



Linda Seckman

June 13, 1952 -March 25, 2003

Linda was born in Wilmington, Delaware, and lived both there and in Tampa growing up. Her Dad died when she was 12 and her Mom worked as a secretary at Dupont to support Linda and her sister Pam. The two of them spent their summers with their tough, wonderful Yankee grandmother up in Acworth, New Hampshire and I believe that was her refuge from the difficult realities of a single parent household. New Hampshire was always a haven in a corner of her mind.

She went to University of Delaware and got a degree in Entomology (insects) before realizing career opportunities were better in the nursing field. So her BSN was her second degree, but I always loved how cool she was around wriggling bugs, snakes, etc.

She worked at a hospital in Claremont, NH for a couple of years before joining the Air Force. We met in 1978 at her first duty posting at Scott AFB, IL near St Louis when she moved in to the room next to mine in the Bachelor Officer Quarters. We began dating in 1979 and were married Feb 2, 1980. I received orders to Clark AB in the Philippines that May and she was able to get a join-spouse assignment to join me.

She worked in the ICU at the Clark Air Base Regional Medical Center. We lived off base in a pretty little subdivision. She was promoted to captain during that time while I was still a lieutenant and, boy, did she have fun with that. Sometimes she would ride on the back of my motorcycle to the base for a movie and ice cream. I told you she was part biker chick!

We returned after a year and a half and she separated from the Air Force when she became pregnant with Tom. He was born in May, 1982 and John came along in February 1985. She began working at Nathan Adelson Hospice in 1987. That was her first experience with hospice which she loved because she could really spend time with her patients and become a part of their families at a difficult time. I used to hold her little hands and tell her God didn't have or need hands--He used hers to do His work. And the work she and all of you do comes at absolutely the most difficult time in your patient's life. How great is that?

She loved Community Hospice, as well as HPNA, and that became part of her identity. She was the kindest person I ever knew. --*Cole Seckman*



Linda Seckman was a charter member of our HPNA (then it was Hospice Nurses Association) group, which started in 1995 and was chartered in 1996. Linda was always active with our Executive Board, and held positions of Vice President (January 1999 to July 1999, and January 2000 to December 2000), President (August 1999 to December 1999), Treasurer (October 2000 to January 2001), and Secretary (2001-2002). As you can see from these dates, Linda was always willing to step in when there was a need. She holds the distinction of being the only person in our Chapter to have held all four offices. Linda was always willing to come up with great ideas, always able to look at situations from a slightly different perspective, always encouraging, always with that angelic smile. She planned the retreat we had in Argyle in 1997, but was not able to attend herself. Those of us who did attend found it to have had a profound effect on all of us and we are closer today because of it. It was not unusual for Linda to find some little thing (usually with a sunflower on it) to give you. I shall think of Linda each time I see a sunflower. --*Judy Goldthorp*



I learned to know Linda when she hired on at Community Hospice when they moved to the Ft. Worth area. I have fond memories of her as a fine hospice nurse with a sweet disposition and strong sense of compassion. She was a very giving person who held her family and her Faith in high regard. I'll miss touching base with her at our HPNA Chapter meetings where we could always count on her to produce a neat table decoration or come up with a creative solution to the problem before us. She will remain in my heart where her footprint is planted.

--Corrine Anderson



When I die, give what's left of me to the poor. When you miss me, put your arms around anyone. Love doesn't die. People do. Give me away. And I'll see you at home in the Hereafter. Linda was a gentle, welcoming presence. I only knew her a short time, but think of her often. Remember how sweetly she related the death story of her Mom's last day...how she sat with her, and held her hand as she passed? --Lorna Bell



I will never forget Linda's radiant spirit when she first came through the door to join us at Community Hospice of St. Joseph. It was a dark old hall but Linda's smile brightened the place bringing joy, love, instant friendship and innovative ideas, always caring about others first. Linda was so adored by her patients and families that it was totally unfathomable when (just as had happened to all of us at one time) a family asked for a change of nurse... and this taught us that if this could happen with dear Linda, it could happen to anyone . . . and that such a request was not about the nurse but about the family's grief and pain. I don't remember ever hearing unkind words or gossip or malice coming from her. If there was an outreach project for a needy family, Linda was the one to organize the help! .If others were hurt, she hurt for them! Her gentleness is so missed. I remember the little macaroni angels she made for each of us lovingly one Christmas at HPNA. Above my kitchen sink is a dear angel ornament from Linda this Christmas complete with sunflower bouquet. When last week I saw an angel flag much like the ornament, I immediately bought it. When it blows in the breeze on my porch I feel our angel Linda's blessing. --Melinda Woody



***Some people come into our lives and quietly go;
others leave footprints on our hearts and we are never the same again.***

***I have loved thee with an everlasting love
Jeremiah 31:3***



We miss you, Linda.

The Fort Worth Regional Chapter of HPNA was blessed by Linda's presence and service. We were taken by surprise by her untimely death on March 25th and are continuing to explore how our Chapter can create a lasting tribute to her.

Executive Committee