

WARNING: THIS WILL BE MY LONGEST BLOG ENTRY.

Worked on this through August 6 through September 4.
Started this post August 10th.

Life, as we know it, is a complicated storybook for humanity as a whole. Some lives end before they can begin while others experience a lengthy lifetime of bizarre moments that form character development and plot twists. Some stories tell of sacrifice of a parent or child while some stories tell of a victorious march that turned the tides for a nation. Your life is your story and it's scary knowing how much control over it you actually have. Are you the courageous protagonist or the disillusioned antagonist? Are you a doctor living wealthy or are you scraping change and living paycheck to paycheck? How much of your story have you shared with others, and how much have you kept away? Life doesn't end after the book is finished. Each of us impact someone else in an amazing or terrible way. But it's up to you how your story coincides with someone else's. Your choices change the world around you, but bare in mind your choices always have consequences. Sometimes they appear immediately while others wait for years. Be mindful of the choices you make as the results could be devastating. Always be wary, my darlings. Life...is a fucked up mess. 💋

~Adam Kuester

I got his permission to us this quote. When he posted this it automatically made me think of this project.

Disclaimer: I wrote a less embarrassing version before, but memories whether they are embarrassing or not are great to share. I was not sure about publishing this at first but Tim and Jane thought it was a good idea. I decided to to make a second copy of this during a conversation I had with Jane and a status I saw from my brother, Adam. He reminded me of memories I share with him that I may not post on his Facebook wall, but they are memories I treasure all the same. I just talked to Richard about it today and posted a status about it. I took two notes of pages of memories at most for each person. I probably have more memories than just this. These are the ones that pop up first when I think of the people in this project. I've thought about this a lot and as much as I want to say I could put these memories in chronological order, but I doubt that I can.

I didn't think of this at first, but I may add a few people at the bottom. Anyone I add at the end I've recently been hanging out with or talking to, and my treasured memories of them popped up.



(I posted a different copy of this picture, but I felt it was better to cover up the last names. I am aware I'm sharing their names below, but I thought you should either get last name or picture.)

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People from my Past

April Gabbert

There is so much I remember and love about you. I miss you being in my life. You were one of my moms. I knew you since I was a baby. You wanted the best for me no matter what. ❤️

I felt especially close to you when I moved into your house. I even started calling you Mom. You took me to multiple appointments, and we found out I had depression. You took me to so many therapy appointments (both mental and physical). You sometimes came into my therapy sessions (the mental ones) to make sure I was getting the best help available. On a lot of the car rides we talked about a lot, mostly about school. One of my favorite conversations we had on the way to therapy once was in my sophomore year. I was learning about dominant and recessive genes in biology. We were conducting experiments to learn more about how genes worked. I told you we were learning "breeding" at school. You stomped on the brakes and looked for me. I casually said, "It's okay. It's for science." Your expression changed a bit until I fully explained myself. Once I fully explained myself you said you couldn't wait until I told Dad and you'd be there for me when I told him. When I told him you snuck upstairs smiling at me.

During the time I lived with you I learned a lot about hard work, having a work ethic, writing and how to write better, cooking, and so much more. I actually still remember your amazing pasta sauce and make it from time to time. You helped me on homework for hours. I know we fought a LOT over homework and school, but I think you should know that because of all the time you spent so much time helping me learn I love learning new things. I appreciate everything you did for me. I also remember that you loved when I took Interior Design. I didn't do well in the class, but I passed. You got mad when I would prove I could actually have done a lot better in the class if I had put forth more effort.

You've always been a great artist too. I always admired your creative hobbies. You drew pictures for my bedroom. You made things out of clay, beautiful jewelry, and mosaics with glass. I think you are the reason I love art so much. Some of my favorite

work by you was the picture you drew and the one you burned into a wood burning kit of Joey Wheeler (my favorite Yu-Gi-Oh! character).

Some of my other favorite memories are the amazing sweet sixteen you planned for me in our backyard. It was such an amazing party with all my friends. When I was younger, you used to massage my calves and rub Icey Hot on them after long days. I really appreciated it. I still use it when my muscles get sore. Also when Jess and I were younger you always made sure we knew you weren't trying to replace Jane (my biological mother). You even told us one day we could call you whatever we wanted as long as it wasn't bad, so we dubbed you Harold. Last time you hit me up on my page you signed your message Harold and it meant so much to me.

Keith Gabbert

I miss you and think of you often. I recently published a blog post about a promise I made you nine (maybe?) years ago about not getting married until I was twenty-five. Here's a link to [Achievement Unlocked](#).

You are and has always been an amazing storyteller, and I've loved all your stories. Before I was born you wrote song lyrics titled 'Who Will Cry?' and the lyrics hung in the stairway in our house. You've told me countless stories of me as a baby. As you told me I was a smart baby. When I wanted a toy at the bottom of the toy chest instead of dumping it out I'd pull the toys out one by one and put the toy I wanted off to the side. After that I'd get the toy I wanted I'd put all the other toys back. You also told me you never read me a book twice because if I picked a book you already read you send me back, and I'd pick a book you haven't read yet on the first try. You always stayed home during the days with me and worked nights. Another baby story you told me was the time I burp so loud I rattled the windows and you got yelled out (they may be exaggerations, right?) Then the time you introduced me to chocolate by giving me a Cocoa Puff. I liked them so much I chased the bowl around the table. You were shocked me when I first rounded the corner. You've also written for Microsoft books and movies. You wrote an article about golf and had me look it over. You helped me write the lyrics to

'Let Me be Me'. The last story I remembered you wrote was your own rendition of 'T'Was the Night Before Christmas. You would read the original every year and we would quote you. You put us in your copy. I really wish I had a copy.

You were always about family. You'd come pick up Jess and me when we were little whether it was by airplane or car. Every time Jess and I came over the whole family would go on so many family vacations. There were camping trips, trips to the beach, road trips, and so much more. You would take us to your office where we can hang out. You would take us all individually on your motorcycle. When I was eleven and had to get a heel-cord lengthening surgery, I was so scared. Since I trusted you the

most I called you and talked to you about it. Once we got off the phone you booked a trip to come to Colorado and stay with us for a week.

There are so many father/daughter moments we shared. You taught me how to be a great writer, introduced me to an author (that you had to interview due to me being nervous), our outing to the library on the river and the cemetery where Jimi Hendrix was buried. When I was seven you taught me to hit a baseball. I was scared and kept closing my eyes. You walked over and squatted to be at my eye level. You said, "Imagine this ball is someone who will never let you see me again." Then I knocked the ball out of the yard. When I was thirteen, about to turn fourteen, and moved into your house you took me on a motorcycle. I was wearing shorts down to my knees and leg braces up to my knees, so we thought my legs would be safe. Unfortunately, my leg slipped and I burnt myself. Since I had just moved in I didn't know the rules and I was nervous my first degree burn turned into a second degree burn. You were so proud I didn't cry about it. You even told people how proud you were of me that time you told people at my Sweet Sixteen. Speaking of my Sweet Sixteen I remember you and April bought me a cell phone that wasn't even out yet because you "knew" a guy.



Important People in my Life

Richard Chico

We've made so many memories, and I can't wait to make so many more. When you visited me in California we immediately shared our first kiss. During your vacation we danced, watched My Soul to Take together (my favorite movie), and you dyed my hair. We got to play Monopoly with Clara. Do you remember our first date? After I introduced you to my coworkers at Compassion Network we walked to Panera. It was cold and I forgot my jacket so you let me borrow your gray N7 jacket (which I later inherited 😊). It was so big on me I almost flew away, and if I remember correctly we even got caught in the rain. When we got to Panera you took a picture of me where I was so happy you can see happy tears in my eyes (pictured below).

I visited (turned moved) to New York. The first night I was here I met your whole family and even had two dinners. We ate Mom's dinner then Jose and Natasha kidnapped us. The next day you were so excited to give me the birthday gift you made that you insisted I open it even though it was only (July second). It was a framed collage of Dad pics. ♡ On the fourth we went to the beach for Aileen's birthday (also pictured below). We went to Manhattan so I could see the sights. We also stayed in a hotel and met with your parents at Applebee's for my twenty-birthday. After my vacation was over we've been to Comic-Con (every year but one), Book-Con (only one year), the Hard Rock Cafe (for my twenty-fourth birthday), the Disney Store, an All Time Low Concert, and so much more. You've given me so many meaningful gifts: a promise ring, two Dad pic dog tags, the Dad pic collage, and an engagement ring. I love how our relationship grew piece by piece. We met on Mibba and started texting (same day), started talking on the phone, Skyped, met in person, lived together at your family's house, and got out own place. I can't see what our next step will be. ♡



Eric Chico

When we first met we were both so shy. It took until Richard had us hang out when he went shopping with Dad that we got to know each other and we became friends. You even making grocery shopping fun. On one of our first monthly shopping trips you asked me what supernatural species, and I immediately told you I want to be a music nymph. On another usual early shopping trip you asked what powers I've wanted. Since then we've talked a lot about powers and what we would want to do if we had powers with Richard. You talk about your backstory and your values all the time; so much so that you inspired me to start Confessions of a Music Nymph. My offer still stands that if you ever want to write your story I will help you or even ghostwrite it for you. We talk about ethics all the time. Today (September 1st) we talked about a possible story for your superhero story. You asked me about how it sounded. I was impressed by the new information you added to the story. You used one trope, but it was awesome to hear the story. I really wonder if the story is going to become a book.

I had been working on this for weeks, and all of a sudden I come back to add Jess and Mom when I found out it deleted what I wrote about Twin, Adam, Brad, and E. I wrote eloquent things about everyone, but I may not write the exact same things. I'm sorry for it. Hopefully it will still come out well.

Twin

You are one of my best friends and always will be. Some of my favorite memories are from the earlier years of our friendship. Like how we met through email and immediately saw each other as twins automatically. It was funny for like a month and a half I had to ask you your birth given name. We had so many late night talks that made no sense. Haha. We talked about and sang Ke\$ha songs. We have so many private jokes. You would always get jealous when Mariah came over. Not that I blame you now since she was so bad for me. Almost every time we talked during the day Mariah would come over, and you'd know it before I opened the door. XD You used to tell me about your crazy cats; one you named after me and the other you named after an old friend of ours. How many times did I call you right as you got out of the shower? 😊

You have always been so supportive of me and my writing. We talked about your character in [Drag Me to Hell](#). You were completely okay with your character and her part in my story. When the book came out your mom asked me to change your name in the sequel. Heh heh. Like I didn't ask for your permission prior. I would never do that to you or any of my close friends and family. ❤️

You also always look out for me. You told me about service dogs, what they can do to help me, and the laws involving them. You even wrote me a letter of recommendation

when I found a place near by that could help me. (I saved the letter in my Inspiration Dossier.)

I also remember I still owe you a giant lollipop for the bet I lost to you. I swear I'll give it to you as soon as we me. Do you remember the bet I lost to you? ♡ I remember well.



Adam Kuester

You're one of my best friends and brothers. You're level-headed. When you need to tell one of your friends a harsh truth you always say it with such couth. That's one the many things I admire about you.

Even when you're in a bad mood things work out well. Like when we first met and I made you really mad. A week later you texted me something entirely unrelated and we were cool.

I loved how much you used to tell me about your daughter. I could hear the smile in your voice. I think one of her and your favorite quotes from Pocahontas.

We've had so many great talks about my dad, boyfriends, and Richard. You've threatened to hit me if I don't marry Richard. You always remind me my dad would be proud of me when I'm not so sure. My favorite conversation was more recent though when you called me on my twenty-fifth birthday even though you could only talk for five minutes because you were at work. It made my heart melt. ♡

I also loved Skyping you when you wanted my fashion advice for a night out. I think you're the only one whose actually taken my fashion advice. Most people chose to do the opposite of what I think works.

Brad Larson

Do you remember how we met? Mariah introduced us after you saw my hair a picture of me. We both bonded over the haircut and Kuriboh. ☺ Remember how our first date was cut short by a severe snow storm. A couple days later when you came over

you were teasing me about walking through a rocky path with no socks under my shoes. As we entered my home you called me an "idiot", and Jane automatically chimed in saying, "I like you already." Haha.

You've always looked out for me. Even though Mariah introduced us you were worried about our friendship with her, but I know why. Didn't we have a crush on her at one point? Hahaha. I think I even tried to hook you up even though I failed. 😊 You are such a good friend. We hung out on my Dad's first anniversary. We often went to Entertainmart (I think. Tell me if I got the name of the store right or wrong, please.) While we were at Entertainmart you bought me a lot of the CDs due to financial problems I had (that I hope I paid you back for). You bought me My Soul to Take (my favorite movie), Ke\$ha CDs, and Aly and AJ CDs. We checked out girls together. *///* You gave me rides to the community college, hospitals, and the mental health clinic. You'd stay when you could. You've come over to my house for five minutes at a time sometimes to give me food, gifts, or just to say hi. I know we don't talk often, but I'm glad we're family and always will be.



Ethan Barnes

I am so very proud of who you are becoming. You have a good heart and a good head on your shoulders. I miss seeing you. I hope we can see each other again soon.

I have so many memories of you as a little kid. One of my favorite memories is when you were a toddler, and you'd get up to watch Saturday Morning Cartoons. I'd wake up at six even though cartoons wouldn't start till seven and the good ones wouldn't start till eight. At seven every Saturday you would poke your head around the corner and waited for me to invite you. I also read to you passages from Maximum Ride: Saving the World and Other Extreme Sports to help avoid an uncomfortable and embarrassing situation. For years you remembered some of the passages.

When you came to my high school graduation and met some of my friends you were so happy when they recognized you from the many stories I told them. You were grinning from ear to ear and your eyes were sparkling. It was adorable.

When I moved back in with you and the family you were such a great photographer. Do you still take pictures? You were also the first one to congratulate me when I started the publishing process. You jumped up and down on the bed you were excited.

When I moved out again we kept in touch. You called me once to help me with an assignment where you were supposed to write about three important events in someone's life from their point of view. You wrote about me starting to write, moving into my dad's, and my volunteer work at the Compassion Network. (I recently printed that out and am going to add it to my Inspiration Dossier.)



Jessicah Buntin

We used to hang out a lot as kids. You and I would watch Boiling Point, Room Raiders, and Trading Spaces. We'd help each other study for spelling bees. One time you needed help reading one of the words and our mom was like, "Spell it out." I laughed and said, "Yeah, spell it out. Pleeese." You showed it to her and she told you what it was. You told me a trick to remember how to spell it. To this day I still hear your tips when I have to spell "island" or "Colorado". I also remember our layovers between parents. One time you made a tower of fortune tellers one smaller than the one before it, and you brought with us.

There was one story we'd hear all the time. When you were a baby I once tried to share my stuffed animals with you by burying you. Our family thinks it was sweet, but you and I "know" I was trying to bury you alive. 😊 When we were a little older you tried to convince me that all my stuffed animals should be girls, so we cut part of the mane off my stuffed lion until we got caught.

I'm so proud of you. You're a wonderfully dedicated mother and wife, and you're a great sister and daughter.

Evette Chico

You're one of the most dedicated mothers I know. I greatly admire that about you. You are so easy to talk to. Even before we met in person you looked out for me. You told me to eat when you were worried I hadn't eaten enough. You would scold me about bad decisions I made in the past. I came to you when I was thinking of getting birth control. I wanted to talk to a mom, and you were so helpful. We talked about the possible side effects, benefits, and the risks of Nexplanon and Depo Shot. Since I was able to talk to you I know I made the right decision.

You and Dad let me move in with your family when things were working out at my old place. When I moved in I was so nervous I'd get kicked out eventually and you, Dad, Aileen, and Richard all comforted me and calmed me down. You and I talked about my Cerebral Palsy, my writing, Sherrilyn Kenyon, and school. You've edited [Head Hunters](#) for me. With all of our talks about Sherrilyn Kenyon I look up to her as a fantastic author. You've helped me with assignments and correcting injustices in school.

I've loved the holidays with you and our family. Your traditions are so cool.

Tim Barnes

We've known each other for eighteen years or longer. I can't believe it sometimes. I have so many memories of you.

I've heard one story about the time we met (I believe). You babysat Jess and me. At the time you were a severe germaphobe (though, in all honesty I can't remember you as a germaphobe). As the story goes Jess and I both got sick, possibly on you. Jane felt so bad, but you took care of us and fell in love with all of us. You married Jane and treated us like your own children. You read to us when Jane was feeling ill (later we discovered she was actually pregnant with E). Jess and I said you should do the voices like Jane always did. When E was about four months old you decided to introduce Ethan to chocolate pudding. You gave him one spoonful, and he liked it so much he ended up eating the entire cup of homemade pudding. You helped me get over my perfectionism by showing me errors you once turned into work. As we got older you paid me to come over and watch E. I was happy you respected me enough to ask if I wanted to and paid me in laptop time as well as cash. I remember one time when I was watching Youtube videos on your computer, and I was watching mashup. I recognized one clip but could not name the song in the clip. I recorded it on my phone, and when you came home I played it for you and asked you about it. You laughed and said, "Your father would be so ashamed of you. It's "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne." Also during that summer you read over my work and gave me

critiques. You changed my perception of the world when you talked to me about one story.

Even as I got older you were there for me. I used to you out to lunch and dinners (or did you treat me?) to catch up. On one of those meals you gave me valuable advice about becoming a published author.

To this day we still keep in touch. You give me job and life advice. We catch up. You even wrote me a letter of recommendation for the service dog I'm trying to get.

Marshall Chico

You are one of the sweetest people I know. You're always willing to lend a helping hand. We have had a lot of talks about Nana, bullying, our family, your memories and mine, as well as your plans for the future. You also help me with video games when I'm just starting out in one. You helped me move into my own apartment. We woke up early, packed some last minute items, and then we took the bus to the place with some small stuff to make the place feel homey. We got the place ready and waited for Richard, Eric, and Dad to come over with the rest of our stuff and furniture. You stayed all day and helped us move in.

A lot of my treasured memories are much more recent at my place between August twenty-fourth and twenty-ninth. That Friday Richard went to the NSP (Ninja Sex Party) concert, so we had to go grocery shopping on our own. On our way we ran into one of my downstairs neighbors. We talked to her as we walked. Then as we almost got to her she said for a split second she thought I was your mom. Hahaha. She quickly admitted I looked too young to be your mom. We're both "babies" to her. We went to BJs, where once we were in the line at the register we talked about the magazines we saw at the front. We talked about the headlines that popped out at us and the special editions of Time and Life magazine that always cost ten dollars extra. After that we went to get dinner at Smashburgers. Man! That place is expensive even with the one coupon per customer crap. At least we learned our lesson. After we put the the groceries away we played Mr. Lister with our own rules (since I recently found out it's a drinking game and I just like the trivia part). I won by only for points. After that game you laid down and dozed off (you did NOT fall asleep. Happy?) I tried waking you, and when that failed I playfully tossed fries at you. Once I told you why I needed you to stay away you started playing Crash on the PS4. Later that night we played Mass Effect Monopoly which you won. While you were here you also helped me with my [final potfolio](#) for my last class. You helped me with the background color and sifting through the feedback I got. Thank you for that and helping me in math two years ago. We also played Sorry (I won), Statego (you won), and War (I won).

Sammy Seguin

I know we don't talk as often as we used to, but I miss talking to you sometimes. You are one of the sweetest and most creative people I know. You used to always cheer me up through bouts of depression. You always answer a compliment with a compliment. Because of some of our talks I added you to Escaping Hell, Drag Me to Hell's sequel. I gave your character the ability to read people's intentions just by looking in their eyes. Your character caused a change of plans of the protagonist. I remember thinking of your story "Why I Don't Eat Animal Crackers" when the deleted scene of Zootopia was revealed about the taming party. I love how I can come to you with anything and you don't make me feel weird or embarrassed. I loved our talks on the phone about things were going. I hope everything is going well.

People I'm Reconnecting With

Jane Harris

When I first started the original memories project back in the end of April I wrote it thinking of you. I had told Richard the night before all these great memories of you that came to mind. I think about eight of them came to mind. I've been thinking about you a lot lately probably because since you called me on my twenty-fifth birthday we've talked more often. I'd like to keep in touch with you from here are out. You liked to tell me baby stories of me. I shared one of your most shared stories in Jessica's memories section. If you liked to see it you should read it there. That leaves two other baby stories you told me on repeat. One of those stories was really embarrassing, and I know you know it because you told me again last month. So how about we keep that one a secret, and I'll share the other? 😊 I think that's fair. The story I'm willing to share is the day you came home with Jess and me after a long day. You locked the door knob but not the deadlock. As you went to go make dinner I stood up and locked the deadbolt. That night, as you told me, someone tried and failed to break in that night. You said it helped that I locked the deadbolt.

When I was a kid you used to create costumes for plays and Halloween. I bet you still have the costumes in a bin in storage, right? The costumes I remember the best are my jaguar costume and my tree costume that I once ditched for a ballerina costume one year. You also used to read books like the Harry Potter series and Eragon to Jess and me. You even gave the characters voices. You also let me read you Yu-Gi-Oh! fan fictions for years even though I wrote none of them. You also used to take me to one therapy building multiple times a week for three different kinds of therapy; physical (for the legs), occupational (for the hands), and speech. After months, probably even years, I graduated from both occupational and speech therapies. I still tend to do some of my occupational therapy exercises because with all the writing I do my hands cramp up a lot.

As a teen you helped me create a professional email account. The email I made when I was fourteen is still my main email for personal and professional emails. There was one summer vacation where I was fifteen where I called you three times in a week or two weeks. The first and third phone calls were about laundry. The first one was me asking how to do the whites because as I was giving Rocky a bath to hide my mischievous behavior I messed up your white bathroom. The second laundry call was about me wanting to wash my favorite jacket that I almost stained. The second call that week(s) was me looking for band aids because I cut the back of my ankle three times while shaving. I felt like there was too much blood.

When I moved back in with you after high school you taught me a lot. You taught me about banks, money, and budgeting. You taught me how to play poker with the directions Dad taught you when you two were still together. You also gave Jess and I paperwork about illegal questions interviews couldn't ask. You highlighted the parts that pertained to Jess and my unique situations. (I relearned about the illegal questions in my last class at Full Sail University. I saved the illegal questions on my computer for both Richard and I.)

Jason Gabbert

Memories of you seem harder than most because for a big part of our relationship we only got to know each other and create memories of winter and summer breaks. When I finally moved in with the family you were an adult with a job.

I remember when we were all kids and it must have been Christmas because the baby gate was up. You helped us over it then pulled us back over because you remembered we could call down to our parents through the baby monitor. We called down to our parents. While we were kids you also taught me to do dishes. On one of our summer vacations we went to pick you up from the airport, and you wanted to freak your mom out with a fake tongue piercing. The moment you saw her expression you pulled it out and said, "Look Mom, it's fake." There was also the time you picked up a garter snake to show all of us. Unfortunately the snake got scared and shat on your brand new, treasured AFI jacket.

Once I moved in I was messing up in school and grounded. You tried to warn me that if I didn't step my school game up the grounding would get worse. You shared the story of you once getting grounded from your guitars. Did I heed your warning? No. I ended up getting all my writing taken away. You also brought me out with one of your friends before. It was pretty cool. You also took me to Half Price Books once. On our way home we got caught in a severe rainstorm. I like how you didn't just help me out with some physical problems, but how I was able to help you too.

On summer and winter vacations pre-mp3/Zune era you let me borrow your Linkin Park and Good Charlotte CDs. Because of the CDs you let me borrow you are mentioned in an upcoming book I've been writing. There was also one Christmas

where you got me an anime DVD (an anime I can't seem to finish), and I also got a portable DVD player. That day you wanted to take me out. I took the DVD player and DVD with us. The bus never came since it was Christmas day. We watched the some of the DVD before we called Dad for backup.

One of my favorite memories is when you contacted me two days after my twenty-fifth birthday. We were able to catch up a bit. I hope we catch up more in the future.

Joey Rodriguez: Some of my favorite memories of us are more recent. I loved doing shots with you, Richard, and Eric a year ago. I love you coming over to our place. It was so nice to catch up with you when you first came over. That time we played thirteen rounds of Sorry. I introduced you to the game, and you kicked my ass twelve times. After ten defeats in Sorry we decided to played Checkers (a game you're supposedly bad at) and you kicked my ass in that too. So I introduced you to Stratego, and you slaughtered me. Hahaha. I was so glad to to play board games. I beat you in Sorry in round thirteen. That week we also made s'mores over the stove with Richard. A few weeks later you came over again and we hung out. We played a round of Mr. Lister. You quizzed Richard and me. You threatened to be disappointed in us if we couldn't think of the answers to certain questions like the title of the Harry Potter books and more. It's a lot of fun when you come over. You letting me know how much I DON'T want to play Monopoly with you because in that game you are a sore winner. You even told me about a game of Monopoly when you slaughtered Richard and Eric even though they teamed up against you.

Grandma Sally: I know we had a period where we didn't talk, but I'm so glad you're back in my life. I have some childhood memories with you and more recent memories. You were the one whose pool I never wanted to get out of even when I couldn't swim and just hung on the side scraping my toes against the pool's walls. When your grandchildren were younger we'd get to pick a toy out of a treasure chest. You taught me Puff the Magic Dragon in stages. I took a bubble bath at your house when I was little that was so bubbly I had to be hosed off. You introduced me to cotton candy. I couldn't believe you wanted me to eat "cotton". You also introduced me to bread bowls. Whenever we talk you have so many wonderful memories to share with me about my childhood. You teaching me to ride and take care of horses. Teaching Jess and I to drive mules (tiny pickup truck like things). One of the times I came down from Washington my flight was delayed and then canceled, so the next day we went to town before my flight and watched the movie Aliens in the Attic. You made that day so great and special for me. We email a lot more now. Jessicah helped us reconnect. You have been so proud of me lately with how life is going. You keep me updated on how Grandpa is doing. You gave Richard and a the greatest house warming gift of helping us get pots and pans, a desk, a cart for shopping, a futon.

Every time we talk I smile. I'm watching Golden Girls recently and I thought of you. You tried to get me into, and now I know why. 😊

Grandpa Welch: I have so many childhood and years ago memories of you. I was so scared one night when I was sleeping at your house as a kid, woke up with a nightmare, and found out you had false teeth. I found them in a cup of water and screamed. You rode a train with Jess and me when our parents had prepared a place for us in Colorado. That's where you taught me the song "All I Want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth" because ironically Jess or I had actually lost our two front teeth. Since I was eleven I spent fall breaks with you and you taught Jess and I how to drive on ATVs. You taught us new lessons each year. When I was nineteen you taught me as much as you could on the ATVs, and when we got back to your house you said that you didn't know why I didn't want to drive. I heard Jane talking to you about how she wanted you to help me try to get my license. You have always been awesome. When I talked to more recently we talk about how you can't believe I live in Brooklyn, New York.



For people I don't include I'm sorry. But feel free to leave memories you have of me in the comments. The memories I'm sharing stand out.

Treasured Picture Memories I wanted to Share



I'm really proud of the effort I put into this. It's my first shot at a biography or autobiography. I hope I did everyone justice. I wrote three different copies of notes, and two to three drafts depending on the person. I also updated some people's notes as the memory was in the making. I wrote 132 pages for this project to be complete. I hope you share some of your memories with me.