

Dear Mrs. Winchester,

You are in my thoughts. I have just learned of the heartbreak that you are experiencing due to the untimely disappearance and death of your son, Holland. While I want to say how sorry I am for such an unparalleled loss, there are simply no words of comfort that might permeate the wounded shallows of your heart.

I, too, have experienced the unimaginable loss of a child. I, too, know the indescribable grief that paralyzes your existence. As you sit quietly beneath a clock that no longer measures time, I, myself, possess a clock that remains forever paused. As I recently suffered the loss of a most beloved daughter, I share the endless sorrow that overwhelms you. The retched heart ache of a mother's loss binds your heart to mine.

I know the power of grief and how it suffocates hope. I am acutely aware of how the anguish of loss often incapacitates the soul. I understand completely the disinterest that you have acquired for material possessions. I am not at all surprised to learn of your home, goods and chattels that have remained unattended and fallen into disrepair - they coincidently serve as a portrait of your heart. Your words of desperation as the water began to rise, "The dead can't have no peace till they is proper buried", mark the true depth of your despair.

Truly a blessing can be found in the birth of Holland's son, Isaac. It is impossible to deny your relation when looking upon his dark and deep-set eyes. The sting and soothe of these eyes are a common trait among members of the Winchester family. You knew - you always knew, and you lovingly embraced this child with every possible expression of love and affection that the two of you could secretly enjoy. You made an indelible impression upon your grandson which has left him feeling wanted and loved. I truly hope that this relationship serves as a soothing balm for your hurting heart.

May you find peace in knowing that what was good in Holland will continue to live on in the life of his son, Isaac. And may you know every possible joy of heaven.

Affectionately,

Patrice