



The Compassionate Friends of Northwest Houston Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Welcome to The Compassionate Friends. We are sorry for the reason you are here, but are glad that you found us. You Need Not Walk Alone, we are The Compassionate Friends.

APRIL 2026

HOUSTON NORTHWEST CHAPTER

www.houstonnorthwesttcf.org

**We meet the second Tuesday of each month at 7:00pm. Our next meeting is
April 14, 2026
at**

**Trinity Lutheran Church
Family Life Center #116
5201 Spring Cypress Rd.
Spring, TX 77379**

The Church is located on the corner of Spring Cypress Road and Klein Church Road. Please enter off Spring Cypress Road. The meetings are held in the Family Life Center, Room #116

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THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS MISSION STATEMENT

When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family.

To the Newly Bereaved

As the years pass, we see new members come into the chapter, and we try to help them with their grief as we progress in our own. Over and over again, I have seen newly bereaved parents come to their first meeting totally devastated and convinced that their lives are over. Through the months (and years) I have seen them struggle and suffer and try to find meaning in their lives again. And they do! Through all the anger, pain and tears, somehow the human spirit is able to survive and flower again in a new life – perhaps a changed life and possibly a sadder one, but a stronger one nevertheless.

We feel so weak and crushed when our beloved children die, but I know because I have seen it countless times in the years I've been involved with The Compassionate Friends that we can make it together. When you walked through the door for the first meeting, you were frightened and nervous; but with that step you made a statement about your life. With that first step through the door, you said you wanted to try, you wanted to find a reason for living again, that you weren't willing to be swallowed by your grief. You wanted to go forward, and those first steps into The Compassionate Friends began your journey.

The journey will be a long one, for you loved your child with all your heart and soul. When that child died, a part of you was ripped away. It takes a long time to repair that large hole. The journey will not always be steady or constant; there will be many setbacks. Those of us who have taken the journey before you can assure you that, while there may be no rainbow at the other end, there is indeed "light at the end of the tunnel."

We want to help you as we were helped, but in the beginning and in the long run, you must help yourself. You have to want to get better, to talk about your loss, to struggle through the grief. We will listen, suggest, share and laugh and cry with you; and we hope, at this time next year, you'll be several steps along in your personal journey through grief. Then you can begin to help others.



Our Children, Siblings, and Grandchildren Remembered

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

- 1980-Gregory Lynn Meier, Son of Gary Meier**
- 1983- Justin Fletcher, Son of Karen Fletcher**
- 1985- Chance Williams Son of Lynn Williams**
- 1987- Ryan Matthews, Son of Frances Matthews**
- 1990- Derek Ford, Son of Jackie Ford**
- 1988- Stephen Cage, Son of Melanie Cage**
- 2005- Sanai Caden Johnson, Daughter of Octavia Johnson**
- 2012- Hamzah Zubair, Son of Farah Zubair**
- 1979- Tracey, Daughter of Anita Sutphin**
- 1988- Travis George, Son of Kathy George**
- 1990- Kayanna, Daughter of Shari Lancaster**
- 1991- Iman Had, Daughter of Naila Qureshi**
- 1982- Joshua Hucklebridge, Son of Elaine White**
- 2010- Zy'Air Stovall, Son of Jerome & Dora Stovall**
- 1983- Crystal Garza, Daughter of Marta Garza**
- 1982- Tiffany Driscoll, Daughter of Dan & Cindy Driscoll**
- 2014 - Giavanna Calista, Daughter of Nicole Kelley**
- 2014 - Korie Joiner, Daughter of Julie Joiner**
- 1989 - Lindie, Daughter of Beth Shelton**
- 1994 - Hunter Smith, Son of Lee Smith**
- 1995 - Brandon LaFavre, Son of Teresa Kobs**
- 1994 - Ryan Francis, Son of Greg and Anne Francis**
- 1991 - Bonnie, Daughter of Eve Baszkiewicz**
- 1992 - Brittany, Daughter of Kimberly Swan**
- 1989 - Christopher, Son of Margie Caswell**
- 1982 - Stephen Offenburger, Son of Mary Raub**
- 2004 – Morgan Ascencios, Son of Lisa Ascencios**
- 2005 – Gavin, Son of Matt and Jen Shaanty**
- 2003 – Elijah Edwards, Son of Chris Edwards**
- 1978 - Jennifer Lynn Byers, Daughter of Robert & Patricia Byers**



APRIL ANGEL DATES

- 2005 - Chance Williams, Son of Lynn Williams
- 2008- Samantha Dawn Quesada, Daughter of Albert & Dawn Quesada
- 2009- Sandra ReNae Southerland, Daughter of Vivian Southerland
- 1993- Karen Crawford, Daughter of Kim Crawford
- 2010- Keegan Dade Coggon, Son of Kellie & Gavin Coggon
- 2007- Andrew Rininger, Son of Philip & Ellen Rininger
- 2009- Nicole Berrow, Daughter of Rosie Berrow
- 2009- Anthony R. Boras, Son of Walter A. Boras
- 2005- Dillon R. Howland, Jr., Son of Rachel Howland
- 2010- Alex Flood, Son of John & Alice Flood
- 2009- Matthew Peterson, Son of Sharon Peterson
- 2009- Bryan Belveal, Son of Linda Belveal
- 2006- Michael Beshara, Son of Mike & Elaine Beshara
- 2006- Shannon Stovall, Daughter of Charlie & Liz Stovall
- 2008- Eric Reiland, Son of Kimberly Crawford
- 2010- Staci Kendall, Daughter of Larry & Tami Kendall
- 2011- Iman Had, Daughter of Naila Qureshi
- 2012- Samual Johnson, Son of Tim Johnson
- 2012- Lauren Ovelgonne Tenney, Daughter of Steve & Carol Ovelgonne
- 2012- Tracey, Daughter of Anita Sutphin
- 2011 - Justin McHan, Son of Ronnie & Linda McHan
- 2014 - Angel Joseph Vasquez, Son of Mary Vasquez
- 2014 - Kyla, Daughter of Ron O'Farrell and Monica Reynolds
- 2013 - Wolfgang Jones, Son of Phillip Jones
- 2016 - Radley Moon, Son of Melissa and Daniel
- 2021 - Dylan Guy, Son of Gavin & Rachel Wheeler
- 2021 - Parker , Son of Tim & Amy Coogan
- 2022 - Jonathan Boyd Chapa, Son of Jessica Chapa
- 2021 - Jacob Hamburg, Son of Faith Hamburg
- 2010 – Melissa Zingelmann, Daughter of Cindy Zingelmann
- 2024 – Andrew Madden, Son of Margaret Madden
- 2025 - Elijah Edwards, Son of Chris Edwards

CHAPTER NEWS

Our next meeting is Tuesday, April 14th. at 7pm.

A Warm Welcome to Our New Members - We're Glad You Found Us

We offer our warmest welcome to our new member, **Lisa Fifield, lost her Son Triston in 2023; Robert and Patricia Byers, lost their Daughter Jennifer in 2025.** If you have walked through the door to a TCF meeting, we understand how traumatic and difficult that is to do...we have all taken that step and reach out to you in friendship and support.

If you have recently attended your first meeting, you may have left feeling overwhelmed and emotionally drained. With the heavy load of grief you are carrying, you may feel that you cannot bear to hear about all the pain shared in meetings. Consequently, you may have decided not to return.

These feelings are common to all our members, many of whom resolved not to expose themselves to such anguish again, but were drawn back by the knowledge that they were among those who "know how you feel".

Please give us at least three tries before you decide if these meetings are for you.

We hope you will find our meetings and newsletters to be a source of comfort, a place where tears are allowed, no judgments are made and the support which will help you travel this journey of grief, and we can once again find hope and meaning in our lives.

Mother's Day Special Remembrance

Mother's Day is next month, please consider submitting a short story about your child for our newsletter. Tell us about your child's life, his/her hobbies, the school they went to or where they worked, did they have siblings, or anything you would like to have us put in the newsletter. Include a picture of your child. Or you may consider sharing your grief journey so newly bereaved parents will know there is hope after the darkness. Email your articles to me at llbrewer67@hotmail.com.

TCF NATIONAL CONFERENCE July 2-5, 2026 in Baltimore, MD



Conference Registration Rates:

Adult Registration ~~\$320~~ early bird registration rate \$285

(early bird registration rate ends May 20th at midnight, EDT)

Active Military/Student Registration ~~\$245~~ early bird registration rate \$210

(early bird registration rate ends May 20th at midnight, EDT)

Child Registration (6-17 years old) ~~\$200~~ early bird registration rate \$165

(early bird registration rate ends May 20th at midnight, EDT)

Hotel Reservations

This year's conference will be held at the Hilton Baltimore Inner Harbor. Reservations can now be made online at TCF's dedicated [reservation link](#). Our discounted room rate with the Hilton is \$189 per night (*reg. \$334+/night*) plus applicable taxes and fees. Please note that each attendee can reserve a maximum of two rooms. Many attendees arrive on Thursday since the conference begins early on Friday morning. We also have pre-conference activities that are offered on Thursday evening, that attendees find beneficial. We look forward to seeing you in Baltimore!



Inside These Walls: TCF National Conference (Arlington/Washington, D.C. 2001)

Outside my window,
the rush of life goes on.
Airplanes glide effortlessly on the runway,
Pyrotechnic stars of red, white and blue
blaze over the Potomac.
The Capitol dome beams on the horizon.
Yes, outside my window
life roars on for those untouched,
unaware of the sadness looming
inside these walls.

Inside these walls,
where parents at times catatonically walk,

their lives tainted by the sting of death.
Mothers, hollow eyes etched with sorrow.
Fathers, whose shoulders' quake
attempting to stifle their choking sobs.
Brothers and sisters, looking for answers to their emptiness.
Grandparents, questioning the broken chain,
"Why them and not me?"

Yet, inside these walls,
lies a protective and supportive cocoon,
part of "The Club" we'd prayed never to belong,
where others share our grief and loss,
for they also have been there.
They say, "I know how you feel" and truly do.
Always ready with a reassuring hug
given by a stranger,
yet not a stranger,
for they too have walked in our shoes.

Inside these walls, our children are remembered
as paramount in our lives, as they are and should be.
And I will return to these walls
year after year,
taking my precious child with me,
as I reach out to those,
here for the first time,
inside these walls...

The above were my observations looking out my hotel window toward Washington, D.C. while attending the TCF National Conference in Arlington on the 4th of July, 2001. Little did I know that in barely over two months the "pyrotechnics" I spoke of would not be the fireworks I observed that rainy 4th of July evening, but the fire in the sky after a hijacked plane slammed into the Pentagon. What was written innocently back then took on new meaning after September 11th; that fateful day thousands around the country would also become members of "The Club" as well.

I have attended the past three National Conferences, first in Portland, then Chicago, and the above last summer. I have met many bereaved parents from all around the country, who, like I, have experienced some incredible "happenings" while there. For example, in Portland, in the Reflecting Room, a quiet place away from the crowds, parents can spend time to peacefully reflect on their child. In this room, a recorded voice continually spoke the names of the children whose parents were present at the conference. There were approximately 900 names said repeatedly over that weekend. Somewhere near the end of the first day, I decided to stop there, feeling a need for quiet time. Just as I entered the room, the very first name I heard spoken was "Nina Westmoreland"! I remember gasping...I just couldn't believe that at that exact moment, when I decided to walk into that room, of the 900 names being read, my daughter's name was said! After I regained my composure, I thought about what had just happened. Previously, I had questioned whether I should have made that trip at all. After all, it was the first trip I had taken since Nina died and I felt apprehensive (it was on that trip that my Nina died) and even guilty about it. But because of what had just happened, I felt that she was making her presence known to me; to tell me that even though I could not see her, she was very

much with me in spirit and glad that I had made the trip to the TCF National Conference that year.

Another happening in Portland was told to me by a lady from New York, who has become a friend. She and her husband were on a plane seated next to a small baby who was fussing. She didn't really like plane rides as it was and also questioned why she had chosen to come all this way. She even thought about going right back home. The mother of the child asked my friend if she would mind holding her baby for a minute while she went to the restroom. Not wanting to be rude, she agreed. The baby smiled up at her. She then asked her mother what the baby's name was, to which the mother replied, "Julia." My friend could not believe her ears...Julia was also the name of her daughter who died! From that moment, she felt that her own daughter, Julia, was telling her she was doing exactly what she should be and brought a sense of peace to the rest of the trip.

I would urge anyone who is able to attend one of the National or Regional TCF Conferences. Even though you may not experience a "happening" as those mentioned above, you will derive much benefit from the many workshops, the inspirational speakers, and, more than anything, being around others who "have walked in our shoes." It is always difficult for me to leave that protective cocoon. There, I didn't have to explain my tears. I could speak of my daughter and others would listen. I felt safe; I felt understood. I promise to keep you apprised of upcoming conferences so that maybe someday you too might experience the peace and acceptance of being "inside these walls."

With gentle thoughts,

Cathy L. Seehuetter
TCF St. Paul, MN
In Memory of my daughter, Nina



Self Help

For many of us, the monthly meeting of our Compassionate Friends Group is the only real healing time we give to ourselves. Helping ourselves on a daily basis is critical to our journey in the grieving process.

Many of us find solace in books. Others find it in movies, music, time with friends, meditation or intense spiritual conviction. Each day we should take some time to center ourselves, to find a place of peace.

If you haven't already done so, start with a quiet time of reflection and search your soul for the key to your own solace. There will still be bad, even terrible, days. The effort to help ourselves begins with knowing ourselves and finding the unique activity that soothes our broken hearts for just a little while.

Annette Mennen Baldwin
In memory of my son, Todd Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX

Newly Bereaved . . . Time will ease the hurt

The sadness of the present days is locked and set in time, and moving to the future is a slow and painful climb.

But all the feelings that are now so vivid and so real can't hold their fresh intensity as time begins to heal.

No wound so deep will ever go away, yet every hurt becomes a little less from day to day.

Nothing can erase the painful imprints on your mind; but there are softer memories that time, will let you find.

Though your heart won't let the sadness simply slide away, the echoes will diminish even though the memories stay.

Bruce Wilmer

TCF/NJ newsletter



Healing and Hope

For a long time after the death of a child, bereaved parents are convinced that healing will never occur, and that the loneliness, anger, guilt and despair, which control life so completely, will never change. This feeling is so strong that when others try to reassure the grieving one, the response is usually, "It's different with me! You don't understand!" This is the "normal" response to what is probably the most severe stress a human will ever face.

Fortunately, there are compassionate friends who once felt this same way who have learned that, out of this morass of loneliness, anger, guilt and despair, there finally arises a ray of hope. Though small and fleeting at first, this hope becomes the light which leads the wounded parents through the dark valley and into acceptance of their child's death. And this healing will occur even though there is still no understanding of "Why?"

It is by working through our guilt (both real and imagined), facing our anger including anger at God and even at the dead child, crying our way through our despair (with carefully chosen professional help if necessary), that the loneliness will lessen, and hope will be seen as surviving when it was thought gone forever. Each one must use one's spiritual beliefs in his or her own way to assist in this process.

Full recovery—in the sense that the effects of grief will finally disappear never to return—return not occur, although the term "recovery" is used. I prefer the term "healing," a process whereby our lives come to a new "normal." Healing implies (a) our accepting the

unacceptable (the death of our child), and (b) our slowly learning to resume productive relationships with others. This is done all while we continue to love and miss the dead child.

Since we still love the children who have died, we will still experience grief, but it will no longer control our lives. Just as we cannot stop the flashbacks which occur so suddenly and unexpectedly during grief, neither can we prevent healing from occurring. We may slow the process by failing to do our grief work, but we cannot stop it!! One of the greatest hindrances to our healing is the fear that our dead children will be forgotten. We will not forget them, nor will they be forgotten by others, even though we may not realize it at the time! Perhaps the greatest obstacle to healing is the failure to forgive—ourselves, the dead child, others involved with the child's death, even God if we hold Him responsible. For only through forgiveness and forgiving are we truly able to handle our guilt and the anger that comes from the guilt we presume in others.

We enhance the healing process when we do our grief work, when we have gratitude for the time we had with our child, when we recall the happy times we experienced with our child (or during pregnancy, if that's all we had), and when we pick up the shattered pieces of our existence (as our child would want us to do), slowly resuming productive living.

No matter where you are in your journey toward healing, bolster the hope that arises within you. Your healing is probably the best memorial you may erect to your dead child!

Robert Gloor
TCF Tuscaloosa, AL



My April Child

When our daughters were growing up the arrival of springtime was a favorite time of the year, filled with anticipation of the coming of special days of family fun. The freshness of the air, the brilliant colors of spring time trees and flowers, and the song of the birds returned from their winter retreat resounded the message of hope and that life was good. We had survived another cold, snowy Michigan winter and were soon to be rewarded with blue sky, sunshine and temperatures well above freezing!

Birthdays in our family were a time of celebration together. Each year Larry, Anna, Debbie and I, and perhaps a friend or two, would celebrate Anna's April birthday by dining at her favorite Mexican restaurant. There would be lots of silliness and laughter. During her teenage years, Anna would always forewarn us not to have the staff come to our table to sing their crazy birthday song. Of course, since we always insisted that our role as parents was to embarrass our children, her threats and warnings could not stop our tomfoolery. I believe she secretly enjoyed the attention.

As Mother's Day approached, we looked forward again to spending the day together as a family. We would attend church, go out for my favorite brunch, have lots of conversation, fill our bellies to the max, laugh until we cried, be silly, make memories... That was before...

Then the unthinkable happened. My April child died. How could those special days of love and

togetherness, laughter and fun become among the most dreaded days a mother must face? How could those days that we had once anticipated with joy and excitement bring such unbelievable heartache and confusion, loneliness and tears?

During those first few years we were simply lost. This was new, undesired, and certainly not requested, territory that we had been forced to enter. What were we supposed to do? How were we supposed to act? I just wanted to run away on her birthday. For several years we did just that. With hearts filled with the numbness of fresh grief, our restructured family of three would hop in the car and head out-of-town. We would spend the day busying ourselves with whatever it took to survive. We would laugh half-heartedly, share memories, or cry together as we struggled to discover our new identity as a family without Anna's physical presence.

As always, only a few short weeks following Anna's birthday Mother's Day would arrive right on schedule. The traditions we had come to love and enjoy became intensely painful. It became an impossible task to attend church services or go out for brunch. Seeing families enjoying their togetherness pierced my heart with an endless ache. My tear-filled eyes burned at the thought of being surrounded by "intact" families. Feelings of anger and resentment overwhelmed my heart. On the inside I wanted to lash out at all those mothers and fathers who were surrounded by all of their children and those sisters and brothers who had no clue what it would be like to lose a sibling. As the day drew to a close I felt tremendous relief that it was over. Exhausted, I would lay silently with my head on my pillow as quiet tears lulled me to sleep.

It seems impossible that it has been nine birthdays and nine Mothers' Days since Anna died. In my heart it was only yesterday. I can still see her smile and hear her laugh. I can feel the warmth of a quick hug as she heads out the door. With each passing year comes a new reality of what it means to be a bereaved parent, of what it means to find a new normal for our lives. The pain continues to occasionally catch me off guard, but it is softer now. The tears still come, but less frequently. Warm memories bring joyful moments to the emptiness. I smile quietly to myself, reassured that Anna lives on in our hearts and lives, as well as in the hearts and lives of those around us. Once again each April we celebrate the day of her birth, for her life has been a gift of unimaginable joy. Our traditional Mother's day rituals have changed to new ones. There is more laughter now, fewer painful tears. I rejoice that I can celebrate that I am Debbie's Mom, and now Scott's mother-in-law, as well! Life is good.

The winter has been long and cold, as has been the winter of our grief. Springtime has arrived. The sunshine and blue sky, the purple crocus and yellow daffodils pushing through the warming earth bring hope of renewal and reassurance that life continues. Although there is an irreparable hole in my soul and an emptiness in my heart that will never leave, I am forever grateful that Anna lived with us for 23 years. I am eternally thankful that I am and I always will be Anna's Mom. May the warmth and brilliance of springtime fill your hearts with times of peace and hope and love.

Paula Funk
TCF Safe Harbor Chapter, MI
In loving memory of my daughter, Anna



The First Meeting

I first heard of The Compassionate Friends at the Grief and Grieving Seminar at Sacramento City College in 1989. I sat in the auditorium in the very last row, in the very last seat, sobbing, hoping to muffle the sounds by holding a bandana to my mouth.

My only child, Joe, 21, was killed on December 6, 1988 in a truck/auto accident at 11:49 a.m. (from the police report). He was coming back to work from lunch. A rock truck made a sudden left turn and my son, my best friend, was dead. Two minutes, that's all it took to find myself crying in the dark at Sac City. I wasn't ready to reach out yet, but I took the brochures home.

A year and a half later, I thought I was ready. I arrived at the church on H Street. I sat in my car, asking myself what I was doing here. Talking about Joe's death was so painful, even with friends who loved me. How could I talk about to death to strangers? And why should I? I stood by my car for two minutes and took a deep breath. I walked to an open door and announced to a dance class I was here for The Compassionate Friends meeting. Four couples turned around, the music stopped and so did I.

I finally found the right door and walked in and introduced myself to the woman by the guest book. She said the meeting was beginning for the "new" members and showed me to the room. Darlene Johnson was there, talking about the cards we were to fill out, with our names, the name of our child and/or children who had died and when they died. I looked at the blank card and lines erased themselves with my tears. My hand shook and I felt the familiar anxiety attack symptoms and I glanced across the table and my eyes were met with another pair of tear filled eyes. In that second-long time span, pain recognized pain and I felt kinship with him and my attack drifted away, not to claim me that night again.

I relaxed a little and listened to women and men communicating the loss and agony—and the fearful topsy-turvy roller coaster ride of emotions that battered us day and night. We shared our losses, if we chose to do so. When it was my turn, though, I said, "Pass." And it was fine—no questions, no pushing. And then we talked, cried, admitted to anger, confusion, outrage, sadness, depression and sobbing in public. I talked and I listened. I hugged and I let people give me a hug. The agony was real within us, but together we told it to step back a little that night. The meeting ending with our standing in a circle, holding each other's hands, a circle of courage, relief and strength.

I walked to my car and thought what a difference those four hours made. I found solace and relief. The Compassionate Friends meeting won't make the pain go away, but it is a place where you can honestly and truly believe when someone says, "I know how you feel." They mean it and their eyes prove it.

Janice Lopez
TCF Sacramento Valley Chapter, CA

One

It was only 1 second, *one* thought, *one* decision, *one* action in a lifetime of seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions. It was so fast, so permanent, so irreversible, so hopeless. This moment, this thought, this decision, this action do not define him, do not honor him, do not immortalize him. It is the preceding 946,080,000 seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions that define him, that honor him, that immortalize him.

I remember my brother in all of the other seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions that preceded this *one*. I remember him coming home from the hospital, lip synching in the basement, falling out of the tree, biking across campus, coming home from school, from boot

camp, from war... I remember him hiking, and skiing, and running, and laughing, and crying. I remember how safe I always felt when he was around. I knew he would take care, protect, defend.

I don't remember exactly when my brother became an amazing human being – I just looked at him one day and knew he was. I knew that nothing would make him change his mind about me. He was without judgment, without prejudice, without preconception. I knew my brother because we talked and he listened. I respected my brother most for his humanity – for being so sensitive, so vulnerable, so honest. I loved my brother for sharing the load when it was too hard for someone he loved to carry alone. I knew my brother because he left so much of him in me.

I trusted and respected my brother's decisions in the preceding 946,080,000 seconds, I have to trust and respect this *one* decision the same. I honor my brother by honoring myself. I do not dwell in that *one* moment, instead I celebrate and cherish all of the others. In that *1* second, *one* thought, *one* decision, *one* action, I found the strength he had given me and I will not let him down. I will not let that *one* moment be the only *one*.

Michele Mallory
September 2003

Shrines

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People have amassed shrines for years. In Prague there is a wall dedicated to John Lennon; flowers and photos adorn the gates of Princess Diana's home in London; an eternal flame shines for the unknown soldier; Shinto shrines celebrate wind, rain, mountains, trees and rivers; we bury our dead and mark the grave with a headstone...we want a marker of those things valuable and important to us. That is how we feel about our dead children; we don't want our children to be forgotten, we must remember them, others must remember them.

My son's boots are my shrine to him.

His boots are the only thing left from his accident. They sit there, worn but whole, and I see him, I think of him, I remember him, I love him. His boots do that for me...they create an instant recall of him, his person, his character, his life.

Don't tell me to put the boots away, don't tell me that it is unhealthy to hold on to things that recall his memory...it is the purpose of the shrine, and yes, I want to remember my son. I want you to remember my son. He had value. He had purpose. He was good and right...recall that gift every time you see his boots. Revel in his glory, laugh with him, smile with him, embrace his life and take him with you, his memory is valuable, he is valuable. Say his name.

Marian Lambeth
TCF Tallahassee, FL
In Memory of my son Wyatt Lambeth

Phone Friends

All of the people on the following list are bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings. They understand what you are going through and have all wished to be included in this list in the hope that anyone who needs to talk will reach out to them. They are willing to talk with you at any time you need their support. Some have listed the specific area in which they have personal experience but they do not intend to imply that that is the only topic they wish to talk about. We all have experienced this journey through grief and it encompasses much more than the specifics surrounding our individual loss. Having a compassionate person to listen when you are having a bad day or just need someone to reach out to when you feel overwhelmed can make the difference in getting through one more day. We have all been there and understand, please feel free to contact any one of us.

Laura Hengel
281-908-5197
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Auto Accident

Debbie Castelo
713-822-7851
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Adult Suicide

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Teenage Suicide

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Auto Accident

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