



JALLAS MORNWENEWS- 11/20/93

We remember: Nov. 22, 1963

My daughters, Cindie, 8, and Katie, 5, and I finished lunch at the Eatwell Cafe on Main Street and stepped outside to be in the front of the crowd so they could see a president. It had been raining and gloomy, but the sun broke through and the Kennedys looked like rays of sunshine in contrast to the gloomy raincoats and umbrellas of the spectators.

Later in the car, I tuned to his speech and heard only recorded music. Then a voice broke through, "Ladies and gentlemen, our president and our governor are dead."

The girls still remember that I screamed, "Not here, oh, God, not here!"

PATRICIA D'IORIO, Richardson

Disbelief

A junior at Mundelein College for Women in Chicago, I was sitting in my Redemptive Incarnation class when a voice over the loud speaker interrupted the lecture and told us all that President Kennedy had been shot and was unconscious!

For a while we sat motionless and then came the The girls still remember that I screamed, "Not here, oh, God, not here!"

exclamations of horror and disbelief. We were instructed to meet in the college auditorium for a prayer service. In a moment, the halls were filled with silent mummies, young women all moving robot-like in the same direction. I remember thinking: "If it wasn't for the sobs and tears, anyone seeing us would think we had been shot, too."

CHRIS MOCARSKI MICHALEK, Frisco

United us

Thirty years ago a tragedy happened to the American people. Our president was assassinated.

The nation was appalled and united in sorrow.

Americans were united. Such has not happened in 30 years.

JFK, we salute you!

M.A. DRISCOLL, Mesquite