

To the family of Samantha Spady -

Today you buried your baby girl.

By the time you read this, you will have begun to re-build your lives and will likely have learned that the pain you feel will not soon diminish. You are not alone.

Like so many others, I never had the pleasure of meeting your daughter face-to-face, but I was fortunate enough to get to know her over the course of twenty months while she was a regular contributor to the discussions found on my internet message board.

Sam joined our group on January 15th, 2003. She was a senior in high school and the world was her oyster. As time went on, she became comfortable sharing more intimate details about her life. She would post photos of herself and her artwork. She would tell us about her job working in the video store and how it helped her to develop an unhealthy addiction to romantic comedies. She would share with us the feelings of homesickness felt after leaving the comfort of home in Nebraska to attend college in faraway Colorado. We learned about her favorite bands, foods, and television shows. She would come to us for help with school, or advice on personal issues.

Everything from boyfriend problems to car trouble, Sam felt comfortable sharing, and in doing so transformed herself from just a name on a computer screen into an actual human being.

No, I never met Sam – but I knew her, and I cared about her, and I will miss her terribly.

Today you buried your baby girl, and along with her, a piece of me.

With Deepest Sympathies,



Justin Vandermark
Atlanta, Georgia