

Praise for *Finding Jill* . . .

“Natives help one another as they have shared an experience; tourists do not understand. If you have experienced a significant loss, Jill’s story can help you on your journey of healing.”

—Bernie Siegel, MD

Author of A Book of Miracles and Faith, Hope and Healing

“*Finding Jill* is a gut-wrenching, unforgettable story of overcoming the most adverse conditions life can hand a wife and mother. If you’re wondering where and how to begin to rebuild your life after a loved one’s death, this book is a must read. If you have a friend who has experienced a loss, this book will help you identify. If you’ve ever wondered what loss feels like and what the capacity for healing is, you need to read this book.”

—Rebecca Hauder, RN, MEd, LCPC, LMFT

Author of The Nature of Grief

Owner of Resources for Grief

“This book should be must-reading for everyone who experiences the sudden loss of a loved one or loved ones. It is a book of deep pathos and monumental courage. Jill could not have shown us how to grieve and survive our losses any better. The word that emerges through it all is *hope*.”

—Bob Deits

*Author of Life after Loss and coauthor of When Your Grandma Forgets
(Helping Children Cope with Alzheimer’s and Beyond)*

“*Finding Jill* is a must-read book for anyone who has ever lost a loved one, as well as those who seek to offer support. Jill Kraft Thompson’s inspirational story is both heart-wrenching and heart-affirming, taking the reader on a journey from tragic loss to finding the hope and courage to live and love once again. In opening her heart, Jill allows us to gain a deeper understanding of the grief process and how to transform grief into strength.”

—Barb Adams

Host, Amerika Now talk radio show



Finding Jill

How I Rebuilt My Life
after Losing the Five People
I Loved Most

Jill Kraft Thompson



MIND, BODY, AND SOUL
P R O D U C T I O N S

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Summary: Jill Kraft Thompson had a life filled with love. Then, in the middle of a two-year adventure in Italy for her husband's work, a semi truck plowed into their minivan, killing the five people most dear to her: her husband, their two young sons, her mother, and her niece, while barely surviving herself. In the course of her recovery journey, she realizes that while she will never forget her loved ones who have passed on, she can renew her faith and find room in her heart to live, and to love, again.—Publisher.

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TO ALL INDIVIDUALS who have suffered through grief.

Whether it comes in a great mass or a minute spore, grief must be honored with thought, perseverance, and understanding so that it can be transformed into our strength rather than our weakness.

TO MY HUSBAND BART,

who believed in me and gave me confidence and undying love.

AND TO MY HUSBAND JOHN,

who has held me up when I have not had the strength to stand on my own, and who has brought love, joy, and laughter into my life.

Thank you, loves of my life!

Acknowledgments

I AM GRATEFUL TO SHARON KATZ, who taught me how to find the tools to face my grief, stepped me through each situation, gave me permission to grieve my way, and helped me take control of my life again. Thank you for your guidance and continued support.

I also want to express gratitude to Kevin Quirk for making my dream of sharing my story a reality, using his talent as a writer to capture my voice, thoughts, feelings, and vision and to bring clarity and direction to a story I pray will help others; to Lisa Kraft, Martha Tikker, and Wayne Allan, for participating in the creation of this book; and to my friends and family who have loved and supported me these past years during my journey through grief.

Thanks, too, to Kelly Heindel, who threw me a lifeline of love and non-judgment each moment I felt I had no ability to continue. You, I love!

Finally, a special thanks to John and Franklin for listening to my endless stories about Bart, Benjamin, and Samuel, and for making them part of our family. Having your permission to carry the love I have for them has given me the ability to love deeper than I ever thought was possible. You both are my inspiration for living each day with happiness, acceptance, and love.

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Prelude

The Mirror

I LOOK IN THE MIRROR and see the image of a woman who has scars. Those on her neck and forehead are camouflaged by the foundation she has so carefully applied, while the other physical marks on her leg, arm, and shoulder are hidden by strategic placement of clothing and jewelry.

But what about the scars on the inside, in her soul—the scars no mirror can hide? She looks lonely, frightened, lost, imprisoned by pain that borders on desperation. As I continue to look, I see the image of a woman who is alone and disconnected, struggling with grief recovery, existing but not really alive. She is a woman who dares not plan, not beyond a year, a month, a day, a minute. Because she knows that plans are never to be trusted, that they are a setup for despair. With each breath, she remembers that every plan, every hope for the future, can be wiped out in a split second, causing seemingly interminable grief and sorrow.

The woman in the mirror knows all this, but she also knows that other woman who used to look in the mirror not so many years ago, a woman able to plan, to dream, to seek. This other woman could see herself as a developing ceramic artist, or a personal decorator, or an accomplished golfer—all while relishing life with family and friends. This other woman's laughter, lightness, and unending love encircled her every move, and joy filled her being. The mirrored woman longs for this other woman to reappear. Occasionally, amidst the sadness and suffering, she catches glimpses of her in the shadows and experiences brief moments of levity and joy as she continues struggling to break free from grief and suffering. Will she ultimately surrender and allow grief to submerge her, sucking her beneath its giant unending wave, or will she somehow, someday find her way to calmer waters of peace and happiness, altering that image in the mirror? 



Introduction

AS MARCH 25, 2012, a milestone anniversary in my life, fast approached, I was not planning a festive celebration with decadent cakes or glittering presents. I was not inviting dozens of family and friends to share the moment with me at my home. I had no plans for dancing music, boisterous laughter, or champagne toasts. It was not that kind of anniversary.

As the big day drew near, I'd begun feeling so ill and tired that I was not getting up until 10:00 am or even noon. I'd canceled most obligations, and I was drinking a glass of wine every night just to numb the feelings of sadness that were starting to overwhelm me. I was planning on going out of town, to San Diego, for the anniversary date itself, to do something completely different to seek a buffer against the waves of grief and desperation.

Ten years before, on March 25, 2002, my life as I had known it ended. On a busy interstate in Italy, a semi truck lost control, crossed a median, and smashed headfirst into my family's minivan. My husband, my two young sons, my mother, and my niece all died. My sister and I survived, something no one who saw the photo of the wreckage could imagine. In one moment, everything I had known and loved had been taken away, and I couldn't understand why on earth I hadn't gone with them.

Finding Jill is the story of how I endured the unbearable pain, loss, and grief and underwent a gradual recovery so I could begin to truly live life again with hope and joy. What I have learned in these past ten years has filled my heart and soul. I have survived not only physically but also mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. I thank God for the strength and courage to stand with me every day, many of which have not been at all pretty. I feel deep gratitude for so many people who have reached out to me with love, caring, and compassion, even when I sometimes seemed to push them away.

Through telling about my own journey of grief recovery, I hope to help others who have suffered difficult losses, either recently or some time ago. It doesn't matter how many months or years have gone by; losses don't go away, and it is necessary to deal with grief. It's not important how loss occurred in others' lives, or who or what was a part of it, only that the loss is deeply felt. None of us can know exactly what other grieving people are feeling, but we can tell our story in the hope that others may benefit from our experiences.

This book does not begin with images of shattered glass and twisted metal but rather where my *real* story starts, with love, union, the building of a family, and dreams of a wonderful future. It then goes on to depict our adventure of living in Italy, where we became as close as any family could be, right up until those final days in Venice. To get across the true nature of my loss, it is necessary to portray my family and the depth of my love for those who died. Only then can others begin to grasp just how unbearable it was for me to wake up from surviving that horrible accident to learn I'd never see them on earth again.

The latter part of the book is a candid revelation of the twists and turns of my grief recovery and healing process, including descriptions of the tools and advice I found helpful; the inner resources I needed to tap; and the ways others assisted me during this journey. My deepest wish is that others may find in my personal account something that touches them or provides them with ideas, insights, or images that may light their own path forward during grief recovery. Any difference I can make in the lives of others will make an even greater difference in my own.

Chapter 1

The Ring

MOM HAD ALWAYS BEEN MY ANCHOR. I could come to her with any need, any problem to sort out, and she'd be right there with the answer I was looking for or the words I yearned to hear. That was true when I was a little girl in the small town of Weiser, Idaho. It was true after she and Dad divorced when I was thirteen and she had to go to work to keep us afloat. And it was still true when I was twenty-one, living in Boise and feeling lost.

I remember one night at her condo when I was feeling especially down and Mom supported my self-esteem. "Mom, I've had enough of adventure," I announced. "I want to figure out some kind of purpose, a clear direction to follow. But sometimes it just feels like I fail at everything I try."

She was aware of the evidence. After dropping out of the University of Idaho before the end of my sophomore year with poor grades, I had been drifting from place to place and job to job. I had tried working at an assisted living facility for the mentally challenged because I had intended to be a psychology major in college, but that didn't stick. I remember a big, burly man with MS had asked me to sneak him some Saltines, and when he began choking on them I had to pick him up and throw him hard on the bed to dislodge the crackers. Another time I was helping a patient get to the toilet and before I could get my gloves on he pooped on my hand. After yet another male patient whom I was trying to move grabbed my breasts and then giggled at what he had done, I quit.

I had also worked for a while at a Boise bank; followed some girlfriends up to Sun Valley one summer, where I sold tickets for the Sports Center and got to meet Jamie Lee Curtis; and finally spent seven months juggling jobs at an events center and a preschool in Coeur d'Alene. When my money ran out, Mom had told me, "You need to move back to Boise."

After coming back to Boise, I lived with Mom for a while, just as I had

when I first dropped out of college. Even after I moved into an apartment with my stepsister Stacey, I still spent many a night at Mom's. By that time, I was employed in the Fine Jewelry Department of JC Penney at Boise Towne Square, and after work I'd head over to her place, where we'd pop popcorn and snuggle up on the sofa to watch TV together. On the night I was feeling like a failure, we were tuned in to *Northern Exposure*, one of her favorite programs.

"You are not a failure, and I am very proud of you," Mom insisted. "So you didn't finish college. Look at your friends who did graduate. They're not smarter than you. You don't need a degree to prove how smart you are. Learning is a never-ending process. Even in college you were learning."

"Right," I chuckled. "I was learning how to socialize! I guess I really don't believe I failed at school, but I'd just like to be going somewhere. Looks like my idea of becoming a jewelry designer isn't going to happen. So now where do I go?"

Mom laid her hand on my wrist and said, encouragingly, "Well, I know you, and I know that you will excel at whatever you choose to do. You will search until you find the one thing you truly love, and when you do you will follow it with all your heart."

I grabbed a handful of popcorn and thought a moment. "If I'm honest with myself," I said between bites, "that one thing is to be a wife and mother. But that doesn't seem very realistic these days, does it?"

Mom just smiled and moved closer to me on the sofa. We watched TV in silence.

I enjoyed my job at JC Penney, where I would assist women and men shopping for major gifts. Once I earned a company prize for selling the most watches, and as a reward I got to select my favorite Bulova. I was good at my job because I had taken time to educate myself about the kind of jewelry we carried. "If you study something to the nth degree, you will excel at it," Mom would say. I could look at a piece of jewelry and detect any defect in it, and sometimes I could even handle a repair myself so we wouldn't have to send it out. I also enjoyed doing my own engraving.

As with any jewelry department, engagement and wedding rings were

a popular attraction for our customers. I always had my eyes out for rings that appealed to me personally, and one day my gaze fixed on a .30-carat brilliant-cut ring with little dazzling diamonds. It came in a round shape, but I was envisioning something a little more...me.

One day I asked the distributor, "Do you have one in a marquise setting?"

When she later brought one like that into the store, I held it in my hand and beamed. "That's my ring!" I proclaimed. "If someone wants to buy this ring, they'd better be sure they want to marry me."

I wasn't shy about telling my coworkers and friends of my decision. "Nice ring, Jill. Now you just need a husband to go with it. Hope you find one before that ring is taken," said Barbara, a regular at all the singles events in Boise.

"Don't worry, I will," I countered. "And whoever it is he better understand that the prongs have to be fixed. This ring has to be just right for me."

From that day forward, this ring with three brilliant-cut diamonds on each side, and a fourth to be added when it was converted to a wedding band, was known as "Jill's ring." We would all kid around about the idea, but in my soul I knew it was true. Just as I knew the first time I laid eyes on Barton Joel Kraft that this man was to be my husband.

My relationship with Barton began when I left JC Penney and began working in the escrow business. One evening after work Mom invited me to a singles event sponsored by The Beautiful Savior Lutheran Church, where she was an active member. I was not looking forward to going. Even though my older brother Steve and his girlfriend Mary would be there, I wouldn't know anyone else. And I wasn't feeling very attractive that day, having worn a skirt borrowed from Mom and feeling pudgy due to weight I had gained in college and had not been able to lose.

"Maybe I'll stay home," I said to myself. Then I shook my head and added, "No, I need to do this to support Mom. I'll just show up a little late."

Arriving with low expectations, I opened the door to Mom's house and suddenly found myself looking into the eyes of the most handsome man I had ever seen. And it just so happened that the only seat available was

right beside him. *Mom, I love you*, I thought to myself. I began bantering nervously with the man of my dreams. I let him talk enough for me to learn that his name was Bart; he worked for Micron, the growing microchip firm that was a Boise mainstay; and that he was pursuing a master's degree to enhance his prospects there. This handsome man and I, along with Steve and Mary, were by far the four youngest people there, and when Steve suggested we go off to see a movie, I jumped at the idea.

"Great idea, Steve!" I burst out. "Let's all four of us go." I looked at Bart eagerly.

"Well, that does sound like a good idea," he began, "but it's getting late. I'm afraid I need to head home and study."

The color drained from my face. *Go home and study?* To me, that was the biggest rejection anyone could give. As far as I was concerned, if he was at all interested in me school would come second, which is how it had always been for me in college.

As I watched Bart leave, I decided that I would have to be satisfied with admiring the man of my dreams from afar, at least for a while. But since he had said he attended Mom's church regularly and had even begun to get to know Mom as a friend I made a sincere vow: I would forgo sleeping in on Sunday mornings and show up every week for the service at The Beautiful Savior Lutheran Church. "I'll just tell Mom I'm attending to strengthen my faith," I said to myself. "I'm not going to let anyone know I have my eyes on some man who doesn't seem interested in me!"

This is how I became a fixture at The Beautiful Savior Lutheran Church, although I already had a strong faith. I attended regularly with Mom and her boyfriend Dick, who drove the seventy-five miles from Weiser, where they had met and he still lived. At church, I would gaze discreetly at Bart now and then, and I found out more information about him: he had recently moved to Boise from the Seattle area and was newly divorced but had no children. The fact that he was divorced didn't scare me. I had learned from my parents, whom I both adored, that some people just do not work well together.

More than a year after that first look at this man I was secretly in love

with, Mom organized another singles event—this one a picnic in a park. Again, I felt I had to attend so I wouldn't let Mom down. But I also figured it might be another occasion to at least talk to Bart. When I first arrived, I didn't spot him and joined in a kickball game. But soon I looked up to see Bart...and some other woman clinging to him! Instantly, I felt my knees buckle, convinced that I was on the verge of fainting, vomiting, or both. *He's cheating on me!* I thought. *I realize he barely knows my name, but still.*

"Mom, I need to go home," I muttered, feeling a deep sense of regret since she had driven me over and would need to drive me back. "I just feel sick all of a sudden."

"Honey, what's wrong?" she asked. "Can you sit down for a few minutes and see if it will pass? You know I'm in charge of this event. I would hate to leave so soon."

"Mom, I'm so sorry, but I think I'm going to throw up," I added with a sense of urgency, eager to get away from the disappointing situation.

Mom helped calm me briefly, and then, as she always had, she responded to my needs. On the drive home, she didn't even ask me the kinds of questions that might have made it too hard to conceal the truth. If she suspected anything about my crush on Bart, she never told me.

I was so deflated that I avoided our church for a while, but I couldn't stay away for long. My first time back Bart was there. And when he happened to join Mom, Dick, and me after the sermon on our way out the door, all of a sudden Mom invited him to play a round of golf with us—and he accepted! My knees buckled again, but this time I stood my ground. "I'll go kick his butt in golf," I said to myself. "That will show him I'm no typical girl."

We headed for Warm Springs, where Mom and Dick informed us that they could only play nine holes but asked Bart and me if we would like to play nine more. I thought, *Sure, no problem. He's just a golfing partner for the day. Oh, is that a hickey on his neck? Gross!* But when we finished the eighteen holes and said good-bye, I renewed my vow to go to church every Sunday, figuring God missed me!

Then one day out of the blue Bart called me at work. "Your mom gave me your number," he said. "I hope it's okay to call you."

“No problem,” I said, still in my defiant mode.

“Well, my friend Pete and I have four tickets to the Jazz-Sonics basketball game at the Pavilion tonight. A couple of girls we know from Oregon were going to come with us, but they had to cancel. Pete got a friend to come, but her girlfriend can’t make it. I know this is last minute, but I was wondering if you might...”

If I had really been defiant, I would have been thinking, *Why, the nerve of this guy. Who does he think he is?* But that wasn’t exactly what I was thinking. “I’d love to come!” I gushed, my heart pounding out of my chest, forgetting I already had a date that night.

“Okay, we’ll pick you up at six then,” he responded, sounding just a bit surprised.

My mind was racing. He most likely had been dating others in the eighteen months since I had first seen him and decided I was going to marry him. But I had been flirting with and dating other men, too. I immediately picked up the phone and called my intended date, saying, “I’m really sorry, Mike. I forgot that I had plans with a friend from church.” Well, at least the last part was true.

At the basketball game, I had no idea what was happening on the court, but things were proceeding quite well in the stands. I had no more weak knees. I was so confident in being around Bart that in a few weeks I invited him to my sister Jody’s Halloween party. Bart accepted, but as the date drew near I got nervous and wondered if there really was someone else in his life and whether I would have to tell him it was okay to bring a “friend.” Feeling self-protective, I chose not to follow through on the invitation. Little did I know that he sat by the phone that night, costume ready. I still feel bad I disappointed him!

Some weeks after the Halloween party, on Sunday, December 8, 1991, Jody and I went shopping at Boise Towne Square. As I had done on every visit to the mall since I had left my job at JC Penney, I made it a point to circle around to the jewelry counter to see if my ring was still there. It was. Usually, while with someone who had not seen it I would put on the ring and say, laughing, “If some guy walks by, he will know

this is the ring I want.” Jody had already heard that one, so I just said it to myself.

After we got back to Mom’s condo, I began talking with Jody about my dating life. “You know, I don’t really like Mike or Dan more than friends,” I told her as I picked up the phone to check for messages on Mom’s answering machine, as she had asked us to do. “I’ve never told anyone this, but the guy I really like is Bart Kraft. You can’t tell him, though, because he doesn’t really like me.”

And then I heard the message: “Hi, this is Bart Kraft. I’m calling for Jill. Jill, I’m finishing my finals this week, and I was hoping you would go out and celebrate with me. Can I take you to dinner this weekend? Either Friday or Saturday works for me. Call me and let me know. Thanks!”

“It’s him! It’s him!” I shouted to Jody as I hopped around the kitchen.

I called Bart right back and accepted for Friday night—Friday the 13th. On the day of his celebration dinner, I took my time getting ready. Even though I didn’t drink wine at the time, I drank a glass of Mom’s Riesling to calm my nerves. Bart picked me up in his gold Porsche, looking very hot! He took me to B. B. Strand’s, a small restaurant in downtown Boise where the tables were covered with paper. When Bart colored some pictures for me, I thought, *How romantic!* And when he chose an entrée with shark even though I detest food that swims, I tried some anyway because it was *his* choice.

We talked and laughed late into the night, having such a good time that we prolonged the date by stopping by my friend Kelly’s Christmas party after dinner. While there, I noticed Bart’s back pocket was ripped, revealing his underwear. Had it been anyone else, I might have been embarrassed. but with Bart it somehow seemed endearing. We drove home on the back roads, and when it came time to say good night, with his eyes gazing into mine, I felt an amazing calmness. As he leaned closer until his lips touched mine, it was like electricity shot throughout my body, triggering a feeling I had never experienced before, not a sexual feeling but a magical one only understandable to Bart and me.

Within a week we had begun seeing each other every day, even on

Christmas, which came only a few weeks after our first date. My gift to him that year became a joke between us as time passed. Since with other guys I had dated I had gone all out with a first gift and then felt too pushy, I tried to play it cool with Bart. Knowing that he disliked my love of country music and teased me when I would wake up with such songs in my head, I put together a tape of my favorite country songs. But when I opened his wonderful gifts to me, a beautiful long-sleeved shirt he had driven up to Bogus Basin Recreation Area to pick out because he knew I liked to ski and a bolo made at an Idaho rock store in downtown Boise, I knew I had struck a wrong note with my gift to him. Fortunately, over the years that followed I had many opportunities to make up for it.

During this period, we spent many a night out in Boise. Our favorite spot for dining and listening to music was the Lock, Stock & Barrel, voted our town's best steakhouse. On one night out together, I took Bart to the mall to show him the ring I loved, which I called "my ring." "You better get it fixed before you give it to me," I said jokingly.

Bart not only listened attentively when I talked about everything in my life, he also supported me in whatever daily challenge I faced. For example, one night, after I'd been fired from a job in escrow, he took me to the Bogus Basin Recreation Area, found a scenic spot with a view of the city, and popped a bottle of champagne in the car.

"What's this for?" I asked, perplexed about his actions implying something positive had happened that day.

"We're celebrating. You're finally out of that hell hole!" he replied.

In March we took our first road trip, which was to Lake Tahoe for the wedding of one of Bart's friends. After a night out with the wedding crowd, we went off by ourselves to a scenic, romantic spot. We were talking almost nonstop when I thought I heard Bart say, "I love you." So I immediately said, "Me too!"—just in case I had heard him incorrectly. A few minutes later we were wrapped in a tender embrace, kissing, when a security guard knocked on our window, making us laugh at the stereotypical situation. On the drive back to Boise, we stopped at a service station to buy a new tape, determined to find some music that we could enjoy together. We selected

a Michael Bolton recording, and though others might have considered it sappy we loved it. One night soon after, Bart told me, "I never knew what real love was until I met you."

Early in the fall we had a date scheduled when Bart was uncharacteristically late coming to pick me up. I was hungry and also angry after his explanation that he had been delayed shopping for a new Land Cruiser didn't make sense, but we said no more about it. Then on November 11, we had plans to go to B. B. Strand's, but the day before, Bart called and asked if it was okay to have our date at the house. Although a bit disappointed not to be going back to the site of our first date, I agreed to go to what we called the "good house" because it was located on Good Street.

My disappointment immediately vanished when I walked in the front door to see the cream-colored Italian leather sofas had been pushed back to make room for a blanket in front of the fireplace; place settings had been meticulously laid out; candles had been lit, providing the only light in the living room; and wine glasses had been set close to the fire.

Bart had already cooked dinner, a chicken stir fry with rice, and although he gracefully moved the food from the kitchen to our fireside location he seemed mysteriously nervous. "I just thought this would be more romantic than going out tonight," he said, grinning while picking up his chopsticks.

I nodded. We talked animatedly as we always did during dinner. When we were finished, I got up to take the dishes to the kitchen.

"You're not going to do the dishes now, are you? You're coming right back, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm just putting them in the sink," I murmured, still wondering what was making him anxious. When I returned to the living room, the cause was immediately apparent. I was astonished to see he was wearing "my ring" on the pinky of his right hand.

"Look how it shines in the firelight," he stated casually.

Now *I* was the nervous one. I wrapped my arms around him and rocked back and forth for what seemed like at least a half hour.

"Does this mean yes?" he finally asked.

"Yes," I said clearly. "There is nothing I want more!"

Though it was only eleven months into our relationship, I knew that Bart and I were meant to be husband and wife—forever. And, sure enough, we planned our wedding for six months later, on May 8, 1993. Bart had the ring from JC Penney configured to be my wedding ring, and he did remember to fix the prongs!

There was only one place we could be married: The Beautiful Savior Lutheran Church. That's the place that had brought us together and where I realized we were destined to be together. Mom and Dad bought the wedding dress I had spotted, with tiny, elegant beads in front and sleeves with a slight poof that made me feel like a princess out of a fairy tale. The night before the wedding, when I was trying so hard to stay in control despite my nerves, I was facing toward the audience while rehearsing when suddenly the others in the wedding party began to laugh. It turned out that Bart was behind me, mimicking my gestures. He knew just what to do to bring me back to earth.

On the day of the wedding I didn't let Bart see me before the ceremony, and when I walked into church I heard him gasp. As his eyes welled up with tears, I sensed his pride. I guess I took his breath away, and he sure did that for me. A friend played the trumpet as my dad walked me down the aisle. My two sisters stood beside me while Bart's brother Todd and my brother Steve stood beside him. Jody Light read from the Book of Psalms, and Susan Cornwell's voice perfected the ceremony. Our brothers and sisters treated us to a limo ride to our reception, which was in the Crystal Ballroom in the Hoff Building. We made sure our first dance was to "Now That I Found You" by Michael Bolton. I would never forget that night, which seemed perfect in every way and such a powerful expression of our love. So many details of it, especially Bart's face, would flash back to haunt me after the accident.