

Joey Organ

By Peter McDowell, in loving memory of his grandson

Born 2/12/02 Passed away 7/11/04

I would sit in my office and do work on the computer and a little head would pop up and Joey would say "HARO" and I would laugh and he would go around the side of the office put his hand on the power point and look at me and smile and turn all my computers off with one touch and he would laugh his head off and run for his life, I would lose hours of work.

One day he was riding his tricycle and I said to him it's your birthday soon so me and you will go and buy a bike together, his face lit up like a Christmas tree.

The ice cream man came down the road and I took Livi (Joey's older sister) and Joey out to buy an ice cream. I said to Joey " Livi can pick her birthday ice cream cake and next time you can pick yours out."

I was at work on the Monday when I got the phone call that Joey died, my Joey was gone. He was buried on the Thursday.

I still have the old bike; we never got around to shopping for the new one.

The ice cream man came around and he had a big smile on his face and I had to tell him that Joey wasn't there to pick out his ice cream cake.

I would give anything to have Joey just once pop up his head and Say "Haro" or turn my computer off.

I love you Baby.
Gang Gang. Your Grandfather,

Lovingly submitted by Peter McDowell in memory of his beloved grandson, Joey.