



ACCESSSM

NEWSLETTER

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AirCRAFT Casualty Emotional Support Services

Chairman's Message

Since the previous newsletter, only a few months ago, ACCESS has continued to be called upon in response to both past and recent disasters to lend our support and counseling to air tragedy victims. Sad as these occurrences are and as inevitable as they seem to be, we are constantly reminded of just how vital our service is.

The legacy of our loved ones is manifested through the support we offer to others who suffer, who hurt, and who cry out for help. This is the meaning and purpose of our organization.

Earlier this year ACCESS was privileged to meet with the Governor of New York, the Honorable George E. Pataki and bestow upon him, our first annual Humanitarian award. In a ceremony attended by friends of ACCESS, several of our board members, Founder Heidi Snow, and your Chairman, the award was presented in recognition of the Governor's generosity, compassion and assistance in helping families of air tragedy victims.

In the years ahead, we hope to continue recognizing the humanitarianism of other deserving individuals.

We recently received a grant offer from the Jacob and Valeria Langeloth Foundation in support of our *Volunteer Grief Mentor Training Program*. This grant is contingent upon receiving matching funds from corporations or individuals. The Board is actively seeking co-funding so that ACCESS can take advantage of this opportunity.

-Stewart Mosberg
Chairman, ACCESS

-Stewart Mosberg lost his wife, Rosie Braman, aboard TWA Flight 800, July 17, 1996, Long Island, NY.

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In Memory of Ian

My Husband Craig's Birthday

ACCESS Humanitarian Award
Honorable Governor George E. Pataki

ACCESS provides comfort to friends and families of air disaster victims and survivors. ACCESS helps people cope with their grief and pain by connecting them to grief mentors who have also survived or lost loved ones in an air tragedy.

ACCESS is there for as long as the grieving need support.

The Yellow Rose

Heidi Snow
Founder / Executive Director
(TWA 800)

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My son David was killed on June 7, 1992. The grief was overwhelming. David attended a boy's high school. His death occurred the day following his high school graduation, which the whole family had attended. I was always grateful that on the last day of his life he was able to spend it with family and friends. Without knowing it he had said his goodbyes. At the end of the graduation ceremonies the graduates presented a yellow rose to their mothers. The yellow rose became a fond memory of David's last day with me. I pressed the rose into the family *Bible*. After David's death, I would go to the *Bible* and touch the dried petals for comfort.

Our family started a scholarship fund in David's name. Although it was stressful, every year I would give out the scholarship award. On David's fifth anniversary I was getting ready to go to the high school awards. My thoughts were with him all morning. I opened the *Bible* and touched the dried out petals from that beautiful yellow rose he had given me the day before he died. I said a little prayer for strength and left for the ceremony.

As I got up to give out David's Scholarship Award to that year's recipient, I thought about the day David graduated. He was so happy to be graduating. The next day he was going on vacation to visit my mom in the Caribbean. We had a big party at the house. All the members of our family were there. The party ended and David went out with his friends. He did not get home until the early morning hours. His flight left at 7:00 that morning. He never went to bed. We took him to the airport, he boarded the plane and I never saw my youngest son alive again. Joy one minute to unimaginable grief the next. As my mind drifted back to the ceremonies, I remember most that yellow rose that David had given me.

After the ceremonies concluded, we all paraded out of the auditorium. The graduates started giving the roses to their mothers. The roses on this year were again yellow. I left quickly before the tears started flowing. My heart was so full I didn't want to start crying in front of everybody. As I waited for my husband to pick me up in front of the school, a car pulled up in front of me. A graduate stepped out with a yellow rose in his hand. "I would like to give you this rose for your son David, if that is OK." I thanked him as my eyes filled up with tears. I knew that David was always looking out for me. Maybe he heard my prayers that morning and wanted to send me a message through this young man. It is a lovely thought that sustains me in the dark days that might hit all of us when we least expect it. I look forward to giving out the scholarship because of the lovely memory of David and that fine young man with the yellow rose.

-Marge Spence, lost her son David Spence, age 17, aboard American Eagle Airlines on June 7, 1992.

He's Free

Don't grieve for him, for now he's free,
He's following the path God has laid you see.
He took his hand when he heard him call,
He turned his back and left it all.

He could not stay another day,
to laugh, to love, too work, or play.
Tasks he left undone must stay that way,
for he found his peace at the close of the day.

If his parting has left a void, then fill it with
remembered joys.
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss. Oh yes these things
to he will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
He wishes you the sunshine of tomorrow.
His life's been full; he savored much, good
friends, good times, a loved ones touch.

Perhaps his time seemed all to brief,
Don't lengthen it with undue grief.
Lift up your hearts and peace to him,
GOD wanted him now; he set him free.

We will miss and love you for the rest of our
lives.

-Your family

-In memory of Learjet Captain John J. Fare Sr. killed on January 18, 2000 in Somerset Kentucky aboard a private aircraft.

