



# *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.*

**AUGUST 2025**

**HOUSTON NORTHWEST CHAPTER**

[www.houstonnorthwesttcf.org](http://www.houstonnorthwesttcf.org)

**We meet the second Tuesday of each month at 7:00pm.**

at

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

The Church is located on the corner of Spring Cypress Road and Klein Church Rd. Please enter off Spring Cypress Road. The meetings are held in the Family Life Center Room 204.

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# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS MISSION STATEMENT

## **You Are Not Alone**

When your child has died, suddenly it seems like all meaning has been drained from your life. When you wake in the morning, it's difficult to get out of bed, much less live a "normal" life. All that was right with the world now seems wrong and you're wondering when, or if, you'll ever feel better.

We've been there ourselves and understand some of the pain you are feeling right now. We are truly glad that you have found us but profoundly saddened by the reason. We know that you are trying to find your way in a bewildering experience for which no one can truly be prepared.

## **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.





Lighting a candle, cherishing a birth.....

### AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

2003-Makaylin Angel, Daughter of Jennifer Edwards  
1999-Devin Wood, Son of Natalie Wood  
1970-Lisa Renee Sanders, Daughter of Jim & Peggy Holland  
1988-Shaun N. Finley, Son of Barbara Finley  
2002-Samantha Short, Daughter of Linda Short  
1988-Trace Thornton, Son of Nina Thornton  
1988-Honey Khan, Son of Amra Khan  
1963-Lloyd Ross (Rossi) Moore, Jr., Son of Carolyn Moore  
1988-Matthew Peterson, Son of Sharon Peterson  
1983-Fallon Ginther, Daughter of Lisa Ginther  
1983-Travis Walden, Son of Janet Walden  
1961-Terry Shannon Pauling, Son of Howard & Jean Pauling, Brother of Vicki Hyde  
1995-Cheyenne Crocker, Daughter of Beth & Nick Crocker  
1983-Christine Marie Frazier, Daughter of Steven R. Frazier  
1980-Molly Long, Daughter of Carolyn Long  
1955-Tony King, Brother of Carolyn Moore  
1968-Dillon R. Howland, Jr., Son of Rachel Howland  
2001-Emily Crocker, Daughter of Beth & Nick Crocker  
1980-Ryan David Dodson, Son of Diane & David Dodson  
1985-Derek Johns, Son of Shauna & Jeff Crook  
1990-David Morgan, Son of Brent & Martina Morgan  
1998-Katelyn Holmes, Daughter of Melinda Holmes  
1989-Danielle Basford, Daughter of Jerry & Laurie Basford  
1988-Samual Johnson, Son of Tim Johnson  
1970-James Loveless, Son of Bob & Frances Loveless  
1960-Kimberly Grubbs, Daughter of Patsy Grubbs  
2013-Elias Reyes, Son of Crystal Reyes  
2013-Jasmins Potter Jr, Son of Jasmins & Erika Potter  
1984-Justin McHan, Son of Ronnie & Linda McHan  
1993-Forrest Gadler, Son of Tanya Gadler  
1998-Tremaine Robinson, Son of Toya Robinson  
1993-Cathrine Breeding, Daughter of Barbara Breeding  
1997-Wesley Hundl, Son of Sharon Mondrik  
1987-Marc Pournier, Son of Jolena Pournier  
Ariel & Athena Suniga, Daughters of Selena Suniga  
1980- Jessica Nicole Driskell, Daughter of Patricia Ann Tull  
1984 - Justin Moyer, Son of Valli Moyer  
1986 - Chad Moyer, Son of Valli Moyer  
1991 - Eric Garcia, Son of John & Louise Garcia  
1991 - Dylan Fojtasek, Son of Marie Fojtasek  
1979 - Shawna Merchant, Daughter of Bitsy Hatch  
2006 - Kay Lee Welch, Daughter of Joel Welch and Brandy Brandt  
1986 – Andrew Madden, Son of Margaret Madden  
2019 – Hudson Curtright, Son of Steve and Mitzi Curtright



Lighting a candle, remembering a life

## AUGUST ANGEL DATES

2008- Dillon & Alex Gussie, Sons of Debbie Benavides  
2009- Nicholas (Nick) Skala, Son of Judy Skala  
2007- Alan Jerome Austin, Son of Rhonda Austin  
2003- Brian D. Klaus, Son of Johnny & Ginger Klaus  
2011- Cherelle Luter, Daughter of Sylvia Green  
2012-Landyn Elizabeth Tickle, Daughter of Matthew & Shelby Tickle  
2013-James Loveless, Son of Bob & Frances Loveless  
2013-Colton Alderson, Son of Jimmy Alderson  
2013-Elias Reyes, Son of Crystal Reyes  
2013-David Kerpchar, Son of Sally Kerpchar  
2012-Misty Smith, Daughter of Terri DeMontrond  
2008-Adam Brown, Son of Greg & Debbie Brown  
2014-Gene Ware, Son of Roberta Ware  
2014-Ginger Ware, Daughter of Roberta Ware  
2014-Giavanna Calista, Daughter of Nicole Kelley  
2015-Luke Curry, Son of Lynsy Curry  
1983-Justin Ross Heino, Son of Darryl Heino  
2015-Kellie Martin, Daughter of Denise Martin  
2014-Hunter Smith, Son of Lee Smith  
2017- Kahlid "Kal" Albaba, Son of Ramsey Albaba  
2018 - Ethan Tyler Brown, Son of Erica Poorbaugh  
2017 - Nelly Rosa, son of Mariano Jonell Rosa  
2017 - Jacquelynn Borel, Daughter of Rebecca Borel  
2020 - Roxane Rucker, Daughter of Deborah Maly  
2021 - Mark Kramer, Son of Carol Kramer  
2022 - Gabriella Grace Pena, Daughter of Servando & Jeanne Pena  
2021 - Ryan Wyckoff, Son of Marlena Wyckoff  
2024 – Daniela Raynes, Daughter of Vickie Pace

## YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN

You are not forgotten, loved one  
Nor will you ever be,  
As long as life and memory last  
We will remember thee.  
We miss you now.  
As time goes by  
We'll miss you more.  
Your loving smile, your gentle face  
No one can fill your vacant place.

Written by the family of Odessa Anne Box

## CHAPTER NEWS

**Our next meeting is Tuesday, August 12th. at 7pm.**

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

We offer our warmest welcome to our newest member, **Brian Jacoby, lost his son Ryder Jacoby May 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.

As our TCF Credo says, "*We come from different walks of life...*", but the common bond we now share is the death of a beloved child, grandchild, or sibling. Others cannot understand the terrifying and debilitating emotional issues that occur in our daily lives once this event happens; a TCF member can and does!

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 hope that through this trauma, we can once again find hope and meaning in our lives.

### For the Newly Bereaved

We welcome you, we are sorry for the cause that brings you to us and we know how devastated you are. We have all been there. Nothing is required of you and there are no dues or fees. You need not speak a word or you can share. Attending your first meeting does take courage, but our members who attend find a comforting network of support, friendship and understanding that only friends who have "been there" can give. Based on our experiences, we suggest you attend three or four meetings before evaluating the benefit of our group to you. Just come, be as comfortable as you can and let us walk with you.

Meetings are a place to talk about your child, a place to remember the joys of their life and the pain and struggle of living without them. It is a place to meet other parents who have in fact survived what may seem impossible to you right now.

Meetings are not "the answer." Grief is not a problem to be solved and meetings are not "pity parties" although there are tears and sadness, but there is also hope.

Meetings do not bring about closure. You close on a house, not the death of a child.

May you find your own peaceful solution to fit your individual needs for coping with special dates which are painful after losing your child. We are here to help.

Janet G. Reyes  
TCF Alamo Area Chapter, TX

## PRIVATE FACEBOOK GROUPS

The Compassionate Friends offers a variety of private Facebook Groups. These pages are moderated by bereaved parents, siblings, or grandparents, and may not be accessed unless a request to join is approved by a moderator. A private message will be sent prior to approval, please be sure to check your mailbox marked "Other" if you do not receive one in your main mailbox. These pages were established to encourage connection and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings grieving the death of a child, grandchild or sibling.

<https://www.compassionatefriends.org/find-support/online-communities/private-facebook-groups/>

## Online Support

The Compassionate Friends offers "virtual chapters" through an Online Support Community (live chats). This program was established to encourage connecting and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings (over the age of 18) grieving the death of a child. The rooms supply support, encouragement, and friendship. The friendly atmosphere encourages conversation among friends; friends who understand the emotions you're experiencing. There are general bereavement sessions as well as more specific sessions.

[Get Online Support](#)

## Shared Thoughts on Growing Through Sharing

As I look at the intensity of parental grief in the newly bereaved, I see my past self with all the vivid memories of fresh pain. Hopefully, you can see healing and hope as you look at us, the more seasoned bereaved. Much of this comes from the caring and understanding of other Compassionate Friends, who helped to restore meaning to our lives again.

There will always be some clouds, even though the storm of grief is over. But, that gut-wrenching pain that used to come without warning or mercy has left, and the residue is tolerable. There is life after grief. You can restore love, hope, find a purpose for living, and a measure of peace. Unfortunately, these things lie on the other side of grief. We must first walk in the valley to find them, but we don't have to walk alone.

Sharing can lessen our loneliness, and help remove the feeling of isolation during our grief. A hug, a touch, or a knowing look can give reassurance that we are normal, in our very abnormal



situation. Just speaking our loved ones' names and sharing memories gives us a measure of healing. Life can be more bearable if we feel their nearness. One of our concerns is the world may forget our child or sibling. Fresh grief tends to remember the death, but as we heal we concentrate more on the life of our loved ones. The intense pain is caused by the great love we have for them and the love they had for us. At some point, we have to be thankful for the time we had, even though we all agree it was not long enough.

We can find creative ways to memorialize and have our child or sibling live through us. They can not physically be a part of our life, but they can make us even more of who and what we are in this world. Their memories can give us courage and hope to lead a productive life again. It can even cause us to reach out to others in pain and offer comforting words by saying "I know."

September can bring a flood of tears as children return to school. It reiterates that our children will not enter the next year of development. We hope you will come to meetings to share with us. It is the one place we can feel comfortable and a sense of normality. Regardless of what you are feeling, you can be certain someone else in the room has dealt with the same problem. We welcome discussion on both negative and positive subjects. Many times we have to deal with the negative side of grief before it can become positive. Come share with us. We care.

Marie Hofmockel  
TCF Valley Forge, PA



## **The Golden Gate Bridge**

On May 23rd, 1995 my son jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge [in San Francisco]. Tempting as it is to believe he'd still be alive had there been a barrier, I think it would be naive. In my despair I wanted to blame the psychiatrist who refused to see him because he'd missed some appointments, the girlfriend who'd ended their relationship just two days prior to his jump, the crisis center at the hospital where he'd gone for help and who could have kept him had they read the signs right, but didn't; myself, (especially myself), for flawed parenting. But never did I blame the bridge! In the end it was his decision. In his farewell note, he said he was going to electrocute himself. What made him change his mind? I don't know, but I believe it was the deed, not the method, that he was determined to execute. People who really want to die find a way. So while a barrier would deter suicides on the bridge, it would hardly deter suicides. Should we eliminate tall buildings, parking structures, automobile exhaust pipes, ropes?



## **The Stages of Grief**

In 1969, Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, MD wrote a book, "On Death and Dying". She did research by interviewing dying patients. She came up with her 5 Stages of Grief after extensive interviews with those patients. The Stages are: 1) Denial, 2) Anger, 3) Bargaining, 4) Depression and 5)

Acceptance. These stages make sense when one thinks that the grieving person is the dying person.

Notice that these Stages were developed through interviewing living people who were dying. They were not developed to refer to third parties grieving over someone else. As Kubler-Ross noted, "I have worked with dying patients for the past 2 ½ years.

This is different from The Compassionate Friends where the parent is the grieving person, but not the dying person. That's the main reason why the 5 Stages don't necessarily apply to a parent of a deceased child. For us in TCF, the Stages can occur randomly, can be skipped, may repeat themselves and are not necessarily in the Kubler-Ross order. As an example, the sudden unexpected death of a child may eliminate any prolonged denial stage since we know the child has died.

When there is a health issue with a child, the parent may go through the 5 Stages of Grief, sometimes along with the child, depending on the age of the child.

As an aside, the 5 Stages of Grief are sometimes referred to in divorce counseling because the individual directly involved in the divorce is also the person going through those Stages.

The important thing to remember is that the Kubler-Ross 5 Stages of Grief don't necessarily apply to a grieving parent, but any Stage at any time may be applicable to that parent.

David Hendricks  
TCF Houston Northwest Chapter Leader



## **The Magic Light of Day**

Often, when I think of you it's in the morning light. Or other times, I find that it is in the soft twilight. Somehow in those early hours or in the dusk of day – I feel our connection soundly, from your place so far away.

There's something very special about soft and dim sunlight that lets me know you're by my side and everything's alright. Not many would believe it's true, for heaven is far away. But all I know is – there you are, with me every day. You walk with me and comfort me, and somehow let me know. You'll guide the way along my life and meet me when I go.

Kathie Winkler  
TCF Middleburg Heights, OH



## Shards of Grief Linger after Murder

On a dreary night in December, a knock came at our door with news that would forever alter our lives. The news was that Anne, our only daughter, had been kidnapped and brutally murdered by persons or a person unknown. The shock, disbelief, anguish and anxieties over the next several months, a small piece of the grieving process, were extraordinary, and I have often wondered how we survived.

There was the extreme rage at the person who was responsible for taking Anne's life for no reason except for the pure pleasure of destroying good. But we survived.

There was the awful anger against the legal system for being so callous and insensitive to the needs of the family and friends. The wounds from Anne's death were already deep and unhealing, but listening to and reading about the insinuations and innuendoes by the lawyers made the wounds grow deeper and deeper. The impression was given the family must endure punishment for allowing our daughter to be in the wrong place. This caused a feeling of guilt. But we survived.

There was the fear that Anne would become just another statistic, and the person responsible would go unpunished. Now the fear exists that the person will be released from prison to repeat his acts of violence. I am afraid that fears are addictive and one replaces another. Perhaps the worst fear is, when your faith in God is at its lowest ebb, that you will never be able to respond to normal stimuli again and regain all that faith. All the fears are real; but so far we have survived.

These, I suppose, are normal reactions as the result of a violent act. I believe these anxieties delay a normal (so-called) grieving period until after the culprit has been found, tried and sentenced. After these three things happened, I do know a terrible burden was lifted from our shoulders and we could restart living our lives. Somehow we survived.

How did we survive? After much reflecting, I firmly believe we survived by recalling the positive aspects of Anne's life and character. Each individual is endowed with certain instruments, and we hear the music of their lives long after they are gone.

Anne's instrument of love of life was a blessing, and we still can hear the melodies of her song in the night. These melodies cannot be taken away, and they are more valuable than diamonds to us.

Anne's instrument of hope for a future in which to achieve her goals and have some effect on society was the backbone of her dream. The songs of hope in work, in life and the goodness of heart cannot be destroyed by evil or circumstances. Today is gone, but we still hear the songs of hope for tomorrow. These songs of hope, heard in the night, sustain us.

Anne's instrument of faith that she would lead a productive life and achieve both her spiritual and material goals was music in her heart. The faith she had in herself, her family and her friends transmits to us, urging us to proceed with our lives. The music of her faith is still a beacon in the night.

We will not believe Anne's dreams have ended, but we believe they will find their place in the world to come. The music that was set in motion by her love, hope and faith will move, everlasting, in sweet memories forever. The wounds from the loss of a loved one cannot be healed by words or deeds. These terrible burdens are borne by each of us in our own way and, hopefully, we survive.

Bill Boggs  
In memory of Anne  
TCF, Atlanta, GA



# Losing My Son to Drugs

*The death of my child brought a pain like no other, and made me question every parenting decision I've made*

BY: DIANNEE CARDEN GLENN

I thought for a minute. On the surface, losing a child to overdose is no different than losing a child to disease, violence or an accident. I don't think the loss itself is any more or less painful. The level of grief over losing a child is only linked to the immeasurable love you had for them in life.

When you lose a child, nothing is ever the same again. Parents are not supposed to outlive their children. Every facet of your life has a memory of your child. Every room in the house, every trip in the car, a song, a picture, a book, a walk in the park. There is a hole in your heart that will never be filled. You search and search for answers that just aren't there. Holidays, birthdays are never the same.

You dial their phone number to tell them something and then it hits you that the phone is in your purse — but you still let it ring so that you can hear his voice: "Hello, this is Michael. I'm sorry I missed your call but leave a message and I'll call you back." You don't know why you carry it and keep it charged, but it is comforting to know it is there. That message will be the only connection ever to what his voice sounded like.

You save his clothing unwashed in a plastic bag so that you can open it and still smell his smell lest you forget. You close your eyes, breathe deep and for just a minute he is there with you. You beg, you bargain, you plead to wake up and make it all not true. You find that tears are healing. You walk up the sidewalk from the car to the cemetery and put flowers and balloons and mementos on a plot of grass, because that is the place that has his name on it, the last place you saw the box that held his body.

You hear and smell and feel things that can't possibly be there. And you talk — you talk to the dead. You work on your religion, because you have to believe that there is a better place, another place where angels sing and there is no more pain. Losing a child is a pain like no other. It creeps up on you. You go to the grocery store and as you walk past a box of Cap'n Crunch cereal, tears begin to roll down your cheeks. When you feel so much pain, it seems impossible that people can just pass by with their shopping carts, why they go on with their lives like nothing has happened. You wonder why they can't tell that someone important is missing.

What is different about losing a child to overdose? Losing a child to addiction means you didn't get to say goodbye, and you have to deal every day with the stigma of being a parent whose child died from drug use (if you are brave enough to be truthful about the cause of death). You question your every decision. You look for what you did wrong, what you didn't say, why you didn't have a second sense that something was wrong. You look back over the years, dissecting each part of their life — looking for clues. And you look at yourself and ask all of the what-ifs. You look for blame but mostly you blame yourself. You find an online group of mothers just like you, where there is no stigma and everyone has the same questions and feels the same pain with no judgment. You force yourself to read the coroner's and toxicology report hoping there is an answer there. And you cry — a lot



## Helping Someone Survive

A death by suicide triggers great amounts of anger and guilt. However, some of those feelings can be balanced by struggling to see that the suicide was not so much a deliberate, hostile act, but a gesture of utter hopelessness and despair. Reminders that a person was so driven by emotional whirlwinds that it was impossible to sense any ray of hope, can temper considerably the emotional impact of a death by suicide.

One of the best responses to a suicide that I have ever heard came through a sermon delivered by a pastor of a young man who shot himself. With great eloquence, his pastor was able to convey tremendous hope through these words: "Our friend died on his own battlefield. He was killed in action fighting a civil war. He fought against adversaries that were as real to him as his casket is real to us. They were powerful adversaries. They took a toll of his energies and endurance. They exhausted the last vestiges of his courage, and only God knows how this child of His suffered in the silent skirmishes that took place in his soul."

Victor Passchin

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## AN ONLY CHILD

Parents and the only child learn to adapt in the multi-child culture. Family members, friends, school and the community at large assume that an only child is not normal therefore, something must be wrong or at least could be improved.

The years of Kari's life taught us to do the best we could each day. All of her life, we encouraged her to do her best, because it is important to have a deep self-satisfaction of a job well done.

After the sudden auto accident that claimed her life and in our deepest grief we received some strength from the values we had seen in her life. I did not feel that I was alone in the world without my only child. I felt as if I did not want to live without my child, not that she was my only child. Perhaps the fact that parents of other children who have also died and had other surviving children felt they were not able to live without their precious children either, helped us to understand no child can be replaced.

Again, the community came assuming that you could not survive the death of an only child, just as you could not have normalcy with an only child in life. Many freely gave suggestions ranging from you should move, to adoption (had we been younger, I am sure the advice would have been to have another baby) and other well meaning, misguided advise.

We remembered our numerous encouragements that we had given Kari, we do not live alone in the world: our pain is no greater, we are no different from any parent whose child has died.

There are actually some blessings to not having other children in the household. What little energy you have can be spent on your own grief work and not worrying about what you need to do to help surviving children. Parents with surviving children have a blessing. They also have the awesome task of helping surviving siblings understand issues of life and death. Not a topic most parents plan on teaching. Without this distraction parents grieving the death of an only child can spend uninterrupted time toward healing.

The death of an only child does tend to exclude the parents from most family events. They will never experience grand parenting, weddings, holidays and all the other family oriented gatherings. This leaves a very 'left out' feeling in conversations, knowing they will never get to experience these special times.

Each parent that experiences the death of a child, no matter the age or cause, has not had a choice in the event. It does not matter if we have multiple children or only the one child, we love each one and could not make a choice. We each have a difficult time in learning to live again after the death of our child.

We do heal. We do learn to live again. We are not the same person as we were before but in time each will find a new normal. Patience to let time and grief work to help us heal is the path to knowing we will survive.

Gerry Hall  
TCF South Central, MO  
In Memory of my daughter, Kari



## Choosing Life

"It will never be the same. Never." As a bereaved parent, you have often heard or said these words to express grief's profound feelings of sorrow and disorientation. Your life has suddenly taken an unexpected course that appears both uncharted and endless. Bewildered, you vainly search for pathways back to your former life, until you confront the reality that there is no way back. Your child is dead forever. It is then that you may say, "...never the same."

This is the aspect of grief that Simon Stephens calls "The Valley of the Shadow." It is that very long time between the death of your child and your reinvestment in life. *Between*. It is not supposed to be a permanent resting place. Although some people do take up residence in the valley, it is a transition from the death of your child to life with renewed purpose.

The key to this transition is yourself. You must choose between life and the valley. You and only you can decide. And you must make that decision again and again, each day.

Giving in to the hopelessness of the valley is tempting. Choosing to move on toward life requires a great deal of work. You must struggle with the pain of grief in order to resolve it. It is a daily struggle full of tears, anger, guilt and self-doubt, but it is the only alternative to surrendering yourself to the valley.



Little by little you choose to move on. Little by little you progress toward the other side of the valley. It takes a very long time, far longer than your friends or relatives suspected. Far longer than you had believed – even prayed – that it would be. When one day you find yourself able to do more than choose merely to live but also how to live, you will know you are leaving the valley of the shadow. There will still be more work to do, more struggle and choosing. The valley, however, stretches behind rather than in front of you.

When you have resolved your grief by reinvesting in life, you will be able to realize that nothing is ever “the same.” Life is change. We would not have it be otherwise, for that is the valley of the shadow. Change has the promise of beginning and the excitement of discovery.

Life is never the same. Life is change. Choose life!

Marcia F. Alig  
TCF, Mercer Area Chapter, New Jersey



**DEATH TAKES THE BODY.  
GOD TAKES THE SOUL.  
OUR MIND HOLDS THE  
MEMORIES. OUR HEARTS  
KEEP THE LOVE. OUR  
FAITH LET'S US KNOW WE  
WILL MEET AGAIN.**

AMEN



newsner



## 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  
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[linnemanl@aol.com](mailto:linnemanl@aol.com)  
Auto Accident

Debbie Castelo  
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Adult Suicide

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