

Life's Been a Blast!

The True Story of Birmingham Bombing Survivor Emily Lyons

By Emily and Jeff Lyons

Introduction

I have been called a bombing victim. Let me assure you that label is incorrect. I am a bombing **survivor**.

The Emily Lyons my family and friends knew was murdered by a bomb on January 29, 1998 at 7:33 a.m. My husband and I joke about BB and AB, Before Bomb and After Bomb. The blast only lasted a few microseconds, but it separated two lifetimes. The physically capable person I was before the attack died. The “new me” went through a slow and painful birth process. Just like a newborn, I had to learn to walk, speak, use my vision, and many other basic functions. Everything I had known was, pardon the pun, blown away. Life as I knew it ended that fateful Thursday morning, and my new life began. I have gone so far as to make arrangements to put three dates on my tombstone: date of birth, date of bombing, and date of death.

The bombing made national, even international news. The person accused of the crime, Eric Robert Rudolph, was on the FBI’s Top-10 Most Wanted List with a reward of \$1,000,000.00. The search lasted over five years and cost more than thirty million dollars. Thousands of people became involved, including the FBI, ATF, police, bounty hunters, psychological profilers, survivalists, cave explorers, dog handlers, Native Americans, and game hunters. The latest high-tech gadgets including helicopters equipped with infrared detectors and sophisticated listening devices were deployed. In one of this story’s many ironic twists, a rookie cop ended the manhunt while doing his normal nightly patrol. The million-dollar lottery ticket was captured while digging for food in a dumpster.

This book is about the attack, but there is so much more – love and hate, life and death, joy and sorrow. Most of all, it is about survival. Tragic events do not make a person special. Life knocks everybody down. What counts is how you stand up afterwards.

The photograph on the cover was taken of me about six weeks after the attack. I was blind, in constant pain, burned, had open wounds and broken bones, unable to walk or even stand, and was horribly disfigured. I was also smiling. This book is not about just surviving; it is about surviving with a smile.

One of my favorite sayings is “Not much intimidates you once you have been blown up.” A schoolyard bully will dominate you only as long as you let him. Writing this book is part of how I am fighting back against my attacker. You are reading the proof that he failed. He did not instill the fear in me he wanted. He did not get the silence he longed for. Instead, he made me stronger and I found a voice deep

inside me I never knew I had. He did not shut the clinic down. He did not shut me down.

Some may wonder how we could find humor in such tragic events. I fought hard to keep January 29th, 1998 from being the final date on my tombstone. In the game of life, I am in extended play, and play is exactly what I intend to do. I want to laugh at every opportunity. My vow is to enjoy the years Eric Rudolph tried to take away from me.

Dying is part of living. Almost everyone can relate to the loss of a cherished friend or family member. If you could see them again, would you want to spend your time together mourning what had been lost or enjoying the rare second chance opportunity to be with your loved one? Jeffrey and I lost each other for fifteen years when I married another man. He almost lost me again because of Rudolph. My husband wants to spend our time together laughing instead of crying, and I want to share his joy.

I had no control over what physical damage was inflicted on me, but total control over how I handled it. To hide in fear, to be silent, to be consumed by anger and hate, or to not enjoy my life, would be a victory for my attacker. It is a victory I chose not to give him. Every smile is a reminder that he failed, and I enjoy constant reminders.

When I was nervous prior to an operation, Jeff told me jokes. Humor was how we were able to deal with what we were going through. There had to be something to balance the tears. To leave laughter out of this book would be to leave out how we survived.

Many may find the graphic images of my trauma in this book and on my website to be offensive. I hope so. Violence is ugly. You **should** be offended by the senseless damage caused by the attack. It isn't the photographs that are bad; it is the act of hate that created them. If you ever hear a person joke about hurting someone by a bomb or any other means, show them these pictures so they will know the result of hate and violence. If you wonder if the photographs accurately represent how I looked, the answer is no. According to Jeffrey, film is incapable of capturing what he brought my teenage daughters into my room to see. I hope you will take the time to browse through the various images in this book and at www.emilylyons.com. The pictures tell a story of how Eric's hate almost destroyed me and how Jeff's love pulled me through.

You may have seen bits and pieces of this saga on television, in newspapers, in magazines, or in other books. It is my hope that you enjoy reading the rest of my story.

Emily Lyons, RN
Bombing Survivor

Biography of Emily Lyons

Emily Lyons was born in Montgomery, Alabama on July 18th, 1956. She received her BSN from The University of Alabama in Birmingham (UAB) in 1977. Her area of study was reproductive health.

Emily has worked in various areas of nursing, including labor and delivery, nursing supervisor, home health care, nursing home, and emergency room. She taught nursing at the University of Arkansas at Monticello.

Her last position was Director of Nursing at the New Woman All Women Healthcare Clinic in Birmingham, Alabama. Her work included administration of drugs, counseling, performing ultrasounds, and assisting with surgery.

Emily is married to Jeff Lyons. She is the proud mother of two adult daughters, and she is also a grandmother.

On January 29, 1998, a bomb exploded outside her clinic. The blast resulted in the murder of a policeman and serious injury to Emily. After months of recovery, she has dedicated her time to speaking for women's rights and speaking out against violence toward reproductive healthcare providers.

Emily has been featured in various magazines and newspapers including *Good Housekeeping*, *Ms. Magazine*, *People*, *Village Voice*, the Southern Poverty Law Center's magazine, *The Birmingham News*, *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Chicago Tribune*, and *The New York Times*. She has appeared on *Nightline*, *The Today Show*, *America's Most Wanted*, *Good Morning America*, *The Early Show*, *Larry King Live*, *Extra*, *The Discovery Channel*, *PBS*, *NPR*, *Hardcopy*, *Court TV*, CNN, and local TV stations. People from all over the world have followed Emily's story, as evidenced by emails received from London, Germany, Japan, and the Netherlands.

When legislation was introduced to limit RICO from being used against kingpins orchestrating violence against clinics, Emily spoke to a sub-committee hearing in Washington, D.C. The bill was stopped. A New York television commercial featuring Emily helped elect Sen. Charles Schumer (D-NY), sponsor of the Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances bill, FACE.

Emily also met with various political figures in Albany concerning New York legislation to protect clinic workers and patients. Emily has conferred with Janet Reno, Bill and Hillary Clinton, Al and Tipper Gore, Gloria Steinem, Henry Kissinger, Kathleen Turner, Danny Glover, and several other well-known actors and activists as well as many governors and senators.

The 1998 National Planned Parenthood meeting featured Mrs. Lyons as their guest speaker. And Emily has lectured at various NARAL (National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League) functions. Planned Parenthood's *Margaret Sanger Woman of Valor Award* was presented to Emily, as well as the Ms. Foundation's *Gloria Award*.

Emily Lyons continues to speak out for women's rights as she has already done in major cities across the United States.

Just Another Day in the Magic City

Excitement! Jeff was coming home! It was Wednesday night, January 28, 1998. My husband had spent two weeks working in New York for Publishers Clearing House, then Tuesday to check in on a government contract in Austin, Texas. That had not left much time for us to be together, but he was coming home at long last. I could hardly wait.

As we snuggled and watched TV that Wednesday night, there was something on the news about being an organ donor. That prompted us talking about what we wanted if something ever happened to us. It was just conversation, as death and trauma were something far away.

I had to go to bed early so I could get up the next morning. Normally, Jeff went to work before I did, so I was usually able to catch a little more sleep. This week had been different. The woman who normally went into the clinic early had delivered her baby over the weekend, so I was filling in for her.

The alarm clock buzzed way too early the next morning, but I got out of bed and staggered into the shower. When I got out, Jeff was still snoozing. Now I knew how he felt when he had to go and leave me there. I joked with him, suggesting he should get his lazy tush out of bed. His half-asleep response was that he would get up as soon as I was through in the bathroom. I headed off to what should have been an ordinary workday in the Magic City.

Birmingham earned the nickname “The Magic City” from the magical period of growth when iron ore was found. The steel industry resulted in explosive growth for the town, and Birmingham quickly grew as if by magic. Making steel produced pollution, and people eventually tired of the smog. As the steel industry died down, other industries like medical care and education picked up. Excellent medical resources lured me from my hometown of Montgomery to go to nursing school. Jeff had come down from his home of Fort Payne with aspirations of going to medical school.

The city was coming to life. People had their morning coffee and perhaps a bite of breakfast. Cars cranked up in the cold morning air and made their way through traffic. The morning of January 29th started out like any other day for most people, including myself. That was soon to change.

A businessman sitting in his office heard a loud clap of thunder, nothing new for Birmingham. It rains a lot and we have some severe storms. Looking out the window, there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

Minutes later, the businessman heard a siren. Again, nothing new. The University of Alabama in Birmingham is one of the largest medical centers in the country. Hearing an ambulance siren is normal. This was different. It wasn't one or two sirens; there were a **lot** of them.

Dr. Rue, head of the UAB trauma team, received a message on his pager reserved for trauma calls. Though he was a firm believer in disaster drills, this wasn't the best time for one. It was time for morning rounds and there were too many things to be done for this interruption. He picked up the phone to confirm that someone had called the drill. It had to be a drill because the message said that this "code trauma" was a bombing.

Dr. Rue had seen his share of bombing victims during his tour of duty in Desert Storm. He was glad that he lived in a place where bombs were unheard of. War was over. That happened a long time ago, in a land far, far away.

It took a moment for the words on the other end of the telephone to sink in. He hung up the receiver and told his staff to get ready. They didn't know how many would be coming in, but this was no drill.

The trauma team quickly prepared I.V.'s and other supplies. The trauma team had seen people burned in fires and their share of penetrating knife and gunshot wounds, but most had never dealt with the medical devastation resulting from a bomb. They were about to advance their education.

Officer King worked for the UAB Police Department, bicycle unit. That morning, he heard a loud noise. Even though he was several blocks away, down around 19th Street and 7th Avenue, he could pinpoint the general location of the blast to be 17th Street and 10th Avenue. There was little doubt that it was an explosion. There was a Domino's Pizza near the area of the noise. King's first thought was the gas pizza oven. Something in the pit of his stomach told him there was more to it. He started pedaling his bike in that direction as fast as he could.

A man near the Summit Medical Center heard an explosion. He had worked at Summit for years escorting women into the clinic through crowds of protesters. Someone said that the noise must have been the clinic being bombed. Of the three clinics in Birmingham providing abortion services, Summit advertised more, was much better known for abortions, did a much higher volume of patients, and did later-term cases. If any place would be bombed, it would be Summit. The man looked back at Summit and thought that it couldn't be. The

building was fine. Then he thought of the other clinic just a few blocks away.

Michelle Farley managed the clinic where I worked. She was running late because of an upset stomach. To be more graphic, she had been barfing her toenails up. She knew Officer Sanderson and I would be waiting on her, but she was just going to have to be a couple of minutes late. Michelle knew that morning sickness did **not** mean she was pregnant. She had found a lump in her breast and the fear of cancer had made her physically ill. She did not know at that time that the lump would turn out to be nothing, nor did she know that being sick that morning would save her life because it made her a few seconds late. Had she been there on time, her name would have been added to the list of injured or dead.

The phone rang at the home of a clinic employee, Jennifer Garland. It was the alarm company – there was a malfunction of the system at the clinic. It had to be a malfunction, because every single sensor in the building was going off. The only thing to set off smoke, glass break, motion, and door opening was a malfunction. Actually, their training manual said there were two things – a bomb and a malfunction, so it had to be a malfunction. A bomb was inconceivable.

A man had been waiting in his SUV since 7:00 am. Today was not a good day, and the man across the road yelling at him only made matters worse. His pregnant daughter was with him, along with her boyfriend and her boyfriend's father. They lived in a small town and wanted to keep the unintended pregnancy as quiet as possible. The tension in the air was so thick it could be cut with a knife, and an abortion protestor telling him he was going to hell for killing a baby only made the situation more miserable. Their minds weren't about to be changed by a protestor. He was just an annoyance.

The abortion clinic's doors were locked. To get away from the screaming, he pulled his SUV up to a parking lot across the street and up the hill a bit. He did not see another man, standing in the parking lot, wearing a coat and baseball cap, walk away as the vehicle pulled in to wait.

Minutes later, another SUV appeared at the clinic in the upper parking area. A man in a Birmingham police uniform got out. Moments afterwards, a silver BMW convertible pulled into the clinic's lower parking area. A woman dressed in pink scrubs got out of the car and went to greet the officer.

The four people waiting across the street drove back to the clinic. The policeman told them the facility would open around 8:00; they were welcome to wait. The man got back to his SUV to rejoin his daughter and the two other occupants when a fireball erupted. In horror, they saw the body of the police officer hurl through the air. Panic stricken, they sped away.

Their red SUV had been spotted speeding away from the scene. They had wanted to handle the unintended pregnancy quietly, but had managed to become suspects in a Federal crime with nationwide media attention.

Jermaine Hughes was doing his laundry in his UAB student residence. He heard a loud noise and felt the building shake. Like bicycle officer King, he thought it might have been an explosion at Domino's Pizza. From his building, he saw the same smoke and destruction witnessed by many others. Jermaine watched as a crowd moved toward the source of the explosion. His observant eye caught something strange, unnoticed by everyone else. While everyone else ran toward the scene, one man was calmly walking away.

Attorney Jeff Tickal had come up from Opelika to Birmingham on business. While enjoying breakfast at McDonald's, he overheard an excited young man calling 911 on the restaurant's phone. The conversation was unbelievable – something about a bombing suspect. Suddenly, Tickal heard the young man on the phone exclaim that the person he had been following had just emerged from the woods across the street. With his experience in criminal law, Jeff knew how important an accurate description was. He decided to help the tipster on the phone describe the suspect.

This is a small sample of the lives changed by the bombing. For some, it was minor. The force of the bomb rocked Birmingham's Southside, but most folks went back to what they were doing. UAB college students heard the blast, were notified that they might have to evacuate their living quarters, but wound up going to class. For me, it ended one lifetime and started another. Regardless of the degree of change, that one act of violence, that one explosion that lasted only a few microseconds, changed countless people's lives.

My Wakeup Call

I woke up. Things were vastly different from Thursday morning. I always took a nap after work, and had been looking forward to this nap because of having to get up way too early. The funny thing was that I remembered starting my drive to work, but I didn't remember working, coming home, or going back to bed. Still, it should be sometime Thursday afternoon. Shouldn't it?

There was no alarm clock. I just woke up. It was a groggy kind of semi-awake state, but more like a drug-induced haze instead of the normal stage between sleep and alertness.

Something was wrong. Something was **very** wrong. I hurt all over. I had never hurt like this, and never in so many places. For some reason, I couldn't open my eyes. I finally managed to open them a slight amount, but I still couldn't see. It wasn't like the lights were off; it was a different kind of darkness. I could move my arm a little, but that made it hurt even more. My legs felt like huge lead weights and didn't move at all. Somehow, the bed didn't feel like my bed. I thought about trying to speak, but I had the worst sore throat of my life.

While asleep, I recalled hearing voices. Being a nurse, I instantly recognized the type of conversation to be a care plan. This had to be a dream because I had not worked in a hospital for years. The conversation was like conversations I had heard hundreds of times. When it is time to get off work, a nurse has to go over the patient's care plan, or "shift change report," with a nurse from the next shift.

The care plan that I dreamed I heard was for a patient by the name of Jennifer Hollis. I had no idea why I would dream such a thing; Jennifer Hollis was not the name of anyone I knew.

The care plan seemed to take forever. Whoever Ms. Hollis was, she seemed to have everything a person could imagine wrong with her. I distinctly remember the nurse talking about Ms. Hollis's eye care. There was a list of five different drops that had to be applied to the patient's right eye every hour. "Just force the eye open and give the drops. Don't bother with the left eye – it's gone." I drifted off again after that nightmare.

I could not fully wake up, and the pain told me that I really didn't want to. My husband came to my bedside and must have seen that I was awake, as he started talking to me. How odd that he would be home during my nap – he should be at work. He told me what day it was, just like he had done every day since I last left for work. It

seemed like I should have been working that morning or yesterday, but two weeks had passed. Two weeks of my life were gone, deleted from the calendar. Though they were gone for me, Jeff had endured every single minute of those fourteen days that seemed to stretch out forever for him. I had no idea how much more I had lost. Those two weeks were only the beginning of what had been taken from me.

There was some memory from the fog. As Jeff went over the details of the bomb, I somehow knew that he had told me all of that before. He asked if I knew how badly I was hurt. I was able to jokingly whisper, "Yeah, way too much." He later told me what a turning point that statement was. I had been intubated (a breathing tube was down my throat) for over a week. When it was removed, he had expected me to start talking. It was another week before I made that wisecrack.

I would like to say that my first words were something romantic, like "I love you." Disappointingly, the first word out of my mouth was "suction." Fluid collects when you have a tube in, especially for that long. It takes a while for the body to get to where it is used to swallowing again. Perhaps this is too much information, but you really don't want to swallow the gunk that has been collecting in your mouth for a week or two, so they suction it out. When I got a bit better, they left the suction device in my hand so I could pull out the unmentionables on my own. It provided countless hours of entertainment by listening to the sound it made as I touched it to my tongue. I would touch it to my tongue and then pull it off, over and over, to play little songs with the air going into the suction tube. When your left hand is the only part of your body that you can move and there is nothing else to do to pass the time, you have to be creative with your entertainment.

My body had been dependent on machines to keep it alive. There is a medical score to indicate how much a person can do for himself. I scored the big zero for the first week, as I was in a deep coma. A machine breathed for me, tubes were inserted to feed me, insulin kept my glucose level corrected, heparin regulated my blood clotting, bags of blood replaced what I had lost, and a nurse cleaned me when I went to the restroom. I did have periods when I would start to breathe on my own and my doctors thought about pulling the tube out, but then I would need another operation and the combination of drugs and surgery would put me back to being dependent on a ventilator. Breathing for myself was a big step up in the second week, but I still had a long way to go. It isn't like the movies where someone suddenly

wakes up from a coma and runs outside. You just don't go from zero to full throttle again over the period of a few minutes.

Jeff had been afraid of brain damage because I had been unresponsive for so long. When he heard a joke come out of me, he knew that the woman he had married was still with him. Saying "way too much" when I was asked if I knew what of my body had been hurt may not have been all that funny, but it was enough to let him know that I was still inside that mangled body somewhere. Jeff said that anybody who could still have some humor after all I had been through was the woman he wanted to stay with the rest of his life. If my body had been intact, but I had been in a coma, he would have felt that his wife was lost. On the other hand, it didn't matter what I looked like as long as we could talk to each other. I just love it when he says stuff like that! Perhaps that is part of why I married him. How many women can honestly say that their husband will love them no matter what they look like? If ever there was a "bad hair day" in my life, this was it. Yet Jeff never considered turning away. He actually meant it when he said "for better or for worse, in sickness or in health." This ordeal put him to the test, and he passed with flying colors.

January 30th, the day after the bombing, was the first day in several years that had passed without us talking to each other. Long before we married, we had made it a point to at least hear each other's voice every single day. If he was on the road, we made it a point to hurt the phone bill. It had become almost like a contest to see how long we could go without missing a day. Perhaps it was like a game, but the truth was that we were so close that we **wanted** to talk to each other.

At least he talked to me during those weeks. At first, he could only see me for half an hour, four times a day. He had tried to work, so he would drive from his office to the hospital at the appointed times, talk to me for our half-hour visit, and then drive back.

My burns were so bad that infection could have finished killing me, so he had to put on a gown and wear gloves. Apparently he was allergic to the latex or the powder, because he told me his hands would turn red and itch. He also said that he didn't care how bad they itched if that was what it took to be with me. That earned him yet another brownie point. The day he was able to touch me without gloves made the 6 o'clock news.

Each of those visits, he told me what day it was, what time it was, and a little about what was going on. He thought the drugs (Versed) they were giving me would erase my memory, so he told me about my injuries every day. Even so, it still didn't seem real.

By the time I woke up, I had been moved out of TBICU (Trauma Burn Intensive Care Unit) to a “step-down” ward. This was wonderful for both of us, as Jeff could visit longer. He was able to stay the night and catch a little sleep in a chair while caring for me. It must have been hard to work during the day and spend the rest of the time in that chair, but he wouldn't have had it any other way. The stress and lack of sleep resulted in bronchitis that posed an infection risk for me, which was the only thing that kept him from my side for a few days.

Just like that Wednesday night when he came home from out of town, I couldn't wait for him to return to my hospital room each day. His voice was like a lighthouse in the darkness of being blind. He saw what I felt, so his words painted my mental pictures. When I was down, he told me a joke. When I was afraid, he held my hand. Jeff was my lifeline that kept me from being forever lost in the abyss.

And the final chapter...

Fading Into the Sunset

My goals were not as lofty as those of George W. Bush or Arnold Schwarzenegger. I wanted to earn a living for my family, live in a modest but comfortable home, and enjoy life with Emily. I had no desire to run the country or to be in front of a camera lens. If the only thing I am remembered for after I am gone is that I was a good husband to Emily, my life will have been worthwhile.

Emily was taught that children were to be seen and not heard – a mindset she never outgrew until forced into the spotlight by the attack. Emily was the life of the party as long as the party consisted of two or three of her close friends. She was terrified of speaking to a nursing class of 30 people, much less the concept of having the entire world shine a spotlight on her. “Not much intimidates you once you have been blown up” has become a recurring quote associated with Emily.

I knew what an amazing woman Emily was; that’s why I married her. However, few other people knew the strength inside my wife. Dr. Lucero, the clinic owner when Emily was hired, once called her “weak.” Even working with her on a daily basis, he did not know the Emily Lyons that I knew.

Neither of us begged to be front-page news. Throughout the entire ordeal prior to the release of this book, we never once asked to be interviewed. The press called us, not the other way around. Emily expressed many times that she wanted the simple pleasure of going to a restaurant and eating her meal without being recognized. We were never hounded like the late Princess Diana, but our small taste of fame gave us a glimpse of what she went through.

Few people had ever heard of us before 7:33 am on January 28th, 1998. By the next day, people around the world knew our names. We knew who Bill Clinton was – we voted for him. We never expected him to know who we were; now we have a picture of Emily with him on our living room wall. For better or worse, we were in the public eye.

For years, we longed for the conclusion of the trial so we could fade into the sunset and put all this behind us. We were kidding ourselves. Emily was being evaluated for her 20th operation while Rudolph was considering signing a plea agreement. She underwent

two procedures between the plea and sentencing, bringing the total to date up to 21. Two more operations are already being discussed. The impact of his cowardly act of hate will be with us for the rest of our lives.

This book would have to be publicized if we wanted to make any sales. For the first time, we would be the ones asking for an interview. We would find out how friendly the reporters were once the tables were turned. As much as we might have wanted our lives to return to normal, it was clear we were going to be unable to turn back the clock.

Television viewers would forget us as we became yesterday's news, but we had no doubt that many would recall the bombing when reading our obituaries. Like Eric, we received a life sentence.

We considered several endings for our book. If we had published while Eric was still hiding out in the woods like a scared little boy, the final chapter would have been about the continuing search and the hope that he would be located one day.

Had he been killed during capture, or had his bones been found out in the woods, he would have died an innocent man. In America, a person is innocent until proven guilty, so we would have been robbed of ever being able to legally say those three little words, "He did it." People would have debated his involvement until the topic became old enough to be forgotten. We would have faded into the sunset without a conviction.

My hope was that we could close our final chapter by saying that Rudolph was awaiting execution. True, he will die in prison, but Emily will not have the satisfaction of seeing it happen.

Like abortion, the death sentence is a subject of great debate. I don't expect to change your mind by telling you our point of view, but perhaps it will help you understand what we are thinking. Eric failed. He tried his best to kill Emily, who survived his attack despite incalculable odds. The ultimate symbol of his failure would be if Emily outlived her younger attacker.

Justice would have set the sentence. As it turned out, Eric controlled his fate when he signed the paperwork. He told us what his sentence would be. Regardless of the outcome of the jury's sentencing recommendation, we wanted to at least **try** to determine his fate just as he had tried his best to determine ours. We were robbed of that opportunity and we mourn the loss.

We did not get the outcome we wanted. Then again, neither did Eric. He wanted to kill Emily, go on to bomb others, and be thought of as a great war general able to outsmart all of the resources of the

United States. The doomsday device he left behind was found, Eric sits in a cage as a prisoner instead of a leader, and Emily will enjoy playing with her grandchildren.

This book is not about simply surviving; it is about surviving with a smile. The following has been used before in this book, but is worth repeating: “Tragedy doesn’t make you anything special. Life knocks everybody down. What counts is how you stand up afterwards.” Rudolph knocked us down, but we helped each other get up again. As corny as it may sound, our love for each other was, and is, stronger than many pounds of dynamite.

Emily and I intend to enjoy the years together that Eric tried to take from us. Our new life started out with a bang, and we intend to make the best of it. We are going to laugh, see movies, dine out, raise grandchildren, and watch sunsets instead of fading into them. We will stand tall, and we will be smiling.

Emily and Jeff Lyons



← (The End)

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