

Mel wrote this for a school composition and passed on to me.

Kathy's sister Kim had been talking with me, Christie and Kath one Tuesday night at a sleep-over. As per her usually nutty self that we loved, she had come into the bedroom and jumped up and down in between us all on the bed. Then we were all sitting on the bed facing each other holding hands because Kim said she had something really important to share with us all. She said to us that she "felt really comfortable with this guy", a swimmer she had met at the university and "that for some reason she just wanted to get on with life and experience what it was like being with a guy for once".

She talked about how she had always been so busy (4.0 gpa, law study, work, etc) to really spend time with a guy. Kim said also that she had always been so worried that she would let herself and her feelings go with a guy and then he would "dump" her and she would be hurt. She told us all, but especially Kathy her own sister, that she didn't care any more, she couldn't live her WHOLE life worrying about that, she just wanted to let herself go with a guy and experience life and she was going to go stay at his place the coming weekend, make dinner and spend the night and just have sex. If it worked out with the guy fine. If not fine too.

The day before the big night she and her best friend Samantha Takana, burned alive stuck inside Kim's car at the border. Written by Melissa Dionne

That is one thing Kathy was so upset about her sister's death, when she talked to me, her ex-teacher and she vowed to live every day fully and never worry about tomorrow. She went off to work with Katimavik, Canada, Youth Programme, and currently lives in Calgary Alberta as a winter sports clothing designer.

We never know when it's going to be over as this story by a Wisconsin Highway Patrol officer shows.

I was doing what we all do while waiting at stoplights. I was glancing at the people in the cars around him.

To my right, I noticed a young woman in the back seat on the driver's side. She was sitting back comfortably. She seemed content. She was looking forward and did not look over at me.

She was seconds away from being killed.

I heard a roaring engine and screeching tires behind me and my eyes jerked to the rear-view mirror. I saw a car coming up fast, maybe 50 mph, right behind me. I could tell from the space between the headlights that it was a large car.

The 1965 Buick Wildcat sideswiped his little Honda Civic and slammed hard into the rear of the car next to me, the Pontiac where I had noticed the woman.

People rushed in to help from everywhere. I ran to the Buick to help the driver. He was okay. I asked another officer if someone was killed in the Pontiac, which was now grossly mangled and pushed all the way across the intersection of 60th and Capitol on Milwaukee's northwest side.

The officer just looked pale and sad and said nothing.

"It was that young lady in the back seat, wasn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, it was," the officer said.

That young lady was Shamicka Johnson. She was only 16. And her death Sunday night has reminded us why we worry about our kids when they get in cars, and why any of us on the road is in danger. It reminds us all that for some life can be, unfortunately too short.

PEU DE CEOSE

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis—Bonjour!

La vie est brève:

Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve
Et puis—Bon soir!

Palmella Busson du Maurier. 1834–1896

Translation

Ah, brief is Life,
Love's short sweet way,
With dreamings rife,
And then—Good-day!

And Life is vain—
Hope's vague delight,
Grief's transient pain,
And then—Good-night.

The poem speaks positively of those who enjoy all of life's pleasures for too soon and unexpectedly life is over. We can not count on a long life... but we must only think of making our lives as full as possible, otherwise we would go crazy worrying. So smart people live every day fully.