

We're Family Park Newsletter

Dedicated to the family of James & Amanda Dennison Issue 4, March 2004

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We look forward to your presence at our next Family Reunion – July 24th and 25th

My Mother The Seamstress ----- by Garywayne

My mother won many awards for her perfection as a seamstress, Although the last one she received was some thirty years ago. But shaky hands and poor eyesight haven't dampened her spirit, And when her arthritis isn't bad, she finds her needle to sew.

The ever rising cost of new fabrics has not phased her a bit, For in working all of her life, she tucked many remnants away. Mom was stunned at the similar colors and weaves in the attic, Since they all seemed so bright and colorful back in her day.

When it came to giving of her time, my mother was really great, But she got upset easily due to the sensitive nature she had. Of her six children, I ordinarily get the majority of her work,; Unlike all of the others, my appreciation makes her heart glad.

As an example, I recently thanked her for the new business suit, And if the joyful tears were any larger, I would certainly drown. I only said her craftsmanship got me voted "Best Dressed at Work." At the office costume party, I went as a colorful Bozo the Clown.

Staff Memo I have a little secret that I would like to share with you. Many events in our lives do not seem noteworthy, for most activities that last a 3 hour time span may seem common place or downright boring. The secret words here are "time span." By compacting all of the little bits of excitement into a 10 minute read, you would be surprised at how much more you will enjoy the event than you remembered.

Carrying through with the mind-set that you are going to write about an event, you will be more alert to the happenings around you. Thus you will enjoy it more and for a longer period of time. That is the little secret.

I would very much like to see an article from "you" in our next issue.



Shawn and Sandi Sprouse (02-11-5) are thrilled to announce the arrival of their twin daughters, Nov. 26, 2003. Sandra Julianne (Julie) was born at 4:24pm weighing 4 lbs., 6 oz., and measuring 17 inches long.

Jacquelyn Joy (Jackie) was born at 4:26pm weighing 5 lbs., 8 oz. and measuring 19 inches long. The twins are identical, their difference in

size being caused by a placental disorder during pregnancy that God so graciously pulled them safely through. Julie is doing a great job catching up to

her sister, and has even accomplished some developmental milestones slightly ahead of Jackie. They are both healthy and beautiful, and their big brothers, 2-year-old Waylon and 1-year-old Lane, love to hug and kiss their sweet baby sisters. Grandpa Theron and Grandma Dathyne are pretty excited about their new granddaughters as well.

Rondal's Pipe Line Dash written by Robert Shaver

One evening about 1953 as we sat on the porch in the hollow, Rondal Dennison stopped by. He was in the Air Force at that time or was getting ready to leave. I was so impressed with what good physical shape he was in. When he was leaving, he said "I'll see you", At this point he jumped down off the porch, and started running. He jumped every fence he came to and he didn't stop or slow down even as he ran up the pipe line hill, and was soon out of sight. Those of you who know how steep those hills are, know it was really something to see. I would love to see him demonstrate that today!



Tribute to Mike Beasley....

submitted by Gail

January 3, 2004

Dear Mrs. Beasley,

I met Mike when my husband and I moved to Ohio twelve years ago. We moved here in mid-winter, had no near neighbors, knew not one soul besides each other.

It was a lonely, homesick time for me. Then I'd go through Mike's line at Kroger and he'd say, "Well, what are you up to today, trouble?" and I couldn't help but

chuckle. I doubt Mike had any idea how many times that quiet, but friendly greeting made my day brighter.

In the years since, Mike always took a moment from his work to say hello, to ask after my elderly father's health, or what was new with my family. I'd hear about a new idea he had for his garden or about a project at church. Sometimes Mike would talk about the latest thing with Amanda or Christopher. That was a special moment. His eyes would light up, his face relax into a beautiful smile. When I saw that smile light up his face, I was in no doubt that the three of you were dearest in the world to him.

Mike was a special person. I'm honored I was acquainted with him and will treasure his memory. My husband, Bob, and I offer you our sincere condolences. We will keep you in our prayers as you cope with your tragic loss of this very fine man.

Sincerely, Anne Judd

Tommy Wiggin

The only other death in the family that occurred during 2003 that I am aware of was that of Tommy Wiggin. The little bit of details that I was able to get was that he died on September 19, 2003, of a massive heart attack. He had started up a company vehicle, but was gone before he even put it into gear. He was one month short of his 63rd birthday.

His body was cremated. He always wanted his ashes taken back to West Virginia and scattered...probably over on Perkins Fork. His wife was not sure of the location, but thought that would suit Tommy best.

... but still remembered

It is my desire to have a regular section of the newsletter devoted to the memory of those that are no longer with us. The basic format is not about the former accomplishments in their lives, but their current accomplishments in "our" lives. My concept is for people to tell us of the positive lasting impact that person had.

Since death has touched every one of us, I thought that this would be a fitting gesture of gratitude for our lives continually being touched. To highlight the lasting effect in our lives, the person to be remembered should have been laid to rest for at least ten years. I am hoping to capture a sense of who the person was. Reading the basic obituary information such as the place and dates of their birth and death are okay, but I want the reader that knew them to say, "Yep, that is how I remember them."

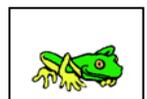
For the rest of us who may have lived at a distance, been too young, or even not born yet to know the person directly, I would like to at least get a glimpse of them through your writing. When people talk about Scott Shaver (Lena & Scott), they always seem to smile when they say he was a funny man. He always had a humorous story to tell or a practical joke to pull. Then they would share a story about him that proved their point. I never met the man, but it seems that I have, for people bring him to life in their words and facial expressions.

I guess that I am searching for those characteristics in a person's life that carry on in us or change us by the role they played in our lives. If we are better people by the way someone made us feel, or by the things they taught us by example, they may be gone.....but still remembered.

THE NEXT DEADLINE FOR ARTICLES IS JUNE 1ST.

WFP Newsletter Staff: Garywayne & Ro Dennison, Robert & Janice Shaver

Special thanks to Dale Inman



GUIDELINES FOR WE'RE FAMILY PARK USE

Welcome to We're Family Park. The following guidelines are for Family use and are intended to make your stay at the Park more safe and enjoyable while maintaining it in a state that will be pleasant and convenient for all to use.

Item 1, UTILITY FEE: The park administrators encourage family members to use the Park for group activities as well as for personal pleasure. In order to help pay the cost of utilities everyone who uses the Pavilion will pay a Booking Fee of \$25 per day of use. If you book the Pavilion for a week at a time the Booking fee will be \$100.00. Family members who are working at WFP, and wish to stay at the pavilion, will not be charged the Booking/usage fee for the utilities. However, you should still check with the Booking Agent to make sure the Pavilion is available. If you reserve the Pavilion for winter use, please notify a custodian immediately after you are done so the Pavilion can be winterized again. This is very important.

Item 2, CLEANING/SUPPLIES: Before leaving the Park, please remove your own garbage and trash from the buildings and grounds, clean the building(s) used, etc. All food and drink items left in the kitchen area, this includes the refrigerator, must be removed. The supplies at the park are placed there for your convenience and should be replaced if you use them. The park facilities should be ready for the next users without further preparation.

Item 3, DRUGS, ALCOHOL, SMOKING: While at the park everyone please conduct himself/herself in a manner that will honor God and family. No illegal drugs or alcohol on Park property. All buildings at the Park are to be kept smoke free.

Item 4, CHANGING PARK APPEARANCE: Please do nothing to permanently alter the appearance or character of the park without first getting approval from the Board of Directors. (Please don't deface walls or woodwork with nails, thumbtacks, etc.)

Item 5, PROBLEMS: If you find any problems or cause any damage that requires attention or repairs, please contact a Custodian. Tim Cogar-1-304-765-5819/ David Shaver 1-304-765-3391

Item 6, BOOKING: Book your parties, reunions, and group meeting with the Booking agent. It is advisable to book the Pavilion ahead to insure it will be available to you and your family at the time requested. Please pay the utility fee at the time of booking. Exceptions to any of these guidelines must be confirmed with the Booking Agent at the time of booking.

SIGNS TO BE MADE AND PLACED:

1) Use this Park and its facilities at your own risk. 2) Parents/Guardians please assume responsibility for the conduct and safety of your own children. 3) We're Family Park Cannot be Responsible for Accidents or Injuries. 4) Enjoy the Park but Please be careful.

Marriage Announcement

Derek Jonathan Long 10-2-3-1 (the second grandson of Robert and Janice Shaver) got married to Jennifer Mae Staats on December 13, 2003. The ceremony took place at the Calvary Memorial Church in Parkersburg, West Virginia.

Derek is the oldest son of Nannette Rexroad, by her first marriage to George D. Long. His birthplace was Fulton, MO on December 1, 1982. Derek works for Interstate Battery of Central WV and will do so until he graduates from WVUP with a Drafting Major degree.

Jennifer was born March 28, 1981. She was born prematurely, weighing only 2 pounds, small enough to lay in one hand. She will continue to work for the Good Sheppard Day Care until she graduates from WVUP with a Business Major degree.

Derek met and got to know Jennifer in High School from singing in chorus together. The couple have a lot in common which led them to the decision of marriage. Among their many interests is their very extensive movie collection. Both love to go to the football/baseball games as well as watch them on Television. Sunday Nascar races are also a favorite of theirs. They belong to Calvary Memorial Church in Parkersburg, WV. They take a very active part in the youth program there. They will be residing at 229 1/2 Water Street, Ravenswood, WV until they finish college.

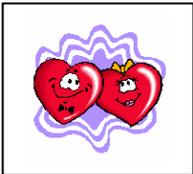
“Ultimate Success” written by Garywayne Dennison 02-2-4

There are many forms of success and a multitude of categories, but they all have one thing in common. Success in one’s life starts sometime after birth and their participation in that success ends at death. We can leave millions of dollars behind, only to be spent by others. We can build an architectural marvel, only to be replaced by a shopping mall. We can become a super good human being and only be remembered for 2 generations.

With so many short term successes, what could I possibly label as the "ultimate success?" For me, it is a very simple question with just as simple of an answer. Ultimate success is discovering who Jesus Christ is and accepting him as the Lord of our lives, and thus being diligent in making it so.

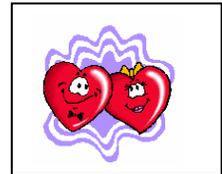
I don't have teaching, preaching, or an evangelistic aptitude. I'm just a run of the mill Christian who knows that he knows that he knows. I'm not the least bit ashamed of my faith, but my reading skills and comprehension level are so weak I'm called to live my faith, and learn (for the time being, at least) rather than to engage in intellectual battles that I'm not equipped to fight.

Although I know so little concerning religious things, my faith is based on life experiences from the knowledge of scripture that I do possess. It wasn't too difficult of a decision to turn my life over to the control of God, through the power of Jesus Christ, once I plainly came to the conclusion that there was no way that I was in charge of my life anyway. I have won the personal battle of finding the truth. The hard part was, and still is, making so many decisions along the journey to its final destination. There are many crossroads along that journey, but as I pass each one of them, the road signs tell me that I am standing on the road called Success.



Celebrated days are great and we have quite a few.
Toys, candy, and presents can makes me happy too.
However, the best holiday gift ever I will like to say,
was when my sister, Jessie, was born Valentine’s Day.

Written by Geraldine Dennison



"Family Riddle" #22

I was never an Elvis Presley fan,
but my heart will forever reside down at Graceland.
I used to make my living as a carpenter
and painter and other physical labor done by hand.
After 6 children and a span of 40 years,
I woke up each morning seeing the same face.
God created mankind from a clump of clay,
and my marriage started in the same place.

Who Am I ?

Clues and Answers from Issue 3, 2003 Riddle # 34

- Clue #1 My anniversary is Dec 12
 - Clue #2 My genealogy number is 02-7-1As
 - Clue #3 The show is C.S.I.: My initials are C.L.I.
 - Clue #4 My 2 children are Matthew & Kathryn
- Answer: Carl Lee Inman 02-7-1As

Old West Virginia Saying: If your ears are ringing, someone must be talking about you. (If your ears are itchy, I guess that means they’re dirty!)

Weighted Down

written by Robert Shaver

The day before Thanksgiving in 1950, Uncle Clifford stopped by the house early in the morning around 7 or 8 a.m. He wanted Dale and I to go to Russel's orchard and pick winter apples. We grabbed some burlap sacks and started out. It had just started to snow. We had about a two mile walk and by the time we got there and shook the apples off the tree 4 - 5" of snow had fallen. By the time we filled up our sacks and started walking home, there was at least a foot of snow on the ground and still snowing. We overloaded our sacks and for young boys, the deep snow made our trip home a very long journey. My Mom would say, "Those boys were worn plum out". That was the "Big Snow" of 1950 . Estimated 48" of snow.



Revenge is Sweet - Or is It?story line by Evalee Oggy (02-1) written by Garywayne (Jan/2004)

Growing up as a firstborn child lends itself to making a lot of mistakes in new situations due to no older sibling warnings. One instance of this happened just over 71 years ago when I turned 9 years old. I can still recall the feelings I had back then, both the good and the bad. The final outcome still affects me to this day.

My mother, Lucy, loved to read, but was very limited in her sources of reading material. However, if my memory serves me correctly, a weekly newspaper published small sections of a book of a popular writer of the day. The name of the author was Zane Grey. Mom loved his style of writing, as did my uncle, Scott Shaver. The two of them would get together as often as possible after a new release of a section to discuss it. They would try to get into the mind of the author to see if they could figure out how the story was going to unfold in the next newspaper printing.

One of these visits just happened to fall on my 9th birthday. When Uncle Scott learned of my special day, he called me over by saying he had something for me. Everyone liked Uncle Scott because he was a nice, funny man. When he called me over, I thought I was going to start liking him a little bit more, too, so I excitedly went to him expecting some kind of present. The surprise I received was one I didn't like. He turned me over his knee and gave me 9 swats and 1 to grow on. That was the last thing in the world that I had expected, and it made me fighting mad! It is still hard for me to believe what I did next. Being a shorter than normal, slim, innocent, 9-year-old girl didn't matter as I looked into the face of a full grown man and said, "I'm going to pay you back for that!".

I'm sure it must have been a great shock hearing that from me, but I am equally certain he believed me. On his next 4 visits he kept a careful eye on my behavior. Then he came to believe that the idle threats of children need not be taken seriously. That was a miscalculation on his part. On Uncle Scott's 5th visit after my birthday, I had the element of surprise on my side. I got a glob of Vicks VapoRub and mixed it with some black soot from our wood-burning kitchen stove. I walked up behind him as he was talking to Mom and slapped it against the side of his face. He let out a shout that terrified me down to the nerve endings on the tips of my toes. Not wanting to stand around and gloat over my success of revenge, I decided it would be wiser to run for my life. When I had sneaked up behind him, all I saw was the back of his head. I did not see the fully blown boil on the side of his face that I smacked dead on center, causing it to burst open. I didn't stay around long enough to see what kind of damage I had done, but I knew it was worse than I'd planned, and I'd planned it to be pretty bad.

Mom offered to doctor him up after cleaning up the mess I had caused, but he only accepted a cloth to hold against his face in order to go home. He wanted Aunt Lena to take care of him. After he left, a sense of dread hovered over me as I waited for my Mom to punish me, but not even a scolding came my way. Once I realized my Mom was giving me a pass, I actually had a brief moment of relief, until I thought about my Dad! Looking back on it now, I figured during that time women were somewhat powerless when it came to a man's authority, so Mom was just chalking it up as one for the women.

Day after day I waited for something to happen as the cloud of gloom became thicker and larger over me. Mom was going to let Uncle Scott tell Dad, so I dreaded my uncle's return, but I knew it was going to happen. I was miserable every day for 2 weeks until Uncle Scott entered our kitchen with a couple of newspapers tucked under his arm. Once he was there, I went to face him to get things over with, but he surprised me again. He said, "You really got me good a couple of weeks ago. I was really suffering from that boil far too long. After you busted it with that Vicks, it healed right up." He then patted me on the back. The touch of his hand took the weight of the world off of my shoulders.

That was when I decided that getting revenge was not worth the price that one might have to pay for it. Word may have gotten around that I was not one to be messed with when it came to birthdays, for I never received any birthday swats again. The down side to my new reputation was that I never received that extra swat to grow on. If you ever wondered why I'm so short, maybe now you know!