

A Hug For The Hugs

Strange how the events of a few days can change the atmosphere around you. Just days after I was joyously welcoming the arrival of two special little ones, a life-long family of friends experienced not one, not, two, but three tragedies.

On Thursday, one of my dearest friends welcomed a new granddaughter. The moments Teresa got to spend with her son Cody, his girlfriend Carly and their baby Cori were very happy and will be remembered forever but very short-lived as she was taken home above only a few short hours after she was born.

Saturday morning after finishing shopping for my nephew and nieces' birthday, I found a message on Facebook asking if I had heard about Don. She had read on a family member's post that he had passed away. Before we confirmed it, we decided to find out for certain. A few moments later, I received a horrific phone call. I said a prayer to calm myself down before I called mom's cell phone.

Hours before Don's passing, the twin sister of Blake's (Jena's son) girlfriend was killed in a car accident.

Such great memories growing up with the Hug family:

- The family lived in this house until my parents bought it when I was about 6 months old. My poodle, Buffy was one of Digit's puppies and we took her out often so they could visit.
- I was always "Seah's" baby. Marilyn sat for the four of us quite often. In the summer, Teresa would take over. I even asked Don if I could marry her. On her wedding day, I went back before the ceremony to see her and she told me "Please, don't cry." I don't remember if I did or not (my memory fails me). While she lived in Ft. Myers, we would write to each other ON PAPER! Does anyone do that anymore? ☐ I was surprised when I rode

along with Marilyn and my mother to pick Teresa up from the airport for Jena's wedding. I believe the ruse was that they had to go do something with the wedding dresses.

- Sunday night caramel corn. I put this on Facebook and Chad confirmed it! I KNEW that I was not crazy.
- I believe that I am too young to remember but my oldest brother Jeff was with them at McDonalds. He wanted a cheeseburger his way (Just ketchup). He did not get it 'his way' and got sick. ALWAYS The picky eater ☐
- Like Teresa did with me, Jena took Christi under her wing and took her wherever she went whenever possible. My sister was the flower girl in Ron and Jena's wedding.

So many great memories and I'm sure that I have only scratched the surface. But what an indelible mark the Hug's have left on not only myself but on my entire family. God, please watch over Marilyn, Van, Teresa, Jena, and Tod and their families in these painful days. Lift up their spirits and let Don, Cori, and Mickae rest in peace. As Jena's daughter Cassondra once stated: "We are like family who rarely see each other but know they are there,

Love you all!