

LAMENTATIONS

Issue 15

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

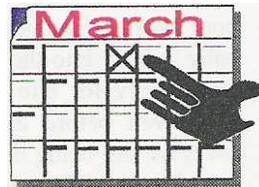
February, 1994

March 1 is **Ash Wednesday**. It is not only the first day of the Lenten season, but this year it is also the first day of the month. **Lent** is a religious season observed by many Christian churches. It begins on Ash Wednesday, which is 40 days before Easter, excluding Sundays, and ends on Easter Sunday. Ash Wednesday is to remind us of the scripture in Genesis 3:19: "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." It may have also been a reminder of the 40 days that Jesus Christ fasted in the wilderness, preparing for his earthly ministry.

When was your Ash Wednesday? Was it the day you knew of your loved one's death, or was it the day after the funeral? We each are "observing" a Lenten season. Lent has been defined as a time "of fasting, performing penance, giving alms, abstaining from amusements, etc." Doesn't this describe our season of grief? We have fasted, or have given up our loved one to death; we perform penance by observing our sorrow; and we abstain or refrain from the "amusements" that used to make us so happy when our loved one was alive.

But when do we get through that "Ash Wednesday" of our "Lenten" season? Perhaps it is when we start reaching out to others or when we are able to enjoy those "amusements" once again. We will not be through the entire season of Lent, but we will be through Ash Wednesday. This is a step forward.

And, perhaps, this will help us through those "39" days that remain in Lent. Mark off the first day of your March calendar because this is at least one day less we have in our grief work.



Many famous poets and playwrights were born in this month. Tennessee Williams, A.E. Housman and Robert Frost were all born on March 26. Tennessee Williams was an American playwright whose dramas portrayed the loneliness and isolation of human life.

A.E. Housman wrote melancholy lyrics about human suffering. Robert Frost wrote one of my husband, Jim's, favorite poems, which has always been a challenge to him in his many endeavors. *The Road Not Taken*. This is the last stanza of that poem:

*Two roads diverged in a wood and I
took the one less traveled by, and that
has made all the difference.*

I truly believe that if we take the road less traveled, which is our grief work, it will "make all the difference." At times, it seems easier to ignore our grief, or to hide our grief by whatever diversions we can make. (This is the road that is more often traveled.) But I have found that *the road less traveled* is a shorter way *through the wood* to the end of the road which, hopefully, will be the end of our grief. And that will certainly make all the difference.

Michelangelo was born March 6, 1475. He is one of the most famous artists to have ever lived. His best known sculpture is that of the Virgin Mary cradling Jesus after his crucifixion. Each time I see a picture of this famous and moving sculpture, I feel empathy for Mary, because we each have lost a son.

Michelangelo's most famous painting is the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. It took him 4 years to complete this magnificent fresco. Michelangelo knew that this type of art could not be rushed. We, too, need to remind ourselves that we cannot rush our grief. We cannot do it without thought of the process, and we cannot do it with the anticipation that in a certain amount of time your grief will be over. Time does not heal, grief work does.

St. Patrick's day is March 17. I enjoy the "wearing of the green" on this day, and hope you will also. I encouraged you to light a green candle on Christmas Eve; and gave you green hearts last month to remind you of our growing and working through grief; I now encourage you to wear green on the 17th of March to represent all of our loved ones we have lost. These stages of grief that are on the leaves of the 4-leaf clover are to remind us of the work we have done and have yet to do. May you be blessed with the luck of the Irish. I wish each of us **Good Luck** as we continue our journey!!



Grief Grafts

Andrew, the 18-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. Terry Gutsell, died from congestive heart failure, 8-6-93. The family's former priest, Robert Howie, wrote **Larger than Life - Stories of Small Churches and Remarkable People**. Andrew was the last chapter. Andrew's symbol is a basketball angel.



Andrew

Andrew was born with an incomplete heart. When he was a little boy he wanted to play football and an extraordinary operation made it possible for him to do it. And to play baseball, basketball and golf

He was one of the children of St. Michael's who asked questions that set me pondering the nature and the mystery of the kingdom of heaven. When Andrew died at age eighteen, his parents brought out to show the hundreds of mourners, photos and other treasures from their son's short and happy life. One item was a letter I had written Andrew when he was ten years old (When the questions were hard I used my weak voice as an excuse to answer in writing, gaining time.)

The letter, dated February 27, 1985:

Dear Andrew,

You and I have never got around to talking about your question, "Why are we born," and I want to say some things before I leave St. Michael's.

First of all, I don't think you were asking about how babies grow from an act of love between mother and father and how they're physically born into the world. If you don't know about all that, your mother and father can help you understand.

"Why" is a very big word, and it's one of the things that separates us from the other animals. Science keeps telling us more and more about "how" things happen, but "why" remains a question always. You might say that why is the question of mankind. No matter how much we learn, there is always something mysterious about life, about birth

and death, about love and fear, about good and evil.

I'll tell you what I believe, and believe it because of what I read about Jesus say in the Gospel of St. John-and because when I've trusted in what Jesus said and did, I found it was true. (That's a confusing sentence. Let me see if I can say it plainer.) Jesus showed us that God is like a loving father. When we respond to his love by loving him and each other, life is good, even when it's hard. I believe we're born because God is a lover and when a baby is born into the world it's another opportunity for him to love someone. And even before that I believe God loves us into being through our parents' love for each other. In the confirmation class last week, one of the children said, "God is love-and nothing else."

This has been a long answer. I hope it wasn't confusing. The short answer may be just what the child said, "God is love-and nothing else."

I believe the kingdom of heaven is exactly like that. Thank you, Andrew.

Tanya Baker McCue's 8-year-son, Brookes, died a month after receiving a heart-lung transplant. Tanya writes: *I wanted to update you on my most recent move to New Mexico. My life has taken on a new path and I am now providing parent support in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Tanya is the director of **Parents Reaching Out. PRO** is a support group based on the philosophy that parents of children with a disability or chronic illness can be helped by other parents. **PRO** can assist parents throughout the state by matching them with supporting parents in their communities. Supporting parents can provide information, support, access to resources and a chance to share experiences. Tanya was involved in **Parent to Parent** in Vermont before she moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico. She has chosen the milkweed to symbolize Brookes.*



Art and Eleanor Foss' son, John, died, 10-5-93, from bladder cancer at the age of 28. Eleanor wrote the following poem:

*There was a boy who was so tall
Who smiled and laughed and lived.*

*There was a boy who held my heart
and will forever more.*

*There was a boy who so loved life,
to fish, to hunt, to ski, to sun
Oh HOW he loved that sun.*

*The sun so central to his life,
That son so central to mine.*

*There was a boy who could "laze"
all day.*

*Until something caught his fancy.
And then to see him jump to life to
read, to phone, to wheel, to deal,
to charm, cajole and conquer.*

*Oh how that boy was loved, that boy
who was so tall.*

*How very important this was to
him, to be loved as only he was
able.*

*How he would ponder, worry and
muse if someone he would dis
please.*

*That boy who was so tall you know
That boy was my only son.*

*That boy who now lives with his
Lord above, does he please the an
gels in Heaven?*

*Does he make them laugh?
As he did to us here in this life?*

*Who does he drive in his little red
car way too fast and too close?*

*Who does he tease and scold and
frighten and laugh until the tears
flow?*

*Who does he call to bare his soul, to
share his dreams and his concert
tickets now he's without his big sister?*

*What does he eat and who does the
cooking for that boy who was so tall?
Who irons his shirts that had to be per
fect with the pony on the front?*

*Who makes the iced tea that he loved
so sweet now that he's left his young
sister?*

And how can he live in Heaven above
without his phone and CD's?

Oh Lord please, the boy who so loved
to live. Give him your peace and
your comfort.

Dear Lord up above, please take care
of my boy.

That boy who was so tall.



John's
symbols are
an angel and
a red BMW.



Karen Lacy's daughter Mary (8)
was killed in an automobile
accident, 9-25-91. Karen has gone
back to work full time and de-
scribes her re-entry into the job
market: *I don't seem to be adjusting as
well as I used to. I guess I shouldn't be
too hard on myself, 3 years is a long
time to be off work not being able to
work and making it through all the tri-
als of the last 3 years. I thank God for
bringing me to where I am today,
working again and living an abundant
life that Christ spoke of in John 10:10.
I am so grateful for what God has done
for me. I hope in our new year that all
of us fellow travelers are able to come
"alive in '95" and make a difference in
the lives of others. Encouraging one
another as we travel the road of
recovery together. I've had to slow
down and give a few things up because
I'm too tired. I had to give up
volunteering at the school (where
Mary was a student). I guess I was
only to do that for a few weeks. I know
that God put me there and I enjoyed it
until it started being too stressful for
me to juggle my work around and then
it became impossible. Over the
Christmas vacation, when there was no
school, I had a lot of time to think. I
was thinking "I'm glad I don't have to
go to school today." At first I thought
maybe I was just too tired from work
and the stress for holidays made me
extra tired and when you're too tired
you don't feel like doing even things
you enjoy. Then after school started I
had a morning free and I went, but
really didn't want to. I realized I just
don't enjoy doing this like I did so I
decided my time may be up there. After
a couple of weeks of*

prayer to ask God to put the desire
back into my heart if he still wanted me
there, I still feel the same, so I quit. I
wasn't uncomfortable in the sense of it
being painful. I think maybe God put
me there to show me I could work there
again if I wanted to because I thought
I'd never be able to.

Now Karen works with the eld-
erly and feels that it
is a ministry. Mary's
symbols are hearts
and rainbows.

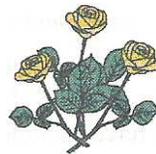


Paul Atkins' 19-year-old son, Jer-
emy, died on Labor Day (9-5-94)
from injuries sustained from falling
from a bridge. Paul shared: *I've given
lots of thought to symbols for Jeremy. I
had drama masks engraved on his
headstone since he loved the stage and
entertaining of all kinds. But then,
again, I think of those twinkling eyes
full of love and mischief and that smile
that could melt anyone. I keep a picture
of him on my desk at work and it's as
though he could speak to me. That
smile is so close and those
eyes look right into mine.
So I believe I'll go with a
twinkling star.*



Jeremy's former high school friend
and college roommate surprised Na-
than, Carrie and me right before
Christmas by having a half-ton granite
rock placed amid landscaping at the
front door of his and Jeremy's high
school, Providence. This rock had been
sandblasted smooth on top and etched
upon it were drama masks and "In
memory of Jeremy Hardin, Class of
1993." I was so sad and yet so very
proud.

Jennifer Sexton lost
both of her parents in
a very short time.
Jennifer has selected
yellow roses to represent her
parents.



Jennifer cross-stitched a beautiful
Pegasus for us and found this scrip-
ture to go with it. This scripture
seems to have been written just for

Young Jim since his symbols are
cherubs and a Pegasus.

**And he rode upon a cherub and
did fly: Yea, He did fly upon the
wings of the wind, Psalm 18:10**

Tommy and Gina Wright's 4-
year-old son, Drew, was killed in an
auto-related accident, 6-16-93. Gina
wrote and expressed how we all feel
on a cold-wintery day. *A cold and
snowy day here at my house, which
mirrors my mood!! It seems as if I have
been out of touch lately and have let
certain things slip by. My beloved
Grandfather, who was 94 on Christmas
Eve, passed on to Heaven, 1-22. My
Mother, who was his primary care-
giver, was and still is emotionally and
physically worn out. I how been trying
to be there for her and still holding
down my own family life. We can, how-
ever, gain comfort in the fact that he's
not only with my Grandmother, but he's
also with Drew.*

Christmas this year was . . . I really
don't have a word, but we continued
our "tradition" of putting the same
amount of lights out on
our house.



Drew's symbol is an
angel with a light.

Stephanie, the 21-year-old daugh-
ter of Mary Kate Gach, was stalked
and murdered 10-9-92. Mary Kate
writes about the importance of us
staying in touch with each other
. . . *Caring friends, a handful who seem
to understand, are there- Each time I
hear from someone, it helps. Mary
Kate is involved with Compassion-
ate Friends and a Homicide Survi-
vor Group and she has been
involved in helping raise public
awareness of an amendment calling
for comprehensive victims' rights in
Alabama. Only 13 states have such
an amendment in their state consti-
tution. Mary Kate was interviewed
by a TV station in Birmingham
about Stephanie's murder and her
grief. Mary Kate stressed- No one
can get the attention of the public in*

reference to the victim's plight and needs, better than the victim or the Survivors like me. Maybe this is an area where I can fight and be of use, something worth going on for, besides waiting for the execution. My grief and anger are compounded by the fact that in states with death penalty (Ala. is one - Stephanie's killer is on death row), the appeals process is so lengthy that the murderer will doubtless outlive most of Stephanie's family - To convict and sentence to death for the most brutal of crimes, then 15 years later, the perpetrator is still breathing and living his life, and Stephanie is not on earth.

Mary Kate has established a scholarship for Stephanie. If you are interested in giving to her scholarship, you may write:

Stephanie Gach Memorial Scholarship
John Carroll High School
P.O. Box 19907
Birmingham, AL 35219

The first scholarship will be given at the 94-95 high school graduation. Stephanie's symbol is a brown bunny.



Mary Kate also included the following prayer from the **Reform Judaism Prayer book**.

Gates of Prayer

*In the rising of the Sun and in its going down, we remember them;
In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, we remember them;
In the opening of the buds and in the warmth of summer, we remember them;
In the rustling of the leaves and the beauty of autumn, we remember them;
In the beginning of the year and when it ends, we remember them;
When we are weary and in need of strength, we remember them;
When we have joys we yearn to share, we remember them;
So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are now a part of us
As we remember them.*

Two of Lola Davis' children were killed in an automobile accident,

11-11-94. Melissa was 20 years old, and Otis was 18. The Davis' daughter, Betty shared that her brother, Robby, lighted candles at the tree where they were killed. The candles stayed lit for 3 days. They now light candles on their graves and "it seems when we light candles that it keeps them alive with us. Their symbols are a unicorn and motorcycle for Melissa, and a motorcycle and "Taz" for Otis.



Jamie, the 12-year-old son of James and Dottie Wilson, died from Leigh's Disease. Chrystal, Jamie's sister, wrote the following poem, the day before Jamie's funeral:

Waiting

*Your pain has ended but ours lives on
It is hard for us to believe that you are really gone.
The house is now silent, no screams or shouts,
All that is left is our memories and doubts.
Your toys are on the bed where you used to lay,
Your chair is waiting for you to return someday.
We still hear you crawling up and down the hall,
But, your happiness is heard the loud est of all.
We will be with you soon to stay forever more,
And, we know you'll be waiting to walk us through the door.*

Chrystal also wrote the most loving tribute about her brother, Jamie. I have included some excerpts:

James E. Wilson II was born on March 2, 1982. He was a healthy baby, healthier than any other in the nursery. He looked like a little angel lying in his Mother's arms. Almost 3 weeks after he was born, I caught pneumonia. A week after, Jamie followed.

He was put in a plastic tent that supplied oxygen so he could get better. One morning Jamie didn't wake up at 6:00 a.m. as he usually did. Mother went to the tent to check on him and found that the oxygen had run out during the night.

When Jamie was taken home, he was no longer that curious little boy who could turn his head and see everything. He didn't have that sparkle in his eyes or that playfulness in his touch. Jamie had brain damage.

For us, time went by fast and there never were enough hours to spend with him. Jamie learned to crawl, talk to me in his own way, and to get into "trouble." Nothing was too high, too hidden, or too big to get a hold of. He was full of energy and spunk. Even though his days were sometimes plagued with extreme pain, he had time to have fun and he had so much energy.

I never wanted anyone to know that I played with my brother. I was must be too "old" for that, so I never told the how much fun we had together.

I guess I have come to the time in my life where each day is etched in my memory in hopes of never forgetting him. Every two months or so, Jamie would get sick and have to go back to UT When Jamie came home, he was the same. It helped to see him happy even though in his happiness, he knew pain. His spirit passed away April 1994. In a way, I felt good about his death. He was no longer in pain. Then, I would feel ashamed at my happiness. Even if I could, I would my wish for my brother to return to the earth that is filled with suffering at pain.

He is missed terribly. I can never say good-bye to someone who is within my heart and soul every hour of every day. I need only to look at pictures of him and be reminded that no other family could have given him the love that, gave. God chose us for a miracle, and even though we were undeserving of such a wonderful gift, I gave it anyway. I have chosen, the angel as a symbol for Jamie because that is what he was, I and always will be. Our little angel sent from above.



Harold and Lori Underwood lost their 5 1/2 month old daughter, Katy Lu, 10-4-94. Lori lamented: *Katy was especially precious to us because we had prayed for 3 years that the Lord would bless us with a child. Not far into the pregnancy, we learned that there were cysts inside both of my ovaries. The cysts grew so large that they caused me to go into labor early. Katy Lu was born 6 weeks early and was sent to UK. 's Neonatal Intensive Care Unit with severe lung problems. We stayed there for 3 1/2 weeks. When we went home, Katy was on oxygen and a monitor. We spent about 1 week of every month in the hospital with her for various reasons. Katy was a special little girl with many different problems. In August, Kathy's doctor diagnosed her with Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy, and told us that Katy would almost certainly require open heart surgery or a heart transplant in the next few months. She said that she usually only saw conditions this advanced and severe in patients who were 50-60 years old.*

Katy continued to get sicker and sicker. Her doctor decided that it was time to try the surgery. On September 26th, she underwent surgery at UK. The doctors were not very optimistic for her to even make it through the surgery. But Katy Lu was a fighter, she did make it through. However, her body was simply too exhausted to fight off the infections that sometimes go along with surgery and to do all that she would have to do to recover. On October 4th, 1994, our Katy Lu went to be with Jesus.

After her death, a peace like we had never known descended on us and we knew that Katy was finally whole. She looked more contented than she had ever looked. We had prayed for so long that God would heal Katy. He did answer our prayer. Katy was healed that day. God showed us that he does answer our prayers; just not always in the way we expect.

Dealing with our loss of Katy Lu has, of course, been very difficult. There are several things that we aren't sure how to deal with and times when we aren't sure what is proper in dealing

with our grief But over all, I think we're doing okay. We are closer than ever as a couple and we have learned a lot about ourselves and about God. We have learned that faith is not believing that God will take care of situations the way we want him to, but believing that God will take care of life regardless of how He takes care of the situation.

The Underwoods have chosen an angel with a heart for Katy Lu.



Donna Carr, whose 10-year-old son, Clyde died of Leukemia 6-27-93, has a new granddaughter. Her name is Sierra Chavae Carr and she weighed 5 lbs. 10 oz. Donna brags: *She looks like her mother, Chavae, who looks just like me and they say I look like my mother. When Sierra gets a little age on her, I'm going to have a picture made of the four of us and Clyde silhouetted in the background.*

Donna has written two poems.

I BELIEVE IN YOU

*I believe because I was taught
You became a part
engraved in my heart
You were no longer just a thought.*

*Completely surrendering is a process
of time
searching the soul ridding the old
No longer being blind.*

*Through the Word we are to learn
our responsibilities to You
our test of being true
And what You give in return.*

*You taught not to question "Why?"
whatever the pain
we are to gain
Even if someone we loved had to die.*

*I wish I knew Your plan
so I can feel the Joy
in why you chose my boy
And took him to Your land*

*I believe because I was taught
soothe my heart*

*the one in which You're a part
You are no longer just a thought*

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

Last night I thought I saw you. Oh, no! It was a memory that dimmed when I opened my eyes. But I can feel your presence because you are a part of me, whether I'm dreaming or not. I can touch you in my dreams, and ask you "Are you all right?" And you'd probably say, "Fine." You always did, regardless of the pain. But that's okay for now. I'll see you in my dreams, where we can be together. Because I dream that one day, we will.

Love Mom

January 14, 1995

Clyde's symbol is a teddy bear.



Charles and Evelyn Davidsons' son, Chris (17), died from a massive heart attack, 11-22-93. Evelyn wrote: *It's been 14 months since Chris passed away and I still miss him so much. I would like to let all my Fellow Travelers know how much all of you have helped me. I couldn't have made it this far without them. I send all my love out to you.*

Chris' symbols are a basketball and balloons.



Carol Mann's son, Shane, age 18, was killed in an automobile accident, 1-12-93. Shane's symbol is a Rottweiler. Carol explained how she felt on the anniversary of Shane's death. *On January 12, 1995, I had to ask myself "Why would I want to remember a day that has made this life so empty?" As I was battling this question, a poem came to me so I placed it in our newspaper so everyone would remember Shane:*

*It was a rainy day
That God decided to call me away.
I left with great despair
For a greater place in the air.
I will be your "Wind Beneath Your Wings."
Because in Heaven, everyone sings.*

*And I really believe He is my wind
Because God knows that there are days
we just can't do it alone.*

Cary, the 18-year-old son of Gary and Nancy Bilderback, was killed in an automobile accident, 1-13-89. Nancy described the loss of a very good friend: *I have been on an emotional roller coaster since October, For 3 years I watched my best friend at school wage a most gallant battle with cancer, We were so close over the years as we had taught together for 15 years and always spent a lot of outside time together away from school. She literally got me through many days at school in the beginning when I thought I couldn't look at children ever again She was in and out of remission, but never complained I did not think she would see Christmas and then January was upon us - such a hard month on Gary and me as it is. This January she was too ill to realize that the 13th was Cary's day and I found it hard to psyche myself up and her too. She died on the 11th and was buried on the 13th. .*

I'm glad now that January is over and that spring can't be too far ahead I look forward to working in the yard and adding more to Cary's water garden. Our Wal-Mart was stocking all the shelves with fertilizer, weed eaters, hoses, rakes, etc. and that gave me a lift.

*Cory's symbol
is water skis.*



Curt and Debbi Dickinson have lost 3 babies which were miscarried in the 2nd trimester of pregnancy: Junior (12/24/80); Kimberly Melissa (8/25/87); and Angel Winter Dawn (12/25/89). Debbi is a widely published poet and I have included two of her poems.

Debbi explains this poem: This poem was written when I was 18. I don't know why. "Jimmy" is fictitious. I don't know why I had picked the name "Jimmy." I didn't know anyone who had died I do think it's strange that years later I, would lose a son, "Junior." Was this a premonition?

Waking up to Reality

*I had a bad dream last night
(and I remember I cried).
I hugged my Teddy close
and Teddy said everything would be all
right.. .
But it wasn't
(and I remember I cried)*

*When I woke up this morning little
Jimmy wasn't here.
I asked mommy where Jimmy was
today,
but she just said he'd "gone away,"
as she brushed away a tear.
The months slipped by and
it was another year.*

*"I miss Jimmy, mommy, where did he
go?"
But mommy just said he went on a
"long trip. "
I asked her why but she didn't say,
(and I remember I cried)
Another year went by.*

*I asked mommy-where Jimmy was
today and she hugged me close
and said it was time for me to know.
Jimmy had died
I wanted to know why ,
but this time I didn't ask*

*I had a bad dream last night
(and I remember I cried).
It wasn't really a bad dream last night,
was it
because when I woke up Teddy had
said
everything would be all right
but it wasn't*

(and I remember I cried.)

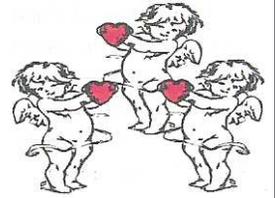
The Littlest Angel

*The littlest angel in heaven
Loves kittens and cowboys and fun.
Heaven will never be just as it was"
Now that his life there's begun.*

*He'll turn fluffy clouds into snowmen
And swing on the stars above
He'll turn golden streets into
playgrounds
And fill up God's home with his love.
He'll make dandelions out of sunbeams
And find grassy meadows for playing
His laughter will ring where the great
choirs sing,
But he'll hear me when I'm praying.*

*The littlest angel in heaven
Is one I am longing to see,
For the child that belongs now with
Jesus
Is the child that belonged once with me,*

Curt and
Debbi have
chosen angels
and hearts for
their childrens
symbols.



*Positive-thinking ABCs
A-void negative sources, people,
places, things and habits.
B-elieve in yourself.
C-onsider things from every angle.
D-on't give up, and don't give in.
E-njoy life today; yesterday is gone,
and tomorrow may never come.
F-amily and friends are hidden trea-
sures. Seek them and enjoy their
riches,
G-ive more than you planned to give.
H-ang on to your dreams,
I-gnore those who try to discourage
you.
J-ust do it!
K-eeep on trying No matter how hard
it seems, it will get easier,
L-ove yourself first and most.
M-ake it happen.
N-ever lie, cheat or steal.
Always strike a fair deal.
O-pen your eyes and see things as they
really are.
P-ractice makes perfect.
Q-uitters never win, and winners never
quit.
R-ead, study and learn about every
thing important in your life.
S-top procrastinating,
T-ake control of your own destiny.
U-nderstand yourself in order to better
understand others.
V-isualize it.
W-ant it more than anything
X-celerate your efforts.
Y-ou are unique of all of God's crea-
tions. Nothing can replace you.
Z-ero in on your target, and go for it!*
Wanda Carter

If you need energy to
accomplish your
ABCs, call 1-
8Chocolate!

