



Candice Marie Monhollon

DEC 6, 1982 - JUL 23, 2024



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With deep sorrow, we announce the passing of Candice Marie Monhollon, who left us on July 23rd, 2024, at 41, in her residence in Spring Hill, TN. This is what all the templates on Google want me to write. As I am sure most of you reading this have followed this family's journey, I am starting to believe that there must be an annual obituary. You should also know that my mother was very proud of the obituary I wrote for my father, and as much as both parents were a treasure, this one needs to be what I need it to be. So, as a warning, this obituary needs to stray as far as possible from a cookie-cutter obituary. The thought of the alternate makes me sick, and my mother would haunt me, I am sure. So, if you read this and question, was this tasteful? Did this do her justice? I would question how well you really knew her; I would also like to reaffirm that she was my mother, my protector, my biggest adversary in an argument, my biggest supporter in times of doubt, my best friend, and officially my greatest heartache. I believe my credentials establish me as a subject matter expert, guiding how I approach writing this, particularly how she would want me to write it. If you're still questioning it, then you would never get invited to margaritas and panchos at Chuy's.

As a man of faith who spends a lot of his time in the practices of mathematics and science in college, there are undeniable laws of the universe such that energy is not created nor destroyed but only transferred; this intertwined with beliefs I put my faith in that make up the world I perceive as a 25-year-old only child, including the idea of an afterlife in heaven; however, this world broke on the 23rd day of July in the year 2024. I want the world to be as distraught as I am, I want the poles to flip, I want the earth to fall out of orbit, I want everyone else to feel the void that was placed unjustly in this world, I perceive. It is undeniably unfair; there is no excuse for the atrocity that took place. I wish that there was an equation that I could solve to extinguish the fire that has been placed on my entire world. I wish my faith could



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carry me to an answer that could stop the void that is continuously sucking all credibility of reality through it. I will always be able to identify where I was when I got the call. Now, all that's left to do is identify the feelings that come and go, but there is one that sticks with me, with us. What is that feeling that feels like time should have to answer for not standing still long enough to catch my breath? My mom and I discussed this feeling, to which she felt a degree more from the passing of my dad, I know. Our answer, still in the hypothesis stage, was to dislike him for leaving but appreciate the memories he left, and somehow, that was our therapy. So I ask all of you who have that feeling or any feeling that feels foreign since my mother's passing to put our hypothesis to test as I will in this. Mom, I dislike you for being the brightest person I know with enough life experience and knowledge to rival 100 cracker barrels on a Sunday morning. Mom, I love you for choosing me as a teenage mom and building on that courage and strength with every Everest-sized bump life threw at us. Mom, I dislike you for not writing an infinitely long road map detailed dissertation about what I am supposed to do with every day of my life, from reminding me about my FAFSA to preparing for things far off, such as having kids and how to argue with insurance when they're incompetent. Mom, thank you for making all the mistakes in life so that you could be the teacher I needed to guide me through my young life. Mom, I dislike you for making driving to 3 different Dunkin Donuts a regular occurrence to complete our breakfast order. Mom, I love you for engraining in my brain that you never want to leave anything unsaid with anyone. Because of you, I will never mourn that I didn't tell you something. Mom, I dislike you for seeing Dad, Alex, Azura, Harley, Teresa, Ingrid, Jimmy, and Grandma so soon after losing them. I personally think that is favorable treatment. God, I will be bringing that up in our one-on-one meeting. Mom, I love you for setting the bar so high that I will have my whole life to spend trying to scratch the surface of what you have accomplished. Mom, I dislike you for leaving me with only a voicemail to call and talk to about my day in class and the stupid Knoxville drivers who don't know how to merge. Mom, I especially love you for being the perfect half of what I needed in every stage of life. I am afraid of what the future holds, and I am even more fearful of not knowing this feeling I hold. Although I can make an educated guess of this



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feeling, as I stated previously, energy cannot be created nor destroyed, only transferred. Thus, I know that this feeling where my brain is light and my heart heavy is the transfer of love from my heart to be converted and retained as memories in my brain. Sadly, not everything will be remembered; thus, it will transfer into the world. We always joked, saying the world would be better if there were more Candice in it, and so when I finally see someone successfully merge in Knoxville, I will know your transferred energy is being put to good use. I also spoke about faith; I ask all of us to have faith that it will get better, have faith that she has a huge welcoming party led by her grandmother Jerry up in the sky, have faith that she watches down on us, telling us to order that dessert before dinner, have faith that she will cause someone to notice their mistake before inputting it in the system at work, have faith that her son will finally seek out a tutor when school gets tough, just have faith because she always did. Eventually, the poles can return to their original positions, the earth can rejoin its orbiting path, and reality will eventually make sense again; for now, though, share your stories along with your photos, transfer her energy, and have faith.



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Candice by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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