

What makes me, me? I can't go further without acknowledging I am me because of the wonderful life my parents gave us. We were blessed with role model parents who loved their kids and who were blessed to provide all the blessing life could give. We were not spoiled. We had to work for what we had. We learned the gift of a great work ethic very early when we had responsibilities as all kids should have. We did dishes, made beds, cleaned rooms and emptied the trash. I believe we all have learned the value of hard work and we all like to work. We all work together and side by side. Mom was a stay at home mom who loved her kids. She still is our mom who will take care of us although we now take care of her too. There are 6 kids with two sets of twins. We moved around a lot growing up. At one-point we counted 16 different houses and 10 different states. I think moving around kept us out of trouble. It was hard but I know that because we had each other and we always had a best friend with us, we were ok. We learned to adapt. Mom and Dad also had to adapt but we did not realize that then. Mom and Dad supported each other. Yes, we saw fights, but very few. We also saw the make-up, the hugs, the communication and the love.

I am sure I am a part of Gods plan. I am sure we all know God played and continues to play a big role in us. We are who we are because God has blessed us, and we love him.

I can remember Dad taking us to Sunday school, teaching Sunday school and getting us these cool glow-in-the-dark crosses as prizes. Our Dad was the coolest. I can also remember the black liquorish popsicles he bought us all after church from a trailer.

I can remember vacations where we drove from Albuquerque to California in a Volkswagen bug. 5 kids full. When Dad got tired, he sprawled out in the back and Mom drove. We all clustered around Dad. I can remember when the motel welcomed us on the marquee. "Welcome Kopley Family". (They spelled it wrong!) I can remember the trip where the Irish spring soap made me hate the smell and where Dad passed out while driving and climbing the mountains and Mom grabbed the wheel and kept

us going with no problems. They must have been terrified. I know it was scary for us as Dad was so sick but for Mom it must have been horrible. I can remember leaving the house after breakfast and chores and heading up the mountain and hiking all over. As long as we checked in at noon we were blessed to roam. I can remember hiking the hill to find a wife for our collie dog so he could have puppies. We had to return the dog we found, and boy did we think Dad was mean... "we were going to run away" but we got over it when we returned home. I can remember climbing these HUGE VERY tall cotton woods and no one questioning it. As a Mom now I would have worried about falling but that fear never existed or was felt from my Mom. It was this kind of support that makes me, me. I can remember all the childhood disease and when one got them, we all got them. I can remember being so very sick and sleeping on cots in the dining room and Dad giving us all this shot that finally made us well (he was a physician). We were so VERY sick. Yes, our Dad ... our doctor and amazing man, stitched up our heads, bandaged out cuts and looked in our ears. Our Dad would bring us things after out of town meeting like cardboard slide frame where we could build cities all over. Sure, we got special dresses and things but we appreciated everything. Our Dad loved to shop for us girl when we were in 6x size clothing. I can remember when he picked out dresses for Mom. One of the best times was when Dad took me to a meeting, and I went to the meetings with him. He was so proud of me. We geeked out in occupational medicine and I loved it. He hoped one of us would be a Doctor and yet he supported us in anything we did. Because of this ... Dad and Mom have 6 college graduated, successful and very appreciative kids. We were always encouraged that no matter what we did, we did our best. We can all remember the struggles Mom and Dad had at this time. We worked hard as a family to support each other and all finished our education.

I can remember Dad telling me I was pregnant even though I thought NO... he was right. I can remember "DocPa", the title Dad chose as a Grandpa. I can remember the broken leg he had when I was having my second daughter Katie and getting our picture together in the hospital magazine. I could

go on and on, but I know I am me because of the life and opportunities my parents blessed us with and the continual support they gave us.

As an adult I realize I have parented as my parents did. I have had a blessed life and have been through more events by the time I was 28 than most have in a life time. I had won the lottery (not the big one but the suspense of how much was a fantastic thrill), we inherited a huge amount of money while suffering a great loss. The biggest event was the fighting of cancer at 26. I can remember being so poor, with at 2-year-old and going to the chemo treatments alone. I had to take incompletes in college to get treatments. Mom and Dad were in a different town. Amy, my oldest, would go with me daily for the treatment and then the rescues. This event helped me learn the very important life lesson of “there is always someone worse than you and you have to love and appreciate everything you have” . It was hard. So very hard, but I was not alone. I had Amy. We had scares and moments of wanting to give up but in the big picture once again I am so blessed. I was given 35 extra years... years of great blessing. I know I am here for many reasons and God is in control of my life.

My Mom... she's a saint... my Mom she is incredible. The 6 kids, the family moves, and the care taking for extended family. My mom and Dad helped and supported all that needed them. They were a great team. My mom started with her sister, taking her in when she was fighting crone's disease. She turned around. Then there was Glee – my Great-Aunt. She was dying and Mom and Dad brought her to their house, and she live a happy and healthy life. Mom and Dad took in Grandma (Mom's Mom) and she lived a great life. Mom and Dad cared. Mom has a gift, one of a great heart full of love. Mom is a light for God. I am a lot like my Mom. I love people like she loves people. I can talk to anyone and everyone. I will do anything for anyone and now I am caring for those who need me. I love life, I love to work, I love my family and I love myself. I have great work ethics. I appreciate everything and others. I take nothing for granted. I love and appreciate all God has given me.

I am me because I am part of God's plan. I am me because God has blessed my life. I am me because I continue to be blessed and share these blessing. I do not take anything for granted. I live and love life. I am thankful and love to help. I am me because I am the blessing, one of 6, to two very special, god loving, totally supportive parents. I am me because I am part of God's plan. I am Beth.