

We're Family Park Newsletter

Dedicated to the family of James & Amanda Dennison Issue 24, July 2011

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We look forward to your presence at our next Family Reunion – July 30 & 31, 2011

My Generation

by Mildred Wiggin

Life seemed to be built on a solid foundation
Away back there in my generation
We never knew of the world and its ways
Back in the time of my young days

Poppy and Mommy tried to bring us up right
Kneeling in prayer, I remember, at night
When the blessing was said at the table back then
Poppy made sure we were all gathered in

There was a time to work and a time to play
Even for us little ones in that day
We had chores to do but we plainly understood
Never forget to bring in the coal and the wood

When the dishes were washed and things put away
Around the table we would run and play
We had fun back then all together
Before the fireside in wintertime weather

Sheltered from hard times and the ways of sin
Such things were never spoken to children then
We were, I am sure, in our Heavenly Father's care
Showering us with blessings our burdens did bear

The little schoolhouse by the side of the road
Soon will be forgotten, stories left untold
In my generation in the days back when
Things I remember would fill a book and then.



Madison Faith

(10-2-2-1-1)

<- Darrell & Erica

Robert and Janice Shaver announce the birth of their fifth Great-grandchild, Madison Faith Shaver. Born August 4, 2010. She was 7lbs.11oz. and 21 inches long. Her parents are Darrell and Erica Shaver of Morgantown, WV



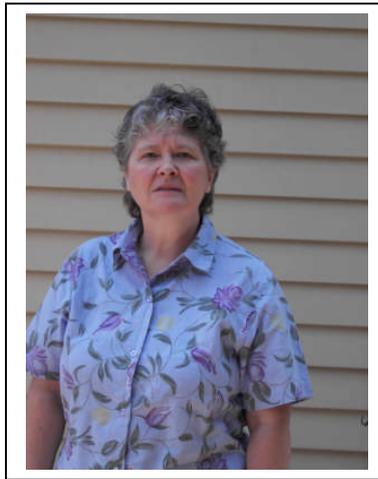
A TRIBUTE TO LARRY 5-8

I guess Larry was one of the he most fun-loving, caring, and compassionate people in the world, especially in Lena's Branch of the Dennison Clan. He was honest and carried on the integrity and good name of Scott and Lena Shaver. Larry also inherited the ability of being a good cook.

One of the most memorable times for me is when he had a thriving business in Flatwoods, WV of repairing automobiles. I was working in Akron, Ohio, divorced

and had two children, Lisa and Eric Davis, ages 8 and 10. I had just bought my first new car, a 1979 Ford, Futura. After a few years it needed a little bodywork, so I went to Larry and convinced him to let me paint the car in his paint shop. So little Eric and I went to work on that car. We sanded and sanded until our fingers were bleeding and prepared the car. It took us at least two weeks and then we went back to Larry to see if we did a good enough job. He finally said it was ready but then he reneged on our deal and wouldn't let me do the spray painting. I cried and threatened to use a brush on it. But he convinced me that you had to be very careful because the paint was very expensive and it could and would run if you didn't do it right. So he painted it. It was beautiful and Eric and I were so proud. Bless Larry's heart. He was a good brother.

by Janet Oliver 5-11



Why Ro had to die?

written by Garywayne Dennison
March / 2011

(Rowena D. Dennison)

It is not hard to believe that God would remove encumbrances from our daily routines if they would prevent us from doing His will. I am inclined toward the habit of procrastination so I can be slow to respond to my responsibilities and obligations. That along with other personal tendencies make it hard to eliminate those things that would prevent me from doing what I feel I am being called to do. I can see God changing circumstances in my life to force me to do the right thing. In fact, I pray that my heart would conform to His.

However, it is hard to conceive God removing guiding lights from our pathway that leads to His presence. That is especially true if it has long term devastating affects on us as well as with our relationship with Him. It is almost unthinkable that the Lord would consider it a personal blessing to rip something or someone from us that could cause so much pain and confusion. However, many far-reaching ministries have sprung to life from the ashes of personal tragedy. So I have learned that I have limited understanding in the awesome workings of our Creator.

My mother-in-law (Frieda) moved in with my wife (Ro) and I after we were only married for two years. We were aware of the problems that might be caused with that decision, but it was not a hard one to make, for it was the right thing to do under the circumstances. However, we had never expected that her mother would live beyond 100 years old. Once Ro developed a brain tumor and became disabled, the care giving duties for her mother fell upon my shoulders. My wife never lived to see her mother's century old birthday party.

During the twenty-five and one half years of mother and child living together under our roof, I was a constant thorn in my mother-in-law's side for I was seen as competition for the affection of her only child.

Frieda was always trying to make sense of her daughter's death before her own because that seemed not to follow the order of the universe. At her age she is often very confused so her thoughts are normally scrambled. During one of Frieda's seldom-thoughtful moments with me she asked, "I wonder if this is why Ro had to die?" I asked what she meant. She then asked, "I wonder if Ro had to die so that we could learn to love each other before Jesus comes to take me home?" She was connecting the dots in one of life's many mysteries and came up with a possible solution that she was the cause of her daughter's death by the hand of God.

There is no doubt that Frieda has long forgotten that comment, but it still is a thought-provoking question in my mind. Frieda and I were both strong willed and each thought it best not to change. Neither of us would lower our guard to show a weakness with which we were uncomfortable. With her declining health her wall of resistance has shattered and now she depends on my strength to keep her going.

Frieda is no longer the enemy where having a buffer zone of Ro's presence is needed. I often see my mother-in-law display the actions of a three year old. I am comfortable with that since the Lord has placed a strong spot in my heart for young children. We have come to the point where we can openly say that we love each other. She also has a resistance of accepting her winding down world and goes out of her way to give me praise to any one that will listen. My healing process is well on its way. I don't believe that Ro had to die to bring about all the recent changes in Frieda's and my relationship, but that it was only a side effect blessing. However, I am more inclined to become aware of what the Lord would remove from one's life that would hinder His will. That is a question for all of us to ponder.