



“My son, my son, my precious, awesome, wonderful son. How can it be? Are you really gone from this earth forever? How can it be? How can it be?”

These words and the associated pain, which are too hard to describe, roll through my conscience and my sub-conscience every moment of my existence now. This loss has become a part of my physical being; I ache, I am numb, I find myself breathing only shallow breaths; how easily I get so tired, I have to stop everything and rest. My range of motion seems to be that of a much older man. And my concentration...I think it is getting better, but sometimes I forget the simplest things, even now. Sometimes I am disoriented. I know that I am not losing my mind, but am I?

It has been just over two years since my 25 year old son Mitch was killed. Mitch (III) was hit and run over by a car while trying to save his young puppy, which had run onto a rural, but busy road. He was married to his beautiful young bride, Leah; both Auburn graduates and living in Vail for a few years, before they moved back to the southeast to start having their family. And this picture of joy and a promising future ended so bluntly and so violently on June 3, 2003.

I find that I NEED to talk about all aspects of my son: his life, his faith, Heaven; the accident scene, his youth; his widow, his smile and the awesome joy he brought me as my precious son.

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