



Kari Voliva:

Welcome friends. I'm Kari Voliva, and on behalf of all of team AFA in our incredible F2 Task Force, welcome to our first United Forces and Families session: Care Beyond Duty. We're thrilled to have four sessions this year dedicated to uniting forces and families to strengthen quality of life for air and space communities. We believe that consistent focus on improving the quality of life for all Airmen, Guardians, and family members is directly linked to stronger families, united forces, and the mission effectiveness of our Air and Space Forces. Our F2 vision is a culture where strong families continually build stronger forces.

Whether you are joining us in the room today or watching from your special corner of the world, thank you for showing up. You are showing that these stories matter. The stories we'll share on this stage are ones of resilience and determination. You'll hear the resilience of a spouse who refused to give up. You'll hear the determination that led an Airman to fight for his right to serve our country. Friends, this session will show you the power behind truly United Forces and families. The following video shares the inspiring growth of the Air Force Wounded Warrior Program.

Video:

The Air Force Wounded Warrior Program is congressionally mandated and federally funded to provide personalized care and support to seriously wounded ill and injured Airmen and Guardians. But what does that actually mean? It means your United States Air Force has a whole team of people dedicated to taking care of Airmen and Guardians as they navigate what could be the worst thing that has ever happened to them.

It all began in the early years following the attacks on September 11th with Palace HART or Helping Airmen Recover Together, executed by the Airman and Family Readiness Center. The 2008 National Defense Authorization Act established the recovery coordination programs across the services and Palace HART became the Air Force Wounded Warrior Program. That same year, the Air Force identified a wounded warrior as an Airman that has a combat related injury or illness, needing long-term care, requiring a medical or physical evaluation board to determine fitness for duty.

There was really loud, pop, and then something smacked my left leg into my right. I looked down and I just saw a hole in my pants with blood flowing out of it.

A vehicle approached our location and detonated. I don't remember much of it. What I know is from what the people that were with me told me

Later, the definition would expand to include combat and non-combat related wounds, illnesses, and injuries.

On November 5, 2015, that day I called my mom. "Mom, it's my day off. I'm going to go to Chow Hall. Then I'm going to go to the gym. I'll call you back later." That was the last phone call I made because when I went to Chow Hall I fainted right then and there. They took me to the military hospital. They're like, "Whoa, he's too grave. He needs to be seen off base. He needs a specialist." I suffered a brain aneurysm.

I woke up and I was puking blood, so I went to the doctors and had all these tests done and I found out that I have precarious condition called Barrett's esophagus.

In September, 2013, AFW2 entered a partnership with the Air and Space Forces Association gaining a more direct connection between the Wounded Airmen and Guardian Program and those wounded warriors in need of assistance. AFA has provided over a million dollars of support sponsoring veteran and caregivers attending AFW2 and DOD level events, as well as assistance grants to wounded Airmen, Guardians, and their caregivers during emergency financial situations.



The enduring partnership between AFA and AFW2 will continue to provide much needed support and advocacy to Airmen and Guardians most in need. In 2009, AFW2 tracked 560 wounded warriors. Since then, there have been over 14,000 Airmen and Guardians enrolled in the program, with 3,847 currently under active case management. The care and support provided to wounded, ill, and injured Airmen and Guardians by AFW2 is a critical part of the price paid to maintain a ready, lethal force able to handle the stress inherent in the ever-changing environments faced around the globe.

The importance of our Air Force Wounded Warrior Program really cannot be amplified enough. When it comes to being able to take care of those who have been wounded in action or out of action, to be able to take care of them and their families through this entire process and to whatever they might need, right? Some folks may not feel like they need some, and some do. Whatever the case is, an Air Force family is an institution. We take care of each other. And so it is important that we are available, that we're there, and that we can see our folks through no matter what they might be going through.

Kari Voliva:

Today, we are joined by Chief of Warrior Care Support, Marsha Hoskins, an incredible caregiver, Alex Gaud, and the one, the only Technical Sergeant August O'Niell. Welcome friends. Marsha, we're going to start with you today. We name this session after the AFW2 motto, Care Beyond Duty, and I know these words hold a lot of meaning for you as a veteran, as an Air Force spouse and a DOD civilian. Can you share your perspective on what Care Beyond Duty means?

Marsha Hoskins:

I think for the program, and I can speak for everyone who works there, is Care Beyond Duty is doing more than what's expected, right? But you have to wrap that up with kindness, care, compassion, understanding, and most of all, no judgment of one another.

Kari Voliva:

That's awesome. Alex, we're going to jump to you first. What Marsha just said, when we talk about Care Beyond Duty, I really think it's a part of being part of something that's bigger than yourselves, and I think that that really encompasses the Air Force Wounded Warrior Caregiver Program and the Family Program. So, Alex, we'd love to hear your story.

Alex Gaud:

I'll be happy to share it with you all. I'll refer to my notes just to keep myself on track. I am a caregiver to my husband, Axel. He's actually sitting right there. He's a combat wounded vet from Operation Iraqi Freedom. Last month we celebrated 26 years of marriage. Thank you. We have three children together. Axel was enrolled in the program back in 2012 and attended his first event in 2013.

I like to say that my origin story is in two parts. The first part started back in 2005. In May of that year, Axel was returning from his deployment to Balad. A few weeks before he was scheduled to return, the base was under multiple attacks and at his checkpoint there was a [inaudible 00:08:11]. After he woke up, he got checked, and since there wasn't any obvious wounds, he was taken to a different spot at the base to defend.

He was able to finish his tour and came home. Our children were at the time, six, three, and two years old, and we were really excited to have him come home. We thought we could pick up right where we left off when he came back. But the man that came back was not the man that left. My husband... If I can tell you. I'm sorry. I've never met anybody quite like him. He was the most compassionate, sweet, just incredible person you could have ever met in your life. He was my knight in shining armor, my



prince. He was perfect. We had a very happy marriage. But what we experienced after his return was nothing like that.

So all of what I'm about to speak to are invisible wounds. He came back in one piece, thankfully. But he came back. He was distant, he was sad, he was impatient, he was angry, he was anxious, just mean. Unrecognizable to me. He did his best to hide it, but he was just not the same man. We were arguing, which we never did. We never argued. He sought help at the clinic several times for his physical and his emotional and mental anguish, and all of the referrals, they just seemed to never materialize. All he got was some vitamin M.

One day he came home early from work and he collapsed on the floor and he started crying. That is when, unbeknownst to me, my role as a caregiver started. I got in the car, that's back when Tricare had an office at the clinics, and I went and I said, "I am not leaving until I get that referral." I did. When we saw the surgeon, we discovered that he had a deviated cervical vertebrae and it was pressing on his spinal cord, which was causing all of the pain and unresponsiveness of the limbs, and he needed surgery. He had a cervical neck fusion followed by months of physical and occupational therapy, a total recovery time of five months.

I didn't mention this before, but throughout his deployment, I heard zero from his unit, from his command. Mind you, I had two toddlers at home and a six-year-old. There was nobody helping me mow the lawn, service my car, say, "Hey, Alex, how you doing? You need anything?" Nothing like that. And if you assume that that was the same thing that happened during those five months, you will be correct. We received one phone call and it was to inform us that the next day he was going to be declared AWOL.

The clinic had misplaced his convalescent leave paperwork. I took care of that every 30 days. Somehow they had misplaced it. So you know what I did, right? Got in my car, drove to the clinic, and I didn't leave until that paperwork was found and faxed to his command. He was able to finish all of his therapies and he was returned to duty. His physical health improved thanks to the surgery, but mentally and emotionally, he was in decline. He was a mess. These invisible wounds are the hardest to go through. He was having trouble sleeping. He was having nightmares. He was screaming. He was fighting in his sleep. He was struggling just remembering simple things. He was mean. He was angry. He showed no compassion towards me, towards our children.

I was at a loss because I didn't understand this behavior. This is not something that I was prepared for. Nobody came to me and said, "Hey, your husband is returning from deployment. You might want to look out for these things." Nothing like that. I felt alone. I felt abandoned by my military family. I felt betrayed. My husband was hurting, my family was hurting. He was dealing with dark thoughts, thoughts of suicide, thoughts that he kept to himself for years. No one cared. I felt hopeless. My marriage was in jeopardy. I was suffering in silence. I kept telling myself, "Everything will be okay. You be strong, Alex."

Meanwhile, our dynamic changed. I helped take care of him through his recovery from surgery, I assisted in his physical and occupational therapies, I fed him, I dressed him, I managed his medications, I took over the financials, I drove him to appointments. I fought for him. I stood by his side. I became his advocate. Roles of a caregiver. And you don't need to be a spouse. We come in all shapes. You can be a mother, a father, a brother, a sister, or a best friend. I thought it was part of my duties as a wife to do this for him.

Remembering the man I had married gave me hope. Picturing my family happy, gave me hope. It gave me hope that there would be some light at the end of this tunnel and that I would come out the other end stronger. I thought I couldn't get any worse than this, right. And that light came through the AFW2 program and the fantastic people that I met along the way.



In 2012, my husband collapsed at work. His body simply gave up. After years of hiding his pain and suffering in silence, of not receiving help, his body took control. If you ask him, he'll say his body betrayed him. To me, it was a blessing. He couldn't hide his pain anymore. He collapsed at work for everyone to see. He was taken to the ER and he spent the night there, and finally this got the ball rolling. He was now going to get the help he should have received back in 2005. He was diagnosed with PTSD, traumatic brain injury, complex regional pain syndrome, which basically means that he's in pain all the time. Things finally started to make sense. He was referred to the AFW2 program in 2012, and in 2013 he attended his first event with the full support of his new command.

Wow. The change I saw in him, it was amazing. He came home positive, calmer, dare I say, nicer. He had a health setback during that camp, so for the next camp, I asked if I could attend so if he had any trouble, I could be there for him. So this was back in 2013. The AFW2 program was in its infancy. It had about 25 to 40 warriors and there was no caregiver program. I remember attending my first adaptive sports camp. I was excited to see Axel's progress, seeing that change in his attitude. After that, every camp that we attended filled me with hope that things could get better, and they did.

He was getting better, and I started to feel a little alienated. At the camps, there's this sense of unity, belonging. Warriors got the opportunity to share their experiences, their hurt. They were learning to cope and overcome. They connected. They were fitting in once again and they were healing. All the while, I was on the sidelines feeling lonely, and I started to wonder where my team was, and so the second part of my journey began.

I remember talking to Tony Hasso. I spoke from my heart, and after thanking him for everything that the program was doing for the Warriors, I told him how I was feeling, how much I was hurting. I told him how lonely I felt, how stressed and exhausted I was. I was feeling hopeless that I didn't belong anywhere with anyone and I broke down. What many do not realize is that we also experience loss. We lose our husbands, our wives, our sons, our daughters, brothers and sisters. Our children lose their parents. We have lost our jobs, ourselves, our identities. Most of us don't know who we are or where we fit in. We know we're in pain. We feel alone. At least that's how I felt.

Tony listened and not only did he listen, but he took action. He went back to the program and Tony Amaguo and Jose Martinez immediately volunteered and they jumped in with both feet. And the AFW2 Caregiver Program was created. I was lucky enough to share this exciting new program with five other military caregivers. We like to call ourselves the OGs. The work started without delay. I remember our first official caregiver outing. I was a little hesitant to leave my husband and go have fun. Me having fun without my husband, unheard of. But the team said, "Go, we got this. We'll take care of him. Just go and have some me time." Me time, what was that? I never thought about having me time.

It was an amazing day. We were in Colorado Springs. We went up to Pike Peaks. We had lunch. We were showered with gifts. We got some gift cards. They drove us to the local mall. We went shopping. It was amazing. We connected and I started to heal. We were treated with love and respect and care and gave us a much needed break. I have many fun memories of the event I was able to participate in, and I am so grateful to the AFW2 Caregiver Program. Together we have healed, together we have learned, and together we continue to grow. Thank you.

Kari Voliva:

I'm starting to think I'm the wrong person to do this. I know that story and it still hits me every time. August, your story is one of resilience as you fought to return to active duty. We'd love to hear your story.

August O'Neill:



So I'm August O'Niell, Tech Sergeant. I came into the Air Force in 2006 specifically to be a pararescueman, not quite knowing as a young 21-year-old exactly what it meant. Honestly, I was told by my recruiter, "Hey, do you want to jump out of planes and go save people's lives?" I was like, "That sounds like it's something I could do." It wasn't until I actually joined and started going through my pipeline that I truly learned what the motto "That Others May Live" stood for and exactly how it would come to be such a huge part of my life.

I started my selection in April of 2006, and we started with 110 people. We graduated nine, and that's what allowed us to go actually into the pipeline. The next three and a half years, together with other members that had been in the pipeline for a while, we started to build a very big comradery, a brotherhood going through different trainings that a lot of people don't get to go through. In December of 2008 is when I finally got to don my floppy hat beret, which doesn't do much as a hat, but it looks good so that's what's important, and got to my first base in Nellis Air Force Base.

I was proud. I was proud to be able to do what I did, but I was very green as we all are when we get out of tech school. I was excited to get after it. My first deployment was actually to Africa. I got to go all over Africa. What's great about my job as a pararescueman is not a whole lot of people know exactly what we do, so we get to make up training, like high altitude training, so we can go climb Kilimanjaro where most people pay thousands of dollars to go do. We got to do it for free. It was great. No, but a lot of good training, but we weren't really quite getting after That Others May Live. There was a few missions, we went all over Africa doing a few different things, but I wasn't quite doing all of the jobs that I had been trained for, and I was still excited to go after that.

I got to go to Columbia once to help teach those guys how to do some water jumps. That was a lot of fun. Got to intermingle with them. See what another Special Forces group does. Also, in 2011, finally I got to go to Afghanistan. I don't know how many of you were there at that point in time, but most of you probably knew about it. Those were the years that Afghanistan was hot and heavy. Everybody was angry out there, understandably, the weather is terrible. There's sandstorms, it's hot. It makes people mad, I guess.

So we were running a lot of missions multiple times a day out there at that point in time, and I honestly was absolutely loving it and take that with a grain of sand. Me having to do my job means our people are getting messed up. So I'd really, honestly, prefer not to have a job to do, but that's not how war actually works. So I love the effect that our career fields have and our mission set when it comes to war.

So I was enjoying what we were doing out there. Halfway through my deployment, we went out, day like any other. We were coming back from our third mission. We got re-roll troops in contact ANA and Marines. A Marine had taken a round to the chest and went down, and so we were going out to go get them. I was on lead bird with my team leader and a crow, and on trail bird, there was three PJs. I was the lead medic. And it was our turn to go into the zone. Every mission we would switch what bird went into the zone, which bird was Overwatch, gave all the crews different aspects and different training while they're doing it.

So it's our turn to go in as lead. Halfway out, we got a call. There was now two patients. Easy. I can handle two patients, no problem. And then about two minutes out, we got a call that now there was three patients. Well, we switched it. I made the call, "Hey, give it to trail. Better patient care. They got three PJs," so we became the Overwatch bird. As we got into the zone, we called smoke at the one minute call, we popped up over the smoke to draw fire. Well, it worked like a charm. We drew all the fire up to our bird, started taking it, started giving it, and a lucky round happened to bounce off the door and go down through both of my legs. Wasn't quite sure what had happened at first. I honestly thought a flare had popped off the helicopter. Those things go off if you fly too low over a campfire.



So I called on the radio like, "I think a flare just hit me in the leg." And my TO was like, "Are you serious?" I was like, "Yeah." And as soon as I looked over, well, we'll just call it manly yelling happened. I got on the radio and said, "I'm hit." Pulled myself back into the helicopter. My crew jumped on top of me. I ripped off a tourniquet. He put it on. He put his own tourniquet on my other leg.

And that's obviously where my life kind of changed forever. They flew me back to Bastion because I was now the unstable patient. They had been able to stabilize the guys that were on the ground. But immediately that's a regret. I was there to save them, not be saved myself. My team knew that's exactly what I'd be thinking about because as soon as I woke up in the hospital there, they had two things to say to me. They said, "Hey, just so you know, we went back with an Apache escort and we blew up that entire area. So yay, your revenge is taken care of. Woo woo. And number two, we were able to get all those guys out." So immediately that was a big weight off of myself to know that that was taken care of.

Next big thing that was happening to me was, "Hey, we're taking you back to the states." And I immediately was like, "Nope, I'm not leaving theater right now." And they're like, "What are you talking about?" And I said, "Well, I'm up for re-enlistment and I need my paperwork now." Tax-free bonuses. So I made sure that I made it loud and clear that I wanted to re-enlist no matter what was going on with my legs, and my paperwork ended up actually getting pushed forward. So by the time I got to Landstuhl it was there ready for me to sign.

Lucky enough, my older brother and I do the same job. He's a combat rescue officer, the officers for pararescue. We signed up not really knowing each other had done it. He told me he signed up to be a crew, but I didn't know what that was. And so his team ended up sending him ahead. So I got to have my brother-in-arms and my actual brother at my hospital side in Landstuhl already starting me off in the right direction mentally for what was to come. And also since he's an officer, he actually got to reenlist me from my hospital bed. So that was amazing to me.

For the next three and a half years, my life became day in day out of what I call torture sessions, which was my physical therapy and different surgeries. Throughout that time, AFW2 had actually reached out to me very early on. I want to say a couple months maybe. Probably not even that long after I got injured. And I kind of kicked him out the door, hanging up on poor Tony Hasso a couple of times. He was talking to me about sports and I'm laying in a hospital bed, and he's just like, "Hey, man, we got these camps and see what you're still capable of doing." And I was like, "You haven't done your research. I'm in a hospital bed. Bye." Woe is me type of place.

It wasn't until about a year later, after more surgeries and stuff, that I finally did pick up the phone because they offered me a trip, honestly, to go to Vegas, which is where my team was, and I was like, "Free trip to Vegas. I get to go see my boys finally. Yeah, I'll go to your camp. Sure." I ended up going, and it was probably the biggest aid in my mental and physical health that I could have possibly had.

I went back thinking that I was going to get to go see my team and I was going to get everything mentally that I was going to need from my team guys. They didn't go through what I went through and they were busy and the ops tempos were high, and so, rightfully, they had nothing really to connect with me with. It was the quintessential, "Hey, man, what you're saying sucks. I'm sorry to hear that. Want to go get a beer? Yeah, cool." Which is great. You need those types of friends and you need those types of times. However, I didn't get that mental attachment that I needed, that I was missing with everybody.

So kind of sunken. I went back across the base and I went to this camp and started participating, and I started feeling a little bit mentally better because I was participating in sports I didn't think I was going to be able to do. Swimming and seated volleyball and wheelchair rugby and shooting and all kinds of things, and I was winning because I win. But it was something that made me feel amazing again. And I was like, "Man, I can do all this physical stuff that I didn't think I was going to be able to do. It's time to start training again, time to be the person that I was before."



But mentally, I wasn't sure. I was still kind of down because I still had a disconnect. Well, as I was there, I started listening to the other warriors that were there. And I'll be the first to tell you, I walked into the place and saw a lot of people walking around with what I now know to be invisible wounds, and I judged right off the bat. I was like, "What are these people doing here?" They don't look like me. Their injuries aren't like what mine are. And I was like, these aren't warriors. These are just fakers.

And it wasn't until I, as a lonely person, was sitting on the sidelines, excluding myself from this conversation that they were having and actually just started listening, that I started to pick up on the fact that these people were going through exactly what... It didn't matter what their injury looked like. It didn't matter what their illness was. They're going through exactly the same mental anguish that I was. Fact is, they still had the same disconnects with their teams, their families, their friends, same issues with being depressed about random things, and also their inability to get what they needed from the hospitals or get doctors to listen to them about pain that they were having in certain areas, or getting prescribed pain pills that they didn't want or need constantly.

And it was when I came to that realization that I finally found a new family, so to speak, within all of these members because I could connect with somebody again. And that's when my mental health truly started to grow back to what it was.

Like I mentioned, three and a half years of torture sessions and surgeries. It had become a point in time when I went through 20 surgeries. 20th didn't work out like it was supposed to. It was supposed to be a knee replacement, the doctor woke me up halfway through, said, "Hey, it's not going to be what I promised you. It's not going to be a functional knee, but the pain will be gone." I said, "Nope, I'm not going to have that because I'd be stuck with my leg just sitting out straight and tripping people all the time," which would've been funny, but not okay for me.

So I opted to have my leg amputated, and it was one of the best decisions I could have made. I came on that decision very easily because I had gone through so much anguish of being, hey, try this surgery and not working. And also I had been around so many members that had amputations, and I was watching them. They were injured years after me and getting up and running again on prosthetics in months, and I was still sitting there. I went from a wheelchair to crutches to a cane back to crutches. And so my first thought was "Hey, if I cut this thing off and I can get on a prosthetic again and I can start running again, I can go back to doing the job that I love."

So that became my goal and day in and day out afterwards, I went for my first med board, which I don't know if you know about the med board process. The med board process literally is an objective look, the first one. First one, they just take your records. They look at it, they say, "Hey, fit, unfit, have a nice day if not." That's what happened to me. Hey, you're unfit for duty. We're going to permanently retire you. 40% disability. Thank you for your service. I said, "Nope, I don't want that. I want a formal med board. They're going to have to look me in the eye and tell me that I can't serve."

So I went for my formal med board. AFW2 stepped up, told me what I was going to need, and throughout that time I made sure that I prepared for it. I was like, "Physically they're going to need proof that I can do things." So I went and registered myself for the Bataan Death March. I went and did the military heavy class in the Bataan Death March and had that recorded. I went and found a snow and ice crevasse rescue course up in Alaska. I went up and did that and had that recorded. Then I went and did every stupid physical thing that I could think of behind the hospital to make sure that they couldn't tell me I couldn't do stuff. Dead lifts, wall jumps, patient drags, patient carries. I did the monkey bars because I looked at the thing and I was like, "What if they ask? Yeah, let's do it."

So everything that I could think of. And I mean, it ended up working out for me. I went in front of my med board. Marsha actually got to show up and be there for me during my med board, which I feel bad for because I fully expected a giant courtroom and they stuck us in a closet on the side. So I definitely



wasn't going to be able to throw somebody over my shoulder like I planned to do. But we went in there, we fought. They told me I'd have a decision the next day. Took a week and a day, but they came back and said that I was fully returned to duty with no assignment limitation.

That's an awesome thing because, not because I'm the first pair of rescue and active duty to have that happen, but about eight months after me, another pararescueman on the guard side got returned and he's got about the same type of injury, same amputation. But for the Air Force as a whole, it's a huge thing because if members can be returned at our level, and that means that any Airmen that has that drive and that will and the ability to serve should be allowed to serve with nothing getting in their way. And that's important to me. I'm from an Air Force family. I love the Air Force. Obviously. I'm trying to stay in as long as I can. And so I think any member that has those things should be allowed to.

Currently, I'm serving in Davis-Monthan. I'm the Section Chief of Ground Operations at Red Flag Rescue. My squadron leadership and mill members are here. They came out to watch this embarrassment. No, I'm grateful for what I have in this Air Force. I'm grateful to contribute in any way that I can, and I'll continue doing so until they kick me out. Thank you.

Kari Voliva:

I told y'all, the one, the only. Marsha, you have been the driving force behind the Air Force Wounded Warrior Program and its growth over the years. What would you like to share about that?

Marsha Hoskins:

I'd say, first of all, it's an honor to be working with this program since 2011. And I will say, early on we were really focused on the combat injured and trying to get that right. And what we realized early on was that all the things that were taking care of Airman in our families was disconnected. So we had a lot of meetings to put the Airman and Family Care Directorate together aligned under the Air Force Personnel Center.

So we got that right, and then what we realized is that, wait a minute, we're not just dealing with the combat injured that you could see. We were dealing with long-term effect of war. We were dealing with the invisible wounds. We're just starting to talk about PTSD. And to be quite frank with you, we were taking care of those Airmen very differently than we were taking care of those who we could see what was the going on with them. And so there was a lot of work to do to talk about it and make it okay.

We were also really focused on the recovery plan and getting that right, but what we realized, we were missing the boat on a lot of the other programs that we should offer, and one of those was the Caregiver Program. I'll never forget the first event that we had where we brought that group of warriors together and I found myself changing colostomy bags, doing things that I knew weren't my job, and we didn't have a definition for a caregiver. We weren't focused on services for them. And that group of five caregivers that I went behind closed doors with and talked with, they really let me know where we'd went wrong as an Air Force, and we got to work really fast to try to put this program together to focus on them.

And we couldn't do it though alone because there are so many legalities in what we can do. And that's where our partnership with AFA really started to grow, and those things that we could offer for the caregivers and families. And making it okay to focus on self-care. And I know that's a hard one, and we got to really continue to do that in the Air Force and focus on our families. Integrating them into this whole recovery journey was really important. And those are the three big things really, and we've come a long way with the Invisible Wounds Initiative. I think we still have some work to do, but it's just been an honor to be there for the journey.





Kari Voliva:

Thanks, Marsha. Friends, thank you for being here. I'm sure a lot of you are in the room today wondering, "Hey, I heard these great stories. What can I do to help?" We don't have any more time today, but I'd encourage you to find the Air Force Wounded Warrior Booth down on the exhibit floor, or stop by our F2 booth right outside of Potomac C. Thanks again for showing up today. You are reinforcing the power of United Forces and families, and we appreciate y'all.