

## Wendy Meyer, sister

I had no idea how much my life would change the morning of Feb. 3, 2007. A phone call wakes me from a sound sleep. It is my older brother, Tony, asking me not to ask questions but to go pick up our sick mother who had terminal lung cancer, then pick up my youngest brother, Theron, and go to my dad's house who had been sick with emphysema for seven years, at that time. I said, "Ok," and did as I was told with so many questions running through my mind... "What's wrong? Is dad really sick and wants to see us all or did he get hurt? What could it be?"

As I am standing waiting for my mother to get dressed, my sister Sarah calls and asks what is going on. I said, "I don't know. I just know we need to hurry." My mom asks what's going on. Again, "I don't know, we are just to hurry." My brother Trevor calls. "What's going on?" Again, "I don't know. I just know we are to hurry." I finally got my mother into my truck and headed to Theron's. My mom asks me what it could be. I say, "I don't know Mom! Tony called, Sarah called, Trevor called and we have to pick up Theron. It has to be dad, something must be wrong with dad."

We got to Theron's house and I finally woke him and told him I thought something was wrong with Dad and that we need to go there right away! He flew out of the house and we were on our way. On the way to Dad's, Sarah calls me again, "You need to hurry!" I was so scared. Also on the way to Dad's there was a cop car parked on 110<sup>th</sup> St. and County Road Four and I just remember thinking that that was odd.

I arrived at Dad's and help mom into the house and hear Dad loud and clear in the living room and know right away it wasn't something wrong with him and know that the only one I had not talked with was Tracy. After that I remember Brad telling us that someone broke into Tracy's house and that they were all shot and that Tracy and Alec did not survive and that Hilary was in the Hospital and was not good but still alive. They were not sure where Zak was.

I remember as Zak was sitting there after being woke up in the middle of the night wondering what is going on so scared and being told that someone went into there house and shot his mom, dad, and brother and that his mom was in the hospital but his dad and brother were dead. I can honestly say that I was so lost with

my emotions and I would cry and think about it wanting to know what happened, why did this happen, did they suffer, will Hilary be ok? What about Zak? Is this real? It can't be real!

We went to see Hilary in the hospital and the doctors would only say that they never thought she would make it that long! The months of sitting in the hospitals watching her health go up and down, up & down and along with it our emotions and fear of losing her too. Hoping and praying that she was going to go up and stay up and not go down. Watching her lay in the bed becoming so weak from her muscles deteriorating and her getting thinner and thinner...

A person should not have to make funeral arrangements for a sibling and nephew that were murdered by someone else's hand. How can anyone take another person's life? Hilary should have been the one to make the arrangements with our assistance, not us hoping that we did was what she would have wanted.

One of the things I miss the most besides just talking with Tracy is all the hours spent together working on and racing the snowmobiles. We would spend many weekends together at races. We spent countless hours working on the sleds trying to get them fixed or tuned just right for the next up coming race. Since this incident, I have continued to be involved in the racing the way I was when they were alive, but it just does not hold the same pleasure anymore. There is a big piece missing and I am not the only person affected in this, the whole racing community misses them dearly.

We are a strong family and we are strong individuals and I would like to say that we will all be just fine, but I can't tell you that. We will never be the same!!!! We have all changed, we have all been affected by this and it will continue to affect us for the rest of our lives. They tell us it will get easier with time and that may be so, but it will never go away. They were not objects that can be replaced and they were not done living their lives!