and noblest sense of that word, to her fellow Soldiers. Rarely do we find people who love so fully, and so well, their fellow man. Too often, these patriots are sacrificed to the cause of freedom. Sharon is no longer among us physically, but her spirit and example live on and will inspire her family and friends to live as she did—as a perfect patriot and a noble friend.

A PERFECT PATRIOT

*Life springs from death and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations . . .
-- Patrick Henry Pearse*

Webster's Dictionary defines a patriot as "one who loves his or her country and supports its authority and interests." Many claim the title, but few live up to the lofty aspirations of these words. The life of a patriot is first one of professionalism—the Nation needs those who serve her to be competent and dedicated. Second, the life of a patriot is one of vision. The patriot must see the organization through which they serve the Nation not how it is, but rather how it could be.

Third, the life of a patriot is one of sacrifice and service—selflessly serving the Nation and fellow Soldiers. No one lived the life of a perfect patriot better than Sharon Swartworth.

From the day her father signed her enlistment papers in 1977 so she could enlist at the age of seventeen, Sharon's professionalism and dedication was apparent. She began her career as a signal Soldier, serving at Fort Bragg and in Korea. By 1981, Sharon recognized her love for the legal field and became a legal specialist. Her rise through the ranks was nothing short of meteoric. As a legal specialist and court reporter, she was promoted through the ranks to Sergeant First Class in a mere four years. She went from a student in the court reporting school in 1982, to an instructor by 1984. Her rise through the enlisted ranks culminated in her appointment as a legal administrator in 1985. Serving as a legal administrator, she rose through the warrant officer ranks to become the Warrant Officer of the Judge Advocate General's Corps in 1999. She ascended the ranks from Warrant Officer One to Chief Warrant Officer Five in only fourteen years—a monumental achievement. There can be no doubt that Sharon Swartworth dazzled everyone she worked with and was a consummate professional in every aspect of her duties.

Individual achievement, however, is only one measure of professionalism and dedication. What people recognized in Sharon was her ability to develop a vision for an organization and, more importantly, to implement that vision through persistence, toughness, and tenacity. Nowhere was Sharon's vision more evident than in her culminating assignment as Warrant Officer of the Judge Advocate General's Corps. Using her remarkable personality and people skills, Sharon linked the warrant officers of our Corps together with the warrant officers of many branches. She helped coordinate a proponent workshop so that the warrant officers across the Army could begin speaking with one voice. The first workshop resulted in a proposed charter for the Warrant Officer Leader Development Council, changing the executive members to the proponent warrant officers. Without Sharon's leadership, these changes have slowed, but her vision and drive were unmistakable and these changes are being carried out by others.

Within the Judge Advocate General's Corps, she was a strong proponent of the "Foundation of Four" and the Legal Administrator's role on that team. She helped establish warrant officers as leaders and managers, not just computer technicians. Without degrading technology services so critical to judge advocate operations, Sharon encouraged, cajoled, and trained warrant officers to assume their proper responsibilities administering Offices of the Staff Judge Advocate, while serving as a mentor to both Soldiers and new attorneys and as a bridge between the officers and the enlisted personnel. She accomplished this by establishing a proper training foundation in a greatly improved Warrant Officer Basic Course at the Judge Advocate General's School; promoting cohesiveness among legal administrators through conferences and special events; and creating pride in the unique and challenging role that warrant officers play in the Army generally, and in the Judge Advocate General's Corps in particular.

Sharon's professionalism touched many and all remembrances of her are glowing:

She was the consummate professional, competent and confident, always exceeding the standard.

Without question, she was one of the most dynamic and energetic people I know. . . I had great respect for her opinion and judgment, and I would often look to Sharon for advice and counsel.

She is remembered as the consummate professional, never wavering in her professionalism and mentoring of others.

Patriots are not just servants of the Nation, they are the lifeblood that keeps the Nation alive. Sharon Swartworth was such a dynamic person that she was not only the blood of the Nation, but the heart that pumped it throughout the Judge Advocate General's Corps. She was a perfect patriot to the end, shedding her own blood in the cause of freedom.

A NOBLE FRIEND

The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people.

-- Tolstoy

Selfless service to others is the duty of a Soldier, the privilege of a friend. Sharon served others as a privilege, not as a duty. Whether motivating those in uniform, caring for a Soldier in need, or serving in her community, Sharon made friends and brightened lives wherever she went. Her many friends have provided sparkling remembrances of her. These remembrances include:

Sharon was one of the most thoughtful people I've ever known, quick to recognize those around her, always helping, listening, and making time for anyone who needed it. She had the unique gift of making those around her feel important and special, which was evident by the enormous turnout to her service and funeral. Her sense of humor knew no bounds, always a smile on her

face, always looking for the humor in any situation. If humor really is the best medicine, she should have been a doctor.

Her passing has left a huge void in many peoples lives, mine included. There simply aren't enough words to describe the impact of her loss.

Over the years she always greeted me with a hug and a huge smile that would brighten anyone's day.

She just made you feel special when you talked with her.

Sharon was a "people person," a caring and compassionate person. Her heart and home were always open to those around her. Two vignettes help illustrate her immense capacity to love and serve her fellow Soldiers and neighbors.

On one occasion, Sharon became aware of a young noncommissioned officer (NCO) in need. As the holiday season approached, it became apparent that this young NCO, with a spouse and two children, was struggling financially. The NCO was a proud and dedicated Soldier who eschewed all overtures for help. Sharon quietly collected money behind the scenes and then personally took the spouse shopping. Her efforts ensured that this family would have a blessed Thanksgiving and Christmas. Those around her knew that Sharon spent much more than she had collected from the office, but she refused to accept additional donations. Sharon never received any kind of recognition for this, nor would she have accepted recognition if it was offered. To her, she was doing nothing special. She was simply being Sharon—a caring leader who loved those around her.

After September 11th, Sharon's heart was breaking for the many friends in the Information Management Center (IMCEN) that she lost in that tragedy. She volunteered to assist the family of a young contractor in the IMCEN that worked in the area of the Pentagon that took the direct hit from the plane. Sharon met every need, sacrificing personal time to ensure the young man was properly honored and his family properly cared for. She even arranged for a Judge Advocate General's Corps General Officer to be present at the burial and present the United States flag to the family. Like all others she met in her life, this family saw the love and devotion that Sharon brought to her fellow man—a love and devotion that was as rare as it was special.

A FOUNDATION OF FAMILY

It is in the love of one's family only that heartfelt happiness is known.

-- Thomas Jefferson

At the foundation of Sharon's patriotism and propensity for friendship and caring for others was the love of her family. If, as Jefferson posits, happiness can only come from a family's love, Sharon received much love, because she constantly evinced happiness. That love began with her family growing up—from her father, Bernard Mayo, her brother, and her grandmother. But it continued with Bill and Billy, her husband and son. One of the saddest parts of Sharon's death is that it took her away from Billy, in whom she had immense pride and joy.

The story of Sharon and Bill's meeting at Fort McCoy, Wisconsin, fourteen years ago is vintage Sharon Swartworth. As the story goes, Sharon was a Training, Advising, and Counseling Officer at the Warrant Officer Candidate School. As luck would have it, she met a young Navy doctor—a Lieutenant—in the all ranks club. The Lieutenant had ordered a pizza. In strolled Sharon—a young blonde in a ski jacket—who also ordered pizza. When the Lieutenant's pizza came out first, Sharon offered the young lieutenant a piece of her pizza later, if he would share his pizza with her. Not about to be distracted by an attractive, blonde whom he suspected of being a dependent daughter, the young lieutenant declined the offer with a curt, "no, thanks!" This young lieutenant was William Swartworth. Fortunately for Bill, fate did not end their encounters there. The next day, Sharon was serving on the ski patrol and was assisting an injured skier, when fate brought them together again as the lieutenant offered his professional medical services. Sharon's response to the doctor who would not share his pizza? "No, thanks!" Sharon was somewhat chagrined to learn that the injured Marine was a member of Bill's unit. Undeterred, and with the patient safely off the slopes, Sharon smiled widely and suggested they grab a drink at a slope side concession. The rest, as they say, is history.

There is love within a family, love between a husband and wife, but no love is more special than that between a mother and a child. Sharon's pride and joy was always Billy. Like many couples, Sharon and Bill fought hard to bring Billy into the world, and Sharon always viewed her son as a miracle. She never tired of providing those around her with an update on Billy's exploits. From a school performance to winning a chess tournament, every detail was a source of pride and every expression of pride sprung from a mother's love. Our prayer is that Billy always feels that love stretching across time and space from a mother who was also a hero to her Nation.

FAREWELL DEAR FRIEND
*Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
Though far from nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own
-- Philip Freneau*

The legacy of Sharon Swartworth is set in history and will endure. It is a legacy built on the foundation of family, forged in the tempest of patriotic military service to her Nation, and perfected in the bonds of friendship that we all shared with her. For those of us privileged to know Sharon, she will long remain the model we seek to emulate as a Soldier, friend, wife, and mother. She will forever be to us, a Perfect Patriot and a Noble Friend.*

Well Done, Sharon, Be Thou at Peace.

* The staff of *The Army Lawyer* thanks the many people who contributed to this memorial. Particular thanks go to Major General (retired) John Altenberg, Chief Warrant Officer Rick Johnson, and Chief Warrant Officer Marybeth Fangman for their invaluable help. Most importantly, we thank Bill and Billy Swartworth for allowing us to publish this memorial, and for sharing Sharon with us for so many years.

¹ All heading quotations in this memorial are taken from BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (1919) or THE COLUMBIA WORLD OF QUOTATIONS (1996), available at www.bartleby.com (last visited Nov. 29, 2004).

IN MEMORIAM



Sergeant Major Cornell W. Gilmore

8 December 1957 – 7 November 2003

A MAN OF FAITH WALKING HUMBLY WITH HIS GOD

*He has told you, O man, what is good;
And what does the LORD require of you
But to do justice, to love kindness
And to walk humbly with your God?
-- Micah 6:8¹*

Cornell Gilmore joined the Army in 1981 after graduating from the University of Maryland in 1980—the Army has not been the same since. Wearing a huge smile that filled the room; expressing kind words that filled our hearts; doing what was right without fail; showing kindness to his Soldiers and his neighbors; demonstrating a loving dedication to his family; and living out a faith that indeed moved mountains—Sergeant Major (SGM) Gilmore was truly larger than life. He lived larger than an ordinary man because he allowed himself to be a vessel that reflected his great and glorious God. Above all else, Cornell Gilmore was a choice servant of God who, by walking humbly with his maker, showed all of us how to lead, how to care, and how to love. The SGM left a legacy as powerful as his handshake, as sure as his word, and as big as his servant's heart.

Sergeant Major Gilmore left such a legacy, perhaps, because he did not care about legacies. A fellow SGM recalled asking “Gil” what he thought his legacy would be. Sergeant Major Gilmore thought for a minute and said,

I don't care about legacies. We just do what we can. All that legacy stuff means nothing to me.

The SGM's focus was not on himself and what others thought of him, but rather on his Soldiers, his JAG Corps, his Army, and his Nation. It is in some ways fitting, even while it is tragic, that his final act as a Soldier and leader was to travel to a dangerous land simply to make other Soldiers' lives better.

Gil's biography demonstrates how quickly his skills as a leader and Soldier were recognized. After serving as a legal specialist at Fort Polk, Louisiana, he served as a legal noncommissioned officer (NCO) in Germany, then as the administrative NCO at the Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. In every remaining assignment of his twenty-one year career, he served as a leader—a NCO in Charge—culminating as a Chief Paralegal NCO, first at the 25th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, and then at I Corps, Fort Lewis, Washington. It was from these senior positions that the JAG Corps recognized him as the kind of leader and Soldier that needed to have broader impact, and selected him as the Sergeant Major of the JAG Corps.

Inside this magnificent Soldier beat a heart filled with faith and love that overflowed to all who knew him. His highest priority on Earth was to his beloved Donna and their children, Dawnita and C.J. Donna was with him from the very beginning—first the fiancée of a young man who was joining the Army, and then a military spouse for twenty-one years. His strength and his foundation—she was his partner in a life of faith and family. A devout Christian, Gil walked humbly with God, loving his family, serving his Church, and caring for his neighbor. In doing so, he demonstrated faith that was real, living, and active—it was truly saving faith that prompted him to action and that has brought him now into the presence of his Savior. The SGM knew that all the honor belonged to one higher than himself.

BUT TO DO JUSTICE, . . .
Blessed are they who maintain justice, who constantly do what is right.
-- Psalm 106:3

Leaders are judged, in the Army, by what they do. If they do what is right and lead with honor and integrity, they succeed. If they do not, subordinates, peers, and superiors alike will see through the charade. One is just if they are “acting . . . in conformity with what is morally upright or good.” In reviewing the reflections of those who worked with, and for, SGM Gilmore, it is clear that he was a Soldier and leader who acted justly without exception—doing what was morally upright and good for his people and his Army. One senior NCO said it best:

I have spent 19 years in the Army, and all in the JAG Corps. Sergeant Major Gilmore is the ONLY NCO that I have ever wanted to be like. . . . he truly inspired me.

Subordinates loved SGM Gilmore because they knew he was their champion—holding them to high standards, motivating them to exceed those standards, and rewarding them when they inevitably did. A young Soldier from Alaska said,

I had the honor to meet SGM Gilmore once. It was then that I realized that I had made the correct choice to become a JAG Corps soldier.²

The wife of a Staff Sergeant who had worked for Gil when he was the NCOIC at Leighton Barracks at the 1st Infantry Division remembered that the Sergeant Major

was always extremely nice and had a wonderful sense of humor. I remember that everyone liked him very well and my husband loved working . . . for him.

Another Soldier summed up the feelings we all share when he said to the SGM,

[w]e will miss you, but remember, we will go forward and continue to do our best to make you proud.

The SGM continues to motivate us to do our best.

Peers revered SGM Gilmore because he made them better than they thought they could be. His spirit, motivation, and selfless approach to duty lifted all around him to new heights of success. A fellow SGM said this:

Sergeant Major, you will always be my hero. I miss you so much. Sometimes I still hear you saying, “Are we alive and well?” And because I had the opportunity to meet a man of Cornell Gilmore's caliber I can truly say that I am alive and all is well with my soul. . . I am a better husband, father, and soldier because of Cornell W. Gilmore.

To know how superiors viewed him, perhaps, it is enough to say that SGM Gilmore was selected as the SGM of the Corps. But equally important is to know how the junior officers—Soldiers superior in rank, but not in experience—viewed the SGM. A former officer posted a remembrance from when he was a young first lieutenant:

I remember reporting to the OSJA of 3d ID in Würzburg in January 1996 as a young, green, 1LT JAG Officer. You greeted me with your irrepressible smile, joy and a hearty “Outstanding!” . . . During the

months that I had the privilege of serving with you before you moved on to Hawaii, I witnessed your enthusiasm, your dedication, and your genuine care and affection for your fellow Soldiers. I recall with fondness winning the Division OSJA basketball tournament playing alongside you. You were and are an example to all of how to be a soldier and a patriot My wife . . . and I are better people because of you . . .

Another officer, now a Major, says that she would not be in the Army today if it were not for SGM Gilmore. Lest you worry what those of higher rank thought, The Judge Advocate General, Major General Thomas J. Romig, had this to say:

[SGM Gilmore] was one of the most dynamic leaders I ever met. He had this charisma with soldiers—and really with everybody—that just warmed your heart. He could go into a room of soldiers and just light the place up.³

From every perspective—subordinates, peers, and superiors—SGM Gilmore was a Soldier and leader with few equals. He acted justly—doing what was right at all times—and demanded the same from all around him. His trademark as a leader, though, was caring for people—caring that reflected his faith that motivated him to action on behalf of his neighbor.

. . . TO LOVE KINDNESS . . .

[A]s those who have been chosen of God, holy and beloved, put on a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness and patience . . .

-- Colossians 3:12

Sergeant Major Gilmore always reached out to those around him—impacting the lives of all who knew him—Soldiers who worked for him, his neighbors in the community, and his beloved family. Regardless of creed, color, or rank, SGM Gilmore could be counted on to reach out and lift people up. His trademark phrases stick in everyone’s mind—“Greetings, everyone! How are you?” and “Go forth, and have a nice day!” Sergeant Major said these things because he meant them—he wanted to know how those around him were doing and he reached out to help those who were in need. The SGM always cared for his Soldiers and always made time for them. One day, as one of the many young Soldiers who visited him had left his office, a senior NCO suggested to him that maybe it would be better to have certain times of the day when Soldiers could come see him. That way, he wouldn’t get interrupted so much and could take care of all of the administrative aspects of his job. Sergeant Major Gilmore responded immediately,

I can’t turn away a soldier that wants to see me. That soldier may have just worked up the courage to bring me his problem; if I turn him away, he may never come back.

His work could wait, the Soldier could not. Having compassion for others was a way of life for Cornell Gilmore—as natural as breathing—it was simply a part of who he was. The Soldiers knew that their SGM cared for them. Some leaders demand obedience and use punitive measures to gain it. True leaders earn obedience because of the respect and love that their Soldiers have for them. The SGM was this latter kind of leader—Soldiers followed because they loved him and they loved him because they knew that the SGM loved them first. A young NCO said this:

Thanks for coming out to Baghdad to see us one last time. Your visits to these horrible places showed your desire to make sure that we, your 27Ds, were doing ok and that we had a big brother to call if we needed anything. . . . We miss you SGM . . .

One of the SGM’s great gifts was music. Multi-talented, he mastered the piano, the drums, the bass guitar, and he could *really* sing! The SGM used this gift as a mechanism of kindness, serving in his Church to praise God and lift up others. One couple from Hawaii recalled,

[w]e truly enjoyed the times we were able to be in fellowship with the Gilmore family and to see God use Brother Gilmore in the gift of directing the Schofield Chapel Gospel choir, playing the organ/piano and inspiring others to follow Christ. You touched the lives of so many in the gospel as well as your leadership in the military, always making yourself available to your soldiers.

A young man who was a member of a choir led by the SGM added this,

Brother Gilmore, was one of the few who was not swayed by my immature attitude toward life. Instead he gave words of kindness and encouragement. He smiled and simply informed me to let God use me. He always encouraged me to sing even when I “didn’t want to.” I remember his smile when I was sitting in the corner frowning; immediately I would perfect my disposition and “do better” because his greatness was contagious. He sang with ease, he taught music with ease and loved others with ease.

A young man who was in another of the SGM's choirs said:

You taught me not just music, but life lessons through your example and your words. You were and still are my mentor and my second father. . . . You really did have me covered.

Another trademark Gilmore phrase—I've got you covered—and another time where the phrase reflected the integrity of the SGM's life. He didn't just say that he would do something for his fellow man, he actually did it. There is no better witness or testimony to his unintended, but enormous legacy.

An instrument of kindness, the Gilmores' marriage served as a model and an inspiration for those around them. Married twenty-one years during the trials, tribulations, and joys of military family life while raising two exceptional children, the Gilmores' relationship set the standard of a loving marriage. The Gilmores' Christian faith enabled them to reflect Christ in this most sacred of institutions. Fridays were always "date night"—the SGM dressing up and showing how much he still cared for the love of his life. The SGM had given Donna a plaque just one week before he left for Iraq. It reads,

Happiness is being married to your best friend.

The Gilmores always opened their home, their love for each other overflowing to those around them. Thanksgiving tradition found Gil inviting as many people as he could find to their table and Donna cooking for days to feed them. A young man who had attended church with the Gilmores said,

[Sergeant Major Gilmore] and his wonderful wife Donna were like two angels. I would watch them praise and say to myself, "I can't wait to be like that."

Kindness to Soldiers, kindness to his neighbors, kindness to and through his family—SGM Gilmore was an example to the world of living out God's admonition to love kindness. We all are better for having witnessed so fine a testimony.

. . . AND WALK HUMBLY WITH YOUR GOD.

Do nothing from selfishness or empty conceit, but with humility of mind regard one another as more important than yourselves . . .

-- Philippians 2:3

One of the SGM's most enduring qualities was a humility and selflessness that was apparent to all around him. He never tried to make himself look good—he always tried to help others look good. His legendary sense of humor translated into an ability to laugh at himself—to not take things too seriously. A JAGC Major recalled attending a funeral with the SGM. Dressed in the Class A uniform at a small country church, the Soldiers were extremely hot. The Major accepted a fan when offered, but the SGM declined. While standing in the shade outside the church after the service, SGM Gilmore walked up to the officer, saluted, smiled a big wonderful smile, and said, "Ma'am you were so smart for taking that fan. I thought I was going to pass out, but I had to be tough and say 'Oh I don't need a fan. I am fine.'—What an idiot!" The officer recalls how this small incident made a huge impact on her, saying

[m]y tremendous respect for SGM Gilmore instantly increased. To admit that he was wrong on this little issue and to laugh about it . . . just showed his security in everything he does, his inner strength, and a wonderful ability so few so us have to laugh at ourselves.

Small things have a big impact when they reflect a humble walk with God.

There is no better measure of a man's walk with God than the example he has set for his family. Sergeant Major Gilmore's two children, Dawnita and C.J., have been models of faith and strength. The children led the choir at their father's memorial service at Shiloh Christian Church—a service with literally thousands in attendance. They demonstrated strength from faith that was passed down by a loving father. C.J.'s college choral group performed on his parent's wedding anniversary, December 4th, less than a month after the SGM passed away. C.J. called his mom up on stage to present her with flowers—kindness to others learned from a father who demonstrated kindness in how he lived. Both children wanted to stay with their mother longer after their father's death, but Donna insisted that they return to school and their studies. Donna remembers,

I could've gotten real selfish and said, "Look, I need my kids at home." But, I couldn't do that. Their father would not have been pleased with that.⁴

Selflessness learned from the example of a husband walking humbly with his God.

WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful with a few things; I will put you in charge of many things.
-- *Matthew 25:23*

The Gilmore family reflects the powerful impact of a husband, father, and Soldier living out his role well and faithfully. Donna Gilmore, fighting through the pain and loss, draws strength knowing that the SGM is at “his permanent duty station” with his Savior. C.J. continues to develop his gift of music—a gift that he received from his father. With her dad gone, sacrificed like many others in the history of our Nation on the altar of freedom, Dawnita might be excused some bitterness. But she was quoted not long ago saying:

Dad was not a bitter person—the person I remember was the epitome of happiness. So, why would I have a horrible life after this? Because you know, all there is left to do is stay focused on God’s work . . . and number two, do everything Dad taught me.⁵

Extremely mature wisdom to make her father proud, and words that we would all do well to live by. May we all live as the SGM did—doing justice, loving kindness, and walking humbly with our God.*

Well Done, Gil, Be Thou at Peace.

* The staff of *The Army Lawyer* thanks the many people who contributed to this memorial. Particular appreciation goes to SGM Michael Glaze, SGM Michael Broady, and MSG Frank Rehtorovic for their invaluable assistance. Mostly, we thank the Gilmore Family—Donna, Dawnita, and C.J.—for allowing us to publish this memorial and for sharing a truly remarkable man with all of us.

¹ All scripture quotations throughout this memorial are taken from the New American Standard Bible,[®] Copyright © 1960, 1962, 1963, 1968, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1995 by The Lockman Foundation (www.Lockman.org). Used by permission.

² Many of the comments and reflections contained in this memorial were drawn from those posted at <http://www.fallenheroesmemorial.com/oif/profiles/gilmoreicornellw.html> (last visited Nov. 30, 2004).

³ Dan Fesperman, “A soldier’s soldier” is remembered. *Iraq: Sgt. Maj. Cornell W. Gilmore, a Baltimore native, was killed when a Black Hawk helicopter crashed last week*, BALT. SUN, Nov. 11, 2003, at 1A.

⁴ Sue Anne Pressley, *For Virginia Family, Perpetual Days of Anguish*, WASH. POST, Sept. 7, 2004, at A1.

⁵ *Id.*