



Mie Mie Chit

November 4, 1940 - December 23, 2020

Mie Mie Chit (Heather Sandhurst), "Pwa Pwa," "Pwapsie," loving mother, grandmother, impish auntie, two-time cancer survivor, card-shark, elegant-lady, entered eternal life on Wednesday, December 23, 2020.

Mie Mie was born in Rangoon, Burma, to Daw Nge Nge and Richard D. Sandhurst.

A devout Christian in Buddhist Burma (Myanmar), Mie Mie left behind both privilege & comfort and emigrated to the United States in September 1975 with her husband Tin Maung Chit and children in the pursuit of liberty and religious freedom.

With their possessions relinquished upon emigration, the family began their life in the United States with just twenty-one dollars, and the grace and kindness of the Baptist Church.

Mie Mie was widowed in September 1978, just 3 years after emigrating to the United States.

At 38, Mie Mie was left to support her four children in a foreign country as a single mother. No easy task for a woman without previous work experience who, in Burma, worked in concert with cooks, nannies, gardeners, and

housekeepers to run her family's household.

With the help of her friends and the local community, working long shifts as a waitress in Philadelphia and later as a beautician, Mie Mie ensured the success and education of her children.

She grew things. All year her orchids swooned, heavy with painted blossoms. An excellent cook, on special occasions, you'd find her three steps up a ladder with an overlong wooden spoon, stirring a cauldron-sized pot big enough for the witches of Macbeth, brewing delicious Burmese food that welded the family together with bowls and spoons. Some may remember receiving a foil loaf at Christmas, harboring dense cake rich with jewel-toned candied fruits, a yuletide ritual of her and her daughter Tammy.

It was Mie Mie's belief and practice that if you left the house for church or CVS, you left the house with your hair in a French twist and, at the bare minimum: lips, eyebrows, and earrings on. She had the Hepburn gift for wardrobe: somehow, the picture of class even in slacks and a tank top.

In her twilight years, Mie Mie delivered advice and conspiratorial winks over the lip of a historical romance novel. There was not a door Mie Mie met that didn't need locking. You could count on her to worry about you every minute you were out of her sight. And you could count on her luminous smile and a "there you are!" when you returned. She shared that smile with everyone. The kind of smile that friends and family would cross continents and oceans to see every few years.

Her throne, a wooden bench on the front porch on warm summer nights, was always open to company.

The only person you've ever met who retires to bed with a carafe of coffee.

She gave so much of herself to her family. In retirement, she took care of her son Noel for many years during his struggle with cancer with loving devotion that was later reflected in her surviving children: Winston Chit, Carmen Molina Szeto, and Tammy VanDongen, who took turns taking care of her during her own struggle, and eventual recovery from cancer.

In sickness and in health, her loving spirit never dimmed. Even in her last days, struggling to make her way around the house, she would pause to share a hug, a smile, and heartfelt gratitude with her children and caretakers.

Mie Mie's spirit and wooden spoon are carried on by her surviving three children, her grandchildren Jasmin Molina, Adam Molina, Amber VanDongen, and Troy Molina, her nieces and nephews, and friends and family too numerous to list but not forgotten.

They carry on the memory of Mie Mie's storied life; her love and warmth will forever be in our hearts.

After delays due to the pandemic, Mie Mie's immediate family and close friends are thrilled to be able to celebrate her life and loving memory this month, November of 2022, in a private gathering. We invite all who remember her with love to raise a glass to her extraordinary character and life.