

A1C Stephen Faust

Clark AB, PL

3d SPS, 28-10-1987 Terrorist Assassination

VSPA: Memorial of AP/SP KIA or Line of Duty

3d SPS Clark AB, PI

VSPA's Memorial Page

I Visited the VSPA Memorial page. Was glad and saddened to see the name of SP's on that page. One in particular: Steve Faust. Steve, and I met at LAX Feb. 18 1986, He was in a group of fresh out of the SP Academy, airmen. We landed at Clark together and hung out until we all went our separate ways. I last saw him two weeks before his death, he had just got married. He had a puppy called PITA (Pain In The A..) We talked and he was happy. Steve always has a smile and joked around. That is what I remember. He was a friend, and fellow dog handler. Thanks for remembering him and the others. Steve was laid to rest in Deerfield Texas. As long as memorials no matter how large or small exist. Their sacrifice goes unforgotten. Steve died while serving his country.

Here's to you Steve....!

Respectfully,

Rusty Prince

Former MWD Handler

Clark AB PI 1986-1989

3d SPS Clark AB, PI

VSPA's Memorial Page

I knew Steve, worked with him a few times. I was an SP at Clark, 3 SPS, the first female there to make the rank of SRA (below the zone) and Sgt

I have pictures of his car after it was shot, black and white pics, and photos of the memorial that was made for him at Clark, although I do not think they look like him much, but that is just my opinion.

We all had prices on our heads at Clark. Many SP's on horse patrol were targeted with wire strung between trees to decapitate them. K-9 were a good target too, the dogs were hated for the ability to smell them out.

Steve always smelled like a wet dog after work, I joked with him about that being his wife's favorite scent. Steve had this wonderful habit of getting in his vehicle, throwing his beret on the dash and driving off after a shift. It was all in one motion it seemed. Many were followed around off base were told how to perform antiterrorist moves, how to watch out for people following you, etc. It is hard not to be noticed when you are white or black, or over 5'3" in the PI.

I was followed home too many times to count by vehicles with M16 sticking out windows, with Filipinos yelling at me at times. I know being a female it made me easier to identify for them after a chase and capture. 5'9" is hard to hide. I was targeted for a while, and to this day I don't know if a child took a bullet for me or not while I was in Dau. I was standing across from items "not stolen" from Clark even though they all said property of USAF/CAB. I heard fire works near a wall, by the USAF gear, when I saw the little girl crossing the road. She was about four years of age. Long black hair with bangs, smiling at me. I smiled back, then like a slow motion picture it all happened, even though it happened so fast. The fireworks, the little girl falling back, melting to the ground, her mother running to

her yelling in Tagalog, and the dark liquid, I knew it was red, even though it did not register as red, I knew it was blood. She had been shot in the head. She was between me and place where the shot came from. Was it an accident? Was it meant for me? Did she take the bullet for me? I don't know. There are so many times when many of us could have died, but we did not.

Steve did die. He paid the price that many of us had on our heads, because we were all labeled, and we knew it.

Rebecca

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