



# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

April 2023 Newsletter



A self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents

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## *Chapter Leader Notes from Susan*

Dear friends,

This is the month of April and as much as I know I have always enjoyed the awakening of spring; I do know this month is a challenge for me... I wrote the following words in the past April newsletters, and I find that this has not changed; "April, this month has many meanings for me; it tells me spring is coming, the perennials are sprouting, the birds are busy finding food and nesting materials, I see new buds on the trees and the weather is warming. Yet this is the month 6 years ago that my son, Westley, died. April 19, 2017. It is also the month my daughter, Marlllys, was born on April 29, 1998. At times, I just really don't know what to do with all my thoughts and emotions. I go on many walks alone; I go on bike rides and sometimes I walk with a dear friend. And on the weekends, I walk and talk on the phone with my sister, Michell, she lives in Colorado.

I think of all the families when I write this "note from Susan". I think of all the times you might have wanted to give up, but you did not. You fought through another day. Never forget the strength you've gained along the way. Grief changes from day to day, but it never goes away. It becomes a part of you, that you carry every day. Some days it's very heavy and other days it can be light.

I have listened to the many shared stories at our meetings, and something shared got me thinking about what I do to honor my son, Westley. My family doesn't have a planned remembrance ob

servance, as many families might. I feel blessed that you have shared these memorable moments at our group meetings. As April is approaching, I can say that I have always honored and remembered Westley by keeping him so close to me. I know that as I have slowly returned to this world after his death, I have kept his gentle spirit with me in so many ways; He is remembered when I have a booth at a Craft Fair, as I coach my Volleyball team, I remember when Westley would come to the games and sit on the bench with the team, when my son Landan, spends the anniversary day listening to records on Westley's record player, when we go to the IL beach to remember our summer days spent enjoying and relaxing in the sunshine, lighting a candle and reading a birthday card from Westley. I think each April will always bring a mixture of emotions for myself and my family. As I know for each one of you and your families the many days approaching a birthday, the day your child died and the many special occasions we have in our lives will always be full of emotions. We love and miss them because of who they were. They contributed to us and those around them in ways that made a difference. "I told myself, I need to focus on how he lived, not how he died, because it is how he lived that really defines his life" Louise Weil.

I wish each of you the happiness of the season and that you may find peace with the season changing; the sunshine, the birds, and the opportunity to enjoy the out of doors, however you may do this. I think of each of you and your journey when you share your stories at our meetings, and as you share your loved one's names, hopes, dreams and memories. I hope you know we all are listening and thank you for sharing your loved one with us.

Take care, your friend Susan  
Serving in honor and memory of her son, Westley.

**Lake Villa Meeting  
Northern Illinois Chapter TCF**

**The third Thursday of the month** meeting will remain as an in-person only meeting. The location is at the:

Millburn Congregational Church  
19073 West Old Town Court  
Lake Villa, IL 60046.

Park in the parking lot behind the church, enter through the double glass doors.

**Holy Family Church**

**The first Thursday of the month meeting** will remain a Zoom meeting only. This will change to in-person the date is to be announced.



**Dates to Remeber**

*Adopt a Highway Clean up  
Saturday, May 6, 2023.*

*More information on page 4.*



**BEREAVED PARENT'S  
SPRING**

By Terre Belt, BP/USA  
Anne Arundel County Chapter

Regardless of the calendar or the meteorologists, April marks the beginning of spring for many of us. The world outside begins to awaken from its winter slumber and the sights and sounds and smells of spring abound, from the flowers peeking out of the ground to the birds chirping merrily outside our windows to the smell of the blooming trees as we venture out for our first walk of the season.

This is what spring is all about unless, of course, you are a “newly” bereaved parent and then you might just be oblivious to it all. In fact, you may even resent the reappearance of spring and its symbolic rebirth. The message to you from an “old timer” on this grief journey is to be easy on yourself...it won't always be this hard and just feel whatever you feel. Don't let anyone tell you how you “should” feel this spring (or next).

Like all seasons, spring will have its share of emotional triggers for the newly bereaved—graduations, Mother's Day, planning for summer vacations, favorite flowers and just waking up. But just as April showers bring Mayflowers...the tears of grief will ultimately sow the seeds of hope and someday you too will see the beauty of spring again.

For those of us who have been on our grief journey for a while, not only do we recognize (and welcome) the beauty of spring again, but we also see our children in everything that is beautiful in spring. It is our way of carrying them with us through spring and through all of the seasons. So, as spring unfolds, here's wishing each of you peace and whatever joy you are able to find.

We need a grieving room for all of us who are mourning, a quiet, safe place of solace where emotion is sacred and the continual falling of tears generates the energy for our healing.



We need a grieving room with thick walls to keep despair outside and hope secure within, and, on the floor, comfortable pillows to remind us to rest.

**SAFE PASSAGE: WORDS TO HELP THE GRIEVING HOLD FAST AND LET GO** by Molly Fumia, Conari Press, Berkeley, CA 1992



## **OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED MARCH & APRIL**

*Each month we remember the children who are sadly missed. Please take a few moments, place them in your thoughts, and remember them on their day together with their parents. None of us ever forget our special days and messages that say "I care" help us to get through them. Our children's lives will go on, as long as we remember them and celebrate their lives.*

### **BIRTHDAYS**

<b>Lea Ann (Heise) Knuth</b>	<b>April 2</b>	<b>Daughter of Leslie &amp; Shirley Heise</b>
<b>Michael Sean Gaede</b>	<b>April 8</b>	<b>Son of Maureen Gaede</b>
<b>Scott Ewing</b>	<b>April 11</b>	<b>Son of Alan &amp; Renee Ewing</b>
<b>Qua'Shawn Wade</b>	<b>April 12</b>	<b>Son of June Andrejewski</b>
<b>Alyssa Carranza</b>	<b>April 15</b>	<b>Daughter of Angel &amp; Raquel Gaso</b>
<b>Adrien Gonzales</b>	<b>April 21</b>	<b>Son of Lauren Gonzales</b>
<b>Jammi Hui</b>	<b>April 25</b>	<b>Daughter of William &amp; Joyce Hui</b>
<b>Sean Jones</b>	<b>April 26</b>	<b>Son of Octavine Jones</b>
<b>Timothy Reece</b>	<b>April 27</b>	<b>Son of Joanne Prihoda-Reece</b>
<b>Erin Dinklenburg</b>	<b>May 1</b>	<b>Daughter of Kelli Brooks</b>
<b>Rachel Salomonson</b>	<b>May 2</b>	<b>Daughter of Toni Nesheim &amp; Denny Salomonson</b>
<b>Amy Fry-Pitzen</b>	<b>May 3</b>	<b>Daughter of Alana Anderson</b>
<b>Daniel Powalish</b>	<b>May 4</b>	<b>Son of Mary Ellyn Carroll</b>
<b>John Francis Thumel</b>	<b>May 6</b>	<b>Son of Laura &amp; Mike Thumel</b>
<b>Victoria Pickett</b>	<b>May 9</b>	<b>Daughter of Rosita Hernandez</b>
<b>Rachel Elizabeth Szech</b>	<b>May 9</b>	<b>Daughter of Vicki Szech</b>
		<b>Brother of Andrew Szech</b>
		<b>Son of Mateo &amp; Lucy Cantu</b>
<b>Carlos Cantu</b>	<b>May 18</b>	<b>Daughter of Regan Robertson</b>
<b>Rachel Elaine Robertson</b>	<b>May 21</b>	<b>Son of Astrid Reinhard</b>
<b>Sven Christian Reinhard</b>	<b>May 28</b>	<b>Son of Tony Trevithick</b>
<b>Tony Trevithick Jr</b>	<b>May 28</b>	<b>Son of Charles &amp; Diana Laufer</b>
<b>Adam Michael Laufer</b>	<b>May 30</b>	<b>Daughter of Dan &amp; Callen Migacz</b>
<b>Raegan Lee Migacz</b>	<b>May 31</b>	

### **ANNIVERSARIES**

<b>José De Jesús Hernández</b>	<b>April 1</b>	<b>Son of Jesús &amp; Virginia Hernández</b>
<b>Selene Martinez</b>	<b>April 8</b>	<b>Daughter of Manuel &amp; Lidia Martinez</b>
<b>Mathew Tisch</b>	<b>April 10</b>	<b>Son of William &amp; Barbara Tisch</b>
<b>Stephanie Andrea Zamarron</b>	<b>April 11</b>	<b>Daughter of Vicky Zamarron &amp; Juan Mungu</b>
		<b>Granddaughter of Alejandra Rodriguez &amp; Cédar Rojas</b>
<b>Jennifer Corbett Dennis</b>	<b>April 12</b>	<b>Daughter of Joan K Corbett</b>
<b>Daniel Wang</b>	<b>April 13</b>	<b>Son of Millie Yu</b>
<b>Montana (Monti) Brown</b>	<b>April 16</b>	<b>Son of Donna Brown</b>
<b>Shannon McCarty</b>	<b>April 18</b>	<b>Daughter of Kevin McCarty &amp; Pat Hays</b>
<b>Westley Banks</b>	<b>April 19</b>	<b>Son of Susan Banks</b>
<b>David Nesheim</b>	<b>April 24</b>	<b>Brother of Toni Nesheim</b>
<b>Lisa Rosemann</b>	<b>April 25</b>	<b>Daughter of Pat &amp; Craig Rosemann</b>
<b>Griffin Schumow</b>	<b>April 26</b>	<b>Son of Jeff &amp; Krista Schumow</b>
<b>Timothy Reece</b>	<b>April 29</b>	<b>Son of JoAnn Prihoda-Reece</b>
<b>Anne Thomson</b>	<b>April 30</b>	<b>Daughter of Nancy &amp; Tom Thomson</b>
<b>Donette Klawonn</b>	<b>May 1</b>	<b>Daughter of Raymond &amp; Dorothy Klawonn</b>

(Continued on page 8)



***Dear Friends, we will have our spring Adopt a Highway Clean up Saturday, May 6, 2023. Please check Friday evening for a weather update.***

Our Adopt a Highway event for our Northern Lake County IL chapter of The Compassionate Friends is **SATURDAY May 6, 2023**. Meet at **8:45 am** to review rules and safety guidelines. (Walmart parking lot on

the garden side, 475 West IL Rte. 173 Antioch, IL 60002). According to the rules we will need to begin on one side of the road, cleaning as we walk, cross the road at the end and walk back, cleaning as we walk to where we started. We can organize with more detail at the site on May 6th. The section of road we have adopted begins at the corner of Deep Lake Road and IL Route 173 going north on Deep Lake Road to the County Line. It is approximately 2.02 miles. There is a sign with our group name identifying the location.

A few things to know for the cleanup: No children under 10 are allowed. Wear

long sleeves, long pants, a hat, and gloves that are water- proof. Bring water, bug spray and sunscreen. Bring a "grabber" if you have one or we have grabbers to share. I will have a wagon to pull along for storage of anything we might need.

Rain-date on Saturday May 20, 2023.

Please call, text, or email me with any questions.

Please review the video for your information before joining us at our event. <https://lakecountyil.new.swagit.com/videos/16309>



## FINDING HOPE AFTER THE DEATH OF A CHILD

***Posted on March 13th, 2023***

In 2007 my elder daughter, the single mother of fraternal twins, died from injuries she sustained in a car crash. My daughter was 45 years old when she died, and the shock of her death will be with me forever. Six months later, the twins' father died from the injuries he received in another car crash.

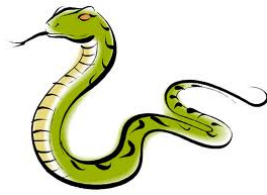
Our 15-year-old grandkids moved in with us and my husband and I became their legal guardians. The twins lived with us for seven years. They graduated from high school and college with honors. My granddaughter married a minister, and they have two little boys. My grandson is a physician and graduated from the Mayo Medical School.

The twins just celebrated their 30<sup>th</sup> birthdays. As time passed, my husband and I developed an adult-to-adult relationship with them. Though my husband died in 2020, I continue to have this relationship. My grandkids know I love them, care about them, adore my great grandkids, keep my promises, and continue to write articles and books.

Years ago, when I was dealing with questions, legal procedures, financial procedures, and being a grandmother, I found hope. Frankly, I

(Continued on page 9)

## Cutting Off Bite-Sized Pieces of Grief Allows Pro- gress in a Dark Place



By Mary Wellman Atlanta Chapter, TCF

There is a story in a book called *Swallowed by a Snake: The Gift of the Masculine Side of Healing* by Thomas R. Golden that tells of a village being terrorized by a huge snake that would eat people, especially children.

No matter how careful the villagers were, the snake would occasionally catch someone unawares and eat them. Finally a villager decided this was enough and he needed to do something once and for all. So he packed a few things and went out into the jungle, sat down and began to play his flute.

The snake heard him but the villager continued to play his flute. The snake swallowed him and, inside the snake's belly, the well-prepared villager made himself comfortable with the provisions that he had with him. It was a tight spot but every time he got hungry he would slice off a portion of the snake's belly – both feeding himself and making more room for himself. Eventually he reached the heart of the snake, which he also ate, and – in doing so – killed the snake. The villager then cut his way out of the snake and went home.

The author makes a parallel between this story and grief over the death of a loved one. It is too big to go out and kill the whole thing at once.

In the beginning, it feels like being “swallowed by a snake” in that we are completely overtaken by our grief and can find ourselves in a pretty dark miserable place. Slowly we bite off and digest bits of our grief. We make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Yet, it can be very hard to see any

progress as we are in a pretty dark uncomfortable place. Over time, it gets roomier and more comfortable. Eventually we do reach the heart of grief and are able to come out of the “belly” of it.

I love the author's analogy in cutting off bite-sized pieces of grief and how you are making progress even though it still looks dark and damp and miserable all around you. Eventually you are able to come out of the “belly of it.” But I read the story early on in my grief journey and perhaps took it too literally. I thought I was

going to find the “heart” of all this grief at some point. I knew that once my son died, I was already “in the belly.” Now, I needed to cut and chew for awhile. Someday I was sure to find the “heart” and then I would get on with my life.

My biggest progress these days seems to be accepting that there is no fix, no “heart of it,” no getting on with my life as I formally knew it. I am beginning to accept that this pain will always be here – maybe not as raw and maybe not as intense – but always here. So I am beginning to look at how you move forward despite the pain.

A friend whose son died 2 1/2 years ago wrote me: “We are surrounded by beauty, abundance, teeming creation and dazzling mystery – pain has led me to them more powerfully than any of the highs life dealt me prior...for me, 2 1/2 years later, the burgeoning of spring is an inner reality. And the pain is no less vivid.” She has also written me: “For me these days, the big difference is that I don't visit the pain very much, and when I do, I can say hello and then leave before it snowballs on me. I don't know if that's right, but I haven't found a way to build up joy without spending longer periods out of that room.”

So now, I have given up trying to work my way to the “heart” of it. Instead, I am trying to spend “longer periods out of that room” where all the pain resides. This is a heartbreaking choice in some ways. Those who would distract you from the pain, protect you from it even, don't realize that at least early on in your grief, you feel closer to your child in your grief and pain. There are times when I relish the memories and the sadness they bring. I wrap the memories with their accompanying grief and sadness around me like a Grandma's handmade quilt and hold it all close because it is impossible to separate the memories from the sadness and grief.

Other times, I set it aside and do what needs doing. I feel less pain and grief then, but also less close to my child. I hold out hope that someday will bring memories and closeness without so much pain and grief. But I am less sure.

*Mother of Charlie (1/20/88 – 4/27/05)* Reprinted from *Linked Together - Newsletter of the Atlanta Chapter Spring 2006*



## *WHAT TO DO, WHAT TO DO?*

Rabbi Earl A. Grollman said, "Time may heal. It may help to dull your pain. But the medicine of time, taken by itself, is not sure. Time is neutral. What helps is what you do with time."

In the early days after the death of a child you may be so numb that it is all you can do to get out of bed in the morning. You toss and turn unable to sleep or you sleep for hours or days.

You can stumble through your days unaware what is happening around you. Eating is not something you can or want to do.

If you have other children it will effect how you function or not, depending on their ages.

Eventually you will begin to want to join the world but may have a hard time in certain situations and you may have to retreat back to the safety of your "cocoon".

Be kind to yourself. Don't let others tell you "isn't it time you got over "it" and moved on with life?" You have to take all the time to grieve and begin to heal that is necessary. Each person is different, even spouses grieve differently.

When you begin to get comfortable in your world, your changed world, you can begin to think of how you want people to remember your child.

This may be a time for you to join a support group. Compassionate Friends is where you can talk about your child. You can celebrate their birthday. You can show pictures of your child. It is a place where no one has the answers but they are willing to share what has worked for them and what hasn't. It is a place where we do not judge or tell you that you are wrong in what you are doing. We are there to hold your hand, to offer love and support, to listen to your story. Someone said you have to tell your story at least 100 times. Your family and friends may not be able to listen 100 times but your Compassionate Friends will. Why?

Because we have been there, and someone listened to us so it is our turn to give back what has been given to us. This is what we do. This is what we do with time.

Our children, grandchildren and siblings will never be forgotten as long as we share them with others. We can set up scholarships, plant memorial gardens, purchase benches engraved with their names, start a foundation to support a cause or disease connected with their death, volunteer our time with a charity, help other children with one-on-one mentoring and many more ways.

As we travel this painful road we can reach out to other bereaved people with love and hope that is what to do.

HUGS, Betty Farrel, Sarah Louise's Nana  
[bcfnana@aol.com](mailto:bcfnana@aol.com) Arlington, VA Chapter TCF

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~reprinted from Arlington, DC, Leesburg, Prince William, and Burke-Springfield-Fairfax Virginia Chapters  
 April 2008

# CHOICES

The issue, finally distilled to its essence, is revealed as not so much who you were as who your example inspired us to be. Because we walked beside you in life, we grew strong enough to handle grief, determined enough to endure emptiness, wise enough to cry when hurting, brave enough to start over every day.

We are different people from the ones who accompanied you on your journey? We don't think the same or look the same and we certainly don't feel the same. Every event plowed and furrowed our souls, shaping us into fields of unconditional love capable of bearing an inexhaustible harvest that will always and forever exceed our need.

Our choices in the new world thrust upon us are whether we shall limit our experience to daily memories of grief, pain and sorrow, or opt for deliberate expansion of heart and mind. Whether we shall define your passing as the ending of all we cherished and sought and dreamed or lean into the loss to reveal an opening we never thought possible or let ourselves see.

An opening that beckons and promises a transcending, a separation from the grief everywhere present like the fine dust of an explosion. A hidden place where tears give way to freedom, hearts recover and songs begin to play again. A shelter where your legacy of victory heals, revealing the power of seeking joy in sorrow and the bliss of finding peace in what is.

Copyright © Harold G. Hopkins, May 2001.  
Lawrenceville, GA TCF

In loving memory of Lance Porter Hopkins,  
July 1975 to November 1999

~reprinted from TCF Atlanta March/April  
2002 Newsletter  
<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/MarApr2002.html>

## About Feeling Guilty

Do you blame yourself?  
Are you strangled by the  
burden  
of things you did not do and  
things you should have done,  
as if these were the things  
that killed him.  
What can you do  
with this relentless torment?



Dear Griever,

Take time to remember  
that grief makes all of us look for escape  
routes  
where there may be no escape.

Death is not in your hands.

Grief makes you look for reasons,  
where often there are no reasons.  
Blame is not the answer.  
Hold to your heart now  
with the tenderness  
your love deserves.

~by Sascha from Winters



## GIFTS OF LOVE

*A love gift is a gift of money or of time given to the Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter of the passionate Friends. It is usually in memory of a child who has died, but donations can also be from individuals who want to honor a relative or friend who has died, a gift of thanksgiving that their own children are alive and well, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help in the work of your chapters. Love gifts are acknowledged each month in the newsletter.*

*"Gifts of Love" in remembering our children and siblings help to pay for Newsletters, Postage, Books for our Lending Libraries and Resources, Memorial Services, Candle Lightings, Telephone and Outreach, and Dues to the National TCF Office. Thank you.*

(Your Children, Grandchildren, and Siblings Loved, Missed, and Remembered in April and May continued from page 3)

**Carlos Cantu**  
**May 3**  
**Son of Mateo & Lucy Cantu**

**Colin Henderson**  
**May 6**  
**Son of Lisa Henderson**

**Jeff Wagner**  
**May 9**  
**Son of Mary Wagner**

**Amanda Lauren Cecchi**  
**May 10**  
**Daughter of Kim & Steve Cecchi**

**Alina Mejdouli**  
**May 12**  
**Daughter of Amada Booras**

**Timothy James Pitzen**  
**May 13**  
**Missing grandson of Alana Anderson**

**Amy Fry-Pitzen**  
**May 14**

**Daughter of Alana Anderson**

**Anthony (Tony) Clemente**  
**May 16**  
**Son of Becky Wolf**

**Adam Michael Laufer**  
**May 19**  
**Son of Charles & Diana Laufer**

**Jeff Wagner**  
**May 19**  
**Son of Mary Wagner**

**Jacilynn Wright**  
**May 26**  
**Daughter of Michell Wright**  
**Niece of Susan Banks**

**Rusty Anderson**  
**May 30**  
**Son of Forest & Christine Anderson**

**Alexander Rettinger**  
**April**

Please let me know if I have omitted a child, misspelled a name or have published an incorrect date. I know how important it is to bereaved families to have their children remembered.  
[vszech@comcast.net](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) - 847-337-4168

## HAPPY SPRING TO EVERYONE!

"It is in that moment when we are brave enough to share our thoughts with a fellow griever and they nod, smile and understand that we know that we are not alone."



- The Grief Tool Box



**(Finding Hope after the Death of a Child)**

was surprised. Overcome as I was with grief, I tried to find something positive in each day. The search was painful, challenging, and tiring, but I kept at it. How did I find hope?

My daughter was an organ donor. With permission from our twin grandchildren, my husband and I signed an agreement with an organ donor organization. An organization representative called us a few days later. "Your daughter saved three lives," she said, "and because of her one will see." In a sense my daughter lives on. Friends and strangers showered us with kindness. At the time, Rochester, Minnesota (my hometown) had a population of about 90,000 people. Because my husband and I were active in the community we received hundreds of cards from friends, people we barely knew, and strangers. Though some of the comments on the cards make me cry, I was comforted by them and felt less alone.

Memorials in memory of my daughter gave me hope. At the end of my daughter's obituary, memorials to Mayo Clinic were suggested. The checks we received added up to a sizeable donation to Mayo Clinic, which tried so hard to save our daughter's life. Helping Mayo Clinic carry out its mission gave me hope then and gives me hope now.

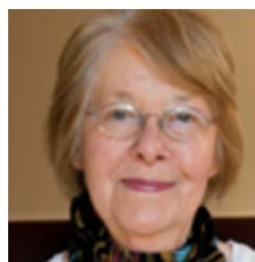
The twins understood their mother's values. The twins talked about their mother's values immediately after she died. "Even when Mom disciplined us, she was never angry," my grandson recalled. "Mommy always tried to make people smile," my granddaughter shared. The twins knew their mother wanted them to go to college and my husband and I helped make this dream a reality.

Signs of spring gave me hope. Warmer weather melted the piles of snow around our house. I was surprised to see green grass beneath the snow. The birch trees in the side yard began to bud. I was really excited to see my first robin and hear its warbling song. The changing sea-

sons gave me hope and I tried to enjoy each one.

Support groups and friends ignited hope. I participated in a church support group for a few months. Later, I joined The Compassionate Friends and found others who understood my story, didn't recoil from it, and had helpful suggestions. Though I'm unable to attend every monthly meeting, I benefit from the meetings I attend. I know TCF members have my back. I made good things from grief. A week after my daughter died, I sat down at the computer and poured out my soul with words. Writing about grief was my way of coping with it. This led to dozens of grief healing articles and 11 books. In the long run, helping others helped me. Grief expanded my empathy and made me appreciate the miracle of life.

Hope seems like an unattainable goal, yet it becomes visible in articles and books, support from those who understand your journey, changing seasons, living a loved one's values, memorials in memory of your child, and the kindness of family, friends, and strangers. Believe in hope for it will find you. Hope will lead you to a new and rewarding life.



## **HARRIET HODGSON**

Harriet Hodgson is the author of 37 books, including *Smiling Through Your Tears: Anticipating Grief*, Lois Krahn, MD, co-author; *Writing to Recover: The Journey from Loss and Grief to a New Life*; *Writing to Recover Journal*; *101 Affirmations to Ease Your Grief Journey: Words of Comfort, Words of Hope*; *The Spiritual Woman: Quotes to Refresh and Sustain Your Soul*; *Help! I'm Raising My Grandkids: Grandparents Adapting to Life's Surprises*, and *Happy Again! Your New and Meaningful Life after Loss*. Visit [www.harriethodgson.com](http://www.harriethodgson.com) for more information about this busy author.

(<https://www.compassionatefriends.org/blog/finding-hope-after-the-death-of-a-child/>)

**LOVE GIFTS**

Enclosed in a check in the amount of \_\_\_\_\_ to be used as follows (check all that apply):

In loving memory of \_\_\_\_\_

In honor of \_\_\_\_\_

Sponsor the newsletter for \_\_\_\_\_ month) (\$25 pays ½ monthly cost)

Pay for a book for the chapter's Lending Library \_\_\_\_\_

Check here to keep receiving the newsletter \_\_\_\_\_

It is important for our children to be remembered. Please understand that in order for your child to be included in the "special days" list each month in the newsletter, you must fill out this form that gives us permission to list this information. If you are making a donation, please make the check payable to **The Compassionate Friends**.

**Return to Tammie Barrera, 821 Roberts Road, Winthrop Harbor, IL. 60096**

We welcome your comments and/or items submitted for use in the newsletter. Short articles, poems, or book reviews are always appreciated. Please include the author of any written works. Send your items for the newsletter to Vicki Szech at [vszech@comcast.net](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) or 31023 Prairie Ridge Road, Libertyville, IL 60048.

The Compassionate Friends is a non-profit, self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved families. Its' mission is to assist them in the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child and to provide information and education to help others to be supportive

TCF National Office - 48660 Pontiac Trail, #930808, Wixom, MI - 48393 PH 877-969-0010 - Fax: 630-990-0246. The Compassionate Friends home page can be found at [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

**Steering Committee 2022 – 2023**

**CHAPTER LEADERSHIP** Susan Banks 847-366-9375 [lanwesmar@comcast.net](mailto:lanwesmar@comcast.net) – son, Westley Banks Age 21 of suicide

**TREASURER** Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 [julyson2@gmail.com](mailto:julyson2@gmail.com) son, Aaron Barrera Age 29 Auto accident due to Diabetes

**COMMUNITY OUTREACH**

**HOSPITALITY** Kris Frisby 847-366-3170 [Kefrisby88@comcast.net](mailto:Kefrisby88@comcast.net) son, Camden Frisby Age 15 of suicide.

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**REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY** Shannon Seay 224-456-2891 [Seayseven1@comcast.net](mailto:Seayseven1@comcast.net) daughter, Ashley Seay Age 17 Auto accident.

**NEWSLETTER EDITOR** Vicki Szech 847-573-1055 [vszech@comcast.net](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) daughter, Rachel Szech Age 16 Horseback-riding Accident

**NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING** Toni Nesheim 847-204-7585 [tnesheim@sbcglobal.net](mailto:tnesheim@sbcglobal.net) & Denny Salomonson, 847-223-7353 [drdeno@sbcglobal.net](mailto:drdeno@sbcglobal.net) - daughter, Rachel Salomonson, 19 Auto accident

**WOODLAND WALK COORDINATORS** Christine Pado 847-455-6642 [chpado@gmail.com](mailto:chpado@gmail.com) - daughter Lindsay Wilcynski Age 29 Pulmonary Embolism

**FACILITATORS AT HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH WAUKEGAN, IL.** SPANISH AND ENGLISH. Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 [mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto:rvidal1027@yahoo.com), son Raphael Vidal age 17 of suicide. Mirtha is available by phone call or email.

**FACILITADORES EN HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH WAUKEGAN, IL.** Española e inglés. Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 [mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto:rvidal1027@yahoo.com), hijo Raphael Vidal de 17 años de suicidio. Mirtha está disponible por teléfono o correo electrónico.

**Northern Lake County IL Chapter #1511** <http://www.iltcf.org/index.html>

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