

*To Will*

*Lives are akin to novels. Your chapters appear somewhere in the middle of your mother's novel. In the beginning, you were but a small character. As your significance increased, your chapters were delicately and deliberately enhanced. It is no mystery that the great path you are now on was paved with hard work on your part, and sacrifices of those that loved you. For sure, there were tears in your life but there was also joy. It is imperative that you move forward in joy but always be mindful of the tears. Lastly, also be mindful that you are the stock of great novels that preceded you. It is now your time to begin to write your own novel. A novel that begins with dignity, love, understanding, forgiveness and, most of all, joy. Will! A great future awaits you. Our blessings and our prayers will always be with you as you move forward on your new journey.*

*With Love,*

*Uncle Bobby and Aunt Debbie*