

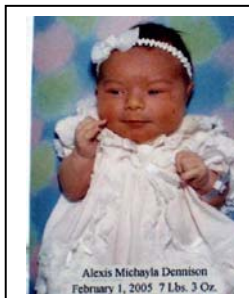
We're Family Park Newsletter

Dedicated to the family of James & Amanda Dennison Issue 7, March 2005

WWW.WEREFAMILY.ORG

We look forward to your presence at our next Family Reunion – July 30th and 31st

Alexis Michayla Dennison



Alexis Michayla Dennison
February 1, 2005 7 Lbs. 3 Oz.

was born to Eric and Michelle on Feb. 1, 2005. She is described by her father as, "A big girl with lots of black hair, and is awfully pretty." Alexis weighed in at 7 pounds 3 oz. and 19 1/2 inches long. Her grandfather is David Dennison and her great grandmother is Geraldine Dennison.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY



On February 12, 2005, a birthday party for a very special person was held at Frametown Elementary in Frametown, West Virginia. Jessie Marie (Boggs) Dennison was born on February 14, 1930. She graduated from Clay County High School in 1948. She then went on to marry Byron Dale Dennison. Soon after they were married God blessed her with nine

bundles of joy, one girl and eight boys. She now has twenty-nine grandchildren, six great grandchildren, and two more great grandchildren on the way.

There were roughly seventy-one people who attended the birthday party. Her family and some of her closest friends were there. There were also six people in attendance that graduated from high school with her. One gentleman, Roscoe Bee, saw the invitation that we had placed in the local paper and came to the party. He hadn't seen Jessie since they had graduated, fifty-seven years ago.

Overall the party was full of good fellowship, food, and music. Everyone had a good time as we honored an extraordinary lady, on a very special day.

Picture and story submitted by Amber Dennison (02-3-2-2s)



Race Street Café



www.RaceStCafe.com

Our restaurant, The Race Street Cafe, is located in Frenchtown, NJ, a river town unlike anyplace you might imagine from what you have seen or heard of New Jersey. Frenchtown is small and the Delaware River is unspoiled and undeveloped at this and other stretches in this part of the state. We re-opened the cafe for business at the end of September 2003.

The restaurant serves American cuisine featuring Long Island Duck, Crab Cakes, Kentucky Bourbon steak and a number of other entries. Although the menu changes weekly, there are popular entrees that remain week after week. The restaurant itself is small, seating 40 if we are lucky, and quite intimate. A photo of the exterior is attached.

Our son, Jon Dennison 02-6-3, is the chef and part owner. Jon had been a chef or sous-chef for twelve years, so it was time to try to make it on his own. Now being self-employed, he has a demanding boss. We welcome a visit of kinfolk, to see the area and enjoy good food. However, to enjoy free food, visitors will have to come to where we live in Lambertville, 14 miles south.

Written by Gene Dennison 02-6

THE FIRST EASTER

It was the first Easter morning
Very early in the day
Mary went to the tomb of Jesus
And found, the stone was rolled away.

He's not dead, but He is living
He is much alive today
The grave it couldn't hold our Jesus
For the stone was rolled away.

Yes, he's alive and He is ready
To come in our homes today
For the grave, it could not hold Him
The Angels rolled the stone away.

Written by: Scott Shaver

WORK-WEEK JULY 25-29, 2005

Please Plan your vacation time to help us work on "WE'RE FAMILY PARK". We have some finishing touches inside the pavilion to do before the reunion. A planned "Deck" for the front of the building is in our plans if we can work it out. We can use all the help to make this Family work session fun. It won't take long to do but the rewards will be long lasting. We will be counting on you. One man can't do much but many men can do a lot. Come and bring your tools.

Robert Shaver

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Family reunion 2005 – ya'll come and join in on some southern hospitality. Refresh your summer with the fellowship of all those Uncles, Aunts, Grandparents, Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers, Nephews, Nieces, and all those Cousins you haven't seen for years. The date is July 30 and 31, of 2005 at "We're Family Park".

Join in on the recreation at the "Gareth Dennison Recreation Area", or some Spiritual devotion at the "Tilford and Lucy Chapel." Enjoy the shade on the benches. Chat in the "Virginia & Vaughn" gazebo or get a drink at the wishing well. Look at the "Byron Dennison" utility building (new addition) while looking at the "Mike Beasley Flower Garden." Be sure to check out "Lena's Kitchen" for all that good food and dessert. You might just sit and visit with the family in the "Clifford and Jeannette" pavilion enjoying the cool comfort of the air conditioning. But don't forget to read all those family names on the "Brick Display" at the front entrance. Is your brick there? If not, you can place your order for your brick to be there next year.

Come early Saturday morning and join in on our annual business meeting. For those with Internet access, keep watching our website for the agenda for this family celebration on July 30-31, 2005.

My brother, Dale, is busy making his donation of a craft for the "Auction". Don't let him out do you. Get busy making your donation and/or just bring plenty of money and join in on the fun. This is our way of raising money for the support of the Park.

Saturday night is always relaxing while enjoying our family. We sing, dance, recite, and get involved in story telling. Plan on staying for that. Don't miss this great weekend on July 30-31, 2005. "Ya'll come, ya hear!"

Robert Shaver, President

Staff Memo

The deadline for newsletter submissions is one month before its Internet posting date on the first day of March, July, and December. Once again no articles were sent to me on time. It is very frustrating to put a newsletter together when the material folder is empty.

I love telling people about our web site and newsletter. The normal response is that they wish their family had something as wonderful as that. People in our family no longer need to wish for what we can already enjoy. We just need to participate. I believe that we as a family have something truly great in very special and having our own web site and newsletter. Several people have put in a lot of time and money to get where we are and now it is up to each of us to give them a return on their investment. We can do that by sharing meaningful aspects of our lives with one another as well as using the creative spirit that can put a smile on the face of someone that isn't feeling connected.

Please help me to continue being the newsletter's editor. Send in your articles to grdennison@juno.com or to: Garywayne Dennison – 1430 Aster Place – Cincinnati, Ohio 45224.



Dear Family,

It is with great sadness that I bring you this message. Our beloved uncle, Larry Shaver, has gone on to be with Jesus. He had suffered for over a year with cancer. He was, without a doubt, ready to meet our Lord. He was a great witness for Jesus to all he came in contact with.

February 21, 2005

Brenda Holmes

“Bashful, But A Keeper”

written by Garywayne Dennison

The following story may have additions to it or subtractions from it, as it has been told and retold over the years, but as I heard it, it is one that I can visualize happening to me. It was one of my grandfather Tilford's favorite stories.

It seems that Russell Spaur had taken a fancy for Irene Dennison (#04). After several planned, but happenstance meetings, Russell finally got up his nerve to ask Irene if he could stop by and see her sometime. It was one of the harder things he had done, involving the opposite sex, up to that point in his life. He had been ready for the rejection, but when it didn't come, a new worry entered into his life when she said that would be nice. What in the world would a bashful guy, whose mind went blank around a pretty girl have to say, when leaving a good impression was very important.

Since Irene didn't laugh in his face, Russell figured his outward appearance was acceptable, so he needed to let her know of his inward convictions when he went to visit her. He rehearsed how he could, in causal conversation, tell her that he believed in supporting a family so he wasn't afraid of hard work. He was a good hunter so he could provide plenty of meat for the table. He also wanted Irene to know that he went to church because he believed in the teachings of the Bible, and not just because his parents forced him to attend. His Christian beliefs thus caused him to strive to be honest so that he could be trusted. The other thought that came to him was about a woman's sensitive nose. After working with his brothers in the hay fields, in a time when there was no inside plumbing and no variety of deodorants in the medicine cabinet, if he could mention something about personal hygiene that would be good too.

After a week of rehearsing what he was going to say, he felt sure he was ready to handle his fear and the knot in his stomach. He arrived at Irene's on foot and was warmly greeted by her parents, (James and Amanda) who quickly retreated back into their former positions - one to the kitchen, the other to the barn. The two of them were now alone on the porch swing, and left with an awkward silence. Russell had forgotten all he had rehearsed, and had no clue of his next move. As luck would have it, Russell looked at the cornfield across the road, and then spoke about his hard work ethic. Then came silence. He then saw a rabbit dart from the cornfield into the tall grasses along the road. He then spoke about his hunting ability, followed by more silence!

In order to avoid eye contact, Russell looked down the holler, across a small ridge, and noticed the only thing that was visible there - a cross on a steeple. That sparked another 3 minutes of conversation about him being a Christian before silence struck again. As he looked around for something to remind him of the fourth thing that he had rehearsed, he remembered that cleanliness is next to godliness as he saw a cat licking its fur while grooming itself. In his excitement of remembering all four things, he forgot to say that personal hygiene was a big part of his daily routine, but simply looked at Irene, while pointing at the cat, and said, "I do that every morning." He instantly knew something was terribly wrong by the look on her face. He quickly looked in the direction his finger was pointing, only to see a cat licking its behind!!!!

Not knowing how to deal with the embarrassment that overtook him, he sprang from the porch swing, hurdled the railing, and ran at top speed until he was out of sight. Everything had been going so well for him, and now he could never look Irene in the face again. Little did he know that she was looking at the cat and knew what he was about to say, when everything came undone. Irene's mother had told her the typical things a guy tells a girl when trying to win her affection. Noticing that Russell was using visual aids, she too was looking for what he might use for the personal hygiene one. She saw what the cat started doing after Russell had turned his face toward hers.

Irene thought to herself, being a hard worker is a good thing. Being a good hunter is a good thing. Being a church-going man is a very good thing. And even caring about personal hygiene is a very good thing. However, living in the hills of West Virginia, with poor communication and travel options, having someone around as fast as Russell was on his feet in times of emergencies, put him on her list as a "keeper." Irene and Russell were married on May 26, 1925, twenty days after her twentieth birthday. Irene died on January 19, 1965, which made their marriage last four months shy of 40 years.

Getting High On My Birthday

written by Garywayne Dennison
(November/2004)

Birthdays come and go, as do most of the memories that surround that particular day. There are those exceptions like the classic over-the-hill celebration when turning 40 years old. Here it is, 12 years after my own black sting of death celebration, and I am still alive and kicking at age 52. I do not remember with certainty any of the presents I received on my birthday over the years, including my 40th (which was held at a senior citizen center). There is no doubt, however, that I will remember a gift I received for my last birthday in 2004. That was when Ro and I went to Wilmington, North Carolina, to spend time with our oldest daughter, Sandra, and her family.

We had gone down for a long weekend so we tried to cram in as much activity as we could. I would say that we were successful at that, if one chose not to count late afternoon naps for yours truly. Sandra's present to me was a sunset flight on a four-sitter plane to South Beach where we were to have dinner. Staying to eat was a last minute decision on my part as well as being my treat. Having dinner with the pilot and his girlfriend ensured a non-rush trip where we could then view the night-lights of the coastline on the way back.

The pilot (Bren) was a friend and neighbor of Ken and Sandra's and he had a passion for flying. He was a very good pilot which was good, for although it was a cloudless evening; the wind gusts were a constant reminder of the need for faith in the pilot's ability as well as having faith in God.

In order not to arrive at our destination too early, since it was planned as a sunset flight, we meandered along taking in the notable landmarks below us. Although going 120 miles an hour doesn't sound like taking our time, we did not take a direct path. We flew high for the grand picture at 40,000 feet and then dropped down to being off of the radar. That was when we got the attention of control tower personnel along with a warning to regain our altitude. Skimming the edge of the beach at 50 feet off of the sand at 120 miles an hour was fun while it lasted.

Without having a visible cloud in the sky, being at 30,000 feet and watching the sunset was a very beautiful experience. The sun appeared as a large fluorescent orange ball, which seemed to only inch its way toward the horizon. I was beginning to think that even with all of the sightseeing we had done that we were going to need to land at South Beach Airport unless we were going to fly around in large circles. However, as soon as the sun appeared to touch the horizon, in three minutes it completed the disappearing act. It was then time to descend.

Many of the small airports along the coast only operate during daylight hours. The normal routine was usually that each airport left a key under a front mat of a vehicle that after-hour visitors could use, such as flying in to go out for dinner. I say "usually" for that procedure had changed at this airport since Bren had been there six weeks earlier. The new, but unaware format was to call ahead, before the airport shut down, to request a key be left. The change was learned just before the second phone call to a cab company. The cab ended up to be a no-show far beyond the promised time of arrival so the decision was made not to reward bad service. We returned to the plane to enjoy the lights of the small coastal towns. It turned out to be a very good thing to skip dinner for not only did we get to experience the light show from below, but we also got to watch the light show on the horizon. Only an hour and a half after a spectacular sunset, we got to experience seeing the setting of the moon as well. We would have missed it if we had made all of the connections that we had planned. It turned out that eating at a seafood restaurant for my birthday was exchanged for a cold turkey sandwich once we returned safe and sound to Pearwood Court in Wilmington. It ended up being a great trade-off in experiencing the setting of both the sun and the moon as part of a birthday present that I will never forget.

Sandra's birthday is on November 13, one day before mine. This was a father-daughter celebration. She arranged for transportation and I volunteered to pay for the meal. Sandra held up her end of the deal on transportation, but the sad part was that she didn't get to enjoy a seafood dinner that she didn't have to prepare. The other sad thing was that I didn't get the opportunity to foot the bill for dinner. What a bummer!☺

Staff Members: Garywayne & Ro Dennison, Bob & Janice Shaver
Special Thanks to Dale Inman / proofreader