

THE OLD HOUSE MEMORIES

By John F. Hall

Melodies bring back memories as we go back into the rivers of time. I consider the one acre of land that Paula and I own, to be God's green acre. The house that we have lived in since 1978, was built around the time of the American Civil War. It was built by John J. Dyer, the Sheriff of Trigg County at that time. He only lived in the house for eight years, before he died on a return trip from New Orleans.



A friend named Johnny Downs purchased the house from the Flood family in 1947. He made few repairs to the old house during the 15 years that he owned it. The two significant things that he did was to dig a 160-foot water well and build a 18 feet by 20 feet concrete block well house. The well house is located 25 feet from the old house. Prior to 1947, rain water was captured in the front cistern from the two-story roof. The one-story kitchen roof captured water into the kitchen cistern. The Flood family, in 1919, removed the majestic two-story portico. They built a porch across the entire front of the house. This allowed the capture of more rain water.

Johnny Down's son Burwick got married and moved into the well house with his new bride, Merle. They scratched the names and the date, April 23, 1947, in the small six-foot concrete slab at the only door to the well house. The well house has two windows and it was once heated by a small potbelly coal heater. Prior to 1964, a water line went from the well house to the kitchen sink in the old house. The old house had no indoor plumbing. The "out house" was the commode. No one stayed out there for very long in the freezing cold or the burning hot summer heat.

Johnny Downs worked for the Kentucky Highway Department. Burwick had a job in Cadiz. Cattle prices were very low in the early 1960s. The barbwire fences on the farm were weak from the rust and Johnny's few cattle were constantly knocking them down and getting out to eat the grass on the Highway 68 easement. Johnny decided to rent the house to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Calhoun who have five daughters. They lived in the house for about six years. They heated water for taking baths and cooking with cast iron pots in the kitchen fireplace. They used fire wood to heat a large cast iron pot outside of the kitchen to wash their clothes. The kitchen room is large, and they raised hogs for food and slaughtered them and made sausage in the kitchen room. I call it the "the hog room."

Johnny Downs built a new house off Highway 68. He moved his wife, his son, Burwick and daughter-in-law, Merle into the new house.

In 1964, Johnny Downs sold the old house to Paula's grandmother, Ms. Ivy Oakley, a widow. She had to sell her farm in Golden Pond to the TVA, that was forcing everyone out to make the Land Between the Lakes. She had two rooms in the old house covered over with sheets of paneling. She had a drop-ceiling installed in the living room to lower

the ceiling from nine and a half feet to eight feet. She had two electric wall heaters installed in the living room, and one installed in the kitchen. Since the house had no indoor plumbing, she had a half bath installed in what is now the utility room. She slept in a tiny room off from the kitchen. She had the rotted wood on the front porch removed. Those eight-foot long boards rested on the top of two concrete blocks. She had the porch area filled-in with gravel, and a four-inch concrete slab poured over the top of the gravel. She covered over the wood siding with aluminum siding on the front and two sides of the house. She had another layer of shingles put over the rotted cedar shingles and two other layers of shingles. She made no repairs to the rest of the house.

Two years before Paula's grandmother died in 1977, I purchased one acre of land down



Dyers Hill Road, about one tenth of a mile from the old house. We planned to build our house on that acre. The old house remained vacant for a year. My father-in-law asked us to live in the old house, rent free, until I was able to start on a new house. At the time, we were living next to him, in a small mobile home. He said that he would reimburse me for any repairs that I made to the old house. I transferred from Carlisle County to Trigg County in 1978. Paula was working on Fort Campbell. Even with all

the repairs that Paula's grandmother made to the old house, most of it remained dilapidated.

My memory from 1964, as Paula and I were standing on the first floor staircase landing, was that the “Jewell” of the of old house was the staircase. It still had that same charm going back to 1860. It had withstood the rivers of time. The Dyer's, the Jackson's, the Flood's, the Calhoun's, the Oakley's, and now the Hall's called it their Kentucky home. So many times these families have put their hands on the hand rails and gone up and down its steps. Even Jade Hakes and Trish Cunningham went up and down that staircase several times. I felt that the rest of the house would best be served by having it bulldozed into the ground.

In 1978, nothing had changed to the staircase from the time Paula and I went up the steps in 1964. Paula's grandmother seldom went upstairs and seldom went into the unheated downstairs bedroom. She would go out the front door and sit on the front porch in a rocking chair. She kept a tobacco stick by the chair to keep the cats from scratching her legs and tripping her. The back porch, the kitchen porch and kitchen steps continued to rot. The front porch cistern and kitchen cistern were a hazard and needed to be filled in.

In 1981, I was a platoon leader in the 614th Military Police Company, Kentucky Army National Guard in Louisville, Kentucky. I enjoyed driving to Louisville once or twice a month, from my day job as a Kentucky State Trooper. One day, the Trigg County District Judge, Chappell Wilson, asked me to come into his office, after Court. He was also the Battalion Commander, Army Reserve, in Paducah, Kentucky. I was given a Direct Commission in the Kentucky National Guard in 1979. I went from a SP4 (corporal) to a First Lieutenant. I was taking MP officer basic and MP officer advance courses by

correspondence. Judge Wilson told me that he knew that I was driving to drill in Louisville. He needed an Executive Officer for his D Company in Murray, Kentucky and he wanted me to take that position. I told him that I would tell my Battalion Commander in the 198th of his request. It was politics at its finest and I was assigned to D Company.

I was saving money to build a house on the acre of land. My father-in-law inherited the farm when his mother, Ivy Oakley died in 1977. I enjoyed being the Executive Officer in D Company. After a year, I received a call from the 198th MP Battalion in Louisville. They wanted me to meet with their S4 (full time supply officer) in Cadiz. I set up the meeting at the Cadiz Restaurant. I knew the S4, but I did not know the other officer with him. The S4 told me that the Battalion Commander had an urgent request. The 614th Military Police Company was moved from Louisville to Murray. An existing National Guard artillery company in Murray was tasked to train its soldiers to become military police soldiers.

The new 614th Company Commander, Captain Huffman was creating problems. He was denied tenure at Murray State University (MSU) and word got back to Battalion that he was going to exert some kind of revenge to get back at the President of the University, Dr. Constantine Curris. My mission was to relieve Captain Huffman once his command time was up in a year. The Battalion did not trust or want the four other lieutenants in that company to be the Executive Officer (E0). I was told that it be risky because Captain Huffman may give me a bad Officer Efficiency Rating (OER). I had only been an officer for less than three years, but Battalion felt I could accomplish the mission. What Captain Huffman did not know is that President Curris and I are friends. I called him "Dino." He presented me with my graduate degree. I contacted Dino and went to his home on campus. I told him what was going on and cautioned him to watch his back.

I told Judge Wilson what I was requested to do. I had to leave D Company to become the E0 of the 614th Military Police Company in Murray. Judge Wilson, approved my transfer. To create an incident against President Curris, and to get rid of me, Captain Huffman ordered me to arm the MP's at the next MSU Homecoming Parade. I refused and told him that it was an unlawful order.

Captain Huffman gave me an OER that I was insubordinate. The Battalion Commander over ruled the OER, and stated that I was sent to relieve him of his command. Captain Huffman's time in the Kentucky National Guard was finished as was his time as a professor at Murray State. I became the Commander of the 614th in 1982. I was helping my son, John with his FFA project by raising an acre of burley tobacco. Actually, I was share-cropping that acre of tobacco with my father- in-law, Andrew Oakley. Things started going south for Andrew with drought and three straight years of crop failures. He was not able to make the annual farm payments for three years.

In 1983, things went south for me. My dad, Charles J. Hall, who I dearly loved, was in Fish Hospital in Daytona Beach, Florida. His doctor called me at 5:30 in the morning and said: "John, we lost him. He was scheduled to be transferred to Gainesville for tests, but he died in his sleep." I never forgot his words. My chest felt like someone had hit me

with a baseball bat. It was so unexpected. I was devastated. I was also suffering from burn-out. Working full time as a State Trooper, Commanding 139 MP soldiers in Murray, taking correspondence courses, and raising an acre of tobacco, was taking its toll. I made the sad trip to Florida with Paula and my son, John. I silently cried all the way to Florida for his funeral. I had him buried in Trigg Memory Acres in Cadiz, Kentucky. He was gone, but I had this inscribed on his tombstone: "Helped with Man's first landing on the moon, July 20, 1969 Apollo 11"

In 1985, the Farm Credit manager, Lindsey Champion was threatening to foreclose on my father-in-law's farm. He told Andrew that he should sell his farm equipment to pay for the three years of past due farm payments. It doesn't take a rocket scientist like my dad was, to know that Lindsey wanted to put Andrew out of the farming business. You cannot farm if you have no farm equipment. I also suspected that Lindsey had someone who wanted to buy Andrew's farm. I was using Andrew's farm equipment to raise an acre of tobacco, and I was living in his old house, rent free. If his farm was foreclosed, Paula, my son, and I would be evicted from the old house.

Lindsey would not allow Andrew to sell any farm land to pay down the farm mortgage payments. One fine day, I called Lindsey and told him that he was getting into my business. I was raising one acre of tobacco and using Andrew's farm equipment. I was living in Andrew's old farm house with my family. If Andrew's farm was foreclosed, then we would be evicted. My dad left me some money to build a small house. I could do nothing and let Farm Credit foreclose Andrew's farm and evict him and his wife, Pauline from their home and evict me my family from the old house, or I could fight.

I felt that Lindsey had no compassion, so I needed to get his attention. I told Lindsey that he would get Andrew's farm over my dead body. I think it got his attention. I made Lindsey a proposal. I would exchange my one acre, that I had clear title to, for one acre surrounding the old house. That would not reduce the size of the farm. Farm Bureau Insurance had insured the old house for \$5,000. Andrew's past due mortgage payments amounted to almost \$10,000. I would pay that amount for the old house to Farm Credit and have Andrew transfer the title to me and Paula. Lindsey and Andrew agreed to the proposal.

It was not a bargain for me or Paula. The back porch, the kitchen porch and the kitchen steps continued to rot. The roof was not properly repaired and the cedar shingles and two layers of old shingles needed to be removed. All the windows in the house were single pane and were not efficient at keeping out noise or seasonal temperatures. The mortar in the three chimneys had turned to sand and was a fire hazard. The house had no carpets. There was no insulation in the walls or attic. The house had no drywall. The two upstairs bedrooms were not finished. The foyer, with walls going up to a height of 20 feet, had plaster mixed with horsehair. After 125 years, it was breaking and falling off. The termites had their day. Andrew kept his farm. Paula and I now owned a wreck.

The first move into the house was made in 1978. I was detailed to Hopkins County, in the middle of a coal strike, to help keep the peace. The State Police supervisor in charge of

the coal strike detail, conducted an inspection of our police cars. I had to open the trunk to show that I had road flares, first aid kit, etc. I borrowed my father-in-law's deer rifle, a 30 ot 6 with a telescopic scope and put it in the trunk. The supervisor told me that if I pulled that rife out of the trunk and used it, that I would be suspended for a week. I told the supervisor that if I had to pull it out to defend myself against a sniper, then go ahead and suspend me.

During the coal strike, I asked the supervisor for one day off to move my wife and son into the old house on the hill. It was cold that day and it started to snow very hard. After the coal strike, Paula and I started to work on one room at a time. We gutted the walls in the unheated down stairs bedroom. One day, Paula was chiseling out the brick in that room. She was dusty and dirty. Major General Lindsey Freeman, my former Commander in the 100th Division, Army Reserve, came over to Andrew's house to buy sweet corn. He was with a Lieutenant General (three star). After they purchased the corn, he asked for me. Andrew told him that Paula and I were working on the old house. They came inside a side door and surprised Paula as she was covered in dust and dirt and wearing a tee shirt. General Freeman said that he was checking on our progress. I was General Freeman' Inspector General for one year.

In 1990, Paula wanted a new kitchen. I tore out the kitchen porch and the kitchen steps and filled in the kitchen cistern. We hired a contractor to frame the new kitchen area. I did the wiring and the plumbing. I had the contractor extend the new kitchen roof by 15 feet to make a carport. I installed a french door leading from the unheated bedroom to the uncovered deck. I put about \$300 worth of liquid nail in between the diagonal boards. I used 2" by 6" boards every two feet to lower the ceiling from nine and a half feet to eight feet. I insulated the ceiling and the walls in the bedroom. I saved the fireplace mantel from Paula's grandmothers house in Golden Pond and had it refinished. I built a corner in the bedroom for that mantel. I would estimate that the mantel, in today's dollars, is worth about the same amount that I paid for house in 1985. I made the same renovation to the living room. My son, and some friends came over and helped me rip off the old roof on the house, the kitchen, and the porch. I ripped off the back porch and turned it into a walk-in closet. My son helped me put a metal roof over the deck, and added a ramp. We did that so my brother-in-law, Bruce Oakley, who became disabled after a fall, could drive his electric chair up the ramp unto the deck. My son felt that I needed a garage, so he built one that is attached to the well house.

The old house on the hill holds countless memories for my grandchildren, Andrea, Heather, and John-John. They went up and down the staircase steps thousands of times. It became their "old home place." The girls wanted a purple bed room with a purple carpet in their room on the second floor. I installed a half bath in their room where they had sleep overs. They practiced their piano lesson on the piano in the foyer. John-John wanted his room to be blue with a blue carpet. The girls made cookies in the Kitchen and Paula made countless BLTs. They played on the uncovered deck, and rode their electric cars up and down Dyers Hill Road. They enjoyed swimming in a small above ground 4-foot high plastic pool, with Paula as lifeguard. John-John loved to beat his uncle, Roger

Garner as they threw basketballs at the basketball goal on the patio in the backyard patio. They grew up with more memories about the old house that only they could tell you.

Stuart Hamblen wrote the song, "This Ole House." These are some of his lyrics: This ole house once knew his children, this ole house once knew his wife. This ole house was home and comfort, as they fought the storms of life. This ole house heard many shouts. Now he trembles in the darkness, when lightning walks about. This ole house is getting shaky. This ole house is getting old. This ole house lets in the rain. This ole house lets in the cold. Oh his knees are getting chilly, but he feels no fear or pain. Cause he seeks a new tomorrow, through a golden window pane. This ole house is afraid of thunder. This ole house is afraid of storms. This ole house just groans and trembles, when the night wing flings it's arms. This ole house is a needing a paint. He's a getting ready to meet his fate...".

In Luke, Chapter 6, Verses 27-28, are these words: "But to you who are listening I say: love your enemies, do good to those hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who mistreat you." I believe that most of the people mentioned in Verses 27-28, that did those things to me, are sleeping in the silent earth. In John, Chapter 5, Verse 27 are these words: "And He has given Him authority to judge because He is the Son of Man." In the winter time, when all the leaves have fallen off the trees, I can stand on my deck and see the Dyers Church Cemetery in the distance, as it touches the farm where I live. In that cemetery is a black marble tombstone that has life-size face pictures, faces in stone, of a man, his wife, and their daughter. Last year, a severe wind storm, downed a cedar tree in that cemetery. I drove over to look at the damage. I was shocked when I looked at it.

The black marble tombstone has the names and dates of three people, when they were



born and when they died. The man was 62 years old, his wife was 60, and their daughter was 31 when they all died on October 26, 2014. This family adopted a boy. The young lad kept getting into trouble. Then he became addicted to drugs. One day, he came home with another man. They tied up the son's adopted father, mother, and sister. Then the adopted son killed the father, the mother, the sister, and the man that came with him to the house. The son wanted law enforcement to believe that an intruder had killed his family, and that he was a hero that killed the intruder. His plan fell apart when his girlfriend

testified against him. The son was convicted, and he will spend the rest of his life in prison.

After a dental appointment on August 5, 2022, in Cadiz, Kentucky, I drove into the Dyers Church Cemetery. It was only the second time in 44 years that I have been in that

cemetery. Standing in front of that black marble tombstone, I felt sorrow for this family that had their lives taken away in such a horrible way. They gave their adopted son love and kindness and he repaid them with a bullet. This time, I came to visit the tombstone out of respect for the man, his wife, and their daughter. The daughter's name is Emily. The wife's name is Joy. The man's name is Lindsey Champion. The same man that caused me such grief back in 1985. In Matthew, Chapter 6, Verse 12 are these words: "And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us."

John Donne wrote: "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send (ask) to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." Lindsey Champion may never know that he indirectly caused me to have such wonderful memories from living in the old house. Had he lived, I would have thanked him and I would have become his friend.

*Read other stories by John F. Hall at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>

Boyd Lindsey Champion Obt.

b. 13 April 1952, Hopkinsville, Christian Co., KY –d. 26 October 2014, Cadiz, Trigg Co., KY, md **Joy Madolen (Allen) Champion**, b. 6 May 1954, Trigg Co., KY –d. 26 October 2014, Cadiz, Trigg Co., KY, d/o **John H. Allen** (1920-1995) & **Madolen Downs** (1924-1967). Boyd Lindsey Champion, s/o **Boyd Champion** (1923-2002) & **Doris Ruth Tomney** (1922-1998).

In the early afternoon of Sunday, 26 Oct 2014, a horrific event occurred in the Champion home. This story has been all over the news and in the newspapers. I do not want to take away from any story that was reported or printed, but I want to summarize the entire event that I have followed closely.

It was first reported that Vito Riservato murdered the Champion family that he apparently just met the night, or week before depending on what story you believed.

The only survivor, Ryan Champion, who was tied up according to the first story, "turned the tables" on Vito and got away unharmed. Ryan posted from Trigg County Hospital that he was ok and would be in the hospital for a while, but he was released without injury.

Ryan then did so many interviews and showed no emotion. He changed the story about him being tied up and then it was that Vito burst into the home and opened fire.

On Oct 28, Vito's roommate stated in an interview that Vito had stated that "somebody told him that he would pay him a certain amount of money, like an extreme amount of money to kill somebody." But she didn't believe that he was capable of this crime. New Channel 4 WSMV source.

On Oct 29 the Kentucky State Police released that the 4 victims died of multiple gun shot wounds.

The Cadiz Record also interviewed and released this on 29 Oct: Ryan stated, "he said he understands how his calmness might be unnerving to some people, but he said it's a conscious effort on his part to stay composed – for the benefit of remaining family members and as a tribute to his father."

There were no new details released on 30 Oct 2014. It was too quiet.

On 31 Oct 2014, Ryan Champion was arrested and charged with 4 counts of capital murder and one count of capital kidnapping.

12 Nov 2014, Ryan Champion's charges were changed to three counts complicity to murder, one count of

murder and one count of complicity to kidnapping. It is now believed that Ryan Champion and Vito Riservato were working together to kill the family. No motive has been released, but the prosecutor is confident they know Ryan's motive. Champion is set to be arraigned on his new charges on 10 Dec 2014.



On January 27, 2017 Ryan Champion, the adopted son of Lindsey and Joy Champion, was sentenced to four terms of life without parole. He is serving this time at Eastern Kentucky Correctional Complex. This sentence followed his guilty plea from December 2016.

Rest in peace. Justice for the Champion Family.

Written by: Brandy Wells Murray

Goodwin Funeral Home obit:

Boyd Lindsey Champion, age 62, of Cadiz, KY, passed away Sunday, October 26, 2014, along with his wife, Joy & daughter, Emily at their home in Cadiz, KY.

Mr. Champion was a 1970 graduate of Trigg Co. High School and a 1974 graduate of Western Kentucky University with a degree in mathematics & business finance. He retired as director of the local Farm Credit Services office in Hopkinsville, KY after 38 years serving the agriculture needs of local farmers in the surrounding counties. Lindsey was awarded the Friend of Agriculture Award at the annual Trigg County Agricultural appreciation dinner in 2013.

He was a member of the Cadiz Church of Christ where he served the church as an Elder, lay speaker & Sunday School teacher. Lindsey was a former board member on the Trigg Co. Board of Education. He was a member of the Trigg Co. Cattlemen's Association & local motorcycle riding club that he & his fellow riders affectionally call the "Ben-Gay Club".

He is survived by: One Son; One Sister; One Brother; Sister-In-Law & Brothers-In-Law; Nieces & Nephews

He was preceded in death by: Parents- Boyd & Doris Tomney Champion, Infant Son- Austin Champion, Father-In-Law & Mother-In-Law- John H. "Happy" Allen, Sr. & Madolen Downs Allen.

Arrangements are being handled by Goodwin Funeral Home, Inc. in Cadiz, KY. The family will receive friends from 4:00 PM to 8:00 PM Saturday, November 1, 2014 at the Trigg County High School Gymnasium.

A Joint Funeral Service will be held for Lindsey, Joy & Emily Champion at Trigg County High School Gymnasium at 1:00 PM Sunday, November 2, 2014 with the Brother Randall Evans, Brother Paul Cannon, Larry Kemp & Nathan Butler officiating. A visitation will also be held before the funeral service, Sunday, from 7:00 AM until the time of the service.

Burial will follow at Lawrence Cemetery in Trigg Co., KY.

Memorial Contributions can be made to: Cadiz Church of Christ, 2000 Main Street, Cadiz, KY 42211 or the TCHS class of 2001 Champion Scholarship Fund, C/O-Bank of Cadiz, PO Box 2020, Cadiz, KY 42211.

Joy Madolen (Allen) Champion Obit.

Goodwin Funeral Home obit:

Joy Allen Champion, age 60, of Cadiz, KY, passed away Sunday, October 26, 2014, along with her

husband, Lindsey & daughter, Emily at their home in Cadiz, KY.

Mrs. Champion was a 1972 graduate of Trigg Co. High School and a 1976 graduate of Murray State University with a degree in elementary education. She taught at Trigg Co. Elementary School for over 30 years and was honored as Educator of the Year by the Cadiz-Trigg County Chamber of Commerce in 2008.

She was a member of the Cadiz Church of Christ where she had taught Sunday School. Joy was also a member of the Trigg Co. Riding Club.

She is survived by: One Son; Sister & Brother-In-Law; One Brother; Sister-In-Law; Brother-In-Law; Nieces & Nephews;

She was preceded in death by: Parents-John H. "Happy" & Madolen Downs Allen, Infant Son- Austin Champion, Father-In-Law & Mother-In-Law-Boyd & Doris Tomney Champion.

Arrangements are being handled by Goodwin Funeral Home, Inc. in Cadiz, KY. The family will receive friends from 4:00 PM to 8:00 PM Saturday, November 1, 2014 at the Trigg County High School Gymnasium. A Joint Funeral Service will be held for Lindsey, Joy & Emily Champion at Trigg County High School Gymnasium at 1:00 PM Sunday, November 2, 2014 with the Brother Randall Evans, Brother Paul Cannon, Larry Kemp & Nathan Butler officiating. A visitation will also be held before the funeral service, Sunday, from 7:00 AM until the time of the service. Burial will follow at Lawrence Cemetery in Trigg Co., KY.

Memorial Contributions can be made to: Cadiz Church of Christ, 2000 Main Street, Cadiz, KY 42211 or the TCHS class of 2001 Champion Scholarship Fund, C/O-Bank of Cadiz, PO Box 2020, Cadiz, KY 42211.

Dr. Emily Kathryn Champion Obt.

Goodwin Funeral Home obit:

Dr. Emily Kathryn Champion, DVM, age 31, of Cadiz, KY, passed away Sunday, October 26, 2014, along with her parents, Lindsey & Joy at their home in Cadiz, KY.

Dr. Emily Champion was a 2001 graduate of Trigg Co. High School and a 2008 graduate of Auburn University with a Doctorate degree in Veterinary Medicine. She practiced veterinary medicine with a specialty in equine care where she had worked at Baronne Veterinary Clinic, located in Sunset, Louisiana, a equine medical and surgical facility that offered call services to local farms, training centers, and racetracks and had recently accepted a position at a neighboring veterinary clinic in Louisiana.

She was a member of the Cadiz Church of Christ. She is survived by: One Brother; Aunts & Uncles; Boyfriend & Canine Companion- Skylar.

She was preceded in death by: Infant Brother- Austin Champion, Paternal Grandparents- Boyd & Doris Tomney Champion & Maternal Grandparents- John H. "Happy" Allen, Sr. & Madolen Downs Allen.

Arrangements are being handled by Goodwin Funeral Home, Inc. in Cadiz, KY. The family will receive friends from 4:00 PM to 8:00 PM Saturday, November 1, 2014 at the Trigg County High School Gymnasium. A Joint Funeral Service will be held for Lindsey, Joy & Emily Champion at Trigg County High School Gymnasium at 1:00 PM Sunday, November 2, 2014 with the Brother Randall Evans, Brother Paul Cannon, Larry Kemp & Nathan Butler officiating. A visitation will also be held before the funeral service, Sunday, from 7:00 AM until the time of the service.

Burial will follow at Lawrence Cemetery in Trigg Co., KY.

Memorial Contributions can be made to: TCHS class of 2001 Champion Scholarship Fund, C/O-Bank of Cadiz, PO Box 2020, Cadiz, KY 42211 or the Emily Champion Memorial Scholarship, Auburn University College of Veterinary Medicine, c/o Diana Turner, 104 Green Hall Auburn, Alabama, 36849.

Vito Yi Riservato

b. 5 July 1992, Las Vegas, Clark Co., NV – d. 26 October 2014, Cadiz, Trigg Co., KY, s/o **Vito Riservato & Hui Yi.**

Cremated, Ashes given to a family or friend.

Kentucky New Era obit posted 28 Oct 2014 reads as follows:

Vito Yi Riservato, 22, LaFayette Road, died Sunday, Oct. 26, 2014, of injuries suffered in a shooting in Cadiz.

The body is being cremated. There will be no visitation. A memorial service will be at a later date.

Lamb Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

A native of Las Vegas, he was born July 5, 1992, the son of Hui Yi, Hopkinsville, and the late Vito Riservato.

In addition to his mother, his wife, Rebecca Kuser, Bardstown, and a son, Adrian Alexander Riservato, Hopkinsville, survive.