

# We're Family Park Newsletter

Dedicated to the family of James & Amanda Dennison Issue 14, July 2007

[WWW.WEREFAMILY.ORG](http://WWW.WEREFAMILY.ORG)

We look forward to your presence at our next Family Reunion – July 28, 29, 2007

## A MOTHER'S TASK

By Dale Inman

There is nothing more special than a child  
Snuggled in its mother's arms.  
The way it melts her heart when they smile and coo  
And show her all their charms.

As the child grows older and learns  
To make decisions on their own,  
A mother's prayer is that they will exhibit  
The love they have been shown.

A mother's task is learning to set them free  
To live their life as they ought.  
It takes a lot of faith that they will remember  
All the good things they have been taught.



Dad recently celebrated his 85th birthday. Doris invited the family and Dad's closest friends to a wonderful celebration dinner. As usual, she outdid herself. From her special homemade bread to the last crumb of the carrot cake, everything was wonderful! The only regret was that Mom couldn't come home to celebrate with him.

Submitted by Denny

## Letter from the editor

Welcome to the final “official” newsletter of the year. It has been very difficult trying to gather information even for events of joy like weddings and births. It is sad that so few share my vision of taking advantage of the tremendous opportunity we have as a family to stay connected. I was so encouraged that this day would not come after 22 people looked me in the face at the last reunion and told me they would write an article for the newsletter. By only one of those people keeping their word, I am convinced that I overestimated the value of the service that I have worked so hard to deliver. I still plan to be the best editor that I possibly could be for the information I receive, but my pleading days are over.

The plan is still to publish three communications throughout the year but the family will dictate the content and length. Your contribution can be mailed to me at 1430 Aster Place, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45224. However, the preferred method would be to e-mail me at [Garywayne.ohio@gmail.com](mailto:Garywayne.ohio@gmail.com).



Part of an e-mail received from Jane Dennison (02-6-1)

“So guess what! I’m moving to D.C. in December – I was awarded an American Association for the Advancement of Science Fellowship at the State Department. I will be in the office of West African Affairs.”

# The Sniper

Written by Dale Inman 11/2006

Katie Inman goes to Grove City High School. She is a junior this year. Last summer she attended BLT (Basic Leadership Training), affectionately known as “boot camp”. This was held at Camp Perry, located on Lake Erie in northern Ohio. It was a week-long training that included military precision. Every morning they got up at 5 a.m. and made their beds and hurried out to the north field for marine-style PT. At 6 a.m., the platoons would form. There were 8 platoons, and Katie was placed in Platoon Bravo 4, led by Drill Instructor Master Chief Petty Officer David W. Farrar from Parkersburg, WV.

The platoons were scheduled a chow time, three times a day, in which they ate military style. The cadets received their chow (food) in a single file line. The chow hall was silent (if you talked you could be “dropped” by a drill instructor/superior officer, which could mean doing pushups). After receiving your chow, you were to walk to your seat. Platoons sat together and the cadets would stand at attention with their trays at belly button level. When the last cadet got to attention at the table, they would give the order “Seats”, and all the cadets would sit. It had to be done in this precise way.

Throughout the day the cadets would participate in military training, which included civilian marksmanship, M-16 gun range, military drill (marching), sea cruise (boating), leadership challenge courses, and rafting. They had scheduled time for each training. Twice during the week, the base had an inspection. These inspections consisted of a khaki uniform inspection and a summer blue uniform inspection.

Katie says her favorite part of the whole week at boot camp was the civilian marksmanship, although she loves “military life”. The cadets were divided into inexperienced and experienced shooters. Katie was placed in the experienced group as she is on the rifle team for ROTC in her high school. All week long the cadets were instructed on the standing position. Women are usually better at this position than the men because in the standing position you have to stick your hip bone out to balance the rifle and women are physically built better to support the rifle on their hips. At the end of the week all of the cadets, both experienced and inexperienced, competed in the same competition. Each cadet shot 20 rounds. Each shot was scored 0 – 10 points, with 10 being a bull’s-eye. Katie shot 200 out of 200, a perfect score. She shot the highest out of 250 cadets in the competition. Automatically, the experienced shooters had 10 points taken off of their score to make it fair for the inexperienced shooters, thus the best score you could get as an experience shooter was 190 out of 200.

At the end of the week they had their graduation. Family and friends were invited to attend the graduation ceremony. It was a long drive up to Camp Perry, but worth every minute of it. We were thrilled to see Katie’s platoon win the Honor Platoon Medal, the highest overall award for each platoon. Each cadet in the platoon received an individual medal, even Master Chief. But we were overcome with joy and excitement when they announced the highest experienced shooter, Katie Inman! You should have seen her face when they announced her name, as she had no idea she was getting this award either. Here is a picture of Katie with her medal.

Her dad and I are extremely proud of our daughter, and she has been given the nickname of “Sniper” by Master Chief Farrar. We have been encouraged to get her involved in competitive shooting.

By the way, all you hunters out there, she has expressed a desire to go deer hunting with her grandpa.

Note: Leadership had sent her marksmanship scores to the national level, and she was recognized as the highest nationally as well.



## PROUD OF OUR TROOPS written by Dale Inman 12/1/2006

Today, while sitting in the Atlanta airport coming back home from working in Georgia all week, I couldn’t help but notice all the Army servicemen. My goodness, did most of them look young! I guess that means I’m aging, but don’t tell anyone!

At one point, a whole group (probably a platoon) walked through the main lobby area and people began to clap their hands. Many stood and the applause grew louder and louder. I was so proud! I don’t know who started the clapping since I was preoccupied and looked up from what I was doing when I heard the clapping to see what was happening. Thank you to that unknown person – what a nice tribute to our troops!

Whether you believe in the war or not, we need to support our troops. One must never forget the sacrifice our young men and women are making in the name of freedom. They are doing what they believe in - serving their country. They have my utmost respect.

Debra Fincham 1-2-3-3 (Elaine's daughter is in Russia studying international law. What a culture shock. The following is part of an e-mail she sent home. Wednesday, May 30, 2007

Zdrahstvoi! (Hello!)

OK, most importantly, I got my luggage. My UNC professor and I started at 10 o'clock last Wednesday morning and came 'home' with my suitcase at 4PM – it takes forever to get anything done! You have to go thru several people for anything, wait in slow lines, put up with Russians jumping line (they're very aggressive), and then you still may have to wait till the Russians get around to it. They're only in a hurry if they're driving, and then you'd better not get in their way – oops, another pedestrian speed bump!

Here's something interesting: it gets dark at this time of year around 11PM and day breaks around 3AM. (I understand, though, that in winter it's dark most of the time.) In St. Petersburg they have "white nights" – during the summer months, it doesn't get dark at all. Broad daylight at 4AM takes getting used to, especially since my side of the dorm faces east.

The Russian semester ended last Friday so the nightly courtyard parties will end, hopefully. The international students are still here, which is almost everyone on my floor. My suite-mate (two bedrooms share a connecting sink) is from Chicago and recently fell down the stairwell drunk, breaking her beer bottle and lacerating her chest and neck. She just got out of the hospital sometime last week and invited me to a party on the 6th floor last Friday night. She's not too bright.

We visited the Kremlin on Friday afternoon. Finally, some pre-Soviet Russian culture! It was interesting, especially the Armory which houses the 'national treasures'. The diamonds, gold, silver, carriages, coronation clothing – unreal! There's probably enough wealth in that one building to renovate all of Moscow with enough left over to distribute toilet seats to every Russian citizen!

On Saturday, we visited St. Sergeii's Monastery located nearly two hours outside of Moscow. St. Sergius is Russia's patron saint and was considered a saint in his lifetime (1300's) because of his piety, which is unusual. Usually you have to be dead to reach sainthood. Anyway, he apparently performed all kinds of miracles – raising the dead, turning a mud-puddle into a bubbling spring. St. Sergius even cried out three times from his mother's womb during holy mass. Hey – if you were Orthodox you'd believe it! The community is still a working monastery and services go on continually in the two churches there. We visited a service, which was interesting: first, the girls in our group had to put on headscarves; believers stand during the service or walk around, kissing and praying to icons (paintings of dead saints or their actual remains); the monks were singing the liturgy, which is accompanied by much bowing and crossing of the worshippers.

The countryside outside Moscow looks like a third-world country – extreme poverty. Housing, anyway.

Pakah! (Later!)  
Debra

P.S. I miss Wal-Mart....



St. Sergeii's Monastery



Debra Fincham



Moscow has many conveniences of home, but this community toilet is not one of them.

# HISTORY OF THE FOUNDING AND BUILDING OF WE'RE FAMILY PARK

## “The Spark”

By Clifford Dennison, November 2005

The history of the founding of the Park began back in 1932 when I, Clifford Dennison, the eleventh and last child of James and Amanda Dennison started a tradition of having James and Amanda Dennison Family Homecomings. I was ten years old when I decided that we should have a Family Homecoming. My father, James Elijah, was 56 years old and I thought of him as being an old man. The Bible says, "Honor thy father and thy mother" and I wanted to honor them by having a homecoming in their honor. I was able to get my brother Wayford and my sisters interested in the project and, with their help, make all the arrangements. One of the decisions that had to be made was who all to invite. Should we invite neighbors or just members of the family? The Bible says, "Love your neighbor as yourself." I decided to invite all of our neighbors, which turned out to be a wise decision because they not only brought food but singing and other forms of entertainment as well. That homecoming was such a great success that I decided to have another one four years later when my father, Poppy, was sixty years old. In the mean time awareness of the importance of Family was growing in my consciousness. Poppy had an acute sense of the value of each one of his eleven children. If one of them was missing at bedtime he could not rest until he knew that all of them were home safe. The only whipping I ever got from my dad was for not being home at bedtime. For some reason that same love and concern for Family has been passed down to me. I have received this "mantle" in a broader perspective. It includes the concern that all of Poppy's descendants and my relatives have the opportunity to see our Christian heritage and our love of Family in action and have the opportunity to make it "Home safely" by the time darkness settles down on this world. Following our 1936 Homecoming, High School, World War II, military service and college kept me occupied until 1952, when I sponsored our next Family Homecoming. Poppy was seventy-six and Mommy was seventy-two years old for this homecoming. I made a movie of this event for which I have been grateful, for Mommy passed away one month later. Homer Sponaugle, and his mother Grace, helped me make a large sign that boldly proclaimed, "HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER," which we hung on a wire stretched across the homecoming site.

Twenty-five years passed before our next homecoming, which was scheduled for 1977. In preparation for the 1977 Homecoming I enlisted the help of my daughter Doris. We made a movie featuring the 1952 Homecoming, which we converted from 10 mm film to VHS and titled "Carry Me Back." One only has to watch this movie to experience the great love that Poppy and Mommy had for their family. This same great love of Family fell on me and it became my dream to provide a permanent place where Family could get together in perpetuity to build love relationships and to worship God.

Doris and I also initiated writing a book, by the same title as the movie, which we used to promote the 1977 Homecoming. The writing of the book, "Carry Me Back," is a story of faith, love and devotion that someday should be told.

The 1977 Homecoming, which was held at the Braxton County High School, was a tremendous success attracting over 300 family members and including several noteworthy events. The activities included distributing the book, showing the movie, "Carry Me Back", a tour of Poppy's old home places, scheduling photograph sessions, with each branch of The Family, making movies of Doris interviewing each branch of The Family and many recreational activities for the younger set. Perhaps the seeds of providing a place of our own to hold our homecomings, which had been planted many years earlier, began to sprout more vigorously as a result of what took place in 1977. After that Homecoming, others were organized on a large scale for 1982, 1987 and 1992. The Family enjoying themselves by having a set date to get together was **the spark** of what was to follow.

## **MONDAY 23 - FRIDAY 27      WORK WEEK**

We want to invite everyone to come and help out. There is much to be done to get ready for reunion. Not only to the pavilion but the grounds as well. Please encourage members in your families to come and lend a hand. We would like this to be the most productive work week and most successful reunion ever. Spread the word and remind others to do so.

## **FRIDAY 27th noon      TRIP TO SUNDAY SCHOOL ROCK**

Anyone interested in going on a field trip with Robert, Garywayne, and Janet meet at the WFP Pavilion at noon. It will be great fun and educational. We'll learn more about Poppy and Mommy and how they started church under a rock. I can't wait.

## **SATURDAY 28th**

9:30am    BOARD MEETING  
10:00am   MEMBERSHIP MEETING  
11:00am   FELLOWSHIP  
12:00pm   LUNCH  
2:00pm    GAMES and PLAYTIME  
2:30pm    AUCTION

If there is time remaining after the auction we will visit and fellowship until dinner.

5:00pm    DINNER  
7:00pm    ENTERTAINMENT

We want to encourage everyone to sign up for the entertainment and talent show. This can include: singing, dancing, storytelling, (good, clean jokes), playing instruments, juggling, hog calling, spitting seeds, or anything you might do that is unique or out of the ordinary.

## **SUNDAY 29th**

9:30am    SINGING  
10:00am   DEVOTIONS

Bob Moore will be bringing the message. After the service is concluded there will be picture taking.

12:00    LUNCH

As in past, we ask that everyone that can and will please bring a covered dish or two to share.

**REMINDER:** Membership dues are due **DEADLINE IS JULY 15**

We want to encourage everyone to sign in as you arrive and get your name tag. We need to get an accurate count of attendance at this most wonderful reunion.

**NEEDED:** VOLUNTEERS for clean up after Sunday meal. The kitchen and servers have so much to do and need help from all of us to clean the kitchen and floors and fold tables and chairs.

**IF YOU BRING DISHES PLEASE TAKE THEM WITH YOU**

**NEEDED:** People to pick up the garbage and take it away. If you have a big truck it would be great. Please contact Robert.

**THANKS FOR ALL YOUR COOPERATION AND HAVE A GREAT REUNION**



## **Elvie H. Porter**

Elvie H. Porter, 65, died Friday morning, April 20, 2007 in his home. He was born January 13, 1942 in West Virginia, to Eph and Ethel (Holbrook) Porter. Elvie worked at Shiloh Corp. of Mansfield for over 36 years. He retired in 2004.

Elvie was a member of First Baptist Church of Bellville. In his earlier years he taught Sunday school and shared his musical gift of playing the guitar by praising God through music in the church quartet. Nothing was as important to Elvie than his family, including his wife, five daughters and all of his grandchildren. He always looked forward to seeing family at annual reunions down home.

After the passing of his first wife, Elvie married Mary Elizabeth (Shaver) Hobbs, a life long family friend on May 13, 2005.

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## **Yvorra Grey Shaver**

Yvorra Grey Shaver, 69, of Gassaway went home to be with her Lord and Savior on Thursday, March 1, 2007, after a long illness.

She was born April 4, 1937, in Exchange.

Yvorra was a devoted wife, mother, grandma, great-grandma, daughter and sister. She enjoyed quilting, sewing and cooking. She was a loyal member of Sunrise Community Church, Exchange, and was a former employee of Sports Connection, Gassaway.

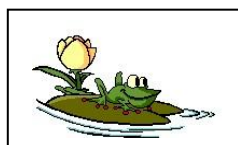
Yvorra was preceded in death by her father, Vaughn Shaver; three brothers, Dewey, Averal and David Shaver; her beloved daughter, Alice Shaver Conley; and two infant children, Crystal Dennison and Jeremy Conley.

Yvorra is survived by her mother, Virginia Shaver of Exchange; her loving husband of 52 years, William "Bill" Shaver; four children and their spouses, Ernestine and Wally Post of Gassaway, Willie and Tonya Shaver of Orlando, Dennis and Rosie Shaver of Exchange, and Cheryl and Alan Morris of Burnsville; son-in-law, Steve Conley of Mineral Wells; 13 grandchildren, Jennifer Jarvis, Miranda Siwicki, Noah Shaver, Misty Wright, Justin Conley, Matthew Morris, Brandon Shaver, Amber McMillion, Christopher Morris, Shawna Pritt, Amber Shaver, Whitney Morris and Kayla Pritt; six great-grandchildren, Dre Jarvis, Emmalee Jarvis, Zachary Shaver, Mason Siwicki, Haley Morris and Lacie Wright; four sisters, Wilma Foster, Karen Durand, Reta Cogar and Anita Cook; and five brothers, Dale, Calvin, Robert, Jerry and Dwayne, all of whom will miss her very much.

Burial was in the Jacob Shaver Memorial Cemetery, Exchange.

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Congratulations to Adam Blaney, grandson of Alfred Prince, who graduated from an art college in Georgia. His great-aunt Marge Kinser says, "He is a great kid."



Staff: Garywayne & Ro Dennison