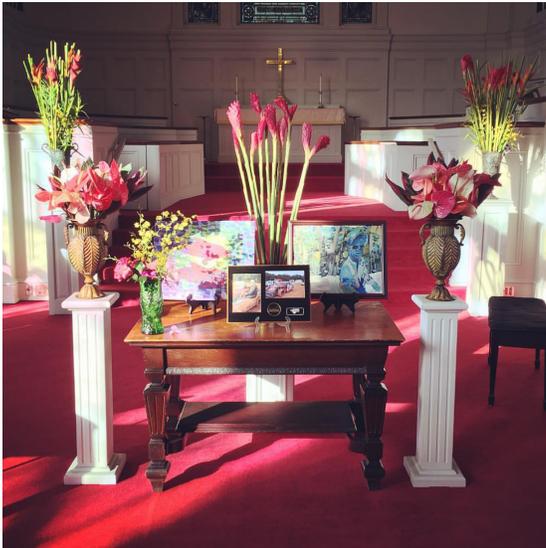


**This zine contains photos, stories,
lyrics, eulogies, and art. I dedicate this
publication to James Countiss (1949-2017).**



“Jim loved all of his family and was a sensitive caring soul. His love of life and adventure was always a big part of our lives.”

-Mom

“He was a brilliant man and a delightful colleague, and the guy you want at your side during peak adventures because the worse it got, the better he liked it.”

-John Barkai

“Sometimes, I would preface my emails to my dad by saying hi from your youngest favoritest daughter. I’ve always felt love and pride from my father. The way he lives his life has been inspiring. Being by his bedside during his final hours listening to Elvis with his sweetheart and my sisters is the most profound experience I’ve had in my life so far. What a man and what a wonderful world.”

-Kat Countiss



Kat Countiss based in Oakland, California, she is a multimedia artist. This is her first Celebration of Life zine. She is still trying to understand the meaning of life, family, time, messages from the dead, memories, happiness, soul, and afterlife.

Dad,

Thinking of home,
thinking of paradise,
thinking about rainforests,
thinking of you.

Thinking of dogs,
thinking of beautiful rain,
thinking about rainbows,
thinking of you.

Thinking of sunshine,
thinking of the smell of coconut,
thinking about the tropical breeze,
thinking of you.

Thinking of childhood,
thinking of fishing,
thinking about strolls and picnics,
thinking of you.

Thinking of happiness, wonder,
growth, life,
thinking of the way you hold someone tight,
someone you love,
thinking of your smile and your laugh,
Always thinking of those moments
that have defined my idea of warmth, family and goodness.

Thinking of holding your hand,
singing a song together,
thinking of driving somewhere.
Thinking of sea water and snorkel goggles,
the smell of sun tan lotion,
thinking of how lucky I am to have sisters,
also reflecting the smile in your face
melody of your voice.

Happy Birthday Dad.

Father's Day 2010

I forgot until I heard some celebrating on the radio.
Not that I forgot you. In some way every day is father's day,
Because nothing could change the fact that you're you and I'm me,
and together we create and evolve the bond between us that makes you a father
and me your daughter, grateful that you are so.

Today is rainy and it makes me think of sitting outside
on a sliding patio bench in the light spring dew listening to you talk.
You held up a buttercup up to my chin and told me that if you can
see yellow reflected on my chin, it means I like butter.

Today is rainy and it makes me think of riding in the car
down the highway in Hawaii, and you commanding the rain to stop.
And it did, for a brief moment. You repeated that trick and I didn't understand.
Lia had to tell me that it was because you anticipated the bridges passing overhead.

Today is rainy and it makes me think of the one time when
Lia and I played in the rain and the river next to the gymnasium one time after a
Karate tournament and we were soaked and muddy from head to toe
and you were angry because you didn't want us to get the car interior wet
and we were sad that you were angry and looked at each other in the most commiserating way.
I distinctly remember how later you felt bad for being angry at us and we went to Blockbuster
and everything was better.

I remember the days of our road trip, visiting Monument Valley, when it was dry
and, at a truckstop in some indian reservation, you buying me a purple tie-dye shirt with a unicorn on it.
I still have it. The days I wear it, it makes me happy. Those days, to me, are father's days.

Those days too, on vacation, snowy slopes abound,
yet we were sitting in an outdoor hot tub, racing from hot to cool to hot temperatures
to make butt prints in the snow.

Once we were driving out to the far side of the island
and I felt compelled to tell you that you were going four miles-per-hour over the speed limit
and Jenny in her older sister wisdom told me that I didn't have to tell you every time
and that sometimes a little over is okay.

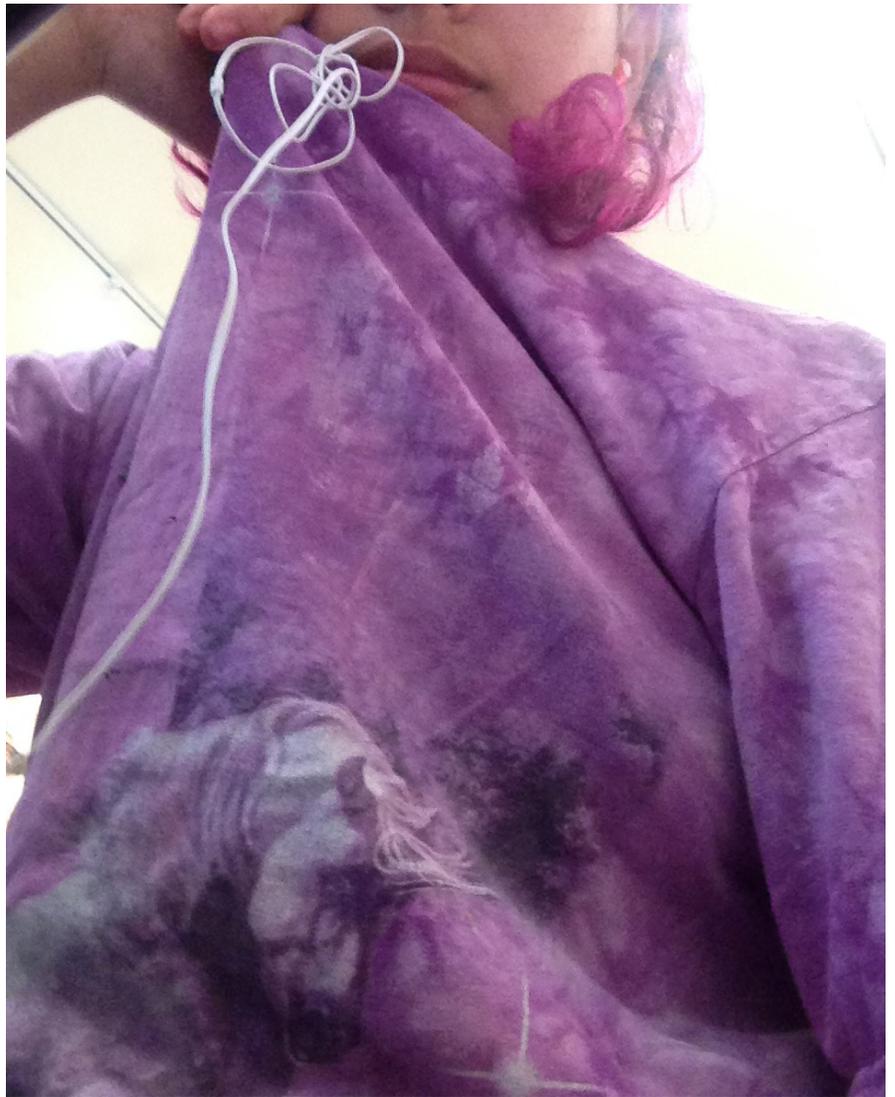
I remember at two or three in the morning, we drove to the other side of the island,
it was a clear night and we brought the comforters from the bed and gazed up at the
Leonid Meteor Shower that comes once every ten years. I remember making lots of wishes,
hearing the surf crash against the cliff.

There was a particular kayaking trip where I was in your kayak
and you made a point of crashing through every rapid,
I was in front, so I got the brunt of the water,
but the Nantahala River was refreshing and the impact reminded me even more
that we were on a great adventure.

Father's Days are rainy and not,
they are happy and not,
They are for you and they are for me
to remember all of the wonderful days
that makes you a father
and me your daughter, grateful that you are so.

I like writing you little poems. The nostalgia I feel for those special moments come in little beautiful bubbles. The only way I can express my love for you is in little bubble-esque verses. I hope you get the idea and feel the same love for those moments, those unmistakable life-y moments. I love you, and I mean it, and I don't need a fancy Hallmark Holiday to tell you, though it helps, because sometimes I think that it's assumed that I love you, but we all need little reminders.

Love and miss you,
Kati



*I'm wearing the unicorn shirt that my dad bought when I was 11 as I typeset this zine.
6-26-2017*

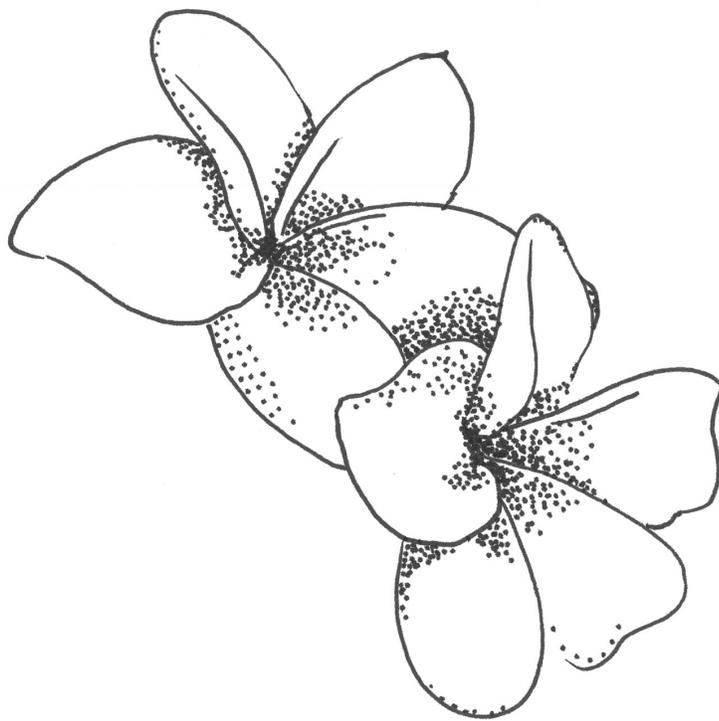
I sent this to my Dad in an email on father's day 6-20-2010



I didn't see the weather the day my dad died, but it was on the news. I can't help but imagine that he had something to do with it. Rainbow in the clouds. I had a thought that his soul was in a process of moving from one plane to another that day, like packing up memories and taking them in trips, so he'd be in the hospital with us for a little and then somewhere else for a little and then come back .







The memorial service was on the same day as my sweetie's graduation presentation 5-19-2017. I made this drawing for the program cover I designed for the service. I am really proud of this drawing. I used a reference photo and used pen right away. No erasing, it was most excellent right away.

Danger Zone

Artist: Kenny Loggins

Album: Top Gun

Released: 1986

Revvin' up your engine
Listen to her howlin' roar
Metal under tension
Beggin' you to touch and go

Highway to the Danger Zone
Ride into the Danger Zone

Headin' into twilight
Spreadin' out her wings tonight
She got you jumpin' off the deck
And shovin' into overdrive

Highway to the Danger Zone
I'll take you
Right into the Danger Zone

They never say hello to you
Until you get it on the red line overload
You'll never know what you can do
Until you get it up as high as you can go

Out along the edge
Is always where I burn to be
The further on the edge
The hotter the intensity

Highway to the Danger Zone
I'm gonna take you
Right into the Danger Zone
Highway to the Danger Zone
Right into the Danger Zone



One of the stories that I would tell about my dad to my friends is that he put his contact info on his go-kart to make it tax-deductible.

Beside my father, I thought that my musician friend, Morgan Herlocker, could do a cover of a song that meant something to my dad. I asked Terry what would be good. She said how my dad would put this song on as they were taking the highway exit that lead to the go-karting track that they would go to together. On the back porch, those of us staying at the house, we sat in conversation after my father's death 5-18-2017, smelling the nearby honeysuckle. I shared the cover that Morgan finished and it was haunting and beautiful and just right.

The Big Island

Lyrics by Katarina Countiss.

Music written and Performed by Morgan Herlocker.

Lyrics

looking at old photographs
thinking about the past
beautiful views
and “i love you”s
and how there’s no going back

I will always say this in the present tense
“I love you dad”
he’s got his new backpack on
holding an old pickax

he’s catching a wave
wearing a stylish hat
he’s sitting on a sailboat
looking at his love

thinking about a trip
out in the wilderness
to the Tetons
the grand canyon

the big island
everyone is thinking about
those beautiful views
and “i love you”s
and how there’s no going back

I felt a huge comfort looking through old pictures. There is and isn't enough. I wrote the lyrics. There was a lot of things I wanted to say about my dad but I think this is the best of it. I was surprised by the process of a human death. There were things left unsaid, the dark demons. I want to write a song that speaks to the complex nature of the human soul, but for a time when we want to hold on to the best parts, this song captures that for me.



Jim was a great guy, loyal friend, innovative law professor, and outstanding adventurer. We co-taught law school classes together during the magical 1978-1985 years at the University of Hawaii Law School. We did teaching demonstrations at conferences in San Diego, Reno, Minneapolis, and Washington DC.

He was a brilliant man, delightful colleague, and the guy you want at your side during peak adventures because the worse it got, the better he liked it.

I have wonderful memories of the adventures we shared which I will recall here for his family.

He taught me about the great outdoors, introduced me to backpacking, and got me to spend a lot of money at camping stores. We traveled together in England, Ireland, Egypt, Israel, India, and Nepal. We did snow camping in Australia, Washington, Oregon, and Yosemite NP. On every trip, we skied out on cross-country skis with backpacks and tents, spending a few nights in the snow, and usually skiing in one day to the downhill slopes where we skied all day and then put back on our cross-country skis and skied back to our tents in the snow for the night. He was crazy.

In Australia, we played in Sydney, backpacked the Blue Gum Forest, watched the full moon rise from on top of Ayres Rock. We wandered the streets of London, sampled the Guinness in Ireland, rode camels by the pyramids in Cairo, visited the Egyptian tombs in Luxor, and sailed the Nile for four days on the felucca (small sailboat) from Aswan to Luxor – sick as dogs because the captain washed the dishes in the polluted river. In Israel, we visited the Wailing Wall, the Dome of the Rock, the streets of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Hebron, hiked up the side of and spent the night on the top of Masada, and swam/floated in the Dead Sea. In India, we explored the streets of New Delhi, visited the Taj Mahal, traveled through Kashmir, and trekked through Ladock for a week, just the two of

us and a man who spoke no English but had ponies to carry our packs over the 18,000 passes. In Nepal, we visited temples in Kathmandu, rounded up provisions on the side streets, and tracked for another week in the Annapurna Sanctuary.

Back in Hawaii, we backpacked Haleakala on Maui; Halape, the Kau Desert, and volcanoes on the Big Island and climbed up Mauna Kea; on Kauai, we both backpacked and at other times kayaked to Kalalau. We backpacked near Lake Tahoe, in Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks. We canoed a river in Minnesota fighting off the mosquitoes and black flies for the whole trip – another Countiss idea of great fun.

Jim started our Easter Sunrise hike tradition, a tradition that has continued for nearly 40 years.

Jim, dear friend, I hope your next adventure is every bit as exciting as the rest have been. We miss you greatly.

Aloha yourself (as Jim would say)

John Barkai

Portrait of the Artist's Father

Posted on November 29, 2009

Christmas present for my dad. He's such an adventurer. It's funny how I come from two people of two climates. I don't know where that leaves me, though I've always said that I am my father's daughter for no reason I can think of. I love the snow and the cold. Nothing makes me feel more alive than crisp air.



From my blog at katarinacountiss.com. I'm really grateful to my past self. I want to remember all my favorite paintings and find them when I need them later through my blog.

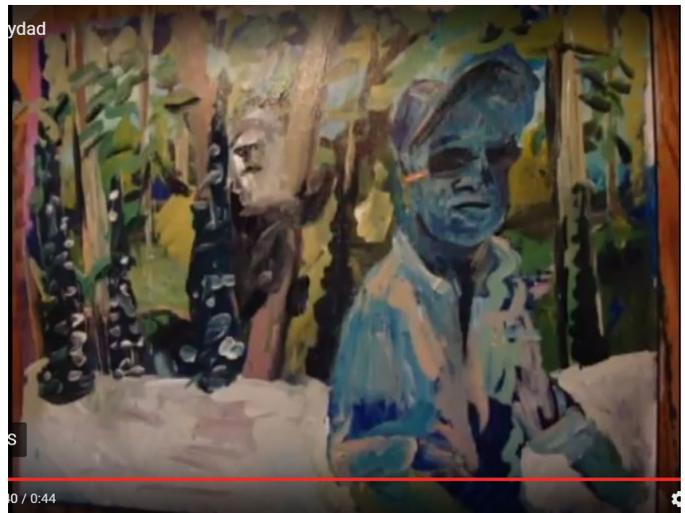
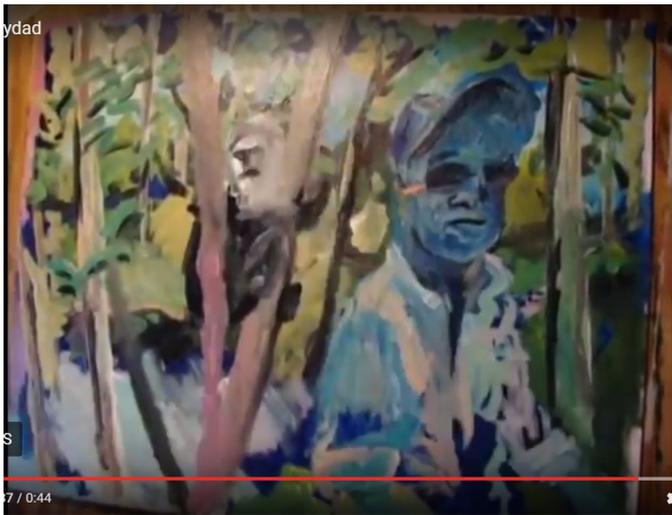
Birthday Dad

Posted on May 31, 2012

This painting is for my dad. I admire how much he travels. He enjoys seeing the world. And he loves my paintings. This is for his birthday present. I think I'm getting a little better at these painting videos.

I got a suggestion to explore some transitions where one thing transforms into another. I'll have to do some more planning than I currently have been.

Music: Momentums by Opus Opium. I got the music for this video from <http://dig.ccmixer.org/> It is licensed under creative commons.



In 2012, I did a few layered painting videos like this one. I am curious to explore that more.

Franklin Woods Community Hospital Drawings

Posted on May 23, 2017

I flew out to Tennessee to see my father in the hospital. I arrived early Monday morning. I enjoyed spending these days with my dad and his loved ones. I appreciated the nurses and other staff. I brought my markers with me and procured some printer paper. I made drawings and taped them on my dad's overbed food tray table that was at the foot of his bed.



Study of Sunset with Wildflowers

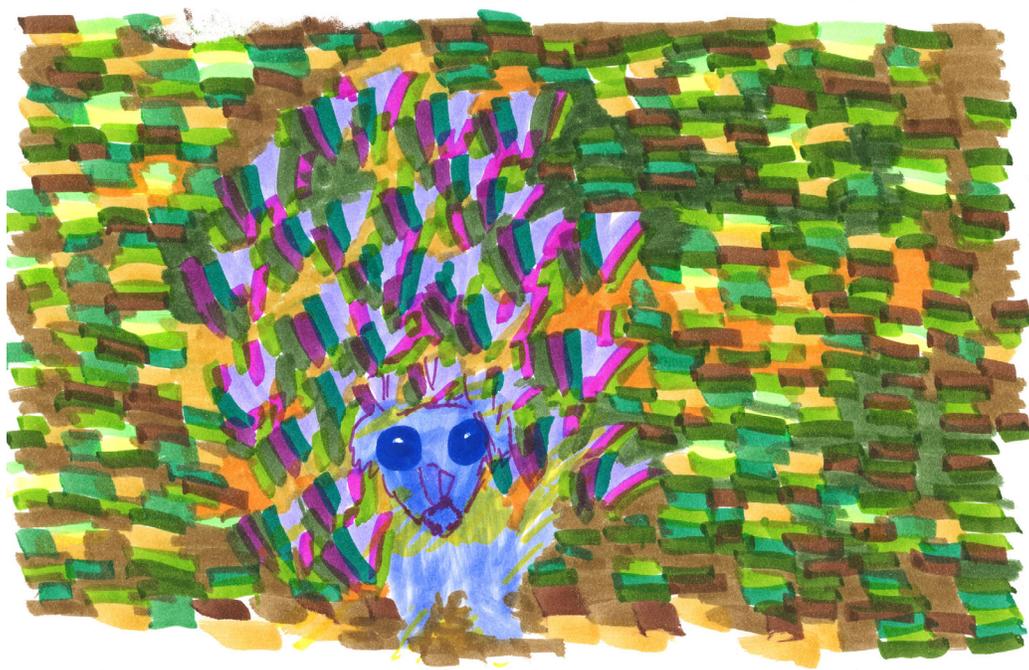
I drove from Knoxville to Johnson City. It took about two hours. I had coffee and borrowed Auntie Lisa's car. As I drove along the highway a little after midnight, I passed many of those box trucks doing their deliveries. The moon was yellow at first and it reminded me of what my aunt said about what my dad looked like so I wouldn't be surprised. She described his jaundice and water weight. The moon became white in appearance and it would dance in and out of my windshield as I drove towards my father.



Study of Sunset with Wildflowers

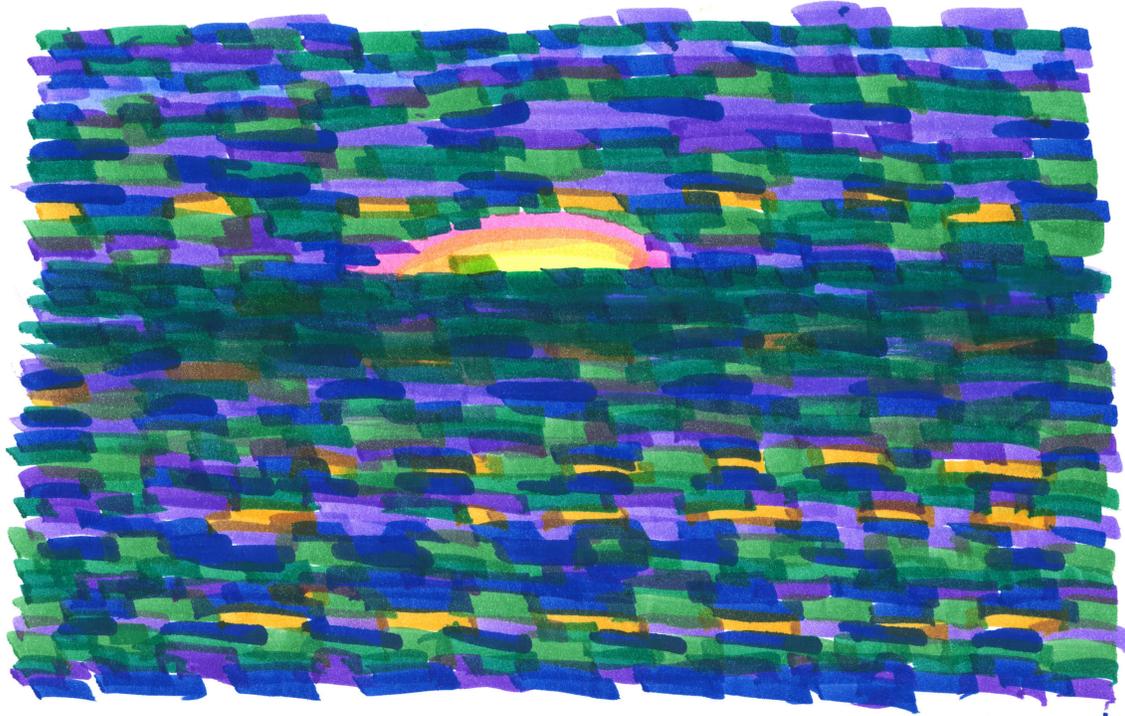
I've been doing a lot of these studies with sunset with wildflowers. In this drawing, I was interested in that idea of two perspectives of realities meeting. My dad lay in bed and occasionally his arms would come up like he was leading an orchestra and was about to start directing. Terryl, my dad's sweetie, said that was from the toxins interacting with his other brain chemicals causing Rapid eye movement sleep behavior disorder.

At this point, he wasn't able to get up. The urine bag was connected to a plastic box with a clear front. His urine on display. I looked it up just now and tried to match the color with my memory. It wasn't a healthy yellow but more like PANTONE 17-1563 TCX Cherry Tomato. It was a pretty color.



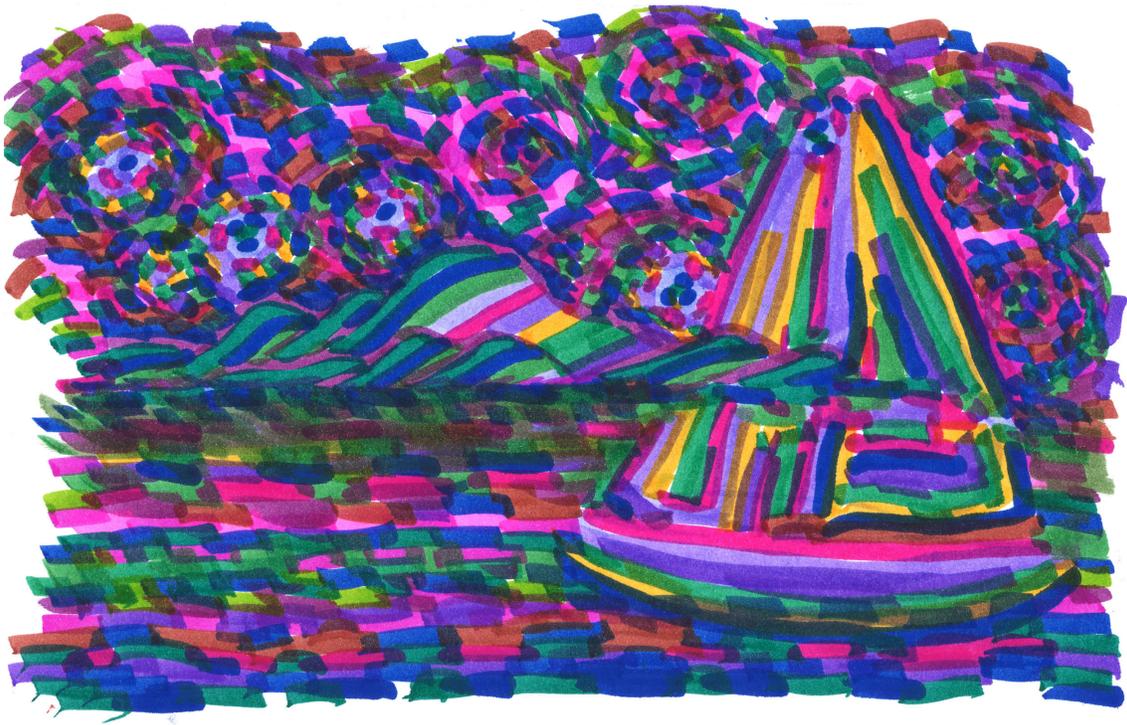
Coladog Startling Butterflies

One of my favorite memories with my dad. We were biking the Appalachian Trail (Appalachia: The Pronunciation Matters) with our dog Cola who came across a bunch of lil blue butterflies and they fluttered all around him.



Watching for the Green Flash

I was born and raised in Hawaii. Dad would point to the horizon at sunset and tell us to watch for the Green flash. I remember distinctly seeing it just once. When I was maybe 4 or 5 from our pouch in the mountains with a view of the horizon in the distance past the city. When I was about to reveal this drawing to Jenny (my oldest sister) and Terry, they enthusiastically remembered my dad's fondness of seeing the green flash or at least looking for it when possible.



Watauga Lake

My dad loved sailing. He was part of a sailing club and so was his first cousins.
He crewed on a boat called Changes In Attitude.



Kalihi Valley

Verily, with its rank luxuriance of vines and blossoms, its groves of forest trees, its shady nooks and grassy lawns, its crystal brook and its wild and beautiful mountain scenery, with that charming far-off glimpse of the sea, Kalihi is the Valley of Enchantment come again!

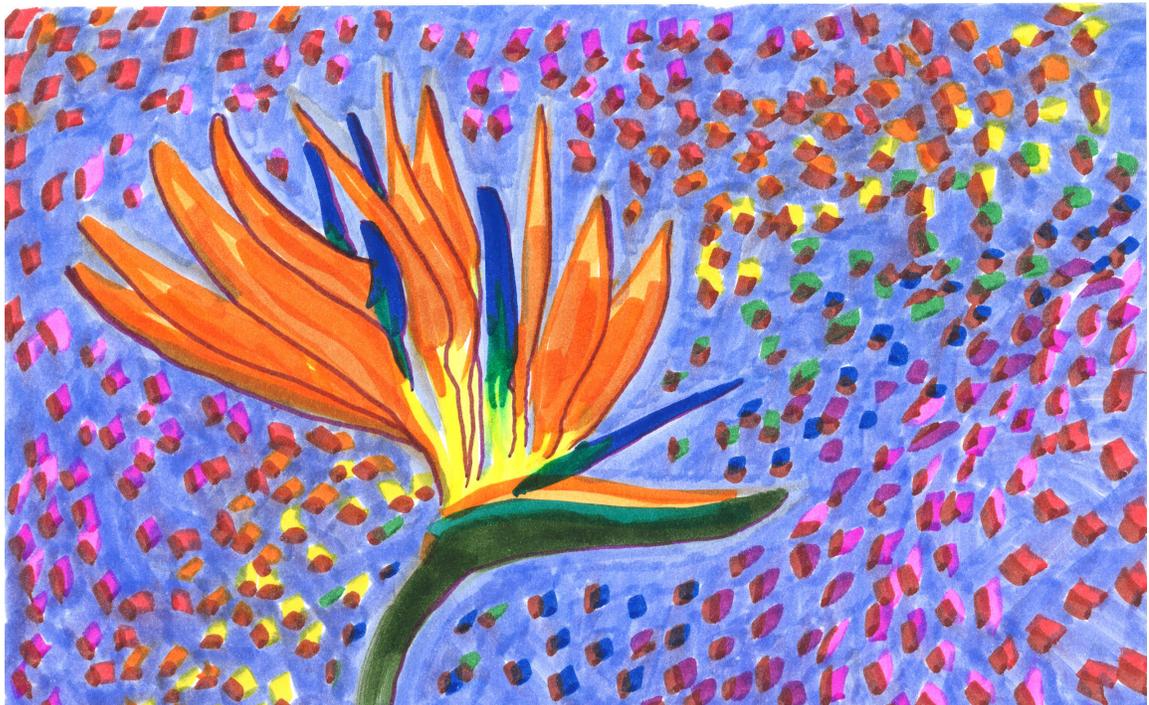
Source: Mark Twain in Sacramento Union – #11

The first home I remember with my family. In this beautiful valley, we would take drives through mountain tunnels, hold our breaths and make wishes. Driving by the mountains, there are slivers, random single thread tinsel of waterfalls.



Plumeria

There was a Plumeria tree by the pool in our apartment building where dad would do laps. He wore one of those tiny speedo swimsuit— uh, swim pieces?— that always made him seem extra devoted to the act of swimming. I had to remind Terryll multiple times what these flowers are called. I guess Dad never talked about them. They are beautiful flowers used to make leis with an unforgettable scent. When I smell a scent at a candle store or in the aromatherapy aisle at Whole Foods, I'm transported to my childhood.



Bird of Paradise

Terryl reminded me that Bird of Paradise (Strelitzia) was/is Dad's favorite flower. I was working on this during Dad's last concert. He loved Somewhere Over the Rainbow.



Ho'Okena Beach Park

I asked Terryl, "where is your favorite place with dad?" She told the story of the time she and dad went to the Big Island and spotted a pod of Spinner Dolphins and rushed out to swim with them. Terryl loves this drawing. I made this drawing the day my dad breathed his last breath.

dad (YouTube Playlist)

Love Me Tender Elvis Presley original 1956 remastered
• **Empire Of The Sun - We Are The People • Tom Waits**
- **How's It Gonna End • Hozier - Take Me To Church**
• **Johnny Cash I Walk the Line • King Crimson - Red**
(OFFICIAL) • OFFICIAL Israel "IZ" Kamakawiwo'ole
- **"What A Wonderful World" Video • Hey Jude - The**
Beatles (with lyric) • Girl • Hold Me Tight • All My
Loving • Across the Universe - I Wanna Hold Your Hand
- **T.V. Carpio • With A Little Help From My Friends -**
Jim Sturgess and Joe Anderson • Across the Universe It
won't be long • Let It Be • If I Fell • I Want You (She's
So Heavy) • Flying • Being For The Benefit Of Mr.
Kite • Because • Something • Strawberry fields Forever-
Jim Sturgess • Revolution • ATU - While My Guitar
Gently Weeps • Blackbird - Evan Rachel Wood {Lyrics} •
Earth, Wind & Fire - Let's Groove • Earth, Wind & Fire
- **Boogie Wonderland • Sonny & Cher - I got you babe**
(HQ) • Atlanta Rhythm Section - So Into You (original) •
Fleetwood Mac - Go Your Own Way (HQ) • TOP GUN
ANTHEM • Led Zeppelin - Stairway To Heaven • The
Phantom Of The Opera - Theme Song • Think of Me
- **Andrew Lloyd Webber's The Phantom of the Opera •**
The Music of the Night - Andrew Lloyd Webber's The
Phantom of the Opera • The Phantom of the Opera - The
Point of No Return • George Harrison - What Is Life •
Cats Musical - Memory • Time Warp ft. Christina Milian
& Reeve Carney | THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE
SHOW • Cats the Musical: Jellicle Songs • Rocky Horror
Picture Show - Sweet Transvestite • Here Comes The
Sun King • Jimi Hendrix - Solo Little Wing • The Jimi
Hendrix Experience - All Along The Watchtower • Janis
Joplin- Piece of my heart • Jefferson Airplane -White
Rabbit- • George Harrison-My Sweet Lord • The Beatles
- **Don't Let Me Down • John Lennon - Imagine • Cecilio**

and Kapono - Highway in the Sun • Kiss From A Rose - Seal • Michael Jackson - Smooth Criminal • Bee Gees - Too Much Heaven (1979) • Hotel California • Kansas - Dust in the Wind • Elton John - Tiny Dancer • Elton John - Candle In The Wind • Perry Como "It's Impossible" • Beach Boys - Wouldn't It Be Nice • Doobie Brothers | Jesus Is Just Alright • Blackbird - Crosby, Stills & Nash • Jim Croce - Time in a bottle - 1973 • Carpenters - We've Only Just Begun • Carpenters - Superstar • Stevie Wonder Superstition • Stevie Nicks - Edge of Seventeen • ABBA : Dancing Queen • Berlin - Take My Breathe Away theme from Top Gun • Abba - Take A Chance On Me • Abba - Mamma Mia • Hey You by Pink Floyd • Tesla - Sign • Five Man Electric Band • The Troggs - Wild Thing • Blowin in The Wind - Bob Dylan • 04. If I Had a Hammer (Peter, Paul & Mary) • Peter, Paul and Mary - Where Have All the Flowers Gone (25th Anniversary Concert) • Bob Dylan - Like a Rolling Stone • Earth, Wind & Fire - Sailaway • Enya- Sail away • Heart-Crazy On You • Heart - Dreamboat Annie • Lynyrd Skynyrd-I Need You • Alice's Restaurant - Original 1967 Recording • Joan Baez - House of The Rising Sun, 1960 • Melanie Safka - Look What They've Done To My Song Ma • Cat Stevens - If you want to sing out • Cat Stevens - Father and Son • Don McLean - American Pie • JIM CROCE - I'll Have To Say I Love You In A Song • Queen - Bohemian Rhapsody • Dolly Parton - I will always love you • Dolly Parton, Emmylou Harris & Linda Ronstadt - Rosewood Casket • Dolly Parton, Emmylou Harris & Linda Ronstadt - To Know Him Is To Love Him • Dolly Parton, Emmylou Harris & Linda Ronstadt - Feels Like Home • The Oak Ridge Boys -- Elvira • Foreigner - 'I Want To Know What Love Is' • Journey-Dont Stop Believing • Foreigner - Waiting for a Girl Like You • John Mellencamp - Jack & Diane • Duran Duran - Hungry Like The Wolf • Johnny Cash - Hurt • Elvis Presley - Can't Help Falling In Love • Elvis Presley ~ My Way (BEAUTIFUL VERSION) • ELVIS - Bridge Over Troubled Water (NEW

mix! Great sound!) • La vie en rose - Louis Armstrong John Denver - Take Me Home, Country Roads • John Denver - Rocky Mountain High • Edison Lighthouse - Love Grows (Where My Rosemary Goes) • Edith Piaf - Non, Je ne regrette rien • Mozart - Symphony No. 40 in G minor, K. 550 • Pink Floyd - Wish You Were Here (with lyrics) • Steppenwolf - Born To Be Wild



We sat by my father the last day, hearing his death rattle -- a sound that I was fascinated by and poetically moved by -- and we compiled and played songs for him on my laptop.

Here, the songs are listed in order. I'm convinced that when Elvis' cover of My Way (by Frank Sinatra) played, Dad felt more comfortable and started to make his way for the cosmic exit. His last breaths were accompanied by Louis Armstrong's La Vie En Rose cover, then followed by Take Me Home Country Roads. I loved that. The playlist wasn't designed for that timing, but I'm glad it worked out.

When his brother Robert came into the hospital room after my dad died, the playlist was still on (shuffle mode) and a Beach Boy's song was playing. Uncle Robert told us how much they enjoyed riding motorcycles and listening to music together.

Elvis and Dolly Parton



www.dollyon-line.com

The Wonder Of You

Elvis Presley

When no-one else can understand me
When everything I do is wrong
You give me hope and consolation
You give me strength to carry on

And you're always there to lend a hand
In everything I do
That's the wonder
The wonder of you

And when you smile the world is brighter
You touch my hand and I'm a king
Your kiss to me is worth a fortune
Your love for me is everything

I'll guess I'll never know the reason why
You love me like you do
That's the wonder
The wonder of you

My Way

Frank Sinatra

And now, the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend, I'll say it clear
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain

I've lived a life that's full
I've traveled each and every highway
But more, much more than this
I did it my way

Regrets, I've had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do
And saw it through without exemption

I planned each charted course
Each careful step along the byway
And more, much more than this
I did it my way

Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew
When I bit off more than I could chew
But through it all, when there was doubt
I ate it up and spit it out
I faced it all and I stood tall
And did it my way

I've loved, I've laughed and cried
I've had my fill my share of losing
And now, as tears subside
I find it all so amusing

To think I did all that
And may I say - not in a shy way
Oh no, oh no, not me
I did it my way

For what is a man, what has he got
If not himself, then he has naught
To say the things he truly feels
And not the words of one who kneels
The record shows I took the blows
And did it my way

Yes, it was my way

This song especially resonated with my Dad's sweetie Terry. She was very affected when my dad was talking to the hospital staff about a liver transplant and my dad was honest and said that he wasn't going to stop drinking.

Lessons from James

(To congregation) ALOHA.

(To James) Aloha, baby. I love you.

We spend a lot of time talking about James's abilities, achievements, and adventures. Yes. They were extraordinary. None of us have ever met anyone like him. I mean... how many people do we actually KNOW who summited Mt. Rainier and Island Peak?

But there's another part of James that needs to be recognized.

This is a man who not only said "I love you" at the end of his conversations, he also began his conversations that way.

"Hey Baby, I love you."

"Hey, Rob and Mom, I love you."

So, you see, he began every interaction with a profession of love. Whether it was to tell me that he couldn't get his car started or to ask me when I would be home... he always greeted me with love first. He did that for all of us and what an amazing gift we all received every time we spoke to James – Jim – Jimmy – Dad...

For all of his accomplishments and talents, James never looked down on anyone. When he asked people, "What do you do?" he wasn't speaking of profession. No.... what do you DO? Do you hike, bike, run, ski, fish, travel, sail...? You can look around today and you will see people who come from all walks of life... there are members from the Sailing Club, Ski Club, his racing crew, musicians, family, classmates, teammates, work out buddies, travel companions, and those who worked with him for political activism. His circle of friends reflects just how inclusive and diverse his world was.

His adventures and accomplishments were vast.

Traveled all over the world. Lived in Hawaii for 30 years.

All sports – basketball, football, soccer, tennis

Camping, Hiking, Mountaineering, loved being outdoors

Scuba diving, snorkeling, biking, swimming, triathlons, karate,

But his life was short.... So....Why was it that James was able to do all of these things in such a short life?

He and I spoke of this a lot. And these were the things I learned:

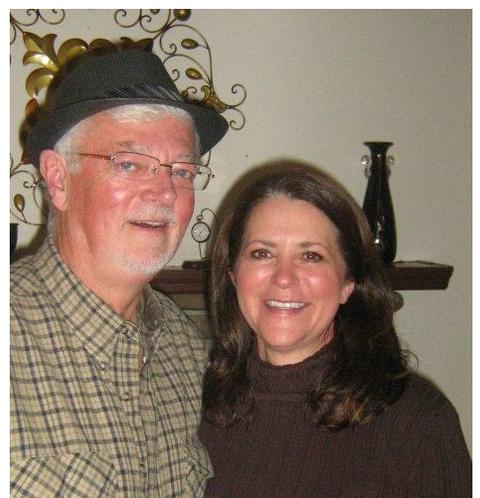
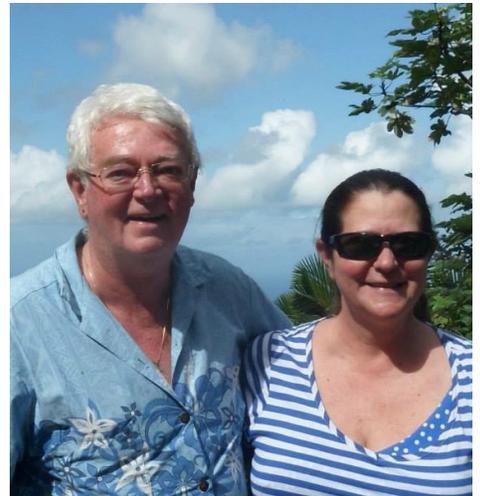
Never a problem – always an opportunity.

If you have to go somewhere on business, open up the local brochures and see what is available. If you are told you need to move for a job – then... YAY!! New places, new people, new food!!!!

Your default response should always be YES.

Do you want to go.... YES!

Do you want to try... YES!!





How many times do we want to say “No...I’m tired and think I’ll just watch TV.” James understood that opportunities to DO would expire... your ability to have time to rest could be saved for later.

Diversify your friendships because PEOPLE are your greatest resource. If you are always only around the same people, you will continue to do the same things. As we look around here today, there are Ski club friends, Sailing club friends, Racing friends...old teammates, work colleagues, and, of course, family. James loved meeting new people and learning from them AND discovering the opportunities that they presented.

If you’ve already been there, done that... there might not be a good reason to repeat it.

If you want more out of life – more experiences – don’t wait for it to fall in your lap. LOOK for them. Try a new beach place. Try a new restaurant. Try a new sport. James spent every day looking for new things for us to see and do. The Loafer was his friend and he consulted it daily.

You don’t have to be good at something to enjoy it.

It doesn’t matter if you are a poor skier, dancer, basketball player, artist, or singer. Do it anyway! James loved to sing and dance... and it didn’t bother him one WHIT that he wasn’t very good at either. If you were to say to James, “I’m too out of shape to hike,” then he would answer, “That’s okay. Hiking will help you get in shape.” Don’t wait for a perfect set of circumstances to take the plunge.

Every day can be special if you want it to be.

Put some flowers out on your dinner table. Make your dinner plate a presentation! Wear the bow tie, the funky hat, the unusual costume! Every day can be special if you want it to be.

Don’t be self-conscious. People care a lot less about you fitting in than you might think.

Wear the costume! Who cares if no one else is? He’d say, “We’ll have fun, we’ll make people laugh, and it will be a great conversation starter.” And... you’re teaching them how to live.

(Ending – slow down...)

James found adventure in his life because he wasn’t afraid of it. He saw opportunities where others saw obstacles. His default answer was YES.

MOST IMPORTANTLY...He made his world big by living large and always remembering that diversity was not something to fear.... It was something to embrace, celebrate, to be thankful for and to **SEEK OUT**.

Diversity, you see, is a gift from God.

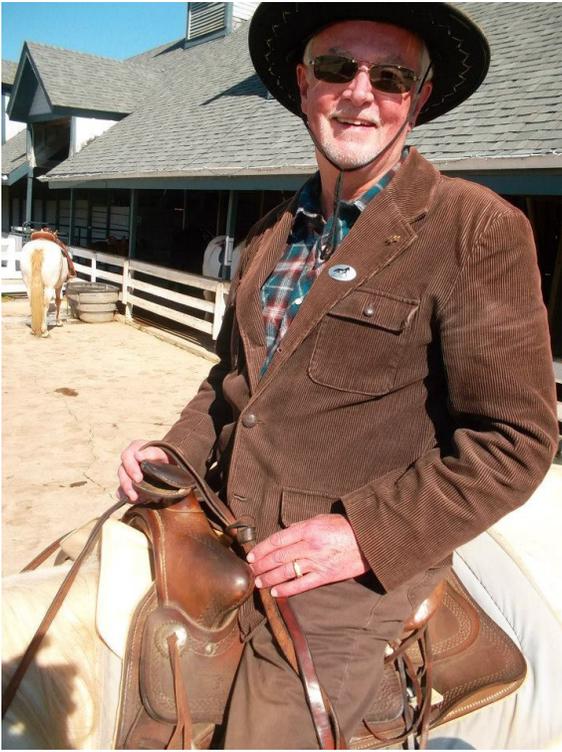
Aloha, baby. I love you.



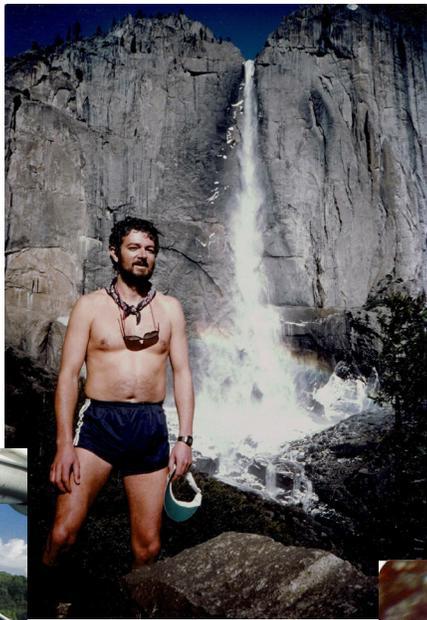


The photo below is my favorite photo of my dad because it has me in it! and my/our sweet dog, Cola. This photo was taken after we moved to Bristol, VA to live with my grandma.









Terryl sang this lullaby for James the last day of his life.



Lullaby

I love Jamesie
I love Jamesie
I love Jamesie, everyday.
I love him in the morning time,
afternoon, and evening, too
Everyday, along my way
I love Jamesie.

