
LAMENTATIONS

Issue 110

middle

March, 2007

A dear friend of mine sent these “50 lessons life taught me” by Regina Brett, The Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio. Some of these you may not agree with, as I did not agree, but most of them gave me pause, and caused me to rethink my life and what I am to do with it until I die.

1. Life isn't fair, but it's still good.
2. When in doubt, just take the next small step.
3. Life is too short to waste time hating anyone.
4. Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does.
5. Pay off your credit cards every month.
6. You don't have to win every argument. Agree to disagree.
7. Cry with someone. It's more healing than crying alone.
8. It's OK to get angry with God. He can take it.
9. Save for retirement starting with your first paycheck.
10. When it comes to chocolate, resistance is futile.
11. Make peace with your past so it won't screw up the present.
12. It's OK to let your children see you cry.
13. Don't compare your life to others'. You have no idea what their journey is all about.
14. If a relationship has to be a secret, you shouldn't be in it.
15. Everything can change in the blink of an eye. But don't worry, God never blinks.
16. Life is too short for long pity parties. Get busy living, or get busy dying.
17. You can get through anything if you stay put in today.
18. A writer writes. If you want to be a writer, write.
19. It's never too late to have a happy childhood. But the second one is up to you and no one else.
20. When it comes to going after what you love in life, don't take no for an answer.

21. Burn the candles, use the nice sheets, wear the fancy lingerie. Don't save it for a special occasion. Today is special.
22. Over prepare, then go with the flow.
23. Be eccentric now. Don't wait for old age to wear purple.
24. The most important sex organ is the brain.
25. No one is in charge of your happiness except you.
26. Frame every so-called disaster with these words: "In five years, will this matter?"
27. Always choose life.
28. Forgive everyone everything.
29. What other people think of you is none of your business.
30. Time heals almost everything. Give time time.
31. However good or bad a situation is, it will change.
32. Your job won't take care of you when you are sick. Your friends will. Stay in touch.
33. Believe in miracles.
34. God loves you because of who God is, not because of anything you did or didn't do.
35. Whatever doesn't kill you really does make you stronger.
36. Growing old beats the alternative -- dying young.
37. Your children get only one childhood. Make it memorable.
38. Read the Psalms. They cover every human emotion.
39. Get outside every day. Miracles are waiting everywhere.
40. If we all threw our problems in a pile and saw everyone else's, we'd grab ours back.
41. Don't audit life. Show up and make the most of it now.
42. Get rid of anything that isn't useful, beautiful or joyful.
43. All that truly matters in the end is that you loved.
44. Envy is a waste of time. You already have all you need.
45. The best is yet to come.
46. No matter how you feel, get up, dress up and show up.
47. Take a deep breath. It calms the mind.
48. If you don't ask, you don't get.
49. Yield.
50. Life isn't tied with a bow, but it's still a gift.

Grief Grafts

Alan & Debra Reagan's son, Clint (5-15-85), died from a possible overdose and bronchial pneumonia, 8-6-05.

Clint's life lessons to us:

He reminded us.....

- ..to find joy in each moment.
- ..that sometimes humor can be found in the simplest things.
- ..to speak in a direct way and straight to the point.
- ..that a hug and a smile can bring much happiness.
- ..that one can never say, *I love you*, enough.
- ..the meaning of loyalty to a friend.
- ..the value of a positive attitude during times of adversity.
- ..to share what we have with others.
- ..the meaning of courage.
- ..to listen to our inner voice.

We are so grateful to have had Clint here in our lives for the 20 years we shared. Each one of us is a better person for having had him in our lives. We will carry a piece of his spirit with us always. We continue to miss him so much in all the little things of our daily lives.

Clint's Legacy

Clint was such a sweet, happy and confident person. He was creative, compassionate and charming, but then things started to change. Now it is believed he probably experienced an imbalance in his brain chemistry. This problem may have stemmed from an underlying genetic predisposition. These confusing changes may have led to self-medication through drug abuse as a way to deal with the symptoms he was experiencing. We feel the drug abuse was a symptom of a much greater untreated misunderstood problem. After visiting several doctors, he was diagnosed with bipolar disorder also known as manic-depressive disorder. The symptoms of this disorder may display themselves differently in a young person and delay

proper diagnosis. Some medical experts believe this disorder can develop from untreated ADD.

Once he received the diagnosis and began treatment, we all expected to work our way through this and have back the Clint we knew before. At one point during treatment, Clint and I discussed his overcoming the drug addiction and being an example to other young people. Although, he was not able to accomplish this while he was alive maybe that can become a part of his legacy.

Since there can be different levels and cycles of this disorder, at times things seemed to improve. But other times our sweet son seemed to be slipping away. Sometimes it seemed as though Clint's foot was stuck on the accelerator with a faulty braking system. During those times, we were beside ourselves with worry. It is our understanding the younger the onset of this disorder, the more difficult it can be to overcome for some. Clint had been in treatment several times. He had support from doctors, counselors, family, friends, and AA sponsors. Even with all this love and resources, our efforts were not enough to make things right again. None of us fully understood the depth of the problems and no treatment seemed to offer long-lasting substantial relief.

Clint was a free spirit and we loved him each step of the way. He had gone through another tough time, but it seemed he was getting back on his feet. The doctor had changed his medication and Clint had commented to me that he believed the new medication was really helping him. With all of my heart, I wanted to believe those words. (Sadly, people with this disorder may not take their medicine regularly.)

After many tests were performed by the medical examiner, Clint's death was ruled by an investigative team as a combination of accidental drug overdose and bronchial pneumonia. Still there may be a question of intention by some people and it is natural to wonder. At times life can be confusing for anyone, without the added burden of bipolar disorder and drug addiction. These burdens distorted Clint's thinking and reasoning skills. Drugs may be abused at times by people with this disorder to feel "normal" and at other times to escape dealing with life's struggles. (In reality, this offers no solutions and only worsens the struggles.) It is possible that in a confused and impaired moment, caused by the disorder and drug abuse, he wanted to escape his problems. If so, another question remains as to whether it was meant to be a temporary escape or was it meant to be permanent? We will never know the answer to these questions. (I hope anyone dealing with overwhelming problems will seek help.)

I have read the medical records from Clint's doctors and counselors and they all reflect he told them he would never hurt himself. Of course, we still don't know for sure. We try to look at the full picture. Clint had registered for fall classes at Pellissippi, he was checking on a gym membership, and we had a trip planned. That night Clint played a video game with his dad. He talked with his brother. I was on a trip, but I spoke to him by phone. I told him I loved him and I would see him in a couple of days. Nothing seemed unusual or different. He went to bed and never got up again. We were told he had stopped breathing during the night. Whatever his intentions may or may not have been, his thinking and actions would have been influenced by drug abuse and the bipolar disorder.

It is also my understanding that sometimes in the drug abuse cycle of self-medication and self-treatment, the sufferer can never really know what their bodies can tolerate. The examination revealed bronchial pneumonia which would have weakened his lungs and impaired his breathing. Perhaps he did not know the strength of the drugs he used that night. Perhaps he did not realize how they might interact with his new prescription. I don't believe he had been eating properly, because he wanted to lose some weight. Who knows all the things that could have played a part? We will never know the answers. All we can do now is rely on the research and decision made by the professionals. We believe the measure of one's life is more than the way in which they died.

In the big picture, these problems were just a small part of a dear and precious life. Clint kept his battles to himself and made his path seem easy to others with his sweet smile. He was loved by so many people. Although, I think at times his struggles kept him from receiving all the love offered to him. We are left with so much love we have for him in our hearts, and so many unanswered questions. What did we miss and when did we miss it? Where did normal adolescence changes stop and the problems start?

Despite our unanswered questions, we know now he is at peace with his struggles. He fought his battles the best he could. Now he has perfect vision in both eyes. Even though Clint was always a good-looking guy, he never felt he measured up to Abercrombie model standards. He is now more handsome than any model. It is our belief Clint is experiencing greater things without struggles, pain and limitations. But, I must admit at times we are very selfish. We wish we could turn time back and have him here with us. Since we cannot do that, we live each day to honor his memory.

Drug abuse doesn't just affect the user; it affects the lives of everyone that loves them. To learn more about drug abuse you may want to visit <http://www.drugfree.org/intervention/>.

One of Clint's favorite quotes:

"The only person that can beat you is yourself." Author Unknown

I hope you will read about this wonderful and loving young man's life as a child and growing up. His website is:

<http://www.clint-reagan.memory-of.com>

Clint's symbol is an eagle.

**Kathy Wainscott's daughter, Amanda Rose (6-3-85),
completed suicide, 5-21-06.**

Kathy shares how important it is to find a group who understands:

I live in Lawrenceburg, Ky and lost my 20-year-old daughter, Amanda Rose, last May to suicide. It was a complete shock because she wasn't depressed and didn't show any of the "warning signs." I go to the TCF friends in Frankfort and have met some of the greatest people. I have had the pleasure to meet, Karen Cantrell, The Rhodes, Angela Wilkins, Sue Tutt, just to name a few. They have saved my life the last 7 1/2 months.

Thank You,

Kathy, mother of Amanda Rose

June 3, 1985-May 21, 2006

My ANGEL in HEAVEN

Amanda was born June 3, 1985 @ 6:51 pm, on a Monday evening. She was a blessing from God and a beautiful baby and she grew to be a beautiful little girl and a beautiful young lady. Amanda was a very happy baby. There were seven years between her and her brother Aaron, and I was very young when I had Angie, Alissa, and Aaron, so in a lot of ways I enjoyed or was more "grown up" when Amanda was born. I had never seen

a more beautiful baby. She would lay and coo and grin at everything. She loved looking at ceiling fans and just laughing out loud at them. Amanda was blessed or maybe cursed (LOL) by a sister eighteen months later. They were as different as night and day, but they were buddies and later on best friends.

When Amanda was growing up, she was a very shy little girl that loved to spend weekends with her grandparents. When she got a little older, she wanted to stay all the time! At home she had two older sisters and one younger, and one older brother. They were my A's, Angela Gwen, Alissa Lynn, Aaron Kelly, Amanda Rose, and Ashley Nicole. I was a single parent and they were and are my world and my pride and JOY! I had the perfect family, beautiful and most of all happy and healthy.

Amanda almost never got to watch what she wanted to on television; she I wouldn't stand up and fight for herself. She was very timid and tender-hearted. Her little sister was going through some stuff that was hard on all of us and she gave Amanda a pretty hard row to hoe! She was a very bashful little girl and when she started school she was always the shortest one there! I remember one Christmas when she was in kindergarten. They had a play for parents, her line was "K is for kitten curled warmly by the fire." When she said it and they sang Christmas carols, she kept her head down the whole time. Of course, I recorded it on tape and from then on it was a joke with all of us poking fun with her!

There are so many memories, but they hurt so much. The pain is worse than childbirth and I had five children, naturally! Knowing there will be no more memories and knowing Manda won't have little ones that are bashful like she and sweet like she, and look like her; it ends and that is what hurts like hell! One time I was really busy doing things around the house and I went to put some clothes in to wash and fold up a load of laundry. While I was doing that, Amanda thought that Ashley needed a haircut and a haircut she got. Ashley's hair was almost down to her waist and when Amanda got through with it, it was probably three inches long all over her head, except her bangs and they were cut to her scalp. Then it was Ashley's turn, but I caught her after she made one cut of the side of Manda's. I just sat down in their room and cried, and they couldn't figure out why I was upset. Amanda said Ash wanted a short hairdo so she got short hair!!

Amanda loved playing with babies. I would buy real baby clothes for her "babies." They weren't dolls, they were her babies! I remember one birthday we had at "Chuck E Cheeses" that she got twin babies and a twin stroller! It was a day to remember!

During this time, she wore nylon biker shorts over her bathing suit that she wanted to wear 24-7! We would have to steal them when she was in the bathtub and put them in the laundry!

Amanda also loved any kind of jewelry, especially rings. It wouldn't be unusual for her to wear 6 or 7 rings on one hand. And remember "snap bracelets?" She loved those too! But her very favorite were the plastic high heels you could buy, she LOVED those shoes! She was a little prissy girly girl and her little sister Ashley was a tomboy! My Mom, Amanda's Granny, always wanted to call them Rose Red and Snow White, but the names were backwards.

Of course living in Kentucky, we are Wildcat fans and my son is the biggest UK fan ever. He graduated from UK, but long before that, when Amanda was about six years old or so, we were watching a UK basketball game and Amanda happened to be playing in the den where we were watching the game and somebody was shooting a foul shot. Amanda said, "Free throws, if they are free how much do the other shots cost?" That was Amanda and it never changed. She was always making us laugh about something. She was one of a kind! Some things I remember so vividly and some things come and go. Maybe my mind isn't ready to handle them yet, I don't know.

By the time she was in middle school, she was spoiled rotten. Of course, when she turned 16, she wanted to get a car, and what Amanda wanted, Amanda got, most of the time. Then Amanda got boy crazy, or should I say, she started looking at boys! I always said she went to church to check out the guys! Anyway, my duckling turned into a beautiful swan!!!! She changed, she lost weight, bleached her hair, and started going to the tanning bed! Amanda was always a pretty girl, but I looked at her one day and she was beautiful! She had a million dollar smile!

Amanda graduated from Anderson County High School in Lawrenceburg, KY, 2003. After she graduated, she wanted to go to cosmetology school, but changed her mind when two of her cousins were dating girls that were doing hair. Amanda wanted to do and be someone special or different than anyone else in the family. There were seventeen grandchildren counting Amanda so sometimes that was hard doing or deciding something that no one else was doing!

I talked Amanda into going to Lexington Community College to just take her basic courses until she made up her mind. After that semester, Amanda thought she might like something in medical records so she went to Sullivan College the next year. She liked the idea of making more money, so

she transferred to Spencerian College because they offered a new course of radiology so she thought she might like that.

later

When I asked Kathy about “later” she said; “No, I haven't finished telling her story, it is a hard road to go down, especially harder when it is suicide. There are so many unanswered questions. One of Amanda's best friends stopped by yesterday and she was still saying Amanda didn't want to die, so it makes it even harder. But Amanda will always live in our hearts as your Jim does too!”

I was wondering if you could put me on the list of "Corresponding with other Parents" please. Please send me any e-mails and keep me busy, I am trying to crawl out of this hole I have fallen into, I think a lot of it is this rainy, dreary, weather, I hope spring will help???

*Love~Hugs,
Kathy*

I hope you will contact Kathy, especially those of you who understand her loss. We need each other and that is why we call ourselves fellow travelers. You can really get to know Amanda by looking at her pictures, videos, etc.

<http://Amanda-Waincott.virtual-memorials.com> type in Amanda Waincott
WWW.amanda-waincott.memory-of.com

Mother of Angie, Alissa, Aaron, & Ashley

My Angels on Earth in Kentucky

Granny of Tristan, Carlee, Lauren, & Lola

Amanda's symbols are a rose and a butterfly.

Eric & Kacy Scott's daughter, Chyanne (11-28-99), died from a brain tumor, 2-4-03.

Chyanne's grandmother wrote the following:

Chyanne's Legacy

Samantha Chyanne Scott was my granddaughter who was born normally, with no complications. At seven months, she was diagnosed with a rare form of Muscular Dystrophy called Spinal Muscular Atrophy Type 2 Severe Type 1. This news both devastated her parents Eric and Kacy Scott and all of our family. We were told that she would have a short life but we felt that God would see us through this and if it was His will, she would be a miracle and we would have her longer. God did grant us two more years with her and we will always give Him the praise. With this genetic disorder, Chyanne had limited use of her arms and it affected the spinal cord, so she had a hard time holding her head up and could not sit alone and never walked. She gave her family so much joy and even with what faced her, she never complained at all. She was my inspiration. I felt that if she could go through life and not complain, my aches and pains were nothing compared to hers.

Each year that God gave us was so wonderful. She was so smart. She talked early and even could count to 50 before 2 years old and could say her ABC's and knew so many children's songs that she could sing.

Just before her third birthday, she was diagnosed with Neuro-Blastoma, a deadly cancer, and from that, she went down. We would make weekly visits to the hospital and she would have to have blood that sustained her.

On February 4, 2003, she departed this life on earth and got a heavenly healing and joined other angels and our heavenly father in heaven. This child affected so many lives and gave all of us a reason to live. She only wanted to get cards and stickers from people so we contacted the radio and television, just before Christmas of 2002. She got around 10,000 cards and gifts that made her last Christmas so very special. We are so thankful to people all over the world, via the internet, that responded. She never asked for much and this was a gift that made her even more special.

Since she received toys also, these were donated in her memory to other children who would not get anything for Christmas. We have heard from so many people that became acquainted with her and she changed their lives so much. Thank you God for the blessing of her life and the legacy of her death.

*Grannie Martha Scott
Chyanne's grandmother*

Chyanne's website is: www.chyanne-scott.memory-of.com

Chyanne's symbol is a Canadian bear.

**Richard Marshall's sons, Gerald Keith (6/3/59 – 7/1/59),
Kenneth Stuart (1/9/67 – 1/18/67), and Ian Douglas (12/3/69-
3/15/70) all died as babies.**

Richard has written about his wife, Melba, and their three sons:

Our Three Sons

We shared the story of our three sons with Jim and Dinah Taylor during one of their many visits to our home in Florida. They encouraged us to let them share our story with others. For some reason, we delayed writing the story. I believe God wanted us to wait until more of our lives unfolded. On November 28th of 2006, my wife of forty-nine years, Melba Josephine Marshall went to be with our Lord and three sons. I lovingly dedicate this story to her and her memory. Thanks be to God for all of His love and blessings.

Richard G. Marshall

Life was good in April of 1959; we had been married for twenty-one months and just moved into our nice new three-bedroom house. Jo was six months pregnant and had some difficulty carrying the baby. She developed phlebitis in one leg and had to be hospitalized for a while; she was on blood thinners and it was a touch and go situation. Gerald Keith was born to us on June 30th. There were problems. He had a cleft lip and palate, and was going to need immediate surgery before he would be able to nurse. This was more than I thought I could handle; however my boss, Joe, had a girl who was born with a cleft lip and she had hardly any trace of it after her surgery. Through Joe, God gave me hope and the courage to go on. The next day, as I was passing out cigars and candy bars at work (the custom in the '50s) Joe came to me and said, "I need to talk to you in private." Gerald had suffered a cranial hemorrhage and was dead. I had a technician working for me at the time who had lost two children, and I often thought I could not handle such a loss. Now I was faced with it without any warning whatsoever. A

very compassionate funeral director and our pastor got us through the burial arrangements quickly and gently. One thing I really felt bad about was the fact that we did not have Gerald baptized, especially when we knew he had problems. To compensate, I went to our cathedral and bought a silver cross to place in his hands. When I came out of the cathedral, I found a \$15 parking ticket on my car; I felt a little snake-bit but accepted it. During his very brief life, Gerald taught us that we were able to handle, with God's help, more than we ever thought possible. Gerald Keith was our teacher. We were young and our doctors said there was no reason why we couldn't have more children so we went on from there, looking ahead with hope. We left Gerald's room at home as we had prepared it. It was soft yellow, very bright and warm; it was a place that felt good and was a good room to be in. Our cat, Puff, spent a lot of time there and we wondered just what she knew.

A young lady entered our world on the 20th of June 1961. We named her Jenifer Elaine. She was completely normal in all respects. After a week in the hospital, we brought Jenifer home and put her in the room we had prepared for Gerald. Puff immediately adopted Jenifer; it seemed like she had been waiting for two years for someone to fill that room and a void in her life. The painful memories of the past were now somewhat balanced by the joy of the present,

In 1964, we moved to Huntsville, Alabama to work on the Apollo/Saturn space program. We were busy and completely happy with our life. Jenifer was so completely normal, we did not fear having more children. The year 1967 was just nine days old when Kenneth Stuart was born. He was a lovely blond child, like an angel. We brought him home from the hospital after a week. However, his pediatrician had changed his formula when he left the hospital and he developed constipation. His stomach rapidly became distended, and we rushed him to the hospital. Remembering our experience with Gerald, we had Fr. McKimmon (our pastor) baptize him at the hospital. The doctors and nurses started to treat him; they were very optimistic about his condition and sent us home. We called later to see how things were and the doctor said, "You better get here as soon as possible." When we got to the hospital, our angel had gone home to heaven after just nine days here. He had died from peritonitis resulting from an intestinal perforation. We were devastated the death was hard for us to take. We had always been able to see a sense of mercy in Gerald's death; but we just couldn't feel that same way about Kenneth. On January 27th the Apollo 1 spacecraft caught fire and the three astronauts inside were killed. On top of our personal loss, we were now suffering from

the communal loss. I look back and find it remarkable the way Jo handled such adversity and grief. I was not aware at that time of the great depth of her faith in God and the strength she drew from that faith.

In 1969 we were expecting another baby. Ian Douglas was born on December 3rd. During the delivery Jo remembers hearing the doctor say, "We're going to have to do a little midwifery here; it looks like we have a water head baby." Ian was hydrocephalic and had a heart problem. We talked with the doctors: a pediatrician and neurosurgeon. The situation was not impossible but it would be difficult. We resolved to do whatever we could to nurture that little life. We had our pastor, baptize and pray for Ian right away. Then we experienced a miracle: the size and pressure in Ian's head was not increasing; it would not be necessary to surgically implant a shunt in his head. Ian's heart condition was getting worse though, so we took him to Children's Hospital in Birmingham for catheterization and possible surgery. When they started the procedure, they found that it wasn't necessary. Another miracle? We took Ian back home and he was kept under close observation. On March 14th of 1970, we took Ian to the neurosurgeon and the pediatrician for his scheduled checkups; everything was alright and they sent him home with us. That evening and night, Ian was grunting like there was something wrong. It wasn't loud and he wasn't crying but it did bother us. We wondered if there wasn't something wrong. I tried but could not set aside my apprehension; in my prayers that night I said, "Lord, I thank you that you have answered our prayers and spared Ian from surgery. But Lord, if you want Ian back I think I can now let him go." At ten o'clock the next morning, I got a call from Jo: "Come home right away, Ian has quit breathing." I rushed home, tried artificial respiration, got him into the car and rushed him to the hospital. When we got there, they confirmed the worst: Ian had died. Three boys were gone and we knew there probably wouldn't be any more. Later when Jo and I talked about what had happened, I confessed to her what I had prayed the night before. To my surprise she said that she had prayed the very same thing. We concluded that a merciful and loving God had spared Ian from surgeries and kept him alive until we could let him go. We strongly felt and believed that Ian was sent to us to heal us from Kenneth's loss and to set us free. Ian was our healer and liberator.

We believed that God had blessed and sustained us during our lives with the three boys. They are still very much alive with me today. The desire to see other people find the same hope, help and healing in such times of loss, bewilderment and great pain became a strong factor in my leaving the engineering profession and becoming an Episcopal priest. Thankfully,

Jenifer has always been healthy, quick and vibrant. She is an artist, published writer, photographer, and music magazine publisher; she is married to a neuroscience professor and researcher, and lives in Huntington, West Virginia. She has been of great comfort to us.

**Gerald's symbol is a teacher, Kenneth's symbol is an angel,
and Ian's symbol is a healer-liberator.**

**Joe & Marjie Jackson's daughter, Tikisha (2-8-77), was killed
in an auto accident, 7-6-98.**

I lost my precious 21 yr old (my first born) daughter, Kisha, in an auto accident on 7-6-98. She had just finished summer school on June 30th. She was a 3rd year college student majoring in Criminal Justice.....There were 5 of us, in a rented van following 7 other cars, returning from a family reunion in Louisiana. The first reunion on my husband's side. It was very hot that year and the tires blew causing the van to flip several times. We were headed north on I-55 and when the van finished flipping we were headed south again. I have no memory of the accident. The last memory I have was at a gas station we all stopped to fill up at and check the vehicles in Tunica, Mississippi. The accident occurred about 2-1/2 hours from that stop. They say everyone was thrown out of the van except me. When other family members came back, they were told that they had all 4 family members. They told them there were 5 in the van and not 4. The van landed on the driver's side. They found me jammed between the dashboard and passenger seat. They had to cut the door off to get me out. My hubby remembers praying when the van went out of control.

The only other thing my hubby remembers is that my son and nephew were thrown in the grassy median and my Angel Tikisha was thrown on the pavement. He was standing in the middle of the highway & he remembers seeing a pool of blood around my daughter's head and went into shock. He and my nephew were treated and released for minor scrapes and bruises. They life-flighted me and my daughter to the Elvis Presley trauma center in Memphis, Tn. My son had a collapsed lung, lacerated liver and 8 days later they found out he had a broken jaw. I had a broken neck, lacerated liver, severe head injury, fractured right pelvis, leg, knee and ankle. I also had a concussion. I ended up in critical condition for 2-1/2 weeks after the

accident. I spent 30 days in hospital and my son spent 17. He was 16 at the time. I only remember the last week of my hospital stay and that is vaguely...I have been struggling in my grief for Kisha because I didn't get to say my goodbyes...I have never really grieved because since everything was done before I came home nobody wants to talk about it anymore....I feel empty, lost and alone. Even though my son and hubby are still here, it is not the same...I can't seem to get myself to move forward and feel I am still going backwards. I go thru everyday life like a robot. When will this nightmare end for me and I awake and find my precious daughter still with me...

I hope you will visit Tikisha's website and get to know her family:
<http://www.geocities.com/lamjam69/>

Margie Hazelrigg's son, Tabb (4-27-48), was killed in an auto accident, 1-14-95.

Margie wrote the following note:

Dear Dinah,

We have never met, but I feel as if I have known you for twelve years. Thank you for being a thoughtful friend to so many who share the same heartache.

Your mission of compassion is so appreciated. There are God's blessings in happy memories. Tabb and Charlie (her husband) are together in Heaven.

*Love,
Margie*

Bud & Susie Dunn's son, Jason (6-5-74), died from an accidental gunshot, 3-13-97.

Susie wrote this about the day after Jason's death:

The morning of March 14, 1997 had the most beautiful sunrise I had ever witnessed. The sun rose in the shape of a cross, just like a painting...it was just so breathtaking.

I had no idea that my son lay dead just 18 miles away. I had no idea that the world as I knew it was coming to an end. I had no idea that there could be so much pain in my heart and it still goes on beating.....but I soon learned that we are not promised tomorrow.... our children do not always out live us... as we mistakenly believe until we get THAT phone call...or THAT knock on the door and then our world comes crashing down around us. Jason was playing with a gun he knew better...he thought it was empty, it was NOT!

GOD in HIS wisdom has a plan... and we all fit into that plan... sometimes we have to adjust to fit because we do not see the entire plan... only our small part of it. Losing Jason has made me look at that plan and wonder where I fit into it... My son finished his work... lessons learned... and was welcomed into Heaven too early for a mother's heart... but right on God's time.

<http://jasoncdunn.tripod.com/>

<http://memoriesofjason.tripod.com/>

<http://jasonsfriends2.tripod.com/>

<http://www.geocities.com/tcfwyoming/index.html>

<http://lovingyoualwaysjason.tripod.com/>

<http://lovingyoualwaysjason.tripod.com/9Years.html>

<http://lovingyoualwaysjason.tripod.com/Birthday32.html>

<http://memoriesofchristmas.tripod.com/Christmas2006.html>

<http://lovingyoualwaysjason.tripod.com/10Years.html>

*It's lonely here without you,
We miss you more each day,
For life is not the same to us,
Since you were called away.
To your resting place we visit,
Place flowers there with care,
But no one knows our heartache,
When we turn and leave you there.*

When asked about a symbol for Jason:

I'm not sure what kind of symbol you're looking for...Bald or golden eagles are the only symbol I can think of...Jason sends them for us...when we really need to know he is still here with us...I did go to Jim's website and I'm so sorry for your loss....only another parent can ever understand the depths of our pain.....I wish we were still that blissfully stupid...

Love and light Susie

Jason Christopher Dunn

June 5, 1974 - March 13, 1997

Jason's symbols are a bald and/or golden eagles.

Charlie & Kay Walton's sons, Tim (12-6-64), and Don (6-4-67), died from carbon monoxide poisoning, 12-15-86.

Charlie spoke at J.I.M.'s Conference 1997 and shared his view of a father's grief. He wrote: **WHEN THERE ARE NO WORDS *Finding Your Way to Cope with Loss and Grief***

This is a 96-page book that he wrote a few years after two of their three sons were killed in an accident. It is designed specifically for persons enduring those first numbing weeks and months of grief after a loss. It has been used in the wake of tragedies at Jonesboro, Columbine, the World Trade Center and in thousands of individual grief cases. The book's unique ability to help people seems to lie in its direct approach. It's the conversation that he wished someone had had with him after their boys died. It has chapters like "People Are Going To Say A Lot of Dumb Stuff," "Inevitable Guilt," and "Getting Mad at God." It is available from www.amazon.com

CARE-NOTES

Abbey Press publishes a wide variety of booklets called Care-Notes that are designed to provide hope and encouragement for persons in the midst of all kinds of life struggles. You often see these Care-Notes in racks in churches, hospitals, and funeral homes. Charlie has written three of these Care-Notes for Abbey and recommends them as gifts to persons working through grief. The three he has written are:

"Twelve Reflections on the First 12 Weeks of Grief"
"Living with Loss While Others Are Celebrating"
"What a Loved One's Death Teaches Us About Life"

You can order these or other Care-Notes from Abbey Press, One Caring Place, St. Meinrad, IN 47577, 800-621-1588. Or you can order them from www.onecaringplace.com.

Charlie has a new website and wants to share it with you, there are all kinds of writings on his website that will be of interest to you, and lots of “free stuff.” His website address is: www.FreeStuffFromCharlie.com

Tim's & Don's symbols are the theatrical masks, comedy and tragedy.

Phyllis Bowling's son, Douglas Clay (8-5-80), died from cancer, 4-26-04.

Douglas Clay's sister, Traci Ackerman, is a graduate of Cumberland. Since her brother's death, we have been in contact. Just recently she lost a dear friend, Patsy, to death who was also a graduate of Cumberlands. She wrote about her own struggle:

Dear Dinah,

I have been looking over the newsletters since I emailed you. I didn't realize they were all archived on the site. It amazes me at the families in the same position as me. It is kind of comforting in many ways, but I wish the pain had not reached quite so far in another. I know for me, it has been very hard to move forward. Every time I get half over this hill, something like 3 of my good friends losing siblings in the same month or losing Patsy happens. Just last night, I lost my best friend's Mom to a heart attack. With every loss, it brings back my own pain of him somehow. I have come to the conclusion that I must struggle with it, deal with and move forward with it. I just hate people telling me that I am so strong. I am not strong. I just have no choice but to "walk with it" as he used to tell me. He once told me that I had to "walk with it" since cancer had put him in a wheelchair and he couldn't

"walk with it" himself. So lately, I just keep telling myself that as these families, my families and support group for the last 3 years, fall apart too, I feel that all too familiar pain.

I really can't wait to attend the event (Space Between Breaths Documentary). I can't tell you how many long nights I am up at 1 am, like tonight and just searching for someone that understands. Here in Nicholasville, there are no real resources to siblings. When my friends' brothers passed away, they all kind of looked to me for guidance. To be honest, I was still looking for someone's hand to hold myself. It is at best, the blind leading the blind at times. At other times, I wonder if maybe my experience with losing him has, in many ways, prepared me to help someone else. I know my heart goes out to all the parents and siblings of those lost. Patsy's sister, Grace, was my brother's oncology nurse. She was with us through thick and thin. There were many afternoons and nights she sat with me in that cold hallway outside his room. I would cry, pray and beg God to get through a few of those hours. She told me the other day, looking back, that she honestly had no idea what battles I had to struggle with at the time, but it was nice to know she at least had someone to talk to about it. I'm just not real sure if I have all the answers she may need for this. I just pray I somehow say or do the right thing. But I also know that someone has to take the stand and talk about the issues we all face. I am so happy that you and Rosemary have worked so hard to be so vocal. I remember her sending that box of books to our house after losing Douglas Clay. I know I read the books 3 times over. Somehow, I didn't feel so alone. Just like I a lot of times look at the memorial sites listed on your websites. I even started Douglas Clay one.

We lost Douglas Clay to esophagus, stomach and bone cancer. His memorial site is www.myspace.com/douglasbowling. There are so many pictures and stories about him on there. He asked me to do 47 things. The last two he said would take a lifetime. They were, to keep his memory alive since he felt he was too young to leave a real legacy. He also wanted me to make his life more than a statistic through donation money for research and reaching out to those families in our shoes. I can't tell you how many times that I have spoken before people for the American Cancer Society after being the kind of person to hyperventilate over a class report in high school. It's funny how we can find the courage to follow through when our loved ones can't. Speaking of which, I need to go and check on my best friend. Not only did she lose her mom, but she is 9 months pregnant and put on bed rest. This is a true nightmare for her. But as my motto goes, "We just have to keep walking and breathing together" and we will make it through the next

few tough days. I guess I just have a few more "angels" watching my back now.

Thanks for everything,

Traci

Douglas Clay's symbol is a bulldog.

Barry & Cyssi Rinck's daughter, Jaymi (5-6-89), died from complications of Down Syndrome, 2-2-90.

Cyssi's note expresses how important it is that we not only remember each other's children, but we must let the parents know that we remember their children. Please look at the March birth and angel dates and contact these parents who have websites. You know how important it is for your child to be remembered.

Dinah,

I'd like to thank you for the beautiful things that you do to let us know that our child is remembered by someone other than ourselves... I've built my life around helping other bereaved parents with The Angel Connection... and sometimes it's such a sad and lonely task to constantly offer my love and support and feel like I am so busy helping everyone else that Jaymi's memory has fallen through the cracks between everyone else's angel child... so it meant sooooo much when you took the time to let us know that you were thinking of us and our Jaymi...

We wish you peace love and healing always...

Cyssi

Mom to earth angel Brandi and heavenly angel Jaymi

I emailed Cyssi to ask if I could use her note. Her response:

Yes, you can absolutely use my note in your newsletter. I'm afraid it wasn't really well written... it seems that I have been completely 'fuzzy brained' for the past couple weeks. Jaymi's anniversary date took the breath out of me. I don't seem to have any focus or concentration... I can barely function. One day I was fine and the next WEEK... all I could do was cry. I haven't felt this sad about Jaymi in a long time... I guess I thought that time had healed. Wow! Was I wrong! I should have known better... because like

all bereaved parents... I have my ups and downs... but fortunately most have been up... but this last anniversary, like I said... I did NOT handle it well... so your note and your reminders that you were thinking of us... meant the world to us! We both thank you again.

I've always associated the angel with my little Jaymi. That's why my support group and newsletter has been called The Angel Connection, since 1995... But perhaps you were speaking of something else? Please let me know. And THANK YOU FOR ALL THAT YOU DO.

Wishing you love, peace and healing...

Cyssi Rinck, Editor/Creator

The Angel Connection

A Newsletter And Support Group

For Bereaved Parent's Since 1995

Come by and meet my daughter Jaymi

<http://www.angelfire.com/blues/jcr/main.html>

Yahoo Group:

Come and join The Angel Connection.

Make friends, help others and perhaps help yourself along the endless journey of grief and learning to live again.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/TheAngelConnection/>

Jaymi's symbol is an angel.

Jeff & Mary Treadway's son, Robbie (8-19-71), had been drinking and died in an auto accident, 12-14-05.

Mary is an example for us all:

Dear Dinah,

Thank you for e-mailing me in regard to Robbie's court date. I am pleased, which is unusual for a parent who has lost someone to tragedy with the court system in State vs. Bank Street Bar. First, the laws in Kentucky for alcohol related issues are very lax, which falls on people like me to try to make a change. In Robbie's case of being over-served and crashing his vehicle causing him to die, is a misdemeanor.

Of course there is no end, but perhaps that door can now be closed in this terrible journey that has depressed me and made me ill. Bank Street Bar in Mt. Sterling, Ky., where Robbie spent the last hours of his life, plead guilty. Therefore, they are put on probation for two years. If they over-serve or serve a minor, for example, they could face jail time. Two years is a long time to make sure you don't mess up where alcohol is being served, I would think. Both the owner and former bartender must complete 40 hours each of community service. I suggested the service to be speaking at the classes with the Alcohol Beverage Control where they have Star Training classes for potential servers. This will make them have to repeat the story of Robbie over and over and possibly prevent it from happening to someone else. Doesn't sound like much of a punishment but they, as well as myself, have had to think of Robbie's death and how it could have been prevented. I have discovered that more than 20 counties now have an ordinance that requires servers of alcohol to attend training and be certified. I am asking Mt. Sterling to do the same.

I have little energy and everything takes so long; my husband just looks at me and says, "When is this ever going to end?" I tell him, "Never." My safe place in this journey is still with my great counselor at Hospice for grief here in Lexington and with the MADD from Frankfort who have never let me down and stuck with me from the get go. By being outspoken and telling what happened the night of December 13, 2005, I have become disliked by many. People have said to me, "Aren't you embarrassed?" or "Maybe you should have just let it go." No, Robbie was a great guy with a big heart. This is not a vendetta; it is trying to prevent someone else from doing the same.

I have done everything that I can do for Robbie now and my message to him is:

*"Fly free and happy beyond birthdays and across forever,
And we'll meet now and then when we wish, in the midst of
The one celebration that never can end.
And in the middle of Here and Now, don't you think
That we might see each other once or twice?"*

I liked this from the first time I read it several years ago and it is so Robbie whom I will love forever. This is now and another level of grief. Just pray for me.

In a later email:

Thank you so very much for everything you do. I am looking down the road and getting much information put together for a law that will mandate and stipulate that all servers of alcohol go through the Alcoholic Beverage Control "Star Program" which is Server Training in Alcohol Regulations. Twenty some counties have the ordinance requiring the training; it should be state wide. Fortunately, this can be done by phone calls and lots of e-mails; the old squeaky wheel thing. I see it as somewhat down the road, but that is one of my few goals. Strange how our goals change after our hearts break and the air is knocked out of us.

*Fellow Traveler,
Mary Treadway
Robbie's Mom*

Robbie's symbol is a baseball.

**Jeanne Lucke's son, Nick (6-3-80), died in an auto accident,
7-23-04.**

Jeanne asked some very profound questions, and is anxious to hear your opinions:

Since losing my son, all kinds of things go through my head that I would never ever even dream about. I have already buried my mom and my dad and none of these questions have ever come up.....I hope that when you are dead that you do not ever feel pain again, but yet I wonder...I have been to a psychic a couple of times with a group that specializes in "the afterlife." And I talk to these people that have never been there before and cry and feel the pain of the messages. But yet, the messages are all--so insignificant.....as the psychic puts it all "mumbled and jumbled" and the messages--even though they hit home with a lot of people-- none of them have anything do with feelings. So I guess my question is---and it will all depend on who believes in what--- does my son see the pain that has evolved from his "passing" does he feel the pain from his passing, does he know how badly it has affected all of us??? And does he miss us as bad as we miss him?? Not that I want him to ever feel any pain again.....I am hoping once you get there, there is no more paindoes he see me and my grief.....I

don't want him to see any of this, I want him to be free of pain, but if he does, does he feel???? They say they don't feel anymore but I have to believe that God feels so why do they not feel???????? The thing that bothers me is "they say" they don't miss us...."Who is they??" And yet, I agree that they should be so free from pain.....And I do not want my son to see how badly we are all doing since he left.....

My son's sign is a butterfly. He was always a free-loving spirit and was there for everyone that needed him, and had more friends than I could only wish I could have in a lifetime!

*Thanks,
Jeanne*

Jeanne's email address is JLucke@cinci.rr.com

Nick's symbol is a butterfly.

George & Annette Walker, III's son, John (1-24-84), died in an auto accident, 10-12-02.

Hi Dinah,

As always it is very touching to hear from you. It always comes at just the right moment. You do such an amazing job. Thank you for always remembering John. There is a Parley P Pratt Memorial being done in American Fort, Utah which will honor those missionaries who died while serving a mission. Included are those who had begun the process but died before receiving their calling. Such as John who would have left in January.

The Christmas Box Angel has been a wonderful touchstone for many in our community. It is always covered in flowers. There are books of the story and some movies available at the office of the cemetery where it was erected. We have continued the Christmas Tree with the names of children who have passed on copper stars. It stands outside in the courtyard of the Cultural Arts Center.

Love, Annette

John's symbol is a star.

Phil & Carole Pendergrass' son, Chad (9-21-72), died from cancer, 6-10-86.

The family shares Chad's story:

On Thursday, September 21, 1972, my husband Phillip and I became the proud parents of a precious, blond-haired, brown-eyed baby boy whom we named Chad Phillip Pendergrass. He was born at Maria Parham Hospital in Henderson, North Carolina. He weighed 7 pounds and measured 19 and ¼ inches long.

Chad was a very healthy baby, and everywhere we went, people complimented him on his beautiful blond hair and brown eyes. Everyone said how pretty he was to be a boy.

As a toddler, Chad loved the outdoors and doing the things all little boys like to do, such as swinging on his swing set, playing in the sandbox, and riding his tricycle and big-wheel in the driveway. He also liked to go to the lake and ride in his Uncle Bobby's boat, play outside in his tent, and ride on the back of his Mom's bike. He loved all kinds of animals, especially his dog, Champ. He also loved to swim, and had learned to swim by the age of 3. At 4, he could swim and dive to the bottom of the pool. When he was not outside, Chad loved watching his favorite television programs, Sesame Street and Mr. Rogers. He would also sit for hours at a time building with his Lego blocks, putting puzzles together, or looking at picture books.

Chad couldn't wait for his Daddy to get home from work each day, because he always had a surprise in his shirt pocket for Chad. As soon as his Daddy walked into the house, Chad would jump up on him and stick his little hand in the shirt pocket to get his surprise; then he would kiss his Daddy on the cheek and give him a big hug.

Chad was a little over 4 years old when his sister Audrey came along. He was so happy to be a BIG brother, and he adored his sister. They were the best of friends! They enjoyed roller-skating, bike riding, swimming, jumping on the trampoline, playing in the snow, and riding on their sleds. Our family was now complete.

Chad looked forward to his yearly visits to Lock Haven, PA, to see his grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins. They all adored Chad and loved to listen to his Southern accent. He liked to spend the night at Aunt Teresa and Uncle Mike's home, where he watched his favorite cartoons, ate her yummy spaghetti and went riding with Uncle Mike in his yellow corvette. As time went on, Chad looked forward to his summer vacations, making new friends and hanging out with his cousins Kevin and Keith. If they weren't inside playing the Atari, they were outside fishing, hunting, riding bikes, or swimming in the pool. They enjoyed spending the night at each other's house. He loved to go to the beach and fish off the pier in the summer too. The things he enjoyed most were watching a Dallas Cowboys game, a Carolina Tarheel basketball game, and being up all night to watch World Class Wrestling. Kerry Von Erich was the one and only WCW wrestler, in Chad's opinion.

Chad made us very proud. He was a good boy and excelled in school. In the 1st through the 5th grades, he made the A or B honor roll every time. He graduated in the top 10% of his 6th grade class and was awarded the Youth Fitness Achievement Award. In the 7th grade, he was awarded the Young Scholar Award and inducted into the National Junior Honor Society. In the 8th grade, he won the Student of the Month award and the Young Scholar award, and he made all A's on his last report card.

Chad turned 12 on September 21, 1984. In November, we were watching television and Chad got up to change the channel. He had problems walking. We called our neighbor, James, who is a doctor, and he came to the house to examine Chad. He told us he thought Chad had a pinched nerve and to take him to the Duke Medical Center in Durham, N.C.

We arrived at the Duke emergency room around 9:00 AM and explained Chad's problem. He was taken to an examination room where all kinds of tests were ordered. By noon, the doctors felt that Chad was having an allergic reaction to the medication he was taking for a pulled back muscle. We were relieved to know that it wasn't anything serious.

The doctors wanted to be sure that was the only problem, so they ordered more tests to be completed by a neurologist. We arrived at 12:30 to see the neurologist, and by 3:30 the neurologist knew that something serious was wrong. He ordered CT scans and an MRI. The MRI revealed a spot on Chad's spine.

The doctor ordered immediate surgery, and Chad was taken to a room to be prepped for the surgery. The doctor told us that Chad was paralyzed from the waist down and would never walk again. Upon hearing this devastating news, Phil passed out and hit the floor and I went into shock.

Only minutes later, we were on the way to the operating room. We kissed and hugged Chad, and watched him being pushed into the OR. We told Chad we loved him and we would be waiting for him. About 5 hours later, the OR doors opened, and we got to see Chad as they were taking him to the ICU.

Dr. Oakes told us that Chad had a malignant tumor attached to his spine and had Ewing's Sarcoma, a malignant cancer that arises from the bone. Phil looked at Chad with tear-filled eyes and said, "Son, I wish I could take your place." Chad said, "No, Daddy. Mama and Audrey need you. I will be all right."

After Chad's surgery, he was started on radiation and chemotherapy. He had 5 weeks of radiation and many months of chemo. Later, physical therapy was added, as well.

Chad had a routine CT scan in October. The next day, we received a phone call from the doctor telling us that the scan showed spots on Chad's lungs. He thought the spots might be chicken pox scars, but wanted to be sure. A biopsy showed that Chad had more cancer, and Chad then had to have two separate lung surgeries to remove the tumors.

During the second lung surgery, his bone marrow was harvested in case he needed a bone marrow transplant later, and more aggressive chemo was started in November. Another CT scan in December showed more spots on Chad's lungs. The next step was the bone marrow transplant. It was our only hope. Chad had the transplant in February and was discharged on March 9, 1986.

Things were looking good. One tumor was gone and the other had shrunk. The doctors were positive that the transplant was 100% successful, and told us to come back in 3 weeks. We were so excited to be going home with such good news.

But when we returned in 3 weeks, we were told that the cancer had returned and that Chad had less than 3 months to live. The doctors told us the only thing we could do was to keep him comfortable and to let him do whatever he wanted.

Upon hearing this heartbreaking news, we decided to make a dream come true for him. We flew to Texas to see his favorite WCW wrestler, Kerry Von Erich. Not only did we get to see Kerry wrestle, but also we were fortunate enough to meet him and to have Chad's photo taken with him. Chad was speechless and so exited.

Chad was admitted back into the hospital in May because he was getting progressively worse and was having difficulty breathing. He had to

be put on oxygen, and chest tubes were required because of the fluid build-up in his lungs.

On June 8th, Chad motioned for his Daddy and me to come to his bedside. He took my hand in one of his, and his Daddy's hand in the other. He then looked at us with his eyes of courage and said, "Mama and Daddy, I am in two places at one time. I am here with you and in another world---and it's too beautiful to describe." Chad had a glimpse of heaven. Shortly thereafter, on June 10th, 1986, at the young age of 13, our precious son lost his courageous battle with cancer.

There are so many different pages on Chad's website. I hope you will visit it, read the poems, get to know him and his family. Great pictures of him also.

<http://www.chadppendergrass.com>

Chad's family has a very special prayer request. Their daughter, Audrey, is being treated for Ewing's Sarcoma. She needs all our prayers.

Carole has experienced many losses:

Chad's glimpse of Heaven means so much to us. My mother passed before Chad. She passed away August 14, 1985. My husband's daddy passed away on Feb 13, 1986 while Chad was in the bone marrow unit, then precious Chad on June 10th, 1986. I know they were waiting at the pearly gates to welcome Chad to his Heavenly home.

Thanks for all your prayers. We are really concerned. I pray to God that she will be alright and cancer free. Cancer scares me to death. My mother also died from cancer. She just turned 65 years old and I lost my brother Phil last March 11.

Chad's symbols are WCW, North Carolina Basketball, and the Dallas Cowboys.

Mary Kane's daughter, Linda (11-28-68), was murdered, 9-25-91. Mary's husband, Walt, died 1-7-06.

Mary writes:

Hi Dinah,

Sorry it took so long to write to you. I never thanked you for all the beautiful cards I got from you during all the years that Linda passed away. Like on the anniversary of her death and on her birthday. I do apologize for that. I guess I just have been in another world.

It seems to make me feel better on those days that someone who never had seen or known her really cares, and it's really a comfort. Linda's and Walt's deaths both really hurt badly, but with Walt's death, now I'm really all alone. It just seems like all our friends have stopped coming around or even calling.

My heart goes out to you and your son.

*Love,
Mary*

Sometimes, in our own grief, we forget to reach out to others who are experiencing the same loss. We can help ourselves by helping others. Today, make it a point to reach out to someone else who is hurting.

Linda's symbols are a unicorn and an angel.

Ricky & Karen Squires' daughter, Natalie (4-17-82), died after a go-cart she was riding ran into a motorcycle. 10-23-94.

Karen shared what has given back her life:

Dear Dinah,

I received your letter and I cried. But I also felt good and comforted. For 12 years, you have sent me things in the mail and I never responded. But make no mistake, it was truly a beautiful and loving thing that you do. Thank you for your kindness and a tender heart of showing me you care.

I now have two little grand daughters and they have given me my life back.

I will send you more later. I do want to tell you about Natalie.

Thank you again; I know God sent you to me for a reason.

Love you,

Karen

P.S. One little thing about Natalie was that she loved "old people." She also loved to clog (dance).

"Big Hug"

Stephen & Meredith Prue's son, Jeff Peak (3-10-90), died from auto-asphyxiation. 11-7-04.

Meredith has made a special webpage for Jeff's 17th birthday:

~~My Son Jeff~~

3/10/90 - 11/7/04

*You **should** be turning 17 in a few days.... it's just too sad 4 words...*

On March 10th, Jeff's "heavenly" b-day - We're releasing balloons in his memory and for all children who have Gone Before their Time! If you'd like to take part-That would be So Great!! Please SEND PICS!

www.jeffreypeak.com

I encourage you to watch the TV interview of Meredith talking about how Jeff died. This needs to be shared with parents of teenagers.

Jeff's symbols are drums and the peace sign.

This chocolate love was sent by Cindy Jo Greever and I send it on to all of you:



My email address is: dinah@ucumberlands.edu

The website's address is <http://www.ucumberlands.edu/lamentations/>