

My Love

There are no words created by man that could begin to scratch the surface of the depth of feelings, of love, of purpose, of influence that my baby had on my soul. Words are created by man, but the effect that Kimberly had on anyone she ever met was not of this world. Her whole persona and aura shown an inner light that was infectious that drew people to her no matter where she was or what she was doing. You only had to walk into the same room with my baby and you were hooked on her enthusiasm for life and her love of people---That's purely of God here on earth.

Kimberly never put into words what her sole purpose in this life was, but anyone who spent more than 5 minutes with her knew instantly that from every pore in her soul and body poured her love for her family. She was constantly concerned about the happiness of her father, her mother, her sister and brother, and she didn't stop there. She constantly worried about the happiness of her aunts, her uncles, her cousins her nephews and nieces. She would call them all often or send cards and try to make herself the family's crusader for happiness and peace. She would lament privately over family feuds or troubles and it hurt her to the quick of her soul if she thought a family member was upset with her. Where most people let anger and rancor seethe just for petty spite, Kim's heart would not allow it. She would always try to find some way to make amends, for the God blessed part of her soul would not accept anything else---That's purely of God here on earth.

God's earthly angel not only had an intense love of family, but she had an unearthly sense of loyalty and responsibility to her friends. In the same ways that she constantly was concerned about the well-being of her family, she took on the burden of making sure that her friends were happy and well. I can't even begin to list the number of friends that she profoundly influenced and was influence by, but she was so happy and relieved that Kelly married the love of her life, and that her other friends were either well on their way establishing happy families, or were finally laying the groundwork for beginning a future for a happy family. By the grace of God, she walked into my life nine years ago and by the grace of God, I was able to fill her with love and provide for her and she so passionately wanted her friends and family to experience the same kind of love we shared. She had this selfless need to share what was so special to her---That's purely of God here on earth.

And of our love, I wanted to save this for last because all of you know her as a friend, as a sister, and as a daughter, but only I know her as a passionate wife, and mommy. These were her most fulfilling roles. These were the roles that she threw her whole heart and soul into. She did so to such a degree that you could be a stranger just happening by as we strolled through a store or sat and ate at a restaurant and you would note to yourself the love that flowed through our family. I know this because this actually happened on more than one occasion. The strangers would come up and tell us that they had been watching our interactions and apologize for doing so, but they just had to come and tell us that they were moved by the love that they saw and that we were truly blessed. These people had witnessed from a distance what I was blessed to feel and experience every day for nine years. I thank God so much that Kimberly and I would tell each other at least five or six times a day that we loved each other and at least once a week either she or I would stop what we were doing in the hustle and bustle of life to look deep into each

other's eyes and with tears of deep loving emotion and say, "I love you sooo much." We said this to each other on the couch at 11.00 p.m. Sunday night. My baby seemed to always sense what was going to happen well before it ever did and she made sure that we had this moment Sunday night and she asked me, "Do you love me sooo much?" And I said to her, "I love you so so much and you know that you are the love of my life baby." And we hugged tightly and settled in to watch T.V. together like we always did every night, of course expecting to have forty or fifty years of this same routine ahead of us. We tried to never go to bed mad at each other and it was impossible to stay upset with my baby for anything for more than a short period of time because just the least little bit of turbulence would shake her precious little soul and my heart couldn't bare to know that, so our little fires were short-lived and trivial because they would almost instantly be smothered out by our intense love for each other. For you see, the term "wife" doesn't even begin to encompass the scope of feeling and emotions that I shared with my precious darling. She was my heart, she was my soul, she truly made me the man I am today and she truly was my backbone. As her spirit looks on today, the shell that is left behind is indicative of the shell you see standing here today. If it weren't for the love of my children and family and friends, what little heart I have left would dry up and blow away. She is my pookers, my baby, my honey, my darling, and the very reason I exist today. She has seen me through trials and tribulations that anyone not heavenly blessed would have shrunk from and run away, but not my little bull dog. My dainty precious little wife in times of need would transform into a determined wad of purpose that would not waiver until the conflict was resolved in her favor. And you dared not stand between her and her three children. There are many teachers, coaches, and children party suppliers that know exactly where she stands, from making sure that a pitch was the right height for our precious Connor, to making sure that Nathan had the right equipment and that coach Key should have walked a kid instead of pitching to him, to making sure that farm animals arrive on time to beautiful little Chloe's birthday party this Sunday; she did it all. She did it all with a zest and passion that looking back now seems to have been a sense of urgency to make sure her family was well taken care of. As a wife, there is no equal – she provided for her husband in every way and she shouldered the burden of maintaining a happy home with all of her energy. As a mom, there is no equal – she threw her whole existence into providing a stable and loving home and in doing so it filled her soul with happiness and love. As a friend there is no equal--- she is and always will be my best friend who knew me better than I knew myself. If I ever doubted what I could do as a father or a man or even an employee she knew what to say and do to give me the strength to accomplish whatever it was I needed to do--- That's purely of God here on earth.

I could go on for hours and days talking about the good that Kimberly brought to me, our children, our family and our friends, and I know that this is exactly what I will be doing every minute of every hour of every day just to try to keep my precious baby as close to me as I can. I want the whole world to know about the angel that was taken from us oh so too soon. I want the whole world to know what kind of mom our children are going to miss in their lives. I want the whole world to know what I am going to miss in a friend, a lover, and loving wife. I want the whole world to know the brave wife, mother, and friend that fought for her life and her family's well-being headed down that highway. I want the whole world to know that she is not only a hero to many who may have been hurt by the beast that took my best friend, but that she was a hero to anyone who ever met

her. I want the whole world to know that we all need to be accountable for these beast in our society and that we cannot walk through our lives with blinders on and ignore the responsibilities we have to each other's husbands, wives, fathers and mothers and to be on the look out for these animals amongst us and to report sightings of these beast so that we may no exact locations so that we may protect our loved ones from harm. We as neighborhoods and as a society in the state of Georgia need an alert system to alert us when a violent act has been committed against another person and this beast has escaped among our loved ones. We have Amber Alerts for missing children, Megan Alerts for kidnapped children, but no alert for husband's and wives, mothers and fathers who have been violently attacked or raped and had the attacker escape to take refuge among other mothers and fathers. I thank all mighty God for Shawn Roberts who did all he could as a Good Samaritan to save my baby. He did his part in protecting not only himself from this demon, but also his own wife and kids. For it was not just a 30 year old woman that was killed on that highway at 9:12 a.m. September the 12th, 2005, she was a loving mother, wife and friend to many. This one act of senseless violence is going to have dire consequences for decades to come. It is an unstoppable wave of repercussions that will negatively affect hundreds of friends and family. Family members, who are not even born yet, like Kimberly's grandchildren, will even be cheated out of her presence among us, not to mention the void that is now there in her own children's lives. These are the most innocent of victims.

I never knew that when God breathed a talent of writing into my being, that I would have to use it to try to immortalize the love of my life taken from all of us in such a tragic way. My world was shattered the morning of September 12th and an unspeakable nightmare has taken the place of the dream my wife and family were living. As a man and husband I blame myself for not being there for her to hold and to protect her as I promised to do in my vows I took seven years ago and that will haunt me the rest of my life. I pray for understanding from God of why he would take my love and my children's mommy at such an early time in our lives. Everyone says that God has a plan and purpose for everything, but I just don't know what good can come out of this tragedy. I told my motherless children that God loved their mommy so much and that she was such a good angel here on earth, that He needed her in Heaven so that she may be able to do even more good by his side, and I pray to God for God sake that this is true, for this is the only inkling of relief that I have in this pain that wrecks my body and soul. I also pray that my Kimberly is looking down on me at this time, forgiving me for not protecting her, for not being there in her struggle for life. I also want you to know Kim, that I am sorry for not writing that motherhood poem I had been promising you because it wasn't for the lack of inspiration. You inspired me every day in so many different ways. I pray that you can remain as proud of me now that you are in the arms of God, as you were when you were here with me in my arms. I love you baby always and forever and not until death do us part as our vows naively estimated, but for all of eternity. Please have the gait open when I get there to join you Kim.....I love you so so much. Mike your loving husband.