

Dear Blanche or Grandma Blanche as our kids called you,

It's hard to believe that it has been twelve years that you have been gone. It seems like yesterday that we were coming to your home to have "Coffee Bible Studies" with you and John. Your home was always so welcoming. It was truly southern hospitality. Your sweet ice tea was the best and especially when you served it in one of those pretty glasses of yours. You did love pretty dishes.

And, boy could you quilt. Thank you for teaching me. My sister, Charity loves that first quilt that we made together and gave to her.

We remember how you would say "I'm from Paris, Paris Arkansas. Another one of your famous phrases was "I'm tired, T.I.R.D. We still quote you on that one.

What about the time Jake came home from your house and was upset because he thought maybe, just maybe, one of your cats was under his hood when he started up his truck to come home. Soon our phone rang and it was you asking if by some chance Jake had seen your cat. You didn't get upset since you had a few extra cats because people were always dropping them off at your place.

One day you asked me to go with you to town to get your oil changed and instead we came home in a brand new car. You saw that bright red car and said "forget the oil change, I'm gonna buy that car! And, you did.

And, that poor peacock that was eating all your cat food. We had never seen a drunk peacock before. You laced the cat food with whiskey, went to bed and the next morning you had a very drunk and staggering bird at your back door. It was hilarious and you were so proud of yourself. You had a friend haul it off to the woods above town.

Then there was the morning of May 8th, 2001 when Jake was driving out at 4 A.M. and saw what he couldn't believe. He called me in hysterics wanting to get Grandma Blanche out of that house and safe. We will never forget that morning and we will never forget you.

Why oh why does the world have to be so ugly and unfair? You did not deserve that. There are still people praying that justice be done.

But, for now we believe that you are in a wonderful place, with your love, John. Someday we will see you again and someday, justice will be done. We have never forgotten you. And, we know that you are not tired anymore.



Love and Miss You,

Don and Cory and Family