



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.

SEPTEMBER 2026

HOUSTON NORTHWEST CHAPTER

www.houstonnorthwesttcf.org

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

Our next meeting is Tuesday, September 8, 2026

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.....

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

1961- David Hendricks, II, Son of David Hendricks
1965- Sandra ReNae Southerland, Daughter of Vivian Southerland, Sister of Tim
1989 & 1991- Dillon & Alex Gussie, Sons of Debbie Benavides
1971- Brian D. Klaus, Son of Johnny & Ginger Klaus
1977- Matthew Brown, Son of Cathy Brown
1978-Kenneth Roberts, Son of Brenda Johnson
1993-Brittany Idabell Miller, Daughter of George & Kathy Miller
1981-Nicholas (Nick) Skala, Son of Judy Skala
1955-Deborah Levy, Daughter of Pat Morgan
1986-Evan Michael Smith, Nephew of Kaye Larberg
1960-Jeff Walker, Brother of Stephanie Thrift
1984-Julee Ann Serna, Daughter of Virginia Serna
1982- "Bo" Jared Valdez, Son of Irma & James Valdez
1990-Shannon Stovall, Daughter of Charlie & Liz Stovall
1991-Matthew Allen, Son of Jay & Linda Allen
2003-Ryan Moody, Son of Gloria Moody
1985-Ryan Gibler, Son of Susan Gibler
1961- Donna Weston, Daughter of Roberta Ware
1991-Brayon Molden, Step Son of Reagan Molden
1990-Wolfgang Jones, Son of Phillip Jones
2015-Baron Neelley, Son of Bo & Allison Neelley
1996-Christopher "Cole" Knight, Son of Ken & Jan Knight
2008-Jacob Isaac Reyes, Son of Lauren Reyes
1998-Bryce Cook, Son of Faye Cook
2000-Jacquelynn Borel, Daughter of Rebecca Borel
1991-Matthew Benjamin, Son of Nikki Jolivet
1971-Jennifer Bryson, Daughter of Jim and Donna Bryson
1987-Ryan Wyckoff, Son of Marlena Wyckoff
1973-Mark Kramer, Son of Carol Kramer
2021-Eliana Albarran, Daughter of Ascencion & Valerie Albarran
2023-Madilyn McMillen, Daughter of Matthew and Monica McMillen

***Today I celebrate the life you lived and the blessing that you were to me
during your time on Earth. I remember you. I feel you.***

I know you exist in my heart and elsewhere.

I love you.

Today, in your honor,

I celebrate Life.

Lighting a candle, remembering a life

SEPTEMBER ANGEL DATES

2003-Jeff Costin, Son of Carol and Richard Costin
2009- Kevin Thrift, Son of Stephanie & Tim Thrift
2007- Stephen Cage, Son of Melanie Cage
2008- Patrick Williams, Son of Poppy & Steve Williams
2003- Geoffrey Lynn Meier, Son of Gary Meier
2002- Adrian Jay, Son of Helen Jay
2003- Justin Fletcher, Son of Karen Fletcher
2009- Jeff Shinsky, Son of Margaret Butler
2002- Aaron James O'Neil, Son of Lisa Thompson
2006- Amanda Jane Franklin, Daughter of Jane Draycott
2008- Terry Shannon Pauling, Son of Howard & Jean Pauling
2006- Marlinda Raschke, Daughter of Gloria Raschke, Sister of Kevin Raschke
2008- Christine Marie Frazier, Daughter of Steven R. Frazier
2011- Grant Goodwin, Son of Linda Foraker
2011-Lucy Gale Sanders, Daughter of Steve & Jackie Sanders
2012-Charlotte Caldwell, Daughter of Jason & Rebecca Caldwell
2012-John Steven Sims, Son of Marilyn Sims
2004-Zack "Moose" Triplett, Son of Trina Cash
2013-Aimee Hurst, Daughter of Doris Odell
2014-Aaron Fontaine, Son of Doug & Tina Fontaine
2015-Mark Cook, Son of Bill & Joanne Cook
2013-Jacob Isaac Reyes, Son of Lauren Reyes
2016-Judah Levi Brown, Son of Mark & Christi Brown
2017-Anthony Pietrzak, Son of Joshua Pietrzak
2018-Gerald Jennings, Son of Candy Jennings
2019-Ryan Francis, Son of Anne & Greg Francis
2021-Taryn Tidmore, Daughter of Renee Tidmore
2021-Christopher Caswell, Son of Margie Caswell
1993-Russell Johnson, Son of Sue Johnson
2022-Stephen Offenburger, Son of Mary Raub
2023-Eliana Albarran, Daughter of Ascencion & Valerie Albarran
2024-Hudson Curtright, Son of Steve and Mitzi Curtright
2023-Hunter Skinner, Son of Troy Skinner and Marjorie Hunter
2016-Jeff Timpanaro, Son of Pat Timpanaro
2023 – Triston Fifielo, Son of Lisa Fifielo
2025 – Davy Ramirez, Son of Dorah Ramirez
2025 – Terrance Riggs, Son of Brenda Riggs

CHAPTER NEWS

Our next meeting is Tuesday, September 8th. at 7pm.

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

We offer our warmest welcome to our newest member, **Antoinette (Ann) Vasquez, lost her son Anthony Perla, April 2026.** 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.

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>

The TCF Southwest Region Day of Hope and Healing, that was scheduled for October 17, 2026 has be CANCELLED.

Save the Date

30th Annual Worldwide Candle Lighting

December 13, 2026



Our Letter to Cole:

By: Ken and Jan Knight

It's really hard to believe that September of 2026 would have been your 30th birthday. It still feels like yesterday that we were fishing at your uncle's home in College Station, celebrating your dad's birthday two days before your accident. You had just turned 19 a week before.

You had always wanted to be an Aggie and you were working your way there. Your life was changing as you entered college at Blinn in Bryan on the two at Blinn and you're in plan for Texas A&M.

After your accident, the first two years were pretty much a blur for us, living the days by getting through the days. Then repeat that process all over again and again and again. This is still our life. One day at a time.... we still can hardly believe this is the way life is supposed to be.

We have been blessed by so many, which helps us to keep moving along. We are certainly blessed by the Cole Knight Missions Scholarship on Facebook, set up at Grace Presbyterian Church in Houston. This was set up by his friends at Grace and we couldn't be more thankful for everyone's generosity. This scholarship continues to send deserving students on mission trips like you enjoyed going on so many times. Your mission continues.

We have also been blessed by the Do Re Mi choir booster club at Jersey Village High School, which started a scholarship in Cole's name. This continues to this day awarding a scholarship to a graduating senior attending college and we couldn't be more grateful. We have probably only missed one choir event in the last 11 years. Such a Godsend.

If you knew Cole, and who didn't, you knew that he had numerous friend groups. He had his school friends, his football buddies, choir group, church friends and neighbors. One time we were at a restaurant on the other side of town when a girl came up to him and said, "what are you doing way over here?" Cole definitely had a following, and he wasn't hard to miss at 6' 7" in height. People still talk about his pitching days when the other teams' coaches would undoubtedly ask to see his driver's license when he was 10ish. But when he hit the mound, he was pretty intimidating to the batters because of his size and ability. We so enjoy seeing posts, pictures and hearing stories that we may not have heard before, from his friends, keep them coming!

Cole, you would for sure tell everyone to take the trip, eat the ice cream, take a selfie, smile with Mickey, lay in the hammock, make a memory and for sure, spread the Word. You were always there for your friends, and they have certainly been there for us!

Happy 30th birthday to you in heaven, Cole! We will be there to see you as soon as we can, can't wait for that BIG hug! Thanks for continuing to make us proud.

Love,

Mom & Dad



Christopher Cole Knight

September 27, 1996 – October 13, 2015



*Remember Me
To the living, I am gone
To the sorrowful, I will never return
To the angry, I was cheated
But, to the happy, I am at peace
And to the faithful, I have never left.*

I Chose to Walk Through My Grief

By: Janet Ropp

In Memory of James Ropp

5/14/99 – 10/13/18

The day my 19-year-old son, James, died from an overdose, I believed I had died too. The pain was unlike anything I had ever known. It wasn't simply sadness. It was terror, confusion, guilt, longing, despair, and an aching emptiness that consumed every part of me. I truly didn't know if I would survive losing my son.

Very early in my grief, I made one decision that would shape the years ahead. I decided that if there was a way through this unimaginable pain, I was going to find it. I knew that if I stopped searching, I might not survive. So I used every tool I could find.

I attended The Compassionate Friends support groups for several years, where I sat beside other parents who understood a language no one ever wants to learn. Later, I attended GRASP (Grief Recovery After a Substance Passing), where I found support from other families whose children had died from substance-related causes. There was comfort in being surrounded by people who understood not only the loss of a child, but also the unique heartbreak and complexities that addiction leaves behind.

I allowed myself to cry. I cried until the next phase of grief naturally opened. Then I cried again. I never tried to outrun my grief because I believed the only way forward was through it. I journaled constantly, writing letters to James, sometimes every day, and I poured every fear, every question, every ounce of guilt, anger, regret, and love onto the pages. I also wrote letters to God, asking questions that often had no immediate answers.

I read every book I could find on grief. I wanted to learn from people who had somehow survived what I was living through. If someone had walked this road before me, I wanted to know what they had learned.

I talked...and I kept talking. Many of the people who helped me most were parents I had never even met. Through Facebook grief support groups, I would call grieving mothers and fathers from all over the country. Sometimes we talked for hours. We cried together. We listened to one another. We understood each other's fears without having to explain them. Those conversations reminded me that I wasn't losing my mind. I was grieving.

Throughout those years, I also developed a regular meditation practice. Initially, I simply wanted to quiet my mind enough to survive another day. Over time, meditation became deeply meaningful to me. Through those quiet moments, I experienced a personal spiritual connection with James that brought me tremendous comfort. While I know every person's beliefs and experiences are unique, those moments became a source of peace, healing, forgiveness, and love.

for me. They helped me realize that my relationship with my son had changed, but it had not ended.

One decision surprised many people. I refused to numb my grief with alcohol or medication. That was the choice that felt right for me. I wanted to experience every emotion because, painful as they were, those feelings were part of my love for James. They were all I had left of him in those early days, and I wasn't willing to push them away. I wanted to move through my grief rather than around it.

It was not easy. There were days I cried until I couldn't breathe. There were days I screamed, questioned everything, and wondered whether I could survive another hour. But I kept doing the work.

Little by little, something began to change. The crushing weight didn't disappear overnight, but it slowly became easier to carry. The guilt softened into understanding. The anger softened into compassion. My heartbreak gradually made room for gratitude, not because James had died, but because I had been blessed to be his mother.

Today, years later, I have found a place I never believed existed. I have peace. Not because I no longer miss my son. I miss him every single day. Not because grief ended. It didn't. I have peace because I have learned that love never dies. I carry James with me wherever I go, and in my own personal spiritual journey, I have found a continuing connection with him that brings me comfort whenever I need it.

If there is one thing I hope another grieving parent takes from my story, it is this: don't be afraid to do the work of grieving. Ask for help. Cry until there are no tears left for that moment. Talk to people who understand. Read. Write. Sit quietly. Rest. Love your child fiercely. Keep searching. Your path will not look exactly like mine, and it doesn't need to. What matters is that you keep taking the next step, even when it feels impossibly small.

Healing is not forgetting. Healing is learning to carry our children differently. I never "got over" losing James. I simply found my way back to living while carrying him with me.

For a long time, I believed my son's death was the end of my story. Today, I know it became the beginning of a different one. A story marked not only by unimaginable loss, but also by forgiveness, healing, compassion, and a love that death could never take away. If you are reading this in the early days after losing your child, please don't lose hope. You do not have to know today how you will survive tomorrow. Simply keep breathing, keep reaching for support, and keep believing that peace is possible. I never thought I would find it, but somehow, one step at a time, I did.

SEPTEMBER
IS NATIONAL SUICIDE PREVENTION
AWARENESS MONTH



"There is no suffering greater than that which drives people to suicide; suicide defines the moment in which mental pain exceeds the human capacity to bear it. It represents the abandonment of hope."

Suicide Grief

To lose someone to suicide is complex and confusing. It's unique from other ways people die because someone ended his or her own life. They made a choice and that leaves those of us left behind wondering if there is something we could have done to change that choice. Often, there were mental health issues involved that also could have included substance abuse. There is just not one factor that goes into a suicide death.

The grief journey we must travel after suicide often is treacherous because we aren't sure what to expect. Life never prepares us for the kind of grief (and the reactions that tumble after it) that suicide loss brings. We also don't realize that we don't have to travel it alone. There are many other people out there who are going through a similar journey (or are much further along on the road) and would welcome some company or a chance to help us. Ultimately, we must find our own way and our own hope and peace. The Compassionate Friends is here to help, no blame or shame, just Love.



Peace

Today is the one year anniversary of the day my son realized he could no longer live. I know this because he told us so in the writings he left behind. It is not the anniversary of his death.

What I remember of the day is that it was not unlike any other. There were no family fights or friend drama. There were no failed tests or poor academic projects.

It was just a day like today.

That week was just like any other as well. Tom attended high school and college classes, and we worked, going through our days just as we always do. But Tom found a way to spend special time with each of us before he left. He and L.J. spent Monday night playing music together. I tried to record it, but it was not perfect, so I deleted the file that night. Tuesday night he and I made his favorite meal together, pasta with hot sausage red sauce. Then, we played a complicated Wii game which consisted of me pushing random buttons to fend off the bad guys while he worked his magic on the most powerful villains. We played for a few hours, until my hands hurt and I could not see straight from all of the blurred images on the television. He played the music he loved and told me which was his favorite song. I listened to it through his ears, but cannot remember the song name. That night, he peeked his head in our room, and played with the light switch, turning it on and closing the door behind him with a mischievous grin. He spent the next few days with his father, doing the things they loved to do together, including gaming with a great bunch of folks on Friday night. He spent Saturday and Sunday at our house, doing homework, playing on the computer, and listening to music.

That Sunday, as I cooked in the kitchen and talked casually with him, he wrote his final farewell to us.

We had no idea of his pain, his plan, or our future.

In his note, he told us that past week had been the happiest he could remember because he was able to live during that time without fear and anxiety of the future. So a part of me is at peace, if that's possible, because he was able to spend his final hours free from his demons. But how I wish, in that week, he had found the strength to fight through the darkness and tell us of his inner war. How I wish I had seen past his armored wall into his soul, so I could pull him through to the light of our love. I wish we could have shown him how many people appreciated him and were impacted by him, and how many would have stood by his side as he fought his undiagnosed illness so he could win his battle with a full army. I wish...

I miss him every hour of every day. I miss his humor, his intelligence, his presence, his thoughtfulness and his soul. Someone recently responded on one of my posts that maybe Tom misses me, too. I hope he is beside me as I write, and can feel the outpouring of whatever is stronger than love, that I have for him. I pray that through his death, he found the peace he could not find in life.

Kimberly Starr
TCF Facebook Loss to Suicide Group
In Memory of my son Tom

The Choice

Dedicated to those who have left and those who are left

I chose my time, I chose my way
I chose to stay, not another day

Don't hurt yourself, don't wonder why
I made my choice, my sweet goodbye

Cry for me not, I have my peace
Please respect, my short-lived lease

It wasn't to punish, or cause great pain
No upper hand, nor spiteful gain

It was a thought, a mood, a chance
Our worlds have changed, a circumstance

For the tearful eyes, I leave behind
To make you suffer, was not in mind

I am ever near, so remember me
And the stupid stuff, that caused such glee

Take all these thoughts, and give them space
Banish bleaker ones: they have no place

And because I trust, you love me so
You'll understand, I had to go

I'll suffer not, I won't grow older
There's nothing more, for me to shoulder

I didn't explain, I made my choice
And so this poem, becomes my voice

So pray for me, I pray for you
I pray for strength, to carry you

Because
I chose my time, I chose my way
I chose to stay, not another day

Amen (or whatever you believe)

THE GRIEF OF MENTAL ILLNESS

I know now that my daughter, Laurie was mentally ill. I did not understand the meaning of this 20 years ago when her depression and "strange" behavior preceded a suicide attempt while in college. Despite all the help we could get for her, she succeeded in completing suicide five years later, at the age of 25, in 1980.

Her psychiatrist then agreed to talk to me—he said, with tears in his eyes, she had been a serious schizophrenic patient. For reasons of patient confidentiality, I was not privy to this information earlier. WHY couldn't I have learned about this before it was too late?

The grief I felt as a bereaved parent was compounded by the truth of her illness. There is a stigma with mental illness. Society has been slow to understand and to accept mental illness. There is grief with mental illness—for the loss of the child that we wanted to be normal. Why did this have to happen to my child?

Was this my fault? Guilt rears its ugly head. Why didn't I see the early signs that she needed help? I felt anger—wanting to blame others for what happened. I was frustrated—with the professionals who could not/did not "fix it." I was disillusioned with the public and private mental health system and its limited resources for the mentally ill and their families. Laurie fell between the cracks and is gone.

Thirteen years later I have come to terms with her suicide. I know now there are many reasons for mental illness, most of which are beyond my control. Mental illness is a disease. It can be the result of genetics, a chemical imbalance in the brain, or a nutritional deficiency/allergy—NOT bad parenting.

I have learned that in grief and in loss, most people want to/need to "talk about it." The magic of sharing feelings and experiences with others who understand (because they've been there), is a healing process. For me, The Compassionate Friends, a national peer-support organization for bereaved parents and siblings, has provided this outlet on a local and national level. I have also participated in a local chapter of The Alliance for the Mentally Ill, and have learned so much more about mental illness through sharing with others who are coping with this stigma and grief. The National Alliance for Mentally Ill slogan in 1991 was "the most shocking thing about mental illness is how little people understand it." How true! How sad!

After Laurie's suicide, initially the most therapeutic healing for me was to publish a book of her writings, material I found expressing her thoughts, visions and frustrations from the ages of 15 to 25. This actual documentation of a mentally ill young person is poetic, loving, humorous, depressing and spiritual. Perhaps her words will help other to see and understand this disease. Her words express intuitive insights in a most articulate way, despite the message of helplessness and hopelessness. As a bereaved parent I felt a strong motivation to perpetuate the memory of Laurie in a positive way. Public education and acceptance of mental illness as a disease is helping to change attitudes.

We are learning to be more open and honest about it. We are learning to cope and go on with our lives.

Maybe it was the mother in me, but I never thought I would lose her. Now through the grief and later understanding of this disease, I have found a new purpose in my life. Reaching out to help others caught in the quagmire of grief—from mental illness, from suicide, from the death of a child, through support groups and writings, in turn has been a healing process for me too. I know that Laurie's 25 years on this earth have made a difference.

Carol Katz
TCF Regional Coordinator, MA
In Memory of my daughter, Laurie



Thanks

Thanks to the friend who did know the right words to say:

"There is a group in town that might help you."

Thanks to the parent who somehow found the courage to call that phone number and find out about "that group."

Thanks to the mother who went to that first meeting knowing it would really hurt to talk — and talked.

Thanks to the dad who said after the first meeting that he could never come back — but did.

Thanks to the parent who, at the fifth meeting, put her arms around a "new one" and said: "They really can help."

Thanks to the mom who, for the first time, was again able to bake cookies — for her "Compassionate Friends."

Thanks to the homemaker who could never talk in front of people — who became a facilitator.

Thanks to the six-foot father who cried in front of the other men — and didn't say he was sorry.

Because of you, we will be able to help someone we don't even know — next month.

John DeBoer
TCF Greater Omaha, NE

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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