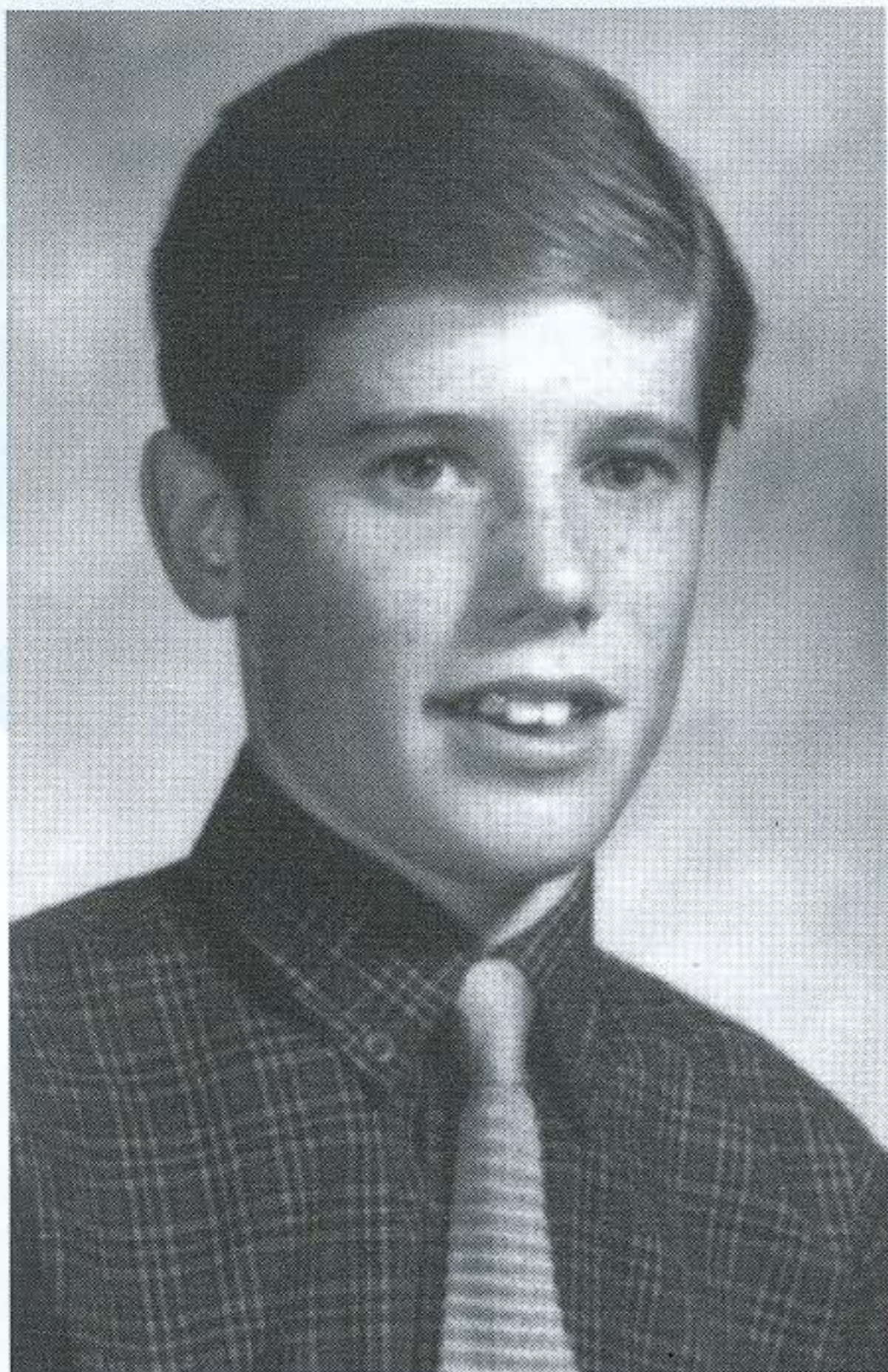


“LATER ON”



To Our Beloved Son

**Stephen
Chandler
Ericson**

Address - Heaven

Dear Steve,

Yes, the rain was beginning to fall very gently about 5:00 p.m. Dad had just arrived at the game carrying his umbrella. He walked up the hill to the soccer field and located you in play. You had the ball! -- running as fast as the well-conditioned body of a young 16-year old athlete could run. The cheerleaders and over 200 people in the stands

were cheering you on with “Go Steve go”. You had no one in front of you, only the goal to make and the goalie to get around.

You had just run past your close friend and teammate Todd, with a smile from ear to ear. Here you were having a chance to make the goal you promised your family at breakfast that morning. Golden hair flying, a twinkle in your clear, blue eyes, you were running. Then suddenly out of nowhere came this bolt of lightning from the heavens. The lightning was so different because the lightning and thunder came at the same time. It was so solitary! It was reported to have been heard for miles. Mother heard it 5 miles away while recovering from the flu at home. At the time her thoughts were “Oh, soon Steve and Jennifer will be home from the game for dinner and it’s going to storm” – but there was no storm.

People were knocked from the metal bleachers... teammates picked up and knocked from their feet... the referee was also knocked down. He had been running beside you with his metal whistle in his hand ready to announce your goal. But you, our son, were not struck but surrounded by the lightning and God’s love.

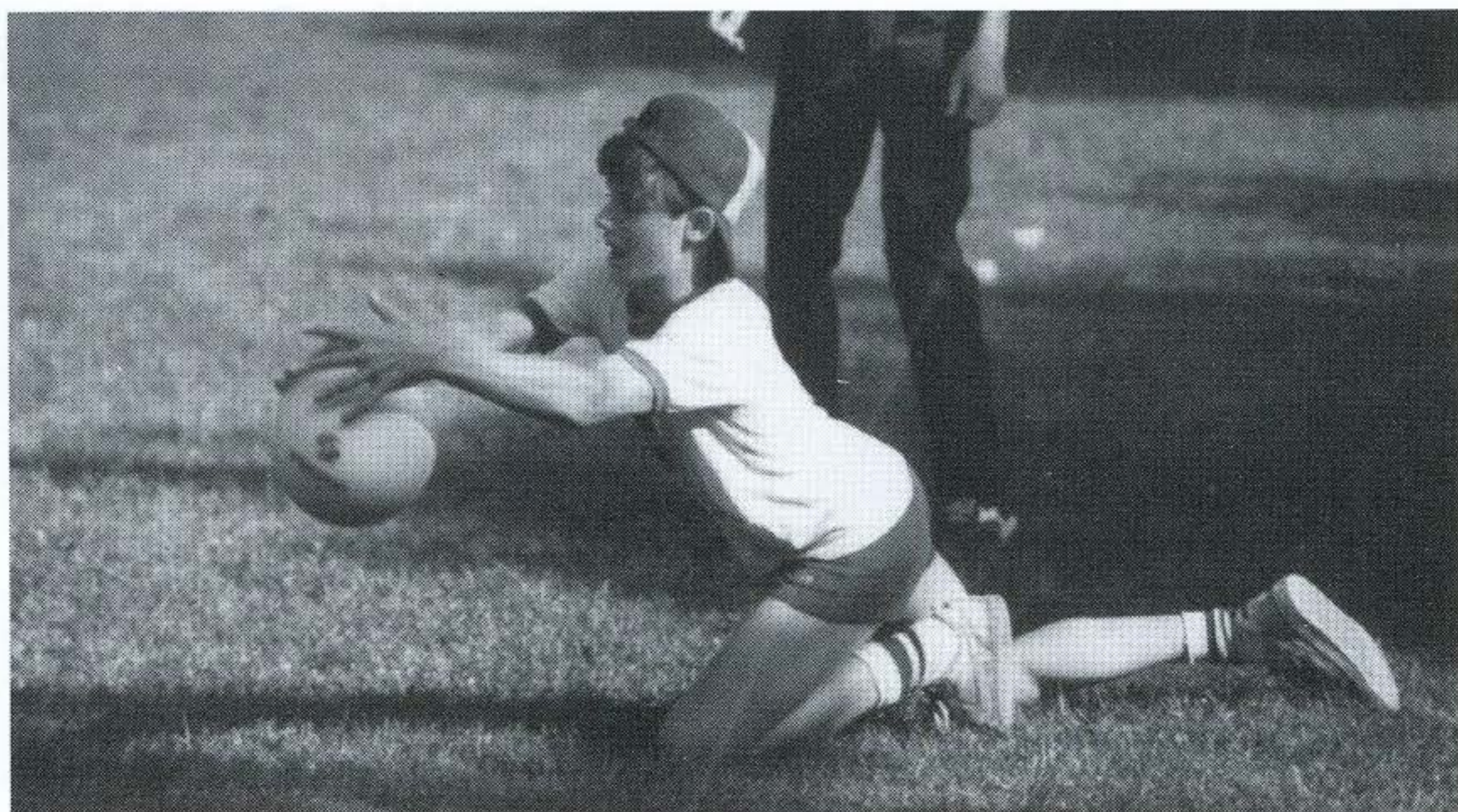
When people came to realize just what had taken place, the proper care and attention were given to you - the very best we mortals on earth had to offer you, Steve. You knew and the Lord knew it would be to no avail, for you had already made the goal you were running toward all of your life! You were in God’s world now with the Lord right beside you. He was holding your hand from the moment

the lightning was directed downward, guiding you to your mansion in Heaven. Your lifetime verses told you that. (John 14:1-6)

The Lord was merciful for He permitted your body to remain "alive" with us for 5 days. During this time Steve, we sat by your bedside - Dad, Mother, Cynthia (Sid), Jennifer (Jed), along with Pastor and more friends than you could ever realize.

Since you were in a deep coma and could not entertain us, as was your "style", we entertained you by reading scripture, playing tapes made by your school friends, and even teasing you a little about what you were missing. We talked about how wonderful Heaven must be, and how very much you were loved and needed by your family and friends, and what a blessing you had been in our lives. All who knew you, even the nurses and doctors, prayed and cried along with us. We did an endless amount of each, Steve!

As time went by, the Lord gave us strength as yours weakened. Dad was holding you in his arms and Mother was stroking your hair and brow the way you liked when you were a very little boy and gave you kisses and told you how much we all loved you and needed you in our lives. Cynthia and Jennifer were by your side and your friend Todd was holding your feet with Grandma C. standing nearby, along with so many praying friends. That was September 19, 1984 at 6:03 p.m. when your body stopped breathing, son, but your life never did thanks to our precious Lord Jesus, who nearly 2000

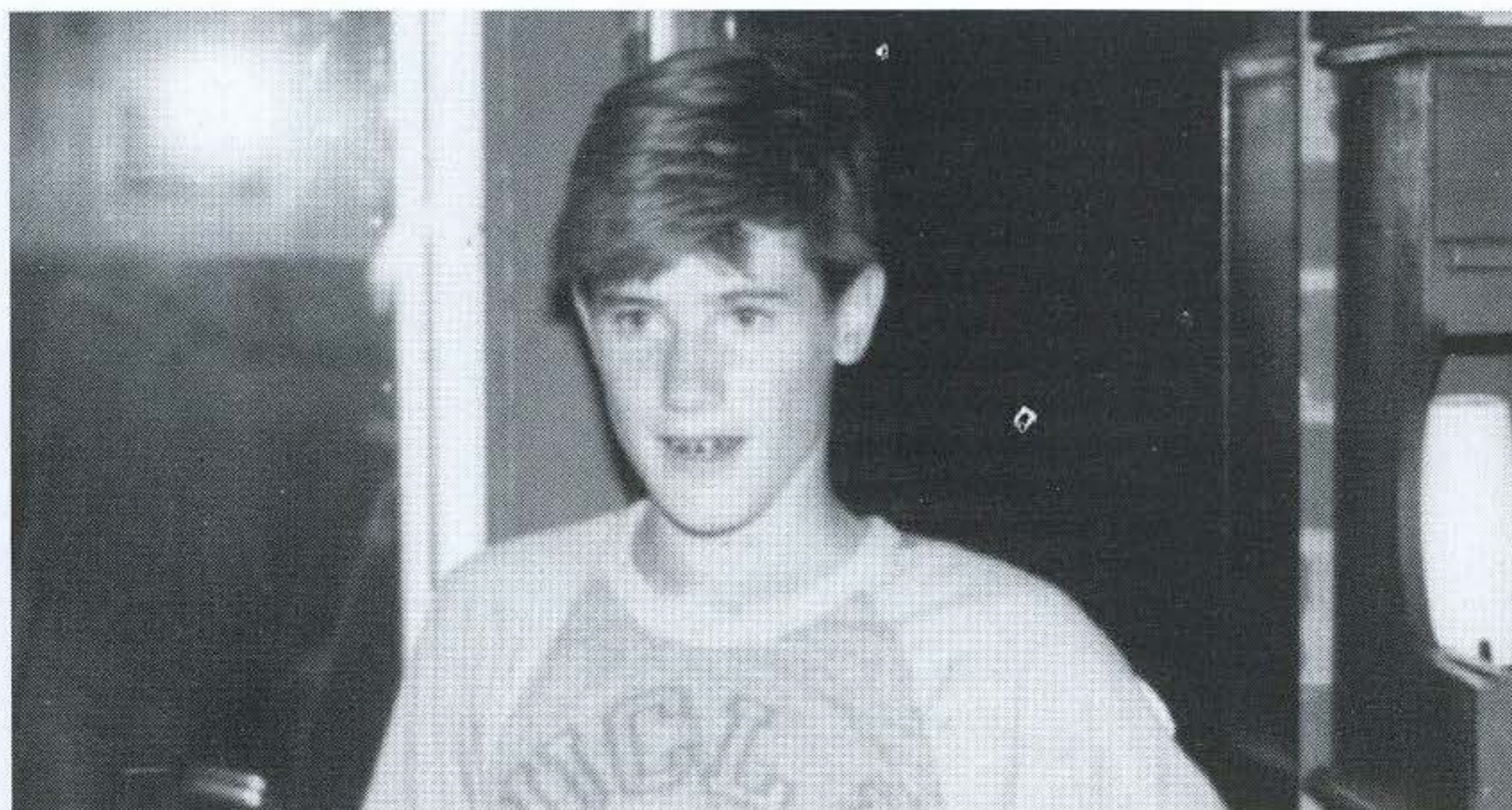


years ago, died on the cross for all our sins, so that we might be spared the agony and finality of death and live on forever more with Him in Heaven (John 3:16).

For without God's son Jesus, we would never be able to be reunited with you again, son -- how devastating that would be!!!

We know you are with the Lord, Steve, for you accepted Christ as your personal Saviour at the age of 8 and that commitment is binding for all eternity. What a blessing to know you accepted God's gift of life!

We miss you terribly, Steve, and the hurt is truly indescribable. Our ears strain to hear your voice, our arms ache to hug you once more and our heart cries out for your presence with us. We are not a complete family unit without you, Steve. Our lives on earth will never be the same - part of them are gone and will never come back so we must learn to cope. The coping has its hills and valleys, but God is always walking beside us and when we find

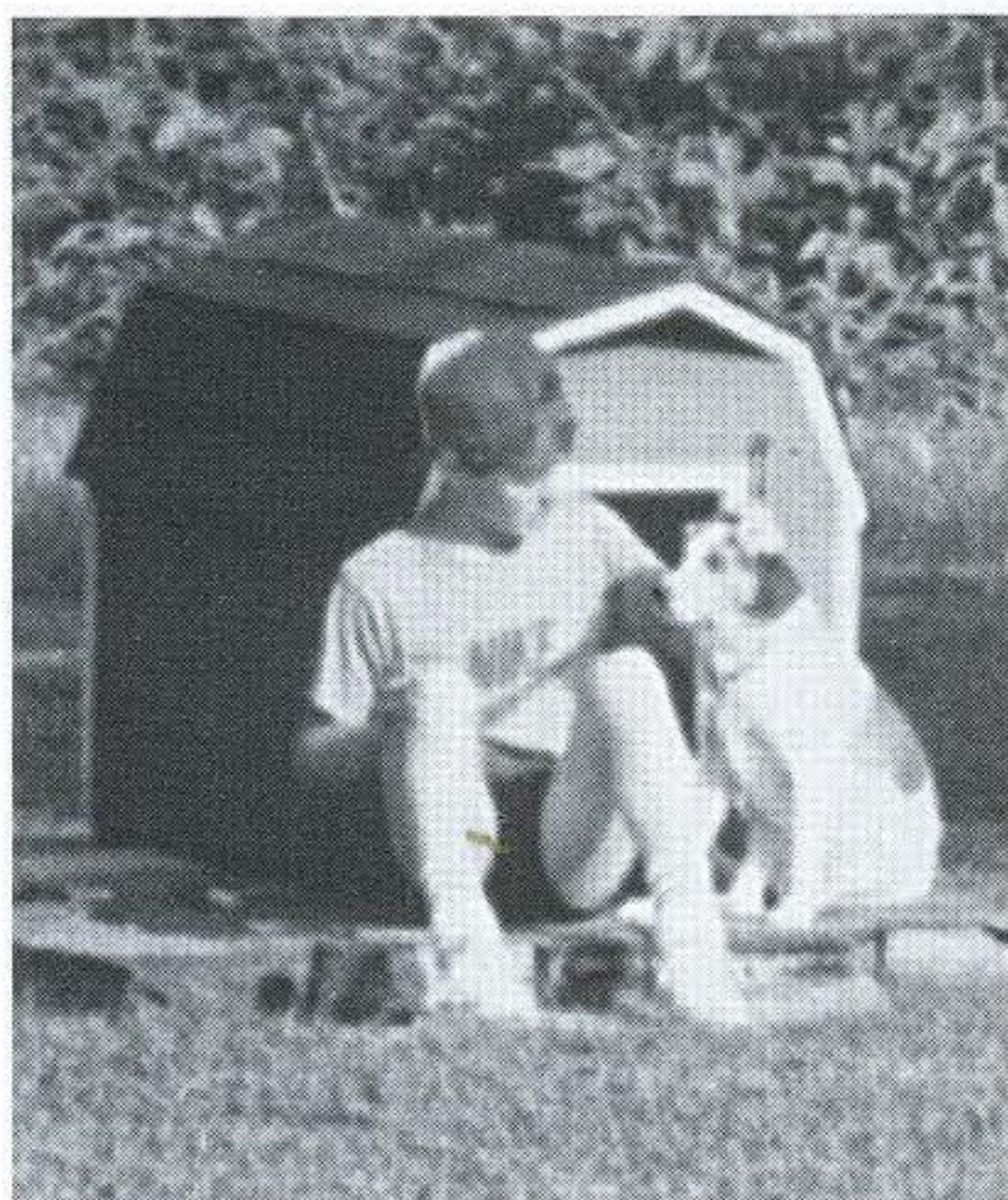


ourselves in the valley, He is right there to guide us back to the hilltop once again (Psalm 40:1-3). We must go on though, but our lives will never be as full as they were when you were actively in them.

We stand fast on God's promise that we will be together again (John 14:28). Until then, as you our beloved son would say, "Later On".

Love,
Mom

P.S. We're taking good care of your dog, Kelly.



To all who read this:

Can you and your children say with certainty that you know where you are going when death comes - and it will! We pray you will all be able to look forward to a "Later On" in Heaven with the Lord and our son, Steve. Parents and children, make sure you spend quality time together. Hug each other often and tell one another how much you care. Our son went to his Christian school one morning like any other day - but never came home again. He wasn't doing anything wrong. He was an "ornery good" boy as his Dad always called him. A young boy on the brink of manhood that truly loved each day and what the Lord always had in store for him. He enjoyed street hockey, riding his bike, soccer, baseball, basketball, swimming, playing his saxophone, skateboarding, fishing, the ocean, being with friends, and always having his dog Kelly at his side. He had so much to give for he was caring and fun-loving, but quiet, energetic, hard-working and had a twinkle in his eyes, as well as a smile for all he encountered. He was where he should have been -- playing a game for God's glory, when God saw fit to take him to Heaven right from school. Our son, Steve, was ready -- are you????!!!

