

LAMENTATIONS

Issue 116

middle

December, 2007

This poem was written by Sue-Anne Aguilera from her son Lee's viewpoint, but I feel that it is to us from all our children:

REMEMBERING CHRISTMAS

*Mom we don't have those
BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS TREES IN HEAVEN
But the ANGEL'S, we do see them
As we look upon them below
It reminds us all of how it use to be
Trees, Sparkling Ornaments And of course the Snow*

*We remember too the sounds
Of Christmas Carol's and the
Beautiful music that so many
People still hold so Dear
But Mom if only you could listen to
THE ANGEL'S The way they sing up here*

*In HEAVEN we don't give each other Gifts
The ANGEL'S, we get things ready walk around and Sing
We are getting ready for the
BIRTH OF BABY JESUS
And spend Christmas with THE KING*

*Mom I remember everything you did FOR ME
Through out my life, especially at CHRISTMAS
Now being an ANGEL it is so Beautiful
Knowing now the true meaning OF IT ALL
PEACE, LOVE, PROSPERITY
I LOVE YOU MOM
YOUR ANGEL LEE*

Please visit Lee's Christmas Page:
<http://www.angelfire.com/blues/4evermyangel/Christmas2007.html>

Grief Grafts

David & Emma Keen's son, Jonathan (10-22-77), died in a trucking accident, 10-15-03.

Emma wrote this poem:

THE BLUE TREE

THE BLUE TREE
IS FOR ALL OUR CHILDREN WE HAVE LOST
IT'S FOR YOU AND IT'S FOR ME
AND THE GRIEF OF OUR LOSS

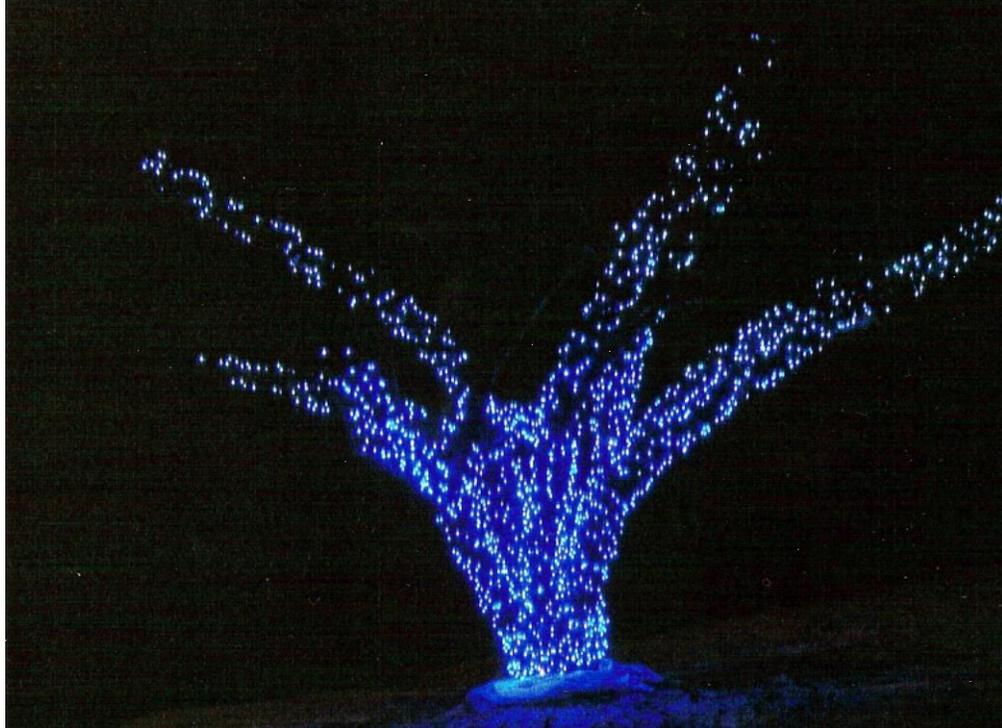
THE BLUE TREE
TO HEAVEN REACHES ITS LIMBS
IT'S FOR YOU AND IT'S FOR ME
AND IT REACHES TOWARD HER AND HIM

THE BLUE TREE
REPRESENTS THE TEARS WE HAVE AND WILL SHED
IT'S FOR YOU AND IT'S FOR ME
AND ALL THE THINGS WE WISH WE HAD SAID

THE BLUE TREE
AWAITS YOUR SMILE WHEN YOU PASS BY OR ARRIVE
IT'S FOR YOU AND IT'S FOR ME
TO HELP KEEP MEMORIES OF OUR CHILDREN ALIVE

THE BLUE TREE
IS TO SHOW OUR NEVER-ENDING LOVE
IT'S FOR YOU AND IT'S FOR ME
TO SAY, "MERRY CHRISTMAS" TO ALL OUR CHILDREN UP ABOVE

WITH LOVE, MOM, EMMA L. KEEN©
IN LOVING MEMORY OF JONATHAN D. KEEN
OCTOBER 22, 1977-OCTOBER 15, 2003



My sister, Nancy, and I decorated The Blue Tree last year for all our children we have lost. Nancy and I wrapped 3,000 blue lights around my Magnolia tree. This year, we redecorated the tree and put 3,150 lights on it. I have had many comments about the tree by those who have passed by and admired it. I tell them The Blue Tree is for all our children.

Jonathan's symbols are a smile and NASCAR.

Howard & Sandy Graham's son, Scott (10-24-77), completed suicide, 4-28-95.

Sandy would love to have a telephone call:

Dear Sweet Dinah

Thank you for remembering us on Scott's birthday. It has been a hard day for me, Scott would have been 30 today. We used to talk about age and being in the 21st century; he used to tell me that when he turned 30 he was

going to call me and tell me I must be REALLY old to have a 30-year-old child.

I wish I could get that call.

I was up early this AM; the sky was so pretty. Today was just like the day he was born. Beautiful blue sky, warm sun, not a cloud in the sky for those planes to play with.

Thank you again

Sandy

Scott's symbols are a dolphin and an F16.

Greg & June Witty's son, Jonathan (10-24-85), died in an auto accident, 6-7-02.

June sent this email:

Dinah,

Thank you so much for remembering our son. We miss him so. Even though I have never personally met you, you lift me up just to hear from you. I know you are very special to a lot of people who have had to travel this journey none of us wanted to. Thank you for being that person to help others. Seems like there's nothing I can say or do to help anyone. As I still have so much anger, don't know if it will ever leave me or not.

Thank you again.

June Witty

I told June that I didn't get rid of my anger until I started counseling. I really didn't realize I had so much anger until then. If you haven't had counseling, I encourage you to do so. It was the best thing I did to help myself get better.

June responded:

Greg and I went to counseling a few years ago; it did help some, we had to go out of town to get it. There is nowhere to go here in Tompkinsville for counseling. There was a lady that tried to help people in our town by

having meetings, but no one would come. So seems like everyone here just keeps their grief bottled up inside. Some deal with it better than others. But inside I know different. When we went, it took all our energy just to go. Thanks so much for caring. Love June

Jonathan's symbols are a star, rainbow, 4-wheeler.

Charlotte Martin's son, Keith James (1-16-71), died in a drowning accident, 2-21-97.

Charlotte is a mover and a shaker:

DEAR DINAH,

YOU ASKED ME TO GET THE ROUTING INFORMATION FROM THE NEWSPAPER THAT WAS GOING TO COVER OUR PRESENTATION YESTERDAY.

IT IS IRONIC THAT THE VERY KIND OF THING THAT WE WERE TRYING TO PREPARE OUR COMMUNITIES FOR WAS THE VERY THING THAT DISRUPTED OUR PRESENTATION AND DAMAGED THE VERY CHURCH WHERE WE WERE GOING TO HAVE THE MEETING.

A TORNADO CAME THROUGH OWENSBORO LAST THURSDAY EVENING AND CAUSED OVER NINE MILLION DOLLARS OF DAMAGE. WE WERE GOING TO HAVE TRI-STATE NEWS COVERAGE ON CHANNEL 25 NEWS, BUT HAD TO CANCEL. THE STEEPLE FELL THROUGH THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH INTO THE SANCTUARY.

THERE WERE GOING TO BE FIVE PEOPLE GIVING PRESENTATIONS ABOUT THEIR VISIONS AND GOALS FOR THIS COMMUNITY AND SURROUNDING COMMUNITIES. THE VISIONS SHARED ONE COMMON OBJECTIVE OF BEGINNING MINISTRIES TO HELP THE BEREAVED.

BOB ROBEY, WHO TRAINED THE U.S. ARMY IN SUICIDE PREVENTION, WAS GOING TO TELL OF HIS VISION AND PLANS TO OPEN A TRAUMATIC BEREAVEMENT AND LOSS CENTER IN OWENSBORO.

DR. BYRD, THE PASTOR OF THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH, WAS GOING TO TELL OF HIS PLAN TO BEGIN A BEREAVEMENT MINISTRY FOR THIS COMMUNITY THAT WOULD REACH OUT TO THE BEREAVED FOR AT LEAST A YEAR, BUT LONGER IF NEEDED. HE HAD GOTTEN OTHER PASTORS OF DIFFERENT RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS INTERESTED. HE HAD PLANNED TO

CAREFULLY SELECT ONLY PASTORS WHO WOULD NOT EVANGELIZE TO THE BEREAVED, BUT SIMPLY HELP THE BEREAVED.

JEAN JULIUS, A FACILITATOR OF THE LOCAL CHAPTER OF TCF WAS GOING TO TELL OF HER PLAN TO BEGIN IMPLEMENTING THE SECONDARY PURPOSE OF TCF, TO EDUCATE OTHERS HOW TO HELP THE BEREAVED.

KATHRYN MARTIN FROM EVANSVILLE, INDIANA WAS GOING TO TELL OF HER GOAL TO HAVE MORE C.J.'S BUSES. PLEASE LOOK AT HER WEBSITE (WWW.CJSBUS.ORG) IT IS AMAZING AT WHAT SHE HAS ACCOMPLISHED IN JUST TWO YEARS SINCE HER TWO-YEAR-OLD SON, C.J., WAS KILLED BY THE TORNADO IN EVANSVILLE.

I WAS GOING TO TELL OF MY DREAM TO GET MY VIDEO TO PARENTS WHOSE CHILDREN HAVE DIED IN THE WAR IN IRAQ. I BEGAN DOING THIS IN JUNE, BUT HAVE ONLY FOUND TWO PARENTS. I WAS GOING TO ASK THE COMMUNITY TO HELP. I ALSO WAS GOING TO TELL OF MY VISION TO HELP PAY FOR FUNERAL EXPENSES AND/OR MONUMENT FOR BEREAVED PARENTS WHO NEED HELP. MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS HAVE SUBMITTED MY STORY TO THE CNN HERO SEARCH, MONTEL HERO SEARCH, FAMILY CIRCLE AND THE VOLVO FOR LIFE AWARDS. SOME OF THESE HAVE NO MONETARY REWARDS, BUT SOME WILL PUT \$20,000 TO \$100,000 INTO A 501(3) C OR DONATE TO YOUR FAVORITE CHARITY. I MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH THAT IF I SHOULD WIN ANY OF THOSE AWARDS THAT THE MONEY WOULD GO INTO THEIR 501(3) C AND PAY FOR MONUMENTS, ETC.

I HAVE BEEN ON TELEVISION REPLAYS FOR TWO WEEKS ASKING THE PUBLIC TO GET INVOLVED IN THESE PLANS BY ATTENDING OUR FIRST MEETING, WHICH WAS CANCELLED. AS YOU MIGHT KNOW, THAT WAS TERRIBLY FRUSTRATING FOR ME AS I HAD BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO SUCH A DAY FOR OVER TEN YEARS.

AT FIRST THEY WERE SAYING THIS TORNADO WAS AN F-2, BUT NOW I BELIEVE THEY HAVE DISCOVERED THAT IT WAS AN F-3. I DROVE A COUPLE OF MILES AWAY AND STARTED LOOKING FOR THE FIRST SIGNS OF DAMAGE AND YOU MIGHT GUESS WHERE IT WAS - - OUR HOUSE. APPARENTLY THE TORNADO BEGAN DROPPING TO THE GROUND RIGHT OVER OUR HOUSE. IT TOOK SHINGLES AND BRANCHES, BUT UPROOTED ENTIRE TREES THREE HOUSES AWAY AND TOTALLY DESTROYED A MOBILE HOME A BLOCK AWAY, TRAPPING THE RESIDENT BENEATH THE COUCH. WE'VE HAD MANY TORNADO WARNINGS, AND OF COURSE THE TORNADO OF 2000, BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT I THOUGHT THERE WAS NO WAY THAT WE WOULD SURVIVE. THE NOISE HAS TRAUMATIZED MY FOUR-YEAR-OLD. WE USED TO SLEEP WITH ONLY ONE LIGHT ON IN THE HOUSE ON THE SIDE AWAY FROM THE BEDROOMS. NOW HE WANTS THE LIGHTS ON IN THE ROOM NEXT TO THE BEDROOM AND WILL NOT GO INTO A DARK ROOM AT ALL. HE WAKES UP THROUGH THE NIGHT ASKING IF IT'S A STORM AND THE FIRST THING HE ASKS IN THE MORNING IS IF THERE IS A STORM COMING. IF THE TORNADO HAD TOUCHED DOWN A SECOND EARLIER, WE WOULD PROBABLY HAVE A DIFFERENT STORY. THE WEATHER REPORTER HAD TOLD US TO GET TO OUR "SAFE PLACE" IMMEDIATELY ONCE OR TWICE. THEN HE SAID THE STORM

HAD WEAKENED AND THERE WAS NO TORNADO, BUT STRAIGHT-LINE WINDS. I MOVED US OUT OF OUR HALL CLOSET, OUR ONLY INTERIOR ROOM AND I HAD BRIAN AND MY MOM TO GO TO HER "EXTERIOR" BEDROOM. AS SOON AS I GOT THE FLASHLIGHTS, BATTERIES, RADIOS, BATTERY T.V. OUT OF THE CLOSET, THE WEATHERMAN SAID THAT INFORMATION WAS WRONG AND THAT THE STORM HAD INTENSIFIED AND WAS EAST OF THE BYPASS, ABOUT 1/4 MILE FROM OUR HOME. I BARELY HAD TIME TO SHUT THE BEDROOM DOOR, JUMP INTO BED WITH BRIAN AND MOM AND WE TRIED TO SHIELD BRIAN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT TOTALLY LAYING ON HIM. HE BEGAN CRYING AND SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY "WHAT'S THAT NOISE?" I THOUGHT THAT THE NOISE WOULD ONLY LAST A SECOND, BUT IT SEEMED TO GO ON FOR THIRTY SECONDS AT LEAST, WHICH OF COURSE, SEEMED FOREVER.

KATHRYN MARTIN HAD E-MAILED ME AND ASKED IF I WANTED HER TO BRING C.J.'S BUS TO OWENSBORO FOR OUR PRESENTATION. INSTEAD IT WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT C.J.'S BUS WAS USED FOR OFFICIAL BUSINESS AND SHE BROUGHT IT TO OWENSBORO AND STAYED FOR ALMOST A WEEK. I TOOK BRIAN THERE, OF COURSE, AND HE LOVED PLAYING IN THE BUS, AND IT HELPED GET HIS MIND OFF OUR TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE FOR AWHILE.

I WISH THAT WHEN KATHRYN MARTIN'S SON AND OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS WERE KILLED BY THE TORNADO IN EVANSVILLE THAT I HAD BEEN ABLE TO TAKE A BUS FULL OF PEOPLE OR A FEW INDIVIDUALS WHO KNEW HOW TO EDUCATE THE "OTHERS" AS TO HOW MUCH HELP AND WHAT KIND OF HELP PEOPLE LIKE KATHRYN MARTIN MAY NEED. OF COURSE, THIS WILL MAKE ME MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER, BUT FOR NOW I'M TOO FRUSTRATED TO DO MUCH MORE THAN CLEAN MY FLOORS.

ONE DAY I'M TRYING TO CHANGE THE WORLD AND THE NEXT DAY I'M MOPPING THE FLOORS.

BOB ROBEY E-MAILED ME YESTERAY AND TOLD ME HE PLANS TO SPEND THE NEXT SEVERAL MONTHS ON HIS VISION TO OPEN A TRAUMATIC BEREAVEMENT AND LOSS CENTER HERE, SO THAT'S ENCOURAGING.

I HOPE YOU WILL CONTACT KATHRYN MARTIN. I TOLD HER ABOUT J.I.M.'S CONFERENCE. WILL YOU BE GOING TO THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS CONFERENCE IN NASHVILLE NEXT YEAR? I BELIEVE THAT SEVERAL PEOPLE FROM OWENSBORO WILL BE GOING.

P.S. I JUST GOT MY WEBSITE BACK UP THIS WEEK. I DID NOT KNOW THAT YOU HAVE TO REGISTER IT ANNUALLY AND I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT IT HAD BEEN "GONE" SINCE AUGUST 31ST. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CHEAPER IF I HAD CHANGED IT FROM WWW.HELPTHEBEREAVED.COM TO .ORG, BUT I HAVE GIVEN AWAY AT LEAST 200 OF MY VIDEOS WITH .COM ON IT, SO I WAS AFRAID TO DO THAT.

THINGS IN MY LIFE HAVE BEEN SO HECTIC FOR THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS. I'VE HAD FULL CUSTODY OF BRIAN NOW FOR GOING ON SIX MONTHS. BUT, I DID FINALLY GET AROUND TO AN ATTEMPT TO NOMINATE ROSEMARY FOR THE CNN HERO AWARD. IT WAS TOO LATE, BUT THEY DID TELL ME THAT I COULD SUBMIT IT AFTER DECEMBER THE 8TH - - THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE IT AGAIN NEXT YEAR.

LOVE
CHARLOTTE MARTIN

Keith's symbol is karate.

Kathryn Martin's son, C.J. (7-2-03), died in a tornado, 11-6-05.

A letter from Kathryn Martin

On November 6th, 2005 our family was forever altered by Mother Nature. My two-year old son, C.J., was having a slumber party at his great-grandmother's house. His grandmother stayed for the sleepover and joined in the festivities. In the middle of the night, an F3 tornado instantly destroyed three generations of love. The smell of gas, the screams from those who used to be my neighbors, the darkness, and the sirens, were all the sights and sounds of that night. The fear of not finding my baby and having to tell other injured individuals that I could not stay with them because I had to find my son, will forever haunt me.

Having lived through this type of disaster gives you first hand experience in the amount of support a community needs and the gaps where no support can be found. As volunteer organizations focus on housing, clothing and feeding the survivors, families with children are placed into an impossible balance of caring for their children and ensuring their safety while dealing with the aftermath. Safe and accessible childcare is overlooked as a necessity.

CJ's Bus is a proposal to provide a safe, mobile childcare facility loaded with games and toys for children in disaster. CJ's Bus will enable parents to take the time to deal with paperwork as well as the opportunity to 'just breathe'. CJ's Bus will allow children to play and have fun with other children who have suffered the same devastating events as one another. I envision CJ's Bus as a way to begin the battle of healing for families that are put in unpreventable circumstances.

Thank you for helping us to make CJ's Bus a reality.

Sincerely,
Kathryn M. Martin
November 5, 2006
Evansville, Indiana

Kathryn Martin, Founder

Kathryn Martin is a wife and a mother of four. On November 6, 2005, Kathryn's family was forever altered by the wrath of Mother Nature when three family members, including her two year old son, C.J., died in a tornado that struck the Eastbrook mobile home park where she lived in Evansville, Indiana. While coping with the devastating loss, Kathryn committed to turn her grief into a positive force for change. She returned to school and finished her coursework, receiving a degree in Human Services with a desire to be a child advocate from Ivy Tech Community College in May 2006.

In January 2006, Kathryn initiated the process to pass C.J.'s Law, mandating that every mobile home manufactured in the state of Indiana be equipped with a NOAA weather radio which would alert residents to impending severe weather threats. This proposition will be introduced into the Indiana General Assembly by State Representative Phil Hoy in January 2007. Kathryn also spearheaded the building of a memorial park and playground at Eastbrook mobile home park where she once lived and where her family members died. Kathryn received the Lampion Center Community Service Award for her efforts in building the two acre memorial park that was dedicated to those who lost their lives as well as those who survived. A playground was designed in the memorial to help the children who still live in the mobile home park feel a sense of normalcy after their lives were literally turned upside down by the forces of nature. Kathryn continuously advocates for those who remain in Eastbrook by writing to Congress about the need for shelters in mobile home parks

On Friday, May 26th 2006, Kathryn, a friend, and their children drove to a small Indiana town that was ravaged by a tornado the night before, to lend a helping hand. With coloring books, crayons, fruit snacks, and juice boxes in hand, Kathryn provided a sense of peace to a family she had never met by caring for their children as the parents spent hours sifting through the rubble of their former home. This experience was the catalyst behind the CJs Bus Foundation.

The Story behind CJ's Bus

CJ's Bus was born out of three unique ingredients: the personal experience of Jeff Parness following the 2003 San Diego wildfires; Kathryn Martin's experience providing emergency child care assistance to a family following the May 2006 Otwell, Indiana tornado; and a conversation Jeff and Kathryn had in June 2006 in which Kathryn stated her desire to honor her son C.J.'s legacy by continuing to reach out and help other families by caring for their children in the immediate aftermath of disasters. What came out of this experience was the realization of the need for a mobile recreation unit to drop directly into disaster sites in the immediate aftermath of disasters in order to keep kids distracted in a safe group environment.

Kathryn lost her 2-year-old son C.J., as well as her mother-in-law and grandmother-in-law in the deadly F3 tornado which ravaged Evansville and Newburgh, Indiana at 1:58AM on November 6, 2005. The tornado took 25 lives and was one of the deadliest in Indiana history.

As a testament to her character, Kathryn returned to school and received her degree in human services with a special focus on child advocacy; she led the effort to build the Memorial Park for the surviving children and families of Eastbrook Mobile Home Community to enjoy; she's pushing "CJ's Law" through the Indiana Legislature, with the help of Representative Phil Hoy, that will mandate mobile home manufacturers to pre-install NOAA weather radios in order to provide mobile home residents with potential life-saving warnings in the event of future storms; and she reached out in May 2006 to the families in the neighboring community of Otwell, Indiana who were also hit by an F3 tornado – with a very simple and kind gesture:

Kathryn loaded up her car with coloring books, crayons and juice boxes, and along with a friend, went about searching for children playing in the debris and offered their parents to keep their kids distracted for a few hours by sitting down with them and coloring.

This simple gesture provided immeasurable relief to the families she and her friend Brandi Crawley-Gish assisted, as these parents were given a few hours to attend to their immediate recovery needs. And it also provided these children with the opportunity to maintain their innocence as children in the face of disaster.

(The Evansville Courier & Press wrote a beautiful story about Kathryn and Brandi's efforts to help the families in Otwell, Indiana which you can [read here](#)).

When Jeff met Kathryn in Evansville in June 2006, he asked her what she wanted to do with her life going forward. Kathryn's response was

immediate: "I wish I could drive to disaster sites with crayons and coloring books and help parents by keeping their kids distracted."

At that moment the "light bulb went off" and the idea for CJ's Bus was born.

Visit CJ's Bus at: <http://www.cjsbus.org/>

C.J.'s symbol is a bus.

Bill & Sandra Moore's daughter, Melanie, son-in-law Curtis and their three children, Charlotte, Madeline and David were all killed in an auto accident, 4-23-07.

Memorial for Moore grandchildren unveiled in gym

Tom Bystrek wrote this article in the college's newspaper:

On April 25, 2007 tragedy struck the St. Catharine College family. The family of Curtis Wise, including his wife Melanie, daughters Charlotte and Madeline and son David, suffered a fatal auto accident. St. Catharine math instructor Bill Moore, and wife Sandra, are the parents of Melanie and grandparents of Charlotte, Madeline and David.

Being an avid supporter of SCC athletics, Bill was almost always in attendance – and always with David who took the floor at halftime of every basketball to take some shots, and Madeline who never left the cheerleaders' side as she cheered on the Patriots and Lady Patriots. In memory of Mr. Moore's daughter and grandchildren who were such a part of every game, a permanent logo was placed on the floor of the gym in Lourdes Hall.

Bill Moore recalls those special times at those games:

"You can be certain that Madeline and David Wise were the truest fans of St. Catharine," said Bill.

It was the first year that St. Catharine had varsity cheerleaders and Bill told Coach Andrea Johnson about his seven year old granddaughter who was a member of the Bardstown all-star cheerleading squad. Coach Johnson told Bill to bring her to the games and when the season began Madeline and David attended their first college game with their "Pa."

“Madeline was a bit shy at first but after watching their routines for a few minutes she fell in line with them and began cheering right along with them,” Bill recalls. “She really loved St. Catharine and considered herself to be a “college cheerleader”. One night after a game she asked me, ‘Pa, who am I? Am I the mascot of the school?’ I said, no Madeline, you are the little Patriot Princess.”

David, six years old and active in both karate and baseball, also was a true fan of St. Catharine. He would cheer on the teams when he wasn't keeping the concession stand busy. Bill recalled that he “would literally shed tears if we were not winning.” He added, “David would always ask ‘Are we ahead?’ ‘What’s the score?’ If Pa said he was winning he would jump up and down with excitement. One of his favorite songs was "Get Your Head in the Game" from the movie "High School Musical.”

The dedication of the floor came in September before a Lady Patriot's volleyball game. “This floor dedication was so very special,” Bill said. “I am flooded with their memories when I enter the gym and walk down to the floor memorial where Madeline cheered. During the sporting events that will be held in the gym, I will vividly sense the presence of Madeline and David. May their spirit and love continue to inspire all of us.”

Joe & Barbara Jurgensen's son, Joey (10-17-72), was killed as a passenger in an auto accident, 10-13-98.

Barbara shared how they celebrated Joey's birthday:

Dear Dinah,

Thank you so much for remembering Joey's birthday. We went to the cemetery and planted some new trees for him and decorated with a birthday balloon. Joe and I remembered some of the things that made him so special to us. We continue to miss him a lot!! Your notes are a great comfort to us and we hope that you are well.

Fondly, Barbara Jurgensen

Joey's symbols are golf clubs and Buddha.

Brent & Fran Wilbur's daughter, Nikiti (8-9-88), was killed in an auto accident, 8-15-07.

Fran would like to talk with other parents:

Hi Dinah,

It's Fran Wilber again. I would love to come to the Christmas Angel Box Remembrance Service. I would also like to ask if you know of anyone who would be willing to call me a few times a week and talk. I'm having a really hard time and sometimes wonder if I'll even make it. My husband works nights and my daughter works days and I feel so lonely. My phone number is 606-523-1751

Thanks.

Fran

Adam & Fran Kempa's son, Chris (6-10-84), was struck and killed by an auto, 11-20-00.

Fran needs our prayers, she has stage IV incurable cancer. The family set up the **Christopher Kempa Memorial Art Scholarship**. This memorial scholarship was set up in Chris' memory. At the end of each year a \$1000 scholarship is awarded to a Franklin High School Senior pursuing further education in fine art.

Please visit Chris at his website and see his art work:

<http://www.chriskempa.com/>

Chris' symbol is an artist's palette.

Gary & Angela Wilkins' son, Kyle (3-1-78), died from an unknown viral infection, 1-7-96.

This email from Angela was read at our Christmas Box Angel Remembrance Service:

Do you remember the "miracle" I experienced with The Christmas Box Angel? Gary and I visited you Oct. of 2004, I think it was, and saw your statue of the Christmas Box Angel. Two months later when we got out Christmas decorations, I found the box of Christmas books not located since we moved Nov. 2001.

Saw The Christmas Box Angel book, and decided to re-read it, since I'd seen your statue. Opened it up and WOW - found 7 pictures of Kyle (mostly Christmas) during last year of his life, and his last Christmas. I probably wouldn't have opened that book (at least not so quickly) if I hadn't seen your statue. How I cherish those statues, especially at Christmas.

*Love you,
Angela*

Kyle's symbol is an angel with musical notes around him.

Nate & Viola Miller's daughter, SaraLisa (2-17-74), completed suicide, 11-17-00.

Viola has written about SaraLisa. She has a great idea for a workshop:

Dear Dinah,

Thank you so much for your annual note of comfort and hope. That is an incredible gift you have given all of us who have lost a child. After 7 years there were fewer cards from faithful friends, but for us, the family, the hole will always be there. I will always remember the workshop you conducted at our first Compassionate Friends conference in Dayton area 6 years ago. That conference linked us with an incredible SOS (Survivors of Suicide) support group that enabled us to walk through the hard grief work of losing a child to suicide.

After seven years, I am more ready to write about SaraLisa, our 26-year-old who died, and the joys she brought to us. At first the grief was so great; we were just trying to survive ourselves. For the past 3 years I have poured myself into directing a children's camp which targets 'at risk' kids, working at equipping them w/tools to make it in our scary world. It has

been a blessing to see fruits of these efforts, but it also demanded a great deal of energy. I stepped down from that role, and this next year, I see focusing on continued healing for myself and doing things to celebrate SaraLisa's life. I want to collaborate w/Compassionate Friends and Hospice to sponsor a "Scrap Booking Bereavement Weekend" remembering and celebrating our loved ones lives. The camp would lend itself to such an event.

Just as you have done incredible things to create some good out of a terrible loss.....so I strive to do what I can. I see it in so many people. Our youngest daughter, Rhoda, created an art piece for a college class she was taking when SaraLisa died. That piece became the logo for the newly founded Ohio Suicide Prevention Foundation which works at educating, increasing awareness, reducing the stigma, and preventing suicide.

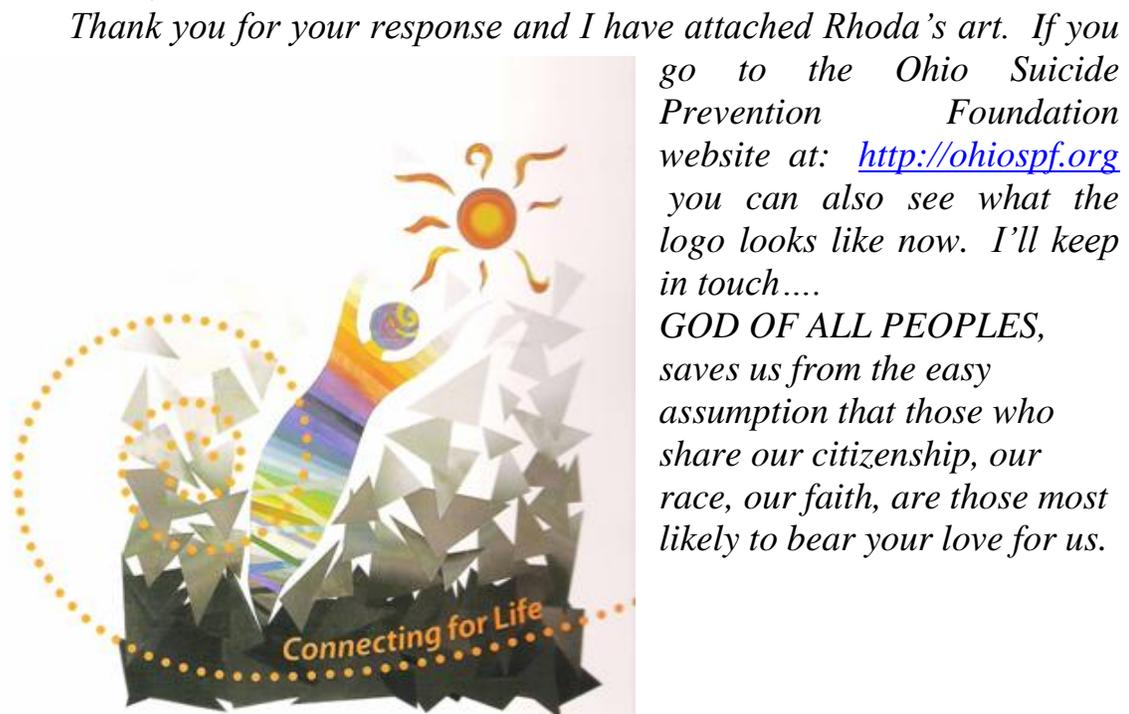
I want to thank you for your encouragement to "tell my story," and that is something I want to do this winter. All these steps add healing and restoration to the process.....a life long one!

I hope we can meet again sometime in the future..... and until thenkeep up the great work and God bless your daily ministering to others and bring peace and joy to your life.

Peace, Viola

I emailed Viola to ask if she could send the drawing Rhoda had made which was adopted for Ohio Suicide Prevent Foundation:

Dear Dinah,



Thank you for your response and I have attached Rhoda's art. If you go to the Ohio Suicide Prevention Foundation website at: <http://ohiospf.org> you can also see what the logo looks like now. I'll keep in touch....

***GOD OF ALL PEOPLES,**
saves us from the easy
assumption that those who
share our citizenship, our
race, our faith, are those most
likely to bear your love for us.*

Keep us building bridges. Amen.
- Brian W. Grant
The Upper Room Disciplines

Camp Buckeye
God, Kids and the Woods
--connecting & growing
www.campbuckeye.org

SaraLisa's symbol is an angel.

KSPG wanted to pass along the start of a new support group in the Louisville area. The flyers are attached, please distribute and share with those who could benefit. Thanks for your help and dedication!

--

KY Suicide Prevention Group
<http://mhmr.ky.gov/mhsas/kspg.asp>
(502) 564-4456
Crisis Line: 1-800-273-TALK (8255)



SOS flyer.pdf



QPR flyer Jan
2008.pdf

**Rodney & Susie Chrisman's son, Jarrod (9-14-79), was
murdered, 5-6-03.**

Rodney and Susie contact other parents who have been murdered:

Rodney and I are doing okay. We got to go to DC, on Sept. 25, for National Day of Remembrance for Murder Victims. It was awesome; we had never been to DC before, then to be able to go on such a special day.

There have been so very many homicides in the surrounding counties, in the last few months. So we try to contact the families.

We are excited about J.I.M.'s Picnic next year. What is the date on that? (June 6-7, 2008) I will let both groups we go to know.

Take care,

Love,

Susie Chrisman

Sending!!!! Jarrod/Jim Hugs

Jarrood's symbols are orange balloons.

Kathleen Hendrickson's sister, Karen (11-3-62), died from cancer, 8-23-99.

I had sent Kathleen an email on Karen's birthday with a poem:

Dinah,

I forwarded your poem to my parents, and your poem was perfect because we just got done having a "party" for Karen. We usually don't do anything, but my parents were coming to my house today and stopped at the grocery, and while they were there, decided to buy this cute little cake to bring over. They brought it and I put a candle on it and we sang to her.

So, I forwarded your email and my mom just wrote and said that she love it....and of course was using lots of Kleenex while reading it.

Thanks for touching 3 lives today.....mine, my mom, and my dad's!!

Kathleen Hendrickson (sibling)

Karen's symbol is a hummingbird.

Joe & Debbie Kitchen's son, Chad (4-2-74), was shot and killed by an unknown assailant, 12-5-99.

Debbie reinforces how important it is for us to remember each other's children. I love Debbie's statement that we "learn to live for our children."

Dinah

Thank you so much for remembering Chad. I feel guilty sometimes because I sit and cry and feel like I am the only one who feels like this and all the while knowing that you and many, many more are on the same journey. I too believe that Chad was met by family and has met many of our Angels including Jim because I feel that they brought us together to help one another. It is you Dinah that is truly and Angel. You do so much for people to help comfort them and putting your pain aside. The day we met in the Columbus library I believe helped save my life. It was there I met you and Rosemary and saw that it was possible to learn to live for our children.

Bless you and your family and I wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Love,

Debbie((((Chad & Jim)))) OUR ANGELS

Chad's symbol is a guitar.

Mike & Debbie Campbell's daughter, Rachel (2-13-86), was killed in an auto accident, 11-14-04.

Debbie reinforces the importance of having a symbol for your child:

My friend Dinah,

You will never know how you touched my heart because you remembered my precious Rachel Anna Campbell's Angel date. Then when you put a note in there about how you hope I see a ladybug and I will know it was from Rachel. I thought, what a wonderful thought, but it's November and ladybugs aren't out anymore.

Late that night, I was sitting at my desk (crying) and felt something on my neck---I brushed it off to the desk and guess what it was???? A lady bug!!!! It was a darker color, but none the less a lady bug. I looked at it and let it go around the desk, but forgot what you had written to me. Well, later that night it hit me...I was overwhelmed with tears and goose bumps. What a blessing!!! I include you in that blessing also. You will never know how many lives you touch, just when my hope was gone. Thank you so very much. You really are a blessing from God.

Mike & Debbie Campbell

I hope you will visit Rachel's website:

<http://www.virtual-memorials.com/> under "search" type in Rachel Campbell

Rachel's symbol is a ladybug.

Jay & Sue Brendel's son, Seth (4-10-78), died from an unknown illness, 5-10-07.

Dear Dinah,

My husband, Jay and I did visit young Jim's page and after six months of Seth being gone, we would like to add him to The Children Of Dome with this being Thanksgiving and we are so thankful that we had him in our lives.

His name is Michael Seth Brendel and he was born April 10, 1978 and his angel date is May 10, 2007. We decided on the name Ram-Charger for his symbol. Being born in April, he was a Ram and he charged head-on into whatever he did. He was such a gentle and sensitive young man and never had anything bad to say to anyone-he always put others before himself.

Thank you so much for all your help, this is definitely the worst thing that has ever happened to us. God bless you and all the others who have put this together.

From Fellow Travelers,

Jay and Sue Brendel

Dinah,

You surely may give my email address to anyone you feel can help us, especially me. I'm having a much harder time of letting go of Seth than Jay. Jay works a lot and I'm not working right now and Seth and I were so close. He was like my best friend and I could tell him anything and he never judged me, he just listened. He and his father were very close, too, but they just could not live together and you know about a mother and son's relationship I'm sure. I still cry everyday, sometimes more often and I can't go into Seth's room or the basement where he sat and worked on his RC cars all of last

winter, without breaking down and falling apart. I think when I lost Seth, I also lost Sue.

If anyone can help I would appreciate it. My marriage of 31 years is falling apart and so am I, if I don't change things. Thank you for listening and for any help you can send my way.

Gratefully,

Sue

suebrendel@isp.com

Seth's symbol is Ram-Charger.

Carole Mailfald's daughter, Allyson (8-21-72), died in an auto accident, 11-21-89.

Carole's husband Bill had passed:

DINAH,

THANK YOU AGAIN AND AGAIN FOR REMEMBERING ALLYSON'S DEATH DATE AND BIRTHDAY. AS YOU KNOW, IT MEANS ALOT.

THIS HAS BEEN ANOTHER YEAR OF FIRSTS FOR ME, BECAUSE BILL (MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND) DIED NOVEMBER, 2006. I HAVE MADE IT THROUGH AND LIKE HE AND I BOTH KNEW, IT WAS TOTALLY DIFFERENT THAN WHEN ALLYSON DIED. WITH BILL'S DEATH, IT WAS TRULY RELIEF WITH THE GRIEF, BECAUSE HE SUFFERED SO WITH COLON CANCER.

OUR GRIEF WORK CENTERED AROUND TRAVEL TO DIFFERENT COUNTRIES AND SO I PLANNED MY FIRST TRIP BY MYSELF AND WAS VERY PROUD THAT I COULD DO IT ON MY OWN.

LIFE IS GOOD.
PEACE

I asked Carole how Allyson passed, and also where she went on her annual trip:

Allyson died in an automobile accident on her way to school. She was doing everything correctly...wearing a seat belt, driving within speed limit. However, she was on a back road and her rear tire went off of the road. She over-corrected and went through a wooden fence.

My trip this summer was to the island of Vavau in the Tonga island group. I learned to sea kayak and also enjoyed snorkeling and whale watching. I took some of Bill's ashes with me and left them at the island of Taunga after attending a local Umu feast. We always loved our one trip a year to meet all of the new people that came our way.

PEACE

Carole

Allyson's symbol is the number 21.

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

Mary became friends with a grieving mother she met at J.I.M.'s Conference last June:

Dear Dinah,

What a summer and fall I have had. Mother and Rebecca (my sister) have both been in nursing homes in different counties; this started in August. Mother is now back at home, Rebecca will not be. I finally got the ordinance passed in Mt. Sterling to have mandatory server training for all persons who serve alcohol. I am now trying to help Mrs. Susan Crouch have a MADD candlelight vigil December 15th 7:00 P.M at KEAS Church 105 South Queen Street, Mt. Sterling, Ky. (I apologize for not sending this out)

Robbie will be dead December 14th two years. It is helping me to help her in some small way to prepare for the vigil. I have been diagnosed with Lupus and well this is just a heck of a hard time for all of us. I met a woman at the Conference last summer who lives close to me and we have connected and become "shoulders for each other to cry on." Becky's son, her only child, was on his way to school and a tire blew out on the car here in Lexington. He too was taken to UK hospital. It had only been a few weeks when we were at the conference. If you would pass this info on for me, it would be very helpful to reach maybe someone who could benefit from the vigil. MADD had a vigil in Louisville but many people were unable to attend because it was on Monday night.

*Thank you and God Bless,
Mary Treadway
Robbie's Mom*

This was sent later:

Dear Dinah,

Thank you so much for the card in memory of Robbie. I felt so good to open it and see the little baseballs. Just as I was reading the sweet words you wrote my purse fell off the kitchen table onto the floor. I had to believe he was near.

Have a wonderful holiday and God Bless you Dinah

Robbie's symbol is a baseball.

Leann Butler's son, Scott (3-10-78), died in from AT, 7-16-04.

Leann came to the Christmas Box Angel Remembrance Service and said that she had spent Thanksgiving at a shelter, serving food. I asked her what she was doing for Christmas and she shared:

I'm not sure yet, I am going to talk to my pastor and see if they will need help delivering Christmas baskets and food for Christmas. If not, I probably will spend Christmas with my aunt, she is not well these days and she is the only aunt that I have left. I plan to spend Christmas morning with Scott - I usually take him a Christmas tree and flowers and we talk for awhile, then I go to her house and we eat, eat, eat!!!!!! Have a good holiday season, I will be thinking of you.

Leann Butler

Scott's symbol is an eagle.

Ed & Beverly Harber's daughter, Jennie (5-4-81), was murdered for her car, 10-6-98.

I asked Beverly about Jennie:

It's hard for me to put in written words about Jennie.

Guess the best way to describe her is "FULL OF LIFE." She never saw a stranger no matter at what age and where she was. She was a very happy person and wanted everyone to like her. When she got to know you she was your friend for life...even those who didn't like her....Jen always saw the good in people and things.

She and her older sister were like oil and water...but they were beginning to be able to stay in the same room with each other toward the last few months before Jen was killed.

Emily was 4 yrs older, but 5 yrs ahead in school, which made things difficult when it came to paling around with each other. I think that is why Emily has had some of the problems ---Emily is feeling a bit guilty for not including Jen in some things. Jennie just started to make friends on her own and Emily didn't like some of them....

Jennie loved soccer--to her it was the 'blood' sport. She wasn't the top player, but she gave 110% to every game.

Jennie was very outgoing with her emotions and that is what I realllly miss the most...she would come to you and give a hug for no reason...her sister is not like that at all and it really has been an adjustment for me to handle and I'm not doing very well with it. Even though I know in my head how Emily is, the heart is having a hard time with it.

But anyway, guess the symbol I would use would be a butterfly...it's a funny story...while potty training Jennie while we would sit, I had a shower curtain with butterflies on it and we would talk about them. Making up a little jingle-----"butter --butter--- butterfly...." Since Jen's death I have seen butterflies in places or times I didn't think they would be.

Last month we were in Michigan out on the water and lo and behold there was a butterfly...not sure how many flowers are in the middle of the water...but there was a butterfly.

Jennie kept things neat if they were important to her...her books, poems she wrote...and her desk, but most everything else was another story...she could stay up to all hours and did many times, she loved her music and her car...

Jen was the apple of my dad's eye....even though he loved Emily, but because Jen was so outgoing and loving she was always down at their house (they lived 4 doors away) ...you couldn't help but have those feelings for her. She was always thinking....sometimes you wondered which path she was taking but there was NEVER a dull moment with her. She was the HAM of the family!

On trips, she would be talking, reading and asking a zillion questions, while Emily slept. So it was always a joy to go places with her, because of her interest in things.

I guess in a nutshell....as the saying goes to know her was to love her....she'd brighten the room at all times, no matter where she was.

I feel like I have lost a great friend and companion...mostly because last June (06) Emily got married and then in Oct my mom passed away--- yeah the day before Jen's 8th anniversary and on the anniversary of Daphne's sister-in-law's death in 1999...Oct is not a good month...

My husband's mother passed away in Oct of '96. So we're all in favor of cutting Oct out of the calendar.

Jennie's symbol is a butterfly.

Shirley Dicks-Matthews' son, Jeff Dicks (12-6-57), died from poor medical care in prison, and her son, Trevor (8-30-67) was killed in an auto accident, 6-7-05.

Shirley has an amazing story:

I lost one in my eighth month of pregnancy some twenty years ago and eight years ago I lost my oldest son who was forty two but he was still my baby and two years ago I lost my youngest son who was thirty seven years old....and so there are a lot of issues I have to deal with....

I have two memorials for them. www.jeffdicks.net that is his memorial site and in his memory I started the Jeff Dicks Coalition www.jeffdicksmedical.com (This is a non-profit human rights organization dedicated to the protection of those who are in prison) and Trevor's site is www.trevordicks.com

My name was Shirley Dicks for twenty years and I've written my books by that name, but I took my maiden name back, so legally it's Shirley

Mathews but people know me as Dicks.... www.shirleydicks.org (Be sure to look at this website and read about her fascinating life and what she has accomplished since the deaths of her sons).

Thanks....Shirley

Jeff and Trevor's symbols are doves.

Mike & Diane Cooper's son, David (2-7-90), died at rowing practice, 2-14-07.

I want to thank you all for your steadfast love and concern. We continue to receive many, many calls, letters, and emails, and we are moved beyond words by the care that you all continue to show for us. I am so sorry that I am not able to respond; energy still comes at a premium and at the end of a full day, it's more than I can manage to pick up the phone and talk. Please know, however, that your gestures help to sustain us; they are reminders of days when hope and joy were easy and are hints at our capacity for such sweetness in the future.

I have wanted for several months to write an update note, but I struggle for something meaningful or important to say. Somehow, it seems that I should be wiser, or deeper, or more in tune with the human experience. Instead, I'm really just sad. The gratitude that I have hoped to find in having been given David to love and to learn from for seventeen years is still but a hazy mirage; try as I may to be positive and strong, at the end of the day, my experience is still predominantly one of loss and longing. The benevolent shock that surrounds a parent when a precious child passes is wearing off, and slowly, David's permanent absence is sinking in. The subconscious "hoping for miracles" is slowly giving way to resignation. Of course, I thought these same things only one month after David died, but grieving the loss of a child seems to be like peeling an onion -- there appear to be deeper and deeper layers to endure before one finds that elusive acceptance, if one ever finds it.

Our days are long and at the same time short, and creating the energy to stay productive and hopeful consumes most of our focus. Mike is working at SunTrust Bank in corporate finance. His co-workers provide a kind and supportive environment, but he is pretty spent when he gets home at the end

of each day. Reid is functioning, and he is facing his new life as a single sibling with quiet courage. Life is not joyful for Reid -- and I would say that he has a long journey ahead of him -- but he is holding steady and not allowing his pain to define his being. Little Brett is a delight, and at times, it seems that she is allowing David to speak through her. Amazingly, at six years old, she always seems to know the right thing to say or do when the family's pain is palpable.

Chase is still in Colorado Springs at the Air Force Academy, and he is having a good second year. I feel guilty because he is my neglected child -- taking care of himself out there while the rest of us move through our days here in Tennessee. Chase has made it home several times over the past several months, and each time I am touched by his selfless, gentle thoughtfulness towards me. Together, he and I have navigated loss before, so I guess we know these roles. Chase is growing up nicely and I am proud of him.

Currently, my days are consumed with trying to get us moved into our new home. In April, we sold the house that we were remodeling, as the project no longer seemed to fit our priorities after David's death. We've been squeezed into this tiny 1920's cottage that we had originally bought as a temporary "campout" house while we were under construction on our primary home. Three weeks ago, after months of a new round of house hunting, we bought a new place up on Signal Mountain. I am managing a series of cosmetic updates, and it is my hope to get us in there by Winter Break. This is my main focus now, as I see establishing a sense of "permanence" in this new town an important part of our moving-forward process. All our belongings have been in storage since we came to Chattanooga 15 months ago, and I long to unpack David's room and be with his memories.

The Reflection Garden that we are helping to build at McCallie School is coming along. We hope to dedicate it on the anniversary of David's death, Valentine's Day. We are fortunate to have been led to a beautiful stainless steel sculpture of an eternal flame that will be a central part of the garden. Coincidentally, the sculpture was created by David's beloved art teacher at McCallie School, Jack Denton. Jack helped David rekindle his long-time love of art, so the sculpture holds double significance to us and is especially dear for that reason.

Thank you again for all your prayers, thoughts, and kindness. Though it may seem that it is going unnoticed, please know that your support means the world to us right now. We hope for the day that we can move from "survival" to "living" and can reconnect with each of you.

Much love,
Diane

David's symbol is a Cardinal.

Bob & Sherri Hillis' son, Josh (1-25-80), died from an undetermined illness, 7-4-05.

I have had some difficulty with the server and some names have been deleted. If you know of anyone who hasn't heard from me, please give them my email address.

Sherri re-emphasizes the importance of us staying in contact with each other:

Dinah, I am somewhat relieved to read the newest newsletter - I thought maybe I had been removed from your mailing list (I've been checking the website about every two weeks or so to see if there is a new one posted), but then I read you have had two surgeries, and a birthday to boot... I hope you are recovering from the surgeries, and that your birthday was not too hard on you!

Your list of haves and have nots really touched me. I hope you get a note from everyone on your list, especially concerning the last 'have not' - I think you will be remembered for a very very long time, by each and every one of us who have been touched by you. I have never met you personally, but I can tell you that you have touched my life in a way that has helped me deal with these awful circumstances. So you see, I think you will leave a legacy, and you have made a mark on this earth in the hearts and lives of others, and I hope everyone writes and tells you this.

My husband and I are lucky in that we have our son Justin, who was Josh's twin brother, still with us, and he is married and has a daughter and another on the way. But in 2005, when we lost Josh, the birth of our 1st granddaughter kind of got lost... her birth was sandwiched between the death of my father in April, and Josh's death in July. For a long time (almost a year), I cried just about every time I was with Justin and his family. It tore me up to think that Josh would not be here to watch his niece grow. And to think that Sydney would never know her uncle. But I have

come to realize that we all carry Josh within our hearts, and we will just have to keep his memory alive for Sydney and her new little sibling.

I was speaking with another mom who lost her daughter a few years ago, and we were talking about weddings, graduations, funerals. She remarked that she was unable to sit through a graduation ceremony and had to leave in the middle and how bad she felt about that - but just could not sit there. I told her how I had to get up and leave a funeral before it started, for the loved one of a co-worker, and how hard it was to attend the wedding of my sister almost a year after Josh died. We shared a few other experiences, and she laughed, and said, "While this might sound mean, I am glad to hear that someone else is in the same boat as me!" And I guess that is what keeps us sane (or as sane as we can be in the circumstances) - the knowledge there are others experiencing many of the same emotions and ups and downs.

And you play a large part in that - through your website, through your sending notes via snail mail and email - you are a leader on this path we are all traveling. THANK YOU!

Love from this fellow traveler,

Sherri Hillis

Mom to Josh (Angel date July 4, 2005) (Sign: Red-tailed hawk)

and Mom to Justin, Mom-in-law to Brianna, and Grandma to Sydney (and let's not forget wife to Bob)

Josh's symbol is a red-tailed hawk.

Henry & Ginger Starks' son, Steve (3-21-69), died from a brain aneurysm, 1-29-99.

Steve was born early. He was a happy baby and we were sure happy with him. He had his troubles throughout his life; people teasing him with his weight. He was very thin and tall and he wore glasses and people made fun of him. But Steve just took it in stride and said it didn't bother him... (My only prayer is it didn't bother him)...we lived in Missouri and Iowa after his father and I divorced. His dad moved on with his life and Steve didn't see him much in his teens or adulthood...Steve grew up to be quite a great man helping others...always making them laugh with his jokes. He loved his sister

and was so proud he was an uncle...He always was trying to get his brother to channel him to a good golf game. He always was the winner so he said...Then there were all those blonde jokes he always told, but him telling them seemed to be funnier than the joke it self.

STEVE, "YOU MADE US SMILE."

Please read more about Steve on these two websites:
<http://steve-starks.memory-of.com>
<http://our.homewithgod.com/hennys/>

Steve's symbols are golf and cars.

Helen Ortiz's son, Shaun (3-21-69), died from a motorcycle accident, 6-16-99.

Helen is very involved with other grieving parents:

As many of you know, every year in San Jose we hold a big candle vigil for all angels that have gone too soon, gone before us (sigh) I bought and dedicated The Christmas Box Angel to all parents that have lost a child, my family and I dedicated her to parents in memory of my son Shaun Anthony Ortiz. We have collected many angel pictures from parents that want their angel remembered at the vigil. We light a candle and lay a flower in their memory, to be remembered and never be forgotten.

We are planning a "Touched by an Angel II" video this year where we show off our children in video; that is still in the works, but we think it is definitely going to happen.

Shaun used to collect sharks, wood ones, glass ones, all kinds, pictures, blankets anything with a shark on it. We still collect them for him. Shaun is probably around the world by now, he was cremated and his ashes scattered at sea. He always said that is what he wanted; sometimes I wonder if he knew he was leaving us soon. He loved to surf anything thrilling and exciting. Sadly he loved motorcycles, one took his life. I know that is probably not a good symbol, but everyone knows why there is a shark in his web site, well his friends and family.

*Love ya,
Helen Ortiz*

Read more about Shaun on these two websites:

<http://shaun-ortiz.memory-of.com>
www.shaunortiz.com

Shaun's symbol is a shark.

Daniel & Verna Bowman's daughter, Danielle (11-1-80), died in an auto accident, 11-30-05.

Verna feels Danielle around her:

The 30th was hard actually all of Nov was hard but the Lord carries me daily, moment by moment so I can function. Prayer has been my life. Danielle's birthday was Nov 1st she would have been 27. Her last holiday was Thanksgiving and her angel date was Nov 30. Sometimes she appears to be so close. I am not sure how that works but I am thankful for it anyway. I think the Lord allows those visits from time to time for He knows what we need. In Hebrews 12:1 it talks about the cloud of witnesses and I feel Danielle is in mine as an encourager cheering me on until we meet again. I guess knowing that she is doing so wonderful with Jesus and that we will be together again in Heaven gives me so much comfort and encouragement that I long for that day to see Jesus and Danielle as well as other family members too.

I hope you had a blessed holiday and thanks for inquiring. I have a son, his name is Derek. He will be 21 in Jan. Hannah is our daughter who has just turned 19. They have a rough time during these holidays. Danielle made Christmas so exciting. I thought about the symbol and now have a rose pin for Danielle and I wear it often. I tell other people about the pin which leads into telling others about the support group as well.

Take care and thanks,

Verna

Danielle's symbol is a pink rose.

Yesterday I went to the doctor for my yearly physical. My blood pressure was high, my cholesterol was high, I'd gained some weight, and I didn't feel so hot.

My doctor said eating right doesn't have to be complicated and it would solve my physical problems. He said just think in colors...

Fill your plate with bright colors... greens, yellows, reds, etc.

I went right home and ate an entire bowl of :



And sure enough, I felt better immediately.

I never knew eating right could be so easy.

