



Calie Books With a Focus on Domestic and Dating Abuse; It could happen anywhere, anytime, to anyone!

**We wish you could have known our Margie.
Margaret (Margie) E. Bostrom, Ph.D. 11/06/64-08-16-96**

We wish you could have known our Margie—could have known what type of daughter, sister, and aunt Margie was and how she touched the lives of those who knew her well. She was the youngest of three sisters; a happy toddler with big brown eyes that were often full of innocent mischief. As a teenager, she was shy but knew what she wanted to do with her life—so she studied hard. Margie enjoyed spending time with her family no matter what we were doing; camping, riding horses, watching cartoons, or shopping, but she really loved being together for Christmas. These visits became even more cherished when her sister Ruth's children, Abby and Jacob, were born. Being Aunt Margie was special. Margie was always an animal lover, but as an adult she had her very own golden retriever, Calie, and a tabby cat named Sebastian.

We wish you could have known Margaret, the dedicated and determined student working to earn her Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology, as one of her professors did, "She was so unassuming and modest about her own accomplishments and abilities, which contrast markedly with her actual level of clinical competence." or the one that wrote, "Margaret, you are so beautiful—inside and out...You are showing yourself that there is so much inside of you. So much that is wise."

We wish you could have known Margaret, the care giver, the way her co-worker at Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary did. "I often had the opportunity to walk in with her. Seeing her smile was a great way to begin the day." At her funeral, the same man told us, "She chose to be a care giver, which is a rare commodity in today's world. She didn't walk away from the problems of our society. She worked to be part of the solution. Now she is gone, and we have all lost." Margie was thirty-one years old and had been a psychologist at the penitentiary for ten months when she was murdered.

We wish we all could have known Margie at forty, fifty and sixty. Could have known what direction her career would have taken. Shared her joy when she became a mother. Had her to depend on as we grew older.

Mitch, her estranged husband, took all that away from us when he waited for her to finish taking a shower, then stabbed her 16 times in the chest with a butcher knife. If he couldn't have her, no one would. He took ultimate control of her—her right to live. Denied us all the pleasure of her presence. Then he blamed her—she made him do it.

After Margie became a victim of intimate partner homicide, we, her parents, needed a reason to go on living and a way to keep her memory alive. We decided that warning others about domestic violence would honor her and continue her work as a care giver. We give PowerPoint presentations weaving our story and research together. Her mother has also written a book entitled "Funny—He Doesn't Look Like a Murderer, But Margie is Dead." We hope to keep other families from having a similar experience. If we prevent one intimate partner homicide, Margie's death will have meaning.

Mitch tried to ruin Margie's reputation with his lies, but he can never destroy our memory of our beautiful, loving daughter, sister, aunt, friend, or co-worker. To quote an epitaph on a Vermont gravestone: "To live in the hearts of those left behind is not to die." Margie lives.

