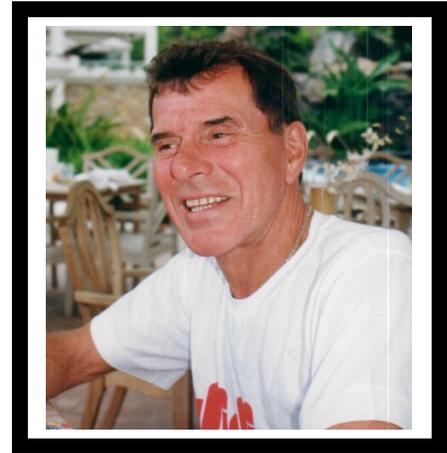


**In Memory of Edmond Grant**  
**Toronto, Ontario, Canada**  
**June 15, 1933 - July 4, 1997**

**I** never thought nine years could seem like nine days. As I go about enjoying my life...the theatre, vacations, cruises to exotic places .... all the wonderful retirement things we had worked so hard for and planned for during our 30 years together .... I look around and see only his memory.



A selfish asbestos industry, more concerned with profit than workers lives allowed Ed to work with and throw asbestos about like confetti even though they knew it would kill him down the road. His death was no accident of the workplace; it was a deliberate calculated risk. The industry lives in denial, without remorse yet lobbies to support a deadly product that should have disappeared 50 years ago. How much blood money do they need?

When I think of those hundreds of thousands of people, including Ed who but for greed would likely be here this day and instead of a conference against asbestos we could be devoting our time and money to just causes that are not within our ability to end. We can end asbestos in all its forms.

End this industry for Ed, the fallen and for everyone yet to fall. Asbestos is my shame as a Canadian. By Tim Devlin



In Memory of  
**Albert Black**  
Mt. Holly, NJ  
1926 - 2003  
by Raye Black



In Memory of  
**Roger Heurtz**  
Deerfield Beach, FL  
1929 - 2005  
The Henneuse &  
Tornese Families



In Memory of  
**Ron Simkins**  
Rancho Mirage, CA  
9/17/41 – 12/8/03  
You are always in my  
heart. I miss you.  
Love Janet

# **Paul and Michelle Zygielbaum**

**Congratulate the sponsors, organizers, and participants  
of the  
Second Annual  
Asbestos Awareness Day Conference**

**On their commitment to ending the ongoing,  
Worldwide tragedy  
Caused by asbestos.**

**We join you in remembering those *many* who have died,  
Encouraging those who are now suffering, and  
Comforting their loved ones.**

**We stand with you in the struggle to achieve justice  
For all asbestos-disease victims and to  
Save future generations from this heartbreak.**

**We wish you a productive conference with great impact.**

In Loving Memory  
of  
**John Giannini**  
1954 - 2005  
Sterlings Heights, MI



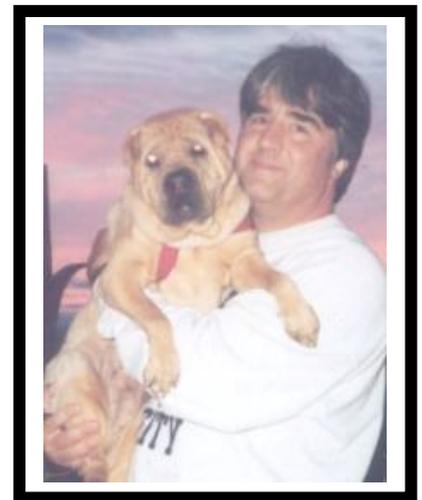
We all miss you,  
Love you.  
We will keep you with us  
In our hearts  
Forever.

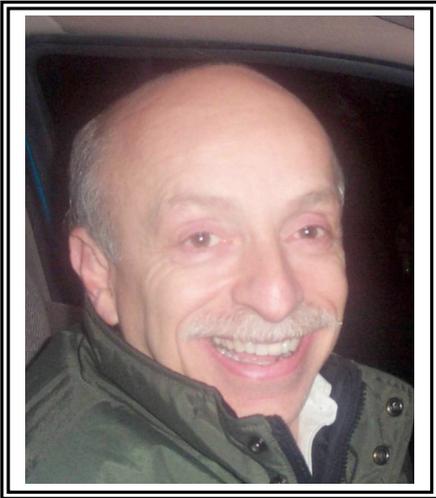
Lee, Noelle and Oscar

John carried this poem in his wallet and bravely tried to live according to its message.

From "Songs of Myself"  
by Walt Whitman

I think I could turn and live with animals,  
They are so placid and self-contained,  
I stand and look at them long and long.  
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their  
sins,  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,  
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the  
mania of owning things,  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.





Joe was quite a guy. In his personal ad in the *Philadelphia Magazine* in September 1989, he described himself perfectly: Kind, considerate. When our two children were born, Joe was in heaven. He loved playing with them, indoors and out. I always had to tell him, "Honey, once in a while, let the kids pick out the game." At the first sign of Spring, Joe would be outside playing ball with Joey and Julie, teaching them how to catch and hit. Joe coached their teams. He loved all the kids and all the kids loved him. He never let anyone on the team be discouraged by an error or a strike out. Joe always cheered them on to try again.

Now it is Spring 2006. I see the Dads outside catching and hitting with their kids. Joe is not out there. It's just not fair.

Marilyn Amento - ADAO Pennsylvania Rep.

### You Were A Boy

by Julie Amento (Age 10)

You were a boy and you were in danger  
And then you grew up.

It got you.

It causes you to be in heaven.

O dad, O dad, come back.

I wish I had a shrine for you,

And about you,

To remember you.

You were so grateful, so grateful indeed.

Why was the dust so dangerous?

You did great on earth with us,

And then your time was up.

So I look at the sunset,

And close my eyes,

To think of you and me together,

So happy together.

Sun gleams as bright as the smile on your  
face.

I can't believe you are gone.

More gone than a dried up well

But still in my heart.



## In Memory of Joe Amento, Jr.

June 19, 1950 - July 26, 2003

Ambler, PA



Hi, I'm **JOEY**! I'm 12 years old. My **DAD** died 11 days after my 10<sup>th</sup> birthday from **mesothelioma** caused by **asbestos**. What happened to my **DAD** is he started out with the **TERRIBLE** cancer, **mesothelioma**. Then he had it spread all over his body. He was so sick that we had a hospice person brush his teeth and help him go to the bathroom. My **DAD** made a joke about brushing his teeth. When the person said she would help him brush his teeth, he said, "I don't have any teeth!" He died a few days later.

When my **DAD** was about my age, he played on a hill full of **TERRIBLE** **asbestos** when he visited his **DAD** who worked at a factory that used **asbestos**. He also got it from doing the laundry when his **DAD** got home.

In Loving Memory of

<b>Ronald B. Johnson</b>	and	<b>Francis E. (Bud) Cole</b>
		
October 29, 1912 - March 19, 1987		September 15, 1923 - April 12, 2001

By Margy Johnson Urnberg – ADAO Nevada State Representative  
[http://www.asbestosdiseaseawareness.org/patients\\_supporters/tribute.html](http://www.asbestosdiseaseawareness.org/patients_supporters/tribute.html)

As one of eight children, I chose to ask my siblings to write about the qualities of our dad. All of us recognized that his smile was as big as his heart; he was as honest as the day is long, he read us stories, and pushed us in a tire swing he made, worked hard, and always had a charitable heart. He was a believer that all work was honorable and nothing was beneath him. He did whatever was necessary to take care of his family. His garden was legendary and always had an over abundance which he willingly shared with others who were in need. At times, these families wanted to know how they could repay him. His standard reply was, "Someday you'll meet someone that needs help. If you help them, that's payment enough." He was a sweeper and laborer at the Zonolite/WR Grace mine. Mesothelioma took him from us in 1987 at the age of 75. I joined ADAO to honor my dad's legacy of "paying it forward."

Bud was my 2<sup>nd</sup> dad, father of my best friend Lynda. Bud was a decorated WWII Veteran where he was awarded the Purple Heart. His granddaughter Lisa wrote, "He was everything you imagine when you think of a Montana man. Bud was a strong, resolute man, tougher than rusty nails, and bigger than the entire outdoors that surrounds his town of Libby. Bud will more than likely be remembered more as a victim of what happened in Libby, Montana rather than the real man of Libby Montana he was." Bud was the father of 5 children, a logger, horseman, hunter, gardener, and friend. He was taken by asbestosis at the age of 78 in 2003.

### In Loving Memory of

<b>Thelma Moss</b>	<b>Cliff Moss</b>	and	<b>Mel Bowker</b>	<b>Katherine Bowker</b>	<b>Dale Bowker</b>
					
Jan. 27, 1923 - Nov. 27, 2001	May 10, 1923 - Dec. 12, 1987		Aug. 25, 1930 - Oct 25, 1992	Oct. 19 1931 - Mar 29, 2002	Feb. 22, 1954 - Dec. 21, 1999

By Kenny Moss and Karen Bowker Moss  
 ADAO Alaska Representative

Cliff and Thelma Moss moved their family to Libby, MT in 1962. They were loving parents to 3 sons who loved to hunt, fish, and camp out every chance they got. Cliff worked at the sawmill for almost 20 years. He enjoyed working with wood and had a talent to carve fine objects in great detail. Cliff and Thelma had a large garden that they worked in all summer. Vermiculite from the mines was added to the soil to hold moisture and add fertilizer to the ground. One of Cliff and Thelma's great joy was to have their grandchildren help harvest the garden and share with them at the dinner table. Holidays were very special to them. Cliff passed in 1987 of mesothelioma, and Thelma passed in 2001 of cancer. They were wonderful parents and we miss them greatly!

Mel and Katherine Bowker enjoyed the beauty and peaceful living of Libby, MT beginning in the 1950's. They raised 7 children, and opened their home to several other teens until they graduated from high school. Mel moved mobile homes and Katherine grew a large garden, which was covered with vermiculite to assure a better harvest. Vermiculite was used throughout their home and property. Mel and his sons worked as mechanics in Libby for over 30 years. They enjoyed building stock cars and racing them on weekends. Mel passed in 1992 at the age of 62 from a heart attack and asbestos related cancer. Katherine passed in 2002 at the age of 70. She had been diagnosed with asbestosis 3 years earlier. They died too young and we miss them very much!

Dale Bowker lived in Libby most of his life. Dale worked for WR Grace in the mine for several years in the early 70's. He moved his wife and two daughters to Spokane for 5 years where he worked as a carpenter and then returned to Libby. Dale was an extremely talented carpenter and handy man. His family and friends knew they could count on Dale to fix any household or mechanical problem. He was there to help even with his medical disabilities. Dale was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis (MS) in his early 30's, and asbestosis in his early 40's. Dale died at the age of 45 in December 1999. We miss him very much!

# The Miners and Community members of Libby, Montana

One simply cannot remember one without remembering all.

We also honor the tireless efforts of Gayla Benefield, Les & Norita Skramstad in their never ending fight for justice for all victims everywhere not just in Libby, Montana.



More than 250 souls have been lost to asbestos in Libby.

The following list represents only a portion. More than one-third of the population of this community has been diagnosed with asbestos related diseases.

Our thoughts, prayers and well wishes are with them.

Adkins, D	Day, Harold	Koehler, K	Peterson, C
Adkins, E.	Deshazer, B	Koehler, Ross	Peterson, Donald
Ahrennel, M.	Dutton, Edward	Lewis, J. Sr.	Peterson, Wayne
Alford, George	Eggert, D.S.	Lockwood, B	Post, M. Red
Baker, Walter	Engle, R	Lyle, G	Powell, P
Basham, Clyde	Erickson, R	Lyle, Jim	Preston, Derward
Beaulieu, Thomas	Everett, M	Maynard, L	Priest, Virgil
Belangie, Raymond	Farris, G	McComas, M	Rayome, Richard
Bennet, M	Fields, W	McMillan, Roy	Riley, Darlene (Toni)
Bentley, George	Garrett, L.	McNair, Michael	Risley, Stuart
Billadleau, Elmer	Garrison, Jack	Mercer, Charles	Sagen, Kenneth
Blech, R	Haines, Orville	Miller, B.M.	Shows, W
Boothman, Allen	Hall, S	Miller, Lloyd	Shrewberry, Harold
Bowker, Dale	Hamilton, Ernie	Mitchell, G	Smith, Arnold
Bowker, Katherine	Hammer, Henry	Moss, Cliff	Smith, Donald
Bowker, Mel	Hendrickson, Ed	Moss, Thelma	Smith, James
Bundrock, Arthur	Hoppe, Louis	Munro, Alice	Smith, Rex
Callum, L.M.	Hostetler, Harry	Murray, Homer	Stanley, H
Carolan, P	Hugill, Glenn R	Murray, Thomas	Taylor, Glenn
Carr, B	Hutton, D	Nelson, Buck	Thieman, Paul
Carr, Lloyd	Hutton, J	Nelson, Gerald	Thompson, Dale
Carrol, C	Jacobson, Maurice	Noble, Dorthe	Tisher, Fay
Challinor, James	Johnson, Ronald	Noble, Harvey	Urdahl, Albert
Cohenour, Robert	Joireman, Lee	Olsen, K	Vatland, Margaret
Cole, Floyd	Kaeding, Don	Olson, J	Vatland, Perley
Cole, Francis (Bud)	Kair, Morris	Orr, Ed	Vinion, Bud
Comas, M.C.	Kelly, M	Ostheller, Harry	Vinron, Jack
Craver, T	Kenworthy, J.	Palmer, Anna	Waltman, H
Creighton, B	Kittilson, Wayne	Palmer, B	Welch, Lilas
Crill, Harold	Knipprath, L	Palmer, H	Whittlake, Edward



## Ron Diana

**February 3, 1946  
to  
July 1, 2005**

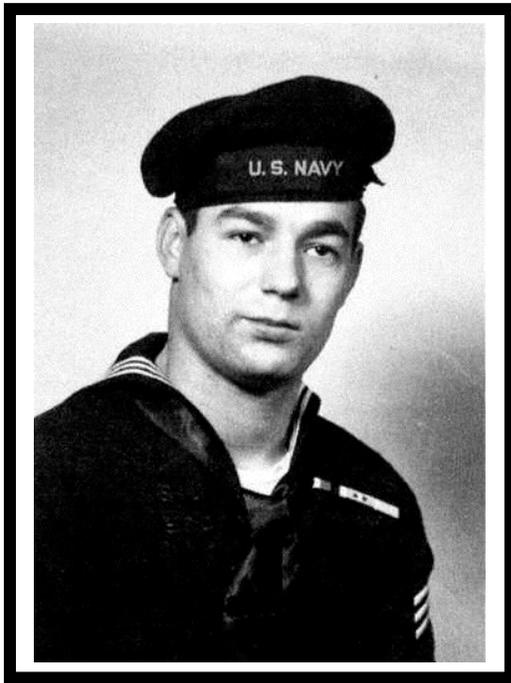
**R**on Diana loved to laugh; the party didn't get started until Ron was there. As much as he loved to belly laugh, he also loved philosophy, to examine life's purpose: how he could experience it all in just one lifetime.

When Ron's daughter, Kate was growing up they both looked forward every year to the annual "Father Daughter Sweetheart Dance." Kate and Ron most of all though loved to go fast on anything, wagons, bicycles, riding mowers, skies, skates, and cars. Nothing could get in their way of searching for that thrill of the ride. Ron also enjoyed parties and company at the house all the time. Kate's sweet sixteen, Easter, Christmas, New Years or just a gorgeous summer evening to sit on the deck by the pool watching the sun go down behind the pine trees on his much loved home at Coles Crossing with friends and family.

Ron was a much dedicated advocate of Taoist & Chinese healing philosophy's and was a beloved teacher to many in his 25 years of teaching meditation and Tai Chi. He loved to travel and went all over the globe teaching what he felt was the truest way to maintain good health and fitness.

At Ron's memorial service one friend said, "*Ron's secret medicine was his laughter and sense of humor.*" The saddest day for his family is July 1, 2005 but we shall always be blessed with the memory of his smile, how broad it was, and how it touched so many. We miss him so much that it's just too difficult to really believe he is truly gone.

Pictures: Center: Ron's beautiful smile; Clockwise from Left: Ron teaching Tai Chi; Ron scaled this mountain in China in 2001; Ron and little Katie; and Ron between Sweet 16 Katie and wife Bonnie with ????????



In Memory of  
**Warren E. Foubert**

Garden, MI  
1933 - 2002  
US Navy

Greatly missed!!

A father's touch, a daddy's kiss,  
A grieving daughter, you're greatly missed.

An empty house, an empty chair,  
A father's love, no longer there.

A broken heart, tear filled eyes,  
Another soul to fill the sky.

Many memories in my mind,  
Some I laugh, some I cry.

The times we shared, the laughs we had,  
Things I miss when I think of you dad!!!

Loved and missed by your  
    Daughter, Debra  
        Son-in-law, Glenn  
            Grandkids, Glenn, Jackie, & Chad, and  
                Great Grandson, Tanner Swagart

## Held in Our Thoughts, Taken to Our Dreams, Kept in Our Hearts

Warren Zevon died of mesothelioma on Sept. 7, 2003. The news made headlines all over the world. His distinctive body of work, the grace with which he handled his diagnosis and his determination to die as he had lived – making amazing music – combined to add a special heartbreak to the news.



Mr. Zevon's fellow professionals were especially aware of his worth: A stunning array of popular music royalty perform on his final album, "The Wind," which Mr. Zevon began after being told he had only months to live. And top artists from Jackson Browne to Bob Dylan had already sung or played on his recordings over the years. "The Wind" was honored with two Grammy Awards, and Mr. Zevon and his song, "Keep Me In Your Heart," formed the centerpiece of a Grammy ceremony tribute to industry members who had passed away.

Thought, passion, humor, and precision characterized Mr. Zevon's lyrics. Those qualities drew many writers who eagerly collaborated with him on songs -- Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Paul Muldoon, Carl Hiaasen, Mitch Albom -- as well as those who simply counted him as a friend, such as Dave Barry and Jonathan Kellerman. Surely, no other "heavy metal folk singer," as he called himself, had so many books dedicated to him. Then again, there was and will be no other heavy metal folk singer -- no other Warren Zevon.

On Nov. 6, a few months after his death, the official Warren Zevon Bulletin Board (WZBB found at [www.warrenzevon.com](http://www.warrenzevon.com)) made its debut, and his most dedicated fans -- or "customers," as Mr. Zevon preferred -- gathered there online. Like Mr. Zevon, the WZBB is unique. It is a true community, perhaps because its members came together in grief. When we first joined to celebrate Mr. Zevon's life, we also began to learn about mesothelioma, and about ADAO.

It seems incomprehensible that such a brilliant artist could be taken from us by a disease that is so easily preventable -- *and that asbestos is still not banned*. The simple fact that none of us will ever again eagerly await a CD filled with brand-new Warren Zevon compositions, or arrive at a concert venue absurdly early in hope of speaking to the man himself, because of a deadly material that *is still not banned* is mind-boggling -- and infuriating.



Warren Zevon is irreplaceable, but with ADAO's help, tragic deaths like his can be stopped. The members of the WZBB wholeheartedly support ADAO and the work it is doing to help mesothelioma victims and to prevent, detect and treat asbestos-related disease. We're proud that Jordan Zevon, Warren's son, is ADAO's national spokesperson.

# Warren Zevon

1947 - 2003



Warren was the smartest guy I've ever met. Don't get into an argument with him; he'll best you in every instance. He had an amazing amount of information stored in that incredible mind of his, stuff that he could pull out at random without warning. It was quite evident in his music, whose lyrics were full of allusions to famous outlaws, historical events most textbooks no longer mention and the peculiarities of authors and physicists. But he could do that in person, too – once we were talking on the phone and from out of nowhere, he talks about Gustav Klimt, the Austrian Secessionist painter best known for "The Kiss." Every conversation was a learning experience with him, and I couldn't tell you if it was intentional or not.

Warren said he really didn't want to be a teacher, that his job was to make music. However, I can hardly think of anyone from whom I learned more. Warren taught me the importance of words. At the time, I was a funky 25 year old who thought of herself as a nice pretentious poet-type who had license to bend words. Warren laughed at that, and demanded that I use the right word for whatever it was I was trying to describe. My vocabulary grew immensely; I now use words like archilochian (pertaining to bitter or sarcastic verse) and supralacular (to the last drop) on a regular basis.

Warren also taught me about God with a classic exchange of e-mails:

*Me: How do you build a relationship with God? Through experience?*

*Warren: No, that's how you build a relationship with American Express.*

In addition, I learned how not to schedule a tour, how much money a personal manager really makes, why tact is important, why *Dr. Zhivago* is among the most beautiful books ever written and why I should never accept Federal Express packages from Hunter S. Thompson. These are very, very important things to know. Especially to friends who appreciate these things.

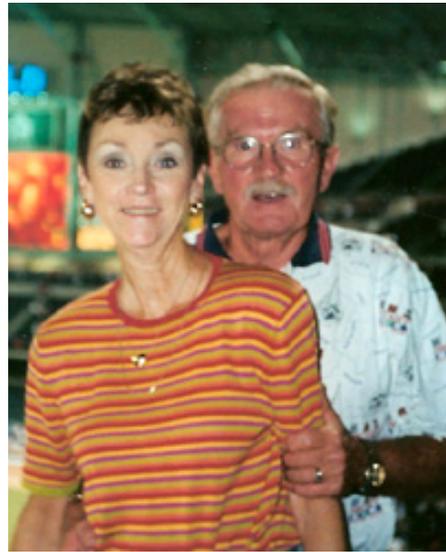
*The current catchphrase regarding Warren's life is "Enjoy Every Sandwich," the ability to indulge in every moment.*

The current catchphrase regarding Warren's life is "Enjoy Every Sandwich," the ability to indulge in every moment. But Warren's life also held another meaning, one that resonates deeply in my life. Like Warren, I had a semi-infamous father. I often feel compelled to live up to him. But through my friendship with Warren, I discovered that in the end the legacy I leave belongs to no one else. Warren owed no one anything. He is recognizable on his own terms through his intellectually stimulating music, his storied, fiery personality, and his instantly quotable lines. He left to me the legacy of becoming myself without worrying about those who have come before me. It is rare that a friend with such a gift comes along. It is the legacy we will pass on together.

Deep peace,

KT Lowe,  
The Warren Zevon Other Page  
zevonaticism.tripod.com

In Memory of  
**Meso Warriors**  
and  
In Honor of all  
**Caregivers**



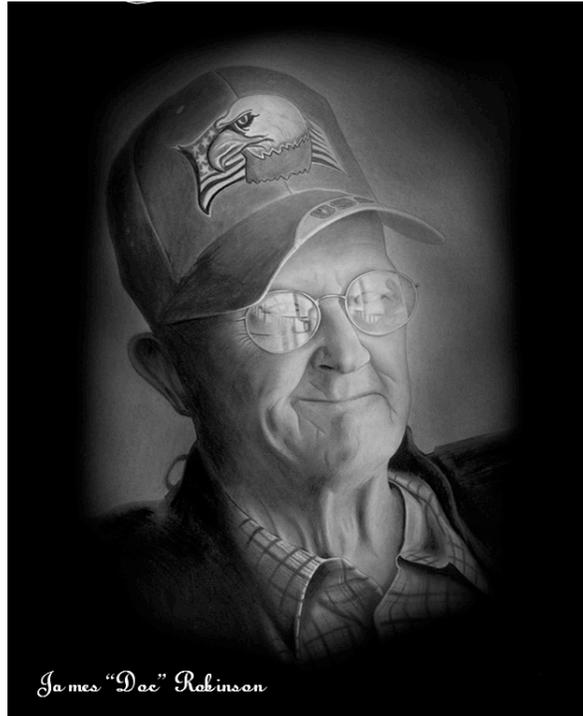
As a Meso survivor and a phone volunteer at MDAnderson Network and Bloc Cancer Center for over 10 years, I have had the wonderful to meet many Meso families. My husband and I would like to honor the Caregivers and Meso Warriors who are fighting. And, to the memory of those Meso friends that have gone on before us ...

*"Another songbird falls silent on Earth,  
And in the heavens another star  
Blinks into existence  
In the evening skies  
To help light the way for the rest of us."*



Bud and Jill Vaughn

**In Loving Memory of  
James "Doc" Robinson**



To my father. You were always the anchor in our family, the person who kept us grounded. The ship may have shifted from time to time but you held on, never letting go. As time passes we have come to realize even through your passing, you still have us anchored. Holding on as the winds blow shifting us about, we know you will never let us go until we see each other again.

**Miss Your Laughter, Fun, and Gentleness**

I miss your laughter, fun, and gentleness.

I miss the things I used to do for you.

I miss the time, now filled with emptiness, when each day was a stage for something new.

I miss your love, though mine for you remains, a passion with no outlet to the sea.

A teardrop in a desert that contains what's left of the maternal ecstasy.

I miss your presence, like a silent chord that anchored even solitude in grace.

I miss, for my love's labor, the reward of seeing some small pleasure in your face.

All these I miss, and yet they are all here within my heart, far more than I can bear.

I love you Daddy, my dear sweet daddy. Continue to give us your strength.

With every beat of my heart, your daughter

Melinda Lynn Robinson

Drawing by Kim Babin