

# ‘Holy moly rescue’ earns Coast Guard pilot hero honors

BY CATHY DYSON  
THE FREE LANCE-STAR

Rick Hauschildt admits he was a “young and fearless Coast Guard aviator” that September night, 44 years ago, when he was dispatched on a most unusual mission: rescuing two workers trapped inside a 650-foot tall smokestack.

A lieutenant at the time, Hauschildt knew all about flying in the face of danger, but his missions typically involved helping those injured or stranded on rough and angry seas.

After graduating from the Coast Guard Academy in 1968 and completing his training, he purposely picked piloting search-and-rescue helicopters because he “wanted to be hands-on, doing the rescues.” From the water, he had plucked fishermen who lost hands and fingers to malfunctioning winches on shrimp boats, island residents who suffered heart attacks and passengers whose crafts had capsized in vicious storms.

But all the rescues he did, before that night in 1977 and afterward, didn’t stack up to the nerve it took to hold the helicopter steady as it hovered in the dark, almost a thousand feet above the ground and in an ocean of clouds. With no reference points on the horizon, no structures

on which he could steady his gaze, Hauschildt had to rely on his experience and faith, the assistance of his crew and the chopper’s instruments, because in those days, autopilot features hadn’t been developed.

Below the chopper dangled 250 feet of cable and a cage the stranded workers climbed into one at a time, to be lifted out of the black mouth of the smokestack.

“It was the most challenging and difficult rescue I ever did, by far,” said Hauschildt, who’s 75 and has been a Stafford County resident since the spring. “Most people who have flown helicopters in the Coast Guard, when they hear about this, they’re like, holy moly, that’s crazy.”

The veteran, who retired as a commander after more than 20 years in the Coast Guard, earned the Distinguished Flying Cross from President Jimmy Carter in 1978 for extraordinary achievement in aerial flight. Last month,



HANDOUT

**Coast Guard pilot Rick Hauschildt in April 1978.**

he recounted the experience when he was inducted into the U.S. Coast Guard Academy’s Hall of Heroes.

“If you had asked me all this stuff a couple weeks ago, I wouldn’t have remembered it,” Hauschildt said. “It’s all been refreshed now because I’ve had to relive it.”

## ‘THAT’S WHAT I DO’

Nominations to the Coast Guard Academy’s Hall of Heroes usually happen after the person’s career has ended, and on the recommendation of a classmate, said David Santos, public affairs officer with the Coast Guard Academy.

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# COAST GUARD

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Arch Gardner, who lives in Long Island, N.Y., had nominated another classmate for actions performed off the coast of Vietnam during the war there. He thought Hauschildt's actions during peacetime, at the Wisconsin smokestack, were every bit as dangerous and heroic. He contacted his fellow alum to put together a nomination and "it was like pulling teeth to get all the information" from Hauschildt, Gardner said.

"Most people involved in these types of heroic situations will say, it was my job, that's what I do. And they kind of shy away from that type of applause, if you will," Gardner said during a phone interview. "Rick was always a very solid individual, very committed to the job and he was an expert at what he did, obviously, always a go-to, solid individual."

His can-do attitude was needed that night in 1977 when two workers who'd been spraying a concrete liner inside the smokestack of a Wisconsin power plant became stranded. The two had worked all day and were 20 minutes from quitting, according to various accounts, including a 1981 "Drama in Real Life" feature in Reader's Digest.

As the two lowered the sturdy scaffolding on which they stood, a motor got stuck in the on-position and caused one corner to dip about 30 degrees. The two men clung to oily cables as the 2-by-12 boards they'd stood on, and the drum of sealer they'd been applying, plunged to the bottom.

The men were trapped, 250 feet from the top of the stack that towered 650 feet in the air—taller than the Seattle Space Needle.

Local fire and rescue crews had assembled, along with a helicopter, and tried to lower a construction bucket into the stack. But it spun wildly in the wind and the fire chief abandoned the effort, calling it too dangerous.

"No one knew what to do," according to Reader's Digest.

Two Coast Guard air stations were contacted. Hauschildt and his team flew in from Chicago after midnight—with no sleep since the previous night—and conferred with engineers, construction workers and local rescuers. At the time, he was a maintenance officer for the HH-52A helicopter as well as a member of the rescue team—and well-versed in the chopper's capabilities. Like the fire chief, he initially thought a helicopter rescue was just too dangerous.

"First, we're single engine," Hauschildt said. "If something goes wrong with the engine and they're inside and we're outside, what are we going to do? We could kill a lot of people, including them."

The Coast Guard pilot from the other air station must have felt the gravity of the situation as well. This was never mentioned in the official reports, but Hauschildt said recently that the other pilot assessed the scene and said, "Rick, it looks like you have everything under control here"—and skeddaddled.

## OVERCOMING OBSTACLES

The rescuers faced several obstacles beyond the darkness, winds and clouds. The Coast Guard's hoisting cable was 100 feet long, less than half of what was needed to reach the stranded workers. Its rescue basket wasn't sturdy enough for this application



PETER CIHELKA / THE FREE LANCE-STAR

## Rick Hauschildt of Stafford has been inducted into the Coast Guard's Hall of Heroes for courage in the face of danger.

and officials feared it would slam the workers into the side of the smokestack—and do even more harm.

The pilot wondered if the single-engine helicopter would even be able to hover that long, in the wind, at that altitude, so that's the thing Hauschildt tried, and was successful.

Then, he brought a few workers—who volunteered for the duty—to the catwalk atop the smokestack. They sent safety harnesses and radios down to the men.

The group considered dropping a winch over the side but "the top of the stack was a knife edge," Hauschildt said, and they feared it would cut the cable.

When the power plant located a cable that was hefty and long enough, as well as a sturdy cage, the crew had to figure out how to get it to the men. If Hauschildt let it dangle from the helicopter as he usually did on rescues, he'd have to ascend 900 feet in the air, then try to drop it into the 21-foot diameter opening of the smokestack—like threading a needle in the dark.

The group decided to bundle up the cable and deliver it to the men on the catwalk. Rescuers also came up with a complicated plan in which Hauschildt would fly over the stack with the rescue cage, and at the precise moment, the cage would be disconnected from the chopper and connected to the cable held by the men on the catwalk.

Somehow, it all worked, and the volunteers lowered the basket, hand-over-hand to the men below.

They were hardly out of the woods—or the smokestack. The cage could hold only one at a time, so the experienced worker let the younger one go first. As Hauschildt began to ascend from the top of the smokestack, he entered the clouds and had no point of reference. He couldn't see the stack anymore, just lights hundreds of feet below.

As his crewman in the back gave him commands to go left or right, "I began to get a little over controlling and panicky, you know what I mean?" the pilot recalled.

He had to get himself oriented. "I took a deep breath and said this isn't going to work. So I dropped back down and the poor guy inside the basket, he doesn't know what's going on," Hauschildt said. "He feels himself going up like this elevator, and all of a sudden, boomp, he's going back down. He thought he was going to crash into the other guy."

Hauschildt drew on the experience from his first duty station in Houston when he and a crewman would go out into Galveston Bay

on training flights—exercises that he did not because they were required, but so he could improve his skills. They'd pick a little buoy in the water and the crewman would attach a bag to the end of the hoisting cable.

All Hauschildt could see was roiling waves. He'd go by the crewman's directions and his on-board instruments to try to hit the buoy.

"We spent hours doing that. It came back to me and I remembered the altitude I had to hold for that hover," Hauschildt said, applying that to the smokestack rescue. "It just kind of calmed me down and I went up."

It was about 3:30 in the morning when the first worker was plucked from the darkness. Winds and weather worsened and the second man had to wait until late morning the next day for skies to clear. Neither worker suffered serious injuries during their long ordeal and were able to return to their jobs.

## SAVING LIVES

In the years after the rescue, Hauschildt would occasionally review the Reader's Digest account and get emotional every time.

After Chicago, he did search-and-rescue work along the Outer Banks of North Carolina from the Elizabeth City station. He was sent to Mobile, Ala., deployed to the Arctic twice on the back of ice-breakers, then to Antarctica once as a senior aviator. His last tour was at Coast Guard headquarters, from which he retired in October 1988.

He tried to find another job that would key his interest the way the Coast Guard had, but his wife, Ellen, told him that wasn't possible. The two had married June 8, 1968—four days after he was commissioned into the service—and they've shared duty stations for 53 years.

They lived in Prince William County from the time he worked at headquarters in Washington and moved to a new development, near Lake Mooney in Stafford to be closer to children and grandchildren.

Events like the induction into the Coast Guard Academy's Hall of Heroes remind him how lucky he was to serve in the military, especially doing search-and-rescue work.

"I loved it," he said. "I don't think there's a better feeling in the world than to know you were personally responsible for saving peoples' lives and did it with a number of them."

Cathy Dyson: 540/374-5425  
cdyson@freelancestar.com

# An unplanned home birth, with a rare twist

BY CATHY DYSON  
THE FREE LANCE-STAR

The way Madison and Oscar Arellano's second baby made his way into the world sounds like an episode from a TV medical drama.

He came so fast that the mom didn't make it out of her Spotsylvania County home. She delivered little Cruz in the tub of the upstairs bathroom.

The EMT who crouched on the toilet, waiting to catch the baby so he wouldn't hit the tub, had never been that close to a birth. When the baby's head appeared with what

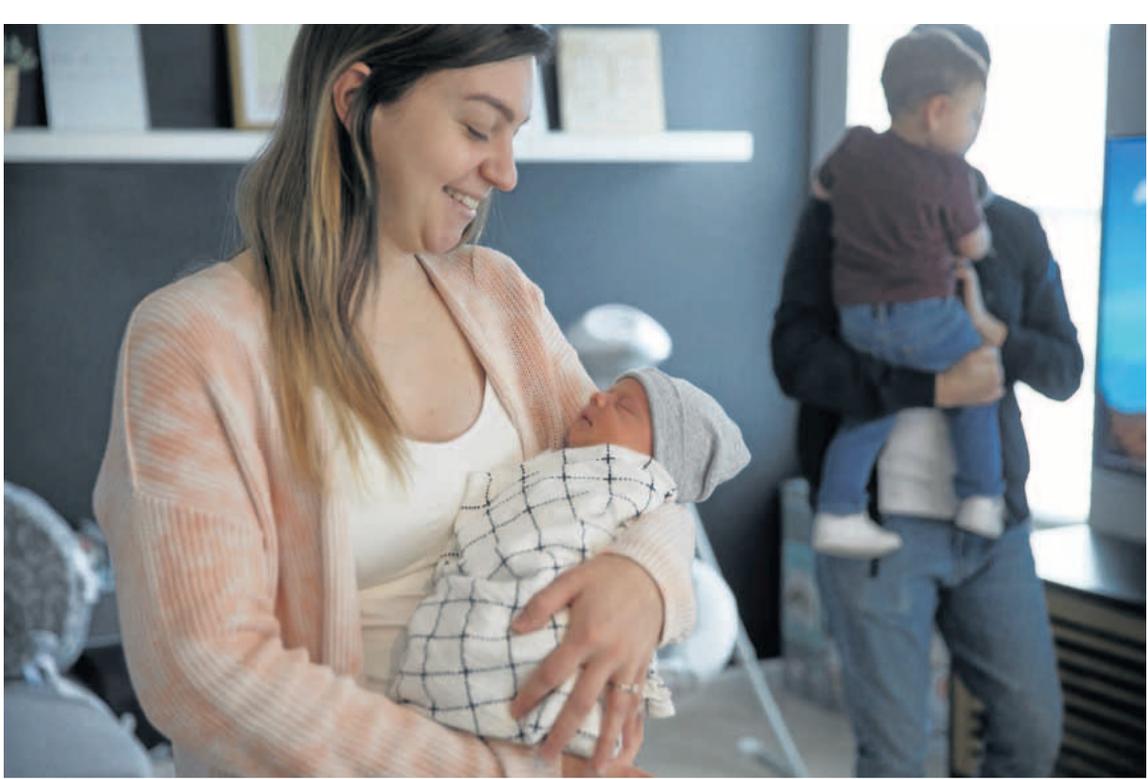
Callie Brandt described "as a super, super thin bubble" around it, like the kind blown while chewing a wad of Hubba Bubba, she didn't know what to make of it.

Brandt didn't want to freak out the mother, who already was in a stressful enough situation as she crouched on all fours,

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Born at home, which wasn't part of the plan, Cruz Arellano was 8 pounds and 19.5 inches long at birth.



MIKE MORONES / THE FREE LANCE-STAR

Madison and Oscar Arellano said they're grateful Spotsylvania first-responders knew what to do when their second son, born at home, arrived in a watery bubble, still within the amniotic sac.

## BABY

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in the tub, and pushed. Brandt asked Ronald Spotts to take a look. He's a paramedic on the fire engine, which had arrived on the scene along with an ambulance from the Spotsylvania Courthouse station.

Spotts recognized the bubble as the amniotic sac. In less than one of about 80,000 births, the baby comes out, still inside the membrane in which it has grown and developed while in the womb. Known as an "en caul" birth, it's so rare "that most delivery doctors never witness [one] in their entire careers," according to the Healthline Parenthood website. "If your little one is born inside a water balloon, consider yourself extra fortunate."

At the time, the Arellanos—along with the paid and volunteer workers huddled in their bathroom and hallway—were more focused on getting a breath, and cry, from the newborn. When he wailed, worries lifted.

"He was just beautiful," the mom said, when she was able to get situated to see him. "It looked like he had taken a shower himself, he was perfectly clean and smooth."

Because Cruz "cruised" through the birth canal, still gift-wrapped as Healthline Parenthood described it, he wasn't covered in the gunky fluids normally found on newborns. When the rescuers were able to pop the slippery sac, the fluids drained so quickly, Brandt said, they seem to wash right over him.

As those involved have looked back on what Spotsylvania volunteer chief Kim Madison described as "an amazing experience," the parents have nothing but praise for the first-responders.

They "changed the whole birth from a traumatic story to an incredible one," the mom said. "That really made the biggest difference."

Likewise, the people in uniform took their hats off to a mother who remained calm and composed during the whole ordeal.

"She was cool as a cucumber," Brandt said. "She took it like a champ. No screaming, no crying, nothing. If that is what childbirth is like, I have no problem having children."

### 'WEGOT OUR WISH'

When the Arellanos' first son, Mateo, was born 22 months ago, he arrived two weeks early. Labor lasted 30 hours, and Madison, 26, thought their second son might take a similar path.

On Tuesday, Feb. 16, she started feeling some cramping and back pain about 2:30 in the afternoon. Her official due date was three days later, but she thought the pains might be "the start of things."

Oscar, 32, was supposed to leave for work soon thereafter. He and his family own the El Charro Mexican Restaurant in Spotsylvania and the two thought maybe he should wait, just in case. She continued to have contractions, but nothing severe, and by 5 p.m., the two asked his parents to get Mateo.

She went upstairs to lie down and breathe through the contractions, which had picked up but still weren't that bad, she said. Because of COVID-19, the couple



The Arellano family (far right) recently visited Spotsylvania County fire and rescue officials who helped deliver their baby. Pictured are Kim Madison, David Westwood, Lorri Rewis, Callie Brandt and Ronald Spotts. Also part of the call but not pictured are J.D. Bailey, Stone Keys and Kurt Smith.

I've never seen anybody handle birth that well. I don't think a hair was out of place.

—KIM MADISON,  
VOLUNTEER RESCUE CHIEF

had planned "to stay home as long as possible because we wanted to decrease the amount of time we were in the hospital," she said. "We got our wish."

At 6 p.m., Madison got up to use the bathroom and had an intense contraction. She also noticed bleeding.

She called her mother, Renee Parker in King George County, who told her to call 911. When Oscar did just that, the dispatcher, Lorri Rewis, asked about the laboring mom—and then told her to get into the bathtub.

"If that baby is coming right now," the dispatcher told the dad, "she needs to get off the toilet because we don't want his head to hit the porcelain."

Before that moment, Madison thought the bleeding signaled there was something wrong with the baby. She realized instead that "this baby's coming right now."

"It was one of those fight-or-flight moments, and your adrenaline kicks in, and you're concerned about the safety of the baby," she added.

She later learned the bleeding was caused by her cervix dilating so quickly, "it was like blood vessels rupturing," Madison said.

Meanwhile, Oscar was running back and forth between the bathroom and a window, checking for the ambulance. He and his wife began to wonder: "Are they gonna get here in time?"

### 'NOT WHAT I WAS EXPECTING'

At the Spotsylvania rescue station, Brandt heard the call for an "OB emergency" and figured her crew would simply transport the mother to the hospital.

The first clue that it wasn't a routine call came when "the front door swung wide open, and the dad was there, and he just had a petrified look on his face," Brandt said. The second came when she found the mom in the tub.

"This is not what I was expecting," she said.

Things happened very quickly from there. Based on time stamps from phone calls and texts from the Arellanos and other family members, the dispatcher put out the call at 6:29 p.m. and the baby arrived about 10 minutes later.

Madison stayed on the phone with her mom the whole time, and Parker said she was so proud of both of them "for staying calm and rolling with the change in plans." The grandma felt even better knowing that Kim Madison, a close friend of Madison's sister, was on the scene as well.

Kim Madison was coming up the steps, right after Brandt and Spotts had managed to pinch open the amniotic sac and remove the bubble from the baby's head and torso—before the final contraction pushed the rest of his body out. She's a little envious she didn't get to see the en caul birth, just because it's so rare.

But she was able to see her friend's sister stand, step over the tub, have a sheet wrapped around her and walk out of the bathroom and down the stairs into the rescue squad.

"Madison was amazing," said the chief of the volunteer rescue squad. "I've never seen anybody handle birth that well. I don't think a hair was out of place. She looked like she could have gotten up and walked outside and continued her day."

### 'COULDN'T BE MORE THANKFUL'

A week after Cruz's birth, the Arellano family visited the fire station and thanked all those who played a part in their baby's delivery.

The parents were grateful that rescuers knew exactly what to do, even with such an unusual situation. "That put a lot of ease into us, knowing they knew what they were doing," the father said. "We couldn't be more thankful for that."

Likewise, the first-responders were grateful that the family took the time to say thanks.

"It was awesome," Kim Madison said. "It's very rare that we get a follow-up from a patient we take care of."

While firefighters showed big brother Mateo around some trucks and engines, Brandt couldn't take her eyes off the baby.

"He is cute as a button," she said. "He is just wanted to pinch his little cheeks."

After all the excitement, the Arellanos were ready to get down to the business of raising their young boys.

"That's what we were more concerned, having two children under 2," she said. After going through an unusual home birth, "I feel like we can do anything."

Cathy Dyson: 540/374-5425  
cdyson@freelancestar.com

ORANGE COUNTY DAD DOESN'T LET INJURY DERAILED JOURNEY

# A Father's Day to celebrate faith, family and 'a miracle'

BY CATHY DYSON  
THE FREE LANCE-STAR

With his wife and nine children, Omari Grey was working toward his dream of being "a Black family of 11 that is homeschooling, homesteading and homebuilding" in rural Orange County.

There were obstacles, of course, and when Grey put his thoughts on video four years ago, he focused on what seemed like big challenges at the time. A New York native who'd never gone camping until his children became Boy Scouts, he and his wife, Sakinah McDowell, were figuring out how to live off the land—and his teaching salary.

They also were helping their four sons and five daughters become self-sufficient, independent thinkers who could master schoolwork and household chores, unpredictable animals and equipment breakdowns.

And, they tried to fit in—in a rural area where they stood out because of their family size and religion. The couple converted to Islam in college, before their marriage 20 years ago. They'd lived among people with different faiths and backgrounds in Northern Virginia and abroad and noticed that diversity didn't seem to exist in the Gordonsville area of Orange they moved to in 2017.

Instead, one angry man at a public meeting in central Virginia accused every Muslim of being a terrorist. Grey included a clip of that moment in his YouTube video, "Journey to Homestead."

Even so, the family persevered and began to bond with those around them. McDowell made friends in a women's flag football

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PHOTOS BY PETER CIHELKA / THE FREE LANCE-STAR

Muhammed Grey, 18, helps his father, Omari, through a physical therapy session at the family's Orange County home. Omari Grey was seriously injured in an automobile accident last June.



Yusef Grey, 16, continues work on a shelter for the family's goats at their Gordonsville farm.



Sisters Layla Grey (left), 11, and 9-year-old Zaynab prepare breakfast for their family.

On the day of his accident, so many people prayed for him. Thousands of people prayed for him on a Zoom call.  
We believe that's why he's with us now.  
It was a miracle.

—YUSEF GREY, 16, ON HIS FATHER'S RECOVERY FROM LIFE-THREATENING INJURIES SUFFERED IN AN AUTOMOBILE CRASH LAST JUNE

## FATHER

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league at the Fredericksburg Field House, as well as with neighbors and those she met at local farm and building supply stores.

Grey had always been a big believer in “community” and that one person has the ability to make a difference. He’s done just that as a math teacher, basketball coach and personal trainer, preferring to work with inner-city kids because he said they needed him the most.

The community that was so important to the family of 11, along with their core values and beliefs, came into play when an accident threatened every aspect of their lives.

Grey was driving home on June 17, 2020, after delivering chickens to a buyer in Washington and visiting a friend. He doesn’t remember what happened, but his wife guesses he fell asleep at the wheel during the early morning hours. His van crossed the center line of State Route 20 and crashed head-on into a tractor-trailer.

In the 24 hours that followed, doctors told her he was gone, that no brain activity remained and that if he stayed on life support, he would be in a “persistent, vegetative state.” Physicians sought permission to harvest his organs, to take him off machines that kept him alive.

McDowell said their religion wouldn’t allow the organ donation, but she did agree to remove him from life support.

Somehow, Grey kept on breathing.

A year later, as his children see glimpses of their father’s personality returning—or watch him lean on his walker and practice his paces from the living room to the kitchen—they believe he’s alive because of divine intervention.

“On the day of his accident, so many people prayed for him. Thousands of people prayed for him on a Zoom call,” said Yusef, 16, the second-oldest. “We believe that’s why he’s with us now. It was a miracle.”

### ‘DON’T DO GENDER ROLES’

Grey and McDowell, both 43, have always combined traditional values with not-so-traditional routines.

They believe in home-birthing and homeschooling, yet McDowell kept her maiden name when she married. Playing flag football is how she prefers to spend her happy, independent time. She played tackle football on her high school team in Japan, where she went to an American school for the children of service members.

Her mother was an Army drill sergeant, her father, a command sergeant major.

McDowell is the carpenter of the family, aided by Yusef. She built chicken pens called tractors that are moved daily so the birds get access to fresh grass and bugs, and he is working on a new goat building.

“My husband doesn’t know the difference between a hammer and a screwdriver,” she said, laughing. “We don’t do gender



PHOTOS BY PETER CIHELKA / THE FREE LANCE-STAR

Sakinah McDowell and her husband, Omari Grey, moved from Northern Virginia to Orange County in 2017 to pursue their dream of homesteading, homeschooling and homebuilding.

roles because we are Muslim and American. We do our own little thing.”

Grey always read bedtime stories at night, tucked in the children and styled the girls’ hair. As a teacher and the son of two instructors, he stresses positive reinforcement.

Or, as his wife puts it, “When the kids do something wrong, he does a lot of talking.”

She’s seen their different parenting styles through fresh eyes in the last year.

“Everything just makes sense, his personality and my personality were meant to be,” she said. “I used to complain, ‘You’re too soft with the kids.’ Now I honestly believe, it is no problem for his children to take care of him with no complaints.”

Muhammed, 18, is the oldest and helps with his father’s physical therapy at home. He also just finished his first year at the University of Virginia and is in charge of slaughtering the chickens sold through the family’s operation, Fitrah Farms. It focuses on naturally raised and organic halal chicken, processed according to Islamic law.

### ‘BACK TO HIMSELF’

Grey spent more than four months in the hospital and a rehabilitation facility. During the early days at a Richmond facility, McDowell challenged medical officials who suggested her husband’s condition would never improve.

“They thought she was crazy,” Grey said last week.

He’s got lingering physical issues from being bedridden for so long without any movement. He’s also recovering from the brain injury suffered in the collision and sometimes doesn’t remember the sequence of events.

But when he chimes in with



Abbas Grey, 13, tends to the family’s bees. He says seeing his father in the hospital was ‘the shocking-est moment’ of his life.

a comment like the one about the impression his wife made on medical people, there’s a gleam in his eye and a grin on his face. His family revels in those moments.

Likewise, McDowell proclaims “Mashallah,” which literally means “what God has willed” when her husband walks around the house—or when he surprised them all recently and made his way down the basement stairs and into the barn area.

“I feel like Daddy’s getting back to himself,” Muhammad said. “Each day, he’s accomplishing more, I can see that.”

“I feel like a year from now or even sooner, he’s going to be back to normal,” Yusef said.

Perhaps Abbas, who’s 13 but proudly declares he’ll be 14 in August, summed up what it was like for his family to see their father after the accident. He stood by his hospital bed, looking at the unconscious form of the man who’d always had a

kind word of encouragement or praise for him and his siblings, who wanted to teach them the intangible lessons of life while their mother focused on the tangible ones like swinging a hammer.

“That was the shocking-est moment of my entire life,” he said. “I couldn’t even express my feelings.”

### VALUE OF COMMUNITY

The four oldest, all young men in their teens, often talked at the same time as they explained their responsibilities. They also were courteous and polite, as were their younger sisters, even though some are a little shyer.

Adnan, 15, brought a folding chair to a reporter as the group gathered under trees near the chicken pens to talk. Inside, Layla, an 11-year-old who’s in charge of meals, made extra breakfast burritos—of spicy chicken, salsa and beans—for their guests.

McDowell says Layla, the old-

est of the five girls, is her “Mini-Me.” She’s clearly a mother hen to her younger siblings, who are 9, 7, 5 and 4, and the mother has taken away her cleaning duties because she knows Layla would do all the work herself instead of delegating.

“Do you play, do you even play?” the mother asked Layla after noting the girl had also put out a bowl of applesauce and sliced carrots.

“I don’t really like to play,” Layla said.

Little Sofia, 5, and Aya, 4, do, and when they got even slightly loud or left crayons on the floor of their classroom, older brothers hushed them or helped pick up the mess.

The home is amazingly clutter-free, considering all the people under its roof.

### ‘THANKED GOD’

As McDowell reflects on the past year, she’s amazed by so many things—and not just the miraculous recovery made by the father of her children. She thinks about the people who rallied around him, the “community” that he had established, both when they lived in the Middle East and during his years of reaching out to others.

She had no idea he had touched so many lives and that people were eager to return the favor. Some looked after the farm, others cared for the children. Three friends stayed nearby for months, taking her to the hospital daily and reminding her to eat or brush her teeth when she was so absorbed by her husband’s condition.

Others tapped into their large network of friends and family and found medical specialists who told McDowell her husband could recover, it would just take time.

Still others established a LaunchGood page that raised an amazing \$1.1 million for the family. A committee set up a trust fund that pays the family the monthly equivalent of Grey’s teaching salary. The rest of their income is from the farm.

On the fundraising page, Jazakullah Khair wrote that Grey is “a man who always put the community first. On any given day, you’ll find him teaching calculus; coaching youth basketball; helping the community with fitness training, or serving at-risk youth, and co-parenting his nine children.”

Sometimes, McDowell fussed at her husband for spending so much time with others when she and the children needed him at home. He told she needed to see the bigger picture, the value of being part of something larger than themselves, which he stressed again, just last week.

“A big focus for me has been the community,” he said, noticing that wherever he lived, “there’s always one person in the community who makes a difference.”

Grey’s tried to be that person to others and is more than grateful for the way others helped him and his family.

“I have thanked God for that,” he said.

Cathy Dyson: 540/374-5425  
cdyson@freelancestar.com



Sisters (from left) Fatima Grey, 7; Sofia, 5, and Aya, 4, do their schoolwork. The family’s four boys and five girls have all been homeschooled.



Adnan Grey, 15, moves chicken tractors at the family’s Fitrah Farms. It is his responsibility to care for the chickens, which are the prime product of the farm.