Dear Editor:

Holding a BA in communications, I understand the drive of the media and the frenzy of people that feed off of it. But on Oct. 2 that drive and frenzy for the news ripped my heart out. For once, the news became REAL for me -- that was my family! My loved ones! And simply stating the facts didn't leave an accurate description of my loved ones.

My 8-year-old daughter summed my feelings up perfectly when she cried out: "Don't they know that is MY Nana and Big Dad?" So, I want to share with you OUR Nana and Big Dad.

Debra Miller was a daughter, a wife, a mother, a grandmother and my mother in law. Of all these titles, she bragged the most about being a Nana to the 'world's best grandchildren.' Nana was a funny, amazing, brilliant, and loyal woman. She was a Southern lady by birth and proud of her heritage. She loved her family immensely -- her husband of 38 years and high school sweetheart, her children and her grandchildren.

She was my best friend, my confidante, my support, my admiration and my inspiration. She taught me so much and those are the things I choose to remember.

And the circumstances involving her last moments on earth are troubling, but she would be horrified at being remembered as "the woman that died on M St., in the big pink house."

Debra Miller adored her husband and he adored his wife. In the 40 years they were together, he had never struck her or been violent. This man would sleep beside her on the floor if she was sick on the couch. They spent each evening together discussing the day's events. They were a very affectionate and devoted couple that had spent years nurturing and fueling their love for each other. He would do anything to make her happy.

My daughters describe their Big Dad as "the grandfather of awesomeness." He loved his wife. He loves his children and adores his grandchildren.

The events that transpired at 1003 M St. on Oct. 1 are very unsettling and so uncharacteristic of this family, that it leaves a raw spot in my heart. I am not offering any answers to what happened that night, but what I am asking is that before making harsh judgements and accusations, please consider how we feel.

Please do not define a man based on one night compared to all the other nights he spent with his wife. We are all devastated with the passing of our wife, mother and grandmother, and we loved her deeply.

Jennifer Miller
Pleasant View, Tenn.