



LAMENTATIONS

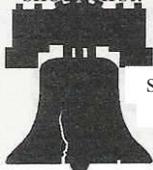


Issue 46

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

July, 1996

July 4th is often referred to as independence Day. We as citizens of the United States want independence for our pursuits, but in our grief, we need dependence. **Dependence** is defined as the relation of trusting or relying on another for support, help, or existence. With our dependence on fellow travelers, we find that support and help that can only be understood and given by someone who has experienced the same great loss. And have you found that you are more accepting of "advice" when it is given by a fellow traveler? When "advice" is given by a "lay" person, I often am tempted to say, "Walk a mile in my shoes first."



The **Liberty Bell** is a symbol of independence. A **bell** is anything that make a ringing sound as a signal. Typically, a bell is a hollow metal cup that makes a sound when struck by a clapper or hammer. The shape of the bell affects the resonance, power, and tonal quality. When you **ring a bell**, you are evoking a response, as of the memory or of enthusiasm. When you are **saved by the bell**, you are saved from trouble by a chance piece of luck. When you go **with bells on** you are fully arrayed or prepared, readily, eagerly. When **bell** is used as a verb, it means to bellow; roar; cry.

When you were "struck" by that clapper or hammer (when you were told of your loved one's death) didn't you feel that hollow, roar and cry

of grief? Everyone's "shape" of grief is different, and that is the reason we grieve differently. But we do have common paths of grief. When we are "lost" in our grief, we can "ring" a bell to tell our fellow travelers that we need direction, and at times, someone to lead the way.

When you select a symbol for your child, you are **ringing a bell**, or hoping to evoke a response from others who will share their memories of your loved one with you. We are **saved by the bell** when we have contact with fellow travelers. We are "lucky" to have each other to share our inner feelings and know that we are at a "safe place" when sharing. We are all striving for the time when we will be able to go **with bells on**. When this happens, we will know that we have finally reached our **S.U.C.C.E.S.S.**



What bell shape are you? Remember that the shape of our bell affects the resonance, the control or authority we have and the "tone" in which others hear us. We may have a huge crack just as the Liberty Bell, but we can still make a sound that will be pleasing to the ear and will remind others of our loved ones. Let's hear those bells ring!!

Have you been planning a vacation? Diana Hammock wrote an article entitled **That First Summer Vacation**, and gave the following suggestions to help you decide:



*Be gentle with yourself. Don't expect too much.
Plan a restful vacation. You need that time.*

Plan to do some grief work because you will, whether it is planned or not. If you have a bad day, do only what you feel like doing. Know that your child will be on your mind day and night just he or she is at home. Our grief goes with us.

Plan to do something your child would have loved to do, but did not get a chance. Do this in their memory.

If you plan to visit relatives, remember they mean well even if they seem insensitive with their remarks.

If you have other children, remember them. They are also having a hard time coping on this vacation. Plan some activities that will be especially for them.

Be especially careful to communicate with your spouse. Plan a vacation that is suitable for both of your needs. Remember that you are both grieving for the same child, but we all grieve differently.

If you have been maintaining your child's grave site and feel guilty leaving it unattended, let a family member or friend see to it while you are away. You need not feel guilty and it could fill a need for one of your family members or friends, allowing them to help.

You will have a memorable vacation even though it will be difficult. You will look back and see it as another growing experience as you find your way through the grief work of a bereaved family.

After your vacation, you may find that it is one of the turning points of your grief. You may hear an old familiar sound--the sound of your own laughter. You may find that you can enjoy some of life again.

Grief Grafts

Two sons of Luther and Rosemary Smith, Drew (18) and Jeremiah (15), were killed in an automobile accident, 7-23-92. A wonderful article was written about Rosemary for Mother's Day. The following are some of the highlights:

Rosemary Smith is a testament to courage and faith and the fortitude that only a mother who has lost two of her sons can understand. She is surviving and is helping other bereaved parents survive by reaching out to help because the only one who can say, "I know how you feel" is one who has had this tragic experience.

"Spirituality is the key, without it you do not do well," says Rosemary as she continues her mission of helping families cope with the grief and guilt when they lose a child.

Rosemary is very involved in keeping the memory of lost children alive and she calls parents when she reads or hears of a death. She has called over 550 families, written letters, sent an envelope of spiritual messages, books and photographs of her children. She is welcomed and receives photographs of the bereaved parent's children in return.

"The key is to listen to people talk about their children, to share the child," Rosemary explains that this is very important to the parents and many times parents go into seclusion, avoiding even the grocery stores, because friends and neighbors do not know how to express their sympathy, so they turn away. To allow a parent to talk helps keep that child's memory alive, they were here, they existed, they are remembered.

"You can't protect them," Rosemary said as she speaks of her son, Jordan, who will be eligible to drive in a year. "How can I let him drive?" "I've heard of every way a child can die and there is no protection strong enough," as Rosemary summons her courage to allow her young son to try his wings as he begins to fly.

"I live day to day, I don't plan the future," she said as she remembered someone saying, "when you lose a child you lose your future." She is reminded of how brief her sons, Drew and Jeremiah's lives were, and she marks the milestones in her Jordan's life.

Rosemary, Luther and Jordan are survivors of everyone's worst nightmare. They lived it and are still living with their loss. Rosemary is currently writing a book.

Rosemary wrote the following about her two sons:

Our first born son was Andrew Siler Smith whom we always called Drew. His birth was our happiest day and his death on July 23, 1992 with his younger brother Jeremiah was our saddest. Drew was 18 and the driver in the single car accident that occurred on a straight stretch on the Mountain Parkway. Drew and Jeremiah were very close and enjoyed the same heavy metal music. They spent their last night at a Guns 'N' Roses concert that they had been anxiously looking forward to for months. As a family, we had spent our best summer, a joyous summer. All that was shattered in a brief second.

Drew's life was at a turning point and in some aspects at its peak. He had just graduated from the McCallie School in Chattanooga, TN, after four years as a boarding student. Drew had entered McCallie as an insecure 14-year-old with serious doubts about making it and had just graduated Cum Laude with a 3.57 GPA. His happiest time had been his graduation day at McCallie on May 30, 1992.

*Drew's accomplishments at McCallie were numerous. His academic performance had earned his acceptance at Rhodes College in Memphis, TN, for the fall semester. He had finally realized his potential and earned the self esteem that had eluded him for so long. Musical participation dominated Drew's years at McCallie. He was a member of the Candlelight Chorus, McCallie Pep Band and Orchestra for all four years. Drew's sax was his favorite but his vocal talents were extraordinary. He enjoyed being a cast member in several McCallie musicals and during **Camelot** in his senior year,*

he met Erin Grist. Drew and Erin had gotten engaged on July 5 only 18 days before his death. To say that Drew's life changed when he met Erin is an understatement. They had planned on getting married in two or three years after both had started college.

*Drew was a handsome, intelligent, sensitive young man. He was the light of our lives and a wonderful big brother to Jeremiah and Jordan. His love of rock music and writing forged his dream of someday either being in a rock and roll band or writing for a magazine like **Rolling Stone**. This seemed odd for a young man who was going to Rhodes as a pre-med major but his true love was music. Who knows what course his life might have taken. His intelligence would have taken him far in anything he chose to do.*

Like his brother Jeremiah, Drew was such a caring young man. His religious beliefs had blossomed during his years at McCallie and his relationship with Erin. Although his life was short, he had experienced the world in so many ways. He had traveled to Spain with a Spanish class from school and just spent his spring break in the Bahamas. He was a certified Scuba Diver, an accomplished snow and water skier and a lover of collecting comics and baseball cards. He had developed many close friendships with other students and faculty at McCallie. Over 80 McCallie staff and students attended Drew and Jeremiah's funerals at our home in Beattyville, including Headmaster Spencer McCallie III. We have established a Drew and Jeremiah Smith Scholarship fund at McCallie and at Lee County High School. Both of our sons would be so proud that other students are being helped in their memory.

Jeremiah was an extraordinary young man. He died only 19 days after his July 4th birthday.

Jeremiah's life began as it should have, in the midst of fireworks. Looking back, we always knew that Jeremiah was a gifted child. Even as a baby, he was acutely aware of everything going on around him. As he grew up, he gravitated toward adults and was a keen conversationalist. Jeremiah was always in the gifted and talented

programs in the Lee County School System but was also an athlete and musically inclined. The absolute love of his life was his drums. He would play his stereo at full volume and accompany the music on his drums. Our house would absolutely shake with the commotion. Jeremiah was also involved with other musical endeavors. He was an excellent piano and keyboard player. Often, Jeremiah would sit at our piano in the living room and play by ear the many songs that dominated his life during his last year, his freshman year in high school.

Jeremiah had gone away to high school in August of 1991 to the McCallie School in Chattanooga, TN. His brother Drew was starting his senior year at the same school. Jeremiah was very familiar with McCallie. He had spent each summer at McCallie Sports Camp since he was 8 years old. As a tribute to both Jeremiah and Drew, the McCallie Sports Camp will present the **Smith Award** to the MVP of each camp session. Jeremiah had been presented an award in June of 1992 as the boy who had attended sports camp for the most years in the history of the camp.

Jeremiah distinguished himself his freshman year at McCallie. His GPA was 3.81, which is remarkable for a boy away from home at a boarding school who had had a rural, Eastern Kentucky educational background. He auditioned for the McCallie Candlelight Chorus and was selected.

He joined the McCallie Pep Band and Orchestra and performed in many productions with his brother that year.

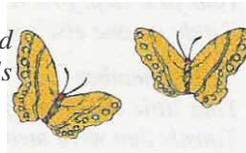
Jeremiah's biggest impact on this earth during his short life had to be how he cared for other people. So many young men wrote us from McCallie and from the many friends he had all over the country that he had been their best friend. What a tribute that each one felt his love. He totally gave himself to others. Their problems were his and he felt responsible for their lives. Many young people were affected in a positive way by Jeremiah and they will keep his memory alive.

Traveling was second nature to Jeremiah. He had just gone on a McCallie Spanish Trip to Costa Rica and had traveled to New York City, New Orleans, Washington, Dc. and Colorado

on his own in search for adventure. Snow skiing was his favorite sport and he was an expert skier. He had been selected as a Nastar finalist and invited to a pre-olympic ski camp. His last skiing trip was with a group of McCallie students during his Christmas break prior to his death.

Jeremiah Smith has left a definite mark on those who knew him. Not only have we, his family, glowed with his warmth, but so have so many others. His huge blue eyes always blazed with intelligence and wonder at what he was to face next. We have no doubt that both he and his brother are with our heavenly Father and shining there as they did here on this earth.

Drew's and Jeremiah's symbols are yellow butterflies.



Jaci, the 11-year-old daughter of Joe and Gail Friedmann, died as the result of being hit by a school bus while she was riding her bicycle, 6-8-95. The Friedmann family and the Almont Police Department sponsored a Bike Rodeo, May 4, 1996, to raise money for Jaci's Memorial Fund. Gail has spearheaded a bicycle safety program, believing that some good can come out of Jaci's death. Despite the cold, rainy weather, there were 170 children of all ages who participated in the rodeo. The students viewed a safety video to make them aware of bicycle safety techniques and to stress the importance of helmets and enjoyed a magic show.

Two bicycles and forty bike helmets were given away which were donated by the Friedmanns. The Friedmanns are to be congratulated for converting such a tragedy into a program that will save many children's lives.

Mickey Mouse is Jaci's symbol.



Chaps and LuAnn Burnett's 8-year-old daughter, Anna Beth, was killed in a tragic accident, 5-9-93. LuAnn divulged:

The little sprinkles that you send each month give us concrete symbols that we can hold, see, and feel. I have a few from each month sprinkled on my kitchen window around a small picture of Anna Beth that I keep there. Whenever I am standing at this place doing "kitchen work" I see these little reminders. Inside my heart--sometimes it makes me smile, sometimes it makes me cry.. But I can tell you this, as time goes on, the times of crying do come less frequently, but when they do come, it can be with all the pain as if yesterday was May 9, 1993.

But it will pass--as the sea rushes back, you can breath again. I recall all the people I have encountered who have shared in this tragic loss we all know about. All these beautiful, wonderful people who have lived through the same terrible pain.

It has been 3 years since Anna Beth made her "transition." Life goes on--we continually try to make "lemonade." All of her siblings and friends are growing and changing. It seems so unfair that we are all denied the life we would have had if she were here and that she was denied the chance to blossom into the beautiful human being she was becoming. But then, I must stop and count all our blessings and accept that life is not fair or perfect, and that we learn lessons in life through pain.

The following is a poem that my youngest sister, Kathleen, wrote about Anna Beth. She wrote it as her son, Mark would have spoken, who was four at the time Anna Beth died.

Anna Angel

I have an angel cousin
Her name is Anna B.
My Mom called her Anna Banana.
She was always just Anna to me.

We used to play hide and seek.
Make mud pies by the dozen.

We'd bake pastries with playdough. I really miss my cousin.

Her favorite flavor was chocolate.
Her special color, pink.

I think of her when we make brownies, Or mix up bubbles in the sink.

Dad says she's up in heaven.
I'm not sure where that may be.
I do know that I miss her,
And wish that she were her chasing me.

Mom says she's chasing other angels,
And painting rainbows every day.
And that instead of play do ugh,
She's using big fat clouds for clay.

She's dressing up in starlight,
In gowns made of fire-fly glow,
And parading all around in heaven,
Putting on a little angel show.

I'll bet she has a flock of kittens
To take care of way up there.
I know she's watching my turtle and
fish,
'Cause when they died, that was my
prayer.

I wish I could build a stairway
Right up to heaven's door
To see just what Anna is doing,
Then maybe I wouldn't feel sad
anymore.

I wonder if Anna misses us.
Mom says she is here everyday.
She is our special guardian angel
Watching while we sleep, and eat and
play.

I'm not sure if this is true.
I hope she's happy and that heaven is
OK
When I see rainbows, kittens and
fireflies,
I know Anna's not far away.

-Kathy Matone

Anna Beth's symbol is
a rainbow-colored cat.



Tim, the 14-year-old son of Frank
and Norma Smith, was murdered, 5-19-
82. Norma expressed:

Though it's been nearly fourteen
years since Tim was murdered, my eyes
still brim over and tears run freely down
my face. I've come to accept this as
normal for me. But if we're allowed to
share our grief then the healing is much
easier.

I try to remember we were never
promised peace in this life, but the life
beyond My mind goes to an April night
in 1983 when Tim appeared in heavenly
clouds to Harold, Jim and myself. We
all cried many tears, but it

was such a happy reunion. We never spoke
a word, but we knew he couldn't stay. In
the dream, I was amazed at how much he
had grown, and was he ever handsome!
Our world is like the sand that forever
shifts, but God Himself is our mighty
fortress; never shifting, always stable.

Nanna wrote the following poems:

I Remember

I remember. . .
the day you were born
overwhelming joy for a grieving family
you were our first born
blue-green eyes, chubby cheeks.

I remember . . .
Your first step, first teeth, first words
Surely no one else's son could do that

I remember . . .
Your little aches and pains
Tonsils that were mean to you
How your little body loved us
How much you loved strawberries and
pintos

I remember . . .
Your first days in school
You were so happy, but I cried
Sixth and seventh grade, your genius
IQ.
What a waste.
You may have built roads or computers
Traveled the world spreading God's
love.

I remember . . .
The night you gave your soul to God.
The day you were baptized
The thankfulness in our hearts
That God loves us so . . .

I remember forever and ever
The day you died
The way you died
How senseless,
How cruel, unjust.
The funeral, the "hearing." No Justice.
God's Promise. . Revelation 21:4

Come Walk With Me

Come walk with me, down this lonely
street called "grief".
Then maybe you can understand why
our eyes will always weep.

Come on, hurry please, there's so
much to see. Let's start out in the back-
yard where--

Tim

helped to plant a tree . . .
"Mom," he said as he tapped in the
soil, "this tree belongs to me. "

How was I to know, in a few short
days, his spirit would be set free?

The roses beside the house still
bloom, but "How?" I'll never know.

For it seemed that awful day you
died,

Nothing more could ever grow.
Across the street was David's house.

I know he missed Tim so.

Could we ever, ever have guessed
that soon, he too would go?

Listen with me, can you hear the boys
up and down our street?

Calling out to one another, "Yes, in
the field we'll meet.
We'll play football, baseball, whatever.

We want to play.

Forget the chores and supper time.
It's a beautiful day. "

A little further up the street your
precious life came to an end

Fourteen years have come and gone,
but still our hearts won't mend

Back on the patio, as I stood up this
black ball "hits" my heart.

I knew at once that it was you, Tim.
And we would have to part.

"Don't let this be," my soul cried out.
"Don't take my first born son. "

But once I saw, I had no doubt, the
devil's work was done.

Now, if you've never walked a street
called "Grief"

You will never understand why this
street called "Hope" is the only way
back to our promised land

We know there is a street called
"Hope"

Our young angel is waiting there with
his blue-green eyes a smilin'.

We'll leave this old street called
"despair. "

In loving memory of our son, brother,
friend. Timothy "Tim" Smith.

So sadly missed by Dad, Mom, Jim
and Tanya.

June 17, 1967 - May 19, 1982

Tim's symbols are a
football, baseball and choir boy.



Lydia Israel-Trostel's 21-year-old daughter, Dana, died from complications following a bone marrow transplant. Lydia explains the reason why she has chosen another symbol for Dana:

I wanted to share with you a NEAT occurrence! Dana was in the Bone Marrow Unit at the University of Louisville Hospital. Those guys and gals working there are the BEST! I got to know them fairly well in the 3 months Dana was there. . . They provided encouragement, support, even rides to my home away from home, the Hospitality House of Louisville.

The Red Cross gals allowed me to donate my platelets for Dana--made me feel like I was doing something anyway. I met some of the most decent people I've ever known. Of course, the BMT unit is very clean, very "strict"--no plants, no fresh fruit and veggies; gloves and gowns required, etc.

As we were gathering up some of Dana's belongings about an hour after she died, I found a ladybug! How she found her way onto Dana's bed at the end of November. . . guess I'll add another "symbol" for Dana.

At my office a couple of months after she passed, a ladybug dropped onto my shoulder as I walked with a patient down the hall. Since that time, I've seen ladybugs everywhere! During all season of the year! I overheard my daughter, Amanda, nearly 16, laughing to a friend, "Don't step on that ladybug--it's my sister!" What a deal!

In another letter, Lydia shared:

With the loss of Dana, I'm trying to be a better witness for God, be a better mother for Amanda and a better spouse, a better daughter and sister. I never thought I was a BAD person, but I think more about things now--I try to be more patient, more loving, more for giving. Why can't we realize these things before we have to give up the child we so loved and cherished?

Is this one of the reasons they were taken from us so very prematurely? For us to become better neighbors, better friends, more compassionate???

What a thought . . . I feel so selfish sometimes--sometimes I'd just rather have my child BACK!

I'm wondering if anyone else is dealing with these feelings.

Most days I stay busy--I work full time and I love to mow grass and garden --- love to read I find I really don't enjoy being "alone." I want to stay busy and, on the weekends, fill the house with people.

Dana's symbols are an angel and a rose. . . and a ladybug.



Brandon, the 16-year-old son of Donna Isaacs, was killed in an automobile accident Donna laments:

I lost my son in an auto accident, July 15, 1995, the darkest day of my life. I couldn't imagine life could go on, my Brandon was 16 years and 9 months old. Brandon left me with a beautiful little granddaughter. He was 15 when he was involved sexually with his girlfriend and she became pregnant. I cried at the time. So much for Brandon. To think of his future since he would be such a young father and all of the responsibility it held. They broke up and Brandon wasn't for sure if the baby was his, so we planned on a paternity test to make sure. Just days before the accident, Brandon told me, "Mom, no matter what happens, I want to know about the baby." I told him, "Honey, don't worry, if it is your baby, I'll take care of her if I have to get a second job. Just learn from your mistakes and don't let it happen again." His reply was, "Mom, I don't know why you love me so much." We both embraced and cried. The baby was almost 4 months old when the accident happened.

The tests came back and it was proven 99.56% positive that Brandon was the father. The Lord works in strange ways sometimes.



Brandon's symbols are baseball and fishing..

Robbie 18, the son of James and Anita Begley, died 11-10-93 as the result of an auto accident. Rob's symbol is a black corvette convertible. An article in their local paper described what happened on Robbie's 21st birthday:

James and Anita Begley of London knew that Saturday was going to be difficult, celebrating what would have been their son's 21st birthday at his tomb.

But on Friday, comfort came their way in an unusual form.

A white dove with blonde markings arrived at the cemetery Friday morning, landed on Robbie's tomb, and would not leave. When Begley family members arrived to decorate the tomb, the dove perched on their vehicles.

Soon thereafter, James and Anita were called to witness the scene. They were both surprised and comforted.

"I don't believe in reincarnation or anything like that," Anita said, "But I believe it's a spiritual sign. I believe that God heard our prayers and He knows our hearts are hurting. "

James said the guys at the Shell station said the dove had been at the tomb all morning.

"Since we lost Robbie, I've been looking constantly for answers and signs of comfort," Anita said "There's no ignoring the dove. It's out there. and it's not going anywhere. We can't shoo it away."

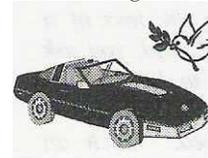
The dove also comes at a time when James and Anita are working through personal problems, which Anita said are caused by the long-term hurt of losing an only child.

"I've done some reading and a lot of families don't make it after they lose a child," she said "I think what we are going through is pretty typical of other families in our situation. "

"People say it (the hurting) gets better as times goes by. It doesn't get better, it just changes."

"I believe that God knew that Saturday was going to be a significant day, " she said. "It's a very pure sign. The dove walks and struts just like Robbie did. The color of its feathers... everything. I believe it's comfort from God. He wanted us to know visually that everything's going to be OK"

At 3:00 Friday afternoon, the dove was gone.



Robbie's symbols are a corvette convertible and now a dove.

Elaine Stillwell was of great inspiration to each of us that attended **J.I.M.'s Picnic**. She also told us about a newly-formed, nationwide organization that helps bereaved parents and their families. **Bereaved Parents** will be holding their first Annual National Conference, August 9-11, in Louisville, KY at the Shelby Campus of the University of Louisville. Costs will be \$13-\$18 for rooms and about \$20 a day for meals. For more information, you may contact:

Bereaved Parents of USA
P.O. Box 95
Park Forest, IL 60466
(708)748-9184

Bill and Betty Williams' son, Bo, was killed in a helicopter crash, 7-2-93. Bo was taking photographs of San Francisco when the accident happened.



Bo's symbols are a camera and an airplane.

John, the 48-year-old son of Lee and Felicia Turner, died 7-1-94. The following poem was in the family's hometown newspaper:

One day God looked upon His Garden and saw an empty space and then He looked down on His earth and saw your tired face.

He picked you up and placed you in His Garden and we all know that you're in a wonderful place because God made His Garden with love.

John's symbol is a dancing stick man.



June Dunning's 43-year-old son, Geary, died 3-19-90. June wrote:

My son Geary was my only son. I do have a very precious daughter and she has been and still is my rock.

I am trying now to help other people who are suffering from the loss of a child. When you lose a child, you ask "Why did he or she have to die?" So many questions. So many tears that can never be dried. Such an

Such an emptiness that can never be filled. Such loneliness that can never be put into words. I know that I will never be the same. My life changed the day Geary died.

June has not yet selected a symbol for Geary.

Jackie Taylor, II, the 20-year-old son of Jack and Eva, died in an auto accident 11-30-91. Jackie graduated from high school in 1989 and was a member of the Beta Club, 4-H, FBLA, FICA, and Cat Pack. In October, 1991, he graduated from RETS Electronic Institute of Louisville.

Eva explains her grief and how isolated we all feel after a few years:

No one knows how we feel unless they've gone through it. Someone asked me the other day if it has gotten easier? "No," I said, "I've just gotten quieter about it." No one wants to talk anymore.



The family has chosen an eagle as Jackie's symbol.

Jay, the 19-year-old son of Jabe and Shirley Hardee, died from a gunshot wound, 7-11-87. Shirley shared her journey:

In May, I went to Boone (Appalachian State University) to present the **Jabe Hardee Spirit Award and Scholarship** at the Fraternity meeting mid have dinner with the "boys." I like to do this so they will always remember a face with these awards.

Since Jay's death, our lives have never been the same. We had to make a "new normal" which our old friends don't always understand but God has blessed us with so many new ones.

Jay was 19, finished his 2nd year of college and was attending summer school to pull up his GPA because he had been majoring in Fraternity and minoring in Sorority. He loved life! He had the best of two worlds-mountains of Boone in the winter and the beach in the summer. He was an Eagle Scout, therefore he loved the outdoors. Surf-skied, fished, hunted, much more! He drove a Jeep CJ-7. Loved by everyone that knew him. We as parents never knew how many lives he touched until after his death.

Jay had gotten a summer job the week before and he had gotten off at midnight. Went to his apartment, picked up his roommate, then over to pick up a girl friend, and on to the Frat House where there was a party. Two older guys, not students, from out of town crashed the party. They were asked to leave and a fight broke out, with a Frat brother and one of the guys. In the meantime, Jay arrives and the two guys leave. The students decide to go home and everyone started to their cars. Jay and his friends were getting into his Jeep when two guys run up the back drive and say, "Freeze, Boone Vice." Jay turned around and asked, "Are you a real cop?" At that time, Clemmen fired 1 shot and hit Jay between the eyes. Waltrap fired 4 shots but did not hit anyone. Then our nightmare began!!

The trial began in Boone the last week of January, '88, and lasted 3 weeks. That's a story in itself.

Waltrap-- not guilty, Clemmen-- guilty of 2nd degree murder. Max. time-15 years. At that time in North Carolina, we had the Fair Sentencing Act-- therefore, that meant 7 1/2 years. max. I was so angry! After he had served only 18 months, I received a letter stating he had been approved for parole. There was no way I could let this happen. So the next 4 years were spent fighting parole. With the help of the Lt. Governor, the people of North Carolina, and the Frat boys, we kept him there 5 years, which was his max. time with the good time and work release program.

Jay's favorite singer was Jimmy Buffett. At the memorial service in Boone, the week after his death. they played his music in the Methodist Church and rang his ship's bell that he had hoped to put on his boat one day. Also, Jimmy Buffett had never been to ASU. The day the trial ended, he was in concert at ASU. I went with his friends and we celebrated Jay's life.

I became very active in NC Victim's Association Network, did public speaking throughout NC to civic groups and

college classes. Also, kept the road hot to Raleigh. Still busy trying to change laws for Victim's Rights.

Jay was an Eagle Scout. His Eagle project was putting 2,000 flags in the National Cemetery for Memorial Day. The New Scout Headquarters in Wilmington is in his memory. The troop he belonged to dedicated the new camping trailer to his memory and a Cub Scout whom Jay took under his wing dedicated his Eagle Cem. to Jay. His 10th high school class reunion last year remembered him and planted a tree in his memory. All these are bitter-sweet times! This year will be 9 years without him. Some days it seems like yesterday and some 100 years ago.

In thinking of a symbol for Jay--that's so hard--Guess it would have to be his gold cap and silver-blue Jeep CJ-7.



Craig, the 24-year-old son of Joel and Judy Blumsack, was killed in an automobile accident 5-4-94. Judy explained her answer when she is asked "How many children do you have?"

I always say, "I have two wonderful sons." If I am questioned further, such as "How old," "What do they do?" I answer in the following manner.

If it is a person who knows people I know or someone that I believe I may see again, or have a continuing relationship with, I say, "My older son is Todd. He is 27 and living in Rochester, NY and my younger son, Craig, was 24 (2 years ago) when the car he was driving was hit by a speeding truck and he was killed. I miss him very much."

Yes, some people are speechless and change the subject, others are compassionate. So be it.

If, on the other hand, the person asking is someone with whom I have no personal relationship, nor do I expect to--I am in a position where I see and talk with new people every day--then I answer...

"I have 2 wonderful sons." If asked further, I say, "They are 26 and 27. I believe Craig is alive wherever he is. I cannot and will not deny his existence and do not wish to share my personal tragedy with people I shall never see again. So I let them believe he is living here on earth, instead of some place I have yet to discover. I feel both Craig and God will forgive me.

I believe we all must find what is most comfortable for us and be less concerned about other's reactions.

My heart is with all those who travel this difficult road we all must follow.

Craig's symbols are goggles, fins and a heart.



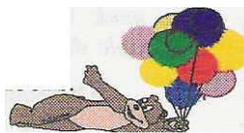
Helen Warne's 19-year-old daughter, Melissa, was killed by a drunk driver, 4-18-94. Helen lamented about our justice system:

The case of the young man who wrecked and killed Melissa, went to trial June 5th and 6th and he walked free. As we were leaving the parking lot, I was told the reason they did away with the BA, he was still drunk at 3:00 a.m. the morning of the accident. It was like he killed her all over again that day.

I'm having a really hard time dealing with this. They wanted to plead a deal. He would plead guilty to the charges, serve 30 days of a 1 year jail sentence and pay \$5,000 to Melissa's estate. I said "No."

I don't believe in the system. Now he is free to do it again.

Melissa's symbols are teddy bears and balloons.



David and Lola's 18-year-old daughter, Jennifer Daugherty, was killed in an automobile accident, 12-25-95. The following poem was written by a friend of Jennifer's in her memory:

Death of a December Rose

The snow begins to fall,
A dog howls in the distance,
The leaves depart the trees,
A single rose left in existence.
For her there is no equal.
She shines through the gloom.
In beauty she has no rival,
For her heart is in full bloom.
The snow gently kissing her petals,
An act of cruelty yet of love.
As in the cold she settles,
Soothed by the song of a dove.
At this moment, peace is found.
She does not feel the pain..
Her frozen petals jail to the ground,
As the snow turns into rain.

-Tracy Delph

Jennifer's symbols are a red rose, the peace symbol and a smiley face.



Clyde, Donna Carr's 10-year-old son, died from Leukemia, 6-27-93. Donna wrote the following poem:

**Human-Divine
Clyde Matthew Carr**

8-9-82 6-27-93

I was asked, "How old would he have been now?"

*It caught me off guard I must say
I guess my memory is of how you
were last
on your final Human day.*

*Ten years old is always my memory
Beyond that, Privileged? I'm not the
one*

*All I know is that if God didn't need
you for His Angel
You would still be my Human Son.*

*Sometimes my mind wanders aimlessly
Stopping on a thought of you as a man
My vision gives you charm, wit and
personality
Tall, handsome and tan.*

*But ten years was the limit
Giving me your lifetime of Joy
If God hadn't given you a set of wings
You would still be my Human Boy.*

*I've prayed excessively the Serenity
Prayer
Accepting when uncontrolled change
comes about
Prayer for strength, understanding
and endurance
Living all my tomorrows without
doubt*

*This tired world offers no security
Our child's future is a maybe
But you, my son, are now God's Angel
And you'll always be my Human Baby.*

Donna continued:

*When you were in the time of your
sickness and you had just learned to
walk with confidence, I remember
watching you one day as you looked
back at me and waved bye as you
walked across the front yard to go to*

Mikie's house. In my human thoughts, I wondered if this would be one of the pictures of a memory in my mind, because I was feeling rather proud that you had learned to walk so well. You blew me a kiss. I then knew that would always be a memory etched, embedded and retained.

But son, there are so many memories. Some retained purposely. Some are unaware until they appear. Most of my memories are wonderful. Not all of them. Some of them are sad. Since becoming ill at a young, tender age, you always tried to be good. Always believing this would help your illness. Well, son, it did. God loved you enough not to allow you to suffer. He took you home.

Thinking back on when I disciplined you, even when you were feeling your worst, gives me painful memories. I just always wanted you to be good.

You were. You were an angel. God proved that to me. He took you home to live with Him.

I love you.
Mama



Clyde's symbol is a teddy bear.

Bill Keith, the 17-year-old son of Judy Oaks Davidson, died from an automobile accident 9-29-87. Dr. Davidson is now the Executive Director of the **Renew Center for Personal Recovery** in Berea, Ky. The **Renew Center** is offering a support group leadership skills training program, September 20-22. The training is now including volunteers who wish to offer support groups in conjunction with the **Renew Center**. These volunteers do not have to pay a registration fee. If you are interested, you may contact the **Renew Center** at 606-986-7878 for more complete details about the weekend. KY Leadership Credits approved (12 hrs).



Bill Keith's symbol is a shooting star.

Mildred Hodson's daughter, Lydia Copeland, died from complications from treatment of Hodgkin's disease 10-28-91. Mildred compiled pictures and some of Lydia's poems into a treasured booklet and dedicated it to her grandson, Ashton. The following was written in a Louisville publication shortly after Lydia's death:

*"Lydia, Oh Lydia,
Oh Did You Meet Lydia?"*

Many people loved Lydia Copeland, and I was one of them. When she died last week, following a long and difficult struggle against disease, a little spark went out of my life, and Louisville lost one of its most brilliant lights.

Some years ago I had the privilege of working with Lydia on a television program. She was always the consummate professional who knew more about the business than anyone involved, but she made everyone feel that they knew as much or more. Of course, that made everybody more comfortable and more professional. She was witty, intelligent, quick, classy, and beautiful. Her beauty was truly more than skin deep; it went right through her.

Lydia had many special gifts, but the one I'll always remember was her ability to make you feel you were really special to her. And that, naturally, was what made her special to so many of the people she touched. "

The Song Inside

In June 1988, Lydia delivered the baccalaureate address to 50 Junior Misses in Mobile, Alabama. In the address, the following statements on the "living of life" were made:

We must not count on external forces... circumstances change. Our contentment in life can remain constant only if it is an inside job. Throw yourselves into life with your whole hearts... don't just listen to the songs that others sing. "

When she entered a program to stop the spread of Hodgkin's disease, "It was a day I had to choose between singing the song or completely dropping out of the course. My goal was a very simple one... to hold my son in my arms again. You, too, will have to seek out goals

and strive to reach them. The dream is not the destination but the journey. Incomparable beauty is held in each day. Life is what happens while you are making other plans. A lifetime can be lived in a day, a moment, or a year. Think of the ways you can grow and exceed your own expectations. There is a song inside you that nothing can stop.

The song is for singing. Live your lives with joy, let your song be sung, and may God always bless you"

Lydia's symbol is an angel.



Next month I would like to encourage you to talk with your surviving children about the grief they have experienced. I have read many books about how differently children grieve compared to their parents. Would you encourage your children to write about their grief Please share some of the things that have helped you and your family in grieving and in making family decisions since the death of your child. Include ways you have incorporated their needs and desires with those you have. It is even helpful to hear about the things that didn't work. We all learn by doing, even if it is wrong. Please mail before July 15,1996.

As I look at July, I am reminded that 24 years ago, July 26, Young Jim was born--And what a difference he has made in our lives' His life and death have changed our lives and I truly feel we are much better people for knowing him. Happy Birthday, Jim!!



Celebrate your Independence from tofu, okra, brussel sprouts, etc. and eat all the chocolate you want!! Be an independent thinker!