



**Liberty Hall
Lawrence, KS
A Celebration of Life, Jana Mackey
July 9, 2008
Christie Brungardt
“Letter to Jana”**

Dear Jana,

The first 18 years of your life often found us in a tug of war. I couldn't imagine why you always felt the need to be different. You couldn't believe that I never questioned the status quo. Though we had wonderful times through those years, it was in the last seven that our lives together peaked.

You first had to teach me to be more accepting and less judgmental. You first had to teach me that though we often disagreed on issues, we could have wonderful times discussing both sides – a process in which we both learned. You first had to teach me how little any of us know about most things in life – and about the joy in learning more on a daily basis.

As I watched you grow into the most remarkable person I have ever known, I knew the Lord had blessed me with the honor of being your mother. You gave me many gifts in your short life. You gave me an appreciation to learn. You gave me joy. You gave me compassion. But more than anything, you gave me thousands of opportunities to be the proud Mom. From winning the spelling contests, to 4-H Day presentations, to singing in church, to many, many dance recitals. From racewalking with the Hays Striders Track Club, to performing in Hays High Pop Singers, musicals and KU concerts, to learning about your world as a very young but passionate lobbyist in Topeka, to watching you become a strong social activist for women's rights, and of course, most recently as a KU law student, I have always been proud.

Through it all, you continued to fight for your many social causes. I may not have always agreed with the cause, but I always took great pride in your passion and courage as you fought to make the world a better place. And invariably, as I watched you work for these issues, I learned more about them myself. Sure enough, before long I typically learned that the main cause of our disagreement was that I just “didn't know I didn't know.” You taught me so much.

Thank you for joining me in this joint process of raising each other for the past 25 years. I will love you forever.

Mom

P.S. I wish you were here to edit this like you did so many of my papers. I guess it is time for me to stand on my own two feet now.