

LAMENTATIONS

Issue 14

S.U.C.C.E.S.S

November 1993



November- Feast or Famine

When I think of November, I always think of a quiet time of the year. It is a time when the crops have been harvested and the farmers are preparing their fields, barns, and animals for the winter. It is also a time of the year that the tanners have "reaped" what they have "sown." They have sold or stored their harvest, and either the profits from selling, or the storing of their harvest will carry them through until the spring when they can start anew

This is the season that I am in at this point in my own grief. I feel like I have "sown" the seeds I need to harvest my grief **S.U.C.C.E.S.S.**(fully). I have "planted" the seeds by reading all I can to help me understand the characteristics of the grief process and understanding that the feelings I have are normal. I have "watered" these seeds with my tears. I have been in that dominant period when I didn't know if the seeds would grow, or if they would wither and die. **YOU** have "cultivated" (promoted the growth or development) and "fertilized" (to enrich; to be fruitful) me, my fellow travelers, with your love, caring and support. **YOU** have made me feel that **I CAN DO IT**, and as a result, **I AM DOING IT** (with God's help.) I also continue to keep a journal, which shows me that I have "labored" and am "reaping" some of this harvest. It may not be a "bumper crop," but it **IS** a crop. And it is a crop that will carry me through this season--this season of grief. Where are you in your harvest of grief? Have you "sowed" the seeds that you need to "reap" a harvest? Will you be ready to start "anew" in the spring?



Election day is the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Each of us are candidates, and are all running for the same office. That office is a higher office than that of most politicians. We are running for the office of **S.U.C.C.E.S.S.** The wonderful thing about this election is that we all can win, or at least be in the running. I hope you will "elect" to work through your grief. I hope you will raise your right hand with me and repeat: "I (state your name) promise to do all I can to work through my grief so that I can be **S.U.C.C.E.S.S.**(ful)." I am casting a vote for you. Please don't make me lose my vote by not fulfilling your campaign promise.



The first Thanksgiving was celebrated by the Pilgrims after a dreadful winter when nearly half of their population died. After the harvest of their first crop they had a day of "Thanksgiving." Even in our grief we can celebrate our thanksgivings because there are so many blessings we do have. We know our many sadnesses and losses--they are evident and are in our thoughts so much of the time. We gotten tend to dwell on the negative which seems to consume us. However, there are so many things for which we can be thankful. I am thankful for having Young Jim for 18 years; for my husband and family; for your friendship; for the heritage my parents gave me; for the opportunity to be on a college campus with so many great kids. I am especially thankful for all the love I felt from those of you who came to Lexington on the 20th. We are fellow travelers and we can and do gain support by being together and sharing our grief. A grief shared seems to be less. What are your "**thankfuls**"--are there many? I hope you will take the time to make your own list. It is always good to see anything in writing. You will be pleasantly surprised at the length of your list and the degree of blessings that you have.



Grief Grafts

Jeral Godby, the twin son of Ezra and Mildred Godby died 11-5-92. For his birthday, Mildred wrote this to Jeral:

Jeral Dee Godby

*We miss you so much as you are one of a kind.
So precious and always caring for others.
We do cherish your sweet memories.
It's so hard to bear, but someday we will be together.
Learl (Jeral's twin) misses you so, as tomorrow would
be your and his birthday. (June 4)
So honey, Happy Birthday up there.
We love and miss you so.*

Curt Davis, whose son Jason was killed in an automobile accident 5-1-93, has lost his only surviving son David, 10-9-93. I hope we will all surround Curt with our love and support. His address is: 5600 S. Hwy. 27, Somerset, KY, 42501.

Donna Carr's 10-year-old son Clyde died of leukemia 6-27-93. He was the only son, grandson, brother and nephew in the family. Donna wrote the most loving letter about Clyde and said "...he was a child of strength and bravery." She ended by saying: "Thank you for allowing me to express my feelings as I have. This is the first time that I've talked or written about Clyde in depth. I've wanted to, but it seems that everyone else has gone on with their lives and the mention of Clyde and his life and death seems to me to be an intrusion, but it is as fresh in my mind as if it just happened yesterday." Clyde's sister Samantha wrote this dedication to Clyde the day after he died. (It has been retyped exactly as she typed it)

We didn't want Clyde to die Just yet. Everybody wanted to see him get better. We almost lost him last year. But nobody has to worry about it. He is not dead; he's just taking a nap for the rest of his life. I was hoping I could spend time with him a lot as much as I do with my friends. I couldn't do it because I couldn't stand to see him suffer, cry, and not to well being able to breathe. But I guess we all can't solve this problem this time. I really wish we could but it was time for him to go. I really loved my brother. And I know he loves me. I will miss all the good times and had times that made us laugh and cry. He never wanted me to go anywhere because he wanted me to be right by his side. But it just wouldn't work out that way. I remember he would call Daddy at work and ask him to bring him some Burger King, McDonalds, Long John Silvers, or Captain D's home for lunch. He always thought I was going to get to spend the whole summer with him, the whole school year with him my whole life with him. I've always been there for him as much as I could. He would always come to me if lie would hurt his little body. I would always carry him in the house if he couldn't walk. I would always go and

visit him in the hospital. All that time I thought he was better and better. But then again he was getting better. Better, worse, worse, worse, worse, worse, worse. I know nobody wanted him to take his life nap. Like said I guess it was time for him to go to sleep. He would always get what would satisfy' him. I tried to do things for him too. I know sometimes we use to fuss and fight. But as we both know we had to live with it all the time. When he was getting sick again it was like fussing and fighting was never thought of. But it is. But it is not in our category. I remember we use to always ride our bikes to the store, park, Uncle Buffords, or Granddaddy's house. I remember we use to take the dog for a walk. I remember I me to sleep with him and I would snore in his ear, kick him (accidents), or take the covers from him, and he use to complain. It didn't make me no difference as long a we are still together and loving each other. I remember he would ask me to sleep with him. Or he would ask me to get him some juice, or he would ask me to get him some ice-cream or ice because of his heart burns. It didn't make me any difference as long as that was what made him happy. Everybody loved seeing his cute little face. He always saved up his money for expensive stuff. He got all that expensive stuff too. I remember I use to read to him every night and he would fall asleep. I wish he didn't fall asleep. I really love him from the bottom of my heart. And I want everybody to know that Clyde is and always will be in God's hand. Clyde will you come back to us? Written by:

*Samantha Carr
Dedicated to Clyde Carr*

If Tomorrow Never Comes

*Sometimes late at night
I lie awake and watch him sleeping
He's lost in peaceful dreams
So I turn out the lights and lay there in the dark
And the thought crosses my mind
If I never wake up in the morning
Would he ever doubt the way I feel
About him in my heart.*

*If tomorrow never comes
Will he know how much I loved him
Did I try in every way to show him every day
That he's my only one
And if my time on earth were through
And he must face the world without me
Is the love I gave him in the past
Gonna be enough to last
If tomorrow never comes*

*'Cause I've lost a loved one in my life
Who never knew how I loved them
Now I live with the regret
That my true feelings for them never were revealed
So I made a promise to myself
It I say each day how much he means to me
And avoid that circumstance
Where there's no second chance to tell him how I feel.*

*So tell that someone that you love
Just what you're thinking
If tomorrow never comes.*

*Eddie Thomas
(A nurse who became a personal friend of the family)*



Leo the lion represents Clyde

Richard and Geri Vallotton's 18-year-old daughter Alicia was killed in an automobile accident 3-25-93. Alicia was a freshman at Morehead State University. A trophy case was donated by Wayne (Alicia's percussion instructor) and Kim Grannis to Fleming County High School in memory of Alicia. The case is to house the band trophies Alicia's group had won during her high school years at FCHS. Two of Alicia's pledge sisters at MSU wrote these poems:

Alicia

*Today she has left us:
 Tomorrow she is gone,
 Today she watches from her clouds the ones who have stayed
 behind.
 She is up there watching intently.
 Laughing with us, crying with us.
 I see her running in fields of daisies,
 I see her riding her dolphins in the sky.
 Wind catches her blonde hair.
 Whisking it about her face.
 She smiles.
 Today she is in a place filled with happiness. Filled with joy.
 She rides her dolphin in the sky catching up on what is
 happening.
 She remembers all of us,
 And misses all of us like we miss her.
 But as I sit back and laugh of what she said or what she did.
 I remember that I am glad that I had the chance to have her
 precious life touch mine for a brief time.
 And as I watch the stars. I remind myself that one of them is
 her.
 And I smile, as I imagine her and her dolphin in the sky.*

Crystal Schell

*We find ourselves asking, Why did you die?
 It's so hard to have to say goodbye.
 You left us so soon at such a young age
 To write in life's story your final page,*

*So many people loved you more than I can say
 But God's love is greater. He planned it that way, You'll suffer
 no more. you'll have no pain
 Your loss is ours but it's heaven's gain.*

*We are all better people for having known you,
 You were a glitter of gold, a fresh group of dew.
 You brought sunshine to our lives each day
 You took a part of each one of us when you went away. You'll
 be with us never in mind and in heart
 We'll think of you when each new day starts
 We ask for God's patience while waiting down here
 To be with you in heaven rid of all tears.*

Dianna hurt

Gerri has talked to a psychologist at **Comprehend** about forming a Bereaved Parent Support Group and would like to talk with anyone in her area who may be interested. Her telephone number is: 606-849-2185. The family has selected a dolphin and daisies to represent Alicia.



Clark, the 16-year-old son of Doug and Kathy Elliott, was killed in an automobile accident 6-20-93. Clark was a brown belt in Karate, an avid rollerblader, computer buff and was becoming a great cook. He was to play on the Kentucky Junior Golf Tour this past summer. His second love, after golf, was his drums. He played them almost every day. He was also the family clown. The family owns two restaurants and Clark worked there as a waiter and grill cook. The family plans to host a golf tournament in his memory to raise money for junior golf. This year's golf team has Clark's initials on the sleeve of their team shirts to honor him. The family has selected a heart and golf clubs to represent Clark.



Joe and Susan Walters' only child, 4-year-old Ralph, was killed in an accident 7-29-93. Joe was also in the accident and continues to recover from his many injuries. Susan said "Ralph was unique from some children in that we took on this involvement of parenting as something from our Creator--a way of learning more about Him and NO DOUBT we will, but we surely never imagined that the learning would be in large part from his physical absence from us. God had given us both so much good of Himself already but how incredible that change has happened and we are



going to have to glean from it awhile before we can see more clearly what He's up to" Ralph is a butterfly.

Denise Sweet was killed in an automobile accident 8-23-91. Larry Brashear, her loving stepfather, wrote that Denise was well known for her hugs. Larry and Janet still have a laminated note she left at her Mother's office which says: "Snuggles says, a hug a day keeps the blues away." Denise believed this to such a degree, that a few weeks before she died, in response to a letter from Larry, she sent a Garfield card which had his arms outstretched. She told Larry to close his eyes when he missed her, and he would be able to feel the hug she was sending from far away. Larry states: "The distance is farther away now, but I still do as she said...I look forward to the day she will show me all the wonders that have been prepared for me. And I think she will have added something extra special for she certainly was my special child." Denise's symbols are masks and a bear.



Mary Kate Gach's daughter Stephanie was killed by a serial killer 10-9-92. In Stephanie's memory, Mary Kate planted trees at the University of Montevallo and Jefferson State Community College, and at St. Thomas Catholic Church. These trees were a willow, a cherry, and a magnolia. At the plantings, Mary Kate spoke and included these words:

*Stephanie came to us in late September.
She was September's child. . .
Humble, gentle, full of gratitude
A free spirit I watched blossom and grow
A gift from God.
During her brief stay she gave us many gifts-
Her spontaneous enthusiasm when she met you again Her
patience and perseverance in the face of struggle and
disappointment
Her indignation when she saw that something was wrong in
the world, and her desire to do something about it
Her uninhibited exuberance when she was anticipating an
event, such as her birthday-- which she loved most her
special time.
Now you have your very own tree-
A tree that may in summer wear a nest of robins in its hair
A tree that looks at God all day and lifts its leafy arms to
pray.*

Stephanie wrote this poem:

The Ocean

*Pinpointed with moonlight, the ocean waves
Swell against the shore.
Above, black velvet strewn with diamonds
Thrills me all the more.*

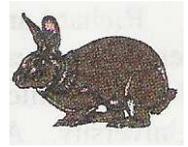
*The full moon's brilliant blinding light
Flooding the beach and sea,
Sends it's beams across the waves
As far as I can see.*

*The healing balm of the pounding surf
Along with the salty air,
Makes a peace steal throughout my soul
As if I had not a care.
I look up into the heavens, thinking,
"Lord, thank you that I'm here.
I know from this incredible beauty
That you are very near. "*

Mary Kate says that her methods of coping are:

*Prayers of thanksgiving for her life and prayers for strength
and comfort
Grief counseling twice a week
Long telephone calls with a friend who lost a child
Meeting and talking with other bereaved parents
Faith through reading and watching EWTN
Being alone on the beach and at a monastery
Running and music (jazz and classical)*

Stephanie's symbol is a brown bunny because Mary Kate has repeatedly seen many since Stephanie's death, beginning with a stuffed one which mysteriously appeared the day after Stephanie's funeral on the spot where her was abducted, There is a "real" bunny (always brown) who frequently feeds on grass a few yards from Stephanie's grave.



Gary and Sharon Farmer's 5-year-old daughter Heather died 8-9-93. Sharon feels that Heather's message was delivered, The family has been overwhelmed at the response from the people in their community during their time of loss, Heather seemed to have touched everyone. The family sees a greater awareness of the fragility of life. One of Sharon's biggest concerns is that she can continue to be a good mother to their 15-year-old daughter and help her through her grieving.

Phyllis Smith writes that her son Larry, who was killed in a motor accident July 4th at the age of 26, had developed into a kind hearted young man with a lot of love to share. The family has chosen an eagle to represent him because they like to think of him as free spirits ailing as high as he can go. Larry had always wanted to achieve his goals and did a few of them with great flair.



Darren Hatton lost both his wife, Ella, and his 4-year-old daughter Deborah in a tragic automobile accident 5-24-93. Darrell writes that they were "the best things in my life, and I thank God for the time he let me be with them. I miss them and love them,"

Don V., the 16-year-old son of Don and Janie Drye, was killed in an automobile accident 7-27-93, He was a member of the Junior ROTC, the drill team, Pep Club, Who's Who Among American High School Students and a former member of the MCHS Sound of Central Kentucky Marching Band, He was a part-time employee of a local radio station, Peoples Bank and Western Sizzlin Restaurant. He was also a member of Boy Scout Troop #297, a member of Fork land Heritage and the Art Club, Don V. was the Dryes only child. In September of 1992, Don V. wrote this poem:

*When I grow up,
I want to be a pilot
And fly like a bird
I want to soar through
the clouds like an eagle
and capture the flavor of heaven.*

*I'll touch the horizon on ,
The wings of my dreams.*

Don V.'s poem was placed in the newspaper with the following addendum:

Don V. left two months ago for reasons we cannot understand hut no doubt he is a pilot in heaven now. We miss you so much.

Love, Mom and Dad.

A scholarship has been established in Don's name for the ROTC program. Don and Janie have selected an airplane to represent Don V.



Dr. Terry and Kathy Jo's 18-year-old son Andrew Gutsell died 8-6-93 due to complications from a congenital heart defect. This picture that Andrew drew when he was in the first grade was on the thank you card. The inscription read: "Thank you for sharing with us as we mourn Andrew's death and celebrate his life. Terry, Kathy Jo, Luke, Michael, and Jessie."

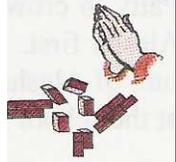


In the note Kathy Jo writes: "I had no idea this community of loving, bereaved parents was awaiting us. This is a painful walk, but we have much help along the way."

Jeremy, the 16-year-old son of Paul and Marti Cupp, was killed in an automobile accident 5-24-93. Marti writes: "Jeremy was truly my best friend, being his Mom was so great I went on to have 3 more children (all girls.) Jeremy was always happy (except when I made him clean his bathroom and mop the kitchen floor.) He was fun loving and giving. He continued to give even after his death--he was an organ donor. I was a lucky person. I was trusted to raise Jeremy. I am truly honored to have had him and loved him those 16 years he was here--Jeremy is not gone. Although I won't physically see him, he is still here with me. In my head and in my heart." The symbols for Jeremy are soccer ball and track shoes. He played these sports for Model High School in Richmond, KY. He at one time couldn't say "teenager" so he called them "teenangel" and now he is my "Teenangel."



Hubert and Pam Meade's 13-year-old son Quentin died of Synorical cell sarcoma 8-8-93. Pam writes that Quentin can be remembered most for his zest for life, laughter, and his love for God. He never stopped pressing on until the day he left this life. Quentin was the ultimate Lego maniac. In December of 1992, Quentin had to have his right arm and shoulder amputated. This didn't stop him, he rode his bike, tied his shoes, bowled, crocheted with his toes and left arm. The family has chosen Lego's and Praying Hands to symbolize Quentin.



Jody Maurice, the 17-year-old son of Elishia Wilkinson drowned 7-25-93. Jody was involved with choirs at church and school. A Maurice Wilkinson Music Scholarship has been established in his memory. Maurice went to the Stephen Foster Music Camp for 4 years. Elishia said that each year he went he loved it more and more as did the people who loved him. How fitting that a songbird represents Maurice.



God's Songbird

*Over the highest mountain and beyond the fluffiest cloud.
God called home His Songbird there, I'm sure he sits proud.*

*Beneath the shady tree, close by a shallow stream
Shhh, listen closely. you can still hear him sing.
A Songbird gone home where your soul can fly
no need to worry over the enemy.
he can't shoot you from the sky.*

*Though we feel pain and sometimes alone.
Jody. you are not just away nor are you just gone;
You were God's Songbird and you just flew on home.*

Melissa Smith

Roger and Patty Hunter's 13-year-old daughter, Alesha, was killed in a tragic automobile accident 5-12- 72. Alesha was a volunteer at a nursing home where Patricia works as a nurse. She loved to visit the nursing home with her mother and was always full of laughter and brought much happiness to everyone she met. The family chose the heart symbol because of the love she had and gave. Alesha drew hearts on cards she gave to her parents.



The day after Alesha's birthday (8-12), she said to Patty: "Mommy I never want to get old," and Patty said: "Alesha, everyone has to get old

sometime." Alesha said: "Well, I don't want to." Patty says that now Alesha will be forever young.

Alesha's class has dedicated the Halloween Carnival coronation to her. She had planned to run for queen this year. When the school had their election this year, everyone wrote Alesha's name in as queen and wouldn't vote for others. The school has asked Patty to crown the queen they chose after choosing Alesha first. The family also plans to place a picture of Alesha in the lobby of the nursing home and at the school in her memory.

Tiny Warner, the sister of Shelby Warner who died of Hodgkin's disease 10-28-92, sent this poem she had written in memory of Shelby:

*In Memory of Shelby Allen Warner
October 28, 1992*

I THINK OF YOU

*You said, "just think of me,
And I promise, I'll be there. "
Well, I think about you all the time,
And you were right, you're always here.*

*I think of you,
When I see Mrs. Hall,
Or the bulletin board you did,
That she has hanging on her wall.*

*I think of you when the sun shines bright,
For I'm reminded of your smile.
I think of you when I get discouraged,
And it helps me to walk that extra mile.
I think of you when I do something good,
That I think would make you proud
I think of the funny things we used to do,
And I catch myself laughing out loud*

*Shelby, I don't just want to think of you
I want you to be real.
Someone that walks, talks, and breathes,
Someone that f can reach out and feel.*

*I realize that f can't bring you back,
Rut you'll remain here in my heart.
For nothing, not even death,
Can keep the two of us apart.
I love and miss you,
Tiny*

Karen Lacy was given a calendar that is to be used each day of the year. One of her favorite scriptures is Jeremiah 31:13-14: "I will turn their mourning into gladness; I will give them comfort and joy

instead of sorrow. My people will be filled with my bounty. "

Another favorite saying from the calendar is: "Those we hold most dear never truly leave us... They live on in the kindnesses they showed, the comfort they shared and the love they brought into our lives." A prayer was included: "Thank you, Father, for the gift of memory that allows me to hold close the ones I love even after they are with you. Amen."

Jenny Bryant's daughter, B.J, was killed by her boyfriend 3-3-92. Jenny has selected a star to symbolize B.J. because she was always smiling and was so full of brightness. Each morning and night Jenny looks in the sky and sees B.J's smiling face through the stars. She says: "They are so bright and perky and it reminds me of B.J. so much. She truly loved life and was so full of love."



Lest you forget, the symbol for our son Jim, who was killed in an automobile accident 5-20-91, is a horse. Horses were his greatest pleasure. He broke them, rode them, roped them, and showed them.



I read a challenging statement by Orison Swett Marden:

"Success is not measured by what a man accomplishes, but by the opposition he has overcome, and the courage with which he has maintained the struggle against overwhelming odds. Not the distance we have run, but the obstacles we have overcome, the disadvantages under which we have made the race, will decide the prizes."

One of the things for which I am very thankful is **Chocolate**. If I were on "*Oprah*," I believe it would be one program where there would be no controversy. See if you agree with me on these important issues.



Chocolate isn't the answer to all of life's problems....

Just the ones concerning spouses, money, work, friends, relationships, travel, shopping, taxes, rainy days, a bad hair day, your cat having fleas. .. (Need I go on?) (Am I wrong?)

