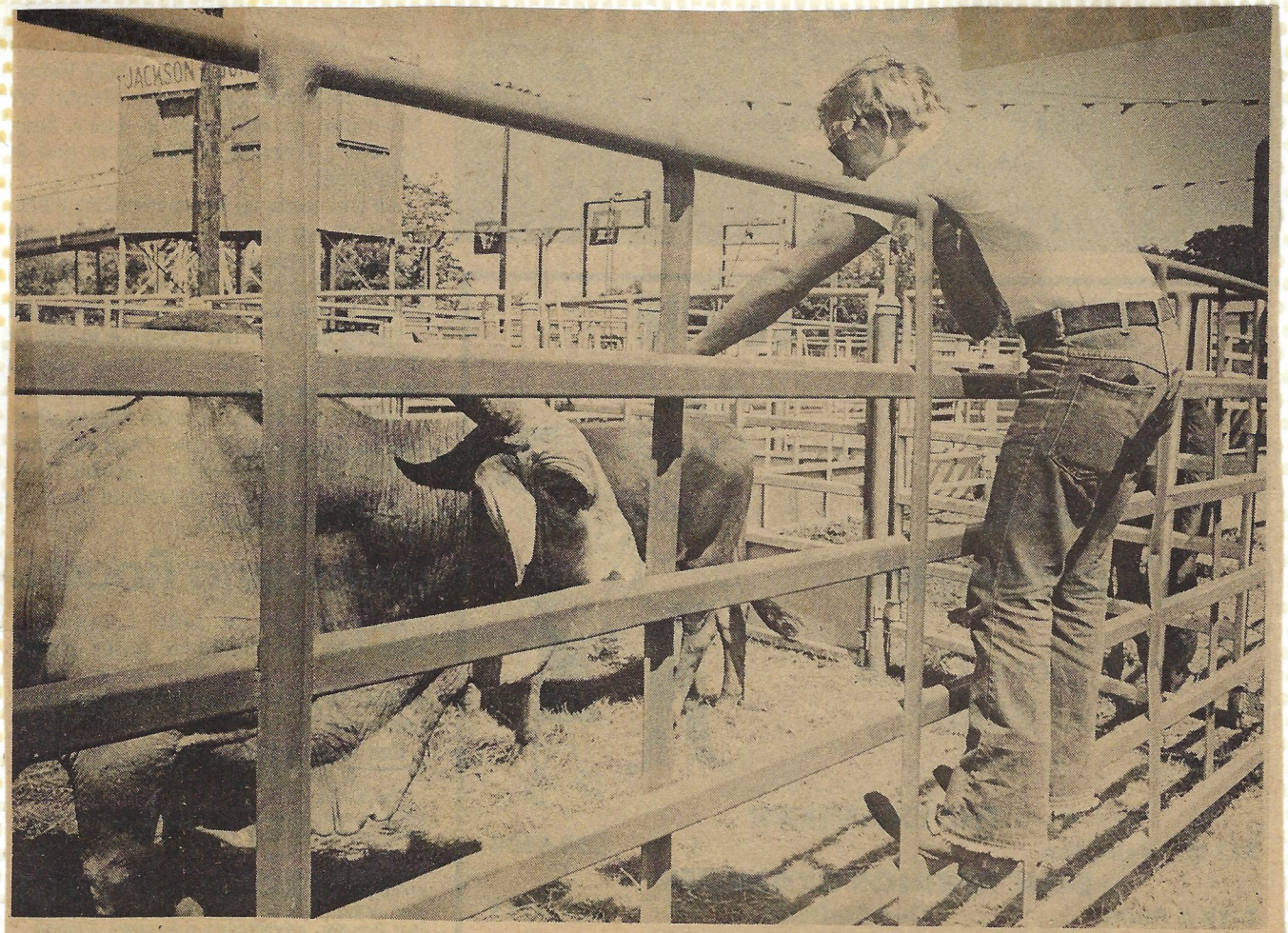
CLINTON DOUGLAS CARRIKER





MAKING FRIENDS . . . Clint Carriker, 7 East Seventh, Lee's Summit, makes friends with a Brahma bull at the Jackson County Fair. The bull will perform in the U.R.A. rodeo tonight and Saturday night at 7:30 in the fair arena, U.S. 50 and Missouri 291. (Staff Photo)









Job Site in IRAN



LEE'S SUMMIT JOURNAL, LEE'S SUMMIT, MO., FEBRUARY 13, 1980

Mountaineering

Climbing Above the Clouds

By TIM HOYT
Sports Editor

Using inch thick hemp rope and metal clips made in shop class at Lee's Summit High School, Clint Carriker did his first climbing on a 20-foot blast rock cliff out along M-291 near where it intersects U.S. 40. That was at age 15.

Today, five years later, Carriker can count the Matterhorn and Mount Rosa in the Swiss Alps, the Tetons and Mount Olympia in the Rockies, and some unnamed peaks in Iran among the mountains he's been up.

In those years, Carriker has worked to make rock and mountain climbing a big part of his life. As president of the Mountaineering Society at Southwest Missouri State, where he is a sophomore, Clint has taught fellow students the techniques of climbing, and now he is involved with Jeff Jones of Lee's Summit in forming a climbing school in the Ozarks.

Carriker remembered with a laugh the beginnings of his climbing career--and how it almost never got off the ground. A high school friend, Kelly Malicoat, had gone to a boy scout camp and learned how to rappell (a technique consisting of anchoring, or belaying, the climbing rope around something stationary on the mountain--usually a fellow climber or belayer--and descending at a controlled rate of speed.)

Malicoat invited Clint and Clint's brother Neil out to give it a try. But when he suggested that they climb up the small cliff rather than walk around to set up their rappell, Clint remembers balking at the idea.

"I thought he was crazy... climbing sounded to me like a lot of work."

In the next few weeks, though, this threesome of Clint, Neil, and Kelly along with Bruce Bronsan, another Lee's Summit student, and Tom McRadden of Independence, had climbed everything there was to climb around Lee's Summit. They

Their first big mountain, Mount Olympia outside Salt Lake City in the Rockies, reached the altitude of around 13,000 feet. According to Carriker, "beating Olympia gave us a great feeling of accomplishment. We all let out a big yell when we got to the top."

(On some climbs since then, Carriker has found out "that sometimes your too tired to yell when you get to the summit. You have to start back down right away and get some sleep. You can always yell later.")

Working for his dad's employer, the Flour Construction Engineering Corp., has given Carriker the opportunity to try his climbing skill on other mountains in Europe and the mid-east. On his days off while working construction in Iran a few years ago, he said he ran into some of the toughest climbing of his life.

"It was the scariest times on a mountain I've ever had," Carriker remembered. "The rock would explode when you tried to drive in a piton (metal wedges driven into cracks in the rock surface with a short hammer. The climber attaches ropes to the pitons to prevent a long fall). We had very little protection, that rock just wouldn't hold."

On their way home from Iran, Carriker and his brother stopped off to climb on the Matterhorn, at 14,690 feet one of the most famous mountains in the world.

Although they didn't make the summit of the Matterhorn (after climbing four-fifths of the way, they had to start back down in order to catch a plane), Carriker said that although this mountain "looks awfully mean and is a long, strenuous climb, it's really pretty easy. Around 80 people a day reach its peak."

Carriker has a definite goal in mind for the culmination of his climbing.

"I'm gonna get to the top of Everest (29,028 feet, the highest in the world) carrying an eight-foot ladder and say 'sorry about that Ed'. (He is referring to Edmund Hillary, who along with Tinsing Norkay in 1953 was the first to conquer Everest. With his eight-foot ladder, Carriker would set a record with a height of 29,036 feet.)

Teamwork and self-discipline are the things that Carriker has found to be the most important in his climbing. Any attempt at the bigger peaks around the world, or even on mountains like Olympia that he has already climbed, Carriker sees as takes a lot of both of these two ingredients.

"On mountains," he said, "if you climb as an individual trying to go up with others, you'll end up hating each other by the time you get down. If you go up as a team, you'll turn out to be life long friends.

"You need each other," Carriker explained further. "It's like you carry another man's food, and he carries your stove. You just can't eat without each other. You have to worry about the climb as a group...its got to be a communal effort."

Dealing with all the problems one encounters on a rock face, Carriker went on to say, "takes self-discipline like you wouldn't believe. You have to have a lot of patience...it takes work to mature as a climber."

He explained that a beginning climber can't start right off on some of the more technical aspects of the sport, or they'll discourage easily. For these things (like working with a lot of ropes and equipment), he said, "you need to be mechanically minded and really have a feel for the equipment."



Clint Carriker looks up toward the peak while climbing in the Swiss Alps. While working for a construction company in Iran, Carriker



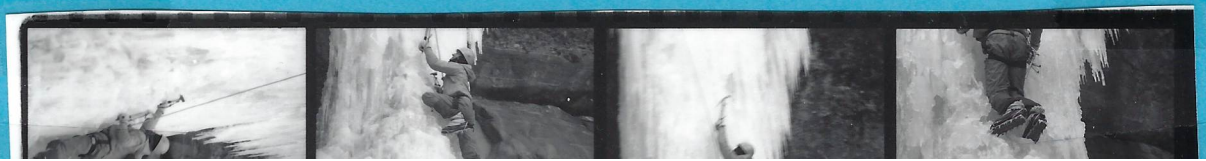
Here, Carriker does some technical climbing in the mountains of the Ozarks.





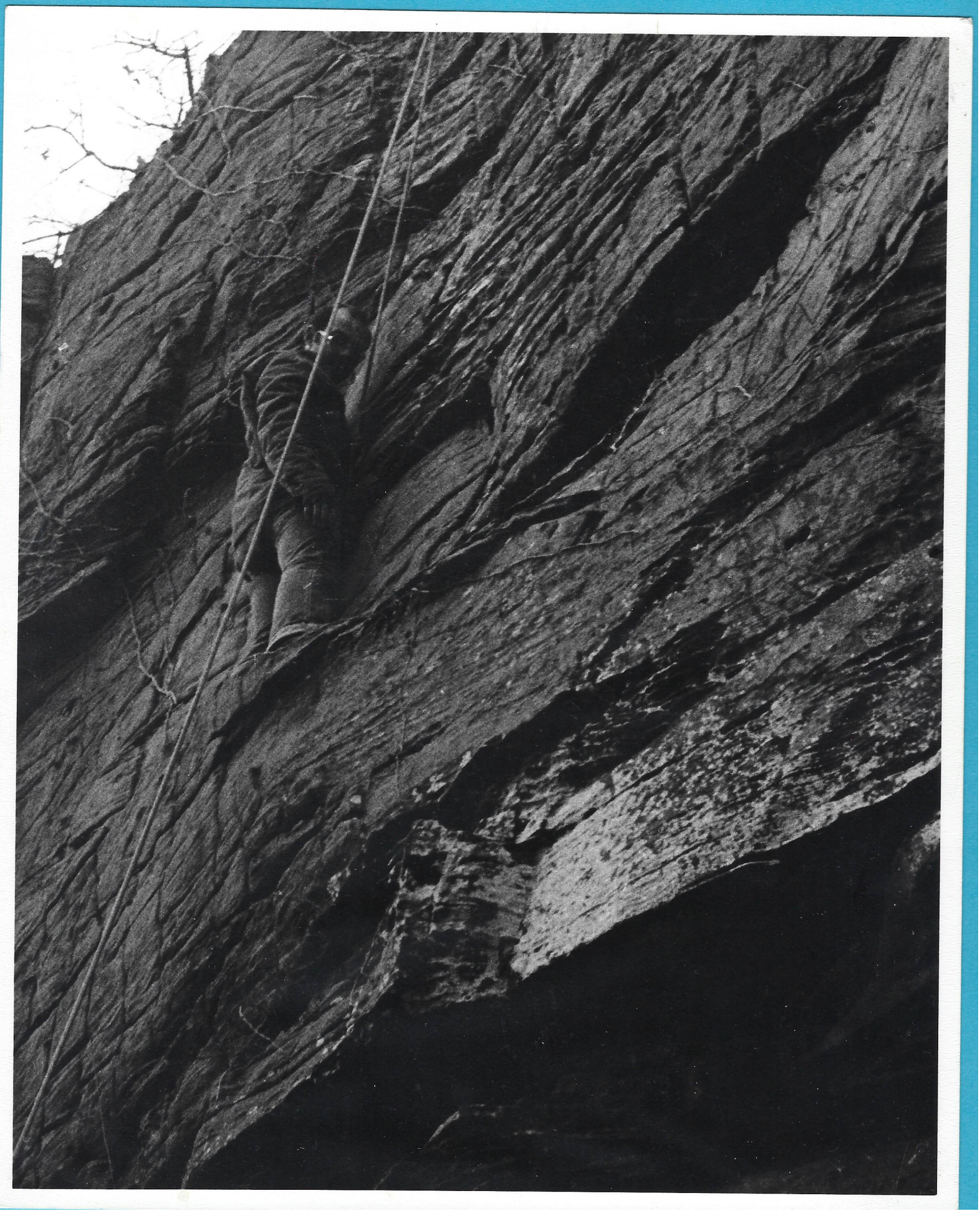








January 1. 1980 – Jeff Jones - Working on Overhang



January 1, 1980 - Clint Carriker - Monagaw Springs Bluff, MO

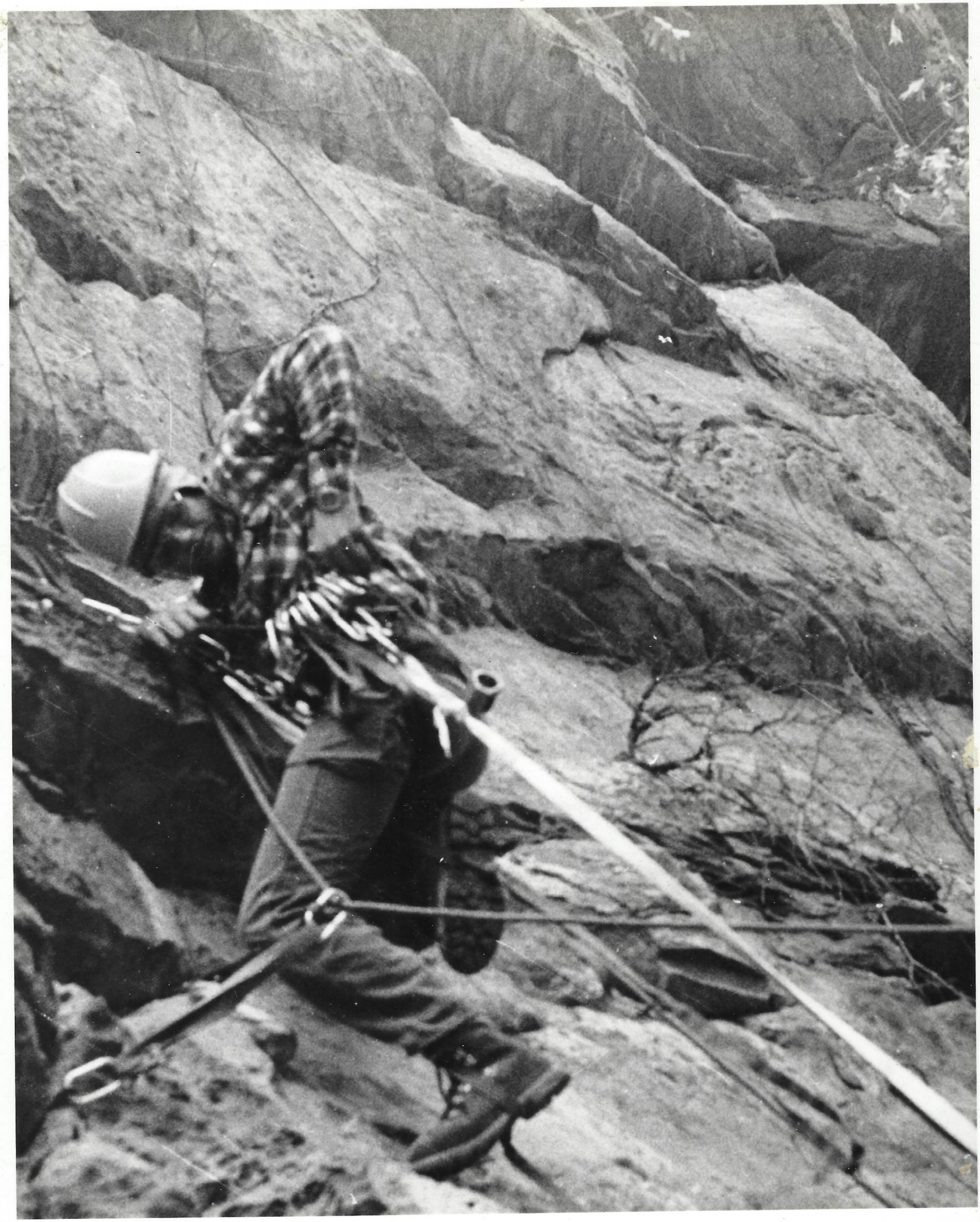


January 1, 1980 - Bruce Brosam - Managaw Springs Bluff



Technically Climbing a fixed Route

January 1, 1980 - Bruce Brosam - Managaw Spgs Bluff



Technically Climbing A Fixed Route

The Board of Regents for

The Southwest Missouri State University

Upon the nomination of the faculty has conferred upon

Clinton Douglas Carriker

the degree of

Bachelor of Science

Given under the Seal of the University at Springfield, in the State of Missouri, on the Twenty-first day of May, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-two.

Roy Forsythe
President, Board of Regents

SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE UNIVERSITY

Duane Meyer
President of the University







El Dorado Springs Sun

since 1890

June 17, 1982 Number 22
El Dorado Springs, Missouri 64744

Volume 92

Collins, Mo. 64738

Broadside, Two-Car

CRASH KILLS LOCAL MAN

Julius (Jude) S. Carriker, 79, was killed and three others were injured when the car they were traveling in was struck broadside about 9:15 a.m., Saturday, June 12 on east Hwy. 54 in front of Allison Oil and Auto Supply. The 1963 Falcon, in which Carriker was a passenger, was eastbound and making a turn into Allison's, when it was struck on the passenger side by a westbound 1973 Chevrolet Monte Carlo driven by David R. Tummons, 26, Springfield.

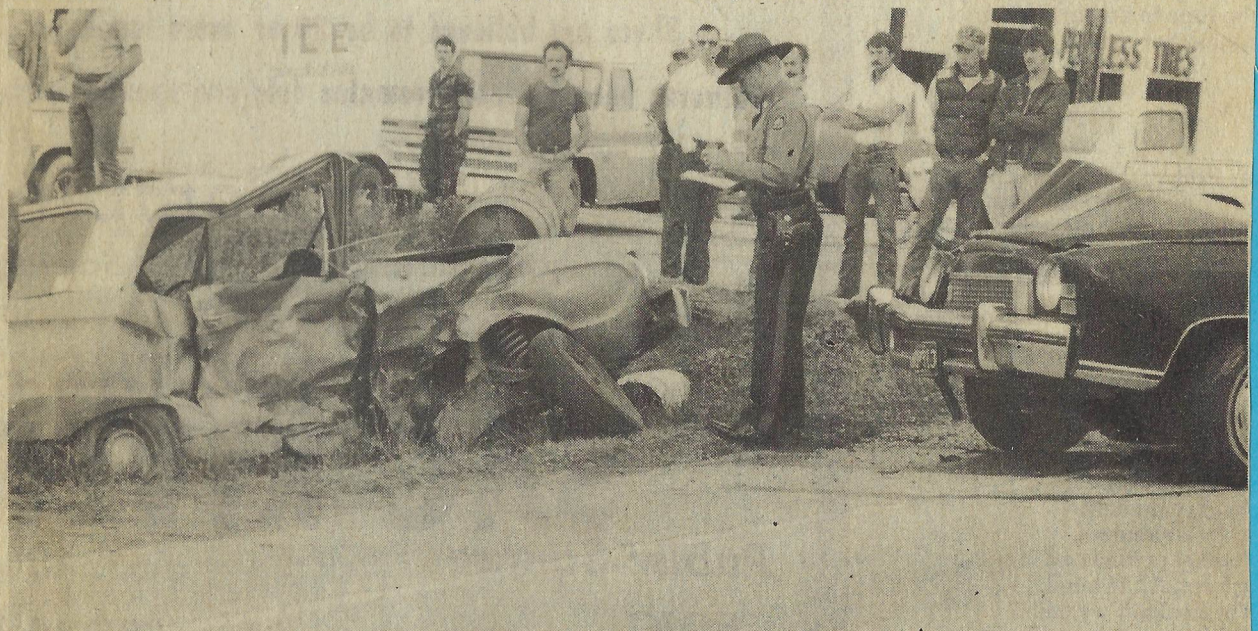
Other passengers in the Falcon were the driver, Helen Petty, 66, who suffered neck and chest lacerations; Virginia Davis, 40, who suffered head, neck, chest lacerations and a hip injury; and Helen May Davis, 4, who suffered neck, chest and head injuries. All passengers in the Falcon were from El Dorado Springs. They were taken to the Cedar County Memorial Hospital for treatment and observation. All three were released Monday, June 14.

No citation were issued by the investigating trooper, Jim Walker.



HANDS - Often it takes a tragedy to show how caring and le are. Pictured helping the victims at the accident are Chester nce attendant Donna Hicks, and Gregg Beydler. Among others care for the victims until help arrived were Greg Austin and xton.

Photo by Brent Hillsman



DEATH SCENE - Missouri Trooper Jim Walker investigates the fatality accident and fills out his report at the scene in front of Allison Oil and Auto Supply, Saturday morning, June 12.





Chris Whitley

limber aims walk again

med color photographs of snowy mountain vistas
id hard-rolling rivers cover the walls of Springfield
torney Jim Fossard's office. Each panoramic scene
a mountain he has climbed or a river he has run.
'ossard on a three-week kayak trip down the
Canyon of the Colorado River.
'ossard scaling a frozen waterfall in Wyoming.
'ossard on Mexico's volcanic Mount Orizaba,
America's third highest peak.
ibing mountains, or just being around them, is my
'e," the 34-year-old bachelor says. "It gives me a
eal of satisfaction."
id that satisfaction again has become a silent ob-
for Fossard, who for the past five months has
the steepest climb of his life.
yzed from the chest down as a result of a hang
accident last September, he is forced to use a
iair to get around.
doctors told me that I'll probably never be able to
ain," he says, smiling devilishly.

HITLEY, Page 2A

OVER



Staff photo/Sandy Watson

Springfield attorney Jim Fossard, paralyzed when his hang glider crashed last Labor Day, is back on the job after spending more than four months in hospitals.

★ Whitley

Continued from Page 1A

"What do they know?"

The statement jibes with friends' descriptions of Fossard's character.

The same man who used to train for the mountains by running the Plaza Towers staircase with 50 pounds of rocks strapped to his back; the same man who used to spend his lunch hour at the Family Y swimming pool, flipping over and over in a kayak to develop strength and agility for whitewater trips, won't be defeated by a broken neck, his friends say.

"I have to be realistic about this," he says. "It might very well be that I will never walk again.

"But maybe I will. The doctors say I won't, but they've been wrong before.

"You know, I'm not supposed to be able to wiggle my toes at all, but I can move the toes on my right foot. I can move my right leg a little bit, and the doctors said I'd never be able to do that, either.

"What do they know?"

Fossard returned to his practice of civil law on Jan. 4, a move that a person of lesser dedication might not have dared to try.

"A lot of people have occupations that require them to get up and move around a lot," he says.

"I'm fortunate to have an occupation that I can practice from a chair."

And perhaps even more fortunate, just to be alive.

Paramedics say Fossard would probably be a dead man if not for the protective helmet he was wearing when he slammed head-first into the side of 500-foot Short Mountain, near Paris, Ark., last Labor Day.

"It was a warm, humid, muggy day in northern Arkansas," he says, recounting the accident.

"The conditions for hang gliding weren't all the greatest. I had gone off the mountain there before, so I knew what it was like. The wind was blowing in a little bit. I was with a couple of other really good pilots. We all decided it was worth a try."

Fossard strapped himself into the glider in the standard

prone position and took a run to the edge of the mountain.

"I got off OK, but then a number of things happened, primarily mistakes on my part, and all of a sudden the stupid kite turned around. I was trying to pull away from the mountain, but the glider was tilted up. I kept hitting little trees and bushes, and just when I thought I was gonna be able to pull it out, my right wing caught some big tree limb about 40 feet or so from the top of the mountain.

"I hit a wall at probably 25 miles an hour, head down, head first, right into the wall. My body was pointing straight down, straight on, head on. It was a 'see-how-quick-Jim-can-break-his-neck' position.

"I never did get knocked out. I wasn't in shock. It was painful, but there wasn't a whole lot I could do about it. I cracked my helmet, cut my head, bled a little bit. Didn't have another scratch on me. I was in a prone body harness, so I was reasonably comfortable. I wasn't impaled on a limb, or anything, but I wasn't going anywhere, either.

"I just settled down into the trees and waited about an hour for the paramedics to come and get me."

A rescue team brought Fossard down from the mountain with ropes and a basket stretcher. They took him to a clinic in Paris, then to Sparks Regional Medical Center in Fort Smith, where doctors "screwed a couple of bolts into my head and put me into traction."

Almost six weeks later, he was flown by Hammons Lifeline to St. John's Regional Health Center in Springfield, where a couple of dozen friends and associates gathered in a welcoming party at the edge of the helicopter landing pad.

He underwent surgery at St. John's to repair broken neck bones.

"They took a piece of bone out of my hip and fused some vertebrae together," he says. "They fused C-6, C-7 and T-1. C-7 was pretty much exploded."

After eight weeks at the Springfield hospital, Fossard was transferred to Craig Hospital in Denver, Colo.

"Craig is a rehab center for spinal cord injury patients," he says. "It's one of the best places of its kind in the country. The people there are highly skilled and highly qualified. They're very, very helpful in terms of helping you cope with the extent of your injury.

"At the same time, the hospital was a very depressing place because I was surrounded by lots of people who had problems lots worse than mine. It wasn't a fun place at all. I didn't know anybody out there."

It made returning to work in Springfield a real boost to his morale, he says.

"It was great to get back here and back into the swing of things a little," he says.

"Everyone was so supportive, and they continue to be that way. My mother and my brother and all of my friends have been so good to help me out. The opposing attorneys that I've encountered have been very courteous, and the judges have been extremely cooperative in letting me schedule court dates at my convenience. Everyone, it seems like, has done something to help me out.

"It's amazing, the compassion that people have shown. Friends are invaluable."

Despite all the physical assistance and moral support, Fossard maintains an relatively independent.

"I live alone, I can take care of myself. Of course, it's nice to get a call from someone saying, 'Jim, let's go out and do this or that', but it's not like I need a nurse watching over me every minute of the day, holding my hand and everything."

The spirit that allowed him to climb mountains is similar to the force that drives him to rehabilitate, he says.

"I can't say it's exactly the same thing, because the toughness that you find in yourself when you're climbing a mountain is different than what you find when you try to climbing out of a wheelchair. When you climb a mountain, you have to rely on physical and mental toughness to pull you through.

"To get through this accident, I have to find a mental toughness, and I have to let that work for me, mostly by itself, because I no longer have the physical strength that used to go with it."

But even that is coming back, he says.

"I've been horseback riding since the accident. I went swimming for the first time, just the other night. And there are a number of things I'd like to try. I could do some sailing. I could take up sailplaning. I could do some kayaking. I could do scuba diving. I could ski. There are lots of things that a paraplegic can do. You don't need your legs for everything in life."

Oddly enough, he says with a smile, he could get back into hang gliding.

"I'd never say that around my mother or anyone who loves me, for fear that I would be disowned immediately. But I know of paraplegics who hang glide. There's a paraplegic fellow down in Chattanooga, Tenn., who's an incredible pilot. He holds most of the altitude records at Lookout Mountain. He just gets into his prone harness, and they put these bicycle tires on the base tube of the glider, and they roll him off the bloody mountain. He lands like a regular pilot."

Fossard says he knows he may never be able to enjoy all of his old activities.

"It's going to take a lot of time," he says. "A lot of time and a lot of patience, and being patient is something that I've never been very good at."

Therein lies advice to anyone who's trying to recover from a similar accident, he says.

"You've got to try not to be too depressed about what's happened. You've got to try not to look at what you lost so much as what you have to do and what you have to gain.

"For the first few months you don't want to live. You don't want to live at all. But you've got to stick with it and give it some time.

"It's gonna take some time — it's gonna take a lot of time — but you can make it happen if you believe you can."

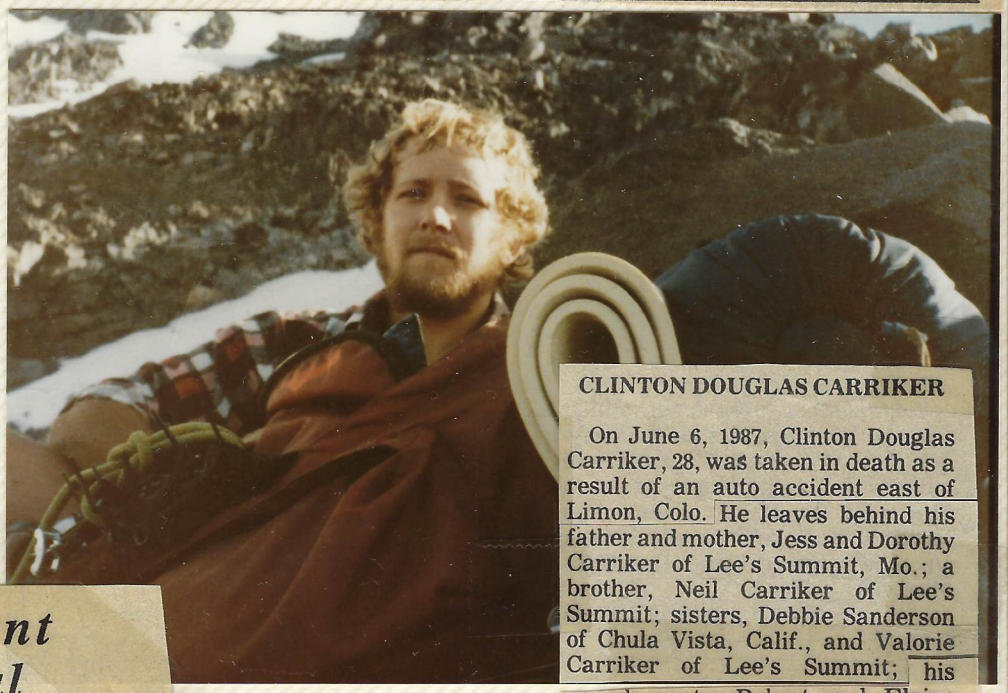
Chris Whitley is a reporter and columnist for The Leader & Press.

The Limon Leader

First in Serving the Heartland of Eastern Colorado
Official Legal Publication for Lincoln County and the Town of Limon, Colorado

25¢

76th Year, No. 24 Limon, Lincoln County, Co 80828 [USPS 313-360] Thursday, June 11, 1987



CLINTON DOUGLAS CARRIKER

On June 6, 1987, Clinton Douglas Carriker, 28, was taken in death as a result of an auto accident east of Limon, Colo. He leaves behind his father and mother, Jess and Dorothy Carriker of Lee's Summit, Mo.; a brother, Neil Carriker of Lee's Summit; sisters, Debbie Sanderson of Chula Vista, Calif., and Valorie Carriker of Lee's Summit; his grandparents, Robert and Elaine Snodgrass of El Dorado Springs; and his fiancee, Lesley Trocme' (Carriker), of Paris, France.

He was born March 26, 1959, in Lee's Summit.

Clint had a great impact on people and made countless friends. He was a Master Mason from Eastgate Lodge 630. He was a forthright and honest man and these tenets were his being. His daily tasks were done in the same manner as his special endeavors. Clint was a mountain climber and to perfection he pursued the most towering peaks. He knew no fear and endured the discipline a mountaineer must learn.

Some of his outstanding climbs include various peaks in Iran, the Matterhorn in Switzerland, to a degree, and Mt. Orizaba, Mex., and the Tetons, and other heights too numerous to mention.

Aspen resident killed in fatal accident Saturday

Colorado State Patrol Trooper Larry Stoermer investigated a fatal accident at mile marker 375, five miles east of Genoa, on I-70.

Saturday, June 6, at 11:30 p.m., Lesley Ann Trocme, 26, of Aspen was eastbound when she drove off the left side of the road, traveling 258 feet before coming back onto the road for 172 feet and leaving it again, rolling three times before coming to a rest in the center median.

The passenger, Clinton David Carriker, 28, also of Aspen, died from head, chest, and neck injuries sustained when he was thrown 68 feet from the vehicle.

Trocme suffered minor head injuries and was taken to Lincoln Community Hospital for treatment. She was charged with careless driving.



Clinton Douglas Carriker

BORN
March 26, 1959

PASSED AWAY
June 6, 1987

SERVICE
Hackleman Chapel
El Dorado Springs, Mo.
Thursday, June 11, 1987
1:30 P. M.

MINISTER
Rev. Bob Ely

PALLBEARERS

Kelly Mallicoat	Tom McFadden
Bruce Brosam	Chuck Buxton
Chester Galloway	Larz Allen

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Jeff Jones	Steve Sears
Jim Fossard	Mark Gartman
Ron Browne	

INTERMENT
Roscoe Cemetery
Roscoe, Mo.

HACKLEMAN - PETERMAN FUNERAL HOME

Clint Carriker grew up in Jackson County and attended Lee's Summit Schools. He graduated in 1982 from Southwest Missouri State University in Springfield with degrees in mathematics and physics. He attended the University of Missouri at Rolla for post graduate work. He worked summers in Iran and on other construction jobs. After schooling he worked for Canyon Cablevision in Aspen, Colo. His latest employment was for KSPN Uplink satellite station in Aspen.

While Clint was growing up, he was in the Boy Scouts of America, Tonka District, the Heart of America Council as a Cub Scout, Webelo and to the rank of Eagle. He was a hard way warrior, tribe of Mic-O-Say at Osceola Scout Camp. Clint had a great admiration for the outdoors and loved to fish with his grandfather, Jude, and his uncle, Gene, on Sac River. He could play the banjo with certainty.

Clint was a happy young man this spring. His life was orderly and he was enthusiastic about his next mountain climb. We know now--he has climbed the highest mountain ever.

Services were held on Thursday afternoon, June 11, at the Hackleman Chapel with Rev. Bob Ely officiating. Interment was in the Roscoe Cemetery under the direction of the Hackleman-Peterman Funeral Home. Pallbearers were Kelly Mallicoat, Bruce Brosam, Chester Galloway, Tom McFadden, Chuck Buxton and Larz Allen. Honorary pallbearers were Jeff Jones, Jim Fossard, Steve Sears, Mark Gartman and Ron Browne.

Phone (417) 876-6666

Hackleman - Peterman Funeral Home

P. O. Box 44
Hwy. 54 East
El Dorado Springs, Missouri 64744

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Some of his outstanding climbs include various peaks in Iran, the Matterhorn in Switzerland, to a degree, and Mt. Orizaba, Mexico, the Tetons, and other heights too numerous to mention.

Clint and Lesley were planning a climbing trip to the mountains of Peru this year.

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Clint was a happy young man this spring. His life was orderly and he was enthusiastic about his next mountain to climb. We know now---he has climbed the



Bill, Darlene
Michael & Kimberly

Jayne Howard & Carl

Cards from
Relatives and Friends

Leo & Mary Andes

Ulysses
Dorothy

Love, Ron, Joann, Laura

CANYON CABLE TV STAFF

Tom - Sara Ryan

Aunt Inez

Kelly Bloomer + Family

Dwaine, Lorraine James Keehler

Mary Aburime

Sincerely, Oneita Collins

R.L.D.S. Women's Department
Lee's Summit Congregation

With love & prayers, Susan, Charley, & John Charles

Jr and Carol

Mike, Rene, Natalie + Karen

Leola + Cole

Floyd and Janis

God Bless

Love Lila

Lovingly, Jim and Mona Jones

Debby

Bill & Darlene Payne
Howard & Carol Hawkins
Ulysses & Dorothy Carriker
Leo & Mary Andes
Tom & Sara Ryan
Aunt Inez
Kenneth & Donna Rae Neely
Ron, Joann & Laura Hubbard
Maybel, Fern & Audrie Andes
Dwaine, Lorraine & James Keehler
Kelly Bloomer & Family
Mary Aburime
Oneila Collins &
Susan, Charles & John Charles Brown
Jr & Carol Julian
Mike, Rene, Natalie & Karen
Leola & Cole McCarty
Floyd & Janis Anglin
Lila Ralston
The Jones Family

Our thoughts and prayers are with you. We are so sorry.

Van and Steven

May Memories Comfort You

IN THE LOSS OF YOUR LOVED ONE

I am so Very sorry,

Aunt Alice

"MEMORIES"

How do you crowd a life-time of memories
Into a book that is closed too soon?

Instead of a far-off December,
It closed in the month of June.

A life that was just beginning
Life's meaning to behold;

Searching for a rainbow
Or perhaps a pot of gold.

Instead, a silver lining
Behind the clouds must be.

A chest of precious memories,
Meant for you and me.

And now the book is closed,
The story never told.

Instead--a new beginning,
Another lifetime to unfold.

Written by Alice Boyd
June 14, 1987

Cards + Letters
from
Relatives and Friends

Velma

Velma Frisbey — In Gods Love, Jim Brockman
Jim Brockman
Mary Norton — Michael W. and Twyla Jones
Michael + Twyla Jones
Aunt May Estes — Aunt May.
Lloyd + Velma Parsons — Lloyd, Velma + family.
Tom Giblin + Virginia Provance — With all my Love Betty Jean Blystone
Betty Jean Blystone — Boots + Wilma Mallicoat
Boots + Wilma Mallicoat — Ira + Nelda Brosam
Ira + Nelda Brosam — Paul + Carol Sawyer
Paul + Carol Sawyer — With Christian Love Pat, Rose The Russo's Angela & Maria
Gerry + Ronda Meskill — Gene + Hubert Swain
The Russo's Family — God bless you, Ron and Sheila Lidberg
Gene + Hubert Swain — Tom + Wiletta Snider Solomon
Cliff + Loretta Craven
Sandy Garwood - Ins
Ron + Sheila Lidberg
Kevin + Sherry Rogers
Tom + Wiletta (Snider) Solomon
Kathy, Walter, Tom, Angie + Jason Cobb — Love, Kathy, Walter, Tom, Angie + Jason Cobb

Friends + Neighbors
Thunderbird District

Clint and I worked together and climbed together in Aspen. I will miss him.

Dave Sanders

East Gate Lodge No. 530, A. F. & A. M.

Larry D. Oliver W.M.
Phillip D. Rendow P.M
Sec.

A Friend of Clints,
Kevin Palmer

Charles W Roberts SR P.M.

We feel fortunate
that we were able
to share our lives
with such a wonderful person.

With our deepest
sympathy,
Mike & Jill Nasson

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn's rain.
When you awaken in the morning hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry.

Cards + Letters From Relatives and Friends

Skip, Sharon, David and Tracey

Skip, Sharon, David + Tracey Olson

Rose Etta + Bob Chinnery

Rose Etta and Bob

Kenneth + DonnaRae Neely

Kenneth & Donna Rae Neely

Canyon Cable TV

201 AABC - Aspen, CO 81611

Bill + Virginia Traumbley

Bill & Virginia Traumbley

Dear Dorothy and family
I wanted to go see you when I was there. I couldn't leave Darlene + Bill. My heart goes out to you + your family.
With love + prayers.
The Mayfield family.

Doug + Sherri Anderson

Clint brought so much joy and happiness to our lives, something we will cherish forever. We are better & happier people for having known him.
Doug & Sherri Anderson



June 10, 1987

Dear Family of Clints

If only there were something that friends could say or do -

While visiting our daughter & her husband (Sherri & Doug Andersen), in Aspen, we met Clint. They were together alot and we had some good visits and enjoyed Clint so much. He enjoyed telling about some of the excitting thing he had experienced and he talked about family at home.

Clint enjoyed life to it's fullest, he loved Nature - the outdoors - He was a Neat person. When Sherri called us, she said Mother, I've never seen Clint so happy. I said - Remember him that way. Clint & Leslie were happy together. I feel sad - I am so very sorry that this has happened.

Our thoughts & Prayers are with you all. Maybe we will meet some day.

Sincerely

Mr + Mrs Robt Simpson

Bob + Carole
Simpson



"I'll let you have for a little time,
a child of mine," He said.
"For you to love the while he lives
and mourn for when he is dead.
It may be six or seven years
or 22 or three,
But will you, till I call him back,
take care of him for Me?
I'll bring his charms to gladden you
and should his stay be brief
You'll have his lovely memories
as solace for your grief."



"I cannot promise he will stay,
since all from earth return.
But there are lessons taught from
there I want this child to learn.
I've looked the wide world over
in My search for teachers true
And from the throngs that crowd
life's land I have selected you.
Now will you give him all your love
not think the labor vain,
Nor hate Me when I come
to take him back again?"





"I fancied that I heard you say,
"Dear Lord, Thy will be done.
For all the joy Thy child shall bring
the risk of grief we'll run
We'll shelter him with tenderness,
we'll love him while we may.
And for the happiness we've known
we'll forever grateful stay
But should your angels call for him
much sooner than we've planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that
comes and try to understand."

Author Unknown

To glimpse, beyond the sunset,
The brightness of the dawn,
To trust in God's own promise
That life goes on and on -
To look to Him for comfort,
And lean on Him each day,
Will bring the deep, abiding peace,
That cannot pass away.

Love
From Ernest + Neoma

1987

With Deepest Sympathy

Gerald Virginia
&
Dew Davis

Maybel, Fern
and
Audrie

DEAR MR. & MRS. CARRIKER

LIFE, IT SEEMS, IS HARDLY FAIR. DEATH, IN RETROSPECT - SEEMS EVEN LESS SO. ALTHOUGH WE'VE NEVER MET, CLINT AND I WERE GOOD FRIENDS FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS. WE WERE CO-WORKERS AT CANYON CABLE, BUT MORE THAN THAT, WE WERE BOTH ENTHUSIASTS OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS AND SHARED SOME WONDERFUL EXPERIENCES IN COLORADO.

I HAVE MANY MEMORIES OF CLINT THAT SURELY WILL LAST A LIFETIME, IN FACT, EACH DAY CONTINUES TO UNEARTH EVEN MORE. I'M NOW THE MAINTANANCE TECH AT WORK, A JOB THAT CLINT HELD BEFORE ME AND BRUCE BROSAM BEFORE HIM. I DRIVE THE SAME BUCKET TRUCK THAT CLINT USED, AND EACH AMP I OPEN TO SET LEVELS REVEALS A STICKER WITH CLINT'S WRITING TO SHOW THE DAY HE WAS THERE AND THE WORK THAT WAS DONE. I REMEMBER ONE DAY WHEN CLINT AND I WERE CLIMBING TOGETHER ON A POLE IN BASALT. HE WAS SHOWING ME HOW TO RUN A PIECE OF EQUIPMENT AND OUR WORKING CONDITIONS WERE ANYTHING BUT GOOD. WE WERE NEARLY FORTY FEET OFF THE GROUND HOLDING UP A FIFTY POUND RECOVERY UNIT AND OUTSTRETCHED TO THE AMPLIFIER TO FULL BODY LENGTH, AND THE ONLY THING HOLDING US TO THIS LIFE WERE QUARTER-INCH SLIVERS OF METAL RESTING ON OUR INSTEP, YET CLINT ACTED AS IF HE WERE STANDING ON SOLID GROUND, LAUGHING ALL THE WHILE, ACCEPTING THE CHALLANGE AS COMMONPLACE WITH NEVER A HINT OF FEAR. - AND WITH EACH NEW CHALLENGE, CLINT BROUGHT WITH HIM AN ADDED ZEST, AN EMOTIONAL FERVOR FOR NEW CONQUESTS, A DESIRE TO GO ONE STEP HIGHER — AND ONCE HE ATTAINED THAT - TO KEEP HIS GAZE SET ON HIS NEXT GOAL.

ONE DAY BACK IN FEBRUARY I HAD TO HAVE TWO-TEETH PULLED. CLINT PICKED ME UP AT THE ORAL SURGEON'S OFFICE. I'D BE DRUG

THE STAIRS BECAUSE I WAS HEAVILY SEDATED AND TOO WOOZY TO WALK, DROVE ME TO HIS APARTMENT, SHOWED ME A PLACE TO LIE DOWN AND LET ME SLEEP FOR NINETEEN HOURS WITHOUT ONCE MAKING IT SEEM AS IF I WAS A BURDEN TO HIM IN ANY WAY.

ONCE CLINT AND HIS FRIENDS STOPPED INTO A PLACE WHERE I WAS PLAYING GUITAR & FIDDLE JUST TO LISTEN TO OUR MUSIC. ALTHOUGH IT WAS A LONG DRIVE & I'M SURE THE URBAN COWBOY CLIENTLE WAS NOT TO THEIR SUITING - THEY STAYED THROUGH EACH SET & HE MADE A POINT TO THANK US FOR A GREAT EVENING.

PERHAPS ONE THING I WILL ALWAYS SHARE WITH CLINT IS THE LOVE OF THE MOUNTAINS. HE LOVED TO CLIMB, TO SKI, TO SNOWBOARD, IN FACT - ANYTHING HE COULD DO TO REACH GREATER HEIGHTS AND SOMEHOW COME CLOSER TO THE CREATOR. THERE WAS ONE MORNING IN PARTICULAR THAT COMES TO MIND - WE WOKE TO OVER A FOOT OF FRESH SNOW AND JEFF JONES, OUR CHIEF TECH AT THE TIME, DECIDED TO LET US GO SKIING. WE WERE GOING UP THE OLYMPIC LIFT AT ASPEN HIGHLANDS AND AS WE WERE SOME OF THE FIRST ONES UP, THE SNOW WAS AS YET UNTRACKED; FLUFFY VIRGIN POWDER - A SKIER'S DREAM COME TRUE. CLINT WAS ABOUT 20 CHAIRS AHEAD OF ME, SO HE HAD THE OPPURTUNITY TO SKI FIRST TRACKS, AND WASTED NO TIME IN GETTING OFF THE LIFT AND ATTACKING THE SLOPES. TWO SKIERS NEAR HIM QUICKLY FELL FACE FIRST IN THE SNOW, BUT CLINT SKIED RIGHT PAST THEM, CAUGHT SOME AIR OFF A BUMP, LET OUT A CRY OF JOY, AND WITH A SMILE YOU COULD SEE ALL THE WAY TO MISSOURI HE WHISKED BENEATH MY FEET AS I WATCHED FROM THE LIFT ABOVE, SHOUTING WORDS OF

I CONTINUED TO TURN AND WATCH HIM, SWEEPING DOWN THE "FACE OF OLY", SNOW FLYING HIGH OVER HIS HEAD WITH EACH COMPRESSED TURN, LEAVING ONLY THE SMOOTH, ARCED CURVES OF FRESHLY CUT SNOW IN HIS WAKE. FINALLY, AS I NEARED THE TOP OF THE LIFT, I SAW CLINT DISAPPEAR INTO A HUGE CLOUD OF SNOW, TUMBLING AS HE WENT, AND ONE SKI LITERALLY FLY OVER THIRTY FEET INTO THE AIR, WITH POLES AND GOGGLES CAREENING EVERY WHICH WAY - COMMONLY KNOWN TO SKIERS AS A "GARAGE SALE".

QUICKLY I SKIED DOWN TO WHERE HE WAS, WORRIED THAT HE MIGHT HAVE INJURED HIMSELF IN SUCH AN INCREDIBLE FALL. TO MY AMAZEMENT I FOUND HIM IN ONE PIECE, BUT EVEN MORE AMAZING WAS THE INTENSITY OF HIS JOY. FOR A WHILE WE SEARCHED OUT HIS LOST SKI & GEAR, HIM WITH SNOW COVERING HIS FACE & GLASSES, LAUGHING AND SHOUTING ABOUT HOW GREAT THE SNOW WAS. NOTHING COULD STOP HIM. WE WERE UP AND GOING AGAIN AND SKIED THE REST OF THE MORNING, ENJOYING THE MOUNTAIN LIFE IMMENSELY. HE LOVED PUSHING HIMSELF TO HIS LIMITS, FOR HE WAS THE TYPE OF PERSON THAT LIVED LIFE TO THE FULLEST, ACCOMPLISHING MORE IN HIS SHORT LIFE THAN MOST WOULD IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

I MYSELF CAN STILL NOT BELIEVE HE'S GONE. NOR CAN YOU, I'M CERTAIN. IN SOME WAYS, HIS INDEPENDENT OUTLOOK AND QUALITATIVE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE WILL INFLUENCE AND INSPIRE US FOR SOME TIME TO COME, AS HIS MEMORY WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE HEARTS OF HIS LOVED ONES AND FRIENDS. NO ONE KNOWS WHY GOD CHOOSES A TIME FOR EACH OF US, AND FOR MOST

MY FATHER AT 64 TO CANCER, AN UNCLE (HIS BROTHER) AT 66 TO CANCER, A GIRLFRIEND (AT 25) TO A CLIMBING ACCIDENT IN SWITZERLAND, AND MORE ASSOCIATIONS AND FRIENDS THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER TO THE CUTTING EDGE KNOWN AS "THE ROAD."

I CAN OFFER MY SYMPATHY, BUT NO AMOUNT OF CARING WILL BRING CLINT BACK. I CAN SHARE IN YOUR BEREAVEMENT, BUT NO TEARS CAN CALL FORTH THE WATER OF LIFE. I WILL REACH OUT TO YOU, TO LESLIE, TO IAN AND DAVE SANDERS, BRUCE, ROBIN & JEFF & PAUL AND TO ALL OF HIS FRIENDS HERE AND PRAY THAT HE IS WITH GOD, THAT HE IS IN A BETTER PLACE, AND THAT HE HAS, AT LAST, REACHED THE HEIGHTS TO WHICH HE HAS ASPIRED AND SO INSPIRED US IN HIS WAKE.

STEPHEN RAMSEY
26201 E. HWY 82 CABIN
ASPEN, COLORADO 81612
Ph. 303 925 5854.

A Thought to Comfort You

Although, at such a time
as this,
There's little one can do,
Still thoughts
of heartfelt sympathy
Are there today with you.

Stephen C Ramsey



Hackleman - Peterman Funeral Home
ELDORADO SPRINGS, MISSOURI

In Memory Of

Clinton Douglas Carriker

Born

March 26, 1959
Date

Lee's Summit, Missouri
Place

Entered Into Rest

June 6, 1987
Date

Colorado
Place

Age

28	2	10
Years	Months	Days

Relatives and Friends

Vicki Vannessa Joe Burnett
Goldia Austin
Virginia Davis + Dew
Erin Lea Julian
Jana Julian
Carol + Jr Julian
Gene + Joan Carriker
Mr. + Mrs. Luther S. Thatch
Floyd and Janis Anglin
Leroy + Flo Andes
Neil, Ann + kids
Roland + Rosemary Lush
Terry + Elaine Hubbard
Glenna + Otha Keele
Amanda (McCullick) Yockey
Jim and Mona Jones + Danny
Earl and Vickys Andes
John R. Thompson
Fern Andes
Mary Andes
Leola McCarty

Relatives and Friends

Lee V McCarty
John Linder
John + Orvilla Wood
Bill Towns
Jack Bass
Carlene + Bill McFadden
Ernest + Neoma Blystone
Mr. + Mrs. Eldon Biddlecome
Robert E. Bell Jr
Everett + Jessie Hays
Michael + Twyla Jones
Claudine Cleveland
Viola Wood
Alberta West
Esther West,
Bessie Ames
Mr + Mrs Joe Flynn
Mr + Mrs. Ronald Hubbard
Chester A. Galloway
Ron + Debbie Browne
A. Wilson Shaver

Relatives and Friends

Inez & Cook
Michael & Terri Diehl
Mary Galloway
Al & Helen Carriker
Connie (Carriker) Chapman
Jim Brosam
Much Foster
Bruce & Robin Brosam
Gary & Sarah Brosam
Wilbur & Bertha Hubbard
Leon & Pat Hubbard
Velma Blystone
Lelia Mae Rogers
Billy Reynolds
Kelly & Gayle Mallicoat
Jeff Jones
Mark Saltmarsh
Grant and Angela Emery
Mr. & Mrs. Cecil Blystone
Thomas McFadden
Sandy Bell

Relatives and Friends

Lorene Engmann
Darlene Payne
Dan Cobb
Kathy Cobb
Ralph & Wanetta Payne
John Payne
Howard & Carol Hawkins
Mary Abramic
Suzan Hudson
Neil and Annie Carriker + Jon, Amy, + Nate
Gene Holtgreve Circle Lodge # 342 AF +
E.J. Gowry
Mr. Mrs Bob Ely
Mavis Leeke
Florence Fletcher
Mr. & Mrs. Steve Sears 7416 Main K.C. M
Jerry Julian

Services

Hackleman Chapel
Held at
El Dorado Springs, Missouri

June 11, 1987 — 1:30 p.m.
Date — Hour

Pastor: Rev. Bob Ely

Music

'How Great Thou Art"

Bearers

Kelly Mallicoat — Tom McFadden

Bruce Brosam — Chuck Buxton

Chester Galloway — Larz Allen

Jeff Jones — Mark Gartman

Jim Fossard — Steve Sears — Ron Browne

Interment in: Roscoe Cemetery
Roscoe - St. Clair County, Missouri

Flowers of Remembrance

Wilsie & Bertha Hubbard - White, Peppermint,
Ronald, Joann Hubbard & Family - Fuchia Glads,
Leon, Pat Hubbard & Family - Carnations, Minis
Terry, Elain Hubbard & Family -
Roy, Tammy Hubbard & Family -

Eldon Biddlecome, Wanda & Family - Purple
Jesse & Donna Reynolds & Family - like violets
Bill & Nancy Reynolds & Family -

Dr & Mrs Dallas B Fouts Sr. Dieffenbachia Plant
Lt & Mrs Duane B Fouts
Dallas B. Fouts Jr.

Cut Flowers in Copper Pot

David Sanders - Yellow Spider, Alstromeria, Red Roses
Spanish Moss
KSPN T.V. - Spring garden bouquet with Bird & Nest &
Boy Scout Troup #383 - Plant

Cecil & Blystone yellow Mums
Vickie, Vannessa & Joe

Alice Boyd
Gene
Van & Gwen VanWinsen Red Gloxinia
Alice Ann & Dean

Flowers of Remembrance

Bill, Carolyn & David Diehl - Plant - Dieffenbachia In Hat Basket

Mike, Terri & Family - Plant - Basket with Green Plants & Birds

Julians - Arthur Jr & Carol
Jerry, Anita & Family
Mike & Girls
Lucille, Steve & Dustin Cooney
} Plant Geranium

Goldie Austin
Virginia Davis & Dew
} Blue & White carnations

Howard & Carol Hawkins
Mrs King
} Spray - Pink, Lavender & White carnations, Liatrus & Spiders

Flanagan Family - White & Burgandy Carnation Arrangement

Payne - Ralph, Wanetta & John
Ander - Leroy, Flo & Todd
Kede - Clarence, Atha & J.D.
Ander - Earl, Vicky, Melissa & Derek
} Spray
Yellow Carnations, Lavender Carnations, White Daisy, Pink Daisy

Carrikers - Gene & Joan
Pat
Charley, Susan & John Charles Brown
} Small Purple like Violets

Ulysses & Dorothy Carriker
Kathleen, Dean & David
} White Glads, Carnations and Red Roses

Darrell, Barb, Renee, Butch & Kevin Close - White daisy & Yellow Mums

Flowers of Remembrance

Norris and Ida May Limpus - Blue + Yellow cps With poms.
James C. Jones Family - White Spider Mums, Purple Statice, White Lilies + PK Pinks Alstromeria
Wally + Sarah Cochran - White Spider Mums
Ernest + Neoma Blystone - Green Plant With Red on Leaves
Roland + Rosemary Lusk - Pink Gloxinia
Mike + Twyla Jones - (James Jones Family)
Everett + Jessie Hays } yellow Mums
Leon + Joan Joder }
Roy + Ruth McCullick } Artifical Spray
Kenneth + Donna Neely } yellow + blue carnations
Jim + Jeannie Ogle } + Pink Flowers
Myrna Parks }
Jill + Mike Wasson } Large variety of
Doug + Sherry Anderson } flowers sent to
Matt Moore } the house
Kevin Farmer }
Bruce, Robin + John Brosam - Plant with silk flowers
Buzz + Carol Dopkin - Spring Arrangement (Daisies etc)
Elton + Mavis Keele + Family - Red Glads with White stock
Friends at Canyon Cable TV } Bouquet of Garden
Aspen, (TV) Colorado } Flowers - Spring Colored

With Deepest Sympathy

Your Friends at
Canyon Cable T.V.
Aspen, Colo

Everyone at
KSPN T.V

OK

With Deepest Sympathy



Wilsie & Bertha
Ronald, Joann & Family
Leon, Pat & Family
Jerry, Elaine & Family
Ray, Tammy & Family

In Loving Memory
of Clint Carriker
CARRIKER
Boy Scout Troup #383

OK

With Sympathy Carriker

Mr. & Mrs Eldon Biddlecome & Family
Mr. & Mrs. Jesse Reynolds & Family
Mr. & Mrs Billy Reynolds & Family

With Deepest Sympathy

Alice, Gwen,
and Denise

OK

With Sympathy

Mr. Mrs Cecil
Blaylock
Vicki & Vanessa
Joe

OK Carriker

With Deepest Sympathy

Dr & Mrs Dallas B. Fouts Sr
Lt. & Mrs Duane B Fouts
Dallas B. Fouts Jr.

OK CARRIKER

With Deepest Sympathy

from a friend
in aspen
David Sanders

Give to Jessie after service (father)

OK

With Deepest Sympathy

We understand.
Love,
Howard & Carol
Mrs. King

OK

With Sympathy

A Friend

Doldie. Virginia & Dew

With Deepest Sympathy

Bill,
Carolyn
&
David

Mike & Terri
Thiehl & family

With Deepest Sympathy

Mr & Mrs Arthur Julian
mr & mrs Jerry Julian
And Family
Mr & Mrs Steve Cooney
& Don
Mike Julian
& girls

With Deepest Sympathy

Gene, Joan & Pat
Susan, Charley
& John Charles

OK

With Sympathy

Ralph & Wanetta Payne
OK Lerow & Flo Andes
OK Atha & Clarence Keele
OK Earl & Vicky Andes

With Sympathy

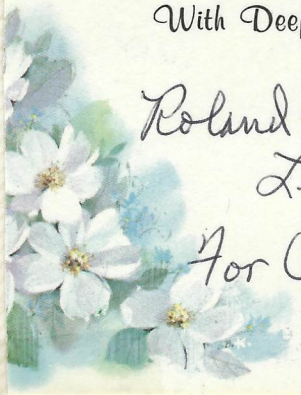
Debbie Valorie
Neil

OK

With Sympathy

Ray & Ruth McCellick
Kenneth & Donna Neely
Geri & Jeanie Ogle
Myrna Parks

With Deepest Sympathy



Roland & Rosemary
Lueck
For Carriker
family

carriker

With Sympathy

Ernest Norma
Bystone

OK

With Sympathy

Joan & Leon
Everett & Jessie

CARRIKER

With Deepest Sympathy

James G. Jones
family

Carriker

With Sincerest Sympathy

Flanagan Family

OK

CARRIKER

With Deepest Sympathy

To know him was a joy to us! We will miss him - our deepest sympathys -

Carol & Buzz Dopkin

CARRIKER

With Deepest Sympathy

The Close Family



With Sincere Sympathy

Friends forever,
& Mike & Jill Tasson
& Doug & Sherry Anderson
& Matt Moore
& Renee Farmer

© 85

FLOWERS BY ARLENE

CARRIKER

With Deepest Sympathy

Wally and Sarah Cochran

OK

Carriker

With Sincerest Sympathy

Ulysses and Dorothy
Katheleen, Dean
David

The Twenty-Third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

OK

CARRIKER

With Deepest Sympathy

Morris and Ida May
Simpus