

LAMENTATIONS

Issue 10

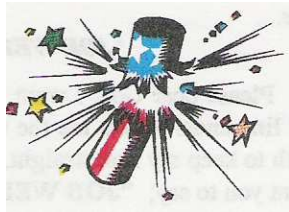
S.U.C.C.E.S.S

July 1993

Independence Day

Will your **Independence Day** be this July 4, or perhaps next July 4? **Independence Day** is the anniversary of the day on which the Declaration of Independence was adopted by the Continental Congress--July 4, 1776. **Independence** is defined as freedom from the control, influence, support, or help of others. Does this define our grief? Does it control us? By working on our grief we are seeking freedom from the control grief has on us and the influence it has on our entire lives. We also need **dependence**. We need the support and help of others.

We are striving for freedom. **Freedom** is defined as exemption or immunity from a charge or burden. This Fourth of July, I hope you will buy fire crackers, light them and watch them explode. Let that firecracker represent your grief and let the explosion be your relief from grief. You are working toward **S.U.C.C.E.S.S.**



Our son was born July 26, 1972. That day was truly the most exciting day of our lives. We had been married almost 5 years when he was born and he was well planned. As it turned out, he was our only child. Isn't it strange that the day that brought the most excitement and joy, also brings so much sadness? Of course the day that was and is the saddest is the day that he was killed May 20, 1991.

Many of you are just beginning your grief work. Some of us are "old pros," and what I have found in my own grief is that people who have not experienced this loss do not understand. They

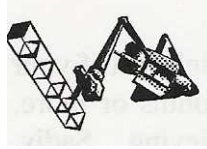
think that if your loved one has been dead for six months or more, that you should be "over" your grieving. Sadly, the attention and concern they gave you immediately after the death, is no longer offered. Just when the numbness and shock of your loss has lessened, and when you need the love and support of others the most, that attention is withdrawn. You have probably found that the greater the time since the death of your loved one, the more you are drawn to others who have experienced the same type of loss because they are the only people who truly understand.

Have you been told by those who don't understand, that "time heals"? I'm sure you have found that time does not heal, that only working at your grief heals. It is hard work, and it has to be talked out cried out acted out and worn out before that healing is complete. This process takes time and perhaps that is the reason "they" assume that time heals.

What have you done, or what will you do with your loved one's belongings? After Young Jim's death, we went through and saved the different items we wanted to keep, then permitted his friends to select whatever they would like of his possessions that would encourage them to remember him. We then changed his room into a sitting room where we enjoy being. A good portion of your grief work will take place when handling and finding a place for these special items. However, do not let anyone make these decisions for you. The tears you shed while deciding are cleansing and healing. These tears come from deep within and will help wash away that aching sensation you have. You will find yourself recalling happy memories and laughing. It certainly helped us. Organizing your pictures in a photograph album is also rewarding.

Grief Grafts

Woody and Donna Herndon's son Roger was killed in an airplane crash August 2, 1991. He was a senior at West Point. West Point has created an **Outstanding Aerospace Engineering Student Award** in Roger's memory which is to be given annually to a cadet who has finished his third year of study. *The Howitzer* (the West Point year book) **Service Award**, which is a Self-less Service Award, will be given to a member of the year book staff each year. Roger was a photographer for **The Howitzer**, and many of his photos were in this year's annual. **The Roger Herndon Memorial Fund** was established at Calloway County High School (where Roger graduated) which will enable needy students to participate fully in all school activities.



Frannie, daughter of Frank and Sharon Smith was killed in a skiing accident February 7, 1993. After Frannie's death, her parents found these poems she had written:

Forever

Her eyes danced and her heart filled with joy, as love loomed in the air. Quivers of gladness consumed her. She was complete. Her soul was as full of his as his soul was of her. They were as one, united by an unseen bond only few know. This bond is love. Can one explain or describe the awesome madness this feeling binds us with? The heightened heart, the numbness of total self, the mind that is on cloud nine. I think not, for you can not capture a feeling which is as free as air and as hopeful as a morning sunrise. Love, an array of fireworks, is mysterious, unyielding, faititious, destined, and forever.

*My heart opens wide to his.
My eyes look lovingly at his memory.
He consumes my every thought.
Thinking of him livens me.
My life is his as his is mine.
He is me as I am him.*

*Remember me for I am thinking of you.
Since your beckon I am at your side.
It has been too many days since we've parted.
I long to see your face again.
Like the love of a flower I am wholly yours.
When I see you next I will embrace you.
I will call you my own.*

Nancy Hannon wrote this poem after the death of her son Michael, February 6, 1993:

1974-----1993

The Line Between The Years

The first four digit number is when God put us here on earth

The last four digit number is when God took us from our world

These two sets of numbers belong to God

The line between the numbers belong to us

This is our life line

The line is up to each of us to utilize it to the fullest

We try to the best. of our ability to keep our line straight

If we should falter, we pray that God will help us straighten out our line

God knows how long our line will be

If our line is short when God takes us Home and the timing seems to come too soon

We have to believe he had something special in mind for us

Whatever the length of our line, long or short

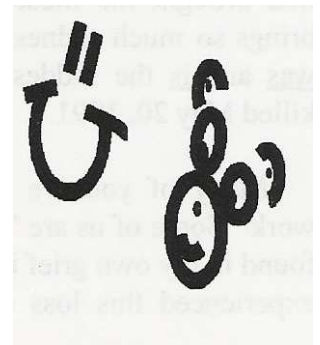
We pray that God will put these final words on our line....

"JOB WELL DONE"

Please dear God, I want to be with my loved one when my line ends. Grant me the wisdom, courage, strength and faith to keep my line straight. For when my line ends I also want you to say; **"JOB WELL DONE"**.

Amen

Ray and Sue Hutcheson's daughter Leslie was killed in an automobile accident February 21, 1993. She was a junior at Georgetown College and was also the youth minister at Stamping Ground Baptist Church. **The Leslie E. Hutcheson Memorial Scholarship Fund** has been established at Georgetown to be given to a Delta Eta member with at least a 2.7 cumulative grade point average who demonstrates a commitment to missions and church-related activities. Cathy Jones, editor of *The Georgetownian* wrote a loving article about Leslie and ended the article with: "When you remember Leslie, remember to smile. I know that she would want you to." Ray and Sue have chosen a



symbols to represent Leslie. These are copied from a journal Leslie kept.

Lisa Fletcher, daughter of Jackie and Alice Fletcher died May 3, 1993, after losing her battle with cancer. A friend of Lisa's, Ruth 1. Hays described Lisa as:

LISA

*Lisa was a precious child,
A truly Christian girl,
She was so sweet and gentle,
A blessing to the World.*



*She loved her Mom and Daddy,
And family every one,
She loved her pastor, church, and Friend
Until her life was done*

*Her life was short for illness came,
But she never did complain,
Through problems and through suffering,
And a year of grief and pain*

*But God in mercy and in love
Called for her to come,
And live with Him in Heaven
In her Eternal Home,*

*Lisa is not here today.
It was time for her to part,
For God in Goodness took her Home;
But she lives within our hearts.*

On Memorial Day, Lisa's friends visited the Fletchers and told them how much they loved Lisa and how Lisa had always helped them. Lisa was a true friend. Lisa's symbol is a heart with an arrow.

Cheryl Girouard's three children were killed in a tragic automobile accident June 6, 1988. Cheryl wrote this poem to her precious children:

A Tribute

*Climbing the stairway to heaven
One star at a time.
On that sweet bye and bye
'Til the moon and sun shall meet,
And my life draws nigh.*



*love, Mom
For Caitlin, Sarah and Danny- my best friend_ always.*

Caitlin Theresa- age 5. Her symbol is a bunny.
Sarah Elizabeth- age 3. Her symbol is a

bluebird. Danny Joseph- age 18 months, His symbol is "Big Bird." Cheryl says that her life is a roller coaster of emotions.

Dennis and Judy Carpenter found this poem in their daughter Kellie's notebook after she was killed in an automobile accident August 14, 1992:

*I am a person, one of many, young and small
I am an individual who doesn't matter at all
I care for others and have emotions that are great
I feel love for others in a world filled with hate
I probably can't make a difference in what I say or do
Because I am young and not yet a recognized "who."
Someday others will know me as I measure with the
rest
But most of all I hope I'm recorded as one of the best!*

Kellie, we can say, **"You are one of our best!"**

Raymond and Birdellia Patrick's son James was killed in an automobile accident April 16, 1993. James' friend Jesse Spangler wrote the following:

In Memory of James D. Patrick

On Friday, April 16, 1993 a tragic accident took the life of a fellow classmate, James Patrick. James was the son of Birdellia and Raymond Patrick, and the brother of Raymond Patrick Jr., Jenny Underwood, and Melissa Reynolds. Family members and friends paid their respects Monday at the Wells Funeral home, clearly showing that James will be missed deeply. His family and friends will always remember the great times spent with him, and the jokes and stories he could tell.

The absence of James here at school will affect us all as we keep expecting him to walk into the classroom just before the tardy bell ring_. His voice and laughter will echo the hallways as the memories of his presence remain in our hearts. James was always. Friendly and helpful. One of his friends told me Monday that when she first arrived at school as a freshman James was one of the first students to welcome her, and made her feel at home at the Powell County High School.

James, we will miss you!

James' mother describes him as a gentle giant. The family has selected "love" as his symbol because he loved life.



Jason Davis, son of Barbara Davis and Curtis Davis, was also killed in an automobile accident

May 1, 1993. Jason was an honor student and the best offensive and defensive lineman in Jefferson County and was recruited by numerous colleges to receive scholarships, including Naval Academy, West Point, and Vanderbilt. He was a member of the Beta Club, National Honor Society, Class President, German Club President, Who's Who (Academics and sports), First Honors (Business First) Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Football, Track and Field, Weight lifting, Basketball, etc. His symbol is a football.



Don and Linda Diebold have also selected a football to represent their son George who was shot and killed April 2, 1993, by a 15 year old friend from grade school. George was a sophomore who enjoyed playing football and maintained an "A" average while playing ball. In his Freshman year he received one of 15 Freshman awards, *Respect for Others*. He loved classic rock music, in particular Led Zepellin; however, he had begun acquiring a taste for Garth Brooks just prior to his death. He never outgrew his love for baseball cards. A scholarship fund was established at St. Xavier because of the many donations from friends and family. Six people now have life or live better lives thanks to organ donations from George. In death he still showed a tremendous respect for others. (Our son Jim was also a donor). In a way, they are living on in others.

Shenita, daughter of Jackie Smith, was killed in an automobile accident April 3, 1993, the day before her sister Makisha's birthday. Shenita was a very out-going young lady who enjoyed swimming and dancing. Jackie described Shenita as a "good girl, as good as gold." She was a very loving person who had lots of friends who loved her very much. Jackie has selected a teddy bear to symbolize Shenita.



Gary and Christine Barker's son Jason died August 31, 1992, as the result of being hit by a

car while riding his bicycle. Jason was described by his parents as being a happy, healthy, and active teenager. He loved God and sought to share his faith with others. His activities included church Youth Group, Youth for Christ, Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Band, cross country, and tennis. Jason is being remembered by the **Jason Barker Spirit Award** (given annually at his high school, the **Jason Barker Scholarship**, and by his set of drums which was given to the Greenville High School Band in his memory.



Judge Bert T. Combs, husband of Sara Combs, died December 3, 1991, as a result of being swept away by floodwaters. Governor Combs was Eastern Kentucky's first governor. His memory has been preserved through many awards, scholarships and honors which include: Twenty **Bert T. Combs Scholarships** from Cumberland College; the University of Kentucky Law School **Bert Combs Scholarship Fund**; scholarship awards from St. Catharine College and Hindman Settlement School; "Judge" was awarded the **Distinguished Citizen** by the Paducah American Legion posthumously; The Civil Air Patrol in Paintsville named their chapter in honor of the Judge; the Powell County Saddle Club held the first annual **Bert. T. Combs Memorial Horse Show**; and the Arthritis Foundation established a "**Distinguished Service**" award. Judge Combs made a difference in education in Kentucky.



JOB WELL DONE!!

What is the longest word in the world?
Smiles, because there's a mile between the s's.

Eat Dessert First!
After All, Life Is Too Uncertain.

If You Are," That
You Eat, Then I Only
Want To Eat Rich
Foods!!

