



## EXCERPTS FROM

### *American Mourning: Touched by War, Torn by Beliefs*

**Authored by Catherine Moy and Melanie Morgan**

**STRICT EMBARGO UNTIL OCTOBER 16, 2006**

#### **Casey the Patriot**

Casey was gentle but strong. He stuck to his beliefs and was steadfast in his convictions, whether they dealt with the Catholic Church, the love of his family and country, or helping others who were in need or in trouble. His sister Carly is proud of her brother and understood how Casey could join the military. “That’s all he wanted to do was serve God and his country his whole life,” she said. “He was a Boy Scout from age six or seven and an Eagle Scout. It was kind of a natural progression to go into the military from that. He said he was enjoying the military because it was just like the Boy Scouts but they got guns.” (pp. 63-64)

#### **A Mother Knows**

Jan was overwhelmed with nausea. Waves of poison seemed to rush through her insides, directed from some alien nerve center. “I just felt different. There was something wrong.” ...Praying to God when you know your son is dead seems fruitless.... There is nobody more alone in the world than a mother who knows the unbearable truth before anybody tells her. Maybe God gives her cloaked hints because she needs to start letting go before anybody else. It isn’t easy to release a piece of your being, the flesh and blood your body gave to the world.... She sat in a recliner, waiting on something.... Her only company was the twenty-four-hour news.... [Justin had been] on a mission in Sadr City, where Casey Sheehan had been killed six days earlier.... Justin bled to death at the very hour his mom fell ill. (pp. 40, 41, 44)

#### **Mission to Save Casey**

The soldiers who started the mission to help Sadr’s citizens were pinned down and called for quick-response teams to help. Justin’s group was supposed to roll, but they were unavailable. After returning from Palm Sunday Mass, where he was an altar server, Casey learned about the ambush: the killers on rooftops, the smoky killing zone. He volunteered to go. His sergeant asked him more than once, telling him that a mechanic did not have to put himself in this deadly situation. As was his nature, Casey stood firm. He would help.... Justin’s group was ready after Casey and Forest [Jostes] were already cornered in the killing zone. Justin loaded into his gunner’s sling and set out to save Casey and Forest and the others who were pinned down by the rampaging mobs.... A shot blew through his Humvee and popped his tire. Then a call came. Turn back. *Get out of there!*... He needed to help. He couldn’t leave buddies out there to die. His instinct was to do a Rambo, run toward the fire with guns blazing. Instead, he was the good soldier and followed orders to get out. Casey’s group didn’t have a chance. They were cornered. Ambushed. (pp. 74-75)

### **Justin's Final Words**

Soldiers in Iraq get precious time on computers or telephones to communicate with loved ones back home. Justin used some of that time to write condolences to the Sheehan family on a popular Web site honoring fallen soldiers, <http://www.fallenheroesmemorial.com>. "My name is Spc. Justin Johnson of the 1-82 field arty battalion. Casey was a great friend of mine and is missed by us. All I wanted to say he is in my heart all the time." Jan believes that the post may have been the last thing Justin ever wrote. (p. 80)

### **Justin's Ultimate Sacrifice**

Justin and his crew readied for combat.... Darkness settled in around him and the others as they moved toward the gauntlet of death where Casey Sheehan had died six days earlier. The smell of death seized the air around them, but there was no flinching now. Justin manned his high-powered gun from the turret as he searched the road in front of him and to the sides for anything that could kill him or others. Terrorists stuffed garbage, animal carcasses, and decaying human bodies with bombs.... The dark night offered little help for Justin as he surveyed the ground.... Then a deep thump shook them like King Kong rattling a hamster cage.... Justin was declared dead at 11:45 p.m., Iraqi time. (pp. 84-85)

### **A Father's Revenge**

Joe Johnson slogged through open sewers in dirt roads and gagged at the stench that strangled Sadr City in Iraq. This was where his son had died, a roadside bomb ripping through his patrol truck and into his body.... The September 11, 2001, attack on America spurred Joe and his sons, Joshua and Justin, to join the service.... "If somebody killed your son and you had a chance to kill that person, wouldn't you?" Joe answers whenever anyone asks why he chose to go to Iraq.... "I knew he would never heal—he would never be done mourning—if he didn't go," said Jan Johnson, Joe's wife who suffered from depression and life-numbing fear. (p. 13)

### **Internet Pornography and Affairs End a Marriage**

Cindy was in Crawford...when a process server found her and handed over the lawsuit that would end her marriage.... [Her husband, Pat,] cited irreconcilable differences... [Cindy] had a boyfriend [Lew Rockwell,] and...took refuge with a computer that became her companion day and night. [Cherie Quartarolo, Cindy's former sister-in-law, recounts,] "Cindy had become addicted to online chat rooms of a pornographic nature. She had many men communicating with her. She eventually had physical rendezvous as well... Cindy told Pat she was in love with another man and that their marriage was over".... When she left her Vacaville home...she also left behind the evidence of her pornography addictions and her dalliances.... During the one-year anniversary of her protest in Crawford, Texas, Cindy abruptly left the president's hometown to [confess] everything to her children....the Sheehan family's deterioration was punctuated by painful evidence of Cindy's liaisons in hundreds of explicit e-mails and instant messages. (pp. 170-172)

### **Sheehan Supporters – Hugo Chavez and the KKK**

By the end of summer 2005, an ABC poll showed that most Americans knew of Cindy [Sheehan], but her campaign had not persuaded many to join her crusade. In fact, she had persuaded some folks who had been antiwar to support the war in Iraq. The poll, conducted by ABC/Washington Post and released August 29, 2005, showed that 75 percent of Americans had heard of Cindy's protest. Her professional PR people had succeeded in getting the message out... [B]y New Year's 2006, Cindy's mission was slipping.... The world's bad boys, such as former KKK leader David Duke and Venezuelan president Hugo Chavez praised Cindy. She denounced Duke but made worldwide headlines again by hugging Chavez during a joint event at the Sixth World Social Forum in Caracas. Earlier, she had appeared at an event with the spokesman for al Sadr, the radical Muslim leader whose troops had killed Casey. (pp. 183-184)

### **John Kerry and the Sheehan Women**

Despite her clear connections to Kerry, Cindy insisted that the Democrats were not using her.... In the case of Real Voices and Cindy Sheehan, the connections to the Kerry campaign are undeniable. The clearest link is Scott Rafferty, who worked on Kerry's steering committee and as his attorney for the California campaign. Rafferty was knee-deep in Real Voices. After its inception in July 2004, Real Voices immediately began having problems with the Federal Elections Commission. Real Voices' officers repeatedly failed to file required forms, such as the statement of organization and the group's expenses.... The statement of organization...was eventually filed. It showed that Real Voices indeed had links to an unnamed federal candidate and that it was not a separate "segregated fund or party committee." ...It was clear then that Kerry was directly linked to Real Voices and Cindy through his campaign's California attorney and Cindy's blatant campaigning for Kerry. She hooked up with Moveon.org, the leftist organization funded by billionaire George Soros... [Cindy] had spent almost a year trying to oust what she called the "murderous thugs" running the U.S. government. (pp. 127-129)

### **Joe's Opportunity to Avenge Justin's Death**

Joe came up on two cars parked to the side of the road. Joe was gunning so he had a good look at four Middle Eastern men inside the cars.... "You would not believe the stuff we found on them. One guy had twelve hundred dollars in American money; we found two cell phones they use to set off bombs; also supplies to build detonators," Joe said. "All four tested positive for explosives on their hands. I wanted to shoot them." Joe exploded. "You dirty m—. You pieces of s— are the kind of s— that killed my boy. I should blow your f— heads off right here. You are nothing but scum. You don't deserve to live. You don't. I should f— shoot you in the heads. I can do it, you know. I can kill you right now." He was in their faces, his spit hitting them as he cursed. His M-16 was ready to fire. Bam. Gone. Joe's insides twitched and hurt. Rage poured out of him like he had unleashed the gates of hell. The other soldiers watched as Joe went off. They knew his story. Justin. *He's the crazy old man who came here to kick ass. This is his time. Do it.* As fast as the rage erupted, calm brushed Joe. He stepped away.... Joe came to grips with the fact that he didn't kill when he had the chance.... But that's okay. He went to battle for his country. And Justin. Joe did his job. (pp. 195-196)

**To schedule an interview with Melanie Morgan or Catherine Moy,  
please contact Kristen Schremp at [kristen@kaspublicity.com](mailto:kristen@kaspublicity.com) or 703.928.5527**