

ANDY PITTS

and

The Red Barn Data Center

in Winston-Salem, North Carolina

It has been suggested to me
that I write the story of

The Red Barn Data Center (RBDC)

This story cannot be told
without telling about the life of

Andrew Martin Pitts

for HE was

The Red Barn Data Center

Without him, there was no RBDC

Catherine Williams Pitts

9-25-11

Introduction

This is a biography, a testimony
in memory of

Andrew (Andy) Martin Pitts
49 Years of Age

And the many obstacles he had to face
during the time that he spent on this earth,

How he overcame them,
Contributions he made, and the impact
that he had on his many friends.

PLUS

The creation of the
Red Barn Data Center, (RBDC)
1985 - 2001

An Internet Service Provider (ISP.)

RBDC was the first to bring the Internet
to the citizens of North Carolina in August, 1994
and at the time was rated Number One
for service in the United States.

FOREWORD

As we approach the 10th anniversary of Andy's

**home going, I think what a unique
experience his life was to me.**

**First, the wonderful relationship
between mother and son, and**

**Secondly, the adventure of being the
first to introduce the Internet to our
fellow citizens of North Carolina.**

**I want to give special credit to his father,
Thomas Jackson Pitts, (who died Nov. 2000)
who faithfully took Andy to and from dialysis
for a total of 23 years.**

**Without his help, we could not have
accomplished the things that we did.**

**The trip down memory lane is going
to be exciting all over again.**

Catherine W. Pitts

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form except by a newspaper or magazine reviewer who wishes
to
quote brief passages in connection with a review.**

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without her suggestion this book would not have been written.

The Abernathys, good friends to Andy,
for just being there for me whenever I needed them,
and sharing their computers with me.

John and Mitzi Grey (Grey Engineering) .
for giving me a new computer and making me believe in myself.

Dugan Dickerson, who patiently repeated instructions again and
again until

I finally reached a small degree of understanding of this computer.

And to Doug Drye, Andy's friend in Atlanta,.

I love you, and thank all of you for your help.

Catherine

PART ONE

In the Beginning

I have been asked to write the story of the Red Barn Data Center (RBDC.) This cannot be done without telling you, the /reader, about Andy Pitts, the creator of RBDC. I am his mother. I am now 89 years old, and if I am ever going to tell this story I had better do it before I depart this earth.

I gave birth to Andy on December 23, 1951 at the Forsyth Memorial Hospital in Winston-Salem, NC. He was a happy baby. At the age of 6 months he stood up and walked several steps without help, took note of what he had done, decided that he really wasn't ready for that quite yet, dropped back down on his knees and waited until he was 13 months old before trying it again. And that little revelation lets you know the kind of person he became. He always looked before he leaped. He always gave a great deal of thought to what he was going to do.

At 16 months he became very ill. He had Meningitis. Upon entering the hospital, we found that he had an unreadable fever. The thermometers only printed up to 108 degrees, and you had another inch above that where there were no numbers imprinted on the thermometer. I was standing beside the doctor when he took the body temp., he did not like what he saw, picked up another thermometer, got the same result, and repeated this a third time. Then he told me that this child could not possibly survive, and if, by some miracle he did survive he would be a vegetable. Needless to say, he not only survived, but he excelled in everything he did.

Strangely, I left the hospital to come home to get some rest – I had been up all night the previous night — and at home and in bed I prayed. I bargained with God, that if he would let Andy live I would dedicate my life to seeing that he would be cared for. Then, again strangely enough, I fell asleep. I woke two hours later, called the hospital and learned that his fever had dropped to 106 degrees.

Still high, but not AS high. I returned to the hospital, never to leave him again until I could bring him home. His fever continued to drop, antibiotics were administered, and he left the hospital several days later. I think every doctor in the hospital came by to see him, for it was considered a miracle that he lived. That was our first miracle.

Early in life Andy showed an interest in all things electrical. When he was about 3 years old my father took him to the loading dock at R.J.Reynolds Tobacco Company. The box car was waiting to be loaded, and Andy got under the box car and studied the mechanisms that could be seen there. Dad told me that he asked questions way above his age level. Dad was amazed.

We learned, when he entered school, that he was Dyslexic, and that slowed down his reading and writing skills. He was ambidextrous, indicating there was no brain dominance. It was suggested that he concentrate on the use of his right hand or left hand, but use the selected hand constantly to force a brain dominance. He did. This advice helped him tremendously. But his motor skills were not good. His writing was not coordinated well.

Because of the Dyslexia Andy had a difficult time spelling, and was chastised by the teachers in Junior High School. Once they realized that he would have to be judged by what he knew, they let up on their constant punishments (multiple writing of misspelled words, which gained them nothing, for that did no good) he got along well. He had great memory skills. He learned that if he paid attention in class he did not need to do homework.

An interesting interlude happened when he was still in elementary school. One day we had two couples visiting in our living room; all four of them were teachers. They were present when Andy came home from school. They asked him what he had learned in school. He responded by clasping his hands behind his back, looking down at the floor in a studious fashion, walking in the circles that were created by the area rug, and gave us, verbatim, the

lecture they had in school about an historic figure. We all sat still, mesmerized by the lecture. His memory was sharp. Unbelievable.

While still in grammar school he repaired (for a fee) CB radio equipment, TV sets (his principals set), looked after the communication system for the school starting in the fourth grade, held a Mr. Wizard, Jr. booth (this was modeled after a Saturday morning children's TV show called Mr. Wizard) during the night that the PTA was holding their annual fund raising, and charged a quarter to attend the show, with the proceeds going to the PTA. Since he was already earning his spending money, he saved it to purchase testing equipment. As a young boy he never asked Santa for toys. He asked for testing equipment. (As an aside— when he was in his 20s he bought a little radio controlled plane and played with that. We were amazed that he had bought a toy.)

Brunson School called and asked if he would do the Mr. Wizard ,Jr. show for them. Brunson school was THE school for the best and the brightest students. (I had refused to let Andy attend their school for I felt he needed to be with regular people.) He agreed, but the second year when they again asked if he would present the show, he balked. It was a lot of work, and he said “They’ve got the bright kids. Tell them to do it themselves. I have already shown them how to do it.”

As it is common in schools when one child is different from the others, there will be some bullying. I solved that problem by enrolling Andy into some self-defense classes. The next time that the kids ganged up on him, he immediately went into the well-known stance, the kids said, “he’s been taking some classes” and ran away from him. That solved that problem.

While in Junior High school he again ran into the bullies. One kid came up behind Andy, hit him in the bend of his leg, thereby making Andy fall. He got up, and went on about his business. The next day the bully repeated the attack. Andy, who was a pacifist, got up and beat the hell out of the bully. That ended any future attacks.

Andy chose to go to Parkland High School for he liked the itinerary they had. It was an experimental school, giving students a choice of not attending class IF they kept their grades up. The point was that when students go off to college for the first time in their lives they had a choice as to whether or not to go to class. This was a means for the students to learn to fend for themselves, and make good choices. The classes that he was weak in he attended regularly. Those in which he was strong he attended irregularly. He liked the choice.

He was active in many different clubs during High school. When he was suppose to graduate with his class of 1970, he approached his counselor, (at the beginning of the school year) and together they decided he would continue taking the English class, for he was weak there, but would quit the class prior to graduation, thus allowing him to stay in High School an extra year to get the classes in math that he had been unable to work into his schedule. I always admired that in him for taking charge of his education.

The following takes up at this point and is told by Andy in a resume about himself that he wrote. (Note that he got his First Phone Radio License in 1967, when he was 16 years old. This license was a requirement before being allowed to work at either a TV or Radio station as an engineer.)

A bit of philosophy: I think it is the aim of most mothers to rear their young so that they can flee the nest, so to speak, and spread their wings. Andy was independent of his father and me. Then his kidney's failed; he had no wife. My maternal instincts kicked in, and once again I became his helper.

**RESUME OF
ANDREW (ANDY) MARTIN PITTS**

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

EDUCATION: Graduated Parkland High School

Followed by 3 years at Davidson County Community College as a full time student while working part time. (see below). I built my first micro processor 8080 based machine about 1972.

LICENSES: First Phone Radio License approx.
Ham Radio License

WORK EXPERIENCES: Many of the following work experiences ran concurrently, making it almost impossible to give dates. I first worked about 3 years as a transmitter engineer at Channel 12, WXII and at WAAA Radio. During that time period I was making and designing automatic telephone interconnect equipment for Amateur Radio Repeaters under the company that a friend and I formed called Quality Radio Products, which later evolved into another company called Unique Radio Products, in which we designed, manufactured and programmed Micro processor controllers for industrial applications. I worked as Chief

Engineer at WAAA and WFGH for 6 months to a year. WXII called me and asked me to come back to them as a technical director/studio engineer as a regular part-timer, and I was working there as well as being a chief engineer with radio stations WAIR and WSEZ when my kidney's failed in November, 1978. No cause was ever found for the kidney failure, but the speculation is that the meningitis that I had as a baby when I had an unreadable fever for 6 hours caused the long-term deterioration of my kidneys.

During the year following kidney failure I went into a rather rapid decline and by December 1979 I was in a wheel chair because of peripheral nerve damage to my extremities. Changes to the method of dialysis allowed me to start slowly recovering the use of my legs, and I started a long climb back to relatively good health. I have now been on dialysis for almost 15 years, and am in a stable condition.

Since about 1982 I began working with Unix with RCS Mobile Services, writing a system to collect data from their mobile phone systems. I started a BBS during that time, getting news feeds out of Atlanta. I have also written the software for a check collecting

system called National Check Information Center (NCIC) using Informix under Unix. I have done Various Unix consulting, and am presently working with Innisbrook Wraps in Greensboro. I am somewhat limited in my mobility, although I do drive my car, but I try to do work that I can do from my home computer. I must dialyze three times a week.

In Andy's resume he touches lightly on having spent some time in a wheel chair. He is correct, inasmuch that his leg muscles had atrophied to the point that he could not walk. I had heard that if you become dependent on a wheel chair you will never walk again. I was determined that he would walk, and the following is the way we accomplished that.

Andy had foot dropsy. I bought a pair of high top tennis shoes for him and built up the inside, about 2 inches high, where the heel of a foot rests. I wanted to shift his weight from the heels to the balls of his feet. Then we asked a friend who had been visiting regularly if he would visit on the days that Andy was not on dialysis to help Andy walk. He agreed. Regularly he and Andy's father got Andy up on his feet, and walked him around in the room. They were taking baby steps, then longer walks, and after several weeks they eventually walked him outside the house.

At this point I called his doctor and asked for a prescription for leg braces. Special shoes were made with braces and the first time he put them on, took a few steps alone, I cried like a baby watching him walk. I commented that I watched him walk as a baby, and again as a man.

The days following we would go to Hanes Mall, and using a wheel chair I would get him into the Mall, park the wheel chair, and I, being much shorter than he, became his “cane”. With his hands on my shoulders, we would walk in tandem around the Mall to strengthen his leg muscles. It worked.

Andy had a sports car which was low to the ground. He was unable to get in and out of that car. Much to Andy’s regret, we sold his sports car, and bought a second hand car, an AMC Pacer, which was perfect for a disabled person. It had all the things needed, power steering, power brakes, air conditioning, high off the ground, etc. With the AMC Pacer, and his leg braces, he became mobile for the first time in several years. I cried for joy again.

This was the condition of Andy’s health when he started the Red Barn Data Center, although it did not bear that name until much later.

PART TWO

About Dialysis

Andy was working at several jobs at the same time, but his health was beginning to deteriorate rapidly . He came to my house one day because he felt terrible, and I, thinking that he had a touch of the flu, was feeding him orange juice. I learned later that I was doing the wrong thing, but we had no indication that his kidneys were failing. He asked me to take him back to his house in Winston, where he and his father lived, and I did. (Andy had developed a phobia about hospitals and doctors after he had the Meningitis at such an early age, hence he objected to seeing a doctor.) He called me the next day, with fear in his voice, that the inside of his mouth was covered with “white stuff.” I told him that he was dying, and I refused to come to Winston to watch him die. If, --- I told him,— he would allow me to take him to a doctor I

would be there as fast as my wheels would bring me. He thought about it for— what seemed to me— about two minutes. He said, “You like your doctor in Lexington, don’t you?” and I answered in the affirmative. He then said, “OK I will see him.”

I called my doctor, Dr. Gerald Briggs, in Lexington, warned them that I would be bringing in my son, and rushed to Winston, picked up Andy, and rushed back to Lexington. Dr. Briggs took one look at Andy and said, “How long has he looked like this?” I had no answer.

Dr. Briggs said to Andy, “Son, I can’t do anything for you in this office. You must go to the hospital.” Andy replied, “Can you give me something to allay my fears?” and Dr. Briggs did. I took Andy to Lexington Hospital. They admitted him, but the first thing they asked for was his hospital insurance. Naturally we didn’t have that with us. I told them that I would have to get it to them later. I was not allowed to stay with him, for he was in a ward.

About 10 PM, Dr. Briggs called to tell me that Andy had Renal Failure, that they could maintain him overnight, but that he would have to be sent to Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem for further treatment. Dr. Briggs called the Baptist hospital, and warned them what to expect early in the AM. At 6 A.M. I was at the Lexington hospital and followed the ambulance to Baptist. The first thing they wanted, upon checking him in, was his insurance card. I told them that I would get it to them later.

The hospital inserted a port into him and started dialysis immediately. By the next day, a Sunday, we were assured that Andy would live. .

Sunday evening, after much questioning from me, my husband told me that he had cancelled Andy’s insurance. There had been a time in my life when I had held an insurance license, and I was sure that no one had the right to cancel another person’s insurance except the person who was insured, OR non payment. His father had been making the payments, and, thinking that Andy would be

eligible for coverage from the radio station that he worked, decided to cancel the policy without consulting Andy. I asked my husband what time period his last payment had covered. He told me, and I realized that we had four days left in the grace period.

On Monday at noon time (I deliberately waited until lunch period when there would be fewer people in the office) my daughter-in-law and I went to the Blue Cross office with a payment covering the present time period and the next month's period. They told me that the policy had been cancelled, I asked who cancelled it, they said his dad, and I reminded them that his father did to have the right to cancel Andy's policy, and, furthermore, here were two payments. Upon consulting someone else in the office, they gave me a receipt.

I returned to the hospital and gave them the information they wanted.

Whew !!! That was a close call. When my daughter-in-law and I got back in the car, being careful that all windows were closed, we shouted for joy. We made it!!!

The doctor's at the hospital were interested in why this young man's kidney's failed. Andy had a long beard, and long hair. This was in the days of the "Hippies" — ergo he must be on drugs. We knew that was not the case, but of course, they did not believe us. They checked him for everything possible, and could find no reason for kidney failure. They finally conceded that it was probably the result of the Meningitis he had as a 16 month old child. It had taken 25 years for them to completely fail.

When we learned that Andy had Renal Failure some decisions had to be made. Dialysis at home, at the clinic, Hemo dialysis or peritoneal dialysis; those were the choices. Andy selected to dialysis at home, using the Peritoneal method. This type of dialysis was suppose to be painless. A port would be inserted into his Peritoneum, and the dialysate would be introduced into the cavity through the port to remove excess fluid buildup in the body.

One would be weighed when coming off dialysis, and again when going on to dialysis. The difference in weight would be the amount of fluid that would need to be removed from his body. – Remember, when you have total kidney failure, you do NOT urinate. .

Unfortunately, the whole clinic had experienced that the first dialysate that was introduced into the Peritoneum was extremely painful. The treatment would have to be stopped. The next introduction of fluid into the body would not be quite so painful, and successive ones were better. During the rest of that treatment there would be no more pain. This could be accomplished at home. Unfortunately, the day that the dialysis machine was to be delivered to our home Andy was on dialysis at the clinic.. I was at home to speak with the technician. I told him about the problems that the clinic was having with the “painless” method, he gave me his card and asked for Andy to call him if he had the same problem at home.

A note of explanation: Between treatments the dialysis machine would be filled with formaldehyde to keep it safe from germs entering the machine. Prior to using the machine one would have to drain out all the formaldehyde and rinse the machine until testing would reveal that it was safe to use. When Andy spoke to the technician from the manufacturer, it was discovered that the nurse at the clinic was not teaching the proper way to test the machine for readiness. There was still formaldehyde in the machine causing excruciating pain for the first inflow of dialysate into the cavity. The technician then called the hospital and spoke with the teaching nurse. Needless to say, changes were made, Andy was chewed out by the nurse because of the “dressing down” that she received, and the doctors thanked Andy for having solved their problem.

There was another option that Andy had. Thought was given to transplanting a kidney from a donor. Of course his father, brother and I were all tested to see if we had a kidney that matched.

Remember, this was in the early days of transplanting organs. My husband was too old, and even though I was much younger but still over the recommended age, I was seriously considered as a candidate to donate a kidney. In those days, if you had a 4 point match it was considered a good match. Andy and I had a 6 point match. Almost a guaranteed success. Then they dropped the bomb: I had a Blood Pressure problem, and Dr. Hamilton absolutely refused to take one of my kidneys. He said that they would be switching one patient for another, that a lesser doctor might take one of my kidneys, but HE would not do it. Both of us wept.

When we were faced with the life changing knowledge that one member of the family would have to spend the balance of his life being dialyzed three times a week, I was considering closing down my business in Lexington that I had founded, and returning home to look after Andy. We were advised by the very capable social worker that we should all continue our lives as normal as possible. To give up my business would eventually make Andy feel guilty for being the cause of closing it.. We followed her advice. I was criticized and chastised by a pharmacist that Andy would get along better if I stayed home with him. I asked the pharmacist what he suggested? He said that I would be there to cook beans, peas, etc. — in other words — a better diet. I explained that the food that he, the pharmacist, was advising was not on Andy's diet. That was an obstacle (i.e. criticism) that "I" had to overcome.

Dialysis, as with all aspects of medicine, is not an exact science. Human errors are common. One day I watched a tech in the dialysis unit take Andy's blood pressure. She put the cuff on his arm, pumped the cuff up high, then let the air out so fast that it would be impossible to take a reading. I called another tech over to retake his BP. He got a different reading. That was when I bought Andy's own BP cuff, and it stayed on his arm all thru dialysis, and the reading was correct. I am still using that same BP cuff at home.

The weight scales at the clinic were the old up-right scale that one would find in the physician's office. The difference was that so many people were using the scale that it was often re-calibrated, and often wrong. We bought our own digital scale at home, and Andy would weigh before going to the clinic, tell the techs his weight, and weigh again as soon as he returned home. In this manner, errors were reduced.

Early on, Andy noted that the techs in the clinic were using a hand held calculator to punch in the numbers about the weight gain, so that they would know how to set the negative pressure on the machine to remove the proper amount of fluid. He noted that frequent errors were being made. Andy suggested that they put the info into a computer. They didn't know what he meant. He asked for the formula, promising to bring them a computerized copy. He took a copy to them the next time he went to the clinic; the paper he gave them was copied, and every tech had his own copy. The hand held calculator was no longer needed. More errors were avoided.

Andy discovered that the Peritoneal method was not removing enough of the excess fluid from his body. He had to give up dialyzing at home and start Hemo dialysis at the clinic. One day when he arrived at the clinic an engineer from one of the manufacturers of the dialysis machines was waiting for him. The engineer spent the entire three hours that Andy was dialyzing talking with Andy about the improvements that could be made to the machines. The engineers were at a loss; they knew the technical aspects of the machines but none of them had ever actually experienced it.

One of Andy's friends had a family member on dialysis. He asked one of the Baptist Hospital doctors if he knew Andy. The Doctor answered by saying that Andy thought he knew more about kidneys than the doctors. My reaction to that statement is that he, the doctor was wrong. Andy never thought he knew more than the doctors, but as an engineer himself he definitely understood the operation of the machine better than most of the doctors. He must have been doing something right or he never would have survived 23 years on dialysis.

One time when I took Andy to the emergency room the doctor on duty was a very capable female doctor; but she did not believe in phobias. Because of Andy's appearance, (long hair, beard) she suspected that he was just wanting attention, UNTIL she looked at the blood work. The Doctor who headed the Renal Failure department was off on a lecture tour, and the female doctor found the result of the last blood work opened on his desk. She was quick to take care of Andy, realizing that he was not there because he wanted attention..

PART THREE

It was in the mid 1980's that Andy started selling email accounts to people who were knowledgeable in this field of electronics to know what an email was. We charged \$10.00 a month, just to pay the telephone bills. We had a large rack of modems so that we had an eight-to-one customer-to-line ratio. It was necessary to buy another modem, and add another level to the rack every time a customer wanted a private line.

In mid 1994, Andy was wanting to connect to the Internet. He was trying to convince me that we should do that, but since I didn't have the vaguest notion what the Internet was, and since I would have to borrow money to buy the equipment, I resisted..An old friend who Andy felt he could always depend on, called and invited Andy to join him in a business venture. Andy asked him if he would like to become a partner in RBDC.. The friend accepted. He invested \$16,000 to \$17,000 into RBDC, and we, therefore, were able to buy the necessary equipment to connect to the internet.

Mike McCammant called from Atlanta on a Thursday, and began asking questions about our business, questions that the normal person would not have asked, and wanted to know if we were connected to the Internet. I told him that we had the equipment to be connected, but that MCI had promised to send someone out to connect us,— we had been waiting for three weeks. McCammant said that he was moving to Winston-Salem for that reason; he was taking over that department with MCI that would handle this. He moved into Winston-Salem two days later, went to work on a Monday, and by Tuesday we were connected. We were the first to bring the Internet to North Carolina.. Yea !!! We beat Charoltte. !!!

Shortly after that, our partner that Andy had such faith in, and his new friend asked for a meeting with Andy and me, at which time they used our figures and with a spread sheet showed us how much more money could be made IF Andy's equipment were moved into this new-found friends quarters. Taking into consideration this new quarters was on a second floor walk-up and impossible for Andy to traverse on a regular basis, I interrupted the presentation by making the statement that our equipment would never leave our home. There was a stunned silence, the statement was repeated, and the meeting came to a close.

I asked our partner if he was more interested in his new-found friend than he was in RBDC. He stated that he would ful-fill his obligation to us, that he doubted if a new partner could be found. I asked what his asking price was for his partnership. He told me \$15,000. I told him that I had found a new investor, but it would take a few weeks to get the money together. He agreed.

I had already asked my husband for his backing, and the next morning I called my banker and asked for a loan of \$15,000. It was granted. Andy's reaction to the realization that his old friend had deserted him cut him to the core. Andy had made the remark that there were only two people in this part of the world that he felt he could trust with his life, and that was me, and this friend was the other one.. Andy never forgave him. That was another obstacle he had to overcome. He was in a blue funk for several weeks.

We published a little Yellow Booklet that explained the Internet with two pages of definitions of the new terminology that was in use. It needed to be up- graded once a year or two. I am including some of the booklets at the end of this publication. Parents became enthused in the power of the Internet and wanted their children to have email addresses. Eventually we had to limit that, and set up rules for the children. We also had to have more phone lines (totaling 50) brought into the house so that we could sell some "dedicated" lines. We offered Web service, and had several people on line who offered their services, for a fee, to create Web sites. Over the course of time numerous people served as tech support to help people who were having troubles. In the back of this book you will also find the pages of Netiquette. I think it is still of interest today. After all, as of this writing RBDC has only been closed for 10 years.

So many new programs were being offered over the initial period that I had to try-out most of them before I could recommend them to our customers. At one time we had about 500 customers.. I think that included family members. New ISP's were starting up on a regular basis, but we continued to reign supreme.

Over the course of several years, Andy had various health problems. He fell and broke his hip, and was hospitalized for several weeks. (That was another obstacle.) I forwarded all the calls from the office to my cell phone, took messages and ran the office from Andy's bedside. He had a problem in the hospital when he had a mild stroke from the morphine that the nephrologists had prescribed. The tests showed no damage to his brain, but I could see damage, He lost the keen edge off his mind, and when returning home he found that he could not remember his password. I remember him sitting in front of his computer with tears running down his face, and saying, "Mother, I can't remember my password." That was when we called Doug.Drye (Andy's closest friend who lived in Atlanta). He knew Andy's password, and he spent hours on

the phone with Andy trying to refresh his mind.

By March 1, 2001 we had so much competition from Bell South and Time Warner that it became apparent to me that the time had come when we had to close down RBDC. That was Andy's baby. It really hurt him to have to close it, but so many of our customers were leaving us for the faster service that big business could provide.

I believe in reincarnation, and it is my belief that Andy had completed his task here on earth when he departed to return to the other side. I am looking forward to joining him when the right time comes.

I guess this pretty much tells an abbreviated story of RBDC. Following will be a copy of several yellow booklets. Comparing the earlier one to the last (the 1999 one) will allow you to see the progressions that took place.

An Epilogue

Andy has been back to visit with me many times. I can lose a crochet needle, and a few minutes later find it exactly where I could not have missed it. Within hours after his leaving he excitedly told me that he no longer had a problem with his legs or hips, that he could move around just great. Later he told me that he had been assigned to me as my Guardian Angel.

Over a period of time he told me to light the pilot light on the old stove in the old part of the house for it had gone out. He told me to tell my friend that he had better get the brakes fixed on his truck or he would be "joining me over here.". He performed a miracle and changed the pipes from the road to my house that were galvanized pipes into the new plastic-type pipes. That was nothing that we could imagine, for the pipes were actually galvanized pipes, as my plumbers can attest to. But suddenly, they became plastic pipes.

I was so miserable, in my grief, that he came to me and told me to see a shrink, for I was keeping him earth-bound, and he needed to be moving on. I never stood in his way while he was alive on earth, and I certainly didn't want to stand in his way after he had crossed over. So I got myself under control. There is no doubt that there is an afterlife.

We had an RBDC web site. (www.rbdc.com) After he crossed over to the other side Ronnie Abernathy turned the site into an interactive Memorial to Andy. When I cross over, I will be added to that site. I asked Andy for his help on this project. I feel that he is watching everything I do. Maybe he will make a few changes.

Yesterday morning, November 24th, 2011, he woke me by ringing a bell. He assured me, once again, that I would be joining him soon. I have learned that the meaning of the word "soon" in the spirit world is not the same as it means here on earth.

Catherine