RON CYRUS

“ My dad was everything to me and most of all he was my best friend. His character, trustworthiness and dedication made him a wonderful role model. If only money could bring better health, he would be with us today. I support ADAO and their efforts to ban asbestos. We all must work together in this fight. ADAO has my continued support in making everyone aware of this deadly disease.”

— Billy Ray Cyrus

The Cyrus Family Salutes

Our Beloved Ronald Ray Cyrus

July 10, 1935 – February 28, 2006

On receiving the Warren Zevon

"Keep Me in Your Heart" Memorial Tribute

The world is a better place because of Ron's service to the US Air Force, his support to the AFL/CIO, his term with the Federal Reserve Board and his service to the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

His blessings came from his family. He was our Dad, Grandpa, Brother, Uncle, Cousin and our Cyrus Family spokesperson. We now treasure hearing his voice as we listen to his gospel album. There is emptiness as we no longer can hear his laughter, feel his hugs, listen to his advice and fall victim to his teasing! Most of all – we miss him!

The youngest of 8 children he was taken years before his time, because of mesothelioma. The Cyrus family Supports ADAO for their continued efforts in raising public awareness of this dreaded disease from asbestos exposure.

Keep Me In Your Heart
By Warren Zevon

Shadows are falling and I'm running out of breath

Keep me in your heart for awhile

If I leave you it doesn't mean I love you any less

Keep me in your heart for awhile

When you get up in the morning and you see that crazy sun

Keep me in your heart for while

There's a train leaving nightly called when all is said and done

Keep me in your heart for while

Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-li-li-lo

Keep me in your heart for while

Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-li-li-lo

Keep me in your heart for while

Sometimes when you're doing simple things around the house

Maybe you'll think of me and smile

You know I'm tied to you like the buttons on your blouse

Keep me in your heart for while

Hold me in your thoughts, take me to your dreams

Touch me as I fall into view

When the winter comes keep the fires lit

And I will be right next to you

Engine driver's headed north to Pleasant Stream

Keep me in your heart for while

These wheels keep turning but they're running out of steam

Keep me in your heart for while

Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-li-li-lo

Keep me in your heart for while

Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-li-li-lo

Keep me in your heart for while

Keep me in your heart for while

Lyrics reprinted with permission.
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Alan Reinstein - 1939 – 2006

"Every Daughter Deserves a Dance with her Father"

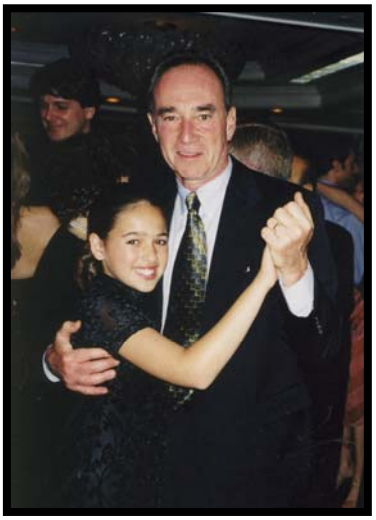
Emily Reinstein

It's hard to believe that 7 years ago, my mom and I flew to Washington D.C. out of anger and hope for a change in our country. We had no expectations and couldn't even fathom walking down the halls of the Senate. But now, I constantly overhear my mom on the phone with representatives from Senators and we have personally met with Senator Boxer. Even more importantly, ADAO has embodied the need for international change by connecting with representatives from countries such as England, South Africa, India, and many others.

With the help of this international community, our common goal of prevention, education, and advocacy are closer than ever. The accomplishments of ADAO are an outstanding example of how turning anger into action can be more beneficial than simply complaining. All the volunteers involved in ADAO have all gone through their own personal struggles which add personality to this organization and fuel others to make a powerful change.

My personal story started at a very young age. I was ten when my dad, Alan, was diagnosed with Mesothelioma. I had absolutely no idea what that word meant or even how to pronounce it. After coming home from summer camp, I was sat down at our kitchen table and told that Daddy had cancer, but that he would be okay. My parents did an incredible job of hiding the negative events going on in our life and making my life go on with little change. After a while and a few surgeries here and there, my true life began to emerge. My dad had one lung, and was hanging on with a thin string of hope, which was my mom and me. He passed away on May 22, 2006. It was the day of the season finale of our favorite T.V. show, 24. I was unable to finish that season with my father and realized that many other unfinished things involving him would come in my future, such as my graduations and wedding.

Through this time in my life, however, my family was able to make a change in our government as well as in the lives of other families. When my mom and I went to D.C. for the first time, we wandered the halls with a picture of my dad and me dancing together at a Bat Mitzvah, asking to meet with representatives. Obviously, we didn't quite understand how things worked in the legislative process. All we had going for us was the picture and my mom's quote, "Every daughter deserves to dance with her father at her wedding."



But now, ADAO is able to call a Senator, schedule an appointment, and talk to respected officials with ease. ADAO has deservedly earned the title of a highly valued nonprofit volunteer organization. The change that has been made internally is visible and tangible. I am proud to say that I am a part of this wonderful organization and hope that the children of victims will carry on this legacy for years to come. It is very true that the youth are our future and we are well aware of this fact. I, personally, have never been pressured to do anything asbestos-related; I always do it out of my own will. My wish is for no family or individual to go through what my family and countless others have had to face.

From individuals fighting for the truth and change to a large organization with respect in the legislative community, this international family has and will continue to represent and aid those affected by asbestos. My passion for ADAO has only increased over the years, as I am now eighteen years old and continue to support this organization in every way possible. Ignorance has never, and will never be, bliss.

In Loving Memory of

Alan Reinstein

1939 – 2006

Unforgettable Husband and Father

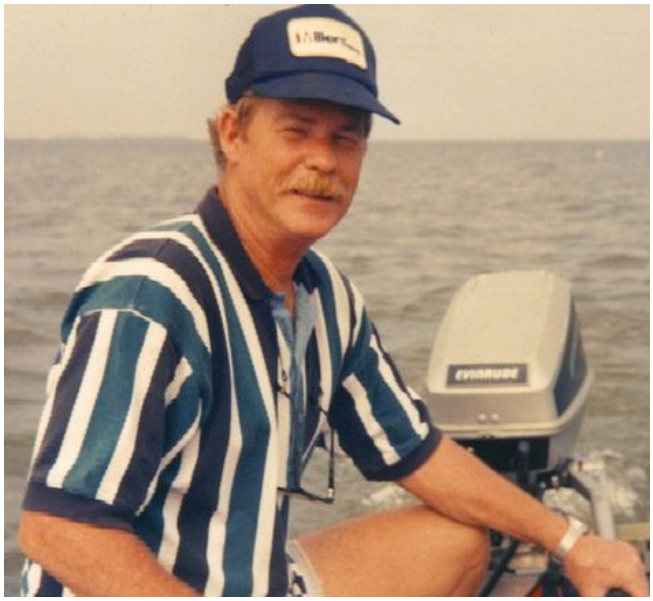
Sweetly, we remember how you lived your life so deeply and without regrets. You loved us unconditionally. The broken shards of the past six years soften amongst 25 years of bliss and have become a cherished mosaic of memories. Our love for you is forever etched across our hearts, and we feel your love.

Love, Linda and Emily

Bill Shields

1943-2004

Husband, Father, Friend



You are never forgotten and you were an inspiration in founding ADAO –
so that all victims may have a voice.
Your spirit still soars on the wings of a seagull, and our memories will always keep you alive in our hearts, minds and souls forever.

From your loving family and friends

Joe Amento, Jr.

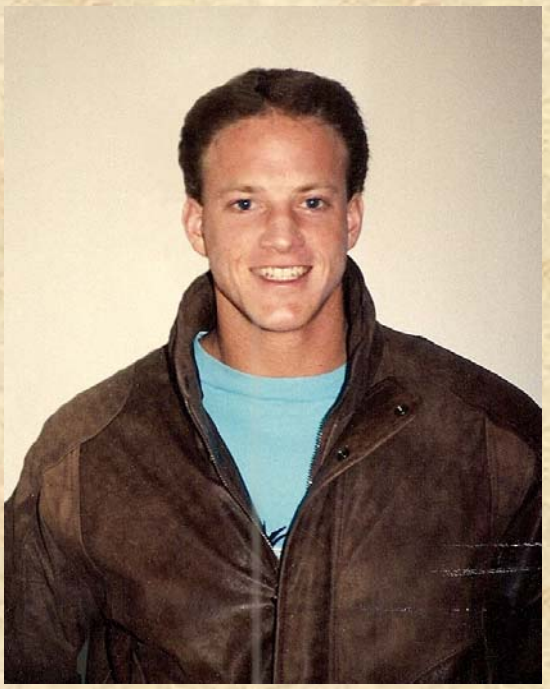
Environmental Asbestos Exposure

1950-2003

Ambler, PA

Oh how our hearts ache to have you back home with us.
We miss you so much. You are in our hearts every single day.

Love,
Marilyn, Joey and Julie



IN LOVING MEMORY

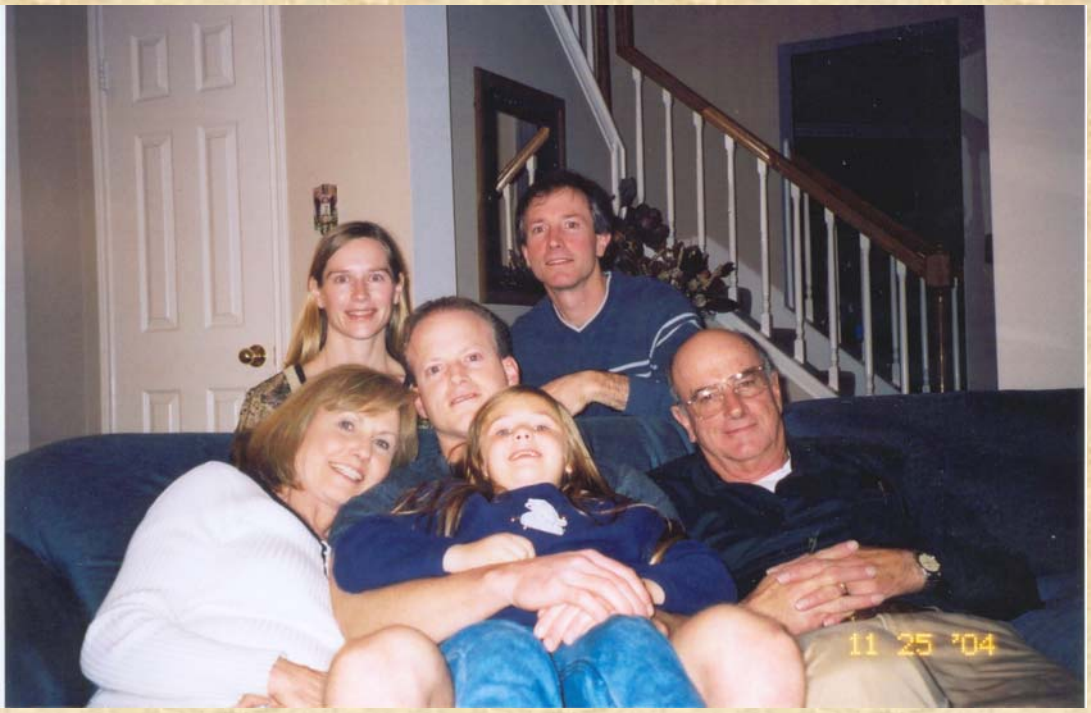
TODD HALL

Lexington, KY

January 12, 1967 – December 4, 2006

Victim of Mesothelioma

Missing you so much.
Love,
Mom, Dad, Greg, Amy & Taylor



Front: Yvonne (Mom), Todd holding Taylor (niece), Paul (Dad)

TRIBUTE TO EDMOND GRANT

For thirty years we were two halves of one person until exposure to asbestos dust developed into Mesothelioma and robbed you of your life, decades before your time. Ten years later, I am still half a person without you.

Those who distribute and profit from asbestos in any form are no different than common drug dealers. The only difference is that you can recover from a drug addiction but asbestos exposure is far less forgiving…it's deadly.

We must ban asbestos and find a treatment and cure for future victims, in the names of those less fortunate who have gone innocently before them.

Tim Devlin, Canada

HOPE

It's magic and it's free,

It's not in a prescription. It's not in an IV.

It punctuates our laughter, It sparkles in our tears,

It simmers under sorrows, And dissipates our fears.

Do you know what Hope is? It's reaching past today,

It's dreaming of tomorrow, It's trying a new way,

It's pushing past impossible, It's pounding on the door,

It's questioning the answers, It's always seeking more,

It's rumors of a breakthrough, It's whispers of a cure,

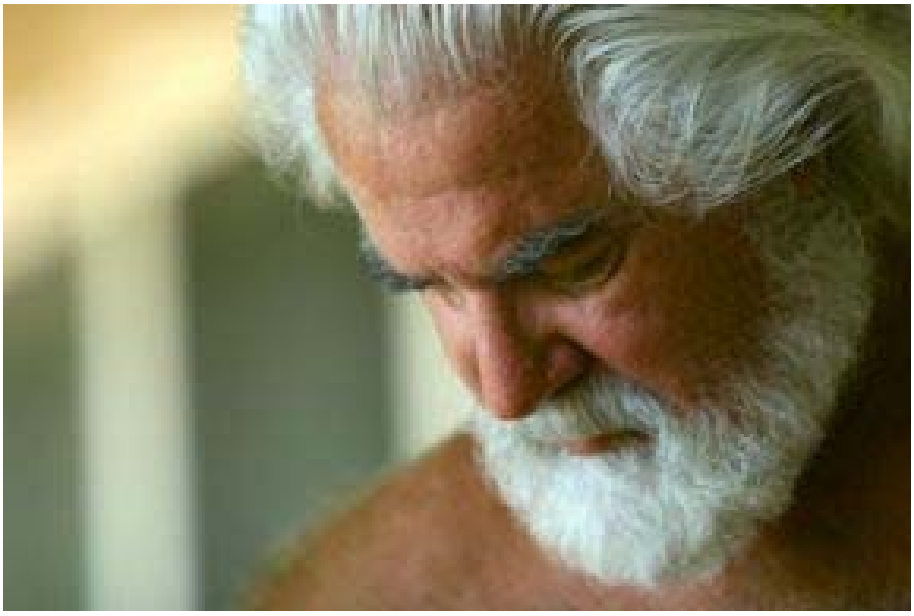
A rollercoaster ride of remedies, unsure.

Do you know what Hope is?

It's candy for the soul,

It's perfume for the spirit.

To share it, makes you whole. ~ Author Unknown ~



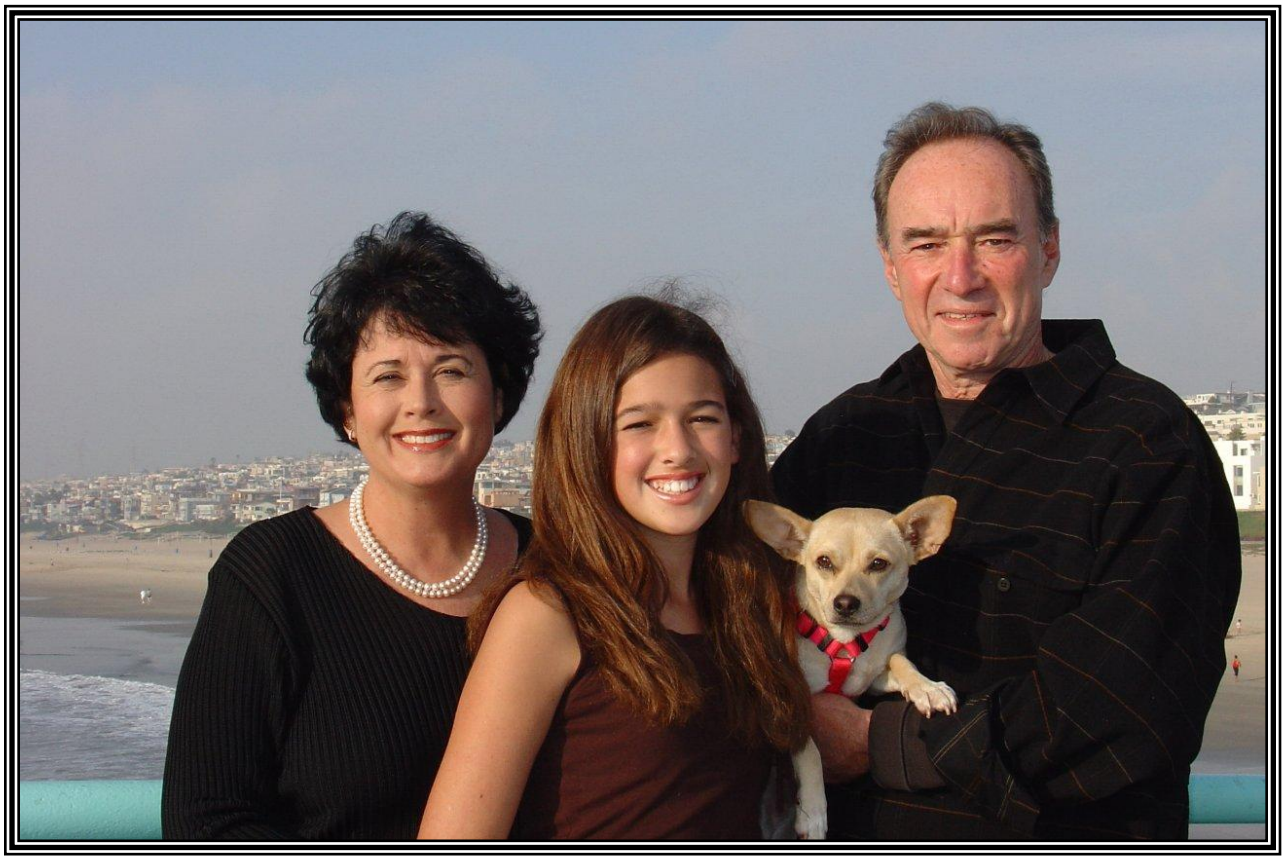
No words on paper could ever describe my hero, a man of great gentleness and passion. His loss is overwhelming and like far too many others, it was unnecessary and avoidable. We had an adventure all too short which left my family behind, but his legacy was to unite the Mesothelioma groups and to Ban Asbestos. It is with great pride and honor we continue to do so, and with each tragedy we remember our goal to fight to educate and end this useless nightmare, and to create a world where no one has to suffer like our families have.

The John McNamara Foundation is proud to work with ADAO and applauds its tireless efforts to make this world a better place. One life is too many.

Make memories that take your breath away.

TC McNamara

In Memory of Alan Reinstein



We miss you every day! We take comfort in the knowledge that your warmth, humor, compassion and love of life live on in your amazing wife and daughter.

We are lucky to have known you. You will forever be in our hearts!

Keith, Tara, Meagan & Brett Jensen

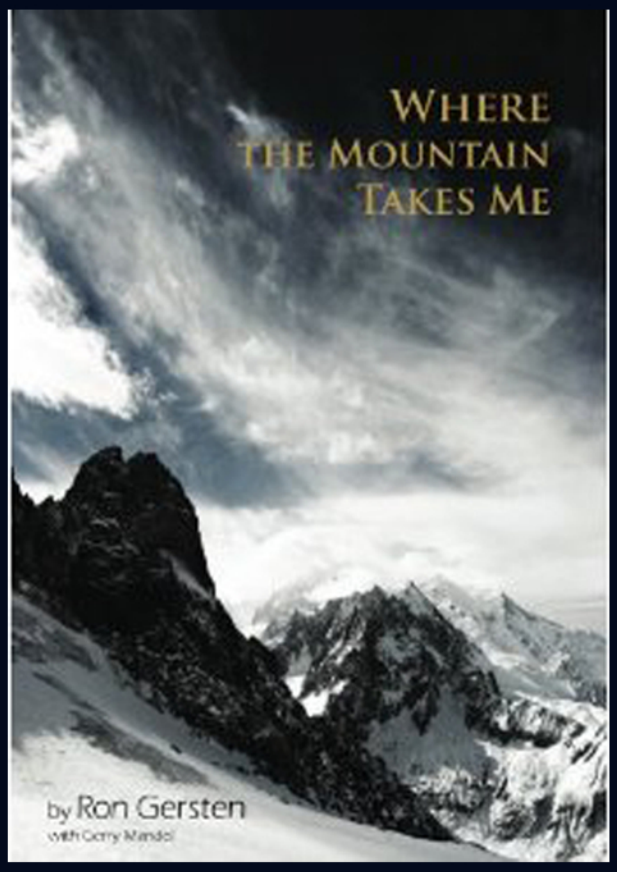
Tribute to Bruce Arnold
April 8, 1939 - June 5, 2010
Mendocino, CA

Bruce lost his two-year battle with pleural mesothelioma last June. He is forever in our hearts and memories.

Bruce, We Love You and Miss You,
Sue,
Rand, Jennie & Kate,
Kevin, Deana, Zoe & Kaelie,
Larry & Sandy,
and
Barbara

Ronald D. Gersten, DDS

1935 – 2010



Missing & Remembering You

– ADAO Family

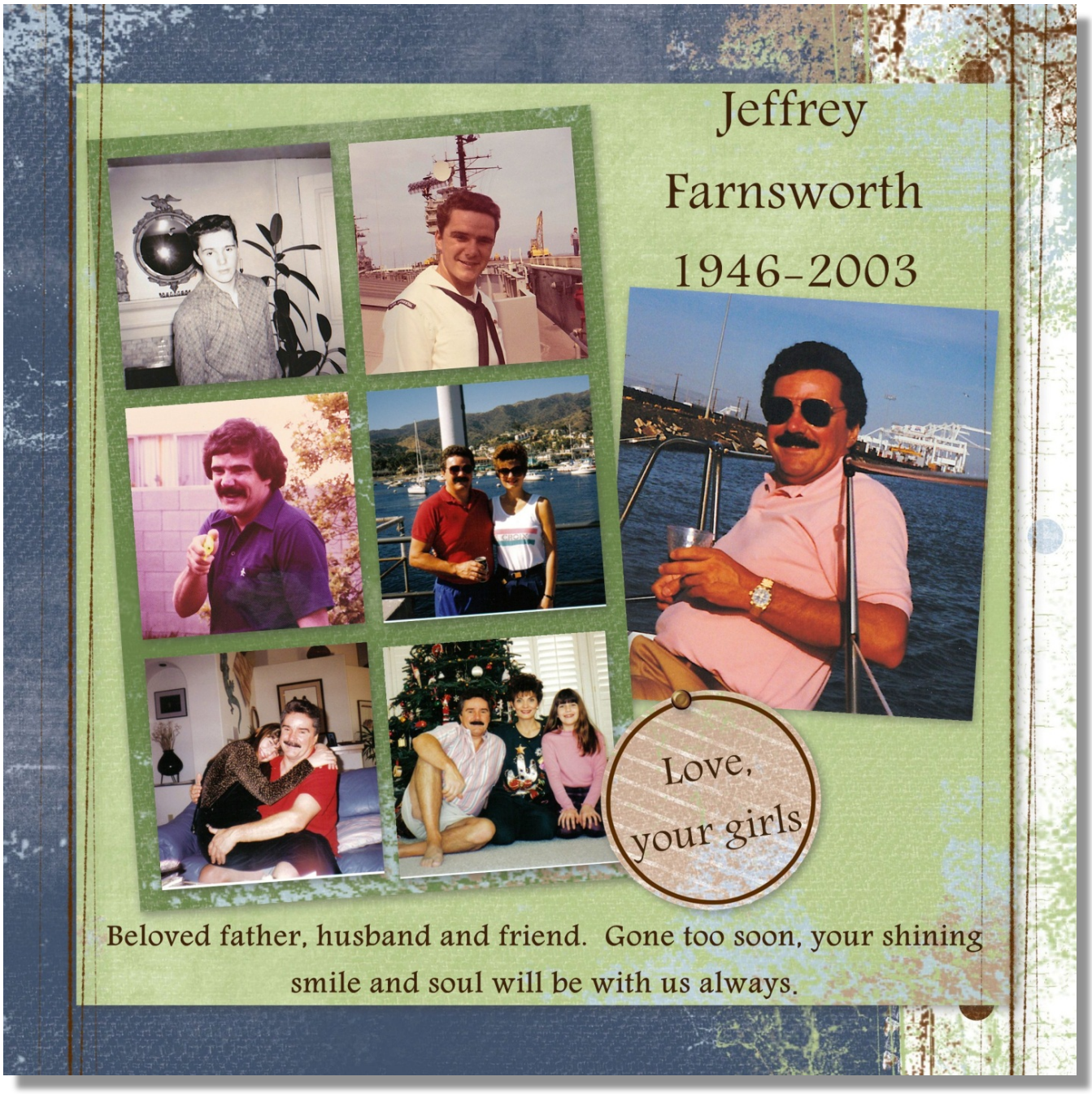
Ronald H. Diana

1946 -2005

Son, Brother, Husband, Father, Friend

In Memory of

Jeffrey Farnsworth



In Memory of Alan Reinstein

— My Friend and Colleague

In Honor of Linda & Emily Reinstein
for their wonderful work!

Love,

Carole Schlocker and Ellis Levin

James E “Doc” Robinson

Jan 29th 1925 – March 17, 2005

Laughter through the Tears

Forgive me Lord, I'll always weep
For a Dad I loved, but could not keep.

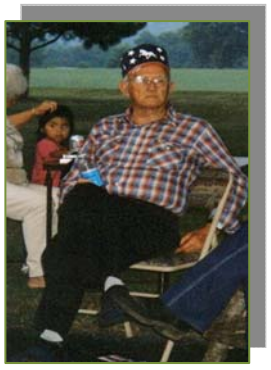
I remember the times of laughter,
I remember the times of tears.
These are the precious memories
My heart will hold so dear.

Gone are the days of sickness,
Gone is the pain and fear.
He's with his blessed Savior now
For all the coming years.

They are walking streets of Gold
And communing hand in hand.
His home is now in Heaven,
That blessed promised land.

So I'll dry my eyes and praise the Lord
For the plan that He has made
That takes us from this world of pain
And brings a brighter day.

I will cry when my heart needs to
But I'll let laughter come again
And I know that I'll be with him
When God fulfills His plan.

By Lynn Robinson

And your loving family.