

We're Family Park Newsletter

Dedicated to the family of James & Amanda Dennison Issue 21, December 2009

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We look forward to your presence at our next Family Reunion – July 24 & 25, 2010

Winding Down

by Garywayne

The fall leaves drain into many colors
As nature prepares for a time of rest.
The squirrels hurry to bury their bounty
And harvest branches to pad their nest.

Insects seek shelter out of the weather
Preparing to survive the winter's cold.
Bees switch their search to find sugar
So a scent of pop cans make them bold.

Wild pigs seek out the fruit of oak trees
For acorns have fat that other foods lack.
Beavers store the saplings under the water
To keep them tender and ready for a snack.

Humans are chosen to manage creation
So no time to sleep like a hibernating bear.
We must enjoy the beauty of each season
Since our lives do continue, get out there!



Jorden Randall Cox

Jorden (5-3-2-1-2) was born on June 14, 2009. He weighed in at 8 pounds 5.5 ounces and was 21 inches long. His parents are Darius & Nicole Cox. His grandparents are Roy & Alice Hawkins. His brother Kaden now has a future playmate.

Addison was born on October 28, 2009. She weighed 5 pounds 6 ounces and was 18.5 inches long. Her Parents are Jennifer and Derek Long. Big Sister: Calli Grandmother: Nannette Rexroad Great-Grandparents: Robert and Janice Shaver

Addison Kayte Long

10-2-3-1-2



Marriage & Birth

Caleb Wesley Mowery and Brandi Michelle Wilson were married April 18th, 2009 at the Sunrise Community Church in Exchange, WV. Their son, Gaebriel Wesley Mowery (10-12-4-1), was born June 22nd, 2009 at the Stone-wall Jackson Memorial Hospital in Weston, WV. Grandmother is Karen Mowery-Durand. Great-Grandmother is the late Virginia Dennison-Shaver.

Merry Christmas

Family of Ernest Prince (son of Ozenna):

From left to right - 3rd child Michael Prince who resides in West Lafayette, Ohio, 2nd child Cindy Prince who resides in Heath, Ohio, widow Pattie Prince who resides in Spring Hill, Florida, and 1st child Ernest Prince Jr. and wife Vickie who reside in Key Largo, Florida. Child number 4, Steven Prince, who resides in Hebron, Ohio was in Europe and was not available for the photo. The group was able to get together during July for a family dinner at Cindy's home in Heath, Ohio.



Planning Ahead for Christmas

by Jackie Dennison



My husband David and I were married on October 28th of 2007. My new stepdaughter, Rachel, made us a no-sew blanket for our wedding present. That gave me an idea after seeing the faces of the younger children receiving Christmas presents that year.

I told Rachel about my plan for Christmas of 2008 for the great-grandchildren of my new mother-in-law (Geraldine) if she was up for it. I would buy the material if she would make each one a no-sew blanket. She agreed. The following day, the two of us went and picked out as many different colors and patterns of fleece as we could. She had about one year to make 18 blankets - and she did it! We presented them to the children on Christmas Eve of 2008. They had just as much fun receiving them as I did in making it happen. The blanket in the picture is being displayed by its' new owner, Isaac Wallace (2-2-3-4-2).



Good to be Together

by Garywayne

The Thanksgiving dinner for the Geraldine Dennison and other Tilford clan members who could make it to Goshen, Ohio, happened again this year. It was a noticeably smaller group than in the past. Apparently health issues were the number one reason for the decline. Knowing that made it a little more special for me in talking to those of the family who were there.

The new challenge to myself during family gatherings is to walk across the room and greet new faces, or get reacquainted with ones I barely remember. I don't think that is too much to ask, especially taking into account that they drove many miles to be in the same room with me so that I could have that opportunity. I was blessed in starting that new practice this year. Take the steps for that same type of blessing to fall upon you.

My mom said the blessing over our Thanksgiving meal as everyone held hands in a circle. Upon finishing the blessing, I thought that she might have revisited her childhood by her closing statement. I learned later that she was only quoting my 27-year old daughter at about age 5. Instead of the traditional "Amen", before moving through the food line, in a loud voice, my Mom simply said, "What's for dessert?"



(Ruth Ann Cogar)

Letter From The Editor Garywayne Dennison 1430 Aster Place Cincinnati, Ohio 45224 (513) 541-5370



I have always liked Uncle Clifford and I admired him for what he wanted to do in creating the We're Family Park. He was a visionary. However, by using his strong personality to get things done, I have heard that a number of relationships were severely damaged. I feel sad that was a by-product in getting the park built.

Uncle Clifford hounded me for two years to take on the responsibility of publishing this newsletter. Each time he spoke of it, I told him he was wasting his time for I was not the least bit interested. I was always surprised that he did not intimidate me. Deep down I knew that my time to shine beyond a laborer following orders was not yet on the horizon.

Once Uncle Clifford published his last newsletter, Robert Shaver was talked into carrying on with the newsletter - with the encouragement that I might help. It only took one conversation with Robert to get me on board. I'm sure that there are numerous reasons why I accepted the invitation to become the new editor but the main one was probably that new leadership inspires new ideas.

Uncle Clifford's passing is a true loss, but his ultimate goal to unify the family must live on. With his dominant presence no longer in the background, may the healing process of all relationships continue as we come together for fellowship at any and all reunions. And don't forget the benefits of the internet.

A Life Well Lived

by Pat Dennison

I have been a member of the Clifford Dennison family for 41 years. Long before Denny and I ever dated, Dr. Dennison was my zoology professor. After Denny and I were married, Dr. Dennison became "Dad."

During World War II, Dad was shipped overseas on the day he was supposed to be discharged. He shared with me that before leaving the American shores; he went into a wooded area alone to pray. Dad took his handkerchief and spread it over an old stump. As a fleece, Dad prayed and asked God to allow the wind to blow his handkerchief away if that was what he was supposed to do. Dad expected a big gust of wind to blow handkerchief away but instead a tiny flutter gently lifted it off the stump and softly laid it aside. Dad went off to war knowing that God would always be with him.

From that moment forth, Dad knew that wherever he went in his lifetime, God would always be with him.

As you know, quite often Dad had his head in the clouds thinking about one of his invention or ideas. Someone asked Mom what it was like being married to a man like Dad. Her comment was, "When he comes home at night, Clifford ain't looking for a rocket scientist."

Dad had a sensational love for flying. He flew a variety of planes, gyrocopters, gliders, Ultralites, and Para planes. On one of his missions to someplace in New York, Dad was flying solo. He had a terrible urge to go to the bathroom. Since he was alone, he couldn't turn the cockpit over to some else so he radioed in to an airport for permission to land. When the request was cleared, Dad safely landed the plane. When he got off the plane, he was asked the nature of his emergency. Dad replied, "I got to go to the bathroom so bad I can't stand it." He was directed to the nearest restroom. After Dad boarded his plane again, he heard one of the grounds crew say, "Well, when you got to go, you got to go!!!"

Many times when Dad was walking across the Lee University campus and saw some old friends, he just brought them home for dinner. A lot of times he forgot to call Mom. I was visiting one day when Dad walked in with some friends. Mom had just started preparing dinner. She had about a pound of hamburger in her hand. She pulled out a large black cast iron skillet and made a huge pot of hamburger gravy. She made hot biscuits and a pot of rice. She opened a jar of home canned apples and steamed some vegetable. In about thirty minutes, Mom sat a table fit for her king. She was accustomed to doing things like that.

When she became ill and could no longer cook, Dad didn't have a clue about how to make a meal. One morning Mom wanted an egg. Dad made her one. IN THE MICROWAVE. He didn't break the yolk so the egg blew up, the microwave door flew open and egg splattered it all over the kitchen. Well, I wasn't there but I can just hear Mom, "Well for pity sakes Clifford, what did you do to my egg??"

The Bible instructs us to give food and water to those who need it. Mom and Dad did just that. People from around the world were invited to sit at their table. One evening Dad invited one of his favorite students to bring his family over to dinner (he remembered to tell Mom this time!). They were from Kenya, Africa. During the course of the evening, the man shared with Dad that his studies were almost finished and he and his family would return to Kenya. He also told Dad that they were in the process of raising funds for their airline tickets. Dad excused himself from the room and returned with a huge jug full of pennies. He presented the jug and its contents to the family. Later Dad learned that there were thousands of pennies in that jug, enough to help a family get home to Kenya

Dr Clifford Calvin Dennison served in the American armed forces during World War II and installed the wiring for the famous Potts Dam Conference between Churchill and Stalin. He was a Christian husband and father, a grandfather and great grandfather. He was a science professor, an inventor of a home water distillator, a friend, a builder, a writer and the list goes on and on. But finally but not least, to add to his long list of accomplishments, Dad was finally able to successfully cook an egg for Mom's breakfast.

Today Dad is where he wanted to be. He is at home with Mom, fully restored and standing before the very throne room of God discovering the mysteries of the universe.

Personal Note: Denny and I would like to express our appreciation to the Shaver family who attended Dad's funeral. Aunt Virginia's girls sang at the funeral and as usual they were a blessing to all present, especially to us.

Sincerely, Pat and Denny



A Reunion 2009 Memorial Service

by Jane Dennison 2-6-1

Dale Dennison led a service on the beautiful hilltop cemetery on Friday evening of July 24, 2009 for Gareth Dennison. It was my first time to meet Gareth's son Matthew, and the first time to meet Samantha as a young lady. Dale reminded us how Gareth was "that guy", as described in the summer issue of the We're Family Park Newsletter, described so beautifully that it brought tears to my eyes. The Shaver sisters shared a moving rendition of "Amazing Grace." Dale spoke of the importance of comfort, and of finding comfort from our friends and family, even strangers sometimes, and of course, from our communion with God. Some of us contributed our memories of Gareth. It's hard sometimes to put thoughts into words but it struck me how the one thing you knew when you met Gareth was how very special he was. I thought we were ending with the Lord's Prayer but then Aunt Helene blessed us with a lovely version in French.

Sunday Morning Worship

by Christina Inman 2-2-4-3

The Sunday morning worship service at the Pavilion and the noon meal always makes a nice finish to the reunion. The service not only brings us together as a family, but also as the family of God. This year's service included some beautiful music, both congregational and special. The picture on page two is of Ruth Ann Cogar who had signed along with music during the service.

We also had a great message on David's reliance on God by Jim Goins. The best part of the service, in my view, was the testimony time. Not only did it get our focus on the blessings of family and of the past year, but it also let us open up to one another to know each other better.

Martin B. Dennison

(Taken from "Carry Me Back" page 52)

I am the grandson of Tilford and Lucy Dennison and the fourth son of Marlin and Geraldine Dennison. In recalling my memories of family and fun times in West Virginia, I find it very hard to pick a few favorites, since they are all fond. The trips with my Mom, Dad, brothers and sister to West Virginia were fun in itself. I remember Dad stopping along the way to shoot groundhogs. "Everybody in West Virginia shoots groundhogs," he said.

Then we anxiously waited for the time when we would get to Grandpa's, back in Perkins Fork. Every August when we would go to the old school house for the reunion, we would drive back along the creek bed, always wondering whether or not we would be flooded out and stranded.

I remember the thrills of riding on Grandpa's old logging truck down the side of the mountain, while most of the time one of the back wheels stuck out over the side of the hill. My cousins, brothers, my sister and I really enjoyed those thrills.

From Garage to Grow Room

by Christina Inman (2-2-4-3)



It was like any other Saturday. My husband Scott and I were hanging out and watching PBS (we don't have cable). A show came on about mushroom farmers. It was very interesting. I never even knew how mushrooms grew. There were so many different kinds and ways to grow them.

I watched the program and didn't think much about it again, but the wheels in my husband's head were turning. He said that he wanted to try to grow mushrooms. The people on the program lived out in the country with lots of room to grow. We live in a 770 square foot house in the city! Even though I thought it might not work, I supported his idea. The rest is history.

We now have a garage growing ever more full of mushroom bags. It is exciting to see an idea turned into reality. We have yet to decide if this is a hobby or a business but either way, it did teach me some things. First, don't knock the ideas of others even if you think they are silly. Second, you can do a lot of things if you put your mind to it. And third, be careful what you watch on PBS!