

“Last Dance” cont.

in time and space, eyes locked, all the other action fades but continues as if in another dimension – the parents weep, the babe appears forlorn.

Finally, after apparently endless moments in each other’s arms, the Soldier husband leads his wife back to her still slumped physical form and to their baby. He tenderly kisses her goodbye, and hands her a rose. Lingeringly, their hands part... sadness and loss are evident, but also, joy at the temporary reunion, and trust in the permanent one still to come. And, not least, an abiding, living love in the presence of their little one, to whom he relinquishes her. Olivia wakens, her parents rejoice, she kisses her infant, and walks down the church’s aisle, with her face buried in a mysterious rose. Fade to black...

Margaret, a native of Poland, speaks English with an attractive accent reminiscent of her homeland. The acting job came about in the following fashion. She has been friends with the sister of the director, Aleksandra Hodowany, since her college days back in 1991. The sister, also named Margaret, knew that Margaret Lambos excelled in ballroom dancing and choreography, and, aware that her sister was working on a project called “Last Dance,” featuring ballroom dancing, suggested her friend for the choreography and dancing. As fate would have it Aleksandra, was already thinking the exact same thing!

Hodwany sent the lyrics of the song to multiple choreographers, keeping her script private, seeking a choreographer who would come closest to her own vision intuitively. She said that many of the other choreographers produced visions of separating lovers.

But to Margaret, the sad lyrics, which in the movie are sung by Polish singer Grazyna Auguscik, spoke of a loss greater than that suffered in day to day living.

“To me, as a military wife, and in today’s world where we are surrounded by sad images of that terrible knock on the door, my mind immediately went to that permanent loss, where the husband doesn’t come home again. And I imagined how wonderful it would be, though still in a sad and tragic way, if the wife were able to have that one last dance with her husband, to say goodbye. I got goosebumps and teared up just thinking about it,” said Margaret.

When she explained her vision to Aleksandra, she elicited almost the same reaction. The director’s script, held closely secret, had followed a path very similar, except that the deceased civilian husband had died of natural causes. Seeing the great pathos and timeliness of making the hero of her movie a Soldier, the story from then on featured the military focus.

The resultant short, as previously mentioned, dampened eyes and won a prestigious award. Speaking

of dampened eyes, Margaret had worried that, when it came time to cry in the movie, she would be unable to do so on demand. Turned out, she needn’t have fretted.

“Once we were there, in that church, with the actor playing my husband in his dress blues, the atmosphere made the magic happen. Not only did I cry, in fact I bawled like a baby! They had to fix my makeup, and in fact, almost everyone else in the place, the other actors and the technicians, they also cried. Even the monk who took care of the church we were filming in cried!”

“Last Dance” cont. on next page



Margaret Lambos plays Olivia, a grief stricken widow, in the award winning movie short “Last Dance.” Lambos is the wife of HHB, 100th MDB (GMD) commander, Capt. George Lambos. Photo by Dorota Szalkowski, reprinted with permission of Aleksandra Hodowany.

“LAST DANCE” MOVIE SHORT SPEAKS OF LOVE ETERNAL

by Maj. Laura Kenney
Public Affairs Officer

100th Missile Defense Brigade,
(Ground Based Midcourse
Defense) here.

The movie short, as it is called
in the business, won the Audience
Choice Award at the Chicago

International Reel Shorts Festival
for 2008. The clip runs 7 minutes,
and its viewing typically produces
an audience of dampened eyes.

The story, in what almost
appears to be a music video but

is instead a short,
artistic movie, tells of
a war widow, Olivia,
attending her Soldier
husband’s funeral with
her family, including
her adorable blonde
toddler. Wearing
a long black cape,
Olivia is overcome
with grief at the sight
of her husband, attired
in the full glory of
his dress blues and
laid out in his coffin.
She collapses on his
chest, after kissing his
cold, cold cheek. Her
parents rush to her
side, and frantically
try to resuscitate her.

Meanwhile, stage
left, the apparent ghost
of Olivia’s husband
appears, and holds
out a hand to the
slumped widow. An
equally incorporeal
but glowing wife
stands, shedding her
mourning cape, and
a lovely pale green
gown is revealed. She
takes her spouse’s
strong tanned hand,
and they begin to
waltz. As they move

**“Last Dance” cont.
on P6**

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.—
The exotically beautiful brunette
danced in the arms of the handsome
Soldier, her long
wispy green gown
flowing, gliding
against the legs of
his dress blues as
they waltzed. Lost
in each other’s eyes,
the coffin and lilies
in the background
and weeping
mourners clad in
black don’t attract
their attention
until the end of the
song. The lyrics,
sung in Polish to a
hauntingly sad tune,
say in part, “No, no,
you cannot go from
me, you are taking
the last drop of
water from me, the
emptiness is like a
fire in my heart, no,
you cannot go away
from me, the leaves
are still fresh and
green, it is not time
for them to fall...”

The above scene
is taken from a
movie short called
“Last Dance,”
and its star, the
exquisite brunette,
is Margaret Lambos,
wife of Capt.
George Lambos,
who commands
Headquarters and
Headquarters Battery,



“Olivia” (Margaret Lambos) dances with the ghost of her “husband,” actor Mark Nilsson, in the award winning movie short “Last Dance.” Lambos is the wife of HHB, 100th MDB (GMD) commander, Capt. George Lambos. She both starred in and choreographed the dancing for the movie which won the Audience Choice Award in the 2008 Chicago International Reel Shorts Festival. Photo by Dorota Szalkowski, reprinted with permission of Aleksandra Hodowany.

100th MdB Christmas Party Photos



A Daughter's view of her Soldier Father's Deployments

By Kaitlin Bollinger

Daughter of Sgt. 1st Class Harold Bollinger
Former member of the 100th MdB

The following article is written by the daughter of one of the 100th Missile Defense Brigade (GMD)'s most beloved Soldiers, Sgt. 1st Class Harold Bollinger, who was with the unit for many many years, in multiple capacities. He served as a crew member, as a Unit Training NCO, as the Family Readiness Liaison NCO, as Master Fitness Trainer and as Fundraiser Extraordinaire, to name but a few. He has moved on to another position in a different unit, and is sorely missed. We publish his daughter's musings on how it feels to be a family member of a National Guard Soldier, always subject to deployment, to both honor him and remind all of us to cherish our families and our freedoms at this special time of year. – The Public Affairs Office

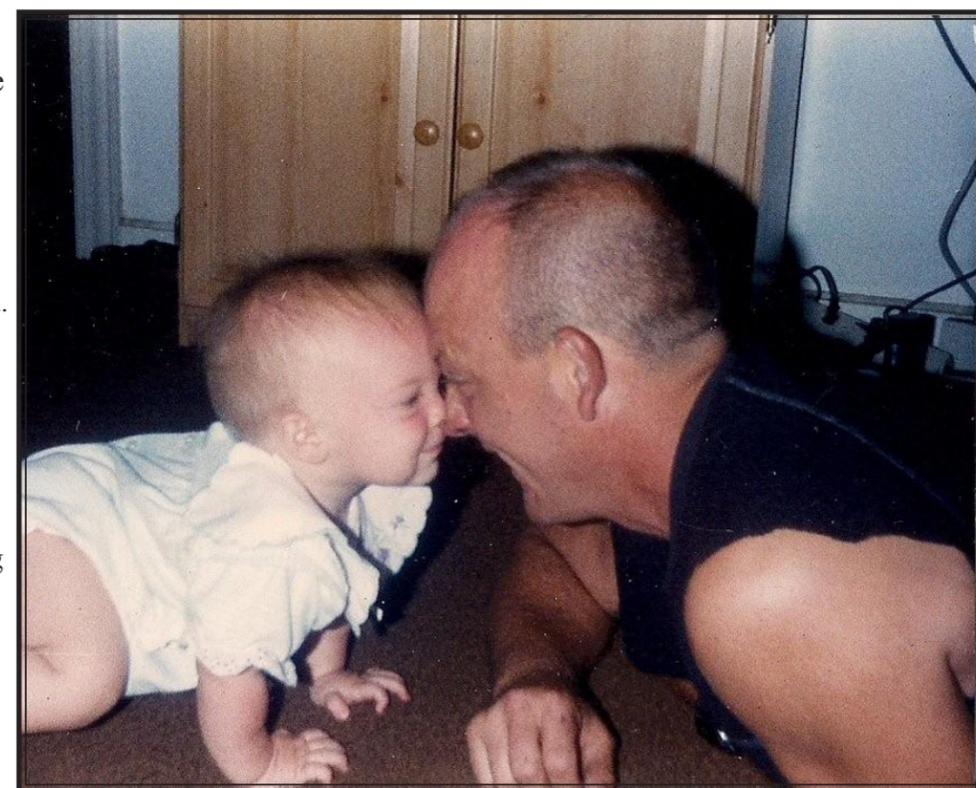
It was early in the morning and dark outside with only street lights shining through the trees. I could almost smell the dew on the leaves and feel the moisture in the air. It was cold outside to the point where my teeth were chattering. My dad picked me up to keep me warm. I could not understand why my whole family had gotten up so early to go stand next to a tall chain link fence. Most of my family was crying and all I remember anyone saying was my dad, in a calm soothing voice, "Don't worry, I'll be home soon."

We stood there for a time that felt like an eternity until my dad put me down and picked up a large green duffle bag and gave my mom a kiss. I remember riding home thinking, "I don't understand what is happening." I soon

realized my dad was deployed for a long time and that meant he would be missing Christmas, my birthday and every holiday in between. When he came back, I remember making signs to welcome him home and standing in the airport terminal waiting for his arrival.

A few short weeks later near his birthday, I remember him packing a suitcase and me asking, "Where are you going, daddy?" His always calm voice answered "It's just in case." A few days later he left again and that meant that he would be missing many more holidays, and other events in my life.

Soon it was the new millennium and finally my family was whole again. That is, until one day I again found myself outside that same chain link fence that was not so tall now but in every way as painful. This time both my dad and brother were carrying the same duffle bags. This time I was determined not to cry, because crying would not unpack their bags and soaking in my tears would not make them stay. They eventually came home safe... but my dad still has that duffle bag packed in his closet.



A tiny Kaitlin Bollinger rubs noses with her Soldier dad, Sgt. First Class Harold Bollinger. A grown-up version of the adorable baby wrote a moving article about how it felt to be left behind, worrying, every time her National Guard father deployed on missions. Photo courtesy of the Bollinger family