

Memorial Book



In Loving Memory of

Jacky Amos

(April 11, 1979 - October 16, 2007)



"Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in one's own sunshine" This is one of Jacky's favorite quotes.

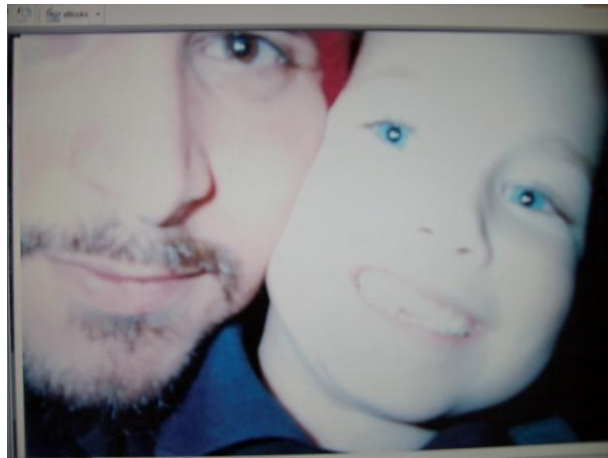
Ralph Waldo Emerson

This memorial website was created to remember our dearest **Jacky Amos** who was born in **Georgia** on **April 11, 1979** and passed away on **October 16, 2007**. You will live forever in our memories and hearts.

The background is a textured, mottled olive-green or taupe color. In the upper right quadrant, there are two roses. The one on the left is smaller and more tightly closed. The one on the right is larger and more open, showing its petals. The word "Gallery" is written in a white, elegant script font, centered horizontally and partially overlapping the roses.

Gallery

so sweet, so unforgettable...



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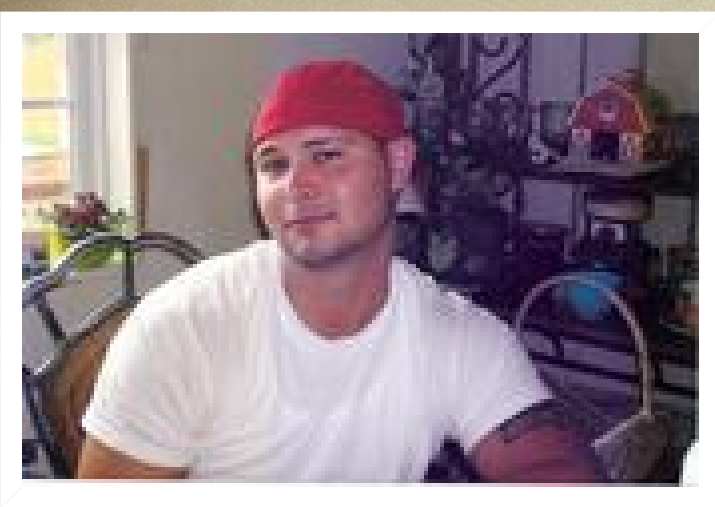
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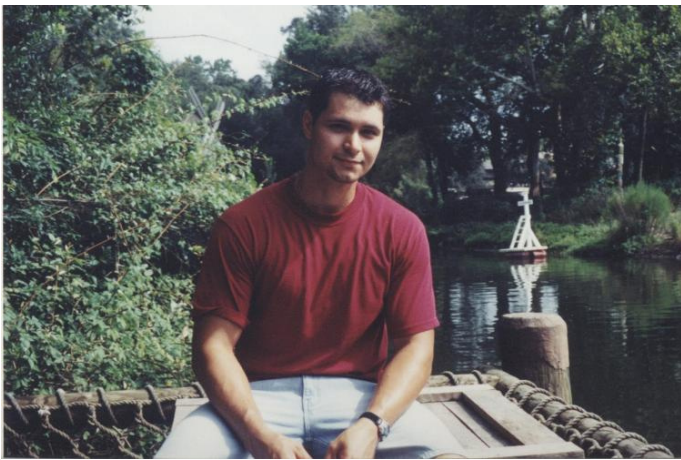
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Amos11X1X



At the Huck Finn Exhibit in Disney



Orlando, 2003



This is how Manda bakes



Atlanta Zoo 2002



After snorkeling at Dolphin Island, PCB 2002



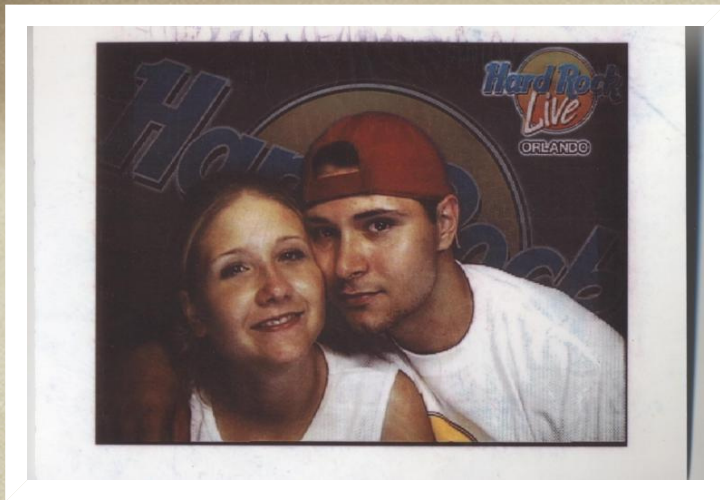
Orlando, 2003



My baking failure, April 11 2003



His first steps in the ocean, PCB 2002



Universal



Our apartment, Acworth 2002



His favorite pic of us



Our apartment, Acworth 2002



He loved Scooby Doo



Dolphin Island, PCB 2002



Showin off his muscles, Orlando 2003



Tennessee Aquarium

Two roses are positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image. The rose on the left is smaller and more tightly curled, while the one on the right is larger and more open, showing its petals. They are set against a mottled, olive-green background that has a subtle, grainy texture.

Memorial Candles

our words, your light...

02/01/2008

Mama

Psalm 71:14

02/01/2008

Angie Amos

*I love you Jacky~~@
Muwwaaaaa*

01/31/2008

jenny

*If you see mama wondering
around up there tell her
happy birthday 2-2-08
groundhogs day!*

01/30/2008

Mama

*Studied today Isaiah 50:4-5
& Hebrews 4:12 I love you,
Jacky! Not a day passes that
you're not always on my
mind.*

01/30/2008

Mama

*God uses those scriptures, his
word, to speak to us, lead
and guide us. Every morning
is a new beginning to be
shared with God.*

01/30/2008

jenny

*I am learning Bible Verses
when ever i see one i cant
wait to look it up,Philippians
4:13*

01/29/2008

Mama

*Awahh!! Autumn is playing
with you, dropping
butterflies! Light a candle for
her, Jacky>>blow her a
kiss...*

01/29/2008

Autumn

*Hey, Kiddo, Sorry I've
waited so long, I just wanted
to tell you I love you and
thanks for the dream. RIP
love you.*

01/28/2008

Tammy

*Just wanted to say that I
was thinking about you. I
miss you and love you Jacky!*

01/27/2008

Mama

*Psalms 29:11 Are you being
your kewl self there in
heaven, Jacky? Somehow I
get it that God is allowing
me to feel your grin.*

01/27/2008

jenny

*Rambo movie came out this
weekend i know you and
wendy would have went to
seen it like yall seen Rocky
last year together,love ya*

01/26/2008

Mama

*It's not how much we give,
but how much love we put
into giving. (Mother Teresa)
I love you, Jacky!*

01/24/2008

Mama

We will live life REAL as we work behind the scenes praying loved ones home... Prayer is work. Not one of ours will miss the goal.

01/24/2008

Mama

You, son, will greet me with that perdy boy smile, and tour me around, share with me the joys that we've been missing here.

01/24/2008

Mama

Yes, I'm blessed. Thought about it today, that you will be there to greet me and cross me over when it's my turn. Kewl!

01/24/2008

jenny

Jacky, your mama is truly, truly blessed. I love you

01/23/2008

Mama

Say a prayer for Glenda, Jacky. You are right there at the knee of God. I'll light a candle. I love you. Psalms 34:10

01/22/2008

Mama

Lighting a candle and saying a prayer for Christina's mama... Pray with us, Jacky. You're right there at the throne...

01/22/2008

crystal

I you were on my mind today! Miss you

01/22/2008

jenny

A lot of people have walked thru your life and you are the one that left footprints in everyones heart in life

01/22/2008

jenny

As long as we have Tuesdays I will have a memory

01/21/2008

Mama

You died because someone was intoxicated, be it a little or a lot. YOU died. May your loved ones honor you by not dishonoring you.

01/21/2008

Mama

Jacky, say a prayer for all of your friends and family, that they will think of you before they get behind a wheel after drinking.

01/21/2008

Angie Amos

Silly or not, I think the snow was a sneak gift of you giving us a peace of the beauty you are experiencing. Muuwaaaa.

01/21/2008

Angie Amos

I love you. I will never forget the sound of your voice or your face. I will always remember.

01/20/2008

Mama

Thoughts are governed. Gaurd yourself from certain persons, places or things... Your spirit lives on, Jacky.

01/18/2008

Mama

Your mind is your battlefield. If you let Satan defeat you in the mind, then he's defeated you on the battlefield. J.Meyers

01/18/2008

laura

Jackie i miss u alot wished i was around more ur one of my fav nephews love u miss u aunt laura

01/18/2008

jenny

I dont know whats keeping me from a good nights sleep lately thinking of you or my snoring or both, LOVE YOU

01/16/2008

Mama

I love you, Jacky! You are the sunshine in my heart, as Christ is the son's shine in my spirit. Keep smiling down on me.

01/16/2008

Mama

Sometimes you think that you're waiting on God, when HE's waiting on YOU!

01/15/2008

Mama

John 8:12 Just as the sun is the light of our day, Christ is the light of our spirit, leading the way for all that ask.

01/14/2008

**Lucy-mom to angel
Laura Hunter**

My thoughts and prayers are with you Jacky. And with all who love and miss you so much. God bless you all.

01/14/2008

Mama

Jacky, we know that you are with them, and all of you rejoicing together. Pray for their fami. May they be filled with peace too.

01/14/2008

Mama

Light a candle for Bonnie George, and pray for her family. 17 year old Oak Leaf member and her boyfriend were killed yesterday.

01/14/2008

jenny

The gift from your mama and john will be more of a memory of you every time we fire up the logs> eternal flame, love you always

01/14/2008

Mama

Malachi 3:10-12 old law, but still the blessing behind it...because we exercise that principal in faith. Jacky, you know!

01/13/2008

jenny

Just thinking about you today when your mama writes a bible verse in a candle to you i read it to .we love you

01/12/2008

Mama

Tomorrow, I will write a memory about today. I ran into a cousin who's demeanor lit up at the light of peace in my eyes...

01/12/2008

Mama

He always causes me to triumph and bring down all barriers... This written months shy of your leaving. Go to the next candle.

01/12/2008

Mama

It's hard to build a house during a storm. Get to know God before the storm. He always triumphs and brings down barriers...

01/12/2008

Mama

John 17 is an example of a most PERFECT prayer, and what we ought to pray for.

01/11/2008

Mama

I light a candle for Crystal in your behalf, Jacky. What a TRUE friend, the forever bystander. Hang tight to your prayers for her.

01/10/2008

Mama

You may not know what your future holds, but you know who holds your future... I love you, Jacky.

01/09/2008

Mama

Ecclesiastes, chapter 9, verses 11 through 18.

01/09/2008

Manda

Just thinking about you. You probably got all the girls up there following you around.lol I can find a way to send you a stick.

01/06/2008

Mama

Well...I choose to live life abundantly, spiritually speaking. I don't feel like you're gone, because you are so here.

01/06/2008

Mama

Remember exactly one year ago when we discussed that emotions were really, bottom line, OUR CHOICE? Go to the next candle, son!

01/03/2008

Mama

Isaiah 26:3

01/03/2008

Angie Amos

*You are not here, but when i
get sad, i have to remember
you"r not just gone. you are
alive and well. te amo.
muuuuuwaaaaaaaaa*

01/01/2008

crystal

*Happy New Year's wiss miss
you soo soo much!!!*

12/31/2007

Mama

*Happy New Years, Jacky,
family and friends!*

12/31/2007

Manda

*Happy New Year's!
Hopefully, I'll get a chance to
stop by your momma's for
some of her good cookin!*

12/30/2007

Mama

*2 balloon kits for memory
balloons and balloon boquets
for New Year's Day! We sure
do love you!*

12/28/2007

Mama

*A tree must be pruned to
bare more fruit. Branches
have to be cut off. I sure got
my rose'buds trimmed! Miss
you, first lilbud*

12/27/2007

Mama

*I'll light a candle for you,
Amanda. You are one of my
children this side of heaven.
I'm here for you, too. Never
forget!*

12/27/2007

Manda

*Please talk to God for me, as
I have for you. I need a little
help down here.*

12/26/2007

Mama

*Out of sight, but never out of
mind...*

12/25/2007

crystal

*Just wanted too tell you one
more time merry christmas!
miss you love ya*

12/25/2007

Mama

*Happy birthday, Jesus!
Merry Christmas, Jacky!
You get to celebrate a REAL
Christmas now. Love you.*

12/24/2007

Angie Amos

*Down here...We too shall
pass (ALL) someday,
sometime, someday. God,
wants you to come too, find
him. seek him, and praise
him!*

12/23/2007

Mama

*I love you, Jacky. Actually, I
thought for a moment that I
might get to be with you
today. Charlene can sure
hang some curves!*

12/23/2007

jenny

*I miss you not being here
with your family but you
have a wonderful place
now . RIP*

12/23/2007

CRYSTAL

*Merry christmas! we love
you*

12/21/2007

jenny

*I could always count on
seeing you at christmas and
now you can count on seeing
me someday we love you*

12/21/2007

Mama

*Luke 16:19-31 We know
where you are...*

12/20/2007

Angie Amos

I love you

12/19/2007

Mama

*Let's not ever leave Christ
out of the equation.
Christmas is all about Him,
and you're getting to sit at
His table.*

12/19/2007

Mama

*Everyone in Bartow will
know how much you are
loved. I have thirty balloons.
If anyone else wants to buy
more, please do.*

12/19/2007

Mama

*I bought a helium balloon kit
for you for Christmas day, so
that we can release Merry
Christmas messages to you. I
love you..*

12/17/2007

Mama

*Memorial tomorrow, Tues.
six p.m. at Parnick. I love
you, Jacky.*

12/17/2007

Mama

*Did I say good'bye? Did I? I
don't know! I DO know, that
as usual, I told you to be
careful. Were you?*

12/17/2007

Mama

*Ohhh, to have you just for
five more seconds. I
would...kill your motor'cycle.
.That machine that I
watched you ride off of>>*

12/17/2007

Mama

*Jacky, I love you. Baby boy,
I love you. Your muscular
arm would sure feel so good
draped across my shoulders
at the moment.*

12/17/2007

Mama

*Thank you, Crystal. God
bless you, hon. Wow...rough
night. Two months ago... If I
could just turn back
time...but I can't.*

12/15/2007

crystal edwards

*After christmas i will give it
to his mom.We all miss you
soo much!!!!!!*

12/15/2007

crystal edwards

*I put some christmas stuff on
the grave there is a plastic
gift box if you would like to
write something and put it in
there.*

12/13/2007

crystal edwards

*Try to tell but i could feel
tears bubblin up i had to stop
talking.I miss you soooo
much!*

12/13/2007

crystal edwards

*Just wanted to let you know
your on my mine . what
happen was brought up at
my hair app. she was asking
some stuff about it but i*

12/12/2007

jenny

*Bless you manda lee for this
memorial site for this special
guy that will always be in
our heart love ya*

12/12/2007

jenny

*I am claiming 2 tickets
because i cant go to church
this sunday so Tracy can go
with us to rockin eve*

12/12/2007

Mama

*I LOVE you soooo much! My
precious boy. You can't ever
be replaced....Cook with me,
Christmas Eve'eve!*

12/12/2007

Mama

*Jacky, you don't need a
ticket! You will be there in
spirit. Here too, as I have to
stay home and cook. I love
you...*

12/12/2007

Mama

*I have seven tickets to the
C'mas Eve'eve thingie.
Whoever claims
them>>has to take Tracy,
the eighth ticket.*

12/12/2007

Mama

*Happy b'day balloons for
Jesus will be sent up too.
Everyone forgets the
meaning of CHRISTmas.
Most especially, our babes.*

12/11/2007

Manda

*I hope you hear our prayers
and visit us in our dreams,
and if God ever loses his
voice, that you let him
borrow yours.*

12/10/2007

jenny

*Just thinking about you and
reading you mama's writing
you said you wanted her
scribles but she could turn
this into a book .*

12/10/2007

crystal edwards

*crazy talks we would have.
love you & miss you*

12/10/2007

crystal edwards

*Jackie I miss you more &
more everyday I miss
hearing your voice, your
smile which would light up
a room! Most of all are*

12/10/2007

Mama

*Memory balloons for you on
Christmas Day. We will
attach our notes and release
the balloons. Hope there is a
good wind up!*

12/08/2007

Mama

*Another week is at end. I
love you.*

12/05/2007

Mama

*Memorial at Parnick, Dec.
18, 6 p.m. Go to memories....*

12/03/2007

Mama

*I love you. Pray for me, that
I might understand the
bigger plan that God has for
us, the friends and family
that you have left.*

12/02/2007

Mama

*God really is using you to
move heaven and earth, in a
sense. To shake a number of
us on earth, and cause joy in
heaven...*

12/02/2007

Mama

*Jacky, I'm looking for the
most perfect, most recent
picture of you to put on your
stone.*

12/01/2007

jenny

*Just the thought of you
brings the family to church
on sundays and i know you
are smiling down on us love
you and miss you*

12/01/2007

crystal edwards

*Miss you & Love you Crystal
& Family*

12/01/2007

crystal edwards

*Any other time he wouldn't
have went. He has change so
much on how he care about
poeple. And he spend more
time with everyone.*

12/01/2007

crystal edwards

*Hey Jackie, You would be
proud to know that I got
Tony to go to church last
sunday! If he is home he will
go this sunday. You know*

11/30/2007

Windy Robinson

*Jacky, You've been on my
mind and my heart! Miss
you bunches! You have
forever touched my life!
Friends Forever RIP!*

11/26/2007

Tammy

I miss you and love you!

11/26/2007

Tammy

*Jacky, It is so hard to look at
our picture that we took the
last time i saw you. But i
would not take that night
back for nothing*

11/26/2007

Manda

*I miss you and am so
thankful for the time that
you gave me. I'm so proud of
all the people you touched.*

11/25/2007

Mama

*You are living life real! I love
you.*

11/23/2007

crystal edwards

*Just wanted to let you know
you will always be in are
thoughts. Love you ceystal,
tony and kids*

11/23/2007

crystal edwards

*Hey Jackie just wanted to
say happy thanksgiving. I
miss you, I put a flower on
your grave on wed go to it
about twice a week.*

11/23/2007

Angie Amos

*God, Tell him that we love
him and the only thing that
makes me smile is to know
he is with you.*

11/23/2007

Angie Amos

*God, Tell Jacky Happy
Thabksgiving and lets him
know he was remembered
and MISSED. I think about
him all the time.*

11/22/2007

Mama

Jacky, I know that you are smiling that perdy boy grin. Today was a great day of togetherness. Not one minute were you exempt....

11/22/2007

aunt jenny

Jacky, you are in our hearts and thoughts everyday but today is a special day its thanksgiving one of your favorite days we love u

11/21/2007

JILL MARTIN

Hey jacky its been awhile, i will never forget you ,you will always have a special place in my heart....

11/19/2007

aunt jenny

Our Family Chain is broken and nothing seems to be the same; but as god calls us one by one the chain will link again.

11/07/2007

Jacky's Mama

Jacky? Son? You now belong to a land where the flame can never be blown out. Would you please light a candle for us, your family..

11/06/2007

crystal edwards

To hear. You new how to make me smile. I Love you!

11/06/2007

Crystal Edwards

Jacky I miss you so much, I miss calling on you when I need to talk. You always made me laugh even if it wasn't what I wanted

11/06/2007

jenny

Jacky, i cant say anything because of the tears that keeps falling but i miss and love u so much and will see u soon

11/05/2007

Manda

You already are creating miracles for us here. You got so many of us praying and back in church. Even Hilliary! Thank you!

11/02/2007

Stacey

Life is not the same anymore. You told me I was your sister and I always will be. I love you. no 1 will ever know our secrets.

11/02/2007

Angie Amos

*Beat. But I know you wouldn't trade nothing for what you are experiencing at this very moment. Watch after me and your lil Haven
T*

11/02/2007

Angie Amos

I love you Jacky. Looking at your pictures and into our eyes are hard. I miss you so much and I would switch places with you in a heart

11/01/2007

MANDY BROWN

I miss you jacky! i think about you everyday! it sucks that your gone but i know your having fun! i miss you and i love you!!

10/27/2007

Tammy

Jacky I feel like I miss you more and more everyday..I think about you all the time and wish that you was still here. I love you!

10/26/2007

Beth Wilkey

If I counted how many "real" people I have known, you would definitely be in the top two. You're in my heart, I love you!

10/24/2007

Jessica Cass

Jacky, You had such an amazing impact on people anywhere you went. Your beautiful presence will be missed so much. I love you!

10/24/2007

Rebekah Wilkey

Jacky you were one of a kind. Your smile made a room light up. I will always remember our fun times & laughs. I love you.

10/24/2007

Greg Czachor

Jacky I enjoyed working out with you over the last year. The gym won't be the same you will be missed by all of us

10/22/2007

Susie

You brought a lot of joy into many hearts. You were always there and you always will be... in our hearts!

10/21/2007

Darlina & Erika

To the world you may be one person but to one person you may be the world. We love you and we will see you soon

10/21/2007

Erika Whitley

Jacky, You never did get to finish telling me how to steal a car, You're my cool car staelin buddy i luv you & will miss u

10/21/2007

Darlina Whitley

Jackie, Just want you to know the gym will never be the same without you. I'll miss you

10/21/2007

Your Sister ANGIE AMOS

Jacky, You were and still are my protector, my everything. I love you and I try to be as strong as I know you would be! I still feel u

10/21/2007

Kelly Flanigan

Everytime that you walked in the gym. You always had the biggest smile on your face. I'm going to miss that smile. Love You!

10/21/2007

tracey

Jacky you were my big brother and no one could come as close as we were i loved you and still do! you were always there for me!

10/19/2007

Mandy Brown

Ill miss you Jacky!! It had been a month since I had seen you. I missed you at the gym Tue by 30 mins. I hate that!! I luv you!!

10/19/2007

Tammy Frank

I will miss see you at suesan, i can't belive you gone, i really loved you hugs and will miss them i'll see you in heaven

10/19/2007

Jackie Frank

Hey u! Just wanted u 2 know i miss u so much.Dont worry about levi. Ill take care of him he misses u so much.ill c u soon love me

10/19/2007

Windy Robinson

Jacky i've only known you for a short time but we sure made some memories! You will be so missed! Friends Forever!

10/19/2007

Tammy

Jacky, I will never forget the times that we shared or the beers that we had! You will always have a place in my heart. I love u

10/18/2007

Christina Hall

Jacky, You were always Angies big brother to me, you used to make us laugh so much. Your in our hearts forever and always will be!

10/18/2007

casey weldon

Jacky, i will never forget you,know that we have not hung out lately but you are missed loved everyday, i remember the good days

10/18/2007

crystal Edwards

Jacky,You were always there when i needed To talk,You was the sweetest man i have ever known.I will miss you always love you!

10/18/2007

Crystal Edwards

Over the years we haven't being around each other as much as I would liked us to be!! But i all will always remember you!

10/18/2007

Heart is a five letter word.

If you truly love someone, you always love them. Nothing can ever change that. We'll miss you Jacky.

Two roses are positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image. The rose on the left is smaller and more tightly curled, while the one on the right is larger and more open, showing more of its petals. They are set against a mottled, olive-green background that has a subtle, grainy texture, resembling aged paper or a watercolor wash.

Condolences

from the deepest of our hearts...

Sarah

Church family

October 26, 2007



I didnt know Jacky personally, however I lost my nephew to a drunk driver in May of 2004. I have been praying for your family knowing the a sudden loss is so hard. Please accept my family's condolences and know we are thinking of you at this very difficult time.

Sue

Barn Friend

October 23, 2007



Janice and family--How my heart goes out to you. janice, you had written about Jacky so many times that I felt he was a part of me too. May God be with you all in this time of grieving. Jacky will always be with you--in your hearts and memories as well as looking down upon you and giving you his support and love.
Sue --Barn Friend

The background is a textured, mottled olive-green or sepia tone. In the upper right quadrant, there are two roses. The one on the left is smaller and more tightly closed, while the one on the right is larger and more open, showing its petals. Both roses are rendered in a light, almost ethereal tone, blending into the background.

Memories

all the gray you turned into colors...

Mama

This has been a Jacky day, a day that I would normally look forward to you coming over so that I could vent, and feel to be understood.

Amanda, I think, said that after helping to clean out your apartment, it was amazing that a young man of your age had nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to be kept hidden, such as porno....even your scribbles were all positive stuff!

It made me think>>are all of MY scribbles positive? Nooooo! After 29 years of living in this house on a constant scribble, and dragging in and storing fifteen years of scribble before that<<there is absolutely plenty of negative scribbles (since I was fifteen'ish) that I'm determined to weed out. Why keep the negatives in my life for folks to read after I die? I want to be like you, Jacky! I want nothing negative of me left behind!

Not that you were perfect, son. You opined with me many an evening about certain frustrations that we SHARED. When I tried to become positive over the past year'plus now....you tried to follow my example. We tried together to erase any negative feelings or...

You know what? I think that sometimes our helpless or over'whelmed areas of life became our negative complaints, or seemingly so>and THAT is what we shared together. Could those discussions be considered NEGATIVE per say? I really don't think so. We determined to turn those (frustrations) into positive thoughts, such as I'm trying to do now, and stand on the word of God as we cast those problems onto him, asking and believing that he would move that mountain! I think that this is where I miss you most. We could discuss, each pray in our seperate way (yet together>>recall the time that you determined

the entire family on a back'room'hand'holdin' prayer? or was that me?)...and watch the mountain move.

Faith the size of a mustard seed. We had it. How big can a mustard plant grow? Wheee! BIG. Go google, or else pull out a Strong's Concordance or something.

We both held tight to the mustard seed promise, (more'so at the end, than in your youth), and...you're there, and I'm here, and yet/but the mountain is shiftin'. Whoa ain't it?!

But I still face days like today, and realize that the battle for my family isn't over yet>>nor the battle within' mine own'self. It's hard in certain situations not to feel sorry for oneself. But that word, "hard," when it comes to my mind, will always bring a sense of "I get it!" every time that "life is hard" comes to my thought pattern. My brother once gave me a word of knowledge from God, and didn't even know it>>>"Don't try HARD. Try EASY." (Too bad that he spoke it, but didn't really get it...) But he will. After all, he IS the one that got the word of knowledge YEARS ago!

I whip myself hard, feeling lazy and complaining.... Seems just as an elderly member of the family is wishing to sap me in their dying years to cater to them, another youthful one wishes to whip me to attention that I'm not quite paying enough attention to them. How many years has this gone on now? Since about...1998. When Mama died. I couldn't cater to her enough, because I had so much youth and rebellion (TEEN'agers) around me. Then comes others and their dying ailments, along with extra youth...

Such feelings as these, Jacky, would only be shared with my barn and YOU, except that you're not here each evening any more, physically>>....>>you are HERE, in memory...of what I would normally keep quiet. I continue to vent to you via this forum. I'm reduced to even more scribbles of myself, such as you

so loved. My daily feelings. My heart.

It is days like today that I miss you, miss your presence, miss your quirky comments, your in'put. It's days like this that causes me to wish to go clean my barn...which I'm working on. It's a slow go...

But I will manage to be left behind as an un'complainin'person...>>God'llin'

jenny



This is one of my favorite pictures of you when you were a child ,the memory behind this is me and your mama thought we were going to take some good pictures but we didn't have a good background so we had thrown a brown blanket over that OLD IRON BED in you mama's bedroom and we thought we had some professional pictures made so we were taking of mama and all of kids and judy and laura and janis and not any me that i recall and you were also wearing Tony's hand me down out so called Dressum up outfit tan cordurory i have pictures at christmas with it too little for him and his belly just a shining but it was the special a occasion outfit so i guess that's why you have it on.RIP LOVE YOU

jenny



"Life is not a journey to heaven with the intentions of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body...but,rather,to SKID in broadside, thoroughly used up ,totally WORN out,and loudly proclaiming....'WOW! WHAT A RIDE!'" .Live life to the fullest! iIn Memory of Jacky Amos(Famous Amos)

Mama

Butter'fly>>how befitting! You flew away with the colorful wings that most of us wished to chase after and capture. You fly, fly, fly>>with the young on a capture of you in attempts to capture your glory. (Your laff'ter and fun'nature). If they catch you, that's okay! They can break your wings, smother you in tiny hands, but you can still escape and fly high, HIGH, HIGHER THAN AN EAGLE>because even if you die, son, with your colorful wings, smothered in tiny hands<<you've flown HIGH...into the hand of your maker...

Mama

I try to think what I would do special if I had just one more day with you, but I can't think of anything. We had such a good relationship, such a perfect one...you would call many times and come over for lunch and we would talk, then later in the evening you would most always just come on in and help yourself to supper, and after wards step out here with me and get on the computer while I watched t.v and smoked you up (you didn't complain)....and we would talk, mostly Bible stuff or family stuff. Sometimes we would just sit on the porch in the rockers and watch the wild'life. It was just such a laid'back and easy going relationship that I wouldn't do anything "special" if I could have you visit just one more day. EVERY day was special. I would just love it if I could have one more of those special days.

On second thought, I DO have one special thing that I would like to do with you>>sit beside you at your Oak Leaf Church, along with the rest of your family. Then we would come home and finish the day in our typical special way of togetherness....

Mama

I get SO excited when I get into a praise mode in the spirit. Yeah...I said PRAISE mode, not prayer mode. Prayer mode gets me into an asking and expecting mode, (a waiting mode), but a praise mode gets me exactly what I expect to get INSTANTLY when I fall into a PRAYER mode>>>receiving<<I get in a

prayer mode to receive something, but the praise mode instantly fulfills me, and I know that any prayer that I have in my heart is a desire of my heart that God has heard and INSTANTLY fulfilled by the praise mode. In other words, when I'm in the praise mode, I don't care to focus on my "prayers" or "heart desires" anymore. They're not so big and important anymore, (those prayers), I can toss those "cares" onto God and go into a praise mode, because>>when I do that praise thingie, I get really caught up into it>>>God literally swells with delight as my praise is like an incense (perfume) floating clean up into heaven...(it's there in his word)...and he instantly fulfills me with joy, awe, wonder, comfort, joy, laff'ter.... to the point that those desires of my heart that I've been PRAYING for are insignificant compared to those feels of DEPTH of LOVE that he instantly rewards me with. Depth of love that HE is receiving from me, he is instantly returning.

And the prayers become insignificant, or put on the back'burner of sorts because...he PROMISES that if you abide in him and his WORDS abide in you, then he WILL give you the desire of your heart! Recall, Jacky, long ago, that God explained this "desires of your heart" business. HE PUTS THEM THERE. They aren't really YOUR desires. They are HIS. That's why he promises that you surely WILL receive them, those desires, (answered prayers), but only if you follow the "if's" (abide in him, and his word abides in you), and don't get impatient>>recall that patience is a fruit of the spirit. The fruit, (your prayers/answers) won't be plucked from the vine before it's ripe. (Before you reach a spiritual maturity of sorts to pluck it, eat it, enjoy it...after praising God for it first, of course!)

Okay, how can this Janice'person STILL be so in love with God when he took her son... ?

He didn't take my son! Satan tossed a stone in Jacky's path, my path, hoping to trip us up. I mean, after all, we were getting too deep in this "God" business for the devil's comfort. (Read the book of Job...) That devil had already been on a hell and damnation path of trying to rock and reel me before Jacky even died, (wouldn't he, Jacky?), and I was kickin' him in the bawls left and right>>>>and I reckon taking you was his figure of a kick in the gut back>>>>>>>>>>only to damn himself even more.

See, this battle of the flesh and spiritual is really real. Jacky is HOME. And so am I, only in this dimension. But our connection, via God, is a love connection, a true spiritual connection that keeps me receiving (via God, via praise) little love'connection tid'bits of Jacky's life now....as we compare to mine now...together. We're still soooo together! (Jacky, I know that God is allowing you a glimpse of me this end...and I KNOW that you are proud, and smiling...and HAPPY with praise to the Lord>>and it's my PRAISES (not prayers) mingled with YOUR PRAISES to God>>that is allowing me to get a glimpse, allowing me to see, feel even a more strong joy....and ability to keep a mama's eye on you, even tho you don't need it now).

Yeah, my boy, we rolled up our sleeves and kicked the devil's hiney! You managed to get ahead of me, but....I don't care if you are dead another hundred years before I so call die according to earth's timing>>>it will simply be TOMORROW for us, that we meet again. God has painted this picture CLEARLY within my spirit>>and this is how I can feel so in love with him, my God, my love connection with you and DAVID! And forever be so in love with you.

I'll leave earth too and so'call die with my "flaws", areas that I fall short, same as you did, same as we all will>>>>>but like your departure, the devil will sure need looser britches, because as you said, what the persecutor meant for bad, God meant for GOOD.

I said it once, I'll say it again. You are doing more for our Lord from where you are now, than where you were before your accident. But I don't care how long I live here, I'll miss your physical presence....just can't imagine that I'll miss your spiritual presence...because we have that awesome LOVE connection. God is LOVE. And the timing as far as I'm convinced, is simply tomorrow. I will see you tomorrow.

Meantime, I'm still here in this dimension. Angie will laff that I was scared of Glenda's apartment....

I wouldn't scared of her apartment, Angie! I just couldn't figure what up'stair window you was looking at, so stopped mid'stair to get my bearings. And, uhhh.....the devil IS after me, you know! He would use a meth'head in a two'bit second>>>unless he's too stupid (AGAIN) to realize that he would be robbing the world of someone that could benefit the world MORE upstairs>> than from downstairs...😏

I can only but imagine that God uses me in such a mighty manner that he is using Jacky, after I'm so'called gone...

I love you, Jacky! You were so mature. GOD is SO AWESOME!

I got off track of what I really meant to write...

But there's always tomorrow!

God willing....

kiera

❤️ i love u jacky your my favorite couisn

jacky is sweet an nice miss him alot

your my only sunshine

p.s. kiera to.jacky i miss u alot

Mama

A year ago this week, I wrote this to my barn:

"I can't recall what I was preachin' to Tracy last night, but her come'back (about the time that Jacky was passing through the room) was that I didn't understand, kids her age were going to make mistakes.

"Jacky, ready for his jog, did a "'whoa'up!'" Before I could continue my preaching, he told Tracy that was an "'EXCUSE'", a "'COP OUT. When you know right from wrong and do something WRONG and get CAUGHT, then you can't EXCUSE that MISTAKE. Mistakes are when you ACCIDENTLY screw up, and you LEARN from that experience'"

"Me and Tracy are both dropped'mouthed at that point. I'm proud of that boy. He's GOOD! He's gone be a preacher like his mama!" written Jan 24, '07

Those were your words, Jacky. I'm just scowering my barn for memories a year ago, two year ago, three year ago, four year ago (to date) memories about you. I just get too a'sleepy after scouring through the thousands of barn'journal notes...and yawn hard after the one year ago search. Can't quite stay awake for the two years ago to'date searches...

But, I want to show off your wisdom at such a young age. I want to remember it. It just helps me to know why God wanted you to be his warrior. There is a finale of a fight to be fought, an end'time for this earth as we see and live it now. Three'dimensional...>>we will all soon be back to that Garden of Eden, where you now dwell. I don't think that we literally get a mansion in heaven. Mansion means resting place. Christ is our resting place. We can have that here on earth, be there where you are now, in that resting place of Christ. If we would be just reach out and receive...

You are no more far away from us than Christ>>our resting place. It's all in the spirit. You just got a quick bounce into the next dimension where you can see him, see all things spiritual more clearly.

'Nite, son.

Mama

I recall the last time that Glenda had to go, back in early October, the month that Jacky died. He called me on the way back to work after lunch here and told me that she was standing on the road...just standing there. He knew that I was facing the same decision that I faced today, and had been stalling for time, trying to pray God's best for the situation. I wasn't surprised when an officer brought her to my door a couple of hours later, (ohhhh, but I was dismayed>>>why always ME?), and we coaxed her to voluntarily give herself up via ER. Of course I was the one that had to take her, since the officer "found" meeeee.

Okay, I realized that life isn't all about meeee, and so began immediately praising God for his hand in that situation, the fact that she would be sent where she needed to be without me having to go to the extreme measures that I've had to before...and had to today. I even praised God that it wasn't me in her situation, since he pointed out that everybody needs somebody at some point in time, and I should be grateful that I was where I was, and not where she was. I should get off the self-pity kick and be grateful that I was able>>>because no matter how inconvenienced we are, we are at that inconvenience because we are more BLESSED than the one that has to inconvenience us. That hit home hard with me, and I immediately sat up to attention realizing that I should be grateful that I was ABLE! Everytime that I wished to complain about something since year 2006, God reminds me to be grateful that I'm able.... And so I took her off the officer's hands and took her to the ER, and got blasted by an ER nurse because I had Haven with me and "that woman" shouldn't be around children.... I left on a sigh and another guilt trip, because>>>God, here is a cop dumping her off onto me and Haven, and I didn't wanna do this anyway, and her therapist comes in playing with Haven and blowed up gloves for balloons<<which all seems okay to the therapist, and...and...therapist leaves>>>then I get blasted, like I'm some sort of bad gr'ma...

I left on a self-pitying mutter of sorts to you, God, (after a mini'tongue'snap back at the nurse), and then passed the therapist, who hadn't really left yet at all. He asked what's up, and I told him, and he wilted like me, figuring that (head) nurse needed anger management classes...

I stopped>>>and I cracked up! Here I was listening to you, God, and this therapist of the mentally ill on MY side against a pre-menopausal head nurse that probably needed some major B'6 and essential oils therapy. It put me in mind of the book that I once told Tracy that I would write when I was able to retire....you know, alone in my golden years or whatever. It would be titled, 'Are You Laffin' With Me, Gawd?'

I always ask that when you stir my spirit into laff'ter. You always do that when you stir my spirit into

obedience, Lord, and it seems to fail, but yet comes out right in the long run. You remind me, and show me the humor along the way. Tracy always reminds me too, that I'm to write that book. I reckon it will get written>>I've sure got lots of documentation. Whether I see it published or not, I always said was up to Jacky. I thought that Jacky was the only one that cared about my scribbles. But...not so. Tracy cares about scribbles. She's a book'worm, like myself, and desires to constant scribble...like myself.

Back to today. I've been stalling for time, but finally coaxed today (seemingly) by her social worker. She won't go where I wish that she could go, but a place that has many life'time memories that aren't good ones at all. She will for a second time go where our Mama had to endure so many years at. Not that Glenda will have to suffer such as that>>YEARS<<(I hope not, unless she's happy there), which she won't be. Last and first time there for her was a nightmare for both of us....

What a horrific place! I pray that I did and followed God's will, because I sure dragged along asking for it, asking for him to pave the way. Burying your child isn't nearly as hard as doing such as this, so long as your conscience is clear with your child. Doing something like this is about the hardest thing that a person has to do. It's like...burying someone alive. Not a nice feeling at all.

I pray that God gives Glenda the peace that he gave me when you were killed, Jacky, and the the peace that he continued me on after. I pray that he gives ME the peace (Glenda'wise), that he gave me when you were killed...

I prayyyyyy for Glenda. You all pray too, please. Jacky, I know that you are. You know what I went through each time this happened.

I love you, son. I'm still "scribblin'" for you.

Mama

Please read the Justin Lesh memorial site under 'life story'. PLEEEZE, you kids, heed the warning>>>>DON'T drink and drive. Not even a LITTLE BIT. Don't take even a tiny risk of robbing a mother of her child, or a child of it's parent, a sibling of a sibling, or your family of your own lives. Designate a friend, CALL SOMEBODY, call a cab and tell 'em to bring you here if you're broke...but be mature about it. I'm about ready to join that MADD group. A donation via my barn friend has already been made in Jacky's behalf.


DON'T brush my pleas off as some sort of grieving mother. LISTEN! If you've only had one, give it time to digest or whatever, but DON'T drive immediately afterward. If you've had several, don't drive AT ALL, I don't care how sober you feel, or the short distance that you have to drive. REMEMBER ME and my plea... Remember JACKY....and have a heart>>>>for your mamas, your families, your kids<<<<be mature about it and INCONVENIENCE SOMEBODY! Don't let someone's family or your own have to arrive at a scene to be watched as you or their child be covered with a sheet, loaded into an ambulance without a siren blasting. Don't let it be yourselves covered with a sheet, only to arrive at the hospital giving your loved ones no hope. Have a heart. If you drink, be mature about it>>>PLEASE! Jacky would be here if someone had been mature....

I hear that the grieving process gets worse before it gets better. And everyone grieves differently. I'm not exactly sitting around spilling tears all day and feeling sorry for myself, but I am on a constant prayer, bound and determined to open the ears of our youth, SHOUT into the ears of our youth>>>LISTEN! Life can be fun and good without it being down'right stupid! Life can be a party, feast and all, but that doesn't mean that party has to border on stupidity. We can eat, drink and be merry in the simplicity of the Lord. Look at Thanksgiving and Christmas here. A shot of egg'nog....and bottles left unsealed to ruin. And we had a good time enjoying each other's company to boot...simply sharing memories.

I reckon that was what Jacky was doing the night that he was killed. He was eating, drinking and being merry>>>laughing about the days of his youth, wondering how he and they (his friends) made it without winding up in prison or dead...after all those so-called immature years of growing up... And then one of the more "unlucky and immature" ones cuts him off, robs him of his accomplishments, robs us of his life. I feel so sorry for that "immature" one. Whether he has remorse or not is beside the point>>>I still feel sorry for him. He'll live life out in prison, at least his best years, simply because of an immature moment.

An immature moment. We've all shared one plus a few. We can't judge. There is only one judge, and He is at the utmost of supreme court when it comes to Judgement Day.

But surely someone warned and worried over this child same as we've been worried over and warned ourselves? Same as we've warned and worried over our children. Surely! I sure hope so, because, if not>>>that's sad. And whether he listened or not is even more sad. Not more sad for him...but more sad for that father, mother, gr'mother, aunt...WHOMEVER may have pleaded with him to wise up.

Listen up, all you kids. Don't hear me as a grieving mama. HEAR me as a MADD mama. I'm fixin' to go google this group, see what they are all about, because you youngsters really make me mad when you don't listen. Please listen, and don't break my  again.

Pray for Glenda....I can't imagine where my conscience hurts worse, except with her, and the steps that I have to take, I feel forced to take. I really try to drag things out via prayer, and so far have bought a couple days time for her. I even apologise to God that I'm a zombie lately, managing to do nothing and getting wore out with it. He put it into my spirit that I AM WORKING HARD, because I'm literally spending a lot of time in prayer... Wow! I am. And so far, he has rescued me from what I hate to do most... I do so hate

to see the hurt in her eyes come Saturday, tho. I hate to feel like I'm the one that's hurting her. Pray that I have favor with her...that she can have the decisions. (I don't want them, those decisions!)

This sort of situation (Glenda) is one that I have to question my blessings. But I have peace (now) that I know that SHE is blessed for my empathy of sorts. God's empathy. Tough situation....

Mama

I love you, Christina! How could I not? You grew up under my nose>>and in my hair! I never dis'liked you, but I did disapprove of you AND Angie for a spell in your lives, because of that big ol' wild hair that I was determined to pluck! 🙄 I mean, you girls really caused me to feel latched to that hair and on a constant brake'skid that lasted forrrrr....a few years. Okay, almost a decade.

I have many witnesses, here and in my barn, of how often I had prayed that you two and your lives be separated, only to later say watch out what you pray for, you'll surely get it>>where is Christina? Please God, send me back Christina. (I have that documented, dated....it is NO lie! Nothing said to sugar'coat.) I even PRAYED that you would get pregnant>>anything to slow you girls down from looking at Saturday nights as some sort of mandatory party night.

I realized later, that like Tony and Jacky, you two watched each other's back. And I began praying you back, afraid that no'one was out there to REALLY watch Angie's back. Okay, so THEN you got pregnant. 🙄

You and Angie have both matured in many ways, and I guess that it took being apart for whatever reasons that you went your own separate ways>>but I guess that it took that "vacation" from each other to give you

both time to...grow up. You both now realize why we as mothers cling to you, worry over you, sit up on a dread of a phone call, get mad if the phone call is a relief compared to the one of fatality sorts (hate that word) that we were dreading to hear.... You are mothers now. Growing up is hard to do, until you have a mother's heart. It comes slow to some, quick for others, but indeed a mother will ALWAYS be in love with her child. She might wish that she had shown it more so later, than she did earlier...but fact is, she is and always has been very much in love with her child. It's called a mother's heart. It's going to sweat and hurt at some point and probably many points in her life. Be prepared, and keep your conscience clear when it comes to your child. It doesn't have to necessarily hurt because of death.

I was reading one of these memorials earlier, where a mother lost her child, and it said something like, "A wife that loses her husband is a widow, a husband that loses his wife is a widower, and a child that loses his parents is an orphan. But there is no name for a parent that loses their child">>which means that it's a HARD stone to swallow.

You and Angie are now proud parents. Instead of throwing stones, you two are maturing up and shinin' up the perfect stones that were gifted to you from above...

[illegible]

I don't know what your mama's problem/hurt is, but I sure will pray for her. I sure will, girl! Don't you let your mama down by squeakin' by on a mini'prayer. Get on your knees and REALLY pray for her, same as she has for you, I'm sure. Same as I have...for all of you kids. We won't quit praying until it's all said and done. When your mama gets up with a light in her eyes and has a new lease and LEASH on life. You'll KNOW then, that God has literally lifted her up.

I'll never forget your kiss and that hug when you came flying in here. You are precious. Never forget it. Now go and hug and kiss your mama, and tell her that she is precious...life is precious...let's all get up and live it to the teeee. Let us all cast down the negative, which is hard if we're living it, but it is POSSIBLE. All things are possible with God...

Phillippians 4:19

crystal

This morning before my alarm went off I was dreaming. It was about you me & Tony we were at dinner I don't remember what it was about. But I do know it seems so real as if you were here with us. Then I woke up I caught myself calling your name in my head it was so weird. That was all I could think about all day!! We love you so much!!

Christina Hall

Jacky,

Well I really don't even know where to start. I've been wanting to write this for a while now, things are sometimes a little hectic with Logan running around or should I say crawling.... Did Angie ever give you the \$20 for the bet that you'll made about whether or not I was having a boy or a girl? You knew it was a

boy you were set on it!

Well In case you didnt know by now Soo many people Loved you! You were definitely ONE of a kind! Ive been sitting here reading all the memories and letters everyone has written you and have just cried and cried. As I've sat here and read everything and looked at your pictures, I still cant believe your gone. I know we were never really that close but Angie was always like a sister to me so I always considered you like family to. I've lost touch with Angie and I hate it, but I guess thats just how things go sometimes. You just have to find your own way and eventually things will be back again. I love Haven too much just to let mine and Angies friendship be over.

But on a happier note how about some memories I have of you??? How about how you always made fun of Angies feet?...lol...we used to crack up about that. Or when you smashed pooor lil Havens face in her cake at her first Birthday??? And then you ended up getting Angie with it to...lol...You were always the one doing something! Angie always told me so many stories about you, You were and still are her hero!

I have so many memories with you and your family in them I could go on and on. I love them all especially your mom! I know at one time she didnt like me much, probably because me and Angie were getting into trouble together and being dumb teenagers. But the day I found out what happened to you I just wanted to be there for her and Angie. When I got to the house I went straight to where your mama was and just hugged her as tight as I could. I felt so bad for her I couldnt even begin to imagine what she was going through. I know I have a son now and he is my LIFE my EVERYTHING and I know how strong a mothers love is!

But on another note, My mom really needs a little help from up there. Things are starting to fall apart for her. Shes such a strong person but things are really starting to bring her down. I pray for her everyday so that she will be happy and things will come together and be better in the end. I know she has prayed and

prayed for me and God's in my heart and he's making my life so much better for me and my son.

But its 2:30 in the morning I couldnt sleep earlier,but I think I'm going to go try and go back to bed now.

Love always.....Christina~

Mama

Something Tony said, that you two thought that you were invincible.

I thought that you were too...despite the fact that I constantly worried over you kids.

I don't want to be rich. I don't want to be esteemed. I don't care if I'm never remembered on into the future. All that I want and have ever wanted is a FAMILY, and the togetherness of such. All that I have ever wanted is maturity in that family, and a promise from them that I don't have to worry...that they have arrived at my expectations of maturity>>therefore, they will be forever safe, at least as best they can in their own growing maturity. (They can't help what other idiots do to them, yet God bless the idiots...) After all, who of us can ever say that we've never been one?

Thank God that you, Jacky, kept me constantly reassured of such on your behalf, that you were waking up, and maturing... I'm sorry, and forever will be, that you died at the silliness of another. The immaturity of someone else. I pray for that boy's family, mama, gr'ma>>WHOMEVER that end is shedding tears for him that end, and us, this end, because>>if it had been one of mine own flesh and blood, or one of your

friends that we believed in, to have managed to so-called accidentally caused a (murder) of someone's child after repeated warnings of DON'TS and DON'T EVERS....drive after drinking and feeling fairly good and fun'filled and able to do so at the moment...

Their pain has to be worse than mine, that family, mama, gr'ma>whoever is grieving over your (so called) killer. They have to not only suffer the consequences along with their child, but they have to suffer the guilt of my pain. Least in their mind, they do.

If they/that such person is possibly reading>>please don't cry over me, and please don't continue to torture yourself with guilt. I sure know your heart, know the pain that you're probably going through.

I just want my children to know, get it>>>that I consider not only my children (okay, child now), but their cousins are my children, their friends are my children...and I plead with all of them to NOT drink and drive, NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT, because....anything can happen. They say that what you worry about most won't happen. I don't know who THEY are, but it sure will>>cause the devil loves a good time too. It will happen. Warnings un'heeded? They will happen. Because the devil loves a good time too...

He sure does. Don't he, Jacky? I'm sorry that you were off guard with one of his good'timers. But yet you were on'guard and prepared as one of your poems point out, that the persecutor meant it for bad...

That child that killed you isn't the persecutor, but Satan screwed up big time trying to rob the world of you! You have been able to do more from where you are now, than where you sat here, battling simple silliness such as what got you killed. I just selfishly wish that you could remain here and be simple as me, sitting here, playing with beans in the kitchen...

I love you, my boy! I love you, apple of my eye. Fruit of my spirit. I love you!

Mama

Your little Haven'bloom is safe in a book'marker, thanks to Autumn...along with pictures and your poems...

Mama

I don't know what those shrubs around the hospital are called, but the night that I stood outside waiting to hear something official, little Haven was picking the blooms off them and handing them out, placing one in each person's hand. I held on to mine, feeling to need something physical to hold on to, because I knew that no matter what, the night you died would be the most memorable night of my life. Altho at the time I was waiting to hear that you were alive...I still knew that it would be the most memorable night of my life.

After it was official that you were dead, I went to the bathroom, still holding to the stem of that little bloom. It still looked so alive, but I knew that it's life here had ended too. I pressed it between the pages of my checkbook and forgot about it. About a month later, it fell out into my hand, probably the most perfect little memorial of that night that I could ever ask for. It was a night that I tried to reason with God that I would take you any way that I could have you, just keep you alive. It was a night that he reasoned back with me that he knew best, you belonged to him, as I do, and he wouldn't put anymore on me than I can bare. He would work it out to the good. It was all reasoned between us in a most perfect peace, and now I'm grateful, because God knows best, knew that you wouldn't the type spirit to live here as a cripple, or worse. My little Haven'bloom is and forever will be a reminder of that night, how God can keep one in perfect peace even through such horrific hours, days, reality. It died the same night that you did, and I've often looked up at it hanging on the wall above my computer in a sandwich bag, wondering what to do with it to make it more safe...maybe somehow have it put into an ornament.

But when Autumn mentioned making more bookmarkers with your poem, I KNEW exactly where the little memory'bloom would go>>laminated into one of those markers. I will put it in your bible.

She's supposed to make the markers and bring her laminating machine over Sunday to finish your special marker. I have a feeling that she won't make it, weather'wise and all, but that's okay...what a blessing she has been lately, and...the marker will still get done.

We've really missed you lately, Angie with her vehicle problems, (Devil's interference, you know? I just rebuke him.) John and daddy sick. It's your muscles and willingness to help that always did come in so handy. But John is 100 percent today, praise God! Yesterday, I came out and annointed him with oil and said a prayer, and he simply let me. I guess after 17 days of pure dizziness he was desperate. Then I googled vertigo and home remedies, because God always aims to nutrition and home'style medicating for healing. I massaged John's neck muscles in the front of his neck 'til I thought my arms would fall off>>but not really long at all. The dizziness subsided, and this is the first day that John has really been able to work since New Year. He said that he didn't have a lick of dizziness! Yayyyy! I just hope that he understands>>>it wouldn't the allergy medication that he had already been taking for a couple of weeks that hadn't been working<<<>>it was God's doing, even right down to being led to massaging the front of his neck.

I love you!

Mama



I've just gotta share this memory! Remember, Jacky, how so much Boozer Jenkins loves you? You would drive up, and he knew all your motors, being it motor'cycle or vehicle truck and jeep, and would get soooo

excited. As I told Autumn, he would get to whimperin' on a Boozer'prance from monitor, to doggie'door on a nose'whiff, back to monitor, then to kitchen door... He trembled so hard when you finally decided to come out and pet him>>>that he dribbled pee all over your boot! 😊 Only you, and you only! None of us get that sort of recognition, except John. He don't get the happy'tempered look and excited bladder loss, tho.

We cracked about it, and you loved it. You would play your Boozer game, having me lock him in while you made all sorts of trails around the back yard, behind trees, around buildings....and then you would hide...and EVERY SINGLE time he would follow the maze of your trail on a nose'whiff as he followed along (just as quickly as you had run it) the scent of your trail. That was AMAZING! We all thought so, and wow, it sure was. Amazing.

I can mention your name today, and he will perk an ear, whimper on a prance from security montior to doggie'door on a whiff, to kitchen door on a peek...and just can't quite catch the scent anymore. That's because you're not here anymore, physically. But it was amazing the pattern of a trail that you could make up for him to follow if you're in that playful mood to do such, and he follow on after without actually being able to see where you're hiding. Until he snoots you out, that is! He ALWAYS found you!

He knew that you were there, altho he couldn't really see you in the first place. He could sense your presence, and follow your path.

I feel sorry for him now, when I mention your name. He just can't quite manage to "sense" your presence, altho he wants to soooo much. (You can tell by the whimper). Same as I feel sorry for people that can't quite sense that you're still alive, just in another dimension. (Probably, they feel sorry for ME, and that makes me smile and feel sad at the same time...because...that means they can't quite grasp that there is another stage (final one) to this life. That means that they really can't quite grasp the concept of Christ. In their minds, it's like>>okay, he came, he died, I believe, I'm saved....<<<<<<and if I don't believe, I'll

wing it, just in case!

Hmmm....wrong number to heaven!

You can't do that! You have to be a Boozer'Jenkins>>>>follow the trail, sniff out the pattern. No one can do that without regularly seeking and studying God's word. (Who can believe such as that, without being superstick'shous or something?) One has to be one'on'one with him by reading his word, not taking other's words for it, but by taking HIS word for it. And eagerly looking for the little "ifs" before the promises>>>that's FUN. It's not hard to do, either, if you're of a fairly decent, or at least wish'to'be'decent character. It's really challenging and fun, following them if's. And if you somehow can't quite get it right and fall short, such as Jacky jumping on the roof and sliding to the other side to confuse Boozer's sensitive nose? (It never worked, Boozer always knew that Jacky was on the other side, so went on a whole 'nother direction to a front'gate sniff....) same as SO LONG AS YOU TRY, God won't let your short'comings count against you either. As long as you don't lose sight of Him>>>HE won't lose sight of you. He won't let you go! "IF my word abides in you, and YOU abide in Me...."

If you, if you, if you.... Folks wonder why scripture promises them such'n'such and seems to fail them on a promise, but they forget to look at the "if" parts of the scripture, the promise.... They have a duty too. Even our animals understand that they have a duty to do, an "if" to follow, if they wanna get to the point that they want to be. Maybe they are hungry, or like Boozer, maybe they just want to be happy and get that Jacky'trophy. (You always did have to "give" didn't you, son?)

My point of this message is...I guess...that I want my family to please follow Jacky's example and GIVE, and follow mine as his mother>>to TRY to at least follow the ten commandments as best as you all can. They aren't hard to obey at all, and especially not as hard as following the "if's" of the promises that we all so seek to receive. Oh, wow! This Janice'person would soooo love to see her entire family and extendeds

following the if's of the scriptures, and the ten commandments to boot. Know what? I don't think that I've lied more than three'ish times in over a year now>>even to myself. Not even to my own self. It's been a challenge that's been hell'acious (whatever kind of word that is)>>and fun. And, Jacky, you rolled that boat a ways with me over the last nine months plus some.... I'm dedicated and determined to practice what I preach. God gives me favor for it. Glenda don't even mess with me any more. Whew! That is really kewl!

Here's another Kewl for you, Jacky. We bought another six lots around you TODAY, the final day that our so called city'deal ran out, as I'm very determined to keep our family together. If I could have JUST known that there were three more available!!! John has been pretty sick>what a battle, and I'm not up to snuff myself, (praise God for Shane), but...if and when any more money comes in? I'm gonna ask God for favor, because I am sincerely determined to follow His word>>seek HIM out first thing in the morning, as typical of my days this past years'plus>>>I think that I'm right, could be wrong, but we will manage to have a family cem of sorts that links to Dot...and to my own gr'mother.

We literally will own a land around you, Jacky, a family circle. Thanks to you. Thanks and praise to God.

I know that such is and isn't a natural scheme of things....it don't matter where we are buried....

But it matters to your mama, because you were always such a hugger...and teased me that I wouldn't>>a physical hugger🤗

Mama

I see your name everywhere, and find it incredible, especially the R.I.P.'s... We talked about death so much the last weeks of your life, right down to the last day of your life...that I wonder what God's over'all plan really is for all of us. And your poems. It's almost as if you were totally prepared to live real in the next dimension, where I was (during our talks) soooo focused on living real and spiritual in the here'now. I had tried to challenge you to not allow one negative thought escape through your lips>>as I was getting to be pretty good at it, and really quite fun trying to catch a negative thought after a year of practice. I was getting pretty good at trying to catch myself in a negative thought or negative feeling, and instantly zipping my lip and casting that thought to God and training myself to turn it into a positive. You know my repeated saying>>for every negative there is a positive. Even folks that wrong us, or hurt us, or want to argue for the sake of argument>>pray for them, don't slander them, DON'T argue with them. Don't allow Satan, that negative, to take away what we could turn into a positive prayer for someone that is in wrong'doing. After all, we've done a lot of wrong'dones our own'selves. I would repeatedly quote the scripture>>the workers of iniquity have fallen. They've been cast down, and can't rise back up....

Whoooo, Jacky! You sure would try, wouldn't you, son! You agreed right down the line, until it came down to two women in your life that you loved to hate, and hated to love. And then you would seem to contradict yourself, because your love for them (that positive), really out'shined the negative.

Angie, the number one love of your life. There is no doubt about it. You absolutely adored her. You were so disappointed in her in an area or two, especially the tres'passing on you with your "friends" area, but now I realize the why of that disappointment. The friends that you were kewl to in your own way, Angie was trying to be kewl to in her own way....and it sort of put a damper on the witness that you wanted to be. But you also saw that she was simply trying to fit into the life and "kewl" style of her big brother, and you couldn't help yourself for loving her all the more for it, feeling to be more protective of her (a positive), and proud of her for being proud of you, a love connection>>which is another positive. The positives always over'whelms the negatives, depending that's the path one CHOOSES to follow, and...Angie is the number one love of your life. She even got Valentine gifts.

I didn't. 😡

Just kiddin'! I love my kids so much for the fact that you two loved each other, despite the inner'complaints and all. Angie, honey, it's no different with you>>replace any negative thought that I might rain onto you with the positive<<<you privately grumped about him too, but....you loved him so much. He got gifts for every occasion, too, that caused me to smile, because despite any complaints, (negatives), there was always those positive and outward shows of LOVE between my children. Never any verbal squabbling that I know of. I love you, my kids, Jacky and Angie! Your love for each other is something that most parents can't brag about. (I watch Dr. Phil). 😊

The number two love of your life, (that I know of)>>>Amanda? Don't thank God for your knee'cap. Thank me!

"Mama! I TRY to be positive, but you CAN'T...when....I swear it! I'm gone shoot her in the knee!" 😡

Don't take that to heart either, honey. Or>>>okay, take it to heart. I can't count the times that he wished that it could really work, because in his heart he "knew" that you were the one. Somehow it was just screwed up to not really be.

It wouldn't screwed up to not really be. It was a part of this realm, and God's intervention. God had other plans for Jacky, that Jacky deeply realized in his spirit, but just wasn't totally clued in>>there is a verse in

the bible somewhere, that speaks of looking in a mirror and seeing dimly at the moment, but more clearly later. Jacky's later has come. You, Amanda, are still trying to see into that mirror that only gives in part...same as I keep peering into the mirror. I don't have it all down pat either, but>>>I'm sure POSITIVE that one day I will. Same as Jacky.

You, hon, that I know of, was the second most loved woman of his life. Okay, so you wouldn't be the first! Don't feel bad>>after all, I'M his MAMA. I hope that I least maybe place in at third! 🎉

But on a more serious note, after weeks of death discussions...mainly BECAUSE you bought that motorcycle that shuddered me same as Haven's C'mas present of a four'wheeler shudders me....(and yet me still not quite comprehending the reality that altho I was jittery as a bessie'bug over MY child, it surely wouldn't/couldn't happen, because I worried... PRAYED every day, over said children...

It does. It can...>>happen. They always say if you don't worry about it, it won't happen. Never listen to "they". How do they know?

But then again, worry is a sin, because that means that you're not trusting in God. (God's word...)

Okay, let's figure this out>>>I worried about it, Jacky, (a negative), but let go and let God, (a positive), and you had empathy, (an added positive)>>for every negative, there is a positive, and>>>saw to it that....many more positives were added....

I guess you remember? My cousin, my age, died just months shy of you. He couldn't even manage up a funeral...kept on hold too long for probably even the devil's comfort. Folks would probably say that's because he didn't live right enough. Yeap!<<One of MY negative thoughts! But...as God dealt with me and others>>>>WHO lives right? I donated. Folks donated.

My point is, I know why you trusted me, son. I promise, I will continue to serve your memory right. Every plot around you that I can manage to buy up WILL be bought up, and I ((think))that it connects to Hot'Dot and my own gr'ma. Either way, they are all close, and everyone will have a place, without a single member of our family and extendeds desperate to find a place on a struggle of the after'funeral bill.

Mama



If you were here, you would be excited about the snow, just like Haven, and be outside playing in it with her, even tho it is only a dusting. I really miss you at times like this, upbeat, always out to have fun... She keeps looking at your pictures, really irked to see that you went to the zoo and didn't invite her. She said that she was going to kick your butt when she gets to heaven. 😊

I love you.

Mama



I finally gave in and took your ornaments off the tree, putting them in special first'year ornament boxes. Your tree was really thirsty! I will put it back after it enjoys it's good dosing of water, along with the video photo that I got for you. I want to see the many images of you every day. Autumn was good enough to put them on a memory card for me. She and your daddy love you more than you ever knew, she going through and collecting all of the latest pics of you that she can find and putting them on a memory stick. She has also made some awesome bookmarkers with your pictures and a pretty poem on back. I have a few to

hand out for our bibles. I think that she is going to make more and print your poems on back, once I send her the poems.

You got a compliment at the bank the other day that would bring that perdy boy grin. I was telling one of the tellers what I missed most about you, the small every day casual things, and she interrupted with>>And he was good to look at too! Everybody knows you, everywhere that I go...and so far they are all young women. No wonder you never got married.

Another young man, twenty'five, was killed on his motorcycle yesterday. I don't know his name yet, but I'm praying for his family too.

Mama

Hmmm...you and Roy'Lee havin' fun at that fire, or what?😎

I give, and always have, according to that which God has meted out to me. (Don't forget, God gives us access to builders'so'called'bargains..)

But, it's somewhere in the Bible, a command, actually, to give>>and God will return in good measure, pressed down, shaken together... It's somewhere there in the Bible. I may have forgotten the verse, but I recall the principal behind the verse.

The "giving" began after divorce, and a true scraping of pennies. We had to get free lunch for Angie,

but...I sure did hate so bad to see her watching other kids eat fifty'cent ice'cream that we couldn't afford. So, after working at that Sample company at five bucks an hour (could'a done better at Pizza Hut), I would come home and help Esther's brother detail cars for about two hours, for five dollars, to get to work on the next day, and Angie's ice'cream money. It was HARD, and altho I was making more money than Christy, she seemed to be whizzin' through life. I asked her how this could be, and....she taught me her principal of money via Malachi, (old testament) management that was taught to her>>>tithe first, give second, and you'll eat, drink and be merry.

That's the way that she seemed to live life, a little silly to me, but....I got interested in that and began reading the bible even while I lived by HER so'called principal, and at the same time, taught it to Jacky, once he came back here to live. I tried to teach it to Angie too. Before we even met God, we was digging up pennies>>LITERALLY<<from under and inside the couch>>loved visitors, we did>>>but we literally dug up fifty more cents a day for ONE only single child in her class'room that had to sit around watching the rest eat ice'cream.

Life seemed to get swiftly beyond squash soup after that, me thithing what I felt I didn't have to tithe, ability to dig up fifty cents a day (beyond tithe, and giving) for that one child an ice cream so that he could feel to fit in and not have his taste buds drool like I refused to let Angie's. I know that she suffered clothes'wise, but in my opinion at that time, I was happy that she had a shirt on her back... That boy's mama sought me out at the end of the school term, scared me, the look on her face>>thought that she was gonna sock me or something! But she hugged me. Thanked me. Literally loved me. (That was Christ, in her, hugging me and loving me. Same as you, now, thanking me and loving me. Same as I am to you, thanking you, loving you, appreciating you and Tony and Chrystal for the special moments, the awesome little Jacky treasures and family support that over'whelm me>>>MEMORIES that money can't buy! Your fire'place will go to the next home'owner. MY gifts....will be treasured forever, by someone in the family...

I've been giving ever since my once'upon'a'time'chaos, because God gradually, but really seemingly quickly brought me to not only being a moral and giving person, but a moral and STABLE person. He

knows my heart, I'm not going to put money or gifts into a situation that the devil would/could literally take control. I'm absolutely NOT a free'spender, and never will be. But I'm a giver, and always will be. Why? Because God is a giver. Take for example....I simply loved blue china. I always asked God for a simple dish in my Bargain'Basement business for me to take home...and he gave it, a simple odd dish here and there for some months. THEN....he rewarded me with a four'thousand'dollar'plus box that blew my mind. I only wanted one dish to display, and he gave me EIGHT (\$60 apiece value) dishes plus ALL of the fringe benefits.... He gave me all of that, myself unknowing that, and us paying a simple dollar for the entire ca'boodle. I just has asked for a dish... It's still around, growing in value..

s

As for the cooking part... You've not been around! This is my life since about...let me see....I guess about....my family started getting sick and dropping like flies since about 1999. There you go...Jacky seemed to be looking forward to every funeral that came around, and kept me cooking on into the next one!



(Just kidding!) I've been cooking for sick family members since about 1999, trying to heal them actually, but also the healthy ones on a regualr basis, and ALWAYS go all'out holidays. Don't feel guilty. This is just us. We've not deposited a cent of Jacky's insurance or court stuff, so....it's not like we're trying to get rid of it as quick as we get it, or anything like that. It's just fun seeing what somebody wants or needs, and thanking God that we have the ability to GIVE it, GIVE back to HIM just a pea'size tad of what he has given to us over the years... (Your to'go plates to me, before today, REALLY are a blessing that you can't imagine. I've enjoyed the last bunch that you freely gave, and appreciate these... And I was really fretting about more. But there is no way that I could stir myself away to fight traffic to look for more. I hate traffic..

As for my cousin. I said that I was going to write a yesterday memory on a today note. Let me just end this thought now, (omitting that discussion), asking prayer over all involved in that accident.

God! Every time that I see the word or mention of fatality>>>I want to break down, but can easily lift myself up instantly on from that cry, and lean to my comforter...

Pleaseeeeeeee>>let us ALL, as Jacky's family, stand united in prayer for each and every person involved in that accident. Let NO ONE be absent of forgiveness, and may we all recall that, if we haven't personally been there for a moment, that someone that we love sure has. Pray for that little boy, his girl'friend, and any of their mama's that might need it. Pray for their mamas, at least.

That's<giving. Giving, doesn't necessarily mean that something cost money.

Tony Amos

You know its been the hardest times i've ever endured since you have went home its almost like a part of me left with you. Its so hard to think that your gone we were always each others protector growing up (ME, an instigator in most situations) but thats just how it was at the time! But over the last year or so on the road i walked away from most confrontation and believe me i had plenty of it with john working with me. You and me both shared this mentality like we were invincible, in actuality you are the one that is a HERO. You mean so much to alot of people and i know your watching over us - we truly do have the best guardian angel anyone could ask for.

There was two things you always asked me to do with you -

1. going to the gym

in which i always said (slave labor) - involves work without a paycheck

I still feel the same way about that one like you didnt know that

and the other

2. going to church - i always said maybe call me

Well i have been going when im in town i just wish i could have went with you is my only regret, your Mom is so true you really are working from above. Which i have been enjoying the church. It makes me feel at ease, like you are there sitting with us smiling. I believe that if i continue to follow the light being cast from your wings we shall see each other again. Just watch over me dont let me stray to far.

Something else i thought was funny remember when you show me those muscle magazines and said one day it was going to read Famous Amos

Me, Crystal and the kids were in the car, and Kiera says Daddy "Me, You and Bryson are all Famous Amos'es" which i was like well whats Mommy and she said "Oh she's just an Edwards. Crystal didnt laugh to much but i got a kick out of it

I hope that you are having the time of your next life i feel alot better now that i have wrote you - tell Hot Dot we still love her and miss her

Love Always,

Your Cousin

jenny

Bless you Janis and John I cant seem to get over the reason of why yall gave us the gift this weekend and i just dont know how much to thank yall and you should take my money cause i feel guilty about accepting it but i know you have agood reason for this but i cant thank you enough and you said you cook us that meal to get us over there and i was feeling bad because you seemed to be cooking alot lately and I was thinking you need to take abreak and rest,But I know who keeps you together and you are Truly BLESSED Thank John for all he has done for us and Tony too. We Love yall alot too .

Mama

One year ago today, according to my Barn journal>>which I need to get back into routine participating in... But one year ago today I was stressing in an incredible way over particular family members. It's odd, Jacky, that was about the time that you were going to decide that YOU weren't going to stress anymore, that you were going to give up and let the feathers fall where they may. You really didn't give up, did you, son? Within the last month of your life, you suddenly had an urge to spend almost an entire day with your pa'paw. You sat on the porch with him for hours, chose to eat his own'stle home'cooked supper of hot'dawgs (nuked weenies), and canned chilli with him, helped him get a little muscle'required work done. At the time, I wondered if it was because I wouldn't home that aimed you his way for some off'the'wall reason....or just that you were aimed there for some....off the wall reason. Whatever the reason, daddy was very surprised and bragged about it, even brought it up the days of your death. I was surprised

too, but now I'm not. You probably didn't even know why you were led to go there at the time, but I recall you even telling me about it, YOU even thoughtful at the wisdom and knowledge that pa'paw has regarding the Bible, and life....and how good the nuked weenies and canned chilli was..😋

Whew! Son! He's still the same ol' same ol' that wears us out! He might have a lot of wisdom and knowledge, but as usual, he surrrrrre don't exercise it! He continues to go against the grain of that wisdom....

I thought at the time that visit was more for him, maybe he was on his last leg or something, because he was sooooo touched by it. But now, I know that visit was for you. It was a good'bye from you that you weren't even expecting yourself. Just as last conversations between you and me were last good'byes>>>except that I thought that I would be the one going first... Our last weeks together were last good'byes. (Personally, yours and mine). I see it in so many ways now. The last days, especially the last two, were true TRUE good'byes. Again, I thought that it would be me to go....hoping that YOU would remember....our last moments together.

Oh! You, boy! I soooo miss our daily conversations! But that's okay, we'll have more>>>just as I will get back into my Barn pattern of daily journaling.

Anyway, one year ago today, I was stressing over family, Glenda one in particular, and relayed a detailed dream that I had to my barn. I often hid from Glenda, fretted about her knocking on the door, was mean to her when she did because....well, because like daddy, she exhausted me. Just in my mind, the expectation of her and what she would do/come up with next, put ME on the spot to HAVE to do... The dream unfolded into the same ol' same ol'>>>except at the end of it, she ran off as some shaggy ol' dog that fled this neighborhood.

I now see, in part, the true meaning of the dream. When you died, all that could possibly stress me died with you. No, Glenda isn't a shaggy ol' dawg to be snubbed. She's actually no problem, and VERY easily handled when I saw that I could CHOOSE to actually love her, and not dis'claim or shame her. Or be ashamed of her.

Same as daddy. He is a character, and one that I choose NOT to live with in my home...but willing to, and with a merry heart if that's the way that his destiny is aimed, to be taken care of by a child of his, a child of God. GOD is my daddy.

When you died, Jacky, my heart began opening up to people that I rejected, altho I was working on that an entire year before you died>>and you know that, because we discussed that. You were asking God, too, to work with you and your feelings regarding family...and when and where to give up.

(We never gave/give up, do we? At least not in'the'flesh)

If I hadn't had last moments of sorts such as that with you, then I don't think that I can/could have given you up, in the spirit.

Everlasting...your mama

Mama

The Bible says to eat, drink and be merry. After all, life begins...and life ends. (Despite our age). We are all vulnerable to what life might offer in this dimension. There is a big "between" in our life of birth and death, a big middle where we will endure the bad and the good, the sad and the mad, the happy and the down'right elated. We will over'come some and feel to come short with others. Especially with God, we will always feel to fall short, except....Jesus took care of true believers on that.

Eat, drink and be merrry, because>>>"nothing new under the sun" is going to happen to us, according to the Bible. Nothing new that someone else hasn't endured. I've realized that for a long time now, years actually, that Satan tries to rob us to create bad memories, but....it's up to US to create good memories. The bad ones take care of themselves.

It's up to US to create good memories. (I'm planning ALL of my good memories ahead of time>>God willing!) Good food, Southern ice tea....eat, drink and be merry....I choose to be merry along with them>>my constant creations of good memories!

....I can't wait for the "merry" part of our/my plans! God willing! Yuns pray that daddy hangs in there....

Mama

I love you, Tony. You know what? I asked God for discernment, and it seems that Jacky wants YOU to know that he is living life for REAL. Really enjoying it.

Or maybe it's not Jacky wanting you to know, more'so than God. After all, I did ask for discernment.

You two will never have to watch your backs in heaven....

You are on the road. You are constantly in my prayers, as you bring my memories alive of me and your mama changing the both of yours and Jacky's diapers...

...and the rattler and the rubber duckie that one or both of you stuck in the hole of the wall that one or both of you made.... My brother, Shane, found it, as he helped insert the in'wall fire'place. What a coincidence??? What a keep'sake. You children, are our keepsake! You, Jacky....our children...ARE a keep'sake>>a joy to our memories...

Mama

Jenny and Roy'Lee>>I would like to cook a special meal for you two Friday evening... 🍽️

If Saturday or Sunday would be best for you, please let me know ahead of time. Your kids are welcome....>>>I can't wait!!!

Jacky, I love you! Did you catch Haven's balloon today? Sometimes I really wonder if you do catch those balloons, or if God lets you know about them, at least. I think that He probably does. My God is a fun

God, has to be, if He says that laff'ter is the best medicine!

Mama

Okay, Jacky! Why did you have to leave? 😞 I sure need you back! You know, I always really counted on you a lot to do stuff FOR FREE, and now....owie! Daddy is back in the hospital, but God gave me favor>>at least it is HERE and not ATLANTA. God and Daddy and everybody else knows that I refuse to drive the Atlanta area. Even the Kennesaw part of the Atlanta area these days.... That was your job, Jacky, taking daddy to Atlanta. I sure hope that they don't send him there.

I sure hope that they don't send him HERE to ME either! I would probably have his neck wrung quicker than he could die a natural death! Okay, I'm kidding, but...have to be honest>>>pray for me that I don't have to take care of my daddy. If I do, then...it is truly a test of God that I'm good for the job. (You know, the honor thy parent part of the book?) I promise, I'm good for the job, sa long as I don't have to go around lifting him or something, then....well...as he told his nurse, he is six'foot'three'barefoot.... He is a big ol' man, but kookier than big. Remember, Jacky, when we took him to get his pace'maker? He had us shushin' him and crackin' at the same time. Same thing today. It was the same thing today, except on morphine. He had me crackin' inwardly and shudderin' outwardly at the things that he was saying as I inched myself and Tracy out of the room. I let the nurse know up'front that she had herself a real character to deal with....

He's really a good man at heart. He's just off the wall>>>and wonders why folks (kin) don't come around him! Well, kin forgot how to tolerate him when they washed their hands of him MANY years ago, and...I don't much blame them after yesterday and today. Lord'a mercy! He can embarrass a spider out of the web! Yall just pray for me, especially you, Jacky, there next to the Master, that I won't have to move him in. I've been there and done that once. It wouldn't a perdy picture.

(Are you laffin' with me, son?) I sigh.

And John. Since New Year's Day, his head has been feeling lighter than a feather, seeming to float higher than all of the balloons that we've sent up. At first I thought that it was a b'p thingie, but now I wonder if it isn't a sugar thingie. He never did listen to me all of these years as I fussed over all of the sweets that he inhaled. He will sure hit the doc's office Monday a.m.>>Watch my smoke!

Pray over John too. I need him. I think that I deserve a year of calm...but not my will be done, let it all be according to God's perfect will.

I am so proud of Angie... Jacky? Are you smiling with me? Prayer does work wonders. It might work them wonders ever'sa'seemingly slowly>>but Robin and Daniel are witnesses to my prayers that have NOTHING to do with your death. She is slowly, but surely, becoming God's sun'shine to her family.

Love you, son. Wish that you were here to crack with me over daddy. Uhhh...and HELP me with him!

Mama



I listened to T.D. Jakes, one of mine and Jacky's favorite teachers. In fact, you would most likely be here now listening with me, Jacky, if you were still in this dimension. If I've said it once this past year, I've surely practiced it every single day, that no matter what, I will shoo away any and every negative thought, and replace it with a positive thought, because according to the word of God, for every negative, there is a positive.

The devil tried to steal that from me, Jacky, when he put that boy in your path. But as you wrote, what the persecutor meant for bad, backfired, and turned out for the good.

Tonight, T.D. Jakes preached that "The most powerful tool that we have in our lives is our mind. Don't focus so much on having a new year; focus on having a new mind. Change your mentality!" (This is what I've been doing since nov. 2006, and thank God, because if I hadn't, I couldn't have handled your death, son. That's what you had been doing too. I thank God!)

"Give two children the same opportunity, and one will take it, and one will waste it."

Why? Because of mind'sets, negatives and positives. Wrong emotions cause wrong mindsets. Jealousy, self'centeredness, greed, hate, spite, grudges....an eye for an eye was out'lawed by Christ, if we think about it. We are the result of our thoughts... All of that needs to be replaced by postives such as forgiveness in an instant, love, peace, contentment where we are and the situations that we are in...

We need to get rid of negative mentality and focus on positive mentality. After all, as T.D. Jakes said, "How many people are laid up in the hospital, mourning, down'trodden, down on their so called luck, begging God for the same opportunities that we have and are taking for granted."

Actually, pondering that, there is no such thing as luck. It's blessing. Our lives reflect our seed, thoughts and prayers....It's not all about "us" anymore, it's all about those around us. It's all about love. We can plant a garden of bitterness with our emotions, and never feel the zeal of life, never taste the zest. Or we can plant a garden of love and giving, and reap the true peace of Christ, a life of peace and togetherness. A life of joy despite the circumstances. I personally chose long ago to choose a life of peace>>>I refuse to be

around back'biters, gossipers and back'stabbers because I don't want them to bring me back down to the level that they are. But I can love them from a distance, because I can forgive them in my heart, because>>>>I've been there and done that myself. Meaning....I can't judge them.

Know what, Jacky? Normally I would be sitting here discussing this stuff with you, rather than writing it in memory of you. I love your Amanda for this site. It keeps you so close. I feel like I can still talk to you, discuss my thoughts, prayers and ponderings with you. I do miss your in'put, though, but that's okay. You usually agreed. ❤️

Angie Amos

Remember, I would always joke saying it's ok Jacky, When you are poor and we are old, You can always come knocking on my mansion door and I will let you in to sleep. And vise versa you would say Whatever. =(Even though we was joking... I guess I will be the one coming to knock on your mansion door. I know you didn't know or I didn't even notice how much of an influence that you was on my life until I had no choice but to live without you here. You was a muscle man but a big ol baby inside. I hope you felt loved by everyone as much as you should of. I know if you was here now then you very much would know. People don't realize these things until it's too late. I love you. At least you never got fat and bald. At least you never had to miss You. At least you can feel no more pain. At least now you can really know and feel what you so much craved. At least you can help us all.

Mama

Yes, it was a good one, Jacky, lasting almost until midnight. You have your daddy preaching and your uncle Shane pondering forgiveness for his own daddy. He wants to, but just can't quite cut it, so you pray for him.

Tracy made you the cutest Copenhagen ornament for your tree, in memory of your Copenhagen tattoo, using a fish'hook as the hanger. I know you would grin on that, knowing that hooks make me nervous. You finally convinced me to get Haven a real rod for her birthday, with real hooks, and I gave in. You never did get to take her. That was Haven's distress when you died>>she had nobody to take her fishing

now.

Charlene bought you a Hope heart ornament representing St. Jude's children's hospital, because you were a regular yearly pledger of three'hundred'plus a year. We know that you did that in memory of David.

Jenny gave me a cross plak to hang with your plak. "Keep me as the apple of Your eye; Hide me under the shadow of your wings. Psalm 17:8" I almost cried, because the little sleeping angel puts me in mind of you, but more'so, she don't know how often I've prayed that my family abide under the shadow of the Almighty. (Thank you, Jenny). These momentos along with the ornaments truly have meaning behind each and every one of them.

Yes, you were on my mind Jacky, every second of every minute yesterday, thought of you behind every thing that I cook. EVERY day. I feel funny that I have to cut my meals totally in half, but will forever wonder if you would like this or that if I put my mind to trying something new. Your all'time favorite was meat'loaf, and EVERY single birthday you gave me the same'ol same'ol request: Meat'loaf, mashed potatos, fried okra, pinto beans and corn'bread. Year before last, I tried to switch it to a nice expensive steak, and altho you love steak too, you requested ahead of time this past April that you get your usual meat'loaf meal. You tried to get me to make that as often as we could stand to eat it, so....instead of burgers and dawgs this b'day celebration, it will be your typical request, the same ol' birthday meal. The menu is set. We will add hot'dogs for those that don't like meat'loaf. Like Angie. And Beto.

Your memory will never die with us, because as I wrote last night and couldn't get this thing to work, from your daddy down to our estranged Shane, your family are like the feathers of a once sudden busted pillow, gently falling back into place, being swept back together.

Happy New Year, son, there in your year of New Beginnings.

jenny

Happy New Year Jacky your mama has been very busy these last 2 weeks cooking and entertaining family even though she does this alot even in the past it was alot for you and now in the present and future it is still for you because you are in every ones memory and plans are already in motion for the next get together just for you you will never be forgotten but we really miss you alot ,I hope your smiling down on us RIP LOVE,JENNY

Mama

Jacky, I have spent this entire year waiting for the new one to come in. You know that. You know that I've been trying to learn the biblical numerical system, what each number represents in the spiritual realm. You know, because it's been one of the worse and yet most blessed years of my life, and I've been applying the months toward my prayer life, such as...the number six (which would be June means weariness of man, and the evils of Satan, and seven, (which would be July) is the milleinum, year of completion. This is what hit me, that I should be looking at years rather than months. And this is what excited me, that 2007 would be the year of completion. Yayyyyy! Bye, 2007! This about June.

I learned that eight was the year of New Beginnings. You know, (and Christy knows>>the only two that would ever listen to my spiritual prattle) that I couldn't wait for the year of NEW BEGINNINGS. I couldn't wait for this year to go out, and the next one come in.

But God is smart. If He had told me that you would end within this horrible>>yet BLESSED year of completion, and not be in the year of New Beginnings, then I would have put the brakes on a high skid myself and said>>>WHOA, Lord! I want off this boat! No way! Not my Jacky! Don't let me begin

a'new year of new beginnings without himmmmm!

But we can't mess with God's plan, can we? And I honestly do feel that this year of completion has been the biggest battle of cursings and blessings such as I've ever had to endure in my life. Via PRAYER, alongside with you, me coaching you and you coaching me. Just being here, listening...stirred your interest, caused you to dig deeper into the word. It stirred my interest too, made me dig all the deeper. Your interest excited me all the more, and I was/am so proud of you! I'm still digging, son>>>I promise! You beat me to the throne. Evidently you were a few steps ahead of me in understanding, or else how could you write that you would be willing to die, that you might live real? In my mind, living real was living on a roller coaster and praying HARD for your family to make it, not only in this life in a stable manner of sorts, obeying simple ten commandments, but>>>actually make it to God's throne.

I've been going over my notes tonight, and in many places it's "tell Jacky this" or "ask Jacky that... I miss our daily conversations of the scriptures, especially the books of Genesis and Job...

Ahhhh, my notes: Tell Jacky this, tell him that... number 40 is probation, 5 is grace, 38 means slavery....153 is fruit bearing.... Tell Jacky that Job DID have the holy spirit there with him there in that final conversation, God himself, and not simply an angel. Or was it you that told me this? 🤔 Either way, we both now that it was God, and not an angel, so....

Well, at least you did smile at my excitement of new beginnings.

I have no choice but to begin a'new here without you, physically. But, I choose not to be sad. After all, you are beginning a new living life real. Really real.

I just hope that 2008 can....at least be semi'real here on earth. I don't want to suffer another year like 2007 here on earth>>not mentally, not emotionally, and not spiritually. But then again, I know that I am blanketed within the holy spirit, and can survive....and...we can't change God's plans. He will keep me as strong as I need to be, and>>I'm honestly happy in spirit, despite it all. I praise him for it!

I love you, Jacky. Enjoy your new beginnings.

Mama



Your favorite, New Years>>collards, black'eyed peas, corn bread and some sort of roast. All are welcome, 2'ish onward. I'm pondering doing a leg of lamb on the grill if Shane will help me. Memory balloons again, and this time we will attach the string and notes instead of simply writing on the balloons. I think that I will buy two helium kits, and with the second kit we will attach many notes instead of single notes, doing balloon boquets of sorts. They'll probably travel farther.

See, son? You're sooooo loved! And....even in Heaven, you can still be so fun!

Mama



Ephesians 5: verses 8 through 14.

Verse 14: Awake you who sleep, and arise from the dead, and Christ will give you light.

This is probably the scripture that drew you to write in one of your poems that even the dead will hear. (I mistakenly copied your poem as deaf, and need to fix that).

I'm proud of you, Jacky, that you understand the scriptures. "Awake you who sleep, and arise from the dead" doesn't refer to the physically dead and buried, but the spiritual dead souls walking around here on earth. Some say that they accept Christ and never really try to get to know him, don't wish to receive his wisdom, but you there in Heaven are even more alive than most folks walking around down here! When Christ gives one light, then their spirits can SEE, actually have SIGHT (as you spoke of in your poem), the blind have sight, meaning spiritually blind have sight once they receive Christ. It's given to us once we receive Christ and ask for wisdom.

I'mmmmm proud of you! You are a good boy! And what in'sight you have. You really did strive to walk in the light.

I love you!

Your tree will stay decorated until New Year's Day, or maybe even until we decide to plant it. Folks are still adding ornaments. Roy Lee gave me Haven's Santa today, that came with her four wheeler, and there it is, symbolic of the little dare'devil that you were! (Her too, she's just like you...) I sigh...

And Robin came in today with a mouse ornament, because it reminded her of when you two were little>>>you were quiet as a mouse.

This gives Christy and Charlene and anyone else that may want to add an ornament time to do so.

(Kewl! I think that I just learned how to send photos!) 🤖

Mama

Ecclesiastes, chapter 3: To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die...A time to break down, and a time to build up, A time to weep, and a time to laugh, A time to mourn, and a time to dance....

Jacky, Feelings are a choice if we have the holy spirit abiding within us, and we chose to laugh and be merry and enjoy this holiday just the same as we always have. When we choose to allow God to work that perfect peace within us, then there is no going back to sadness, any and all sense of guilt are erased, the why's can be put on the back'burner, because eventually we'll get our answers...

We chose to not let Satan destroy our holiday, and son, it was a good one! You were a part of it, as I

suspect that you very well know, and thanks to you we are creating more Christmas traditions (ALL holiday traditions) for your sake, to keep your memory alive amongst the younger babes. You will forever continue to spend the holidays with us in heart, and presence of spirit! And we honestly felt your presence, or at least (((I))) did!

The kids...okay, BIG kids too, sent balloons off to heaven in memory of you. I know you smiled, because I know that God probably did allow you to experience the moment of their awe as the balloons literally seemed to disappear into heaven! It was awesome! Of course I'm a hog, and did the first balloon long before anyone arrived, just as an experiment...Awesome! I was amazed at how far that balloon went/disappeared so fast. I think that we'll do this New Years!

Haven, Kiara and Crystal? Gah'lay! I thought that they would never stop writing on their balloons, and me chompin' at the bit to get them out there to send them off. I love that part, watching them gooooooo! All babes and some adults got involved, and>>>>you've got about 28 balloons landing who knows where. I'm praying that at least one of them will land in at least one person's hand that lost a child recently... Cause them to smile, help wipe the grief from their heart. Cause them to realize that just because someone physically dies, doesn't mean that they are spiritually dead. If I didn't believe that myself>>>I couldn't have gotten out of bed day one of being without you.

But I'm happy for you, Jacky! I chose day one to accept that you were gone, and after month one or so, to put the grief away. I don't choose to grieve over you, (won't give Satan that satisfaction!) I choose to rejoice WITH you! Give GOD that satisfaction. Give YOU that satisfaction. My spirit is free and clear, so that I can hear if God wishes to pass on anything else new and interesting, or maybe even a message from you.

Another new Christmas tradition>>>your tree and memory ornaments. SOOO awesome, and keeps your

spirit snug around us. I found four hearts to line down the tree, button style>>that represent each of our hearts here in this home that miss your daily physical presence. Myself at the top, of course, then Angie, John and Tracy. The angels are Haven's, because many times that she is here at night, and we say our prayers, (and daily without a miss for me), we plead the blood of Christ over each and every one of our family, and ask him to set his angels and ministering spirits charge over each and everyone of our family. She names off names, right down to the dawgs. Whoooooooo...sometimes I get bored listening...

I've often wondered why God allowed you to go, because I KNOW that the minute that you left here that day, it's my habit to pray over you....and he let me know, that you are his, it's your time, and he needs warriors. There is a real war yet to come. I knew that. Even your poems said so.... You absolutely desired to be God's warrior. You understood the big picture.

Jenny and Roy Lee, a large silver cross that puts them in mind your tattoo. If I hadn't asked, I would have thought simply the cross of Christ, but once that I put my reading glasses on and really pondered it>>>it DOES favor your tattoo! Ain't that kewl, or what?!

Tony comes in with a pepper'mint ornament. Who woulda' ever thought it? But it represents one of your last days, last pictures, where you stole the bowl of peppermint from a restaurant (in jest, and probably a sheet or two to the wind). I immediately knew what that ornament represented, and>>>>you was grinnin' there from heaven on that one, wouldn't you?

Ahh, from Crystal, a Pewter Mother Mary holding baby Jesus in a box that sings 'Silent Night' when opened. I'm not going to ever take that out of the box, but will sit it in front of your tree until the year that the box stops singing, and your tree is tall and strong and can hold many ornaments. That, and all of the first ornaments go at the top of the tree. Always! And was it a typical Mother Mary and Jesus, or so I thought? But how sweet.....she said that it reminded her of me and you...is why she bought it. Now

THAT is touching!

Also from Tony & Crystal, a memory cross for my new mantle. It will stay there year round, (it matches!), and I will have your name attached to it. (Tony's idea).

Amanda bought a little silver heart that says 'With God' entwined in a clear mini'mesh'style looking bag. I didn't get to ask her why, but the answer is clear. After all, you ARE with God. I'm glad that she understands that.

Autumn and your daddy brought over a small ceramic house with a wreath on the door, above it saying>>'New Home'. I asked Autumn why this particular ornament, which was obvious>>New HOME!

The ornament thingie is catching on, with Charlene and Christy a little remorseful that they didn't know...and would have loved to have participated>>and I know that's the truth of it. Not all have access to the computer, or to your little web'site.

(Thank you, Amanda, for this most treasured memorial of all, Jacky's memorial site). Thank you, baby girl! You'll be forever blessed by it, and>>>>>found a way to sneak a good and final one on Jacky, didn't you? You two! He can't out'do you on this one! 😊 Uhhmm>>you fibbed to me about my 'tader salad. I asked what else it needed. You said that it needed nothing. Today, John said something was missing>>>Whheeeee, I got them boiled eggs done and diced in just the nick of time for the crowd! 🤪 Don't ever fibb to me. It will come out on you that you did so. My kids have learned this from years of experience! 🍌

But seriously, happiness is a choice. Contentment is a choice. Peace>a choice. Love, forgiveness...fruits of the spirit, patience....nothing negative...all is a choice. It's a growing process, but we can get there if we choose to grow there, and...according to scripture, if we so choose to, then we CAN. In an instant, even amidst the growing process. It's a family process, team'work. If one is down, lift them up>>>don't pet 'em<<make 'em LAUGH on a memory.... And never forget to NOT leave God out of the equation. Even home alone, all that one needs is the Almighty, the Great I AM.

Good'night, Jacky. That Haven still ain't a'sleep, but...after two fried eggs with the "babies gushin' from the middles" (over easy) and a toast and a peanut butter on a spoon (after me three days cookin' here)....I'm a'sleepy! It's been one for the memory book, but, yet>>>haven't they all, son?

I love you! Soooo much! But, then, I don't have to say it. I'm in the spirit, along with you>>ALWAYS. It's my daily duty since forever, to stay in the word, so that I can honestly say that I'm in the spirit...

(Happy birthday, Jesus), and thank you, God, for coming to earth in the form of man, as your own child, and son of woman, that we might be able to ever so slowly, but gradually digest the magnificence of YOUR presence.

jenny

merry christmas jacky i know your at a bigger and better table this year but your memory will always be us i miss you being there for tony and wendy and always aggravating crystal about tony and then both of you ganging up on her and you doing the same with kiera and making me seperate yall like you were the same age as her we just miss you here and i try not to be sad because i know you are safe and happy now and you will never get FAT so eat all you want we miss you alot and will see you soon

Angie Amos

GOD, I know about 4 years ago i had a good relationship with you, everything I was doing, when I was driving, when I was scared and when I saw someone in need, I would be talking and praying in my head . Everynight before I went to sleep I would ask for protection over my family from danger seen and unseen, I would pray you cast out any cancers tumors or diseases, Have your angels looking over Haven 24/7 ect all the time. I DRIFTED away and little by little it faded because I was busy or focused on something else, I never stopped believing but I just wasn't as spiritually strong as I was and I know that hurt your feelings.. I know you wanted me back because I prayed somehow that you and me get like we used to be. Because my life wasn't the same as it was with you in it everyday, the way I thought, where my emotions and focuses were, Life Sucked without you , I wasn't being blessed as I would have. Now I'm back and I am back stronger and I am back for eternity with you. Maybe that's why my brother had to go because you knew I would come running back to you. I THANK YOU! I know you have a plan and I know even though it was Jack's time that it was also an attempt for not only me but for others that don't know you to seek you and to come to believe and except you! Just my life is feeling back on track spiritually with you and I love love that feeling. I couldn't imagine someone going through life without you! I'm so in love with you and it is drawing Hilliary in and I will be so proud if she excepts you and give you her problems and emptiness and I pray she does so I can see her in heaven also. God I would never be mad at you and I would never doubt why you do what you do because you are perfect to me. You have your plan and you are on schedule. I'm just glad that I am apart of it and I know I will be in heaven with my father and my brother and Jacky one day. That will be a happy day, and I pray my family and loves one (HAVEN) understand that when I do go I KNOW WHERE I AM going and I only pray that my daughter understands that too and is taken care of and raised very well, I know God that you know exactly what I am going through and what up's and down's that I felt about my brother leaving but I know YOU know what I can handle and you take the worst away because Jacky is heaven with you AT HIS HOME. God please give him a hug for me and let him know Haven still talks about her Uncle and I know it's Jesus's Birthday coming up so I know Jacky will be celebrating and eating good. (please have him some beans and cornbread as a gift from us down here it that's ok. I don't want him to be sad and I know that he can't feel sadness in heaven but let him know WE will feel him here on Christmas and We wish him a Merry one! Happy Birthday JESUS and thank you so so so much I love you-Angie

Mama

Your church is kewl, Jacky, just like you said. Today's message was on Emanuel, which means God is with us. The before and after of John chapter 1, verses 14-18 is a good read. Jesus promises that after he leaves, he will send the comforter, and whoo'boy it's a fact to the more indepth reader and follower of Christ!

I drew off my promised comforter before, during, and after your funeral. The day after your funeral, I was reading certain scripture verses that you had marked, and simply closed my eyes for a second. I didn't ask God to explain to me, but awesomely, sooooo vividly and in color, He gave me a vision that was pretty as any picture such as I've ever seen. (He's done this a couple of times in the past, is how I know that it was a spiritual vision).

I was driving along in the cutest little car. The colors of that car were so vivid, black and yellow like a bumble'bee. I was just riding down this small path of a road, through a forest of sorts, weaving in and around the curves, up hills and down...it was such a pretty scene. Then I came to the prettiest brick wall such as I've ever seen in my life, and without stopping, noiselessly, it's like I stood back from the car and watched it go through the wall, and the wall exploded into sooo many various colors, like fire'works, raining high into the sky.

Then I was back into the car, and looking back, saw the fire'works settle ever so quietly back into a pretty brick wall, except now it was BEHIND me. The wall was really a tall gate of sorts, but immediately as I saw that it felt back into place, I felt such a peace. I popped my eyes open and kept asking God was THAT HOW so easy the transition is???? Was that how simple it was to cross over??? Then God put it into my spirit the birthing process. (He used the birthing process back when David died), and recanted to me that some birth through quick, like Angie, but some have to push and push and push harder to get out, like you did. It makes me wonder of that's why you were allowed to go quicker, you worked harder to get here. Don't know about that, but anyway>>>)

I popped my eyes open and squeezed them shut tight, saying, God, do that again! Of course he didn't. When God gives you something, hang tight to it. The transition is sooooo awesome. And that is what my comforter had for me that day that we buried you. Just an awesome view of how simply your transition, your crossing over, was from here to there. Very pleasant, picturesque, and sweet. I can almost see you saying immediately after the fact>>Wow! God! Do that again!

Jacky, I have to be honest, and I have a feeling that you want me to be. After all, you are there with God, and God knows our heart, knows if we are honest or not. But, if I had a choice to continue on here on earth without you, or without God, then you know that I would choose that you be there, and God be here with me. I could not imagine my life without God, and I think that makes you proud, causes you to praise him for it, because you have watched me struggle, give in, give up, and finally choose that I would go God all the way or be a no go. I was your example in that area, and I'm grateful to God for that, for causing you to watch me, and decide to seek yourself the fruits of the spirit, wisdom, knowledge... Seek and you shall find, and we sure did, didn't we, son?

You have a merry Christmas there in heaven celebrating along with the earthlings Jesus' birthday. Your preacher seems to think that it's really in April, or something like that, and it's okay>>>it don't matter. But me and you figure that he was conceived in Dec., and actually born in Sept., soooo....hmmmm.....that would still make his b'day a Dec. one if we so choose, huh? 🤔

Oh well, as I said, it don't matter! The holiday's are all about family, and all about Christ, and the togetherness that it brings. Love, peace, good'will to all...

I re'set my sights every day since you've been gone, trying to be careful not to put your memory above the two'thousand'plus memory of the ultimate of importance. It's something to do with that movie that I watched early last summer, where I watched Mary literally WATCH her son be hanged. For us. And as

the tears rolled down my face, I wondered how a mother could bare it, simply her son dying, but much'less WATCHING him suffer as he did so.

I praise God that you went quick, and I praise my comforter for that minute'vision.

Everlasting

crystal

WELL TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS EVE, I WILL MISS SEEING YOU AT JENNY'S , IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THE SAME WITHOUT YOU THERE .BUT I KNOW YOU WILL HAVE THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER, YOU ARE LIKE OUR ANGEL WHATCHING OVER US NOW!! YOU WILL BE MISS IN SO MANY DIFFERENT WAYS. LOVE YA & MERRY CHRISTMAS

Mama

I don't know why, but your presence is always with me while I'm driving, or in stores. I can understand the driving part, and I'm always extra cautious of pedestrians or motor'cycles. I reckon thanks to you I've started a personal motor'cycle ministry>>>I pray over EVERY motor'cycle out there that passes me, crosses my path...I just pray and plead the blood of Christ over it.

As for stores...I don't know why you linger with me. Maybe because just less than a week before you died, you went to Walmart with me to help look for Haven some fish.

Mama

How about the time that I was flipping your mattress, (about third grade for you), and found tons of dollar bills hidden there. While standing before the quiz'squad, you admitted that it was your lunch money, and you were charging your lunch each day. The school wasn't complaining....just figured you were hungry, I reckon, and figured that we wouldn't able. You always was trying to figure out how to get rich quick.

And if the school did send notes, you would trash them before you walked in the door...just figured that we would be non the wiser if you tossed them into the trash just outside the door...

Your favorite story that you LOVE to tell often...in first grade, you decided to play hooky with Josh. What a nut'ster you was, you two constantly tapping at my door and running like crazy, disappearing before I could figure who it was messing around with me. Then I stayed near the door, and managed to open it in time to see two tiny pair of legs disappearing behind Josh's house. Next get'go, I didn't budge from behind that closed door, and you two little squirts were not'sa'bright enough to do it AGAIN, and immediately got busted! (Hineys got busted too, huh?) 🤔

You was always a show'off...last summer you were trying to convince us, (Billy), that b'b guns didn't really hurt, so held your hand up point'blank with the gun and>>>owie! That hand went to flappin' around real quick. You had to admit to Billy that, oh yeah, it sure does hurt!

And Haven won't ever forget you swallowing a live worm. I'll never forget it either. Gagged mah'self to death...which caused you great delight.

You were always one'eye'peeled for Angie. Very protective, but trying to stand back a bit so that she could mature up. Sometimes you got frustrated, but always recalled that I got frustrated too, waiting for ((you)) to mature up, and realized that this was a part of life, the maturing process. You are a child to be proud of Jacky, because once you sowed your oats you came out mighty in a spiritual way. I know that in your last days, you saw Angie maturing too, and relaxed. You knew that she would make it.

I'm proud of you both, because as a brother and sister, you never fought aloud, but always stood supportive of each other, despite any differences of opinions. And always, ALWAYS, if you two bought nobody ANYTHING, (including me), NOTHING, you always bought each other SOMETHING, and passed each other special cards EVERY SINGLE special occasion. Even Valentine's Day. Once, I even pondered to my barn...what am I?

But I was teasing on a PROUD tease, because not many siblings cared for each other in such a deep manner as my children do. If there were complaints, they were brought to me in a quiet and thoughtful fashion, not really a complaining way, and never severe enough for confrontation one with the other. My boy and girl loved each other, were literally in love with each other....and Jacky, your fears of Angie's future are calmed now. You are where you need to be to pray even more diligently for her...for me...for all of us. And...you are still being protective of her, guardian over her, in a sense.

She will do you proud. Hopefully, so will I. It's our goal as a family, to make you proud of us there in the heavenlies.

Kiss David for me! Another of your goals will be completed. His pic will be put to his stone.

I miss you Jacky. You have no clue. I miss making fun of your cowboy boots (ropers), making you think that I THINK that I could beat you in arm wrestling. I miss making you think I was the pretty one. I miss your looks and and you just double knocked real fast on mommas door before walking in. I miss calling you to go pay something for me on your lunch break because I would have time. I miss your voice. I miss forwarding you something funny because I thought it would make you laugh I miss TRYing to make you proud of me. I miss the look of you when you got excited or really motivated about something. I miss your stories. I miss you. It still is hard to believe. I can't explain how i feel or think. anyways on a happy note.... Let's share some happy memories.

Remember when we was little and lived in Taylorsville at dads trailer... I remember we had bunk beds. I remember you had stayed working on a long page report for school that you had to turn in that next morning. Well I had slept on the top bunk and the next morning you were soooo mad at me because I had pee'd in the bed and soaked your report. lol

I remember when we was little at momma'a and we was across the street at your friend Josh's. We had at army bag swinging from the tree and you helped me in in and it sliped and tightened around my waiste and I couldn't breathe till da ran across the street and cut the rope. I always said you was trying to kill me lol.

I remember one year at moms around Christmas time we had a Karosine heater and a bunch of ppl were there. I put a metal fork on that heater for like 5 mins and told you to feel it and you was ignoring me, I stuck that thing to your cheek and I remeber y ou had that scar for about a year. lol

I remeber you telling me the secret on how to get dad to stop swinging the belt as many times. You told me that after I pee'd on my self he would only do it one or two more time after that instead of keep going. lol

I remeber thinking I have the strongest coolest brother in th eworld. I thought that there wasnt one girl that didnt crush on you, There wasnt one boy that I thought could be stronger than you. I will always remeber you Jacky You was a good man. A good man, I wish I let you of know that I thought that and how imortant you was. I love you and I know you are taken care of. Pray for us. Muuwaa and Merry Christmas.

Mama

I bought a helium balloon kit for Jacky, with thirty balloons, but seems they are only latex balloons. I thought that there would be some foil balloons in there also. Latex balloons float for five to seven hours. Foil balloons float for about four days. If anyone knows where to get some foil balloons, I have the helium. I looked at Walmart, didn't see any, but then I'm a little dim'witted lately.

Also, if anyone wants to buy already filled foiled balloons to sign (to float around for four plus days), I bought markers that all can sign them with.

I also bought him a small, potted, live Christmas tree for his ribbon from last night's memorial as a topper. (This thing is supposed to get 70 foot tall!)

If anyone wishes to add an ornament in memory of him, (it will have to be tiny, because it's just a baby tree, despite it's future height), then you are welcome to do so. I will plant that tree come spring, save the ornaments, and next year buy another a little taller and put the ornaments back on, along with a new memory ornament that anyone wishes to buy. That tree will also get planted each year, if not here, by a drawing of straws to go somewhere, and hopefully will start out taller and taller, the new tree in the pot, as the supply of memory ornaments grow.

When I die, Angie will continue the tradition, (and she had better TAKE CARE of the ornaments!), except Jacky and me will be sharing the same tree. Meaning....someone in the family had best buy themselves a small mansion, because that live potted tree is gonna be sorta kinda hard to get in the door. 😊

I'm really sad that Hallmark is gone. That was my ornament store. Walmart can't quite manage to be up to parrrr... The kids need to MAKE an ornament. That would be sweet....

Just spoutin' ideas...All ornaments are welcome.

I know that the effects of Jacky's death, sudden realizations that he won't be around to hang out with the family anymore....I know that will all tone down over time>>and it should. We have to heal. We have to stop clinging. BUT, we CAN create small traditions that can last a life'time, and keep his memory going, not only in our own hearts, but in the hearts of our sooo very young children, who knew him. He did so love the kids.... In their mind, his Christmas balloons are truly being received by him in Heaven. And who knows>>>maybe....one will. Heaven is simply only another dimension of this world that God created. Stranger things have happened. ...And will continue to....

What HAPPENED? Jacky, the past several weeks before your death...right down to just about the day.

Your words will never be erased from my mind..

You are/was so young. I would have thought that it would be me before you, naturally.

But your words/mind'set was so caring, as you did your Amos'brag and teased , me not to "wish" you to die young.... I wonder if you knew something that I didn't know...

I know that you wanted Angie to get down to earth, and dig her fingers>>DIGGG her fingers, into not only what she considered true soil, but what God considers true soil... What is that, Jacky? What does God consider true soil? Well...I dunno. (Do I? 🤔) Just recall you teasing me about what you've left me>>>to continue your own plant with.

Bottom line, you were excited about what YOU were doing for your own future.

Mama

I Christmas shopped today, and for the first time in years, enjoyed it. I found it incredible that I actually wanted to get out and Christmas shop, because I'm like you, Jacky>>>always have hated it. Like you, I was turned off at the great expectations of a gift, and did the gift have enough meaning and dollar push behind it to satisfy whomever received it.

I also went plundering my barn mail tonight, as usual, (every'night>>can go years back) in hopes of recovering daily journal entrances and memories of you. One such stands out, as I had written about Haven's birthday party, written just shy of a month of your death. David was the focus of my writing, as his death impacted me, you, his mama...the entire family. Not a family get'together happens that I've not had David on my mind, nor stood back from the events to try to visualize a place for him, where he would be now(all of us)...and on and on. This written Sept 22, 07, not realizing that a month later, you would be dead and buried. You always thought of David too. And you, son, will see that David's picture finally gets to be put onto his stone. It was your plan...you just always wished that you could put it into action, wished that you could afford to. You also desired for him to have the picture thingie such as the funeral home has now. Well, now you can see to it all. You'll bless his mama... David has more than enough blessings without you! It's us pitiful ones here that are grasping for straws of life.

Sept 22, 1907: On a mention of David's death...(regarding Haven's b'day party)

"But life happens, experiences happen, and despite it all, we can CHOOSE to be happy and make a go of it all, and the best of it.

I HAD to stand back and stare at ALL of these people. The past, the present and the future. (Semi'strangers at my baby's party). And honestly felt a thrill to my heart that they were today's tomorrows. And we were going to be their memories.

...the entire time that I was enjoying myself and looking at each and everyone and recalling the good times...the hard times...the sad times...the mad times...(how we've REALLY SWAM through)...the (always now) real times...I was stepping back into time, as if looking into a mirror, from then until now. And can accept ageing gracefully, of sorts.

...I told Tracy today, that when I get time to sit down, I'm going to write a book titled, 'The Faces In The Mirror'."

That was written a month before you died, Jacky. What an impact my own words often have on me. I have to humbly say that it was easier on that date, being on the outside looking in to what Charlene's pain as a mother minus her son at family gatherings can have on>>a mother. But now...one month after that writing...I'M the mother.

I thank God for his grace, for his promise of peace beyond belief, and for his gift of ageing gracefully. When at the hospital, waiting to hear the final results...were you dead, or not, or what....? I asked John to call Charlene. She would be able to know, and hold my hand. See...she is a mother that has mastered ageing...gracefully.

I love you, Jacky! Kiss David for me. I love him soooo much too, and he knows it.

Mama

I think that it's intriguing to ponder the moon. It's just another dimension of God's awesome world. Man

has visited there, and no matter how hard we strained to see from here, we couldn't! But we knew he was there, via radio, cameras and other some'such'whatever technology that we have.

Oh, Jacky! You are in the ultimate dimension of God's world, Heaven, and He don't allow cameras and microphones, does he? I reckon that would be because there is no pain in heaven, and us here on earth would be bawling to the sound of your voice. The tease in your voice. Your smile is probably even more pearly white than before. But our cries to show yourself at hearing your voice would bring sadness to heaven, and....there is no such thing there, at least not for the ones that we yearn for... You've earned your stay, and God wouldn't allow any one of us to bring you sorrow at knowing just how much we sooooo miss you.

And I'm glad for that, glad that we do indeed have peace that God probably and can but honestly give you messages of, but so kindly keeps the occasional moment of sadness, a tear'drop to simply be shared amongst ourselves. I don't think that he would allow your happy spirit to be disturbed with such selfish silly tears that we shed down here. After all, who are we really crying for? Yes, ourselves...for being minus you.

After that moment, (just a moment), of selfishness of a tear, and back to being strengthened in God's word, that being absent from the body is to be present with the Lord....once we leave this body, we are instantly restored to the father....After a dry of that tiny rolling drop of a tear and our smile restored....I think that God smiles too, and allows you a sneak'peek, again, of how we are drawing even more close to him. I also know that tear can't be dried without his Word, and this is where HE is honored, that we are seeking Him through his word. This is why God smiles too, because we don't give up, we give in, and search his word. Seek his wisdom. And when he smiles, the peace flows through us, and out...up...to you, heaven'ward. Our praise is a part of the sweet music that you are listening to now, that we are pleasing God with now. We are pleasing God, because we trust him. Our praises are a pleasant incense...pleasing to God.

The moon is intriguing. Heaven is much more intriguing. God's technology, the Holy Spirit, is much more sophisticated. I can stand here and not see beyond the clouds, the great dome of a sky, heavenly divider...but His spirit is strong, and I don't need any cameras or microphones to know that you are there, and transmissions are perfect, and without fail.

I love you.

Mama

I might sheepishly add that this will be at Parnick Funeral home! 🤨

I love you, Jacky! Are you laffin' with me?

Yoe mama!

Mama

There will be a special holiday memorial service for all that have died this year, Jacky included, and a special bow hung for each from the tree. There will be a service in the chapel, helps to deal with grief, and refreshments. I need to know how many guests plan to attend on behalf of Jacky, so please try to inform me within the next several days, so that I can inform them, so that they can better cater to the flow.

This isn't only Jacky's memorial.... So many others have lost super'loved ones too!

Thanks.

(I love you, Jacky!)

Mama

Jacky, I counted about a dozen of us in church today that were too lazy or could'care'less to go with you before. A fairly regular dozen at this point, and really no telling how many more. If you count your daddy & family and friends and family with their own churches....then so many more than the simple dozen that you've inspired to attend your own place of worship. (I recall just before you died, you mentioning seeing your friend, Dane, there...and was tickled silly. You felt like you finally had someone to go with you, and you might start going with him. I don't know Dane, still don't, altho Larry tells me that they work together?) I think it was Dane. If I'm wrong...dunno....it was one of your friends....

Son, I'm soooooo sorry that I didn't go with you when you asked, and even felt broken'hearted that it wasn't you standing beside me in the meeting. But, today, I asked God to give you little sneak'peeks from heaven, and I honestly felt that He did/does. I honestly felt, not only God smiling down on us, but YOU too, felt your perdy boy grin. I don't know what you're doing there in that dimension, but I'm sure that you're busy at it, (learning LOTS), and thankful yourself for the sneak'peeks of sorts. If God's love can so very much envelope us here on earth, I can only imagine the depth of it that you are getting there.

As I prayed and asked God to give you sneak'peeks of sort, He made me feel that this was granted, by bringing scriptures of Lazurus and the rich man to my spirit. You are so very much alive, and I can't but do anything but praise God for this.

I love you, love you, LOVE you!

I love you, Jacky!

Everlasting, your mama

Jacky's mama

This has been a little bit of a tough day, kinda lonely, kinda wistful. The only real picture is in my mind, of Jacky standing over the serving area of the kitchen about every 7 p.m.'ish of the evening. I look through the glass door and the image of his back is as clear as can be as he ponders the pots. Not many pots lately, but nor do I have Jacky's taste buds to aim to please. Beans, beans beans.... I did cook lentils tonight in memory of him as a beginners course, and a good ol' steak for my own taste buds as I reckon my body must be craving some mega fat and protein.

But I went and bought wrappin' paper, soooo....I'm in a Christmas mode. Fred's was out of tape...tho.

I don't feel like decorating, but...Santa does need to come out of the attic. That was Jacky's job. Yuns know, muscles. If he comes out then so be it, and if he don't, then, well....John said that he looks likes he has lost all of his teeth anyway since a couple of years back somebody knocked his bottom lip in. He can still sing and dance, tho, the way I see it, and has always kept the kids entertained. He used to spook me at night on a bathroom wee, hearing voices come through him even tho he was turned off>>>yuns know<<<that radio tower behind us. But it always tickled us silly, and I got used to it. (Yeah, right...🤔)

Anyway, if anyone has any very recent pics to donate, then post them here or bring them to me please. Time isn't running out, but I'd like to get on the ball and get Jacky's stone on a build. All that I need is a picture that I can be pleased with. That I feel that HE would be pleased with.

Mama

You were remembered at Oak Leaf today, Jacky. I guess that service was for me, as God always comes in and uses something or someone to verify what He has whispered into one's spirit. Such as, I had been asking, altho not wavering in my faith, but asking questions of why one so young? Why one so leading? Why one with such potential?

Just as God had whispered from His word the answers into my spirit, such as...My thoughts are not your thoughts, my ways not your ways...

....and, I will always work the good out of everything for all of them that believe on me...

God used the service and those scriptures that have been engraved in my heart for a number of years now to verify that He is still speaking sweet secrets into my spirit, into my ear. I came home and read all of Matthew 11, Malachi in part, and I dooo so love the book of Isaiah, the book that God used to draw me from the beginning, wayyyyy back, when my life was such a mess from divorce and feelings of failure and financial and spiritual chaos. That book of Isaiah was lifted up today too, in the service also, and took me back to promises that I laid claim to back so very long ago. I've been so blessed since claiming those promises many years ago.

So blessed, that I had to continue my ponder as they were singing the praise songs before the sermon. I am so deeply in love with Christ that I had to fight tears in my eyes during the singing, had to fight my thoughts that were....wondering why Jacky, why you, so young...with so much potential. Yet, how could I still be so in love with Christ, so thankful to God...just so in love in the spiritual realm? How? My son wasn't protected HERE! Yet, I knew that you were, you are.

Then came the sermon, the scriptures that backed up everything that God had been whispering into my spirit. The same questions raised that I had been asking. No, I haven't been doubting God, just trying to understand...altho yet I understood.

And the video of his dying friend so touching and soooo true! He said that cancer was the best thing that happened to him, because that's when he became the best father that he could be, the best husband, the best....EVERYthing that he could strive to be. It motivated him. It showed him in a sense (spiritually) that his tomorrow wouldn't necessarily be other's tomorrow, but his yesterday could inspire them into victories of sort for theirs and their families tomorrows.

If God could use him and his memory to inspire others to get right and be where they should be spiritually in this life, so that THEIR so'called tomorrow can...as you, Jacky, wrote, finish to live life "real" in the long run scheme of things.

It's not what happens to us, but how we react to what happens to us. God uses every circumstance, no matter how incredibly painful, and will work the good from it to all those that ask, believe, and trust on Him.

And this is why I almost collapsed in tears of love and joy to my Father in Heaven during the praise songs....amidst the wonderment of why YOU, my boy, died so so very young! Your work of leading others continues on.

I love you, Jacky!

I love our Lord!

Mama

Mama

Jacky, I can't count the times this past month that John and me are feeling our age, have realized just how much we relied on your muscles. (By the way, you would be proud to know that the coroner said that you had muscles from the top of your head to the tip of your toes!) Smile, Perdy Boy! Grin broad on that one!

Anyway, I'm cookin' again, something that you always look forward to>>holidays. If I bought myself a new Dutch oven, then I had to buy you a mini'style one. Whatever I had in my kitchen, you always wished to have, and I bought it in a mini'style. You wanted recipes, and that was my goal on a jot, to write down family recipes from 'Hot Dot' style, to Mama (me) style. I guess I'll continue it, but...the book was for you. I guess that it will be dedicated to you now. Your girls, (Tracy, Angie and Haven would reap the profits, if ever there were sales... Dunno).

Anyway, last year you dived into the Thanksgiving cookin' right along with me. What could you do? I thought>>>YIPPEE! Yay! Yay!

You hand grated two heads of cabbage in NO time! I thought that I had it made for the holidays, with you wishing to suddenly actually be involved with the cooking. But...nooooo....I'm back to quartering heads of cabbage...and taking a long rest after a grate of each quarter.🤖

Oh well, I don't think that you thought that was a very terrific job that I handed you to get involved on a Thanksgiving meal'cook, but>>>it was! It was! It was! Yeah, it was boring, same as lifting the turkey out of the oven for me was boring>>I mean, all one needs is muscle for that. Yeah, well...yeah! I miss yer muscles, son! I surely do! John worries about me doing that lifting alone tomorrow with him gone, but I assure him that Tracy will be planted under it with oven gloves, holding up the bottom as I lift UP. Hey! Twenty'five and fifteen pounds can cause quite a drastic muscle shake to these bony arms, but with the weight of the broth included. (I hope that Tracy is able!)🤖

Jacky? Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years were our (YOUR) most festive, favorite times together. You are still here with us, still a part of us. We're going to practice saying grace over this one, not sa much over the food, but over the family>>because thanks to you, family is truly united again. The more that family is united via your memory, the more that they realize that without Christ>>they won't be able to unite with YOU again.

You continue to pray for us there from your awesome stance in heaven.

I love you! I MISS you!

Mama

Manda

I drove by our old apartment in Acworth yesterday. It's crazy how just a certain place can take you back and make you feel like nothing has changed. But so much has. I pulled up, and the place looks exactly the same as it did 5 years ago. That time with you in that apartment was the beginning of my transition from teenage to adult life. There were so many memories there. I will never forget that time in my life, and never wish more than to go back to it, relive it, and do things better. Even if you would have ended up marrying a "brunette" later on in life (lol), I wish that we could have been friends.

jennybright

To a beautiful son, brother, nephew, and cousin. You will be deeply and sorely missed. The day you departed this earth was a sad and joyful day. It was sad because we can never be with you on EARTH again. It was joyful because of the promise GOD made to all of us: "That whosoever believeth him shall not perish. But have EVERLASTING LIFE" We know you are in GODS hand now, so rest in peace with EVERLASTING love, Jenny, Roylee, Tony, and Wendy.

Jacky's mama

Jacky, I think that TODAY has been the most trying day since your death. (Well, yesterday, really...as of now). I'm so tired, and shouldn't be, because you took such extra care to see that the end of your life would go smoothly for me to handle on a shock...shock...that it should actually be YOU...handling MY business, Not me handling yours. (You promised me so, with this motorcycle hatred that I had of you buying that silly death machine. "Mama...don't worry....it's taken care of if an accident happens).

It always, and always will stick to my memory, my mind, that that you were flirting with death when you bought that thing. I preached it, and you cracked that perdy boy grin every time that I did. (I think that you loved me worrying over you).

I mean...I can handle the crowds, and the food, the love...I can absorb it. I love it! But when I'm, taken from my simple kitchen to legalities, and pushes comes to shoves over small nothings....

That's when I feel the real pain. Your life was worth more than an "I'm (you're) taken care of" dollar...

Jacky!!! It hurt like the devil bringing you into the world! WHY did you buy that thing of a machine, knowing my constant fret of how quick it could take you back out? And somehow you had to know it. You prepared for it. God, that hurts much more worse than the labor pains of getting you here.... It hurts. I hurt.... I hurt...!

I hurt so much on a realize that you won't...ever really step into my daily routine again...when it eventually gets back to that.

Yes...you're buried fine, and you will get the best that mama can choose for your stone, but...that darned motor'cycle! I hated it from the beginning!!!! HATED, HATED it! And to think that I might get stuck looking at it for a...couple of years...

Ohhh! Now I grieve! I don't want that thing near me!!!! God, keep it away! Somewhere! Not here!

But...on a flip'side of a coin...(Tony?) DON'T desert me. I need you, I need your voice. You sound so much like Jacky. So much.

And...I just...need you...

Janice

Kiera Amos



I love you Jacky with all of my heart. I miss you alot Jacky I love you because your sweet and nice . I will never forget that you where my cousin! I will always think about you alot. You was always so sweet to me, I will miss you playing with me .I think about you everyday I keep your necklace on all the time that way i know you are always with me. love you alot !Kiera

Crystal Edwards



This is a good pic of us ! I miss you soo much. It's not going to

be the same with out you I lay down at night and I can hear your vioce You always some crazy story to tell that you new would make me mad.lol ! But if you didn't pick on me it wouldn't have being the same.I guess that how you & Tony shows yalls feelings . Words can't explain how I feel I know I don't show it but u know that just how i am ! Love u hope to see u soon.

Angie Amos



Ahh.... Jacky Jacky Jacky. I have been dreading writing this because I don't want to cry or to think about what is real. I love you so much and If I would of known this was going to happen to you then I would of HUGGED and told you how important you are to me and how much you mean to my life EVERYDAY. You are the best brother that anyone could have. I know how hard you tried to do everything right and to be a good man, a role model for people. A man of God and not afraid to show it. I look up to you and thought no one in this world could hurt me because if they did then I would always have you there to protect me. You are always there for me when I need something. You are my rock and the only regret I have is that I never told you how much I need, love, and adore you. I tried to act as tough as you. I don't understand how I am feeling and what I should be feeling. You know the feeling when you are trying not to cry or you have that sad empty feeling were you just want to breakdown but just keep it inside with your temples hurting, your throat tight and watery eyes just enough so a tear don't fall? I have that feeling 24/7 and when my mind realizes where

you are: In heaven VERY happy with God, I get peace because I know you are safe and ALIVE and living the way you always dreamed about. I know all you really wanted down here very much was a house. I can only imagine the house that God has given you in Heaven. But when I think how you died and how it happened and trying to think what you was thinking and feeling....It just sucks that I will not get to look at your face, hear your voice, smell you or to see you everyday at momma's eating or on the computer or to listen to you make fun of me... I miss YOU Jacky. You was the only one that I ever wanted to make proud out of my family, I cared how you thought about me. You are the only one that was like a dad to Haven. Her male role model and a damn good one. I feel like it can't be real and you are just on vacation. I hope you didn't hurt and I hope that you knew how much people loved and appreciated you. You are a brother that I AM proud to have. I have been praying really hard that God delivers this empty, blank, saddened feeling from me and bless's me with joy and happiness. Because Jacky I know you are sitting in Heaven with God having the time of your life, experiencing the unimaginable. I know YOU ARE happy. I pray that you are able to look down and see how much of an impact you was on everyone life and how you made a change. You didn't leave just your mark down here on earth You was able to bring God into peoples lives and that MY brother is something to hold you head up high for. I will miss your famous AMOS phrases OOOKay and Quit Trippin Trippin. You are alive in spirit and will always be with me and in my heart. Watch over me and Haven and BE PROUD. Oakleaf will be packed Sunday because of you. I love you Jacky.

Everlasting Angie Amos

Crystal Edwards



Jacky, This was you Tony and Wendy when all were little yall where so cute!! Tony will always have this pic with him, He loves you so much. Yall where like bothers! Yall was always there for each other in good and bad time! We miss you very much love you!!

Letters from Jacky

Jesus, If I met you on the corner
Would I know you as you are
Would I take you for a stranger
and brush past you in the door
If you called me would I hear you,
or would I walk away too soon
If I lingered for a moment, would I see myself in you
If I fought you as a soldier,
if I had you in my sights
would you ask me to remember who imagined I was right

If you witnessed my surrender

do I know what I would do.

Well I dreamed my end was near

I was almost gone

If I dreamed that dream from here

Can I still come home

Jesus if you held me like my father

would I see myself in you.

Everlasting

And another, these read at his service

To be persecuted, to lay your life down for the love that has come to set you free

From the nothing that you may have something. To give up very little and gain every bit. The persecutioners intent was to take life away, but gave the persecuted for his faith, his gift from God in heaven

These men know what a deep breath feels like. The fragrance of life surrounds their air. They sing a praise that give the death aid of hearing. They see visions that will set sights in a blind man's eyes.

I would be willing for my Lord, to die, that I may live real.

Everlasting, Jacky Amos

Manda

Thank you Janice. You better save me a seat at your table, because I will be there. I know that with this, I will never be the same. I've never felt so human and helpless as now, and I think God has a way of showing us that that is what we are. But, I won't let it be in vane. I will not let feelings and emotions like this die in my heart. I will learn from it and do my best to be better and help people like Jacky did. I heard some of his friends talking the other night, and they said that Jacky had gotten so close to his friends this year. I'm so glad for that. He never turned his back on his friends, even when he didn't fully agree with their ways. That's the person I want to be. So, save me a spot at that table, because I will be there with you to celebrate his life, and at the same time doing more with mine.

Jacky's mama

Jacky, Just last week you were trying to explain to me how much time and work went on behind the scene so that folks could reap the benefits of Oak Leaf Church. You had enjoyed and reaped the benefits (spiritual growth) of that place yourself, never realizing just what it took "behind the scene" of things. Then you became a volunteer, just so sure that others would become a volunteer if they only knew.

Well...the day that I finally had to face reality, I had to REALLY bury you, just such a short few days later

after that comment, my tears were hand dried by God's own hanky...Christ, and his promise that he wouldn't put anymore on us than we can endure. His promise of a peace that can't be explained, if only we seek and believe.

I know people wondered how I handled it so well, wondered why there were no tears amidst the rain of grief around me. I literally watched drops of tears fall upon and roll down your casket as they bent over it to write their last message to you. And yet, I, your mother, remained at a perfect peace, and could only smile down at you.

Jacky! If they could just hear you as God put it into my spirit to hear you, then they would understand. You're not dead! You are alive! You are alive and even more dedicated to...working behind the scenes.

May all of your friends look upon you as an example, the fun loving AND the spiritual part of you, how you were able to perfectly blend yourself into this world as God continued to mold you into that perfect "behind the scene" soldier. May we all ponder your super growth and.....marvel. My BOY! I love you so much! I'm truly astounded at just how many others love you too! I thought that you had a mighty big family here at home. I could never have ever imagined soooooooooo MANY others were drawn to you too.

You continue on "behind the scene," as you would call it. I'm still being too proud of you to cry again, so that must be one heck of a hanky that God supplied me with. Christ. His promise. My hanky.

I LOVE you! I'm just so proud of you!

I love you, Jacky! I love you!

(And Amanda?) I love you too, baby girl! And don't you doubt it, that Jacky didn't. He let me know that, and I don't lie to make someone/anyone feel better. He couldn't let his feelings of you go either. He tried, but he couldn't. Whatever void between you two that couldn't manage to be filled, whatever glitch that couldn't be quickly healed.... I can see that you are growing from that. Your sincere and intense pain? Let it go now. DON'T let it drag you down. You are young and beautiful, and you have a life to live. The workers of iniquity have fallen (claim that promise!), and can't rise back up.

Unless you let them. DON'T begin pondering on the first "what'if" because it will only lead you to many others that will never have answers until you're spiritually mature enough to understand. And that's up to you, to choose to get to that point.

Amanda! I pray God that you have a future built on the foundation of Christ, and that you go forward, my (dream) of a daughter'in'law, forward, forward, forward, with someone equally yoked. Obviously Jacky is just a lesson to us all. DON'T let him/his death be a dent in your future. You go, girl, and seek life!

And don't forget that you and your future ones always have a seat at my table. You, your future husband, your future children...you deserve ALL of what life has to offer. And you're all welcome, ALWAYS, at my table.

I've decided that at this house, Oct 16 for the rest of MY years at least, we're going to celebrate a Memorial Day of sorts for Jacky. It's an open welcome to all that have known and loved him. (I may need to borrow a mighty few neighbors to help with a major spread of simple hot dogs, and HELP let's call it a

pot'luck, because....I am sooo honored to be Jacky's mother! I have never met so many people in my life, much less trying to absorb them all in a few short days.

Wow! People wondered why I stopped crying and started being mega awed...

Jacky is loved by seemingly the entire county. I'm honored. I praise God for that!!

Love to you all,

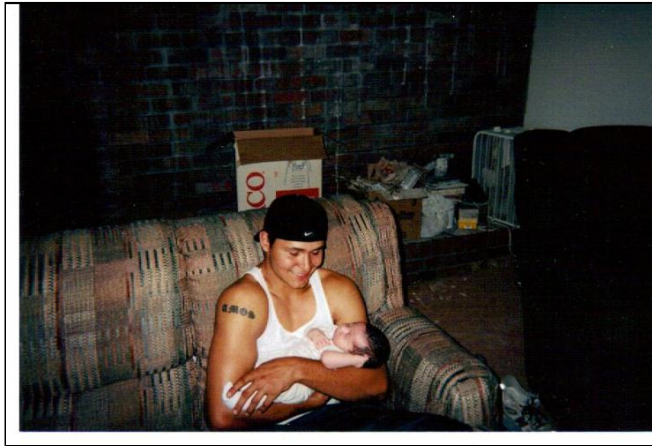
Jacky's mama

Windy R.



Here's to all the good times and great friends you have!!! You will be sadly missed! God Bless your Family! Friends Forever!!!

Crystal Edwards



I met you when I was sixteen you were working at subway. Me, Tony and Wendy would come hang out with you until you got off of work. Than like always you and Tony would always go start trouble with someone .lol But when me and Tony had broke up for a while you was always there for me. I remember the night you and Marie had broke up and I took you to her school that night to get the ring back we just sat at my house all night talking and laughing. When i got pregenat with Kiera me and Tony wasn't together but you was a good friend through the whole thing you help me out through it all. I was so greatful to have you there to talk to.

Even after I had Kiera me and Tony tried to work thing out but we just wasn't ready yet ,but again you were there .We would go to dinner , to the movie and you would hang out at the house with us . Those was some good time! Thats what i loved about you , you where so different than most guys if someone needed a shoulder to cry on you would be there for them konw matter who it was! I remember the chrismas you had know where to go so I talked you into coming to the house ,you was like part of the family, we all had gifts for you I will never for get the look on your face. Even when Wendy fussed at you for hanging out with me because of Tony you stood by my side no matter what. We had some good memories toghther i will all ways have them in my heart. But as the years went bye we grew apart and still talked every now and than. I will miss you picking on me about Tony being out of town and having all the girls, you new how to get worked up. But I wouldn't have it anyother way you always put a smile on my face even though you picking on me!! lol I will miss you love you

Tammy



You two were always together!!

Tammy



Well where do I start! I dont think that i have many memories that does not have you in them.I met you when i was like 14 years old. You and tony was always into something...lol..Just the other night we was out together and I can still see you trying to dance at the club..It was so funny cause you can not dance for nothing..lol..We had so much fun that night. I cant believe that you stole the bucket of peppermints and thought that it would be funny to start a peppermint fight with me when you had the whole bucket. But that is okay it was funny.

I remember when we use to sit up on the phone with each

other all night long just talking about stuff it was like we had no care in the world..You was always there for me when all I wanted to do was talk to someone. You always made me laugh and have a good time no matter what we was doing or where we was at. I will never forget the times that we had or the stupid stuff that we did.. Jacky I love you and always will.

casey weldon

Jacky,

Oh theres so much i could say theres so much i should have said, i grew up with you, you were my first loves bestfriend and became my best friend also, me and you put Nathan thru alot always doing stupid stuff just to get him to skip school with us, we would change the clocks at the house we would cover his eyes so he could not see to drive, even when Nathan would make us go to school me and you would leave class early and just go sit outside and wait for him to get out, you use to drive me crazy sometimes in the car and just doing silly stuff just to get me and Nathan in a fight just so you could laugh so hard at us, but you still was always there for me even when me and Nathan was haveing problems you would try to

make us work things out with each other and even when me and Nathan was not together you was still there for me, I know we grew apart but you was always in my heart and everytime i seen you and was like nothing had change you was still that good friend from before, i will miss you so much, there is still some unfinished business that i needed you for but i know if thats meant to be it will be and i know that you will still be doing what you can for the people you love and care about up in heaven where you are today. Jacky I love you and always will you in my heart now and always.

Amanda Lee

I was 18 when I met you. It was in February, 2002. You were so different from any guy I had ever met. You were deeper, you were spiritual, you were so grown up for your age in so many ways. You had goals, ambition, and you truly cared about what was going on in the world. I was on the same page with you in a lot of ways, but I still had a lot of growing up to do myself. I found myself falling in love with you fast and hard. I had never really been in love. I didn't know what to do with those feelings. I backed off and we found ourselves back together after a few months. When we got back together, I knew that I wanted us to work out. I wanted to be with you and help you get back on your feet so that you could achieve some of the goals you were working towards, and you did. I remember the first time you told me you loved me. We were on the beach in Panama City at night. We had been holding hands all day and giving each other those goo goo eyes and goofy looks. To tell you the truth, I acted surprised, but I knew you did. I could see it in your face, in your smile. Soon after, I was sneaking you in the basement at my Dad's house at night, so that we could save money and get an apartment together. Every night for almost a month, you would park your truck at the church across from Cartersville Middle. I would sneak out and meet you there and sneak you out in the morning. I still don't know if my dad ever knew you were there. When we got our first apartment, we were so excited. It wasn't much. It had very thin walls and very loud, very "happy" neighbors. To me though, it was our home. We put up pictures and candles that we bought from Walmart and the flea market. That's what we did in our spare time was shop at Walmart and the flea market, because we didn't have much money to do much else, oh yeah, and we bought a lot of movies because we didn't have cable for 6 months or a telephone..and no cell phones. I can't tell you how many times we watched Joe Dirt. I learned how to cook while we lived there, poor you having to eat all those

low fat meals. You helped me though. We would binge eat on the weekend and how we loved cheesecake. We worked together at Eric McCrite Co. In the morning, you would bring me coffee to my desk and give me the cutest, love you look with your eyes that I will never forget. That was my happiest memory of you. We tried so hard to play house, but in the end, we both were just not ready. We were both stubborn and tried our hardest to be the winner of our arguments. I know now that there really never is a winner. I ended up moving off to Athens to finish school and I couldn't forget about you. I dated here and there, but no one serious for 2 years. I missed you so bad. I have a collection of songs on my computer that I would play in my dorm that all reminded me of you. Sister Hazel, "All for you", Kenny Chesney and Randy Travis "Baptism" were some. Hell, I even got Hilliary listening to Sister Hazel. You loved that song. You would sing it in the car on the way to work. You had such a deep singing voice. I loved it. Me and you tried over and over again to make it work and we just couldn't. I never understood how God could let you love someone so much, and it not work. Your sister could make me cry in the drop of your name, and I kinda became the pitiful ex. Ya, um, I got made fun of a lot for that. I feel lucky though. Not a lot of people will ever have feelings as deep as those. I don't think that any girl has put her pride on the line as much as I did. And I had never been like that for any other guy. I had always "worn the pants" in my other relationships. But oh no, you had me wearing a full length dress from the time that we moved in together. Never in my life have I held so much guilt and regret for arguments before. Not until you. I never wanted to be someone that hurt you. I wanted to "hold you up" as you have said to me. I just wasn't mature enough, and ever since I moved to Athens, I've never been able to let that guilt go. I just wanted to make it up to you. And when I finished school, I tried. I tried so hard, but I never saw that same light in your eyes as when we first dated. It hurt me that you couldn't open up to me anymore. It hurt that I still loved you so much and you seemed so distant. I couldn't stay for that, but what if I did? Would you have eventually opened up, or were the bridges burnt. I didn't know. The last time that I saw you was on July 3, 2007. I came to your apartment crying because of some things that were going on. You opened up for me to come in, no questions asked. You were there for me and I'll never forget that. Jacky, you were my first love. You will always be in my heart and thoughts. I cherish the time we spent together. I have learned so much about life from you. From now on, I will never try to win arguments. I will be very careful with the things that I say and not to say things out of anger. I will do whatever I can to not have regrets about my actions towards the people I love. I am reluctant to share these thoughts from my heart out of respect for Jason, but one's past does develop and strengthen one's future. These lessons that you have taught me will help me to be a better woman for him, than what I was able to be for you. You've given us all a lot of good memories to hold in our hearts forever. God be with you.

Two roses are positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image. The rose on the left is smaller and more tightly closed, while the one on the right is larger and more open, showing its petals. Both are rendered in a soft, painterly style that blends into the background.

Life Story

every hour, every thought, every smile...

April 11, 1979

Born in **Georgia** on **April 11, 1979**.

October 16, 2007

Passed away on **October 16, 2007**.

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