

Helen Jackson Lee

As one of Jehovah's Witnesses for more than 55 years, Sister Helen Lee had an unselfish love for her family, friends, being a Witness and preaching the truth. She was a nurturing mother, grandmother and great grandmother, loving daughter, loyal sister and committed wife, who always put others first. Her sacrifices were many and her dedication and devotion to family and friends will not be forgotten. Sister Lee had an infectious laugh that would light up a room and make everyone around her feel like family. She always spoke with honesty, which made a lasting impression on those she touched. Being the only female in her immediate household, Helen had the monumental task of being a wife to husband, Frank, and raising four boys; David, Jackie, Ronnie and Ken. Having a family was the most important life accomplishment for Helen, and raising and protecting her children were paramount. Sometimes she had to protect her children from the outside world, but mostly she had a need to protect them from a more immediate threat within the household. Raising her children in a household where substance abuse seemed to be a continuous challenge, Helen persevered because she had her faith in Jehovah God and she was successful because of the most incredible support from her loving family and caring friends.

When husband, Frank, was diagnosed, the latter part of their marriage was much different. It was then that the household was at peace. Helen and Frank had raised their four boys, who were out in the world, going to college, building their careers and starting families of their own. Then, there were only two. The same two who started more than 45 years before; before the marriage, before the children and before all the difficult and challenging times to come. Every family is faced with challenges, it seemed that Helen and Frank had to deal with so many more than the average family. Children are nurtured and taught to love at a very early age. Helen was raised in a home filled with love and she wanted the same for her home, and she did everything within her power to make that happen. Helen's love was always evident, through words, meals, support and her love for Jehovah. The children knew this to be true, however, for some, it was overshadowed by turbulent times and ongoing opposition to the faith that Helen was trying to form for herself and her children.

After losing Frank, it was obvious that he was the love of her life. Not only the father of her children, but her one and only partner. Although Helen continued living for more than 20 years as a widow, a big part of her went to the grave with her husband. Of course, she still had her faith, which helped her through the tough times and gave her hope that she will see all her loved ones again; in a different world, at a different time.

Sister Helen Lee, you were a remarkable wife, mother, mentor and friend to so many. There's a huge hole in our hearts and our lives, that you filled. They say that time will heal all, but right now we grieve. We think about the flowers you loved so much and we grieve. We think about the fondness you had for so many and we grieve. We think about all the Avon and Amway years, and we grieve. We even think about your beloved potato salad that was at every family function and every outing with the friends from the Kingdom Hall, and we grieve. We all love you, Helen, and we miss you already.

I am writing this letter, not just for me, that would be selfish, but for everyone who ever had the pleasure of meeting you. You taught me how to share, love, nurture and care for others, and that is why I am putting these feelings into words. I am your son and I am proud to call you my Mama.

I love you, too.