

Barb,

I never got to meet you face to face and know even more about you. I came into the family a short 5 years after you passed. But over the past 36 years your memories are always alive in the family and I see you in each and every person in the family.

In Dan I see the seriousness, the elder child personality...

In Jim I see the fun loving, carefree person...

In Julie I see the caregiver, the kind/giving person...

Brianna (your niece) holds the spunk everyone talks about....

Abbey (your niece) holds the love of of music....

Nichole (your niece) has been the tomboy since birth...

Cody (your nephew) has the dark features you had....

And most of all I saw so much of you in your Dad and Mom. I've been filled with stories during all of your youths and over all the years...I remember calling the family the "Clever Family" haha

I never saw so much love for their children and stories and pictures were of a solid, strong, close family. Yet I also knew and felt something was much different from the stories of earlier years. Your parents tried with all their might to continue life and be the parents they needed to be to the rest of the children...but you could see something was lost, you....you were the center of each family members love of life, they looked up to you, their treasured you as their sister and daughter and when you were so horribly taken away...each and every one of them lost a part of themselves.

Each one of us in the family, spouses, nieces, nephews are lucky that you had such a presence in the family, as we have all gotten to know a little part of you through the years. What we grieve about each day is that because of Edward Clark YOU were not able to know any of us, to see your siblings grow up and raise their children, for you to raise yours, to be a part of the family gatherings, to share in the laughter and in the tears throughout the years.

I knew but never could understand the deep trauma and hurt that your brothers and sister went through all these years, until one summer day in 2003. Jim and I had bought a home with some acreage...I had heard so much about you and your amazing ability to train horses, and it was something I had always wanted growing up...a horse. Jim would talk and talk about you and the horses, the riding and the training. It took time, but eventually Jim worked on putting up fence and we purchased our horses. In the beginning I couldn't quite understand the depth of his hurt, he refused to ride...but would help with maintaining of the horses and land. In late 2004 we purchased a quarter horse named Jackson, I insisted Jim ride him when we went to look at him, and he did for 5 minutes, and then refused to ride him when he got home, he would only talk about how similar Jackson was to some of the horses you had. One day I finally purchased a saddle for Jim and figured it could sit until he was ready....

One morning as I was out getting my horse ready to ride, I thought alone....Jim came through barn, he saddled up Jackson, I quietly watched wondering if he was really going to ride with me. I will never forget what happened next...he reached into his pocket and drew out your Bolo Tie, he carefully wrapped it around the horn and said, "Ok Barb let's ride...." We rode for quite some time that day and every day after Barb...he would put your Bolo tie on and insure you were with him every ride.

It was then that I realized all the years that your family held the hurt, the fear, the grief deep inside, just to keep the wonderful memories alive.

I will not continue this letter by giving Edward Clark any attention or time.

I will simply say to all that are involved in the decision making of the law and to decide on what is right and wrong. We call them victims for a reason, in this case nobody lost money, or car, or material belongings....

Barb had taken from her the most precious thing given to us here on earth, our lives, our family and our love. The aftermath is what the family has had to deal with...the loss of a Daughter...a sister...a aunt...a best friend. Some feel time will heal all wounds, time helps you deal with them...they will never heal.

Till we all meet Barb...may you know you are with us every day...you are gone but never a minute forgotten.