

We're Family Park Newsletter

Dedicated to the family of James & Amanda Dennison Issue 11, July 2006

WWW.WEREFAMILY.ORG

We look forward to your presence at our next Family Reunion – July 29th and 30th



West Virginia Homecomings

West Virginia is the place when I think of homecomings, Whether you're born there or two thousand miles away. Mountains and dogwoods draw you back to distant roots, For heritage is an inter longing, one must not keep at bay.

Homecomings are times to connect with the larger family, And to gain perspective of how we all are tied into a few. There is fun, fellowship, and reliving those old memories, Thus, the next generation can start experiencing then too.

written by Garywayne Dennison



Daniel Wyatt
March 23, 2006

To: Amber & Scott Dennison
Grandparents: Dale & Sharon Dennison



Happy
4th
of
July!

From the Editor's Desk

It is virtually impossible to get to know everyone in this large family of ours. The best vehicle to use to attempt such a challenge is by participating in using our web site/newsletter. This issue highlights my fourth and maybe final year as being editor of the We're Family Park Newsletter. There is no need for an editor when all there is to work with are blank pages due to nonparticipation. It saddens me not to be needed.

I would very much like to have a part in sharing the wonderful news of a marriage, the joyous event of a birth, or even a tribute to a loved one who is no longer with us. I believe there are many more notable events in the lives of this family, which include historical and entertainment articles. Twelve pages a year should be a very easy goal to achieve. The way I see things in my corner of the world, an article sent in is a vote for me to continue being the editor. Nothing sent for my consideration is a vote for me to become more productive elsewhere. This article is my official candidacy for editor in 2007.



Garywayne Dennison

Remembering David Ray Shaver

September 8, 1947 - February 13, 2006

Son of James Vaughn Shaver and Wilma Virginia Dennison Shaver. His five children are Angela Lorraine Mace, Cassandra Lynn Rose, Leslie Ann Conner, David Ray Shaver II, and Darla Mae Shaver.

by his sister-in-law, Janice Shaver

I can write only what I feel in my heart. Each and every one of my Shaver in-laws is very special to me. They have different personalities and frames of mind, but they all have shown nothing but love to me. Having to lose any one of these precious people in my life affects me deeply. I still mourn the loss of my brother-in-law, Averal, who was taken so suddenly. He wasn't the only one, as several have moved on to the next life to be with our Lord. That is the ultimate goal in this family, and we believe in looking forward to being with our departed loved ones when we also pass through the Pearly Gates.

David? Well let me try to explain my feelings of him. When I first came into this family he was a youngster. He sat on my lap and told Bob he thought I was a looker. His flattery really gave him points. He would tell the family funny things to make us laugh. David always had a tale to tell. His laugh was special to hear along with the way he would look in your direction to see if he could get another laugh or two out of you. The stories he could tell held everyone's interest.

As David grew older, alcohol ruled his life. He tried to control it on his own, but in the end he lost his wife and family. Different family members tried to help David and many prayed for his release from the addiction. After many years of suffering David sought the help he needed. His body was damaged, but his spirit was strong. He recovered and began a good clean life. David renewed his vows to the Lord and was a witness for Jesus Christ.

Everyone knew David Shaver and most liked him. Although he was somewhat withdrawn and did not like crowds, on his own turf he was fine. David was one of the best welders around. I don't believe there was anything he couldn't weld to make it last and look good.

For as long as I can remember he always had lung problems. He always had a deep wet rattling cough, but he incorporated that into a laugh, which made it hardly noticeable to outsiders. David loved the outdoors, gardening, and helping his neighbors. Hunting was in his blood as a small child. He would coon hunt just about any night the weather would let him and sometimes even in bad weather. David always got his deer when the season came in. Ginseng, mushroom, and berry picking were other favorite things he liked to do.

David was very proud of his children, and during his last days it was wonderful to see the love they shared for each other. His children gave him excellent care. The cancer he had was in difficult areas to control and very painful, so the quick downhill slide was hard on the family. David made his last days with the family very special for all of us. I was not able to be with him at the end, but I have heard the wonderful loving stories concerning those that were. David Ray Shaver was loved so very much.

Presenting This Year's Graduates

High School:

Ozenna clan: Jennifer Prince, granddaughter of Alfred, will graduate from Heath High School in Heath, Ohio. She was proficient as a pitcher for the Heath Bulldogs softball team. (submitted by Marge Kinser)

College:

Tilford clan: Jason Dennison (02-2-5-1), son of Martin & Bev Dennison graduated from Marquette University in Milwaukee, WI on May 21. He now has a M.A. in education. (submitted by Bev Dennison)

Ozenna clan: Debra Fincham, granddaughter of Estle, graduated from Forsyth Technical Community College, Durham, NC, with an associate degree in Art. She will now go for four years at North Carolina State in Chapel Hill. (submitted by Marge Kinser)

Clifford clan: Micah Dennison (11-2-2), son of Denny & Pat Dennison, graduated from Wilmington College, Ohio, with a BA degree in Arts and Business Administration. (submitted by Pat Dennison)

From the President's Corner

Another year has passed and we are making plans for the "2006 WFP Reunion". If you missed last year's, don't miss it this year. It is to be held July 29 - 30, 2006. This is a very important event. Since last year, we have worked countless hours (by way of telephone and e-mails to family members) on the constitution and a new set of By Laws to help in the management of WFP. The May 27, 2006, WFP Board meeting was a great success in achieving this goal. We started at 9 AM and finished up at 6:30 PM, with only a half hour lunch break. But it was worth the effort. Even though it might not be a perfect set of By Laws, we believe this is what the park needs to make it run smoother in its operation.

I want to thank each family member for their help in putting this together and making it a success. Now we need your help to vote on this new Constitution and set of By Laws this July 29, 2006 at 10 a.m.-(We're Family Park Reunion). If you're not a voting member you can buy a membership for \$100. If you are already a member, please pay your yearly membership dues of \$10. You will need to do this before being eligible to vote. Lifetime and new members are exempt from the \$10 fee. If you are in good standing and cannot be there to vote, you will have the opportunity to vote by absentee ballot. The ballot will be on the web site. Please keep watching the web site for instructions. You may also contact your Family branch Board member. This is your park, and your vote at this time is very important. Officers are being voted on along with the Constitution and By Laws.

Janet Oliver is the Director of Entertainment. She always puts together a great program for the weekend. Come join us in the fun and fellowship. We hope to see you there.

Robert Shaver, WFP President



The Para Plane

written by Denny C. Dennison
(February/2006)

My father always had a desire to fly. Perhaps he was intrigued by the hawks soaring over the West Virginia hills. In any event, flying became a life-long passion. During WWII, he was unable to be a pilot because of his vision. Like me, he has had to wear glasses. Since he could not pilot, he did the next best he could and trained as a radio operator and navigator in the Army Air Corp. Eventually, he arrived in England in time for the D-Day invasion.

As providence would have it, he developed mumps just before the invasion began, remaining in England during this crucial, deadly time. Months later, he was flown into France on one of the transport gliders. He seemed to always trail the fighting from Paris to Berlin, where he unwittingly set-up the communications equipment for the Potsdam conference that divided postwar Europe. I did not discover this until much later in life when he described the events to my wife Pat.

The first aircraft of his own that Dad attempted to fly was a gyrocopter. A gyrocopter was a one-man kit built helicopter. I say attempted advisedly since it crashed on his maiden attempt at "flying" it at a field in West Virginia. The maiden effort was to pull the gyrocopter behind our car, with the attachment being a long rope. He was able to get about 50 feet into the air for as long as the field allowed. The rotors were like long fan blades and as such were subject to the same kinds of vibrations if not properly aligned. Since they were so much longer, vibration was an even greater problem. Dad attempted to

smooth the vibration out by attaching washers to the ends of the blades. This only made the vibration worse and the next thing I knew he had cart wheeled to the ground breaking a rotor and dislocating his shoulder. Mom insisted that he give up on the gyrocopter.

The next adventure in flying was in Florida where Dad was working on his doctorate in education at the University of Florida. At some point, Dad took pilot lessons and got his student license. This allowed him to fly solo while logging enough hours to get his permanent license. In addition to going to graduate school, Dad took a job at a community college in Palatka, Florida. His transportation was by plane... he flew into a field next to the college, taught classes, and then flew back to Gainesville where we lived.

During the ensuing years, he was a member of the Civil Air Patrol. On occasion, I went flying with him and even took a few hours of flight instruction.

The last flying adventure was his Para plane. This was an ultra light, one-man contraption that resembled a tricycle with a rear-mounted engine and propeller, and a parachute airfoil as a wing. In fact, Dad received the first Para plane to come off the assembly line. To get it off the ground, you had to arrange the parachute on the ground behind the go-cart like frame, accelerate the throttle to take off speed and keep the craft going in a straight line with the foot pedals. The foot pedals controlled the Para foil. By pulling on each end you could make to craft go one direction or another in a turn. The pedals required considerable leg strength. The throttle controlled the engine speed and thus how fast you flew. Since the top speed was only 25 mph, you were at the mercy of the winds and could only fly if the winds were calm or very light.

One time as pilot was sufficient for me, which was a good thing since it was the only opportunity that I ever received. The Para plane could only accommodate one person so you had to learn to fly it literally by the seat of your pants. My chance came during a visit home from Connecticut.

Instructions were simple... full throttle to attain take-off speed, keep it straight with the foot pedals, use the pedals to make your turns while airborne, reduce throttle to land once you set-up a landing pattern. If you were too high on your landing approach then come back around at a lower altitude. Once you landed cut your throttle so you would not go airborne again.

Fortunately I was able to get airborne on the first attempt (unlike my sister-in-law who crashed into some trees!). I climbed to an elevation of about 1000 feet above the ground. Cars and houses became the size of toys. I circled the airport and landed without mishap. The wind began to pick up so we had to quit flying for the day. That was my first and only time flying the Para plane.

Dale Shaver's first Driving Experience

I had just gotten my car out of the body shop. My cousin borrowed the car and skidded it on ice and ran into the back of another car. The next day I left for West Virginia, "going home". It was always muddy in the hollow. I parked the car at Uncle Scott's along the road. The next day Dale and I started to Sutton. He said, "Let me drive". I thought I would let him drive to the head of the lane and turn it around. He started the car up, pushing the gas pedal to the floor popping the clutch. Across the road we went head first into the ditch. It happened so fast that I could not believe my eyes. I got out and saw these black marks where he had spun the tires crossing the road. I felt sick about the damage to the front of my car. It was almost a duplicate of the damage I had just repaired. We went to Sutton. I knew Fred Gerwing and Frank Schieffer had a body shop in Gassaway. We headed there. I explained to Fred that I was home for the weekend and my predicament. He had me pull the car in and they went to work on it. After pounding and straightening parts and paint, the cost was \$100, which took all my money for the week. I have been scared of Dale's driving after since.



Staff: Garywayne & Ro Dennison and Robert & Janice Shaver