

My name is Jason White, and I am the fiance of Johnia Berry. Johnia and I had plans to marry in April of the following year. I'll never forget the day I lost the love of my life. I was in Michigan attending law school, steadily counting the days until I was coming home to Johnia. I was going to finish my third semester exams December 14 and make the long drive through Michigan, Ohio, and Kentucky, to finally arrive home with the woman I gave my heart and soul to. I never could have imagined what would happen instead. I got a phone call about 10:00 in the morning on December 6. It was Johnia's mother. Something was terribly wrong. Johnia's mother said, "Jason, there has been an accident". I said "what is it." She said, "Johnia is dead." My world would never be the same again. All our plans. School, marriage, children, everything that we wanted instantly vanished.

The following weeks were the most difficult times I have ever known. Learning of the way my fiance was murdered. Going to her wake. Going to her funeral. Going to her graduation. Going to the major crimes unit in Knoxville to meet with detectives. It didn't seem real. I was outside myself. I didn't want to live. How could I live? Johnia was everything to me. We planned our whole lives together. Without her I didn't even know who I was.

Johnia and I had a relationship that was the stuff of fairy tales. We were so in love. If there was a love song on the radio, she would call me on the phone to sing it to me. If we were driving down the road, and I saw flowers growing, I would stop the car and pick them for her. We would cuddle together and flip through a phone book to get ideas for baby names. Every day with Johnia was like falling in love all over again. I knew our love would not fade or wither. We would grow old together, and never be lonely. This, of course, could never happen.

When I did get to put a ring on Johnia's finger, it was at her funeral. December 18 at Johnia's graduation, her degree was presented to her parents posthumously. Christmas day I spent at Johnia's graveside, pouring out my heart to her. I will never forget that December. I remember delivering the Christmas presents to the children Johnia had bought them for. I remember being surrounded by thousands of happy people at graduation. I felt completely alone in the crowd. I remember listening to all the un-erased voice messages Johnia had left on my phone. The person that meant the most to me in the world was gone.

The death of my fiance is still heavy on my mind. It has been a little over a year since her death, but not a day, or an hour go by that I don't think of her, and miss her. Every night when I go to bed I tell her that I love her. I see her in my dreams, and never want to wake up. I cherish every memory of Johnia, and hope one day soon to find out who is responsible for her death. There is no amount of justice in the world that can bring Johnia back to me, but I still need the closure that only justice can bring. Today, I live in Tallahassee, Florida. I am finishing law school next December, and my plans are to work as a prosecutor in Knoxville, TN.