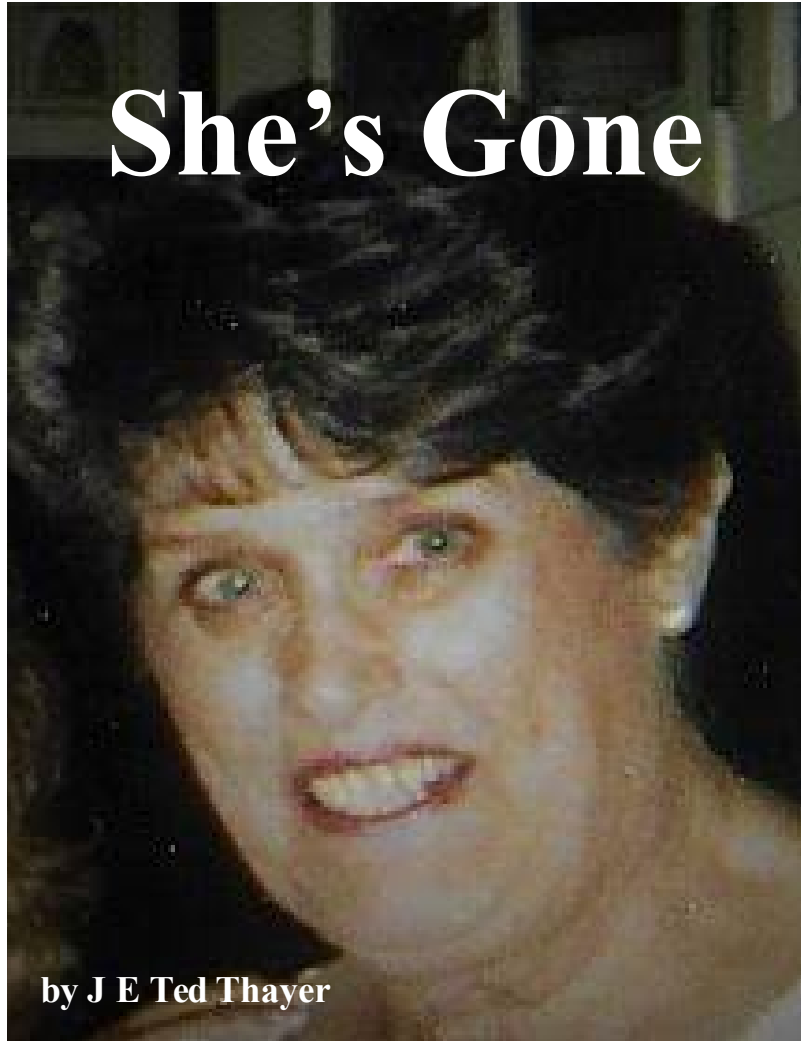


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# She's Gone

by J E Ted Thayer



## **She's Gone**

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*Back cover – Claudette Thayer at 35*

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## **She's Gone**

## **She's Gone**

### **DEDICATION**

Claudette Ann Thayer was my loving wife and mother of our children. We shared our lives together for 57 years between January 13, 1962 and July 29, 2019. Her constant support and affection are the reasons I created this memorial to her life.



*Claudette Thayer – 57th anniversary - January 13, 2019*

## She's Gone

### Preface

Recollections from one's life can make good reading if properly presented. But, I don't think a memorial written by some dude from the sticks will ever be a best-seller. The reason for *She's Gone* is to bring closure to my wife's passing.

Another reason for this work is to keep me busy. I'm retired and need to stay busy. What is it they say? "*An idle mind is the Devil's workshop.*" It pleases me to leave my readers a small taste of my love and admiration for Claudette Thayer.

I just want to share how it is to lose your life's partner and in the process help others know they are not alone.



*Claudette Thayer – Christmas - December 2018*

## Just Before the Dawn

It's said that Roy Orbison awakened from a dream early one morning and scribbled down the lyrics for his song *In Dreams*. After having lost my wife of some 57 years, they come off as particularly haunting:

*Then just before the Dawn  
I awake and find you gone.  
I can't help it ...  
I can't help it if I cry.*

It's almost impossible for anyone who hasn't been there to understand how devastating it is to wake up from a deep sleep only to discover that the spouse with whom you shared your bed for so many decades is no longer there next to you.

Cinnamon, the family cat, was the first to take affirmative action about this issue. He curled up between my pillow and hers, put his head on Claudette's pillow and went to sleep.



## In the Beginning ...

*God created the Heavens and the Earth. And the Earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, "Let there be Light." And there was Light.*

*Genesis 1 KJV*

During my initiation into the Masonic Fraternity, that Biblical passage was intoned just as I was brought from blind-folded Darkness to see the Light in Freemasonry.

Anyone made a Mason must first profess a belief in a Supreme Being. The letter G contained within the Masonic Square and Compasses stands for **God**, the ubiquitous Supreme Being most referred to in Masonic ritual.

Masons are taught to *"Never enter into any great or important undertaking without first invoking the Blessings of God."*

So, when my precious bride passed from this side of life to sit by the side of God, in my heart I said a prayer that her trip be safe and that she would find comfort in her new home among the Angels. I didn't really think about it ... it was just subliminal at the time.

I'm sure Claudette was welcomed into the Kingdom of God with open arms because just as she passed, she raised both arms towards the Heavens as if reaching for a very old and dear friend. I'm certain that as she exhaled her last breath, it was a new beginning - for both of us.



## Long Ago ...

Some years ago, I wrote this story of how Claudette and I met:

When I worked at KPER in Gilroy, California, a group of local girls used to call and ask me to play their requests. One day, the giggly voice on the phone invited me to come visit. It wasn't clear where she lived, and she didn't give me her phone number before she hung up.

When I got home from work that afternoon, there was a note on the door of my second-story apartment. It said, *"Sorry we missed you. The girls in Apartment 8."* Since the bunch that called asking for tunes were apparently pals, I figured the note must be from them.

There were only so many apartments in Gilroy back in 1961. It sounded like it might be fun to try to find the elusive Apartment Number 8. It was just a matter of elimination. So, I went out cruisin' apartments, looking for buildings with more than six.

Early on, I knocked on a front door in the older part of town and was greeted by an elderly couple. They were very nice, but not the people I was after.

Finally, I found a set of dual-level very early 60s rental units with a large parking lot in front. I scaled a wide set of brown wooden stairs to the second floor, turned left and walked about twenty feet to the front door of number 8. This was back in the day when folks didn't worry that a bad guy was going to pop out of no-where, take your wallet and beat you senseless for no particular reason. Nevertheless, I hesitated for just a second before knocking at the door.

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Olga answered. I was taken aback. There, standing in front of me, was the homeliest woman – no, ugliest woman - I had ever seen. She put the wicked witch of the West to shame – right down to the wart on her nose! This was Olga ... a real honest-to-goodness sweetheart. She was a teacher and spent most of her money on her wardrobe, which was top-of-the-line all the way. Olga invited me in and introduced Willis, the girls' best buddy.

Olga picked up the phone, dialed it and proceeded to gloat, "Ted Behr is here!" Whoever answered said bring him over.

Ermenia's beauty salon was tucked in behind several parking spots next to a corner Standard Oil gas station on the south side of Carmel Street at Hecker Pass Road. Across the way, on the corner, was a Sno-White hamburger joint. Willis worked there.

So there I was near the door of the beauty shop, being introduced by Olga, with Willis hovering nearby.

Although Ermenia had left for the day, there was Rita and Nellie ... and Claudette. Leering at me from behind her customer, she waited with baited breath for the handsome Ted Behr to stroll through the doorway. (Radio people rarely look like they sound and this was not much different!)

Be that as it may ... standing right there in front of me was this drop-dead gorgeous platinum-blonde creature that instantly found me somewhere between on the floor and total oblivion.

This girl had me ... big- time! Many years later I learned that Claudette thought I was some kind of cretin who reminded her very much of Ichabod Crane!

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Well, Olga suggested that we all adjourn to her apartment for some cheese, crackers and wine. Nellie declined. Rita shared the apartment with Olga, so she was in, and Willis was along for the ride. That left Claudette, who excused herself so she could go home and change clothes. So began a relationship that lasted well over half-a-century.

The gang accepted me into its fold and we palled around for some time before the real connection was made.

Claudette and Rita had planned to attend the California Cosmetology Convention in San Francisco, something they did every year. They would take off late Friday and check into a motel. Then it was out for dinner and entertainment. Saturday was an all-day affair with competitions, displays of new products, and all the fun stuff that happens at conventions. Then it was out to dinner again, and return home Sunday morning. Olga liked to tag along and eventually Willis was invited to join in.

For some reason I fail to recall, Willis could not go to the Convention that year, so the girls invited me to tag along. That's when Claudette and I finally clicked.

After returning from the Cosmetology Convention, Claudette and I went out pretty much regularly. We went to the movies a lot. It was a good summer. I looked forward to meeting Claudette's family and shortly after we started dating she invited me home to meet her folks.

Her step-dad, Lane, was a long-haul trucker and wasn't home

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a lot, so I was lucky to meet him when I did. We hit it off pretty well.

Claudette's mom, Ma Kat, as they called her, was an on-again-off-again acquaintance. She was an early breast cancer survivor and she suffered from hormone deficiencies that made it very difficult at the time to maintain normalcy. She was a good woman who had been dealt some really bad cards in life and managed to survive, and even though it was difficult at times, I was glad to have made her acquaintance.

Claudette's sister Karen (actually her step-sister) was in grade-school and she was a friendly little kid.

Claudette and I were a couple. After a whirlwind courtship, we agreed to marry. Her dad was ambivalent, her mom was suspicious and her step-sister thought it was way cool.

It wasn't long after that when I left Gilroy for a better job in Klamath Falls, Oregon. In a tearful parting, she confessed that she was really a brunette. I promised I'd be back anyway.



It was Christmastime when I returned with a special present – a diamond engagement ring. She gave me a watch, which I still have all these years later. She really was a great-looking brunette! And then I went back to K-Falls, promising to return January eleventh ... my 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday.

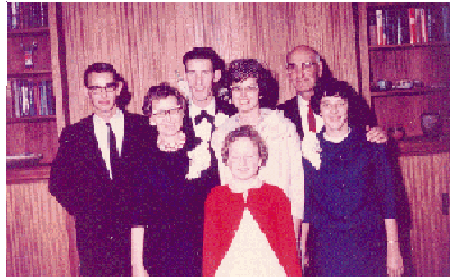
It was late when I got back to Gilroy. My bride-to-be and I talked a little and then slept. Today's narrative continues:

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The next day, after completing all the preliminary arrangements such as the required blood tests, we acquired our marriage license. We both thought it was important so we drove to Monterey and asked the preacher who was going to perform the marriage ceremony to do nondenominational baptisms for the both of us. This took all day on the 12<sup>th</sup> of January.

January 13, 1962 was our wedding day and we were married in front of my parents' living room fireplace.

Claudette's dad was working that day and Ma Kat didn't choose to attend, but step-sister Karen was there with my mom Ruth, my dad Duke, brother Bill and sister Mandy.



After the wedding we had hors d'oeuvres and champagne and then the whole bunch of us went to Slat's Fish Grotto for dinner on the elder Thayers.

With full tummies, Claudette and I set out on a new adventure, headed through Gilroy to drop Karen off at home, pick up the U-Haul trailer with all of Claudette's stuff in it, and say goodbye to Ma Kat. We were headed for Klamath Falls with a wedding night stop at a quaint little motel in Vacaville.

Now, this was the first time money came up as an issue in our long and glorious marriage. You see, I had used a gas credit card to buy fuel for the car and never even considered how much cash would be needed for a wedding night! It had been raining all the way from San Jose. So, it wasn't exactly what a

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new bride would want to hear before being carried over the threshold, but I had to ask, "Honey, you got any money?"

After some freshening up, things got awkward. Claudette and I had only been dating for a few weeks when we began to get really acquainted. And then I skipped town for a better job just when things started to get serious! Of course we had indulged in our share of closeness, but there was never an untoward moment.



This limited experience made intimate contact on our wedding night sort of an uneasy affair (to coin a phrase). Fortunately, we had brought along a secret weapon. We'd probably still be there if it wasn't for the company of Claudette's black and white Pointer-Setter, our family friend and companion for two decades ... good ol' Buzzy dog!

## Never Alone

Her first morning in Klamath Falls must have been a terrible time for Claudette. Somehow, I only learned about it less than a decade ago.

The alarm went off at 5:00 am. My new wife got up, put on her robe and stepped into the kitchen, just feet away. (We had put the double-bed mattress on the floor of the dining room so we could stay warm overnight by the oil stove. It was mid-winter in K-falls and it was something like ten degrees below zero outside!)

At any rate, Claudette made coffee with toast and jam. We had a six-cup aluminum percolator and a can of Folger's coffee grounds. That was the best coffee I ever had in my whole life! Just wonderful. I had to be at the radio station up on the hillside before 6:00 am when my shift started, so at a quarter 'til we shared an embrace and kisses and I went to work.



In an intimate conversation sometime after 2010, Claudette told me that she was terrified the first day I went to work in Klamath Falls. She had her own room in her parents' place in Gilroy. Claudette had a number of friends. All of them were apartment-dwellers. She had never been away from her home by herself before and she was afraid.

There were tears streaming down my face when she told me that in her whole life she had never, ever been alone. And I didn't know ... How very sad. That story just made me love her all the more. What a wonderful woman!

## **First Baby - John**

Claudette and I had been married just shy of two years and my job was DJ and commercial production. Everything was going along great until the owner of the radio station (KGON in Oregon City, Oregon.) decided to sell the thing. That put everybody on staff in a tough position – we all had to start looking for new jobs.

I thought I had a DJ position in Butte, Montana, but the KGON manager got wind of it and gave me a week to go away. The Butte station manager, who turned out to be a good friend for the Oregon City guy, pulled back his offer and there I was with my bride, stranded in Canby, Oregon with nothing but a little money and a small houseful of food, clothes and other belongings.

I couldn't connect with any new prospects, so we decided to beat a hasty retreat to my folks place in Monterey, California. One thing ... we needed a U-Haul truck in which to pack our stuff. I got one by writing a bad check!

We were all packed up and ready to leave when a cop car pulled up in front of the house. When the officer walked up, he asked, "Where do you think you're going?" I told him we were moving because I had lost my job. He replied that I hadn't paid the electric bill to the town so he was there to collect or make an arrest.

I was just 22 years old but I knew the drill. I told the officer that the bill wasn't due for two weeks and I didn't intend to pay it until I was settled in California. He said that being the case he was going to have to take me in.



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So, I put my hands out in front of me and said, "Go ahead, Officer – cuff me up and take me to jail because you're not getting one red cent now. I'm broke."

The cop hesitated for a moment, realizing his mistake, so I proposed, "I'll give you the address where I'm going and if Canby doesn't have a payment from me in two weeks, you can swear out a warrant for my arrest. What do you say, Sir?"

He said, "We get a lot of folks who just skip town and leave us with their unpaid bills. You seem like a straight-up kinda guy, so ok. You and your lady be on your way and be careful; there's a lot of weather between here and California."

Wow! Claudette and Buzzy dog and I hopped in the truck, with the car in tow behind, and headed out for greener pastures in Monterey.

The trip itself is another story altogether. Suffice it to say that we made it safely, my dad covered the bad check and we moved into my old bedroom downstairs. Although Claudette and I were both members of the "Greatest Generation," we could have easily passed for Millennials at the time!

Claudette got a hairdresser job a few blocks away in Pacific Grove. I signed on as an apprentice for a dollar an hour at an electronics repair shop in downtown Monterey. Our first paychecks went to pay back my dad for bailing us out. Then we started looking for an apartment.

Christmas came and went and Claudette started getting sick every morning. She said that every time I left for work, she had a hard time to keep from barfing until I was gone! She finally went to the doctor and learned she was pregnant. My bride confided that she couldn't stand the way I smelled!

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Despite the fact that I showered every evening before bed, when I kissed her goodbye she'd get sick. The doctor said it was morning sickness and that she'd get over it.

We found an apartment in Seaside and stayed there for about three months, after which we moved to San Bernardino and KFXM, where I became the overnight DJ. That job lasted a couple of months and then it was off to KSTN in Stockton. Another short gig and we ended up on the Monterey bay at Watsonville, where I was the mid-morning DJ and Engineer for KDON, playing middle-of-the-road popular music.

By that time Claudette was large with child, as they say. She had suffered horribly through the heat in Stockton. Her reward was an air-conditioned apartment in Watsonville which was followed by a move to a new apartment in Soquel, just a ways up the Coast Highway. It seemed like a good time to start looking for a new home – one to grow children in.



But before we found a real house, I got a call at the radio station that Claudette had broken her water and, thanks to my mom, was headed for Carmel Hospital. They said, “You don’t need to hurry ... first babies take a while.”

So, I finished my air shift and then took off for the top of the hill between Monterey and Carmel. That’s where John Lane Thayer was born, but not without typical Thayer goings-on.

Claudette was ensconced in a very nice hospital bed when I arrived early in the evening. She had been in serious labor for about three hours and was dilated, just beginning to get down to business. I asked her if there was anything I could do for

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her and she said she'd like something to eat or drink. "How 'bout a carton of milk?" I asked. She liked that and staff brought one right away. She drank it between contractions. It was sometime around 9:30pm.

She had just finished her milk when, all of a sudden, she threw up all over herself! Well, the nurses shooed me away, cleaned up the barf and got her into a nice, warm shower. That stopped the contractions. The Head Nurse said it would probably be another four or five hours before the birth because she had to start all over again!

At about 10:00 o'clock, I had to leave because I had to get up early to take care of my duties at the radio station. They started at 6:00am sharp and it was a two hour drive around Monterey Bay to get home.



Our little boy John was born at 12:53pm on September 19<sup>th</sup>, 1964.

He was 20 ½ inches long and weighed in at seven-and-a-half pounds.

John Lane Thayer was named after his grandfathers ... John A. "Duke" Thayer and Lane C. Katzberg.



## **Second Child**

Claudette and I had a time raising Johnny. He was a colicky baby for the first few months and it was quite a while before he slept through the night. Grandma Thayer finally advised Claudette to add a spoonful of Pabulum to Johnny's night bottle and he'd cork right off. What a relief! Especially considering Claudette's on-and-off post-partum depression.

Johnny was about a year-and-a-half old when we moved into our first real home. The brand-new house was just \$100 down and we got VA-backed financing through a local bank. Our new home was a three-bedroom, two-bath, 1200 square foot structure with a fireplace, a two-car attached garage and cost \$11,390, less than \$10 per square foot!.

To close the deal we asked that the bank install the glass shelves in the bathroom medicine cabinet and put up window screens, gutters and down-spouts.

The builder had built almost all the homes in the tract in Aptos, California and he hired a contractor to come in and sell them for him. The seller took down-payments on about half of them and then skipped town, leaving the builder and the bank holding the bag. The builder went bankrupt and the bank took possession of the properties. We were in the right place at the right time.

My dad kicked in the \$100 down-payment. The mortgage at 3% interest was just \$97 a month excluding taxes, which ran something like \$144 a year!

Claudette asked me whether I wanted a boy or a girl for our next baby. Well, I told her that we already had our little boy,

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so maybe we ought to go for a girl. We had to be quiet about it, though. Johnny was sleeping through and we didn't want to wake him. Giggling and shushing each other made it fun!

After a few weeks had gone by, Claudette said she thought she was pregnant. They didn't have those little test strips back in the day, but she was pretty certain because she had missed her period and was starting to feel a little bilious in the mornings.

I didn't know this until I researched the subject with the help of my primary physician. One in eight women has at least one miscarriage in her life. It's always devastating and something she'd rather not talk about.

So it was with my dear, sweet Claudette. I came home from work one afternoon and found her in the front bathroom, crying huge tears ... weeping because her little girl fetus had miscarried. Claudette was completely overwhelmed because this sacred gift from God, for whatever reason, didn't make it.

I never knew how the baby was taken care of – and I began to understand why women don't want to discuss such things. Guys have this deal about trying to fix everything – well, there was no way to fix this. Such a sad situation ...

Through it all, my Claudette was a trooper. Bless her heart.

## Third Baby - Janet

Losing her second child was an immensely sad event in my wife's life but Claudette hit the ground running. She wanted to immediately go for another baby - a girl, she said. About a month later she announced that she was definitely with child!

Looking back, she must have been conceived in early May because our baby girl was born in Santa Cruz' Sutton Maternity and Surgery Center on February 5<sup>th</sup>, 1967.

There's a great story about how our daughter got her name. The morning Claudette's water broke she already had her "stuff" packed and ready to go and she donned her new blood red robe. She really liked it, not only because it was warm and cuddly, but also because of its intense color.

Our daughter had a difficult birth. She presented breach with the umbilical cord around her neck. I had been in the birthing room, watching as a new life was coming into the world. The head nurse told me I'd have to leave. It seemed like it took forever. They had to cut Claudette to get the baby out safely and then take care of all the other stuff that has to happen during the birthing process, as well as suturing the surgery.

I was finally called back to the recovery room, where Claudette and our new baby girl were getting acquainted. After lots of ooos and ahhhhs and kissy-kissies, I asked Claudette what we should call our brand-new little girl. She said to hand her the red robe, which I did. She looked inside the collar and grinned. "I thought there was another reason I got this robe," she exclaimed, "look at the name tag." The brand name in the collar of that blood-red robe was **Janet Lynn** and that's what we named her. Janet Lynn Thayer was named after a robe!

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Back in the day – after young couples finally got over sleeping face-to-face – they were sleeping in the “spoon” position. That would be the husband’s belly pressed upon the wife’s back, like two spoons in the silverware drawer. After Janet’s entrance into the world Claudette and I were “spooning” in our sleep.

Now, after high school I was employed as a school bus driver by the Monterey School District. I was just eighteen, the legal age for bus driving. It can be a harrowing job because then, as now, there were a lot of crazies out there causing panic situations that required stomping on the brakes to avoid a crushing accident. This caused nightmares that would wake the driver, standing on the brakes to avoid the crash.

So there we were, spooning in the night, cuddling as we slept. All of a sudden, my dreams are interrupted by the slamming of brakes and screeching of tires. My knee has crashed into my bride’s recently sutured private parts. Owwwwwww! Poor baby! She was hurt and I was humiliated. There was no way to put myself in her shoes and no amount of apologies to soothe her hurts. Sorry wouldn’t cut it. Aw, Jeeze! Claudette was such a brave, loyal trooper ... she never kicked me outa bed!

Meanwhile, Janet was not sleeping through the night and Claudette was well into post-partum depression. Of course, I was the bozo on the block who got up for those middle-of-the-night feedings and diaper changes, with no idea how my wife was looking at the world at the time. What a sweet and wonderful woman.

Janet was two-and-a-half months old when we packed everything we had into our new pick-up truck pulling a U-Haul trailer and took off for Tucson where a new job awaited. It

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was my opportunity to rebuild a radio station from scratch and follow that by being the mid-morning disc-jockey at KIKX. Claudette was pretty much healed from her birthing room emergency procedure so she pitched in loading the heavy stuff. There were the beds, Janet's crib, the living room and dining room furniture, boxes full of kitchen tools and utensils as well as the refrigerator and the freezer. The fridge and freezer were secured in the front of the truck bed and plugged into an extension cord.

When the time came, we set out across Southern California through Bakersfield, Tehachapi and Mojave to Needles, where we plugged in the extension cord and stayed overnight.

We took off early in the morning. It was Spring on the desert, so it was going to be warm and we didn't have an air-conditioner in the truck. Johnny sat between us on the seat and Janet sat in her Child Carrier on the floor between Claudette's legs so they could watch each other. Johnny doted on his little sister as this photo taken a little later in Tucson depicts.



We got to Tucson on Claudette's 1967 birthday, April 14<sup>th</sup>. She was just turning 30 – the big three-oh! Janet was two months and nine days old. Johnny was four, about to turn five on September 19<sup>th</sup>. After visiting the radio station, we headed for a reserved room in a motel, once owned by the Mafia, in the north-east part of town. We were able to park and plug in right next to the room.

We had one more day to find a home so the next day we went house-hunting. On the east side we visited two, the second of which was a fixer-upper. They wanted too much for it so we



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headed north to where the realtor showed us a nice six-year-old adobe house with a sunken living room, a master bedroom, two smaller bedrooms and 1½ baths. It was 1600 square feet at \$10 per foot. We got a great low interest \$16,000 VA home loan through a local bank for \$100 down. A smokin' deal! After we finished, we went back to the motel to freshen up and then went out to dinner on a trade deal with the radio station.

The next day, I took Claudette and the kids to the new home and un-hooked the trailer which I parked just outside the front door. I still had the Fridge and Freezer as well as a bunch of furniture in the back of the pick-up. Claudette took the "trip-basket" with her from the truck for lunch and snacks.

I worked from 9:00am to 3:00pm that day and then went home to move the furniture and appliances. Claudette had off-loaded almost everything from the U-Haul and we had all but the beds, furniture and big boxes sitting on the dining room floor - minus what she had put away in shelves and cabinets.



Claudette and I teamed up to get the Fridge and Freezer out of the truck and situated in the kitchen. Then it was our bed, the kid's beds and the furniture. We were at it until about ten, with a break for dinner at 7:00pm. Claudette didn't have to cook! I brought a bucket of KFC home with me for that. After dinner, we made up the beds and the crib and the kids got to help.

It took about two weeks to get everything unpacked and put away. You can't believe how much stuff a married couple can accumulate in just five years!

## No Sleep

I ran into an old friend a few years ago. Hadn't seen him for quite some time. We chatted for a little bit - more in passing than anything else. How you been, old friend? How's the family? And so forth. It's customary in these parts that when you meet someone and have a few minutes, you share a story. Dale, very late in life, using a walker, had one.

His wife had passed away earlier that year and he had adjusted very well to the loss. He was a volunteer at the Hospital and a member of the local Rotary Club. He had reached his advanced years because he was always busy. So it was after his loving spouse passed on that he picked up the banner of housekeeping, more-or-less of necessity, and ran with it.

He said he sleeps well when he goes to bed, but sometimes he wakes up in the wee hours of a morning and just can't get back to sleep. Older folks have that in common ... that waking in the middle of the night part.

Dale said he finally figured how to get back to sleep. He gets up and starts cleaning house. Vacuuming the floors. Washing dishes. Dusting. Tidying up. He said housework is so boring that it only takes about twenty minutes of it and he's ready for bed again!



I'm in Dale's position, pretty much on my own. My beloved wife is gone. And I do wake up in the middle of the night. There have been many times I've rolled over and tried to go back to sleep, only to toss and turn. I guess it's time to break out the old Kirby G3 vacuum cleaner and do a little reminiscing about my beautiful lady Claudette while I tidy up a bit!

## Where Mine?

The second time Claudette and I ever had a problem with money was after my mother sent a box in the mail to son John. This story is from another book called *Caca Pasa*.

## Present from Sh'ma

Our children's' grandmother doted on both of the kids, but especially on son John. My mom, Ruth, was always generous to a fault. She would scare up ten or twenty bucks every couple of weeks and send it along with instructions to go out to dinner, or buy new underwear, or take a drive. She would also send little presents to the kids. Although she was very generous, she favored our first-born, Johnny.

One incident almost precipitated a schism between the parents and grandparents when one child was favored over the other with no special occasion as the reason.

Although I was not home at the time, Claudette remembers the day the mailman showed up with what could have easily been a shoebox. It was addressed to Johnny. Even though it wasn't his birthday, it was a present. So many decades ago, Janet remembers that it was a T-Rex dinosaur model kit, and Johnny was elated. He ripped it open, threw the box down dashed down the hall to his room and began putting it together!



Janet, just 2 ½ years old at the time, picked up the box, peered into it, put her little hand in there and felt all around the inside and even fished in the corners, hoping for something. Anything. Then she shook it and again felt around inside for something.

## She's Gone

Except tissue-paper, there was nothing. Tears welled up in her eyes, she turned to her mommy and asked, "Where mine?"

It was late in the month and we only had one dollar in our checking account at the time, but Claudette knew exactly what to do. She packed both of the kids in the car and took off for the toy store.

Janet got to pick a toy for herself. And when Johnny asked why he didn't get one, Claudette told him, "Sh'ma already gave you one."

Janet remembers for sure what it was ... she chose a very special *Princess Kit* with earrings, a finger ring, a necklace, a tiara, and "high heels" all made with silver plastic with pink plastic gems bought by her mommy ... with a bum check!



After I got off work, it didn't take long to get to the bank and make the check good before it cleared. I wrote earlier that this was only the second time that Claudette and I had a problem with money. The first time, you'll remember, was on our wedding night when I didn't have enough cash for the motel room! This little toy story should be called ***Payback***.

## **Separation**

I noticed some time ago that the surviving member of an elderly couple seldom lasts very long after the death of his or her partner. So it is with me, having lost my life's partner on July 29<sup>th</sup> of 2019.

It's so hard to keep from falling into depression, especially in the wee small hours of the night when one's spouse of so many years is missing.

It's very difficult to maintain one's sanity during the "alone" hours. The yearning for just the touch of one's lifelong partner is very painful. And depression is always lurking in the dark. Into the back of one's mind comes creeping the longing to rejoin the love of one's life by whatever means.

This lowers the normal bodily functions of maintaining health. If there is a bug in the air you'll surely catch it. If there is a defect lurking in your body, it will probably grow. Grief is a potent and powerful motivator in the human body.

There is a collection, a slideshow if you will, of Claudette's photos playing on the desktop of my computer. These photos help keep me focused. I do a lot of writing using my word processor, so she is not far off. The slideshow contains photos of her as far back as 1944 when she was just seven. These are from 1949, 1953, 1957 & 1958.



## She's Gone



The photos above are from 1961, 1972, 1976 and 2010.



Another one of my favorites is this one of Claudette crouching behind her 48<sup>th</sup> anniversary bouquet. Yes, there were 48 roses!

There are at least another two-dozen photos of my sweetheart in the slideshow. It's so difficult to side-step depression when a surviving spouse is alone, pining for the missing loved-one. So, when I get lonely, I sit for a while and watch the desktop. That's all the motivation I need to keep on truckin'.

## Mom, Wife, Office Mgr

This series of short stories is intended to document Claudette Ann Thayer's dedication to her family ... not just her husband, but also her children and her willingness to fight a life-long battle in support of the family's quality of life.

Being a male, it's very difficult to figure how a female would prioritize her loyalties. Husband? Children? Livelihood? Home? What a Hellofa balancing act! I have no idea what percentage of husbands and fathers have the tiniest clue about how impossible that task can be! And who knows how many wives and mothers just take it for granted?

We had been in Tucson for only four years before I lost my job at KIKX. We had gone on paid vacation for two weeks and when we returned, I was informed that I had two weeks to find a new job. That's Broadcasting for ya, folks!

It was 1971, and after it sunk in that I needed to find another job, I made some calls networking with some old friends in broadcasting. Their tips lined me out with three radio stations that wanted morning men who could also handle engineering. I got offers from each of them. One was in Denver CO, a second in Spokane WA, and the third was in Long Beach CA.

Claudette didn't want to move to the Northwest. She grew up in Oregon. Because of our tour of Oregon radio stations KAGO (Klamath Falls), KYNG (Coos Bay), KBZY (Salem) and KGON (Oregon City) we already knew that it rains every day somewhere in Oregon ... which leads to the reasonable assumption that it would be wetter still in Washington state. Denver was, at the time, the fourth largest AM radio market, a step down from Tucson, the third-rated AM market. I had

## **She's Gone**

never before taken a cut in pay to move, and that was the choice. Denver was out.

Last on the list was Long Beach. My experience at building and re-building radio facilities made the job enticing. The offer was first, to create new facilities for an existing station that planned on changing format to rock'n'roll and second, to star on the morning show. Claudette and I talked at length about the job. It was just what I wanted, a great engineering challenge and being morning man at a prominent broadcast facility in the LA area, third most prestigious in the nation!

The move would involve transplanting a mother and her five and seven year old children to the LA metro area. There was a lot of concern about finding good affordable housing and good schools reasonably close to Long Beach. Good luck! This, also, would be a bad choice.

With no other choices, the idea of going into business was discussed at length. I was an experienced Chief Engineer and had a lot to offer as a broadcast consultant. The decision was made to try consulting at \$100 per day plus expenses, meals and lodging. There are only so many stations within a reasonable driving distance from Tucson. I hit them all and spent three months working myself to death.

The money was great, but I wasn't home much. So, I hooked up with KCUB in Tucson to provide vacation relief for their DJs. That money was helpful but there was no guarantee of further employment after the vacations. More discussions ensued. We finally settled on taking a shot at business. My electronics expertise was sufficient to make a go at it. If I could hit the ground running, we could make it work.

I hocked the pick-up truck for \$2,500 and created a budget that included tools, parts, business cards, invoicing and billing



## She's Gone

paperwork, bank accounts with credit card machines, an accountant, the necessary insurance policies and the required state and local business licenses. We purchased enough food and household supplies to last a month. We ended up with \$130 in unspent cash.

It was the Memorial Day weekend. I had placed ads in the Tucson newspapers touting Porta-Tronics as the only TV repair business in the area that would make a house-call for just \$12.50 plus parts, and if repairs couldn't be made on site there would be no charge. Saturday the phone began to ring. It kept ringing Sunday. We had Tuesday booked with eight calls and Wednesday already had two appointments on the books. It was looking good.

Late Sunday we were watching the Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telethon on KGUN 9, when there was one of those compelling presentations that just makes you want to give something right away. I looked at Claudette and said, "We have everything we need and there are 130 dollars left over. We are either going to make it or we're not. I want to give that money to Jerry Lewis. What do you think?" She agreed!



I drove down to the TV station with the money. Jake Jacobson was hosting the local broadcast with help from broadcast icon Larry Schnebly, who had been the Head Resident in my dorm at NAU!

Jake made a big deal out of our donation, interviewed me on camera with Schnebly, and recommended that anyone needing their TV fixed should call and get an appointment.

## **She's Gone**

The phone at home - yes we started by working out of the house - rang off the hook! By the end of the telethon we were fully booked through Saturday and had several house-calls booked into the following week. We hit the ground running because of the generosity of Tucson's TV viewers and the Jerry Lewis Telethon!

It all happened because Claudette was a real, honest-to-goodness trooper! She was all for it. What a woman!

My wife's 35<sup>th</sup> birthday was memorable. We had lots of friends and their ages ranged broadly. We invited an elderly couple from up the street, and there was a selection of friends and relations who brought their friends along.

It was a pot-luck kind of affair with plenty of tasty things to treat the palate of the pickiest eater. There was the usual spread of salads ranging from tossed to fruit as well as an assortment of dressings. At least six different dips were on the table and there were chips and crackers and meats and cheeses of all sorts. It was a big spread.

My sister-in-law brought a dip that was just incredible! It was basically made of cottage cheese, layered with diced tomatoes and diced Hatch chilis. Talk about a hit! Yummy.

I provided my infamous watermelon punch.

The thing about watermelon punch is that the taste of the vodka gets absorbed by the flesh of the melon and it becomes flavored by the heart and juice. One drink of this luscious elixir is sufficient for most astute partygoers.

It was your typical cocktail party with everyone of age welcome to create their own favorites at the bar. Several of

## She's Gone

those in attendance helped me host. The stereo was playing hit music, and Claudette was the center of attention.

Not so typical in our home was the waft of smoke from a group out on the grass in the back yard. They were smoking doobies away from the older revelers. I also discovered a clutch of folks in the main bathroom with a mirror and razorblade, snorting short lines of coke.



Everybody was happy, Claudette was happy, and at least one of my brother's friends was way happy. So happy he decided to crawl into the fireplace! Everyone was laughing until he said he felt sick. Ooops! We fished him out of the fireplace and whisked him out the front door into the front yard, where he sat next to the big mulberry tree for the longest time.

In celebration of Claudette's birthday, we had bought a new living room furniture set the week before. It was the big stuff; consisting of a seven-foot couch, monster rocker, ottoman, and great big love-seat. It was all covered with teddy-bear fabric, all nice and cuddly for sitting or snoozing. I loved to lie on it on Saturdays and watch ABC's Wide World of Sports.

One of the partiers who came with a friend was a chain-smoker. (Claudette said she was a hooker!) She was tipsy when she arrived with my friend. At one point, the woman sat on the arm of the love-seat spilling ashes on the floor. There was an ash-tray just inches away. Speaking with a swooping gesture, she grazed the back of the loveseat with her cigarette. The hot coal rolled off and instantly burnt a hole in that brand-

## **She's Gone**

new furniture - just like that! Claudette freaked at the sight. My friend apologized and whisked his date into the night.

That loveseat burning, something that remained as a reminder for all of the over 25 years we owned the furniture, turned out to be the only untoward incident in an otherwise memorable birthday party evening. Indeed, a happy 35<sup>th</sup> for Claudette!

Cutting back business expenses was very tough as the Carter recession worsened. Claudette and I caucused regularly, trying to figure out more and better places to cut.

The recession was bad for business. So was technology. Until the economy caught up with small businesses like mine, there were plenty of profits to be made.

When Porta-Tronics opened for business in 1971, TV repair was known for the “fast 50”, the average amount made from a single house call. In the early ‘70s most television sets had at least four vacuum tubes. Many had up to twenty. Six tube types failed regularly. They had to do with signal processing and picture tube power. My people carried sophisticated vacuum tube testers which they used to test the tubes in broken-down TVs. Older versions with lots of tubes would usually have three or four little tubes and one big one that needed replacement. Coupled with the house-call charge, the bill very often was a little over \$50. When the four-tube models broke down it was usually because one or more of the big tubes went bad. The tab usually ran close to \$50.

I tried to schedule eight calls per technician per day, which grossed a little over \$300 a day each. By the mid-70s we had three techs and grossed around \$1000 per day. Labor costs and wholesale materials used about 75% of the daily take. Office space, supplies, telephone, advertising and labor took another 10% off the top, leaving a tidy 15% (\$150 per day) in profits.

## **She's Gone**

We worked five-and-a-half days a week and rolled a little over \$3,500 a month - not bad for that time. From the profits the Thayer family made the house and car payments, fed and clothed the kids, and generally led a common middle-class life. Not bad at all for the '70s. And the rock was Claudette.

By the time the third quarter of 1979 rolled around we weren't making enough to make ends meet. We had one-and-a-half employees: Claudette and me, with occasional help from son John. The decision was made to close up shop and liquidate. We also decided to sell the house, which by that time had a second mortgage on it and was just costing too much.

I went job-hunting and landed a management job at the University of Arizona that was to begin the first week in January of 1980. I was one of two managers at the University Instrument Shop. I was charged with building a research and development operation equipped with electronic parts house, design and engineering lab, and printed circuit lab. It was a government job that offered reasonable stability and good pay.

We rented a two-story town-house early in 1980 and had moved our stuff in just before our home of 13 years was sold.

I'll never forget the day we made our last tour of the place on Sunny Drive. It felt like we were abandoning an old friend. Both Claudette and I wept openly. It was a sad day, one that would be repeated again some years in the future.

But, it was also a proud day for me. I was just so proud of how my dear lady handled running the office end of the business while being the mom taking care of two kids and making the household work. There were more adventures in store, but I think Claudette was at her absolute best during those unbelievable nine years!

## **Tough as an Old Boot!**

Claudette was someone to reckon with ... if you were out of line, you'd know it!

The only time I ever struck her was during a spat over – I don't remember – but she was screaming at me and the only way I could get her attention and quiet things down, it seemed, was to slap her. Bad idea! She gritted her teeth and let fly a kick square into my crotch ... and then she said "Don't ever do that again." Claudette had this spark in her eyes – you could tell it was not a statement that needed a reply. It was no veiled threat. I got the message. We never had any physical encounters after that, except the best kind – in the bedroom!

Recent pre-teen Son John got a dose of "Da Mama" one afternoon when he called her "A bitch!" over something stupid and then turned on his heels with an "oh, shit" look on his face. She followed him down the hallway, grabbed him by the front of his shirt, and pitched him through the bedroom window! (There was solar film on the window at the time so the thing shattered without cutting Johnny and he landed in the flower-bed outside.) Her ire instantly invoked great respect in Son John for Mama Claudette, The Rock!

## Breast Cancer Survivor

### September 1992

After three-and-a-half years at the University of Arizona and four-and-a half at Hughes Aircraft, I was laid off after Hughes began down-sizing from some 10,000 employees. For the next two years I tried my best to make enough money to keep the home running but even selling Kirby Vacuum Cleaners didn't cut it. So, I started looking for work outside the Tucson Metro Area. I found one with an old broadcasting friend I had worked with in California.

The kids had grown, left and returned home a few times, and were invited to find other places to live within the next two weeks because we were going north to Globe!

Claudette was such a trooper. The two of us worked like dogs to ready our third house for sale. The last Friday we had placed the first of a series of ads in the local paper offering the house on Lee Street for sale. We had all of our stuff packed in cars and trailers, ready to go.

We took one dollar in earnest money on Saturday and agreed to meet the buyer Monday morning at 8:00am at Pioneer Title to close the deal. Fat check in hand, Claudette and I took off on another incredible adventure.

My mom helped us get both cars, the 5<sup>th</sup>-wheel, ourselves, our pets and our stuff moved to Globe, Arizona, where a job was waiting at a local radio station. I was to be the mid-morning DeeJay and engineer. For the second time in our many moves, we arrived on Claudette's birthday, April 14<sup>th</sup>, 1992.

## **She's Gone**

We settled down with the 5<sup>th</sup>-wheel set up in a mobile home park downtown, within easy walking distance of the local Safeway store and the Laundromat.

Claudette had been making quarterly mammogram visits to a Tucson radiology lab for about a year-and-a-half. The lab had found a tiny dot in the initial x-ray and wanted to keep an eye on it. She went back every month after we got settled. Her August film showed a small mass that Doctor Roberts called “suspicious for malignancy.” Doctor Ruesch, her Primary Physician in Globe referred her to Doctor Tahir, a specialist at Miami & Inspiration Hospital. They wanted a biopsy to find out if the mass was actually malignant or benign.

That was rough. The biopsy sample came back positive for Ductal Cell Carcinoma. Doctor Tahir wanted to perform a left breast mastectomy as soon as possible, so Claudette was scheduled for September 10<sup>th</sup>.

My girl had a pretty tough time getting ready for her surgery. She confided that the night before the mastectomy she sat on the fifth-wheel's toilet seat smoking a cigarette and weeping. There was one of those full-length mirrors on the door right in front of her and she saw herself in it, crying. Then it dawned on her - she was going to undergo cancer surgery at six o'clock the next morning and there she sat, holding a major cause of the disease between the index and middle fingers of her right hand!

The result was an epiphany. She threw the cigarette in the toilet and in a brave move, quit cold turkey. Claudette hadn't had a cigarette the rest of her life - 27 years!

Something else – Claudette dutifully took her Tamoxifen every day for that 27 years, far surpassing the five-year survival rate breast cancer physicians use as a measuring stick.



## **She's Gone**

When she hit the five year mark, Doctor Ruesch wanted to take her off the Tamoxifen. She said absolutely not!

Doctor Tahir had told the both of us during the Office Visit following her surgery that she needed to take the drug the rest of her life. He explained that her body chemistry needed to be changed permanently to keep the cancer from coming back. For twenty-seven years she kept that breast cancer at bay by following her doctor's advice!

## Granddaughter Krystylynn

There were five women in Claudette's life that she just worshiped ... her mom, "Ma Kat" Katzberg; my mom, Ruth Thayer; my sister, Amanda Thayer; our daughter, Janet and our granddaughter, Krystylynn Creedon.

I wish there was a picture of all five at the same time, but that was not to be.

This is a pic of four generations of the Thayer girls mothers' day 1995. Krys was born April 12<sup>th</sup>.



There's an old Thayer tradition involving birthdays. Way back when ... somebody decided that giving presents to kids over high-school age was way too much work. So the custom was



hatched that each elder child would receive cash money in direct proportion to their age – on their birthdays. As of this writing, Krystylynn will be getting \$25 from me and \$25 from her mom, Janet. I've toyed with an idea my mom came up with after my dad passed away. She sent birthday money each year to my brother and sister and me for both her and dad. When I

turned 65 there was a birthday card from my mom with \$130 in it from mom and pop!

Claudette would be proud that the second family tradition was continued so Krys gets \$50 from her grandparents this year!

## **Going Broke**

There are few things that Americans fear more than bankruptcy. The person going bust has a feeling of disgrace exacerbated by a belief that he or she is a failure for not adequately handling basic daily financial dealings.

Claudette and I filed for Chapter 11 Bankruptcy in late 1999. It was a tough choice. It was also quite an experience.

Medical bills involving colon cancer had added up so much that I couldn't keep up. I started gambling, playing cards at the Casino nearby. It was easy ... take \$100 and go play Texas Hold'em. If you lose the money just go get some more from the bank bandit – it only cost \$3 to draw on the credit card at the ATM. Several thousand dollars was run up on my Capital One card before I decided it was time to get right with God.

We made a trip into town to visit a bankruptcy attorney. He took us through the procedure and we gave him \$200 up front and agreed to pay him \$100 a month until the case was closed by the Federal Court in Phoenix. He gave us a three inch ring binder with a whole bunch of forms in it and told us to go home, fill out the forms and follow the instructions to the max. And he said to not pay any bills except rent, utilities, food and supplies. That left a lot of money on the table very quickly.

The first chore was to take a complete inventory of all of our assets and their value ... home, vehicles, furnishings, appliances, clothing, equipment, tools – everything. You never know how much stuff you have until you've done a bankruptcy inventory!

## **She's Gone**

Also included in the forms was a comprehensive financial statement detailing every source of income, every recurring expense and a complete listing of all debts.

The next month's meeting with the attorney was a review of the inventory and financial statement. All of the debts that were not related to rent, utilities, food and supplies were to be discharged. All of the medical bills and the credit card debt were also slated for discharge. The house was paid for and both cars were free and clear – all three were exempt from liens. The attorney said we were to come back in a month when we would go to Phoenix for the initial hearing before the Court. In the meantime, he said, we were to spend the extra cash on enough food and supplies to last a year. He said get a new refrigerator, freezer, carpet and bedding. He explained that you only need to put yourself in the position of people in wagon trains moving west back in the 1800s ... ie: what you would need to do the same thing today.

We got a new fridge and a new freezer. We re-carpeted the floors and we got new sheets, pillow cases, towels, blankets, throws and two new La-Z-Boy rockers. The appliances, carpeting and furniture went on credit cards before the filing with the Court. Using cash before and after the initial Court appearance, we filled the freezer with meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, butter and ice cream. The only staple we didn't buy in bulk was bread. One shed was filled with cases of bottled and canned goods including fruit, vegetables, juices and soft drinks. Flour and sugar for a year were included. There was also a large stash of toilet paper, paper towels, hand and dish soap and toiletries including razor blades, toothbrushes and toothpaste. It was truly everything two people would need for a year.

In April of 2000, we made the final appearance in Federal Court. Nobody appeared to contest the bankruptcy so the

## **She's Gone**

Judge approved it. He said we would receive the Court's findings and the Minute Order of the proceedings within two weeks.

Claudette was uncomfortable when we started but, as we went through the process, she warmed slowly to our changing circumstances. By the time we were done she was delighted! Of all the decisions we made together, this was the most hurtful at the start, but the most rewarding when it was over. It took \$600 and a little more than four months and we were out of debt, living on cash and starting a new life!

## No Glasses! Summer 2001

It was July 11<sup>th</sup> of 2001 when Claudette had the lens in her right eye replaced because it had a cataract. On August 1<sup>st</sup> the left lens was also replaced.

After initial measurements are complete and prescription issued, the procedure is reasonably straightforward – a tiny slit is made in the side of the eye, the existing contents of the lens capsule are pulverized and removed, and a new plastic lens is inserted. It's done under local anesthesia with the eye immobilized. Strong pain-killers are used for the following five or six days after the surgery, there are eye-drops and a protective cover over the eye until a follow-up visit after the first three days. At that point the instructions are, "Don't lift anything heavier than your shoes for at least a month."

Claudette was delighted with the right lens implant. And she was beside herself after the left implant. She experienced the same things I did following my own implant surgeries.

She had always worn glasses from a very early age. And she confided that she had never really seen clearly as far back as she could remember.

In late August we decided to visit family in Tucson, about a two-and-a-half hour drive south from our home in Globe. Highway 77 winds over a 5,000 foot summit and down the backside of the Pinal Mountains. It's pretty country with sights ranging from pine trees to high desert to spectacular mining country with its rocky cliffs lined with colorful gray, sand, brown, green and blue strata. From Hayden-Winkelman the highway straightens some, passing through Mammoth, San Manuel and Oro Valley on the way to the Old Pueblo.

## **She's Gone**

It only took a few minutes, as we drove up and over the El Capitan Summit, for Claudette to begin continuous ooos and aaahs. At one point she said, "Teddy, it's so beautiful. I never realized how dazzling the scenery is. It's so gorgeous!" She told me that everything she saw before her lens implants was dull and unimpressive. "Now," she said, "it's just fantastic!"

Having had the same procedures Claudette had, I can tell you that the changes that happen are impressive. It's like somebody turned up the brightness, contrast and fine focus. It's actually a return to the way you used to see before puberty set in. Puberty causes one's lenses to change ever so slightly, chemical changes that cloud the view a bit, but never noticed.

That she never realized what she wasn't seeing was a shame. But Claudette's joy at the miracle bestowed on her by a couple of pieces of plastic was unbelievable! She got eighteen more good years out of those beautiful eyes. I sure miss them.

## A Note from 1974

I was rummaging through old private papers collected over many decades. Among them was a letter I had long forgotten. It was from my wife Claudette penned October 22nd, 1974 in response to a question, part of a DeMolay Representative questionnaire.

At the time we had been married only 12-1/2 years. Claudette and I married in 1962, January 13th, to be exact. She passed away July 29<sup>th</sup>, 2019 after 57 years, three months and fifteen days of marriage. I knew at the time what a blessing she had been to my life. But somehow, I'd forgotten how she felt about me. Here are the words she penned almost 45 years ago:

***"After 12-1/2 years of marriage I still catch myself just watching him while he's doing something, and say to myself, 'I don't know what I ever did in life to deserve a guy like him, but thank you dear God for letting me find him.'"***



Most married folks understand how important that kind of unconditional love is in your lives. To me, it only happened once. I know that she knew I loved her because I told her so every day. Sometimes from across the room, sometimes with a big hug, sometimes with a little peck on the cheek and sometimes with an intimate kiss on her neck just below her ear. I miss her terribly, but I, too, thank God for letting me find her.



## What Can You do?

I've written before about the sadness and despair that can come creeping in the wee-small hours of the night. That stark knowledge that your sweet baby, your life's partner is really gone and it's unlikely that you'll ever be together again, except, perhaps at that special place reserved for the two of you in Heaven. There's little solace.

At this writing it's been almost eleven months since my sweetheart passed. I miss her so ... But what can you do?

Just yesterday, music stored on my computer was playing in the background on the stereo. When all of a sudden I broke out weeping ... no, not just weeping ... sobbing with huge gasps of grief gushing out of my broken heart, filling the room with helpless sadness.

It was Patsy Cline:

*As I look at the letters that you wrote to me  
It's you that I am thinkin' of  
As I read the lines that, to me, were so dear  
I remember our faded love*

*I miss you darlin', more and more every day  
As Heaven would miss the stars above  
With every heartbeat, I still think of you  
And remember our faded love*

*As I think of the past and all the pleasures we had  
As I watched the mating of the dove  
It was in the springtime that you said goodbye  
I remember our faded love*

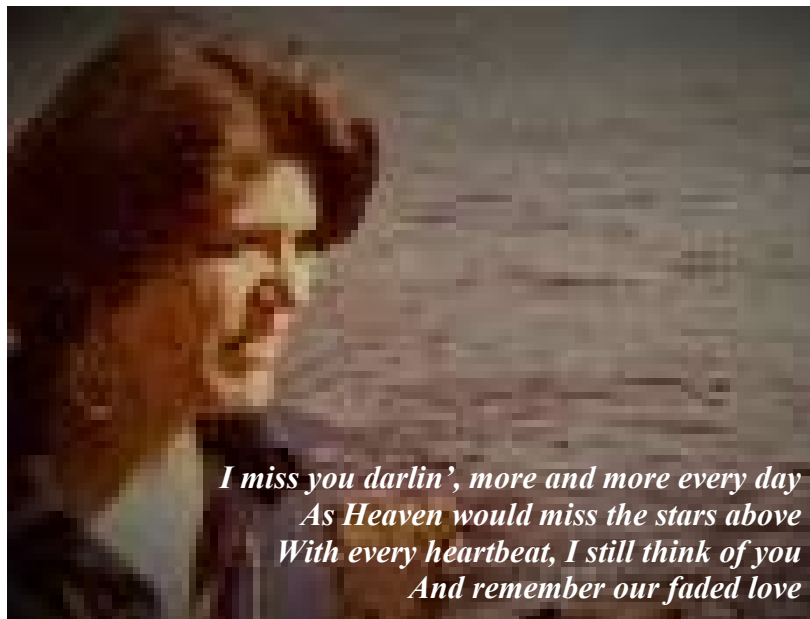
## She's Gone

Even now it's mid-morning as I write, and the tears persist.

Some have praised my penmanship. Some have said my descriptions of life without Claudette have made them weep. Others have said that somehow I have captured the words that say exactly how they feel about their departed partners.

The saddest part for me, however, is the open wound in my heart, the now forever-missing intimate verbal and physical intercourse between two lovers, the robust closeness that made the two of us one.

Reminiscing about our faith, work and play together, about shopping, games, chatting quietly over drinks, enjoying the company of friends or just snuggling close together before sleep falls ... that haunting melody, Bob Wills' *Faded Love*, comes to mind:



**She's Gone**

## **It's Been a Year**

I thought beginning my second year without my dear Claudette would be tougher than it has been over the last twenty-four hours, but it hasn't. It was kind of like a birthday. You know ... it's a special celebration day filled with a certain personal warmth and pride. Not so much a remembrance, but rather set about reinforcing that everything is as it should be.

I'm ok. And I know my Babe is watching over me from her special place with the stars in Heaven. I'm so sorry she's not here in my arms, but just like ET, she's right there in my heart.



## **She's Gone**

## She's Gone

### Credits

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<i>15</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Globe AZ</i>	<i>2010</i>
<i>18</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Watsonville CA</i>	<i>1964</i>
<i>19</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Soquel CA</i>	<i>1964</i>
<i>19</i>	<i>Duke Thayer Monterey CA</i>	<i>1964</i>
<i>19</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Soquel CA</i>	<i>1964</i>
<i>19</i>	<i>F W Woolworth Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1965</i>
<i>24</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1967</i>
<i>25</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1967</i>
<i>26</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1977</i>
<i>27</i>	<i>Claudette Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1969</i>
<i>28</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1974</i>
<i>29</i>	<i>Lane Katzberg Parkrose OR</i>	<i>1949</i>
<i>29</i>	<i>Lane Katzberg Parkrose OR</i>	<i>1951</i>
<i>29</i>	<i>State of California Board of Cosmetology</i>	<i>1957</i>
<i>29</i>	<i>Rita Williams Gilroy CA</i>	<i>1958</i>
<i>30</i>	<i>Rita Williams Gilroy CA</i>	<i>1961</i>
<i>30</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1972</i>
<i>30</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1976</i>
<i>30</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Globe AZ</i>	<i>2010</i>
<i>30</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Globe AZ</i>	<i>2010</i>
<i>33</i>	<i>KGUN-TV Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1971</i>
<i>35</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1972</i>
<i>42</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1995</i>
<i>44</i>	<i>Catalina High School Tucson AZ</i>	<i>2012</i>
<i>48</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>1974</i>
<i>50</i>	<i>J E Ted Thayer Carmel CA</i>	<i>2003</i>
<i>51</i>	<i>Amanda Thayer Tucson AZ</i>	<i>2015</i>

# She's Gone

by J E Ted Thayer

