

Delivering the Cannonballs

By [Jim Dreyer](#) - September 1, 2026

View the U.S. 250th Cannonball Memorial Swim [Official Video](#)



Victory! God Bless America!

David Volk on my right, Dr. Jon Krohmer on my left, Brad VanBergen behind me

August 8, 2026, at Goodrich Park finish line in Whitehall, Michigan

Photo: Ken VanBergen

I treaded water for a couple of minutes contemplating my dilemma ... all the time working to keep my head above water with that cannonball on my back.

I watched in disbelief as one of the dinghies carrying half of the 250 cannonballs was sinking stern first. It looked a little bit like the Titanic going down, although I know the Titanic sunk bow first.

It was around 5:00 a.m. and there I was alone in the blackness miles offshore in Lake Michigan. It was one of those surreal moments when I asked myself, “What the hell am I going to do ... and how did my life’s path lead me here?!” Fair questions, right?

America’s 250th birthday only happens once. I felt I had to do it right. That’s how it all started.

I was only 12 years old when America turned 200, and I will be 112 when she turns 300. I figured this was my window to do something special. 😊

We all have so much to be grateful for in this country, and the 250th is worthy of a hearty celebration! But, while we are celebrating 250 years of freedom, how can we not at the same time honor all those who fought to win and preserve that freedom for the past quarter millennium? Their sacrifices are the price paid for the freedoms we enjoy as citizens of this great nation.

That is how this idea for the [U.S. 250th Cannonball Memorial Swim](#) was born. Being experienced at pulling heavy things for great distances in the open water (recognized as a [Stan Lee Superhuman](#) for towing a car ferry across Newport Beach Harbor), I decided to make it cannonballs this time ... 250 of them. I would tow 249 cannonballs in two dinghies attached to my ankles and would carry 1 cannonball in a ruck pack on my back to honor my father who served in the “Mighty Eighth” of the U.S. Army Air Corps in WWII.

The 1,500-pound weight of the cannonballs I would tow and carry, would symbolize the weight of war felt by our troops in combat, and also the weight many Veterans experience after returning to civilian life.

I would choose to swim from offshore in Lake Michigan, 22 miles to a coastal destination in recognition of the estimated 22 Veterans who die by suicide daily, often due to post-traumatic stress and traumatic brain injuries.

However, I wanted this to be about so much more than one swimmer’s feat of strength. I also wanted the impact to be greater than drawing attention to our heroic freedom fighters for just the time I am in the news. I wanted this to result in a tribute that would *last forever*. Our Combat Veterans deserve that! This swim is tied to America’s 250th and the cannonballs should therefore be used to build a Memorial sculpture also tied to our 250th, that honors Combat Veterans for all posterity.

That Memorial is the [U.S. 250th Combat Veterans Memorial](#) and it will be built in [Whitehall, Michigan](#)!

After Whitehall won the bid to host the Memorial, over five other interested locations in my native West Michigan, I then knew my swimming route. My team would drop me off beyond the horizon, 17 miles offshore in Lake Michigan, due west of the White Lake channel. After reaching White Lake I would have 5 more miles to finish at [Goodrich Park](#) in Whitehall.

The weather was seemingly cooperating, which allowed me to start the swim on August 7th with a projected finish on August 8th during the peak of the [White Lake Area Maritime Festival](#).

Bryan Van Antwerp, our I.T. Specialist, used the AI program *Claude* to crunch marine forecast data into a model depicting the most optimal starting time and starting point for the 22-mile swim. The model predicted 2-4' waves initially at my back, growing to 3'-5' and hitting me as a cross current from the south, and then toward the end, sustained 3' - 5' waves hitting me somewhat as a cross current from the north and partially head on. This forecast turned out to be very accurate.

The problem was not with the forecast; it was with my understanding of what the forecast meant to my swim.

When I [pulled bricks 22 miles across Lake St. Clair to Detroit in 2013](#), I swam directly against 3'-4' waves the entire time, and it took me almost 52 hours. That was really all I had to compare this swim to. I figured that any waves not directly against me would be a plus, especially the waves that would be at my back in the beginning.

I was wrong.

My "Train of Pain," as I called my two dinghies loaded with cannonballs, were tied together in single file, one after the other, and were attached to my ankles with bungee cords.



Pulling "Train of Pain" during rehearsal in White Lake – July 28, 2026

Photo: David Volk



Starting 22-mile swim with the “Train of Pain” 17 miles offshore in Lake Michigan - August 7, 2026 Photo: *David Volk*

As the first dinghy would go over the crest of a wave and dive into the trough, I would lurch forward. But then, the second dinghy’s bow would catch the crest of a wave, and I would be jerked back. The dinghies were in a constant and violent tug-of-war with each other ... and with me.

I had to continuously restart my momentum. It was anything but easy and was not that much better than my Lake St. Clair experience.

Despite this unpleasant realization, I made really good time for the first four hours. Starting around 5:00 p.m., I had closed the 17-mile distance from shore to 12.5 miles by sunset.

Shore never came into view during the daylight hours, but after dark I was able to spot radio towers. I could clearly see the glow of Muskegon in the sky to the south. A little to the north of that was a smaller, more dimly lit glow. I figured that was Whitehall and Montague. The brightest radio tower was just to the south of that smaller glow. These glowing visuals, along with the Big Dipper, North Star, and Cassiopeia making an occasional appearance when the clouds cleared, guided me through the night.

Things were going well, although the waves seemed to have an increasingly negative impact on my progress as the night wore on. This was especially noticeable just before taking a nutrition

break around 5:00 a.m. When I went to the front dinghy to feed, I could see that the dinghy had sustained some damage.

One of the two ropes tying the dinghies together had broken loose. A weld to an eyelet in which the port side rope was attached was ripped right off the front dinghy. Items in the dinghy were attached to that rope and now several things were flopping around loose in the waves. I was in danger of losing much of my gear, but what was most unnerving was the prospect of a broken weld also compromising an air bladder. If that were to happen, the dinghy and its precious cargo of cannonballs would undoubtedly go down.

Getting up on the front dinghy, I had to reattach the loose gear to the one remaining rope on the starboard side. That is the first time during this ordeal that I really took a good look at the rear dinghy, which was now trailing off to the side because it was hanging on by only one rope.

Shockwaves ran down my spine when I saw the bow raised up, well out of the water. The rear dinghy was sinking!

When I made my way back to the rear dinghy, I saw that the water was to the top of the transom and the back of the stern was completely underwater.

I had put bilge wells in the back of both dinghies, and I had a battery-powered bilge pump. The dinghies were packed heavier in the stern with cannonballs, so water would flow to the bilge wells if taking on water.



Showing bilge wells (black crates) and sterns packed heavier with cannonballs. Photo: David Volk

I had bilged a little water out of the front dinghy earlier, but the sinking dinghy certainly looked like it was past the point of no return. The waves were constantly washing over the stern. Logically, it seemed like mission impossible to save the dinghy (and the cannonballs) by bilging. How could the bilge pump possibly get ahead of the 3'-5' waves that were coming in?

I yelled out loud, "God, what am I supposed to do? Please tell me!" The message I received was, "You've got to try."

So, I did. It seemed so hopeless and pointless to be trying to bilge water out of the stern of a dinghy that was already underwater. But I had to try. What else could I do?

I can find no explanation for what happened other than divine intervention.

After bilging for a considerable amount of time, I noticed that the top of the transom was now a couple of inches above the water. Somehow, some way, I had gained ground in this battle. There seemed to be a reprieve in the intensity of the waves. Waves were still washing into the dinghy, but they were far enough apart for the bilge pump to take two steps ahead after taking a step back.

Finally, I had bilged all the water out of the dinghy! It seemed unbelievable and I praised the Lord.

Now, I felt I needed to redistribute the cannonballs to lighten the load on the stern, so this is less likely to happen again.

The 6-pound cannonballs were wrapped in packages of four, weighing 24 pounds. I had to move a considerable number of these packages toward the bow, all while having a cannonball on my back. It was a pretty grueling task, especially after having already towed all those cannonballs for 12 hours.

The dinghy was saved from the depths and now seemed stable in the waves. Amazing!

However, I then discovered that a port side eyelet weld had also been ripped loose from the rear dinghy, just as it had from the front dinghy.

I would need to figure out how I was going to continue pulling the two dinghies, which could no longer track straight (in single file) with only the two starboard ropes intact.

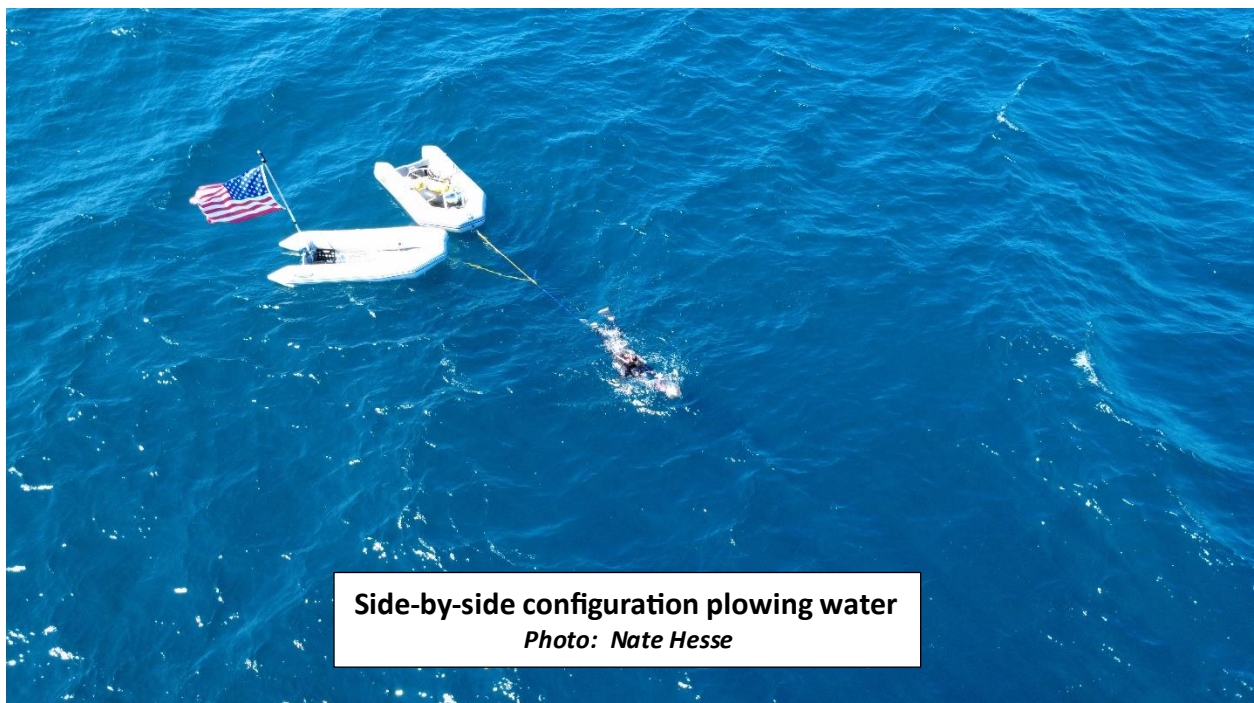
I decided to pull the rear dinghy up beside the front dinghy and tie them together at both the bow and stern so they would track straight.

I was between the dinghies, using a rope from the rear dinghy to tie the sterns together when the waves started slamming and crushing me between them and their 1,500+ pounds of cargo. I had to get out of there, and I lost my swimming mask off my forehead in the process (I had an extra to retrieve from a dry bag).

Once I was out of harms way and caught my breath, I could see the dinghies drifting apart again at the stern. Upon inspection, I discovered that a weld and eyelet was now pulled off the

starboard side of what was the rear dinghy. Now, only one of the four dinghy ropes had eyelets attaching it to the dinghy. Piece by piece, these dinghies were coming apart.

The only option left was to attach each dinghy to my harness rope separately and pull them that way. The problem with that configuration is that while they would pull well when aligned, there were times when the bows would nose in together and plow through the water.



The sun was up when I started swimming again. It was around 7:00 a.m. I had been through a 2-hour struggle, and while the dinghies were battered, I had survived and avoided disaster ... at least for now.

I was a bit battered too. When I resumed swimming, I could feel some real discomfort on the left side of my chest. Throughout the rest of the swim, there would be pain and some labored breathing every time I would stretch out to the left to breathe to the right. I thought I had strained my left pectoral muscle, but after the swim I realized that I had actually separated ribs (probably from the impact of getting crushed between the dinghies). Along with having a high pain tolerance, I have become quite adept at ignoring pain when focused on a goal. I hardly gave the injury a second thought during the swim and didn't even think of mentioning it to my team.

"Improvise, adapt and overcome" is certainly a motto my team and I live by.

I hadn't been swimming for very long when my team came out to check on me. Shore was now within view, and they pointed out the two large dunes just to the north of the White Lake channel. These dunes were a welcome sight and provided a landmark for me to target.

However, it was hard seeing over the waves, and I was looking into the sun. Unless I stopped, I could take a good number of strokes without seeing anything.

The good news is that at this point, I was right on course. I had kept a pretty straight line throughout the swim thus far.

My team left me with encouragement, saying they would see me again soon at the pierhead to escort me through the channel into White Lake.

The encouragement kept building as I could see those dunes getting closer and closer.



The White Lake Area coastline is shown from 1 mile offshore. Photo taken during familiarization tour on July 30, 2026. Two large dunes are shown on left. Channel opening is the indention on the right.

Photo: Event Marketing Enterprises, Inc.

Then came the biggest gut punch of the swim ... one I never saw coming.

Unexpectedly, my team had returned, and they had some bad news. I couldn't have been more surprised and shocked when they told me I was off course ... way off course. In their words, I was "heading to Muskegon." How could this be?!

As predicted, the waves were now out of the north/northeast. I was aware of this, but I didn't realize just how much the waves were working against me because I started aiming for the wrong dunes. I might have been able to better fight the adverse current had I been able to keep a fix on the two large dunes to the north of the channel. Instead, I began to pick up on some large dunes to the south of the channel, and the current was helping to move me toward them.

Quickly getting past the utter dismay, I immediately made a course correction. After battling the current for some time, my team informed me that I was actually losing ground and being pushed backward.

Always brainstorming contingencies and solutions, the team began offering suggestions.

"Will you swim without your ruck pack?" I was asked. "No, I cannot do that" was my answer. There was no way I was going to swim without my dad's cannonball.

"You have already swum 16 miles," I was told. "Your planned route covers 17 miles in Lake Michigan. What if we got you back on course and dropped you off 1 mile from the channel? Then you will still swim 17 miles in Lake Michigan and 5 miles in White Lake, just as you said."

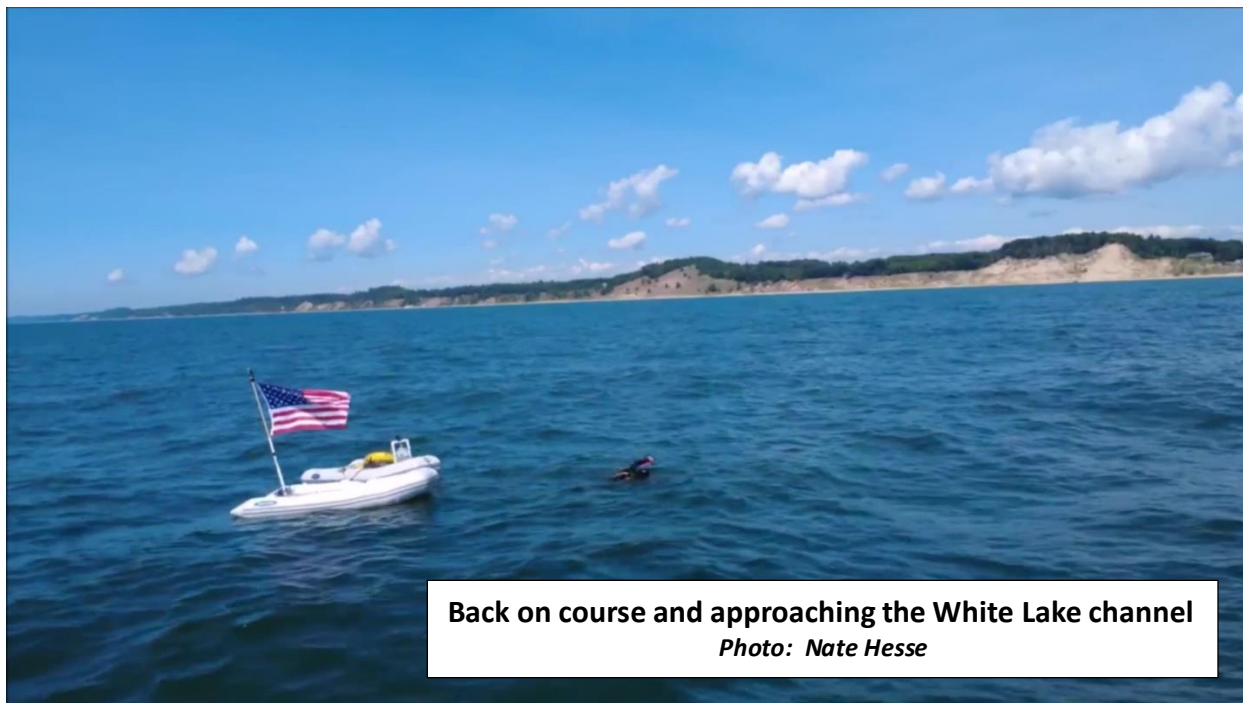
Although I didn't say it, my gut reaction was "No way!" That is against everything I stand for. Even if I did all I said I would do, as an athlete, I felt that I must meet the added challenge if Mother Nature is asking me to do more.

However, I didn't think that way for long.

The dinghies had already taken a real beating and all the added time and distance fighting to get back on course in the adverse current of these 3'-5' waves could finish them off. This swim is not about me. It is about delivering the cannonballs for the Memorial. I could never live with myself if I lost the cannonballs because I was chasing a personal athletic goal. I always said this swim was bigger than me. Now was the time to prove it.

We were all in agreement about this.

So, I got on the boat and was aboard during transport for about an hour before resuming the swim 1 mile outside the channel. Instead of a "continuous" swim, it would now be a "2-stage" swim of 16 miles and 6 miles. So be it.



Back on course and approaching the White Lake channel

Photo: Nate Hesse

Any disappointment I felt quickly faded when we reached the channel.

There were crowds of people on both piers that lined the channel loudly cheering us on! Someone was even blasting the *Survivor* song, [*Eye of the Tiger*](#).

Cheers and music (of the patriotic variety) was a continued theme from boats that lined up and passed by throughout White Lake.

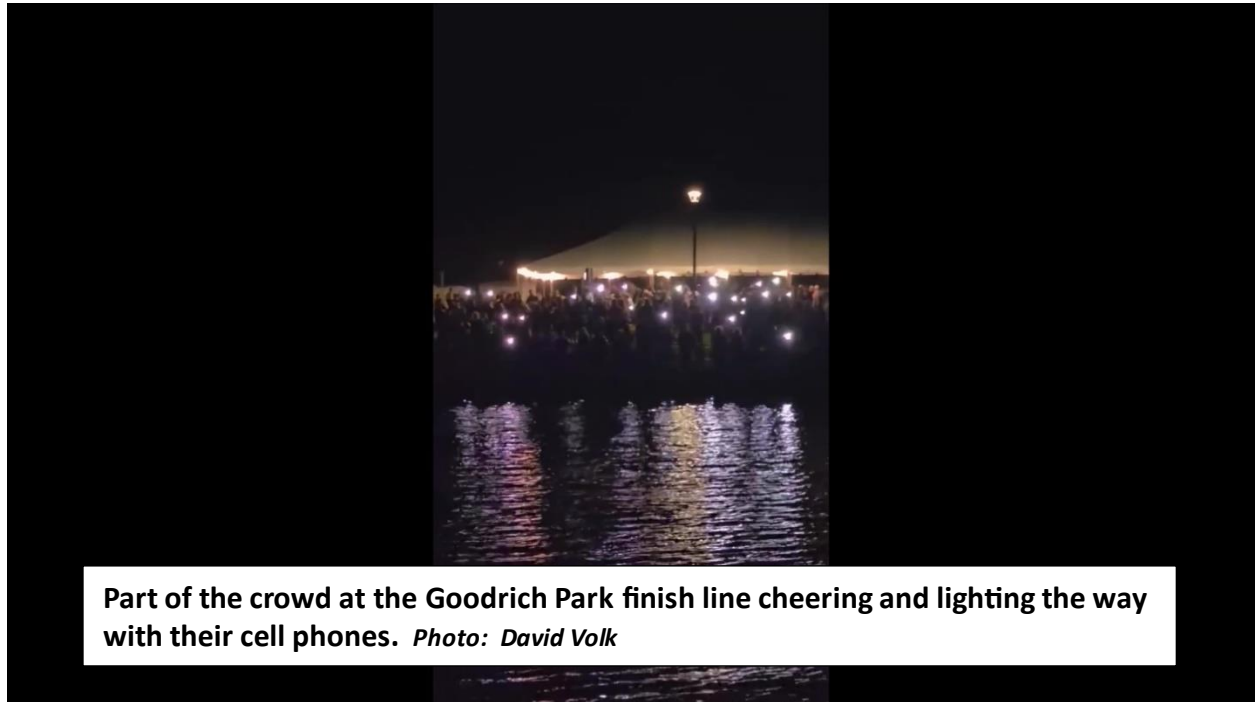
It wasn't until I was in the warm respite of White Lake that I finally felt relaxed with the belief that these dinghies may survive after all.

One of the most amazing things, and something that many commented on, was the fact that the American flag kept flying through the relentless battering of wind and waves in Lake Michigan. While the dinghies suffered, nothing would take down Old Glory (against all odds it would seem)! I believe the symbolism of this makes a powerful statement.

The sun would set for the second time as we neared the end of the swim. It was a little after 10:00 p.m. on August 8, 2026, when I would officially complete the swim in 29 hours, 5 minutes.

Darkness would add to the light show that was part of a most incredible finish line reception. I get chills recalling and watching [*video of the finish*](#) that magical night in Whitehall! For the rest of my life, every time I hear [*God Bless the USA*](#) by Lee Greenwood and [*Courtesy of the Red White and Blue*](#) by Toby Keith, it will take me back to this time ... this place.

Yes, there were flashing lights; and they were holding signs and blaring patriotic music that still couldn't drown out the cheers from a large, frenzied crowd. Oh, that crowd!

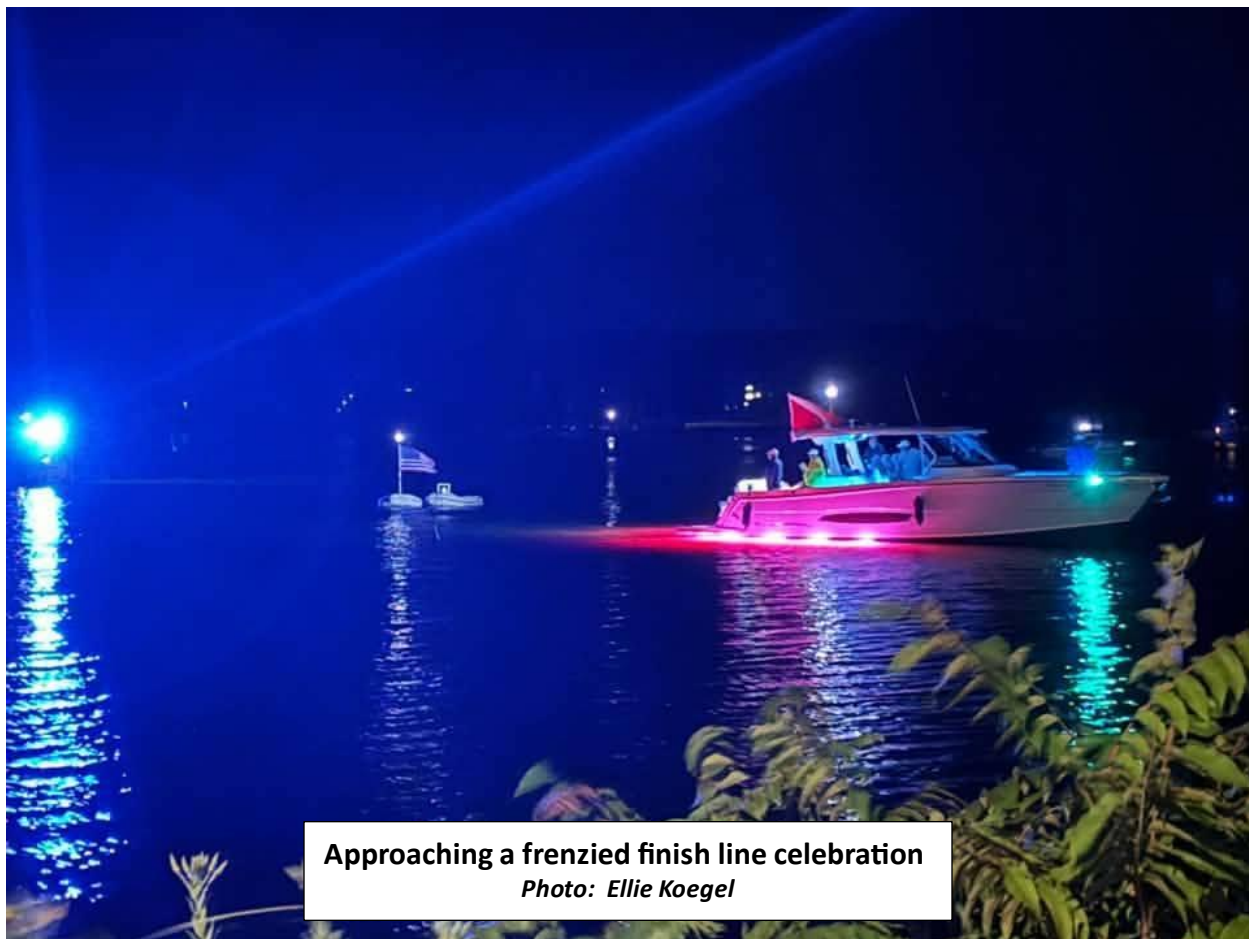


Part of the crowd at the Goodrich Park finish line cheering and lighting the way with their cell phones. Photo: David Volk

The outpouring of love and “Shark!” chants sure made me feel good! What really stands out to me, though, are the “USA!” chants and the cheers and screams every time the *U.S. 250th Combat Veterans Memorial* was mentioned in the ceremony that followed the swim.

Following my presentation of the cannonballs to the City of Whitehall, the Honor Guard played taps for Veterans who made the ultimate sacrifice and for those who died by suicide, followed by a 3-gun salute. This really underscored the greater purpose of this swim. The presentation of the American flag that will fly over the Memorial to **Whitehall Mayor, Tom Ziemer** was a great touch.

The people of the White Lake Area really get it! They are rightfully proud to become home to this new, unique and meaningful Memorial. Clearly, there is no doubt that we made the right choice to pick Whitehall to host the *U.S. 250th Combat Veterans Memorial*!



Approaching a frenzied finish line celebration
Photo: Ellie Koegel



Joy at the finish line!
David Volk & Brad VanBergen on my right, Dr. Jon Krohmer & Tim Webb on my left.
Photo: Jeff Cunningham



Acknowledging the crowd

Tim Webb & David Volk to my right, Dr. Jon Krohmer to my left

Photo: Jeff Cunningham



Blowing kisses with both hands to return the love

David Volk to my right, Dr. Jon Krohmer to my left

Photo: Jeff Cunningham

Transcript for Presentation of Cannonballs



"I swam with the weight of these cannonballs for the past 29 hours.

Our troops have carried the weight of freedom for 250 years.

These cannonballs represent the weight of war experienced by our troops in combat. They also represent the weight felt by many Veterans after they return to civilian life with the physical and emotional wounds of war.

Post traumatic stress and traumatic brain injuries have contributed to an estimated 22 daily Veteran suicides.

I swam 22 miles with these cannonballs, and as I whittled down the miles from 22 to zero, I hoped and I prayed that we will see the day when the number of Veteran suicides is also down to zero.

Philippians 4:13 says, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." I say we can, if we are willing to do all things.

Today marks a special and historic day in the White Lake Area. The cannonballs have been delivered for a most unique Memorial ... a Memorial to honor our freedom fighters for all posterity.

Whitehall, Michigan, I present to you the cannonballs for the U.S. 250th Combat Veterans Memorial!

God bless you and God bless America!"

~ Jim "The Shark" Dreyer
August 8, 2026

A Boatload of Gratitude for My Team

In all my events throughout my career, what goes on behind the scenes is a big part of the story.

Crewing for me is not easy, and quite honestly, the "A-Team" that I have selected wouldn't have it any other way. They are all about the adventure, the challenge, and the victory for a purpose larger than us as individuals.

What went on behind the scenes for this event rivals the most challenging my team has ever faced, and I cannot thank them enough.

It started with **Mike Larsen's** boat, *Knot Balanced*, having critical and mysterious electrical problems that had us scrambling to find a new support vessel just three weeks before the swim.

It was strange not having Mike with us on site, but he continued to spearhead our safety strategy through his company, [*Raven Strategic Group*](#). Thank you, **Mike Larsen**, a.k.a. "Wiz," for all you do working behind the curtain.

It is through *Raven Strategic Group* that valued team members, Medical Director, **Dr. Jon Krohmer MD** and Lead Paramedic, **Tim Webb** are part of my team. Tim, a.k.a. "Spiderman," was a U.S. Army Medic who saw considerable action in combat zones. Thank you, Doc Jon and Spiderman, for your professional expertise and for being such a big part of the many adventures we've shared through the years!

So, it was all hands on deck to recruit a new support vessel. In stepped highly respected local White Lake Area businessman and resident, **Brad VanBergen**, who offered to skipper his boat, *Ohana*, for this endeavor.

Brad, owner of [WinBerg Construction](#), literally saved the day, and we will always be grateful! Furthermore, Brad dove headfirst into his duties as Captain and was extremely valuable in strategizing with the rest of my team.

However, it was not smooth sailing for Brad either. Incredibly, within days of Brad coming on board, *Ohana* blew an engine, sending a rod right through the engine block. We had now lost our second support boat within a span of a few days. Unbelievable, really.

Brad was committed to getting his boat repaired in time for the swim and was also working on recruiting a backup vessel from among his friends. Just two days before the swim, Brad did get his boat back. That's cutting it rather close, right? Thanks so much to **Brad VanBergen** and to [Walstrom Marine](#) in Traverse City for expediting such an enormous repair! It is noteworthy to add that *Walstrom Marine* was a valued sponsor of my original [Mighty Mac Swim](#) event.



The team prior to embarkation on August 7, 2026.
Jim Dreyer in forefront. Front to back on boat (*Ohana*) are David Volk, Tim Webb, Dr. Jon Krohmer, Brad VanBergen, Rick Blankstrom, Bryan Van Antwerp.
Not shown: Nate Hesse and Mike Larsen.

Photo: Event Marketing Enterprises, Inc.

Under Captain Brad was First Mate, **Rick Blankstrom** (a U.S. Army Veteran who served as a Medic), I.T. Specialist, **Bryan Van Antwerp**, and Deckhand / Drone Operator, **Nate Hesse** (a Navy Veteran). I will never forget watching Nate riding the dinghies like they were bucking broncos to bilge and ready them for my return to the water when I was being redirected. Nate, you were a rock star out there!

Bryan Van Antwerp not only guided us with excellent marine forecasting data through an AI model, but he also took me and the White Lake Area team members out on his boat for a pre-swim familiarization tour of White Lake and of the Lake Michigan shoreline topography. After the tour, we enjoyed a fun evening at the [White Lake Yacht Club](#).

The team members Brad brought into the fold gelled so well with my longtime team members, it was as if they had all worked together for many years. This speaks to the dedication everyone had for this mission!

“Riding the dinghies like they were bucking broncos” was a common theme.

No cowboy spent more time in this rodeo than my Chief of Staff, **David Volk**. David, a.k.a. “Terminator,” is my right hand and has been with me for many years and many adventures, often serving as Ground Operations Director. It was fun having him on the boat this time!

Terminator certainly moved the most cannonballs in multiple loading and unloading processes. This included loading cannonballs in the dinghies at the starting line 17 miles out to sea between two vessels being pitched in waves that were violently trying to break the dinghies loose from their tethers. A few of us took turns on the bucking bronco, but Terminator was the “Rhinestone Cowboy.”

Terminator was also there with me at the [White Lake Municipal Marina](#) the day we packaged all the cannonballs, and on another day when we loaded the dinghies with cannonballs for a dry run rehearsal.

David Volk is a Marine Combat Veteran, and I would never want to go to battle without him. Terminator, I cannot thank you enough for the initiative you take and for everything you do.

We had not originally intended to load the cannonballs while out to sea. The night before the swim, we loaded them into the dinghies at the *White Lake Municipal Marina*, intending to leave the dinghies fully loaded for the morning departure to the offshore starting line.

I am glad that we took the loaded dinghies out for a test spin in White Lake. Even in the calm conditions of the inland lake, we could not go faster than 4 mph without taking on water in the dinghies. Finally, the force of pulling the loaded dinghies through the water at that speed snapped a carabineer on the tow line and the flailing rope sprung back and hit **Bryan Van Antwerp**. Fortunately, he was not injured. It was clear, though, that loading the dinghies

offshore in pitching seas was the lesser of two evils when compared to towing them loaded for 22 miles (including 17 miles in the rougher conditions of Lake Michigan).

So, my team had to labor again, unloading the dinghies and loading the cannonballs onto the mother ship, *Ohana*, for transport to the starting line the next morning.

That is a lot of cannonball handling. I thank my team for not allowing me to take part in all that cannonball lifting before my swim. And for that matter, thank you also for unloading the cannonballs after the swim. I was a little tired. 😊

Being a team member also means sleepless nights. Yes, my team monitored my satellite tracker and my check-in messages throughout the night in shifts, but no one can really sleep when all amped up during an event.

I would be remiss not to give a shout out to **Jeff Cunningham** of [Cunningham & Associates](#). Jeff is securing contractor bids for the construction of the Memorial, and also took some great video at the finish line, capturing some real blissful moments. Thank you, Jeff!

I greatly value the skillset and mindset that everyone brings to this team! I deeply appreciate your dedication, loyalty and sense of adventure! I value and appreciate the people that you are.

We have shared an experience that created cherished memories and formed lifelong bonds. Thank you!

Fins Up to The Community!

The first person I would like to thank is [Whitehall](#) City Manager, **Dan Tavernier**. Dan, a U.S. Coast Guard Veteran, impressed me as a person who really knows how to get things done, from the first day I met him. He embraced this Memorial from day one, and his having the blessing of the Mayor and City Council to make decisions speaks volumes about his abilities and the deserved confidence he has earned in this community.

Thank you, of course, to Whitehall Mayor, **Tom Ziemer**, and the members of the City Council for green lighting this Memorial! Special thanks go to Councilman **Don Bond**, who heads up the Department of Public Works. Don carried his share of cannonballs when transporting them along with my two dinghies to the city garage for storage after the swim.

Few moved more cannonballs than **John Hanson**, Director of [White Lake Snow Farmers](#) and organizer of the amazing [Float-A-Palooza](#) event. John was always there volunteering his time to help my team in any way possible, including the day we packaged cannonballs, the day we held our dry run rehearsal, and in preparation for game day. John you rock! He was originally

planning to be the one to take me out on his boat for the pre-swim familiarization tour, but believe it or not, his boat also had mechanical issues. Boat problems were like an epidemic among boat owners involved in this event.

Captain Brad's son, **Jackson VanBergen** recruited a group of his friends to join him in helping to load cannonballs the night before the swim. Thanks so much to these strapping young lads!

Thank you to **Ken Vanderstelt**, Commander of [VFW Post #3256](#) and **Mark Helms**, Commander of [American Legion Post #69](#) for your presence and that of the Honor Guard at the finish line ceremony. Your part of the ceremony really put a face on what this Memorial stands for.

I can't say enough about the U.S. Coast Guard, along with the Muskegon County and White Lake Area first responders who were there for my safety both on the water and on shore. Thank you, U.S. Coast Guard Master Chief, **Kyle Thomas**, Muskegon County Marine Sheriff, **Greg Slamka**, Fire Chief, **Peter McCarthy**, Police Chief, **Brandon Mahoney**, *White Lake Municipal Marina* Supervisor & Police Officer, **Makayla Gibson**, and all first responder personnel on site.

Thank you also to all marina personnel who didn't mind tripping over cannonballs while they were stored there prior to the swim. You were most accommodating in every way! And you looked the other way when we almost sunk your fuel dock under the weight of our cannonballs (not kidding). 😊

We all appreciate [White Lake Area Chamber & Visitor Bureau](#) Executive Director, **Stephanie Ware**! Stephanie not only spearheaded the effort to successfully bring back the [White Lake Area Maritime Festival](#) (for which I was honored to be part of), she also showed that she has an uncanny ability to win the support of volunteers.

This speaks volumes about both Stephanie and the community!

Finally, I would like to leave you with my most sincere gratitude for the wonderful people who call the White Lake Area home. This will now also be home to the *U.S. 250th Combat Veterans Memorial*! You have welcomed both the Memorial and me with open arms. Thank you!

I so look forward to the groundbreaking and completion of this landmark sculpture that commemorates 250 years of freedom and pays tribute to the freedom fighters who made it possible through their sacrifice and bravery.

Let freedom ring in Whitehall, Michigan!





Photo opp after packaging 250 cannonballs – July 24, 2026
Left to right: Jim Dreyer, David Volk, John Hanson, Stephanie Ware
Photo: White Lake Municipal Marina