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Tim's Second Tour

John Price

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Labor Day came late in 2004; the first Monday in September falling on the seventh day of the month. That afternoon, I rode my 1980 Yamaha XS-11 to the convenience store on Genito Road, just across the single set of tracks, bought my usual Coors tall boy in a small brown paper bag and walked toward Richmond on the seldom used railroad tracks. I wondered what my son Tim was doing in Baghdad today. It was hard to conceive of him working in full body armor in the 115-degree heat; I was sweating just wearing a T-shirt and jeans in the humid air.

Sunny and ninety, the weather was what you would expect for a Labor Day in central Virginia. The cold beer tasted good as I walked, carefully avoiding patches of melted tar on the wooden cross-ties, not wanting to paint the soles of my boots in the nasty stuff and get it on the foot pegs of my motorcycle.

Sipping the beer, my thoughts returned to my son. Having only been back in Germany for two months after taking block leave following OIF 1, Tim had volunteered to return to Baghdad to take over the platoon assigned to his old AO. The platoon leader and platoon sergeant had both been relieved of duty for subpar leadership performance. Tim, along with his capable platoon sergeant, turned around his soldiers in a matter of weeks. They morphed from laughable "F Troop" into a high morale, mission capable, cohesive fighting force. Tim called in late August to bring me up to date on his progress. It was the longest and most satisfying call we had during the entire time he was deployed. I told him how proud I was of him, how much I loved him. When we hung up that day, there was nothing left unsaid between us.

The beer was gone before I finished the second mile. I carried the empty can in the soggy paper bag for another forty-five minutes until returning to the convenience store to drop it into the trash can. There was plenty of litter along this stretch of tracks: broken bottles, plastic bags, lottery tickets and empty cigarette packs. I wouldn't add to it.

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As I fired up my vintage superbike, the throaty rumble of the exhaust provided a clue to the raw power of the big four-cylinder engine. Bumping across the tracks, I began the eight-mile trip home. The big bike seemed to have a mind of its own as the speedometer quickly registered eighty on the straight stretch before I slowed to sixty, leaning into the first curve. It was good to be alive.

Tuesday was back to the grind At East Coast Glass Systems, where I was a senior project manager responsible for three multi-million-dollar glass and glazing jobs. That afternoon, our VP of operations came into my office to say the president of the company wanted to see me in the conference room. He sounded quite serious when he told me there was no mention of what we would be discussing. Although I was unaware of any major problems on the projects I was managing, at age fifty-four I didn't relish the prospect of looking for work.

The president and VP entered together, both looking grave, I prepared myself for bad news. "We didn't know how to handle this," the president said. "But we decided it was best to tell you before they got here. The army is looking for you. Your neighbor called, said he saw them at your house, told them where you work."

I went cold. There was a roaring in my ears, like the sound of the surf; my heart pounded as I considered the possibilities. Maybe Tim had been wounded and they were coming to let me know?

"We thought you might want to take a few minutes to prepare yourself before they arrive," the president said, sounding as if he were a hundred yards away. The two men shook my hand and left the room. Dazed, I staggered back to my office, organized the pile of job folders on my desk, waiting, paralyzed with a feeling of dread.

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Minutes later, the receptionist called to say I had visitors. My guts were in a knot as I walked to the lobby. Two army officers in class As were waiting for me, an infantry captain with an impressive set of medals on his chest and a female chaplain, also wearing silver captain's bars. I shook hands with them and said, "Let's go to my office." I beckoned toward two chairs in front of my desk and closed the door.

"You may want to sit down" were the first words the captain said. When I complied, he began the speech the parent of any combat-deployed soldier dreads hearing. "The Secretary of the Army has asked me to express his deep regret that your son, First Lt. Timothy E. Price was killed yesterday by enemy small-arms fire in Baghdad, Iraq." I went cold at the confirmation of my worst fears. I clenched my jaw. The roaring noise in my ears returned. I could take only shallow breaths. After a pause that seemed like hours, I asked in a voice I barely recognized as my own, "Can you tell me what happened?"

"The Secretary of the Army regrets to inform you that your son, First Lt. Timothy E. Price was killed yesterday by enemy small-arms fire in Baghdad, Iraq." They had a script, with strict orders not to deviate from it. Devastated as I was, I knew this wasn't pleasant for them either. As I suffered the greatest loss of my life, I was able to feel compassion for these two soldiers tasked with the difficult duty of telling me that my son had been killed.

"What do I do?" I croaked. Would they think I was cold-hearted because I didn't break down and cry? How could they possibly know how much I loved and admired my son?

"You will be assigned a case officer who will contact you within twenty-four hours with more details. He should be able to answer any questions you have." The two officers rose. I shook hands with them both again and walked them through the lobby. The receptionist had a

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stricken look as I passed her desk on the way back to my office. Although I never broke down, I had a hollow feeling and a terrible ache in my heart. I had lost my firstborn son.

Moments later, the two company execs entered my office. I told them Tim had been killed in Iraq. They asked how. All I could tell them was “enemy small-arms fire.” They both knew Tim well. He had worked for the company for two years during summer break from college. He was well-respected for his work ethic and physical toughness.

“I know this is hard on you, John, so take as much time as you need to do whatever you need to do, don't worry about work. We'll handle things here until you return.” We shook hands before they left. I straightened up my office once more before heading to my car. As I passed her desk, our receptionist had tears streaming down her cheeks. She choked out, “I'm so sorry, John.” All I could manage was a half-hearted wave, not looking back, unable to speak.

Stopped at a traffic light on the way home, I peered at other drivers. They appeared normal and happy; my life had just ended, but oddly, the world kept turning, never missing a beat. It wasn't fair that Tim's death didn't affect everyone as much as it did me.

The first thing I must do was call Tommy, Tim's younger brother. Tim's death was something I'd have to convey face-to-face, not over the phone. Tim and Tom were close, very close; hearing about his brother would crush Tom, just as it had me. He was suspicious when I told him I needed to see him at the house without offering details about why. When he arrived, I told him I had some bad news. “Your brother was killed in Baghdad yesterday.”

The color drained from Tommy's face and he screamed, “The fucking army, the fucking Iraq war and now Tim's dead. Why did this have to happen?” The color returned to his face, reddening as his rage built. I tried to embrace him, but he pushed me away and ran into the garage. He found a hatchet and slammed it into an oak tree outside the garage door, over and

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over again. After a few minutes he calmed down, dropped the hatchet, and began sobbing. "I just lost my only brother." He let me hug him and we both had a good long cry as we held onto each other tightly.

Having lost one son, I became protective of the other, dreading he might do something to harm himself. A friend of mine lost both his sons thirty years earlier. The first died in a motorcycle accident. The younger boy slipped into depression over the loss of the big brother he idolized. That summer, alone at the family hunting camp, he took a walk into the woods and shot himself in the head with a .22 caliber pistol. His father spent weeks not knowing if the boy was alive or dead, then three months looking for the body. A teenage boy found my friend's son's remains during hunting season that fall. Thinking of this, before I released Tommy from our tearful embrace, I said, "You are all I have now. Don't do anything to hurt yourself, it would break my heart."

"Don't worry, Dad, I won't do anything stupid. What about Mom, have you called her yet?"

"No, I'm not going to call her. This isn't something she should find out over the phone."

"Maybe I should call her?"

"No, I wouldn't do that. The army will be in touch with her tonight or tomorrow, let them do their job. Your job is to be there for her when she calls. Your mom will take this hard. I need you to help her get through it."

Tim's mother, Kathy, and I had divorced two years earlier. She lived in Philadelphia, not far from where she had grown up. When Tim was born in 1979, she quit her job to become a stay-at-home mom until both boys completed elementary school. Tommy, 3½ years younger than Tim, was still in diapers when we moved from Texas to Richmond in 1984. Kathy was able

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to spend a lot of time with the boys, enabling us to avoid the expense and other issues associated with daycare. Money was tight living on a single salary, but we never regretted our decision.

When the boys had both completed elementary school, Kathy took a job as a teacher's aide. The part-time work allowed her to be home during the afternoons when the boys returned from school.

Wednesday morning, I was up before six. I had slept little, my mind locked in overdrive. Kathy called at seven, sobbing, taking huge whooping breaths, wanting to know if I had heard. When she finally calmed down enough to speak, I told her the army had contacted me the afternoon before, that I had broken the news to Tommy. I explained why I had not called her. She agreed it was best she had been notified face-to-face. She expressed the same concern I had felt the previous day regarding Tommy's frame of mind. I assured her I would keep an eye on him and ask his roommates to advise me if he began to act strangely. Fortunately, Tommy had a tight group of friends who all admired Tim; they would circle the wagons around him over the following weeks.

My case officer called at nine, leading me through the procedures the military had established for dealing with bereaved families of deceased soldiers. My first concern was to know when Tim's remains would be returned. He told me it would probably be forty-eight hours before he would know, but I would be advised immediately once he was told.

I had another difficult task planned for Wednesday. After my mother died in 1999, my father remarried, living with my stepmother on Occohannock Creek, part of Virginia's Eastern Shore. While Tim was a sophomore in the Corps of Cadets at Virginia Tech, my mother was diagnosed with stage four pancreatic cancer and fading fast. I felt it important for Tim to see her once more while she was still able to appreciate his presence. I asked him to wear his cadet

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uniform to give his grandmother a chance to see it. On a balmy early-May afternoon, Mom was able to sit on the front porch basking in the afternoon sun as we reminisced. Her love for Tim was obvious, even as her vital force faded. It was the last time she set foot out of the house.

My father's wife Helen, a friend of my mother's, had been recently widowed. When I arrived at their home at 12:30, my father smiled, pleasantly surprised by the unexpected visit. He asked if I had eaten lunch. I told him no, but I wasn't hungry. His smile faded when he heard my tone. "Dad, I'm afraid I have some bad news. Tim was killed on Monday."

Dad exhaled, "Oh, John, I'm so sorry." He, Helen, and I came together in a tight embrace. As we reluctantly separated, he asked, "How did it happen?"

"Enemy small-arms fire, the army said. That's all I know at this point."

"You'll spend the night, right?"

"Can't, Dad, I have a lot to do. I hope you understand. I'll be in touch as soon as I get more information from the army. They assigned a case officer to be my point of contact."

"Have you told Tommy yet?"

"Last night. I had him come to the house. He didn't take it well. I think losing Tim will be harder on him than the rest of us. They had grown quite close during their two years together at Tech."

I shook my father's hand. Tears slowly rolled down his cheeks. He looked old and tired. The special bond he had established with his first grandson, now broken forever. Tim's death shook our family to its roots.

During the three-and-a-half-hour trip back to Richmond, I couldn't bear to turn on the car radio. Anything I would hear would be trivial bullshit. I needed time to think. Maybe the army

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had made a mistake. Could Tim still be alive? I was grasping at straws, unwilling to accept the fact that my son had been killed.

Each time I heard of an American casualty in Iraq I went through a dread/relief/guilt process. Dread that perhaps I had lost my soldier? Relief that it wasn't my son who had been killed. Guilt at the knowledge my son was alive, while another family grieved over the loss of their son or daughter. Now it was my turn to grieve.

With a funeral to plan, I formulated a fitting eulogy for Tim. Deep in thought, the ring of my cellphone snapped me back to the present. It was COL Rozsak from the Corps of Cadets at Virginia Tech. As alumni director for the Corps, he had already been contacted by several newspapers requesting a photo of Tim and a statement they could print. He suggested I provide him a family statement which he would distribute along with file photos of Tim. Since I was still three hours from home, I told him I'd start work on the statement as soon as I got back to the house.

Summing up your son's life in a few paragraphs, telling the world how much you will miss him, was a daunting task. I had to allow Tim's mom and brother Tommy to be a part of the process, so I e-mailed them each a copy of what I had written, asking if they wanted to add anything. Early Thursday morning, I put the finishing touches on the statement. By mid-morning COL Roszak called to say the press would be running a story about Tim today. It was urgent that he have the family statement before noon, or he would have to release a statement directly from the Corps of Cadets. I immediately e-mailed him what I had prepared. He confirmed he would distribute our statement along with cadet photos of Tim.

My case officer called to say that Tim's remains would be flown to Germany, then directly to Dover, Delaware. He needed to know where Tim would be buried in order to arrange

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transport to the appropriate funeral home. Tim was eligible for burial at Arlington National Cemetery, but his marker would be one of thousands of identical marble crosses and my son had no connection to Arlington. I opted to have him buried at Belle Haven Cemetery, alongside the grandmother he adored. The family agreed. My father had purchased two extra plots at the cemetery in 1999 when my mother died, one for me. I asked if Tim could be buried in my plot. Dad said that would be fine. We contacted Philip Godwin, the nondenominational preacher who had officiated at my mother's graveside service. Philip, a retired VA State Trooper who felt the calling late in life, brought a unique mix of skills to the table. We agreed to meet at Dad's home in Exmore to discuss details. I contacted the local funeral home to confirm they would receive Tim's remains and handle graveside preparations. They needed to know the size of the party, date of the funeral, and if I wanted a tent. All reasonable questions for which I had no answers. I agreed to get back to them within forty-eight hours.

My case officer called again to say Tim's body would be arriving at Dover on Monday, just one week after his death. I contacted Tim's mother to request a list of people she wanted to attend the funeral, then worked on my list. CPT Andy Rodgers, Tim's first tour CO, called to tell me that he was sending Tim's good friend 1LT Mike Hong to act as Tim's escort. Tim's platoon had raised enough money to also send MSG Louis Martinez, Tim's platoon sergeant from the 527th MP Company. Martinez would stay for the funeral, then return to Giessen. Andy said Mike had an open ticket I was free to keep him as long as I needed him. The army took care of their own, by God.

Once they learned Tim had been killed, Amber Goff, a close friend of Tim's, and her father Gary had sat with me every day. Although I never asked, I sensed they were on suicide watch. Amber, who had waited tables with Tim at Sunday's Restaurant near our home in

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Midlothian, suggested we hold his memorial service there. She worked with friends on preparing table decorations and menu while I concentrated on funeral preparations. Able to cleanse my mind of all extraneous thoughts, I worked with a level of mental clarity and focus I had never achieved, before or since.

Kathy returned her list of invitees for the funeral service. I combined it with mine and contacted the funeral home. We agreed a shelter would be a good idea. I then told them when Tim should arrive with his military escort. Next, I asked COL Roszak if he would speak at the funeral. He said he would, mentioning MG Jerrold Allen, Commandant of Cadets at VT, would also like to speak, if it was okay. I quickly agreed. They would both be most welcome.

My father told me he planned a reception at a nearby restaurant immediately following the funeral service. I was grateful for the help. There were endless details to address on a compressed schedule.

Letters of condolence, floral arrangements, all manner of food poured in over the first few days. I soon ran out of refrigerator space. Kitchen counters along with tables were piled high with flowers, cards and letters of condolence. Well liked, Tim would be missed by more people than I could imagine.

Mike Hong called from Germany, asking if there were any specific items of Tim's that I wanted him to bring. I said any personal items and financial documents would be good. Tim had never drafted a will, so I knew I would have to probate his estate after the funeral. Mike would fly from Frankfurt to Norfolk, rent a car there, then meet the plane carrying Tim's remains from Germany at Dover. He would supervise the loading of Tim's casket into the hearse for transport to Exmore and escort Tim to the funeral home. I agreed it made more sense for the family to meet at Exmore rather than Dover. The military didn't encourage family participation at the

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unloading of casualties at Dover. Typically, there were multiple caskets involved. The presence of dozens of grieving civilians during unloading operations would have been a major impediment. The DoD also prohibited the press from photographing the unloading operations, citing privacy concerns.

The banquet manager at the restaurant needed an estimate of attendance for the celebration, then we discussed menu options and pricing. I knew this would be the biggest party I'd ever throw; I wanted everyone who came to celebrate Tim's life to have a memorable evening, so there was no budget. My casualty officer had mailed a preliminary expense check drawn against Tim's SGLI (Serviceman's Group Life Insurance) policy to cover short term expenses; the party ate up a substantial chunk of it. The celebration was scheduled for Thursday, just two days after the funeral service. I spent hours on the phone personally inviting guests, there not being adequate time for written invitations to be mailed. Other guests were notified via word of mouth by people I had contacted. I made two requests, bring a photo of Tim and a story about him. This would be my final opportunity to see some of his friends and hear about things they had done together.

The casualty officer called once more to confirm the time we could expect the hearse to arrive at the funeral home. This would be an immediate family only event; I established the timeline. Arriving early, we waited in the car as a storm blew over, winds swirling dust into cyclones that whipped across the sandy unpaved parking lot, followed by pelting rain. Not the weather we had hoped for. A black SUV pulled into the parking lot; two E-6 Army NCOs exited, a man and a woman. Freshly polished brass, spit-shined boots, class As with razor-sharp creases. These soldiers made an immediate positive impression. Although the rain had stopped, clouds scudded across the lead-gray sky propelled by a strong west wind. The metallic clang of a loose

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rope slapping an aluminum flagpole provided background as I exited my vehicle to speak with the soldiers. They had orders to assist the funeral home in receiving Tim's casket. I told them I was Tim's father and thanked them for being there. They thanked me for Tim's service and his sacrifice, then entered the funeral home to discuss logistics with the staff. Kathy and Tom joined me; the wind buffeted us as we looked North on Route 13, awaiting the hearse.

Finally, an immaculate black SUV slowed as it approached the funeral home, followed closely by a dark sedan. When the SUV turned into the parking lot, I knew it was Tim. LT Hong exited the escort vehicle and approached. Six feet tall, broad-shouldered, round Asian face, wearing dress greens and a beret, he strode toward us purposefully. He acknowledged Kathy first, then extended his hand to me, and finally Tommy. Mike had been Tim's best friend in Iraq; they were inseparable during OIF1, as well as after they re-deployed to Giessen. The resolved look of sadness on Mike's face confirmed he missed Tim as much as we did.

Mike was crisply saluted by the two NCOs as they joined him at the hearse. The funeral home had a loading dock at the rear of the brick building where they received bodies and caskets, away from the view of bereaved relatives. The funeral director greeted us, asking us to come inside and wait as the hearse driver rounded the side of the building. This would be a military funeral, but we had to make a choice: marble headstone or bronze plaque. The headstone was selected unanimously. Belle Haven was a traditional cemetery, not one of the new ones designed to allow the maintenance crew to mow right over flush-set plaques.

Next, we were asked to confirm Tim's major awards, which would be etched into the stone: Bronze Star with Oak Leaf cluster and Purple Heart, along with his religious affiliation, Protestant. We were allowed a brief personal inscription which would be added at the bottom of the stone. Tim's mom suggested, "You are my sunshine," the opening line from a song she had

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sung to him hundreds of times. We were told that the stone would be ready in eight weeks. The funeral home would send me a photo once it had been set in place. The grave would have a temporary marker during the interim.

As we completed the paperwork, the funeral director's assistant appeared and gestured, indicating that Tim's coffin was now in a private room. We crossed the hallway. I noted the cheap framed prints that could have been found at any funeral home in the country. The lighting in the visitation room was subdued, except for two small spotlights that framed floral displays at the head and foot of the flag-draped polished gun metal gray steel casket. I was grateful that the Army cut no corners here. The two NCOs stood at the rear of the room as our small family walked toward the casket with Mike in tow. After a few minutes of touching the casket, some quiet sobbing and tears, we joined in a family hug, Mike asked if we wanted to see Tim one last time. He had pinned some additional medals on Tim's class A uniform while we were in the funeral director's office: Combat Action Badge, Valorous Unit Citation, and Iraq War Expeditionary Medal. Mike offered a word of caution. "Tim was a handsome young man. There was some swelling from his wound, he doesn't look like you might remember him." I looked at Kathy and Tom and said, "I want to remember Tim the way he looked when we saw him off at the airport in April, how about you?" They both nodded in agreement. Mike then asked if we had brought any items we wished to have buried with Tim. Each of us handed him a keepsake. Mike informed us Tim's platoon had sent some things they wanted buried with him as well, asking if it was okay with us if those items were included. We all nodded. Mike told us our items would be placed at the head of the coffin, in the position of honor, while those from his soldiers would be placed at the foot of the coffin, a protocol of sorts. Mike then left the room to give us a moment

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alone with Tim. One last loving caress of the flag draped over the cold steel coffin before we silently exited the room, each grieving our dead son/brother in our own way.

As we walked outside toward the car, the clouds parted briefly, allowing a narrow, brilliant shaft of sunlight to illuminate the parking lot. The three of us gazed at the small gap in the clouds; we all felt Tim's presence.

Tuesday morning dawned early after a restless night. There was little conversation as we ate breakfast and dressed, preparing for the two-mile ride to the cemetery. Mike Hong coordinated with the honor guard from Ft. Dix who would act as pallbearers, fire the three-volley salute, play taps and fold Tim's flag. As a former MP assigned to duty at the US Military Academy, I had participated in dozens of military funerals, but none with the significance of this one. I prayed it would come off without a hitch, knowing how important that was to our family.

The funeral director's assistant handled the parking detail. The skies were still overcast; a warm humid day with a light breeze. We took our seats on unpadded gray steel folding chairs under a sizable waterproof shelter. To our left were two folding tables with photos of Tim, his medals and beautiful triangular walnut presentation boxes for the two flags. The lectern was situated twenty feet in front of the shelter; the grave, to our right, was covered with its own smaller awning.

Philip Godwin opened the service with a short prayer, then delivered a heartfelt eulogy, punctuated with Bible verse. We had provided him with a list of speakers, starting with the military, ending with family. Military protocol determines order of preference based on rank, so MG Jerrold Allen spoke first, talking about Tim's personal growth in the Corps of Cadets over his four years at VA Tech. He was followed by COL Rock Roszak who shared some "Tim stories" with the guests, eliciting a couple of hearty laughs, breaking the tension. SFC Louis

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Martinez spoke next of how quickly Tim was accepted by his platoon and how he led by example, relating stories of Tim's devotion to his troops. When I had earlier asked Mike Hong to speak, he respectfully declined; I suspected he was too close to Tim to say much without losing his composure.

I delivered my eulogy next, likening Tim, a forestry major, to a rough oak log. The Corps of Cadets had shaped that log, noting the strong straight grain; the army had done the final polishing of the product the corps had delivered to them. Kathy and Tom each spoke, Tom's mention of how close he and Tim were as brothers brought tears to my eyes and to those of his mother.

The honor guard marched in formation to the rear of the hearse to carry the coffin to the brass framework above the grave. Two of the six soldiers carrying the coffin were females, visibly struggling with the heavy coffin across wet grass to the gravesite. They nearly dropped it just before raising it onto the pipe framework. Kathy squeezed my arm; Tommy, in disgust, shook his head. Unfortunately, the three-volley salute wasn't much better; one soldier's timing was off slightly at the second and third "fire" commands. While two of the M-16s jammed, forcing the spent blank rounds to be extracted manually. Mike Hong was clearly dismayed with the sub-par performance of the honor guard responsible for sending off his best friend. I hoped the civilians present were not as aware of the poor performance as the military personnel were.

Taps went off without a hitch, followed by the flag folding. The NCOIC passed the neatly folded flag to MG Donald Ryder, Provost Marshal for the entire 38,000 troops comprising the Army Military Police Corps. He presented the flag from Tim's coffin to Kathy, then an aide handed him a second flag for me. He spoke to us, recognizing Tim's sacrifice, emphasizing that

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he would not be forgotten. I told him how honored we were that he would take time from his busy schedule to attend the funeral of a junior MP officer. The Army takes care of its own.

As the invited guests walked toward their cars, Kathy placed both hands on Tim's coffin, weeping quietly, offering a final goodbye to her son before joining us for the ride to the restaurant. After the emotion of the funeral service, the reception proved anti-climactic. Before departing for Richmond, I thanked my father for all he had done. There was much to be done to prepare for the celebration of Tim's life on Thursday.

“Army First Lt. Timothy E. Price, 25, of Midlothian, VA.

Price died when he came under attack by enemy forces using small arms fire. He was assigned to the 127th Military Police Company, 709th Military Police Battalion, 18th Military Police Brigade, V Corps, Hanau, Germany.

Died on September 7, 2004.”

Military Times, Honor the Fallen

“When Timothy E. Price came back from Iraq after his first tour, he went to Virginia Tech and urged students to follow the virtues engraved on the pylons at the campus war memorial: brotherhood, honor, leadership, sacrifice and duty. “He was a guy who cared about his people and who led by example,” said retired Air Force Col. Rock Roszak. Price, 25, of Midlothian, VA, died Sept. 7 when he came under enemy small-arms attack in Baghdad. He was based in Germany and was serving his second tour of duty in Iraq. Price graduated from Virginia Tech in 2001 with a degree in forestry. ‘We were blessed to have him for a son, and we are crushed to have lost him,’ said his father, John. ‘I can’t begin to list all the plans we made that will never come to fruition, all the opportunities to spend quality time that will not happen now

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that he is gone.' In addition to the virtues engraved on Tech's pylons, there also is a list of graduates who have died in every war since World War I. Price's name will now be added to it. He is survived by his parents and a brother, Tommy."

--- Associated Press