



# The Compassionate Friends

Sugar Land/SW Houston Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2019

A self-help organization offering friendship, understanding, and hope to bereaved families that have experienced the death of a child.

## Monthly Meeting:

**November 13, 2019**

Always the second Wednesday

**Time: 7:30 p.m.**

Registration of new members and library opens at 7:00 p.m.

**Topic: How to Handle the Holidays**

**First Presbyterian Church  
502 Eldridge Road  
Sugar Land, Texas**

*Directions:* Eldridge Rd. (FM 1876) intersects Hwy. 90A two lights west of the Sugar Land exit of Hwy 59. The church is north of 90A, just past the RR tracks, the second building on the right. Enter the double doors at the back of the building.

**Chapter Co-Leaders**  
**Tricia & Donald Scherer**  
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**Love Gifts should be sent to:**

**Treasurer**  
**Douglas Ledkins**  
**431 Old Colony Dr.**  
**Richmond, TX 77406**

This newsletter may be reproduced and given to anyone who may find comfort from it.

Dear Chapter Members,

Tricia Scherer, Chapter Leader of the Sugar Land/SW Houston Chapter of the Compassionate Friends, has decided to reopen our chapter. She has been getting calls from newly bereaved parents and feels that as long as people come she will try to keep the chapter open. We still have not been able to find someone to step up into leadership roles and she will definitely appreciate any help from our "seasoned" grieverers at the monthly meetings. We will be having our annual TCF Candle Lighting program on Sunday, December 8, 2019. There is more information about it on the back page of this newsletter. We will continue to provide a newsletter to our members but have changed it to be quarterly instead of every two months. We will also offer phone support to those who need it as well as information on monthly meetings provided by other local TCF chapters. We hope to continue to offer support to bereaved parents. If you are interested in taking on a more active role in our chapter, please contact either Tricia Scherer at 832-541-4959 or Marguerite Ward at 979-533-0099. Remember.....With Compassionate Friends, You Need Not alk Alone.

## As Long As I Can

As long as I can, I will look at the world for both of us.

As long as I can, I will laugh with the bird, I will sing  
with flowers, I will play to the stars, for both of us.

As long as I can, I will remember how many things on  
this earth were your joy. And I will live as well as you  
would want me to live, as long as I can.

Sascha Wagner  
© The Compassionate Friends

## Welcome

We extend a warm welcome to those who attended their first TCF meeting or received their first newsletter last month. We deeply regret the circumstances that brought you to our TCF Chapter.

The Compassionate Friends is a mutual assistance, not for profit, self-help organization that offers support and understanding to families who have experienced the death of a child. You are cordially invited to attend our monthly meeting (always the second Wednesday of the month).

Meetings are open to everyone and free of charge. The purpose of our support group is not to focus on the cause of the death or the age of the child. It is instead a place to focus on being a bereaved parent, along with feelings and issues that evolve around the death experience of a child. You are free to talk, cry or sit in silence, we respect the individuality of mourning. Comments shared in the meetings remain confidential.

### To Our New Members

Coming to your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. But, you have nothing to lose and much to gain. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. It may be the second or third meeting before you find the right person—or just the right words spoken that will help you in your grief work.

### To Our Old Members

We need your encouragement and support. You are the string that ties our group together and the glue that makes it stick. Each meeting we have new parents. Think back—what would it have been like for you if there had not been any “oldies” to welcome you, share your grief and encourage you? It was from them you heard, “Your pain will not always be this bad; it really does get softer.”

Lovingly Lifted from TCF –Tyler Texas Newsletter

**We loved at a level  
we never thought humanly possible.**

**When they died, we hurt at a level  
we never thought humanly possible.**

**-Alan Pedersen**

## With Compassionate Friends You Need Not Walk Alone

**Telephone a Friend.....** If you need someone to talk to and can't find a TCF meeting to go to, please call one of our volunteers below. They are a little farther down the road in their grief journey and would be glad to talk to you.

**Child Loss - (Tricia) 832-541-4959**

**Child Loss - (Marguerite) 979-533-0099**

**Child Loss - (Sandy) 281-242-5015**

**Support for Fathers - (Doug) 713-515-9906**

**Murdered Child/  
Sudden Death - (Michelle) 832-603-7112**

**TCF—Katy Chapter** meets 2nd Tuesday of each month 7:00 p.m.

**Website:** <https://www.compassionatefriends.org/chapter/tcf-katy-tx-chapter/>

**TCF of Houston Inner Loop Chapter** meets 3rd Tuesday of each month at 7:00 pm  
(Newly bereaved meeting at 6:30)

**Website:** <http://www.orgsites.com/tx/tcfhoustoninnerloop/index.html>

\*\*To locate a TCF Chapter located in your area with monthly meetings please go to the national TCF website at—<https://www.compassionatefriends.org>.

### Next Event Dates

**November 13, 2019—How to handle  
the Holidays.**

**December 8, 2019—Annual TCF  
Worldwide Candle Lighting**

### National Headquarters

P.O. Box 3696

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[Nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org](mailto:Nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org)

### National Website:

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

### Chapter Webmaster

Tricia Scherer

### Sugar Land-SW Chapter Website:

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

### Regional Coordinator

Henrik and Ghislaine Thomsen

713-557-6637

[thomsen.tcfkaty@gmail.com](mailto:thomsen.tcfkaty@gmail.com)

## You Did Not Die

You live in the beautiful wind that blows.  
 You live in the sound of birds that crow.  
 You live in the sun that shines so bright.  
 You live in the peaceful dark at night.  
 You live in a star I see in the sky.  
 You live in ocean waves that come in with the tide.  
 You live in the smell of flowers and grass.  
 You live in the summer that goes so fast.  
 You live in my heart that hurts so much.

You did not die, we only lost touch.

Shari Swirsky  
 TCF Toronto, Ontario, Canada

## LOVE SHARES

In Memory of

Given by

No love shares received during the last quarter

Consider giving a Love Share in your child's memory. Help us continue our mission to help grieving parents. All Love Shares are tax deductible and can be sent to our Chapter Treasurer:

**Douglas Ledkins, 431 Old Colony Dr.  
 Richmond, TX 77406 (713) 515-9906  
 Doug\_Ledkins@whitetucker.com**

### Button Making Machine

A button making machine has been given to our chapter in loving memory of Brandi Ward. It is available for anyone who wishes to have a picture button made of their child.

If you would like to have a button made, please contact Marguerite Ward at 979-533-0099 or by email at [mjward0123@gmail.com](mailto:mjward0123@gmail.com)

The mission of the Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive. We are grateful for the faithfulness of parents, grandparents and friends who remember beloved children with love gifts. Our chapter is operated entirely by volunteers dedicated to furthering the work of TCF.

Your voluntary tax deductible donations honor your loved one(s) in a meaningful way by enabling us to offer resources, such as this newsletter, books, brochures and special programs to bereaved families in our area. 100% of the funds are used for this outreach. Donations, along with the name of the person being honored may be sent to our chapter's treasurer. If you have any questions, please contact our chapter treasurer:

**Douglas Ledkins, 431 Old Colony Dr.  
 Richmond, TX 77406 (713) 515-9906  
 Doug\_Ledkins@whitetucker.com**

## TCF 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.

## PRIVATE TCF 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. Please click on the link next to the group you wish to join and answer the screening questions so we can confirm your request. If you are waiting approval, please message one of the administrators. Join requests to our Facebook groups must be requested personally, therefore when you wish to share the group with someone please pass along the link to the group.

These groups can be found on the National TCF website at <https://www.compassionatefriends.org/find-support/online-communities/>

### Ring Your Bell as One

Bells ring for beginnings and endings,  
But a “heart bell” is never ending.

This bell will in us forever ring,  
A tender sound only love can bring.

If your heart bears the weight of this bell,  
It rings within, but you may not tell.

Others hear your “ring” but don’t discuss,  
Compassionate Friends rings hope for us.

Listen closely for a “heart bell” sound,  
We will soon ring our sound all around.

We are ONE not different entities,  
All searching for broken heart remedies.

Ring hope’s story and never be done,  
Together we’ll help those yet to come.

Some have lost loved ones but yet don’t know,  
We’re here to teach how to make hope grow.

Some have no loss, but life soon will spin  
To a club that we were all thrown in.

Never stop ringing your bell of love,  
For those with a loved one deprived of.

Let’s all ring our bells together as one!

Debbie Rambis, Tony’s Mom

### ONLY DECEMBER

Feelings heavy,  
tears and tears.  
Will the darkness last?  
Or is it-only December?

Hadn’t past months  
brought peace and hope?  
Where is the strength of October-  
and November?

Lights, carols, ornaments on trees,  
cards from friends,  
happy times in seasons past.  
We remember.  
We remember.

Will January bring light at last?  
Will we be stronger then,  
for making it through  
this December?

When people ask  
how I’m doing,  
I say, “Well, you know,  
it’s December...”

Posted on December 5th, 2018 on the National  
TCF blog and taken from Stars in the Deepest  
Night – after the death of a child by Genesse  
Bourdeau Gentry

### NOVEMBER AGAIN

by Pat Dodge , Sacramento, CA,  
written in memory of her son, Scott.

November Again  
Leaves are turning the shades of autumn.  
Then falling, one by one, to the misted ground below.  
Summer flowers have faded and died.  
The sun hides behind dark and dreary clouds.  
It is November again.

Was it long ago that this month  
brought warm thoughts of  
THANKSGIVING together?  
The smell of wood burning, walks in the nippy air.  
This is the month you left us.  
And all the warm glow of November went with you.  
All that remains are the chrysanthemums.  
Planted in a special memorial garden for you  
Ready to burst into beautiful shades of yellow and orange.  
They symbolize one more year without you.  
But our love has not diminished.

Posted on November 5th, 2019 on the TCF blog

### Memories

The certain special memories  
That follow me each day,  
Cast your shadow in my life  
In a certain way.

Sometimes the blowing wind  
Or the lyrics of a song  
Make me stop and think of you  
Sometimes all day long

Memories are good to have  
To share and keep in my heart,  
Just knowing that you’re still inside  
Makes sure we’ll never part.

Collette Covington  
TCF Lake Charles, LA

### And For This I Give Thanks

I am acutely aware that autumn is here. As I write this, the air coming through my window is crisper and the leaves are taking on the golden and scarlet hues of the season. The shorts and tee shirts, which were the summer mainstay of the neighborhood children, are being replaced by sweats and flannels. Pumpkins are replacing pink flamingos as lawn ornaments. The beauty of nature is at its most spectacular. It is unmistakably here, welcome or not...

This will be my fifth autumn, to be followed by my fifth holiday season without my daughter Nina. I find that I am far enough along in my grief to find memories to smile about now, but still close enough to remember those first few years and the piercing stab of pain in my heart that went along with them. Halloween, with memories of the costume party she threw when she was 10 years old, the major production she made out of what she would wear as a trick-or-treater, and as she got older, her enjoyment in passing out candy to neighborhood goblins. Then came Thanksgiving, one of my favorites. I liked the idea of family and friends gathering together with no other purposes other than eating until you nearly exploded and being thankful for each other and the blessings of the past year. No presents required, just the joy of family togetherness - and the knowledge that my children were here, all of them. On that first Thanksgiving the empty chair and place at the table seemed to scream out at me that someone precious was missing. And the message of this particular holiday was thankfulness? What on earth could I ever find to be thankful for?

Some TCF parents have memories of being unable to choke down any morsel of food because they were continually trying to choke back tears that first Thanksgiving. Just wanting to curl up in a ball, pull the covers over their heads, and wake up some time in January after the last remnants of the holidays were cleared away. In all honesty, I cannot tell you even one detail of that first one: where I spent it, who was present, where I was, if I cried all day. I remember nothing.

I do remember three months after Nina had died, though. On a visit to my neurologist I tearfully told him of my depression over her death. His response to me was "Why don't you count your blessings rather than your sorrows? Think happy thoughts and maybe you won't feel so sad." I, of course, asked him if he had ever lost a child. He had not obviously. Only someone uneducated in the school of grief would say something like that.

Almost five Thanksgiving's later, have I found reasons to be thankful? I asked myself this question and decided to put pen to paper. I was surprised to say the list was quite lengthy, so I will only share a few of them. I am thankful for:

- My loving family, and the welcomed joyful additions in the last few years.
- My memory, because now the painful memories are, more often than not, replaced with the beautiful memories of the past, and they were such beautiful memories.
- My life, for whom else will keep Nina's memory alive? Of course, my family, but they have lives, as they should. I am the self-appointed keeper of my daughter's memory.
- Nina. The joy of loving her, the privilege of being her mother. Though I wish it had been much longer, I wouldn't trade those 15 ½ years for anything.
- Smiling a genuine smile, laughing a hardy laugh, and finding my sense of humor again. I sincerely believe that Nina likes to hear me laugh and that she would want me to find humor in life again.
- My sight, because I commented (for the first time in five autumns) on the magnificent colors of the autumn foliage and the grandness of Minnesota's most sumptuous season. I didn't think I'd ever notice again. But I did.
- The Compassionate Friends, who showed me there is life after the death of a child; who allowed me to express my emotions, listened patiently, understood my pain, and welcomed me into their hearts. They helped salvage what remained of my sanity and I will be eternally grateful.
- The opportunity to give back, through TCF meetings and this newsletter. To bring hope to the newly bereaved in the knowledge that it won't always hurt this bad, and that you will make it with the love and support of family and your Compassionate Friends. And, that there will come a time that you too will find things to be thankful for again.

I am told, by those who know, that peace and acceptance are that light we are searching for at the end of the tunnel. Though I find myself still looking for it at times, those further down the grief road have reassured me it will come. Maybe not this Thanksgiving or next, but that it will. And I believe them.

October 30, 2001  
Cathy Seehuetter  
TCF ST. Paul, MN  
In Memory of my daughter, Nina

## THANKSGIVING

You may ask, “What do I have to be thankful for now that my child is dead?” After the death of a child, where is the joy in a day off from work? What pleasure can we derive from sitting around a table when someone is missing, and an uttered prayer of thanksgiving echoes hollow in our hearts?

Maybe we have been concentrating on the loss which has brought the overwhelming sorrow of death, and have forgotten the complete joy of life. When I remember laughing brown eyes, a mischievous grin, a scraped knee that Mommy could fix, a new word learned, even the memory of the realization that I had a baby boy, I have a great deal to be thankful for. I had 1 1/2 years of a dream come true, and I’m truly thankful I had my child.

Sure, the agony of grief, the anguish of losing my precious child to death, the torture of wanting to see that child grow and mature and the pain of never knowing, rips me up.

There is no Thanksgiving in entertaining these thoughts, so this month I am going to concentrate on the Living of my child, the Life that brought me so much joy. In this I am thankful that Evan was born, thankful that he lived, thankful that even for those short 30 months—I lived them too. Even so, as he lived once, I live now and want a productive life.

I am thankful I have come that far in my grief work to know I want to live and remember the good times without sorrow. And, I am thankful for my husband, who stood by me during the rough times. The husband who is the father of the child of our love. In him I have found my child, in our marriage I have found love, and that love taught us how to love that child. I am also thankful for you, my real friends—  
Compassionate Friends.

Edie Kaplan  
TCF Ft. Lauderdale, FL  
In Memory of my son, Evan

## The Eighth Year of Chanukah

The first year of Chanukah was extremely difficult. Linda died on February 1st so by the time Chanukah arrived, the shock and numbness had disappeared. We could no longer pretend that she was on a business trip or visiting friends. We knew that she wasn't coming back.

Chanukah had been an important part of our family life. In addition to the lighting of the candles, we had created our own traditions and rituals. Chanukah is mostly a children's holiday but my family continued these observances even when my daughters became adults. The tears streamed down my face as I lit the ritual candles that first year. We decided to discontinue the parties, singing, special foods, and all of our other observances. They were too painful.

We've become snowbirds and spend Chanukah in Florida. I still light the candles - usually by myself - but otherwise keep the holiday very low key and skip the rest of the festivities. Since I don't have young children or grandchildren to think about, this doesn't create any problems. There's always a pang, but it has softened over the years. As a veteran bereaved parent, I am resigned to the fact that I will never celebrate with my entire family again.

Therefore, I didn't expect the eighth year of Chanukah to be unusual. I thought I had come to terms with the holiday. So why was the eighth year so difficult? Was it the fact that the eighth anniversary was approaching? Was it the symbolism of eight nights of candles and eight years? Or was it just a coincidence or the blind siding that sometimes occurs without warning to those who have grieved for a long time? I probably will never know the answer and have decided that, as with many other things, it's just the way grief is. I'm just glad that, after eight years, the grief and pain usually are softer than they were in the early years.

Stephanie Hesse  
TCF Rockland County, NY  
TCF North Palm Beach County, FL  
In Memory of Linda



**Deborah  
Foltyn Geno**

**8-9-78 to 9-26-2015**

Deborah was born on August 9, 1978 in Sugar Land, Texas, the last child of four siblings. Deborah had a normal childhood growing up and had lots of friends playing volleyball.

During her high school years, she lost a lot of friends to suicide. Something she never seemed to come to terms with. It was a terrible time for her, but with a lot of counseling she did well.

After graduation from college in 2002, she started working for a law group and then she married that same year. In 2011 she and her husband moved to Tucson because of his job transfer. Tucson was her 2nd home as she loved the climate.

Deborah was a very outgoing person and always made a friend wherever she went. She loved dancing and sports. She and her husband waited 12 years before they had Jonah. Jonah was born on December 1, 2014 and became the love of her life. Wanting to be closer to family, they moved back to Texas on July, 2015.

On September 26, 2015 while driving from the grocery store she had a head-on collision and was killed. She was by herself and if she had Jonah with her, he would not survived.

That was the day that part of me died too. It's been 4 years and it feels like yesterday. I will never be the same. We went to grief counseling 4 months after and that helped so much. We were told to journal and put our feelings on paper. I did that for 2 years and finally tapered off.

I think prayer had a lot to do with our recovery. We have always been a very prayerful family and never in this time of grief did we blame God for what happened to her. I read a lot of books on child loss and I found out how grief is different with everyone. I joined the Compassionate Friends in 2016 and met other parents with the same difficulties with grief.

Good things come from bad situations and our family is now doing well as we are more involved spiritually in church, praying for one another and praying for others.

Deborah's son Jonah was only 10 months old when she died, so he will never know his mom. He is almost 5 years old now and thriving.

I've come to the realization that everything happens for a reason. Her favorite readings were Jeremiah 29:11, "Know the plans I have for you says the Lord, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future."

Frank and Kay Foltyn  
Sugar Land ,Texas

## Candles in the Night

Candles flame in darkness,  
flicker, steadily glow,  
bringing light from shadows  
and help to soothe me so.  
My daughter, like the candles,  
gave my life true light.  
I use the candle's beacon  
to connect us in the night.  
As I light the candles,  
my wish and my request  
is that she'll see my signal  
and know my love's expressed.  
As her light joins my lights,  
our worlds touch and flame.  
As I snuff out the candles,  
I softly say her name.

Genesse Bourdeau Gentry  
from *Stars in the Deepest – After the Death of  
a Child*

## MY WORLDWIDE CANDLE LIGHTING EXPERIENCE

*Posted on December 4th, 2018 of the National TCF Blog*

Lighting a candle is usually simple, but when I lit one in memory of my niece during the Worldwide Candle Lighting® this year, I found it to be very difficult.

As I was getting ready for church, I received a text message from my sister who lost a daughter three years ago. Her message read, "Today is Worldwide Candle Lighting Day. We are asking that you please light a candle at 7:00 p.m. in loving memory of our angel, Alicyn Grace and let it burn for one hour. It would mean so much. Thanks!"

I had to participate. It was about what it meant to my sister and brother-in-law. After church, I went to Walmart for what may have been my first-ever candle purchase. I just stood there looking at the candles. Minutes passed, carts pushed by as I picked a candle up and set it back down. When you are doing something meaningful, you don't just grab the first thing you see. It has to feel right.

I finally picked up a white candle and a holder, but before I walked away, something caught my eye. It was a candle holder in the shape of a heart. It could only go with a red-colored candle, and with a smile, knew I had the right one.

That night I took the candle with me to a company Christmas party. I was planning to get away from the party at the right time and light the candle where it could burn for one hour. At 6:14 p.m., I received another text message from my sister. "Never knew lighting a candle could be this hard. The flicker of the fire is dancing steadily . . . wonder if she is dancing with it. Love you guys!"

As a tear filled my eye, I responded, "You know she is." I started to wonder if this was going to be hard. There were so many things running through my head as the Christmas party began. I stood there with a smile and carried on a conversation although part of me was never present.

As we went through gag gifts, I continued to watch the clock. When my phone read 6:56 p.m., I excused myself and went into the office where the candle was waiting. I stood there staring at the clock with the lighter in my right hand. As the minutes ticked by, memories filled my thoughts.

With two minutes until lighting, I was taken back to that Friday morning in the middle of a Doane College parking lot where I fell to my knees as I heard my mother's voice say, "Allie is gone," over the phone. I remembered feeling incredibly weak . . . helpless. I was three hours away and couldn't race to my sister and give her a hug. We grew close after I moved to college. Not sure why it took so long, but we talked a lot on the phone. Back on that Friday morning, I remember wiping tears from my face as people curiously looked on.

I finally got up and walked across the campus where I had just given a tour. Before I'd left, Michelle, an admissions counselor, had asked how my sister and her baby were doing. She knew the due date was close. Running late, I'd smiled and said they were doing great and that I had a picture to show her when I got back. It was the picture my sister had sent late Thursday night after she had finished the crib. Now, as I made my way back to the building, I knew things weren't so great. They were awful. The worst had happened.

I dropped off some keys at the desk and went to Michelle's office. Her glowing smile dropped as she saw me turn the corner. She asked what was wrong, and after I'd closed her door, I lost it again. She jumped up and gave me a hug as I told her my sister had lost the baby.

Preparing the candle took me back to the moment I walked into my sister's house where my mother and brother-in-law's mother, Pat, stood. Not a word was said. I walked across the floor and grabbed my mother with both arms as tears ran down my face. Then I gave Pat a big hug and stood there trembling.

(Continued on Page 9)

MY WORLDWIDE CANDLE LIGHTING EXPERIENCE  
Continued from Page 8

It took me back to the moment I walked into the hospital and didn't want to go into my sister's room but knew I had to.

You see, my sister carried full term and was induced to deliver stillborn. As Mom grabbed the handle, she looked at me and asked if I was ready. As strong as I could be in a weak moment, I told her I was as ready as I would ever be. When the door opened I locked eyes with my sister and made a beeline to her side. She cried when she saw me as I reached down to give her the biggest hug I ever had.

It took me back to the moment standing outside of the delivery room when the process was complete and there was only silence. For a moment I said a prayer with the words, "Please cry," but there was nothing.

It made me think about the late nights up with my sister, as she cried and asked why. I had no answers. There was nothing I could say . . . nothing I could do.

It took me back to the April 23 graveside service, looking at a tiny box and thinking it was something for shoes and not for my niece. It took me to the moment the balloons were released into the sky, as I watched my two nephews' balloons, filled with toys for their sister to play with in heaven, bounce through a tree and out the other side without popping.

It all came back to me. And it happened quickly. As the clock hit 7:00 p.m., I reached forward and lit the wick as a tear streamed down my face. I stood over the burning flame and stared at it. I wondered who she would be today. As I watched the flame dance, I thought back to my sister's message and smiled as I took pictures of the burning candle. One of the pictures made it to Facebook where I wrote my sister and brother-in-law a message to let them know it was okay to let their candle go out. The light was continuing for another hour . . . in another time zone.

By John Thayer In Loving memory of  
Alicyn Grace Hosick (04/18/08).

## Thanksgiving

I remember –  
the busyness of working as a volunteer that second and third Thanksgiving after Linda died; the good feeling it gave me of "running away" from it all, and the blessed relief sleep brought to my pain.

I remember –  
the inability to prepare any of her favorite foods that fourth Thanksgiving after Linda died; the tears that fell at the smell of turkey cooking, the parade, football games, the emptiness, the incomplete family, and the blessed relief of sleep that brought to my pain.

I remember –  
Awakening with a lightness and joy in my heart that fifth Thanksgiving after Linda died; the thankfulness for having my remaining family together, the beautiful memories of past Thanksgivings, the "wholeness" of me and the blessed relief peace brought to my pain.

Pricilla J. Norton  
TCF, Pawtucket, RI  
In Memory of Linda

## SEARCHING . . .

Once again, my list has vanished;  
it was here, but now it's missing.  
Keys and glasses disappearing;  
books and letters--overdue.  
I'm forever searching, searching,  
they must be here, and I need them!  
Could it be that what is missing,  
what I want this very minute--  
could it be that what I'm *REALLY* searching for,  
my child,  
is you?

Joyce Andrews  
TCF Sugar Land, TX

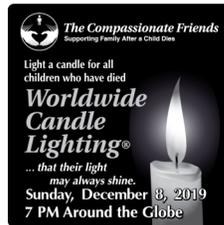






**The Compassionate Friends**  
Sugar Land—SW Houston Chapter  
P. O. Box 231, East Bernard, TX. 77435

**Honoring 22 Years of Support and Friendship  
for Bereaved Families**



**OCTOBER, NOVEMBER,  
DECEMBER, 2019**



This year we will again be lighting candles in the large room in the same building as we have refreshments and fellowship.

Please bring a picture of your child to set beside your candle.

**The Sugar Land Chapter of the  
Compassionate Friends invites  
families and friends to their annual  
Worldwide Candle Lighting Service**

**Date: Sunday, December 8, 2019**

**Time: 6:00 p.m. registration  
6:30 p.m. program begins**

**Place: First Presbyterian  
Large Meeting Room \*\*  
502 Eldridge Road  
Sugar Land, Texas**

After the program, we will have refreshments and fellowship. Each family is asked to bring a snack to share with others.

**\*\*Please note change in location from years past.**