

Jamey May

On April 11, 1971, Jamey was born. For the first year, we couldn't find out why he was so sick. Right after his first birthday, he went to the hospital and was there 3 months, the doctor telling us that the hope was small that he would make it - CF had taken him over. He did make it. Oh yes, for 35 years he kept beating the odds. They originally told us that the prognosis was 'maybe' he would live to be 6 years old. He had a spirit like none other. He loved life. He loved family. He loved his health care providers. And oh how he loved his horses, his dogs and his cat Eddie. The animals gave him a reason to get up every day. His horses helped him to have pride - he won many awards riding them and he trained horses for others. He didn't have the stamina for sports in school so the horses gave him what he needed to become a 'Jock'. Also, he learned to be responsible at an early age - his horses needed him to feed and water and care for them. His dogs were his buddies. They were always waiting when he came home. He took very good care of them and they knew it. Then after he had his transplant, at age 33, he found a love for cats. He found Eddie. He was a very important part of Jamey's life the last year when he couldn't get up and out as much as before. Eddie was right there for him 24/7. We took him to St. Louis with us when we went in 2006, hoping for another transplant.

You never would hear Jamey complain. Sometimes he got out of bed and was out and about when I don't know where he got his will. He refused to let his illness rule him. He insisted on doing the things that he loved to do. He always had a smile and a joke for you. He was a very happy and loving child and grew into a very compassionate adult. We were always so proud of him. If you knew him, you know what I mean. If you didn't, I can assure you that you would have loved him just like so many others did. Jamey would want others to know that he believed that to make a life having CF, you have to first love life and then to live life. He believed that to 'live' was to 'do'. He had a passion for horses. It got him out of the house; he enjoyed the love that he and his horses shared with one another, plus the exercise and fresh air that he got. He would say to "not be afraid; to find a passion and to put your heart and soul into it". It can be anything - maybe playing ball; maybe writing poetry; maybe art or photography. There is so much in life to enjoy - don't let it pass you by. You know, we all can take a lesson from that - not just those with CF.

I don't think we will ever get over the pain of losing Jamey but we are so thankful that we had him. Times were tough in so many ways, but he added joy to our lives in so many more ways.