

Thank you for joining us today to celebrate the life of my beloved brother Jim. I will treasure the memory of Jim walking me down the aisle and giving my hand in marriage to Mark. Jim always let me know he was there for me as family meant everything to him. His love of family will always be remembered at our Witt family reunions where his presence and hard work will forever be missed.

Over the years our talks became less frequent. I always knew Jim was thinking of me and I was thinking of him no matter how often we spoke. When we did talk there was a pure joy of just being in each other's company, the love for family runs through our veins as we are forever big brother and little sister. One thing I will miss of my brother is his hugs. Whenever Jim was in the neighborhood, he would stop by the church and walk to my cubicle and say "I heard they were handing out free hugs here". The warmth of his bear hug could carry me through those days of non-communication.

I have fond memories of when Jim was in college in North Dakota. He would come home on breaks with as many passengers that would fit in his blue olds mobile tank. Everyone was family to Jim. He invited those special friends to come spend time with the Beech family in the south and see the nation's capital. Yes they considered us southerners and swore we spoke with an accent. I loved his friends, as they loved me just because I was Jim's little sister, Peg. I had many big sisters over his college years.

When our mom was failing later in life, Jim was always there for her; his character trait family is everything front and center. His patience rarely ran out with her. Mom tried his and ours patience with forgetting simple words, one of which was toilet paper. Mom made a sewing motion to act out she needed Quilted Northern toilet paper. I will remember Jim's laughter and Mom certainly knew how to make him laugh with her antics. All of us remember mom and her bathtub incidents, I can hear Jim laughing now. Mom was told not to get in the tub since she could not get herself out. Mom in turn would promise she wouldn't get in the tub. Can I just say we all had to rescue her at some point.

Jim loved my kids Jennifer and Michael. He hardly missed an opportunity to see them perform here at church from Jen singing and ringing bells and Mike ringing bells and playing percussion for the Christmas, or Easter Cantata's along with his drum line performances in high school. Jim had never experienced watching a drum line performance. I still remember how big his smile was after seeing Mike perform at Chantilly along with the George Mason drum line. After the show Jim said "I never knew this existed" and telling Mike how proud he was of him. I know Jim and our mom will be watching over Jen as she becomes a teacher and Mike as he begins his next adventure at West Virginia University this fall where he will follow in his love of nature, majoring in Forest Resources/Wildlife & Fisheries. Family meant everything to Jim!

Pat, you really did complete my brother. The family was elated when you found each other. You shared such love and happiness and did everything together. He loved you with his entire being. You really did complete each other and become one.

Thank you for letting me brag about my oldest brother Jim. I love you Jim and we will miss you deeply. Until we meet again in the presence of our savior. Love you brother! Your little sister Peg.