



Janice [Micki] Lorraine Amos

April 24, 1947 - September 23, 2019

Janice Lorraine Amos, (Micki), born April 24th 1947, went to be with her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ at 11:58 pm on the 23rd of September, 2019 after a long and courageous battle with cancer. Wife of James H. Amos Jr. for 53 years and mother of Holly Amos and Heather Elrod and grandmother to Nathaniel Elrod .

She was the daughter-in-law of late James Harvey Amos, Sr who worked for 33 years at the St Louis Post Dispatch, and the late Geraldine Amos who owned and operated beauty salons in Chesterfield.

Micki spent her entire life in service to others leaving a legacy of love on the lives of everyone she touched. A remarkable woman who brought a light to this dark world and will be missed beyond words by her family and all who were privileged to know her.

-----written by James Amos-----

This is the most difficult blog or document of any kind I have ever written. I write this out of the winter of my soul. Let me explain, on the 23rd of September 2019, at 11:58 p.m., my wife of 53 years, Micki, took her last breath and went to be with the Lord she served everyday of her life.

We dated for six years and I took her out on her first date when she was 14 years old. So, we were together for 59 years and never apart except for the time I served in Vietnam. Micki was my best friend and partner and she is irreplaceable in my life. I now understand with great compassion how people die of a broken heart and find it difficult to go on when faced with such loss. I write this in honor of her.

When diagnosed with stage three liver cancer on the 20th of September 2018 and told she had 10-12 months to live with treatment and 4-6 months without treatment, she turned to me and said that whatever ordeal she was about to face she wanted it to be for the Glory of God. She believed without reservation that she would be healed, either here in

this world or in the next. I never once heard her complain during or after 70 hours of chemotherapy and two radiation Y90 infusions as the treatment ravaged her little body or when she learned that after all of that the tumor had doubled in size and that the cancer had entered her gall bladder, and the lining of her stomach. As always she was more concerned about other people than herself.

Micki's life was a testimony to her faith and faith is the heroic effort of life because you have to have faith to believe God exists when He is invisible and not perceptible to the five senses. In addition, we are told that every profession of faith will be tested. The loss of my beautiful wife, partner and best friend has tested my faith in a shattering way but I can tell you her faith never faltered and her simple yet profound faith touched all who came to know her including the doctors and caregivers. They grew to love her in a very short period of time and she was an inspiration to them all. And lest you think her passing may have brought disillusionment, Micki knew that the Scripture tells us life is the seed-time of eternity and that in the face of challenges there are people who cling to joy and radiate hope even through the heartache and through the tears — even at death's door. And that is exactly what she did.

Death's door is such a poignant metaphor. In Matthew 7:13-14 Jesus, said, "I am the Door, if anyone enters by me he will be saved. And in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus describes a hidden treasure and mentions a gate, or a door that might lead to eternal life. Micki walked with Jesus and always radiated that hope. All of us should ask ourselves who is accompanying us on our journey. The truth is it is God the Father who sees us through it all. Through the victories and the failures and the brilliant days of accomplishment and the broken days of despair. Through it all He is with us teaching us, humbling us, preparing us ... for the door. My Darling Micki stepped through that door at 11:58 on September 23rd 2019.

For those without faith, death is final and it ends everything and they talk of the past. For those who believe and have faith, they remind each other there is a future. And what is on the other side of the door? Peggy Noonan writing about the death of Steve Jobs in 2011 said his dying words were the greatest words of the year. His sister the novelist Mona Simpson said Steve Jobs looked at his children as if he could not unlock his gaze. He said goodbye to his life's partner, Laurene, and looked at his sister Patty and then looked past them and his eyes fixed on something else and as he was gazing, his final words were, "OH, WOW, OH WOW, OH WOW."

Not bad words to express the bigness and power and force of life and death and love. What did Jobs see as he looked away from his family and expressed what sounds like

awe as he went through the door? What did he see? It appears that what he saw was not an end but a beginning ... the promise ... the hope ... the Truth ... as the band Mercy Me, sings, "I can only imagine".

My heart is broken with the loss of this great gift God gave me in Micki for 59 years. But I am full of hope and joy that she is whole and healed and happy in the arms of her savior. Can you hear it? The poet Patrick Kavanagh describes the promise set loose at the resurrection of Christ as, "a laugh freed forever and ever." This is the last laugh of hilarity echoing down through eternity — the true echo of Eden: redemption, fullness, completeness, goodness returned.

I can only imagine.

So, I can only say, Goodbye my darling, Micki, until I walk through the door and join you in Heaven.

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Services are pending and will be announced by Valhalla at a later time.

Cemetery

Valhalla Cemetery

7600 St Charles Rock Road

St Louis, MO, 63133