

LAMENTATIONS

Issue 20

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

February, 1994



May is a beautiful month of the year. It is a time when we see flowers blooming and we know that life goes on. There is an ancient tradition of using symbolic herbs and flowers to express feelings. Since the early ages, flowers were thought to be created as a silent language of sentiment. Perhaps you would like to plant some of the following flowers to express your thoughts:

Rose ~ Undying love
Rosemary ~ Remembrance, fidelity
Lavender ~ Devotion, loyalty
Ivy ~ Friendship
Sage ~ Long life, good health
Violets ~ Faithfulness, sweetness
Baby's Breath ~ Gentleness
Myrtle ~ Love and peace

If you were planting a flower garden, what would you want to grow? Would you prefer beautiful flowers, or would you want weeds, thorns and thistles? Your grief is also a garden. If you prefer weeds and thorns, then plant it with anger, hate, and jealousy. I know you are thinking: "Don't we all experience these feelings?" Yes, we do, but we shouldn't make them our "seeds" for our garden. (However, it will probably be some of the manure.) Don't let these be the torrential rains that will wash the "seeds" of S.U.C.C.E.S.S. away. Let your tears and love for your loved one be the "fertilizer" and the gentle "rains"

that will permit these flowers of S.U.C.C.E.S.S. to grow and to mature and become beautiful plants that others will see and enjoy and want to share. May you "pick" this method of growing for your S.U.C.C.E.S.S.

Mother's Day is May 8, another one of those days we all dread; It has been such an emotional time for me for the past two years. A carnation was given to each mother as she left our church last year. When it came time for me to receive one, the person handing them out did not know what to do, so he did not hand me one. It nearly broke my heart. I wanted to shout as loudly as I could that I was still a mother, even though I no longer had a child that was physically present on this earth. I wanted to tell everyone that Young Jim lives in my heart and memories as he does in others. (By the way, I did reach and get a carnation.) People usually wear a red flower if their mother is alive, and a white flower if their mother has died. I plan to wear a pink flower that will at least make me feel that I am still a mother. I did not give up being a Mother. Why don't you join me in honoring ourselves and each other? Be in "the **PINK!**"

May 20 will be the third anniversary of Young Jim's death. It will be a sad day for my husband and me. Our lives totally changed on that day. What was to be one of the most memorable days became the most tragic. It was to be Honor's Night for Jim and his graduating class. The next night he would have graduated from high school with a wonderful future ahead of him.

May is such an interesting word with very interesting meanings. It means: to be permitted or allowed to; to have the ability; be free to; used to express a wish or desire; used to express purpose or expectation or concession; and in Law, it means, must or shall. . . Which will I choose? I think the month of May, for me, means that I have probably selected the Law definition. I *must* get through it. And another definition: I do *have the ability* and I am *free to* choose, and, yes, I have the *desire* to make it through this month, I wish Jim and I could choose the definition of being "permitted" or "allowed" to make a different choice. But that is not an option. So, it is important that we live for Young Jim, How are you living for your child?

In the book, *When Mourning Comes, A Book of Comfort for the Grieving*, Silverman and Cinnamon explain that we must *live* for our dear ones and not *die* for them. "We are to remember the ones we lost with sorrow, yes-to remember them with tears, yes-but also to remember them with joy, laughter, and love."

Since Memorial Day is May 30, let us declare a moratorium, or a suspension of our grief for a day, and designate this day as a day of joy and laughter. William James stated: "You're not what you think you are, but what you think, you are," and Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "A man is what he thinks about all day long." You can do it! It works for me!



Grief Grafts

Since this is the month that is the most difficult for us, I wanted to share some of Young Jim's Mother's Day poems with you:

*A Mother is always happy to see her son.
Always thinking that he can be compared
to none
Even though he has his faults
(Here and there)
He will always be there
Just because of his beloved Mom
For whom he cares so much.
From your Pride and Joy ('89)*

*. . . Then a vision pops in my mind
It's my Mom. I was amazed.
Why would she be there. . .
Well, she's my Mom!
(12 years old)*

To My Mommy Happy Mother's Day!

*To my Mom, one that is caring and
Strict with my teen-age years.*

*One that loves me so much
To hold me dear.
No matter if it was hard
to keep me at a silent part (?)*

*It shows that you, my Mom,
Of me cares enough to watch
And care over me enough
To take the part.*

*Even though it might not have shown,
I care for what you've done
And kept me clean.*

*I know you're great and special to me
Because after all,
You're apart of me.*

Larry and Betty Lawrence's only child, 16-year-old David, was killed in a tragic automobile accident with six other friends, 12-15-93, in Cadiz, Ky. Betty described David as "a very soft hearted, caring person who loved to fish, ride his 4-wheeler and hunt deer with a bow or gun, and rabbit, squirrel and dove hunt. Also loving to 'cruise' around our small town in his truck." David had a great sense of humor and always had something to say that would make you laugh or

smile. He also loved to draw and sketch. He was a member of the FFA and bow club.

Different memorial and scholarship funds have been established in memory of these seven young men. The families have decided to combine all scholarship moneys so they may help as many youth as possible. The scholarship money may be used for sports equipment, trips, club donations, etc. Knight and Hale Game Calls, where the 7 young men were employed, is preparing to build a rock monument which will house the photos of all seven. Seven trees will be planted around this memorial.

The Lawrences have also planted two Bradford pear trees in their yard in memory of David and his first cousin, Jesse Lawrence, who was also killed in the accident.

The family has selected a deer as David's symbol because he had gotten a 10-point deer the Fall before he was killed.



Dale, 16, was also killed in the same automobile accident. Roger and Marsha Garner are his parents. Marsha described Dale as loving to hunt and fish, and that is why they chose a fish as Dale's symbol. The family always fished and hunted together. . In the summer of '92, they went to archery tournaments every weekend. He won many trophies, including fifth in the state in his age group in archery, and he also came in fifth in a fishing tournament with 350 boats.



Dale played baseball for three years and was the star pitcher. He made the all-stars all three years. He enjoyed F.F.A. and was on the soil judging team.

Marsha had cross-stitched the following poem for Dale in 1984:

*Fisherman's Prayer
I pray that I may live to fish
Until my dying day.
And when it comes to my last cast, I then most
humbly pray.
When in the Lord's great landing net
And peacefully asleep
That in His mercy I be judged
Big Enough to Keep!*



David and Ellen Shearer have chosen a cowboy hat with a guardian angel pin to symbolize Ryan, their 10-year-old son, who died of a malignant brain tumor 4-27-93. The Shearers said that one of Ryan's most enjoyable times was when he went to a George Jones, Tracy Lawrence, and Confederate Railroad Conceit and was invited backstage to meet the singers. Confederate Railroad dedicated the song, "Jesus and Mama" to Ryan when they found out it was his favorite song. After Ryan had radiation treatments, he had to wear a hat outside. The family had given him a guardian angel pin and he had pinned it on his hat.

Richard and Geri Vallotton's 18-year-old daughter, Alicia, was killed in a truck accident 3-25-93. On the first observance of her death, the family placed Alicia's picture and poem in their local paper. The first part of the poem was written by Geri:

In Loving Memory of Alicia Vallotton June 1, 1974 - March 25, 1993

*March 25th - Twill be a year ago that day
That the Angels came down and took you
away.
Each and every day we miss you so.
We know you are happier in your
Heavenly home.
And we know that down here we must
carry on:
But there's a void left where you once sat.
And nothing nor no one can ever fill that.
Your loving memories are with us each
day;
We laugh when we recall the things you'd
say.
Your ready smile and your quick wit*

Is something we will never forget.
If Perchance, you could talk to us today,
This is what you would probably say-
"I'm Free!"

Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free.
I'm following the path God laid for me.
I took His hand when I heard Him call
I turned my back and left it all.
I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way.
I found that peace at the close of day.
If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss
Oh, yes, these things I too will miss.
He not burdened with times of sorrow
I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow.
My life's been full - I savored much-
Good friends, good times, a loved one's
touch.
Perhaps my time seemed all too brief-
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief.
Lift up your heart and share with me
God wanted me now- He set me free!

Alicia's symbols are
a dolphin and daisies.



Michael, the 19-year-old son of Nancy Hannon, was killed in an automobile accident, 2-6-93. Nancy wrote the most loving letter and I wanted to share some of it with you, not to "toot" my horn, but to show how we, as a group, can help each other. Nancy wrote: "You are our link to success! Without you, so many of us would be lost. You, Ms Whiz, give us the strength, courage, and a reason to go on. You have lifted up so many of us; lifted us up from the grip of self pity. Making each of us strive for S.U.C.C.E.S.S. not falling to D.E.F.E.A.T."

D- Depressed,
E- Exhausted,
F- Frustrated,
E- Expended,
A- Afraid, and
T- Traumatized.

It is so very sad that it took the loss of precious Young Jim. . . the loss of all of our precious ones to make your mission for serving God branch out into this New field of ministry.

We are not just fellow travelers, we are a large family bound together by love for one another.

I never would have dreamed that I could have so many feelings for total strangers. My heart breaks with each family's testimony of their loved one. God said 'Love one another,' We do, don't we? .All of us."

I truly believe that Nancy wrote this letter to each of us. We are each other's link to S.U.C.C.E.S.S. and we give each other the courage to defeat **D.E.F.E.A.T.** Thanks Nancy, we needed that! Nancy is speaking to Louisville high schools about drugs, alcohol and the automobile as a deadly weapon. Her speech is entitled, "The Deadly Weapon." Michael's symbols are a smiley face and a red rose.



Dustin, the 16-year-old son of Michael and Wanda Knight, was killed in a single automobile accident, 3-26-93. Wanda described Dustin: "He was a very popular, loved, and respected young man, He loved to play basketball, baseball, and tennis. He was a Christian and very active in church activities. He played the drums and the guitar. I believe with all my heart that he is now playing the drums in God's Heavenly Choir. "The family declared: "Dustin's symbol is an angel because our children are truly angels given from God."

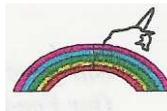


The Knights' oldest son, Michael, is working with kids in the inner city and the homeless in Nashville. A friend of his wrote the following poem:

A HEARTFELT PRAYER

Amid the sorrow, Lord send your peace
That passes all we understand
Give us courage to accept by faith that
it was in your master plan.

Lord help us now to walk by faith
And not by what we see
To trust you for eternal good
From this earthly tragedy
Lord help us to be ever true



To what Your Word tells us to do
Lean not on what we understand
But holdfast to Your unchanging hand

As children of God we don't live by
chance
We don't trust in fate or circumstance
Luck is not a word we use
It's God's grace we trust to bring us
through
My mind and heart can't comprehend
The hurt you're going through
But God the Father understands
He lost His Son once too

My prayer is for His presence
To gently heal your pain
To help you find some comfort that
Earth's loss is Heaven's gain

Dustin is in Heaven
We know death is not the end
Just a perfect new beginning
You will meet with him again.

Bonita Dame
3/29/93

Sam and Donna Carr's 10-year-old son, Clyde, died of Leukemia, 6-27-93. His symbol is a teddy bear.



Donna is "working out" her grief by making "Love Memory" gifts (plastic canvas pins and/or refrigerator magnets), using the symbols we have chosen for our children. She is also interested in making some type of pin that we can wear at the picnic, June 11th. She has kept a list of each child's name and symbol, from those mentioned in the newsletters, and hopes to be able to make many of these symbols. Donna is helping herself by helping others. If you want a symbol made, Donna will send you a list of symbols and a price list. Be sure to tell her whether you want a magnet or a pin You can call her at 606-293-6332, or write her: 1494 Grant Drive, Lexington, KY 40511. She can also cross stitch any poem or saying that you may want.

A unicorn and rainbow are the symbols for Linda, the daughter of Walt and Mary

Kane who was murdered 9-25-91. Linda had two young sons, and the family wrote the following poem on the first Mother's Day after she was killed:

***In Memory of our Mommy:
Linda L Slocum***

*Our life is so weary,
So full of sad pain
Each day brings its shadows
Its mist, and its rain.
There's no ray of sunshine
Our pathway to cheer
But sorrow would vanish
If Mommy were here.
Each hope for us blooming
But blooms to decay
Each joy that we treasure
Soon wither away.
Our dreams full of beauty,
In gloom disappear
But soon all would brighten
If Mommy were here.
Oh, to lay our poor heads
In her dear lap once more
And feel her soft fingers
Stray lovingly o'er,
And catch her fond whisper
And glad word of cheer
How soon grief would vanish
If Mommy was Here!*

*Happy Mother's Day Mommy
Love, Your sons:
William & Keith*

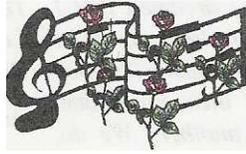


Kevin, the 15-year-old son of Denny and Kathy Akers, died of acute cardiac disphythmia, 12-14-93. The Akers sent a poem that Kevin had written and this is a drawing of his.

FREEDOM

*Freedom is like a swimming dolphin
gliding through the cool clear water.
A way from all of life's troubles.
Feeling like king of the seas.*

Kevin was a member of Harrison County High School Marching Band and loved it. He also loved baking and cooking, his specialty being chocolate chip cookies. (That makes him especially close to me).



as Kevin's symbols.

Stacie, the 20-year-old daughter of Tom and Ramona Bell, was killed in an automobile accident, 2-27-91. Stacie was their only child and excelled in everything she did. She was Valedictorian of her senior class of 853 students. She attended the University of Oklahoma and was Top Ten Freshman, Top Ten Sophomore, Outstanding Junior, at UO and had been selected to be on Senator David Boren's staff for the summer of 1991. She was also running for Student Body President at the time she was killed. A friend of Stacie's, who was in his first year of law school when Stacie was killed, described her: *Stacie was the full example of the intellectual quest. As much as Stacie enlightened her peers about political science, she taught them much more about life. One of the most brilliant minds anywhere, she will be remembered most for her qualities as a person. I have never met anyone who had such a positive impact on others. She cared for everyone, and she showed that living a Christian life is still possible on a college campus. Stacie continues to be a driving force in the lives of the countless people she touched. Her fire burns brightly.*

Stacie embodies the vision of community of scholars.' She helped others learn by listening to their ideas respecting people while challenging their ideas. What she taught her fellow students and friends we find in no mere book. Stacie was a witness to everyone. She showed us all that a community of scholars is absolutely meaningless unless it is also a community of friends.

This was written in memory of Stacie by Tom and Ramona:

TO STACIE

***Our greatest Joy is in Loving you.
Our Fondest Memories are of you.***

He also loved flowers, so the family has chosen musical notes and roses

***Our deepest pain lies in Missing You.
Our Highest Hopes are that You Are
Happy in Paradise.
Our Deepest Faith is That We Will
Rejoin You Forever.
We Will Always Love You,***

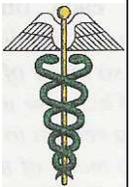


***Mom and Dad
Angels are
Stacie's symbols.***

Carl and Jennifer McClung's 6-year-old daughter, Jennifer Rose, was killed in a tragic automobile accident 11-26-93. The family has selected an angel to represent Jennifer because she is "an angel in heaven." They also selected a white rose because "Jennifer" means white in Latin.



Andy Graetz, the 24-year-old son of Helmut and Goodie Graetz, died as the result of a self-inflicted gunshot wound, 12-13-93. As a young man, every thing seems to come easy to Andy. He was a Governor's Scholar in high school, and was accepted into medical school at the University of Kentucky after three years of college. He was the youngest of 91 students in medical school. The Graetzes are very close with Beby, Andy's girlfriend, and they are all trying to support each other now. Andy's symbol is a Caduceus.



Joyce Hampton's 27-year-old son, Kevin, was killed in an automobile accident, 12-18-93. Joyce, like all of us, talks about how intense her grief is and how she always took for granted that her son would always be there. Joyce made such a profound statement, saying: "Kevin had never married or left home, but when he did, it was so final." Joyce has chosen a guitar to represent Kevin.



Janna, the 12-year-old daughter of David and Peggy Webb, died of a brain aneurysm, 7-12-93. Peggy describes Janna: "Every mother knows that her child is special, and I have always cherished mine. She was concerned about the other person's feelings as long as she has been able to understand what feelings are. As young as two, when I was in the hospital for a long stay, she would talk to me on the phone, offering me comfort even though she was the child and I the mother. Janna had a sweet spirit that drew people to her, especially the children who had few friends. After she died, one little girl shared with her grandmother that Janna was the only other little girl who ever behaved as if she cared for her."

Janna was too beautiful to describe accurately with words, but we have a picture hanging in our new home, given to us by some of her Acteen friends, which looks more like Janna than Janna, if that makes any sense. It shows a blonde, brown-eyed, smiling little girl, just getting ready to dangle her hare toes in the water of the stream beside which she sits. Beside her is a puppy, his front paws in her lap, and his nose buried in daisies the child holds for him to sniff. Yellow butterflies or 'flutter-bies' as she called them when she was small, flit through the air around her head, against a blue sky, containing fluffy white clouds. She is surrounded by flowers, grass, trees, and I can almost feel the soft breeze against her cheek. Strangely enough, this picture has everything heaven would contain for Janna. We had several times in Janna's short life talked about what heaven would be like, and we decided that if we could have what we now want in heaven, these would be the things that would be there. The picture bears an uncanny resemblance to Janna. I had seen the picture in a store shortly after Janna died, and convinced that I was probably imagining things, left the picture without commenting to anyone else. However, my friends in charge of the Acteens at our church had taken them shopping for a house warming gift for our house, and all the girls were of one accord that this was the gift for me. Now, all who

see the picture ask if it is one we had done of her.

Peggy ended her letter by explaining the reasons for the symbols chosen to represent Janna. Janna's signs should be butterflies. On our first visit to her grave after her burial, the cemetery was alive with lemon yellow butterflies, all gathered in their separate little groups having butterfly conversations. One noisy little sunflower, yellow, (warmer, more orange) flitted from group to group, staying awhile, then going on to another, tumbling and twirling in the air as she traveled. Guess who? Janna! Always on the move, always the "social butterfly", spreading sunshine as she went.



Walter and Margie Bentley's 17-year-old son, Scottie, was killed in a cabin fire 12-23-83. Margie described Scottie: Scottie was such a good looking young man. He had brown eyes, dark brown hair and was very dark skinned. Scottie had a cross on the back of his neck (a birthmark, I guess) and I always told him God had something good in store for him. Scottie was intelligent and made very good grades in school and was in the advanced classes. He had a great personality and had many, many friends. I had boys at my home just about all the time. When I lost Scottie, I also lost all his friends. Scottie loved to camp out with his friends. Walt built a log cabin and they camped out in it every weekend. We want to choose a cabin and a cross for Scottie's symbols.

Anna Beth Burnett, the 8-year-old daughter of Chaps and LuAnn, died of an automobile accident, 5-9-93. LuAnn describes Anna Beth: One of the most beautiful vivacious spirits I have ever known. She loved life and people, never met a stranger and had all the self-confidence that she would ever need by her sixth birthday. Anna Beth loved

school and was an avid reader—we read chapter books together every night and snuggling in bed and reading and talking are some of my fondest memories. She loved her cat mitten. Mitten disappeared one day in April and Anna Beth was heart broken—She wept as if she were a grown woman losing her first love. I remember how moved I was by the range of her feelings at such a young age. Anna Beth drew a huge picture of a cat that she proceeded to color in all the colors of the rainbow. It was on my refrigerator door when she died. When she was in the first grade, she had written a few poems that her teacher sent to "Kids Korner" in the Lexington Herald/Leader. One of her "published poems" went like this:

Rainbows and Kitties

I like rainbows
They are pretty—
So here is a picture
Of a "Pretty Kitty"



Now it all seems to make some sense, soft of! A rainbow cat is Anna Beth's symbol.

Rob, the 18-year-old son of James and Anita Begley died as the result of an automobile accident 11-10-93. Rob's



symbol is a black corvette convertible.

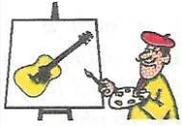
Dennis and Judy Carpenter's 16-year-old daughter, Kellie, died of an automobile accident 8-14-92. Judy sent this poem that was given to her by a fellow teacher and Judy says she reads it each morning:

And if I go, while you're still here...
Know that I live on,
Vibrating to a different measure
-Behind a veil you cannot see through
You will not see me,
So you must have faith.
I wait for the time when we can soar
together again
-Both aware of each other.
Until then, Live your life to its fullest
and when you need me,
Just whisper my name in your heart
...I will be there.

Kellie's symbol is a butterfly.



Lori Douglas' 19-year-old son, Chris, died 6-23-93 of an accidental drowning. Chris wrote this poem to his mother, 5 days before his death. *Be good to your Mother Accept life's changes and love one another.*



Chris's symbols are a guitar and artist.

Mark Lee, the 16-year-old son of Mikie and Shelda, died as the result of a truck accident, 10-9-93. Shelda explained: *Mark was the joy of my life. He had a smile that could light up the world. He was a carefree, happy kid who would give you the shirt off his back if you needed or wanted it. He was involved with FFA at school and auto mechanics. He loved car races (especially dirt track). I have chosen a race car with the # 16 on it as his symbol.*



Roy and Jenny Curtis' 15-year-old daughter, Mary, died of a heart attack, 6-21-93. Mary had been a cheerleader in the Eighth Grade and then became a varsity cheerleader in high school. She had just completed her Sophomore year at Bath County High School, and had already earned a position for her Junior and Senior year on the cheerleading squad. Jenny said that Mary was her "best friend as well as her daughter." Mary could not drive because she had a heart condition, so Jenny took her to games and gymnastic practice. She went anywhere and everywhere with Mary because she knew Mary had a problem with her heart and always wanted to be close in case she needed to sign for treatment. The family has not chosen a symbol yet, but from her picture, she was a



cheerleader through and through.



I am including the names and addresses of the scholarships of those who sent information:

Stacie Bell Scholarship Fund
Quail Creek Bank
P.O. Box 20160
Oklahoma City, OK 73156

Jason P. Davis
Memorial Scholarship Fund, Inc.
Committee for the Gentle Giant
5600 South Highway 27
Somerset, KY 42501

George E. Diebold Scholarship Fund
Saint Xavier High School
1609 Poplar Level Road
Louisville, KY 40217

Don V. Drye, IV Memorial Fund
c/o People's Bank
Gravel Switch, KY 40328

Brandon Holbrook Memorial Scholarship
United Methodist Church
Wheelwright KY 4 I 669

Brandon Holbrook Football Scholarship
South Floyd High School
Hi Hat, KY 41636

Scott Livingston Memorial Scholarship Fund
National City Bank
1000 Carter Avenue
Ashland, KY 41101

Peggy and Denis O'Connor Scholarship Fund
University of Dayton
Dayton, OH 45469
(Son & daughter of Elaine Stillwell)
Scott Rose Foundation, Inc. P.O.
Box 5001
London, KY 40745-5001

The Drew & Jeremiah Smith Scholarship Fund
The McCallie School
280 McCallie Avenue
Chattanooga, TN 37404

Frannie Smith Scholarship Fund
Presentation Academy
861 South Fourth Street
Louisville, KY 40203

Roger Herndon Memorial Fund
Calloway County Board of
Education P.O. Box 800
Murray, KY 42071

James H. Taylor, II Scholarship
6191 College Station
Williamsburg, KY 40769

A good friend of mine gave me the book: *The Road To Success is Always Under Construction*. It is written and compiled by Larry Wall and Kathleen Russell. I would like to share some of the profound statements:

- * Anger is one letter short of danger.
- * There can be no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.
- * Few people travel the road to success without a puncture or two.
- * The happiness of your life depends on the quality of your thoughts.
- * The best vitamin for making friends: BI.
- * Most people are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.
- * Triumph is just "umph" added to try.
- * Success comes to those who make it happen, not those who let it happen.
- * Don't let yesterday use up today
- * Failure is the path of least persistence.
- * Some folks won't look up until they are flat on their backs.
- * Make friends before you need them,
- * If you can laugh at it, then you can live with it.
- * People don't fail; they give up.
- * Smile, it takes only 13 muscles; a frown takes 64.

I'm sure you are as busy as I, but I have a real dilemma with all the different types of chocolate candy:

