



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.

JUNE 2018

HOUSTON NORTHWEST CHAPTER

www.houstonnorthwesttcf.org

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

(Our next meeting is Tuesday, June 12th)

at

Cypress Creek Christian Church

6823 Cypresswood Drive

Spring, Texas 77379

The Church is on Cypresswood Dr. between Stuebner-Airline and Kuykendahl, about 2 miles North of FM 1960 West. It is located between the courthouse and Barbara Bush Library. At the York Minster traffic light turn into the church/community center parking lot. Follow the posted signs.

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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

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

- 1990 - Megan Kathleen Ratcliff, Daughter of Ann & Garvon Ratcliff
- 1990 - BreAnna Brashear, Daughter of Julie Jones
- 1976 - Adrian Jay, Son of Helen Jay
- 2010 - Alexandra Kenley Newhart, Granddaughter of Dave & Carol Bell
- 2008 - Keegan Dade Coggon, Son of Kellie & Gavin Coggon
- 1982 - Robbie Hill, Son of Ann Hill
- 1990 - Melissa Ellen Blackbird, Daughter of Will & Pam Blackbird
- 1990 - Ryan Kirby, Son of Cherlynnne Kirby
- 1988 - Meredith Iris Wheelock, Daughter of Carey Wheelock
- 1991 - Cody Ryan, Son of Christy Welch
- 2008 - Leah Elizabeth Davis, Daughter of Ron & Laura Davis
- 1973 - Christopher Birken, Son of Elizabeth Birken
- 1985 - Sloan Nagy, Son of Tammy Johnson
- 1990 - Alan James Stokes, Son of Kellie Harris
- 2004 - Aaron Fontaine, Son of Doug & Tina Fontaine
- 1989 - Danielle Spivey, Daughter of Mark and Donna Spivey
- 2013 - Judah Levi Brown, Son of Mark and Christi Brown
- 1987 - Corey Cole, Son of Tim and Cheryl Cole

JUNE ANGEL DATES

- 2009 - Samantha Campos, Daughter of Amy Arrant
Granddaughter of Maria Picardo
- 2008 - Robert Elizeus, Son of Joanne Wycoff
- 1998 - Molly Long, Daughter of Carolyn Long
- 2010 - Joselito C. M. Boquilon, Son of Raulito & Kim Boquilon
- 2004 - Felipe Danny Sanchez, Son of Lupe Sanchez
- 2010 - Tristen D. Hopkins, Son of Howard & Denise Hopkins
- 1993 - Robbie Hill, Son of Ann Hill
- 2009 - Maxwell B. Heath, Son of Carrie & Dirk Heath
- 2010 - Alexandra Kenley Newhart, Granddaughter of Dave & Carol Bell
- 2004 - "Bo" Jared Valdez, Son of Irma & James Valdez
- 2009 - Michael Brent Police, Son of Jack & Sally Police
- 2011 - Erin Johnson, Daughter of Rebecca Johnson
- 2011 - Meredith Iris Wheelock, Daughter of Carey Wheelock
Sister of Mariah Moon
- 1995 - Cody Ryan, Son of Christy Welch
- 2013 - Matthew Allen, Son of Jay and Linda Allen
- 2013 - Lhwhyh Yhshrhal, Son of Taneshia Carey
- 2012 - Crystal Garza, Daughter of Marta Garza
- 2015 - Race Killen, Son of Wendy Killen
- 2016 - Brandon LaFavre, Son of Tersa Kobs
- 2017 - Sean Michael Gonzalez, Son of Rick and Jazmin Gonzalez

CHAPTER NEWS

Our next meeting is Tuesday June 12th at 7pm. We'll meet in the Annex of the Church Forum. It is the middle building on the church property. Dr. Glenn Wilkerson will be our guest speaker.

At the last meeting our children were lovingly remembered when we held our annual balloon release. Thanks to all those who attended this special tribute to our children. Thank you to Patty Tull for bring the balloons.

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

We offer our warmest welcome to our new members. 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 feeling 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.

Love Gifts – A Way to Remember

There are no dues to belong to Compassionate Friends, because we have already paid the ultimate price; the loss of our loved one(s). A Love Gift is a gift of money given in honor of a child, who has died, or a gift of thanksgiving that their own children are alive and well, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help support our Chapter. Your gifts are tax deductible and are used to reach out to other bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings. Your gifts support this newsletter, our TCF Library, and other Chapter expenses.

To Our Seasoned Members

Think back to your first meeting. You were hurt, confused and felt alone in your grief. Remember the comfort you felt when you found you weren't alone and that others had been where you were and survived. Remember the love and support you felt from fellow members on your grief journey. Now you are stronger and may not feel the need to attend meetings for aid and comfort. We need you though. New members need you. They need your encouragement, support and wisdom. If you haven't attended a meeting in awhile please consider coming back to offer hope to those who feel lost and see no hope.

Helping others in need is not only a responsibility of life; it is what gives meaning to life.

There is still time to register!

**41st TCF National Conference
July 27 - July 29**



The Compassionate Friends is pleased to announce that St. Louis, Missouri, will be the site of the 41st TCF National Conference on July 27-29, 2018. “Gateway to Hope and Healing” is the theme of this year’s event, which promises more of this last’s great National Conference experience. The 2018 Conference will be held at the Marriott St. Louis Grand Hotel. We’ll keep you updated with details here, on the national website as well as on our [TCF/USA Facebook Page](#) and elsewhere as they become available. Plan to come and be a part of this heartwarming experience.

Register Now

- Adult Registration: \$115
- Child Registration (9-17) \$55
- Full-time College Student Registration \$55
- Active Military Registration \$55



The Compassionate Friends Walk to Remember is a highlight of every TCF National Conference. It was created as a symbolic way to show the love we carry for the children we mourn. Held at 8:30 am Sunday on the final day of the National Conference it starts at the host hotel of the Conference. Special Walk to Remember t-shirts are given to all who register, as well as walk bibs where the names of the children being remembered can be written.

Submit a Name to be Carried | Sponsor a Walk Sign

Even if you are not able to attend, you can be a part of this heartfelt event by sending us the names of the children, grandchildren and siblings whose memory you wish to honor. Your generosity will help us support all bereaved families who have reached out to TCF, as well as those who today don’t know they’ll need our help tomorrow.

We invite you to send us a child's, grandchild's or sibling's name so that it can lovingly be carried by volunteers in our 19th Walk to Remember, a time set aside to honor and remember the children gone much too soon. We also are offering the opportunity to sponsor a personalized walk sign that includes your child's/grandchild's/sibling's photo and name. These walk signs will be featured along the walk route. For those who are unable to attend the National Conference, photos will be taken at the Walk to Remember and a link will be posted on our website, www.compassionatefriends.org.

TCF National Conference Experience

By: *Jeanne Thornbury*

Almost three years after losing my almost 18-year-old son Brayden, I am still searching. I was skeptical about attending a TCF Conference but went anyway. I don't like crowds or big hotels but I was in one. I didn't want to see Bray's picture with the 1200+ pictures that loving parents wore in memory of their cherished children. Not wanting him to be left out, I wore it anyway. It was surreal walking down the long hallway of the hotel in the morning to catch the elevator to attend classes to learn how to live again because Brayden had died. My legs felt similar to the first steps I took after Bray passed away; weightless, weak, like I was floating. But I kept walking and breathing and it got better.

I attended helping sessions put on mostly by parents who had lost children themselves and wanted to help me and others in dealing with this monster called grief. One session gave me research and proven suggestions on how to heal. Another gave me hope that my child is alive in spirit. Another taught it is okay to be angry but it's what I do with the anger that matters. One session of a panel of siblings that had lost a brother or sister confirmed that I was doing the right things with my surviving son Daniel. Yeah! One reminded us of how guilt can "zap our energy/strength" and "empty our tank" if we let it and by sitting with and listening to others we can help them and ourselves.

I totally related to a father giving a session called Love, Laughter, and Power Grieving because both of our sons had loved to play football. He caught my attention immediately and everything he said resonated with me...feeling guilty because we are still here. Everything his younger child does his deceased son will miss. We will never "get over it." He suggested taking some power back, that tears = love and are good. His tears were sorrowful but now flow from acts of love for his son/people remembering him. He said to find something that "will allow you to build and be creative." He works as a comedian and said his humor has saved him. I believe it!

My heart broke many times over as I cried for strangers as I looked into their eyes and listened to their stories. I met loving, supportive and inspirational people. A mother and her daughter walked me to a classroom, another asked me to join her table at lunch, another told me I was doing well. We are all searching for what we lost/loved but can't have. We will ALWAYS love our children and we have to find purpose again or we will literally die. Not truly living is dying too. The Compassionate Friends lets us know we are worthy and deserving of life/love and having a future; even if we never fully feel that way or believe it ourselves.

"Daddy's Love"

By: David Hendricks

In loving memory of my son David B. Hendricks II

I may not always be there to catch you when you fall
But I'll always be there when I can
There will be moments when we don't see eye to eye
One day I know you'll understand

**DADDY'S LOVE
IS HIGHER THAN A MOUNTAIN
DADDY'S LOVE
IS DEEPER THAN THE SEA
IT'S ONE THING I CAN GIVE YOU...UNCONDITIONALLY
DADDY'S LOVE IS A WHOLE LOT STRONGER
THAN A HUNDRED YEAR OLD OAK TREE
THE LOVE I HAVE TO GIVE YOU
IS THE LOVE MY DADDY GAVE TO ME**

When you were a baby, and I would hold you in my arms
What a joy it was to watch you grow
As the years pass by, I still hold you in my heart
And if I haven't told you lately
I want you to know

When I'm there to help you in times when troubles come
Don't be surprised to know I really care
I can't solve all your problems
But I can give you what you need
Cause you and I have such a love to share

Knowing you're a part of me has been my biggest thrill
And when you have children of your own
You will know just how I feel

For three years after David died, in 1997, I worked on a project that included a music CD and an elaborate photo album. It kept me busy, and I felt like I was honoring David with all the effort. When it was over, there was a definite void for a while, but as veterans of this process know, you work through it.

The music CD included original songs like "Daddy's Love". It was professionally produced with musicians, singers and technicians. "Daddy's Love" was my attempt to show a father's unconditional love over

time for his child. It was also my way of being the man in the middle between my father and my child. Thus the line in the song, "The love I have to give you is the love my Daddy gave to me".

I hope all you Dads have a gentle Father's Day, with a little laughter, some joy and lots of good memories. I hope someone says your child's name and tells you a story about your child. Be easy on yourself, and keep your love ones close.



Father & Son 1993

HOPE

Momentarily hidden by grief's agony

HOPE

Not the absence of pain and sorrow

HOPE

The belief in joy and laughter's return

HOPE

Whispers the promise of tomorrow

Hope changes as we do and it can be so disguised that we may not recognize it, but it can be found in the moments of our memories - Darcie Sims

FATHERS DAY

By: Charlie Stovall
Father of Shannon Stovall

When our daughter, Shannon, was 15 years old, she was killed by an elderly driver at her school. She was a beautiful young lady, full of life, love, and compassion for others. She had a big Heart, and to my wife Liz, her brother Colin and me, the Heart has special meaning. To us it is a symbol of Shannon and of her love. She never signed her name without drawing a heart. The logo designed for her fundraiser is comprised of a Heart, Wings, and Flip flops. "The Heart Remembers" is on her memorial. We testified in Austin for the law that restricted elderly drivers . . . on Valentine's Day. I could go on . . .

Well, on Father's Day a few years ago, Liz and I went fishing in Port A with my old friend, Brian, from Dallas. Father's Day for me, just like Mother's Day for Liz, is a bittersweet day - Proud to be a father, proud of our son, Colin, yet missing our beautiful Shannon so much. My first fish that day was a very large redfish, just under the limit of 28 inches. Not paying much attention to anything but the length and girth of that bad boy, we threw it in the cooler. . . . but not before Brian snapped a picture of me holding that fish, the largest redfish I had ever caught.

It wasn't until the next day that Brian, while looking at all the pictures he had taken that weekend, sent me this picture and said, "check out the spot on that redfish".



My Father's Day gift from Shannon

My Best Father's Day ever!

Our son Sean spent most of his life playing tennis. He started recreationally, then did tennis drills, tennis lessons and played tennis tournaments. It was his passion in his younger years. My wife and I happily hit tennis balls with him and watched his progression until he finally became better than us in his later years. He graduated to the championship level by age 12. He played in one to two tournaments a month and that is how we would happily spend our weekends watching him.

Sean had the ability to lose to kids he shouldn't but also beat kids he shouldn't. One of his worst losses was to a good kid and Sean did not win a game. So, a few months later, Sean won several rounds in the consolation draw and found himself in the finals. His opponent was the same boy he did not win a game from several months earlier. Sean played brilliantly and won pretty easily and won a medal. It was a thrill watching him play so well. This was so special because it was also on Father's Day. I was beaming with pride and thought life could not be better than this.

Although he is no longer with us we still have this wonderful memory.



Stephen Weinstein
TCF Houston Northwest
Sean's Dad

A Father's Day Poem

Bittersweet is the word I would use
Happy and sad both at once and confused
That is the feeling I get every June
On Father's Day and it's coming up soon
I will do my best to partake in the fun
Maybe barbeque and take in some sun
But a part of me will be very sad
Cause I won't hear you say
Happy Father's Day dad

Alan Pedersen, TCF/USA



*Happy Fathers Day
From Your Angel In Heaven*

*Oh, Dearest Daddy
What can I say today
To help mend your broken heart
On this Fathers Day?*

*You know I would be there with you
If only there was a way
Although I am in Heaven now
It's in your heart I will always stay.*

*Just like you where always there for me
I will always be there for you
Just look for a sign and you will see me
In each sunrise and each sunset too.*

*Remember the game we used to play?
"How much do I love you" you'd say with a smile
But this time MY arms are outstretched so far
For my love for you goes on for miles and miles.*

*My love for you daddy
Will always be true
You are the best daddy in the world
And that includes the Heavens too!*

*So I'm sending all my love
To you from Heaven today
and remember I will be with you
Just look for me on this Fathers Day.
I love you Daddy!*

Father's Day

I just finished watching another miserable cologne commercial on TV. For some reason these are the first signs of the upcoming holiday, commercials that are only shown at Christmas and Father's Day to give wives and kids some idea of what to get Dad to celebrate a gift-oriented holiday.

Like the other fathers who read this newsletter, I know the gift I'd like to get this Father's Day, just as I know there is no way that it will happen. My son's life. An opportunity not to hurt when I see boys who are the age my son should be now. A chance to dream those dreams for that little boy again. But that's not going to happen. Instead I will get up on that day, having called and wished my father a happy day the night before, and go to the florist for the flowers I will place on my son's grave. I will stand alone and cry for a time, then return home to my wife and our infant son. This year will have a greater measure of peace due to young Dan's arrival, but I shall always have that Alex-sized hole in my soul, a longing that I know I will have until I too die.

Like many bereaved fathers I have felt the lack of understanding of the non-bereaved on how a father should mourn his child's death, and for how long. I do not understand how a society can have such belief in the strength of maternal love, and do such a good job of ignoring the intensity of paternal love. From the people whose only question at Alex's memorial service was on how my wife was dealing with this tragedy, to the long-time friend who didn't understand my choking up after watching a Hallmark Card commercial last year, the majority of people around us seem to have difficulty with the thought that a father may need to grieve for his deceased child just as much as a mother might.

So that is where some support and love is needed, and needed badly. Of course we have Compassionate Friends, but something more personal and closer to home is needed. In a recent newsletter there was a note from a bereaved mother from New Jersey asking fathers and siblings to be understanding of a grieving mother's needs on Mother's Day. I agree, but I would also hope that you ladies will not forget your husbands this Father's Day as well. It is frequently said that we males don't often talk of our emotional needs, and are reluctant to show our pain, but we need love and 'warm fuzzies' when we hurt also. Please remember us on Father's Day Sunday, and please remember also that those cute little sentimental commercials that hurt you in May, take their toll on us in June. There are definitely times when I can do without Old Spice, McDonalds, Hallmark, and AT&T.

Brothers, I wish you peace, comfort, and love.

Doug Hughes
TCF Cincinnati, OH
In Memory of my son, Alex

Grief, I've learned, is really just love. It's all the love you want to give, but cannot. All of that unspent love gathers in the corners of your eyes, the lump in your throat, and in the hollow part of your chest. Grief is just love with no place to go.

A FATHER'S PROMISE

Gary Mendell
October 20, 2013

My son, Brian, was a loving child, full of smiles and light.

Like so many children, as he entered his teenage years, Brian tried marijuana. And like far too many, this led to other drugs to which he became addicted. For almost ten years, Brian battled the disease of addiction and its cycle of shame, isolation and failure. During that same time, my family and I fought to navigate the complex and confusing web of treatment programs and therapies. If you know someone who has struggled with addiction, you know all too well the pain and anguish of watching a loved one in the clutches of this disease.

Loving and compassionate, through it all Brian wished others did not have to suffer from this devastating disease. During a visit home in the summer of 2011, as we sat on our back porch one night, Brian spoke about the stigma and shame he felt:

“Dad, 300 years ago, they burned women on stakes in Salem, Massachusetts because they thought they were witches. Later they learned they weren’t and stopped. Someday, people will realize that I have a disease and that I am trying my hardest.”

This turned out to be my son’s last visit home. Four months later, in the middle of the night on October 20, 2011, I got the phone call that is every parent’s worst nightmare. Brian was dead.

Brian's passing was and continues to be excruciatingly painful. Perhaps just as tragic, is the undeniable reality that it was not just addiction that claimed my son’s life. It was the shame that he felt every morning when he opened his eyes that led him to wake up that morning, research suicide notes, light a candle and take his own life, alone.

In the aftermath of Brian’s death, I struggled to make sense of what had happened. After months of research and reflection, four facts haunted me:

- Brian died of a disease that afflicts more than 22 million Americans every day, as well as tens of millions of family members that love them so dearly. That’s one quarter of American families. Over 370 die every day, shattering countless lives.
- Like Brian, the majority of those addicted, nearly 8 out of 10, develop this disease before their 18th birthdays, while their brains are still developing. We as a society are not protecting our children when they are most vulnerable to becoming addicted and unable to protect themselves.
- Research exists that could have saved Brian and countless others like him, but is not being implemented through community programs.

- For every major disease in this country there is one well-funded national organization devoted to funding the discovery and implementation of prevention and treatment protocols, changing public policies and supporting families as they navigate some of the most trying times that they will ever face. For every major disease, but not for addiction.

Disquieted by this information, and inspired by Brian's compassion, I made a promise to my son to spare others of this tragedy. From this promise emerged a vision to unit millions of Americans within one organization, and empowering them to create change. The essence of this vision was articulated in my [remarks](#) at the Clinton Foundation's Health Matters Conference this past January.

As you review our website and understand our mission, you'll see that Shatterproof has an ambitious vision. Changing a country's consciousness will not be easy. But, with your help, we will build a national organization that will treat addiction like the chronic disease it is, offering evidence-based and tangible resources for prevention, treatment and recovery. It will foster tolerance and compassion, and to dismantle the discrimination and judgment associated with this non-discriminating and devastating disease.

<http://www.shatterproof.org>

Ask My Dad How He Is

Heaventalks Psychic / Medium Alicia Taschner

My Dad, he tells a lot of lies, he never did before.
But from now until he dies; he'll tell a whole lot more.

Ask my Dad how he is, and because he can't explain,
He will tell a little lie, because he can't describe the pain.

Ask my Dad how he is, and he'll say "I'm alright".
If that's the truth, then tell me; why does he cry each night?

Ask my Dad how he is, he seems to cope so well.
He didn't have a choice you see, nor the strength to yell.

Ask my Dad how he is, "I'm fine, I'm well, I'm coping."
For God's sake Dad, just tell the truth.
Just say your heart is broken.

He'll love me all his life, I loved him all of mine.
But if you ask him how he is, he'll lie and say he's fine.

I am here in Heaven. I cannot hug from here.
If he lies to you, don't listen. Hug him and hold him near.

On the day we meet again, we'll smile and I'll be bold.
I'll say "You're lucky to get in here, Dad, with all the lies you told!"



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.

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