FBI SAC James Casey (l.) presented Robin Sorensen with the 2009 FBI Director's Community Leadership Award in a brief ceremony Dec. 17. The award is presented each year by FBI field offices to individuals whose achievements in the areas of crime prevention, drug deterrence or similar educational programs have made a positive difference in their communities. Sorensen was recognized for his work in connection with the Firehouse Subs Public Service Foundation and for his personal efforts to support a variety of causes.

His involvement with and contributions to the Police Athletic League have helped deter juvenile delinquency and promote education as a means to a productive life for youth. He annually funds and sponsors the FOP's Guns and Hoses event and annual tennis tournament which raise funds for law enforcement needs and to provide the fire and rescue department with resources they might not otherwise be able to afford, such as fire engines, drug dogs and diving equipment.

Sorensen, who with his brother Chris founded Firehouse Subs, has participated in HabiJax building programs and has served as an officer for the Muscular Dystrophy Association. He supported Hurricane Katrina relief efforts by arranging for shipments of food to be flown from Jacksonville to affected areas and personally delivering food to victims. When a project or need is brought to his attention, he goes to great lengths to assist and bring it to a successful conclusion. He does not consider any task beneath him and participates in a "hands on" manner.

Previous winners of this award include Ann Dugger (pictured right, above), Terry Lane (Metro Kids Konnection), Delores Weaver, former Sheriff Nat Glover and Ted Hires.

Thanks to Bonnie Spillers and Lisa Williams from Old Navy in Orange Park who generously donated clothing, socks, underwear, hats, gloves, scarves, games and various other items to Alex Lemon, a young man in foster care.

On The *Lighter* Side

College Funds

A kid called his mom from college and asked her for some money. Mom said, "Sure, sweetie. I'll send you some money. You also left your calculus book here when you visited two weeks ago. Do you want me to send that too?"

"Uh, oh yeah, OK," responded the kid. So Mom wrapped the book along with the checks in a package, kissed Dad goodbye, and went to the post office to mail the money and the book.

When she returned, Dad asked, "Well how much did you give the boy this time?

Mom said, "Oh, I wrote two checks - one for $20, and the other for $1000."

"That's $1020!!!" yelled Dad, "Are you crazy???"

"Don't worry, Hon," Mom said, as she kissed Dad on the on top of his bald head, "I taped the $20 check to the cover of his book, but I put the $1000 one somewhere between the pages in Chapter 19!"

- Received from Thomas Ellsworth

Letter to the Editor

In my apartment building there are six floors, about 180 apartments. I live on the fifth floor and know my closest neighbors pretty well - enough to call each other by name and visit back and forth. A lady down the hall, not too far, named Sylvia Kay Waldrop, was one I did not know well, but we always said "hello" in passing. She walked with a marked limp and was about my age. Now I'm wondering why I never bothered to say more than hello or get to know her. I passed her in the hall yesterday sometime, in a hurry to go somewhere...don't remember. I just rushed off.

Last night I noticed police cars and lights in front of our building but it was dark and rainy, so I thought someone must have been caught speeding. Edgewood Avenue is a 35 mph zone, not that anyone obeys it. An hour later we all knew that Sylvia was walking to the convenience store just a block away, across the street, with a gentleman friend. They did not cross at the light, unfortunately, and she fell on the slippery street and was hit. The driver kept going; a hit and run. Her friend was not injured, but she was taken to Shands where she later died.

Some of us sat out on the balcony watching as the police taped off our street as a crime scene for a couple of hours, and her friend and family gathered there consoling one another as best they could. I don't know why her friend was not walking closer or supporting her as they crossed the dark street or why she was hit and he was not, but my neighbor whom I had not bothered to know is gone - suddenly, with no notice, no way to say 'good bye.'

You can believe that from now on I will take more time to speak to my neighbors, maybe even learn a little about who they are and about their lives or what they think about. I'm sorry I never got to know Sylvia and I am sorry I didn't care enough to say anything past "hello." Perhaps I might have learned something interesting or valuable from Sylvia. I'll never know.

Life holds no guarantees for any of us. Live each day as if it were your last, and also as if it is the first day of the rest of your life.

- Claudia Miller

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