



Real Estate Inventory Blowout Sale
One Day Only 12/30/07 1-4pm
Denise Swick - Performance Outsell's Promises



Dayton Daily News
www.daytondailynews.com

 PRINT THIS

Tom Archdeacon: GI who died in crash bequeaths scholarship funds to Fairmont

By [Tom Archdeacon](#)

Staff Writer

Sunday, October 21, 2007

They had just stepped out of the front door of their Kettering home — on their way to Ohio State's game with Northwestern late last month — when David discovered that, rather than the car keys, he'd picked up those for his truck.

As her husband walked back into the house, Linda McNamara's cell phone rang.

It was Rachel Litteral, the fiancée of her 23-year-old son, Jamie.

Linda figured she'd hear from Jamie later in the day — he was a diehard Buckeyes fan — but this was a pleasant surprise.

As soon as she had finished with her classes at Capital University the day before, Rachel had driven to Fort Campbell, Ky., to see her soldier beau, who was being sent to Iraq in five days.

"Hey Rachel," Linda bubbled.

She was greeted by several seconds of silence, then a muffled conversation she couldn't quite make out.

"Mom, she doesn't know," Rachel, her hand over the receiver, whispered to her own mother. "I can't tell her."

That's when her mom got on the phone and gave Linda the devastating news.

About that time, David returned from his key exchange, saw his stricken wife and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Jamie's dead," Linda sobbed. "Jamie's dead!"

Football, track at Fairmont

Spc. James "Jamie" Lockwood loved sports, although he wasn't a star. Far from it.

He played football with the Miamisburg Wee Vikes when he lived with his dad. After he came back to live with his mom and stepdad, he played freshman football at Fairmont High and was part of the Firebirds track team his

final three years of school.

His biggest football memory was playing against Centerville's A.J. Hawk, now a Green Bay Packers star. Jamie followed the linebacker's career religiously and had gone to great lengths — while stationed in Hawaii he'd shipped a Hawk jersey to Columbus — just to get A.J.'s autograph.

As for her son's track exploits, Linda chuckled:

"He tried to do a lot of stuff — his best event was the long jump — but, truthfully, he was really crappy at it and he knew it. But he just had so much fun being part of it."

College plans, then Army enlistment

After high school, Jamie flirted with joining the Army, even though he had asthma, then opted for college. He made a couple of attempts at Sinclair and in Missouri — where Linda said he spent more of his time "partying and sleeping" — and he ended up working some temporary jobs.

Early in 2005, Linda and David were on a trip to the Dominican Republic when she got an e-mail from Jamie that read:

"Mom, I'm in the Army."

After basic training at Fort Knox, he went to Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, then Fort Campbell, where he awaited his Iraq deployment.

"He was really proud he was serving his country," Linda said. "The first day he was home on leave, he was still in uniform when he went to visit one of my friends who teaches fifth grade at Indian Riffle. I waited in the car for him just to run in, but he ended up speaking to the kids for an hour.

"Around home, he went and talked to all the neighbors, just to see how they were doing and let them know he was OK.

"From the time he was little, Jamie was always looking out for someone else. In some ways, he was beyond his years. Our next-door neighbors called him 'an old soul.'

"What I really remember, though, is the Dayton Dragons game we went to. When they brought the colors out for the national anthem, he stood and saluted the whole time. ..."

Linda's smile melted, her voiced cracked and she began to sob:

"It was like, 'What did I do right?' "

Linda said Jamie was going to make the Army his career. About the only thing he loved more was Rachel.

In fact, that very Saturday she made that numbing call to Linda, Rachel had planned to go to Nashville with Jamie to pick out the stones for her engagement ring.

A fatal crash on the way back from dinner

The night before, Jamie and Rachel, along with her mom and brother — who had stopped by Fort Campbell on a return trip from Florida to their home in Grove City — had gone out to dinner.

Jamie called Linda — told her about the possibilities of a beach wedding — then said goodbye with an "I love you, Mom."

Linda smiled at the memory: "That was Jamie. Every single morning I got a hug, same as whenever he left the house or went to bed at night. And he never hung up the phone without saying he loved me."

After talking to his mom, Jamie took Rachel to a late movie — "Resident Evil: Extinction" — and soon after headed back to the base in his 1987 Ford Mustang. At the same time, another soldier, James Logsdon, was coming down Tiny Town Road from the other direction in a Jeep Grand Cherokee.

"He told the officers he'd been at home and had five or six beers and a few shots of whiskey," Linda said quietly. "Apparently he fell asleep or passed out. He said he doesn't remember the accident."

Rachel does, and so does another soldier who was driving behind Jamie.

"They said (Logsdon) drifted into oncoming traffic and must have woke up just before hit Jamie," Linda said. "You could see where he hit their brakes. But he corrected to the left instead of the right and slammed straight into Jamie's door."

Spc. James "Jamie" Lockwood, B Troop, 1-33 Cavalry, 3rd Brigade Combat Team, 187th Infantry Regiment, died at the scene.

Rachel was treated at a nearby hospital for scrapes and bruises and released. Logsdon suffered head trauma and was sent to a Nashville hospital. According to the arrest warrant, he smelled of alcohol and admitted to officers he'd been drinking. He's been charged with vehicular homicide.

Although the accident happened around 11:30 p.m. Linda knew nothing of it — she said the Army never called — until Rachel rang her cell phone the next morning.

Memories at home, a legacy at school

A sign from Fairmont High — "Home of Firebird James Lockwood: Football and Track" — stands in the front yard of the McNamara's house on Sagamon Avenue.

Fastened to the railing of the tree-shaded front porch is a large red military insignia displaying the cavalry's crossed sabers and his Army unit's crest.

When you step through the front door, you see Jamie's army uniform hanging on a nearby closet door. His polished boots are on the floor beneath it. His cavalry Stetson sets on a shelf.

In the living room are two large poster boards filled with scores of snapshots of Jamie:

Photos from pee wee football and his track meets. Posed shots from some of his junior high and high school dates and always the girl stands taller than he. And there's one that shows off his tattoos as he grins shirtless in Hawaii.

As Linda tearfully explains the photos, you see her son's dog tags are around her neck. Pinned to her blouse is a gold star — signifying a military death in the family.

Asked how she copes, she grew quiet, thought about how candid she would be, then said:

"Come with me ... he's right in here."

She walked into the next room and nodded toward the wooden box setting atop the mantle. An ornate Hawaiian lei was draped over it and inside were Jamie's cremated remains.

And yet, there's far more of Jamie left than that.

Promise rises up phoenix-like from those ashes for Fairmont athletes who follow in his ordinary but oh-so-grand

footsteps.

When he was in Hawaii — knowing he soon would be in Iraq — he had increased his life insurance to the maximum, then given his mother a detailed list of what he wanted done should he die.

Some of it would be given to his family, but he also wanted \$50,000 to go to Fairmont High so it could be doled out in annual \$5,000 scholarships.

"He wanted to help out a track athlete who wasn't a standout, who wasn't a star in the classroom, either, and had no chance of earning any kind of scholarship," Linda said. "His only stipulation was that the person really showed a love for his sport."

Linda's eyes watered and she finally whispered:

"That's Jamie. That fits him to a T."

She was talking of the kind of athlete and student he'd been in high school, but the gift also underscored the kind of person he'd shown himself to be throughout his life.

Perhaps Fairmont Athletics Director Rick Roberston put it best:

"He gave to Fairmont High when he went here, gave to his country after that and now he's giving back here again.

"To me, that's just a great kid."

Contact this reporter at (937) 225-2156 or tarchdeacon@DaytonDailyNews.com.

Find this article at:

<http://www.daytondailynews.com/n/content/oh/story/news/local/2007/10/20/ddn102107arch.html>

Check the box to include the list of links referenced in the article.



WE KEEP YOU UP-TO-DATE