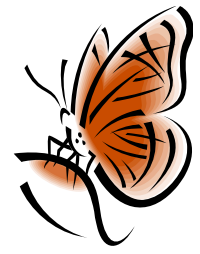


The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter
August, 2014 Newsletter



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



Chapter Leader Notes from Toni

"Why would you want to go to a grief conference?? Doesn't that make you feel worse?"

It is a question that I've had to answer before and it is a concept that people, especially those who are not grieving parents, would not understand. I would usually respond to the question by saying that it is reassuring to see a thousand other people who have had the same horrific experience, still standing. If they can do it, I can do it. I also find a comfort and understanding among the congregation of grieverers as we all remember our children and pay tribute to them.

Alan Pedersen, the new executive director of The Compassionate Friends, opened the national conference in July with that same scenario and question, "Why attend a grief conference ???" His very touching and sometimes funny address to the 1,000+ attendees, answered the question very succinctly and loudly as he proclaimed, "This is not a grief conference! This is a LOVE conference! We are here because we love our children. They may be gone but we still love them. This room is filled with love!" The hotel ballroom burst into loud applause.

[Alan Pedersen's 18 year-old daughter, Ashley, died in a car accident in 2001. Her death

caused him to go on a lengthy journey that included major changes to his career, his family, and his own way of thinking.]

Alan also spoke, during his speech, of the sometimes stated but always present question from friends and co-workers, "How long will you grieve?" Alan's response was, "As long as she is dead. I am her dad, for not as long as she lived, but as long as I do."

The rest of Alan's speech was equally direct and simple and comforting in its message: We are bereaved parents and grandparents and siblings who need to grieve but also need a safe place to smile and cry and laugh and remember our loved ones who will always be with us. We will never be the same people we were before the death of our child. However, over time, we will learn to manage our grief and work toward restoring our lives while holding that absent child close in our hearts for as long as we live.

"Grief has been a transformational teacher. Grief taught me to live in the moment, to value each friendship and relationship, to cherish the gift I am given each day to love and be loved. Grief taught me to honor the love I will always have for Ashley by living my life."

Alan Pedersen, Executive Director
The Compassionate Friends
Ashley's dad



GIFTS OF LOVE

A love gift is a gift of money or of time given to the Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter of the Compassionate 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.

Thanks to Robert & Mary Ann Grazier
for their
donation in loving memory of
Barry J Grazier

"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.

Meetings

Northern Illinois Chapter - TCF
August 21 – 7:30 p.m.
Millburn Congregational Church
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL
Open discussion

Waukegan meeting
September 4 6pm to 9pm
Holy Family Church
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL
Open discussion

LOST POTENTIAL

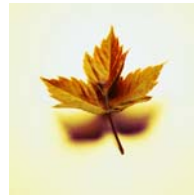
Last year I attended a workshop presented by a specialist in grief named Dr. Cable. Dr. Cable said many important things about the grief process, but as a bereaved parent one thing stuck in my mind. He said that if you ask a bereaved person to describe his deceased mother, he will say, "Oh, she was so sweet. She always wore flowered dresses and loved to bake cookies." But, if you ask a bereaved parent to describe her deceased child, she will say, "Oh, he would be five this year and just starting kindergarten," or, "She would be twenty-two this year and graduating from college."

You see, we bereaved parents grieve the lost potential of our children. Our children don't stop growing in our minds. We grieve again and anew each year as our child would have been a different age.

--Chris Anderson/TCF-Walla Walla, Washington (*Lovingly lifted from TCF/Marin County and San Francisco, CA - March 2003 newsletter.*)

Autumn Tears

We look back on September and we realize that somehow we made it through those dreaded first days of school. Whether it was the anticipation or the actual days that were the worst, we survived. We used our faith, our support systems or just plain hard work and made it over yet another hurdle. We watched small children heading for their first day of kindergarten, listened to excited teenagers talk of high school and heard stories of children leaving home to attend post-secondary school. Somehow we rode the waves of grief and found ourselves ashore again.



As these waves subside new ones will build as we head into the holidays that speak of, and to, children. Halloween will soon approach and for some, painful memories. Thanksgiving arrives to exemplify family and togetherness and Christmas looms ahead. These special days are forever reminders of our loss - the costumes we'll never sew, the empty chair at turkey dinner, the fun and magic we'll never share with someone we love. Forever reminders that our child has died.

To survive when these events and anniversary days come around let's find time to think of the good memories we have ^ the announcement of our long awaited pregnancy at Thanksgiving dinner, the look of excitement on our son's first Halloween night, the vision of our daughter helping prepare the turkey dinner. These holidays will always be reminders that our child died. Let us also make them reminders that our child lived! They left us memories more precious than any others to hold and celebrate!

By Penny Young, TCF Powell River, British Columbia
~reprinted from Autumn 2007 Newsletter Gwinnett GA Chapter
<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/Newsletters/2007AutumnNewsletter.doc>

OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED IN AUGUST & SEPTEMBER

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

<i>Kylie Rayne Albeck</i>	August 10	Child of Shaun & Katie Albeck
<i>Andrew Perkins</i>	August 12	Son of Richard & Thelma Perkins
<i>Karli Brooke Weidenhagen</i>	August 17	Daughter of Jim & Adrienne Weidenhagen
<i>Andrew Munro</i>	August 18	Son of Darlene & Bart Munro
<i>Roger Alan Segebarth</i>	August 19	Son of Joanne Segebarth
<i>Blake Logan Palmer</i>	August 21	Daughter of Amber & Brian Palmer Granddaughter of Lois Cooper Granddaughter of Gina Palmer
<i>Ashley Seay</i>	August 25	Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay Granddaughter of Dennis & Georgene Manley
<i>Josh Summers</i>	August 27	Son of Tina Carlson Grandson of Larry & Cheryl Armstrong
<i>Roman Gabriel Cano</i>	August 28	Son of Simona & Daniel Rhodes
<i>Nicole Parfill</i>	August 30	Daughter of Robin Parfill
<i>J Danial (Danny) O'Connor</i>	Sept 2	Son of Kay O'Connor
<i>Shannon McCarty</i>	Sept 5	Daughter of Kevin McCarty & Pat Hayes
<i>Mary Margaret (Maggie) Miles</i>	Sept 5	Daughter of Jim & Mary Lou Miles
<i>Donette Klawonn</i>	Sept 30	Daughter of Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn

ANNIVERSARIES

<i>Brian Keough</i>	August 2	Son of Kathleen Keough
<i>Jammi Shonlei Hui</i>	August 5	Daughter of William & Joyce Hui
<i>Pressley Suzanne McHugh</i>	August 5	Daughter of Shawn & Kari McHugh
<i>Sandra Elena Varela</i>	August 5	Daughter of Sandra Prez
<i>Kylie Rayne Albeck</i>	August 10	Child of Shaun & Katie Albeck
<i>David Spannraft</i>	August 12	Son of Elizabeth & Dan Spannraft
<i>Barry J Grazier</i>	August 13	Son of Robert & Mary Ann Grazier
<i>Raphael E Vidal</i>	August 20	Son of Raphael & Mirtha Vidal
<i>Kevin Pomianek</i>	August 21	Son of Brenda & Eugene Pomianek
<i>David Sloop</i>	August 21	Son of Charron Sloop
<i>Ryan James Nichols</i>	August 22	Son of Jackie & Jim Nichols
<i>Michael Lee Brandon Hamilton Frederick</i>	August 25	Son of Jan Frederick Grandson of Sharon Frederick
<i>Justin Cody Ortega</i>	August 31	Son of Susie Meggs
<i>Brian Scott Ludlow</i>	Sept 1	Son of Ronald & Karen Zaylik
<i>Charles E Clark</i>	Sept 6	Son of Deloris Clark
<i>Marleea Gerfen</i>	Sept 13	Daughter of Marsha & Lee Bell
<i>Brian Scott Engle</i>	Sept 13	Son of Louise Engle
<i>Eric Pederson</i>	Sept 15	Son of Debbie & John Pederson
<i>Aaron R Moore</i>	Sept 19	Son of Adam & Sherry Moore
<i>Michael Klopp</i>	Sept 30	Son of Barbara & Rick Engelhard
<i>Alexander Rettinger</i>	September	Son of Kathleen Rettinger
<i>Carrie Seger</i>	Sept 30	Daughter of Sandy Seger
<i>Michael Klopp</i>	Sept 30	Son of Barbara & Rick Engelhard

To Be or Not to Be? (Miserable, that is)

Borrowed from TCFAtlantaSharing
<TCFAtlantaSharing@tcfatlanta.org>
August 1, 2007 6:17:25 PM CDT

We certainly had no choice about the matter when our child died. But as we live out the rest of our lives, we have a choice to be miserable or not be miserable. Early on in the grief process, it seemed normal and right to be miserable. It would almost seem disrespectful and wrong not to feel miserable in the early stages. It's been almost five years now since my daughter was killed, and I can certainly remember some dark days back then. But what about now? How should I be feeling now?

It seems to me that as a beginning point to answer this question, we should consider how our child would want us to feel. One way to answer this question is to ask ourselves how we would want our children to feel if we were the one who died. I think I could safely say that we would not want our child to be miserable the rest of her/his life. But we would want our child to remember us. And that is what I think our child would want us to do—remember her or him the rest of our life. And how should we do that? One way certainly, is to bring forth those mental images of our child in various stages of life. In all honesty, some our memories will be pleasant and some may be unpleasant. We also remember our child by keeping pictures of her/him on display, and by keeping mementoes of her/his life. We can talk about our child to other people (although they may be uncomfortable with this). We can start scholarship funds in our child's name, make a financial gift to a local charity, use a "Random Act of Kindness" card along with a small financial gift to help someone, plant a tree, make a small garden spot in our yard.....the ways to remember our child with positive actions is almost limitless.

If you seem to be suffering unbearable misery, why not try taking a positive action in your child's memory and remember that your child would want you to have peace.

Written by David Haddock Clinton, Mississippi
In memory of Bonnie Catherine Haddock (02-06-1985
to 08-13-2002)

David.Haddock@mid.state.ms.us

Excerpt From:

WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO GOOD PEOPLE

Harold S. Kushner.

From the Newsletter of the Tampa
Bay Chapter of BP/USA
By Beverley Bray Hurley
Mother to Deborah Ann Bray

While I was trying to meet the challenge of being a caretaker for my daughter Debbie during her short and painful three month battle with cancer, I had the privilege to attend a Workshop for Caretakers by Rabbi Kushner. At this workshop I purchased a book written by him and I found much Strength and Understanding in the following excerpt that I so desperately needed to help me deal with the forthcoming death of Debbie. I hope this will help you to find some strength and understanding in dealing with your great loss!

"The facts of life and earth are neutral. We, by our responses, give suffering either a positive or a negative meaning. Illness, accidents, human tragedies kill people. But they do not necessarily dill life or faith. If the death and suffering of someone we love makes us bitter, jealous, against all religion and incapable of happiness, we turn the person who died into one of the "devil's martyrs." If suffering and death in someone close to us brings us to explore the limits of our capacity for strength and love and cheerfulness, if it leads us to discover sources of consolation we never knew before, then we make the person into a witness for the affirmation of life rather than its rejection.

"This means...that there is one thing we can still do for those we loved and lost. We could not keep them alive. Perhaps we could not even significantly lessen their pain. But the one crucial thing we can do for them after their death is to let them be witnesses for God and for life, rather than, by our despair and loss of faith, making them "the devil's martyrs." The dead depend on us for their redemption and their immortality.

"First of all, God has created a world in which many more good things than bad things happen. We find life's disasters upsetting not only because they are painful but because they are exceptional. Most people wake up on most days feeling good.

(Continued on page 7)

Grief is Black; Healing is Color

by Rob Anderson

Coloring Easter eggs was always one of my favorite times. Boiling the eggs, setting out the glasses, adding the vinegar, plopping in the fizzy tablets and then slowly lowering (or sometimes dropping) the eggs into the colors bring back good memories with my kids. Every time we did it, one of them wanted to drop at least one egg (sometimes more) into all the colors. Are some of you flashing back to those fun times? As we went from yellow to orange to blue to red to green to purple and into whatever else was left, and then back again, the egg took on a dark, ugly brownish, almost black color. If for some reason the egg cracked along the way and we peeled it later, the egg looked rotten. It was entertainment to them, it was disgusting to me.

When our kids were alive, they were our glasses filled with color. They were our fizzy tablets of fun. Their lives were vibrant and beautiful. We didn't pass them from glass to glass and change their color, we left them just as they were. You probably have a favorite color and maybe even associate a color with your child. Friends of mine have a son, Fabian (or "Fabulous Fabian" as we know him) who died as a little boy. Fabian is all about the color blue, so they celebrate his life with that color. On his birth and death days, I've sent them a blue crayon, blue paint samples from the hardware store and a string of blue paper clips. They're very appreciative of my simple gifts. It helps brighten their day and reminds them of their colorful, beautiful Fabulous Fabian.

As we all know, the instant we found out our kids had died, all the color drained from our lives. No more bright reds, pinks or yellows of our daughters. No more blues, greens or oranges of our sons. Instead, our lives filled with black. The black of death; the black of grief. Nothing shined anymore; there was no glitter or sparkle.

In the additive process of color in painting or printing inks, (or Easter egg coloring) black is the combination of all colors. So, when our kids died and their colors went away, they went into the blackness of our grief. They weren't chased away by our grief, they were consumed in it.

The colors of the lives of our kids can live inside our grief, but more importantly, they can live inside our healing. Every red, blue, orange, green, yellow, magenta and purple child who was created, still lives in those colors, but they can be buried in our grief. The question is, how do we break open our grief and release the colors of our children? How do we get to their colorful lives and bring them back to us? That's where grief work comes in. Or, as I call it, healing work. As we grieve, we heal, but if we don't do our work, it makes it

much harder to heal. It's through our work that our colorful children can return; not in the way we want them to return, back in our arms, but in the best possible way we can let them return.

What can we do to rediscover the beauty and color of our children? The other day, I was talking with a group of fellow travelers and the discussion was about memories. For many, the memories really, really hurt because they associated those memories with a child who had died. That's suffering we all know when our kids die. Each memory is a painful reminder that our children will not be back to make more. Our child's life force or soul or spirit (whatever you may call it) also came up in the discussion. It's the child we think of when we put our heads on our pillows at night. It's the feeling we get when we think about their energy, their aura and their wonderfulness.

We also talked about love. The newly bereaved added the "ed" on the end of the word. "I lovED my child so much." That's fine, that's what we all do in the beginning because the death of our child is an ending. They're gone, they're now part of the past. I did the same after my son, Brendon, died. "Brendon "was" my wonderful son. I loved him very much," is what I said, too. At that time I thought I would never again have him in my life in any way, shape or form. I now know differently.

As the discussion about death and grief continued, I threw this out, "It's impossible to have a memory of someone who never lived. We can't have fond memories of a child who was never created. Our memories are of the living, the colorful, beautiful living, not of the dead."

"Hmmm," I heard a few people say.

I went on. "It's called a 'life force' for a reason. There can't be a life force without a life, right? Our kids have created that wonderful feeling in us because of the beauty of their colorful lives. I've never heard of someone having a death force, only a life force."

"Hmmm," I heard a few more people say.

(Continued on page 6)

I finished with, "We can't love what we've never known. We can't love someone who never lived, no matter how long or short that was. Our love is because of the lives of our kids. That's why it hurts so much, because we love them so much. We love their colorful lives and want them back.

"Hmmm," I heard the rest of them say.

As much as the deaths of our kids have crushed us and swallowed the color of their lives (and ours too), that color still lives within us through our memories, their life force and most importantly, our love. If we allow grief to keep our colorful children, then grief wins, and that's just not acceptable. We can't let the black of our grief swallow up their color. We must fight for them; fight for the lives of our children. If we do, we can once again live a joyful life of yellows, blues, greens, purples, oranges and all the other beautiful colors of our kids. When the colorful lives of our children re-enter our lives, we will smile a smile as big and broad and beautiful as theirs were.

~reprinted with permission from Grief Digest, Centering Corporation, Omaha, NE 866-218-0101
www.griefdigest.com

THE BROWN STAR STORY

Kim Steffgan from
 "When Hello Means Goodbye: A
 Guide For Parents Whose Child Dies
 Before Birth, At Birth, or Shortly After Birth"

Not long ago, astronauts found in the heavens gaseous celestial bodies – clouds of cosmic dust – which they think have finally answered the mystery of what exists between the small things in the universe, like planets, and the bigger things, like the sun. They call this cosmic dust "brown dwarfs" or "prestars," because, although the brown dwarfs have all the same elements to become a star, for some reason they never did.

All stars go on to live full lives, from their hot, bright white dwarf stage to their ages, cooler and dimmer red giant stage. But "brown stars" only go so far. Instead of being born to live a normal star's life, they remain cool and dim, hiding in the heavens, sprinkled in clusters among the other stars, 150 light years from Earth.

But, like our babies, their role in the universe is very important. In fact, scientists believe they serve as a link between the small things and the big things, holding the universe together; a midpoint between the beginning and the ending of our universal story.

As we grieve our babies who died before reaching the stardom of their earthly lives, perhaps we can find comfort in the possibility that they were designated for

this very special, universal role. Energized by our love, they are guardians of our memories of what was and dreams of what some day may be.

As we look to the heavens, seeking answers, we send messages of love to our "brown star" babies.

Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER - NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA VOLUME VI NO. 3, Summer 2001 (July, August, September)

AT FIRST
 By Sascha
 From WINTERSUN

At first
 my very name was grief.
 My eyes saw only grief,
 my thoughts were grief.
 And everything I touched
 was turned to grief.

But now
 I own the light of memories.
 My eyes can see you,
 and my thoughts can know you
 for what you really are;
 more than a young life lost,
 more than a radiance
 gone into night.

Today you have become
 a gift beyond my grief,
 a treasure to my world –
 though you have left
 my world and me behind.

Rebuilding Your Life One Piece at a Time

Death, especially unexpected death, changes one's life in ways that cannot be expected. With the death of someone close, one's world is forever changed.

One analogy I have found myself using with clients is the following: If you were to imagine the day before your loved one died, there was an intact picture of your life. The picture may not have

(Continued on page 7)



THREE DOORS

Pat Dickerman
Hacienda Heights, California

The first door was the death. It slammed shut, was locked and sealed. It separated me from my loved one. It was a heavy, cold steel door. I can never open it. It leaves me alone outside.

The second door swings open and beckons me to come inside. It leads to all my memories of our life together. At first, the door is wide open as I spend most of my time back inside reliving every precious moment – the sad memories, the bad memories and, thank goodness, the very special good memories.

Gradually I spend less time there but often I return to the second door. Sometimes I find myself spending a lot of time there. Sometimes I chuckle and leave, appreciative and happy for the experiences we shared. The second door will always remain slightly open. It will always be welcoming me back in time. The more I heal, the more I walk away from the second door and toward the third door.

The third door is stiff. It is hard to open. It opens slowly. It is scary inside when I first open it but each time I try to open this door, it becomes easier to open. Inside, I find rays of hope. Beyond are many paths, many choices. As time passes, I feel more comfortable entering. Gradually, the third door opens wider and I find myself able to explore all that is within. Soon the paths take me in many directions.

The third door opens up to my new life.

(Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA VOLUME IX NO. 3, Summer 2004 (July, August & September))

(Excerpt from When Bad Things Happen to Good People continued from page 4)

Most illnesses are curable. Most airplanes take off and land safely. Most of the time, when we send our children out to play, they come home safely. The accident, the robbery, the inoperable tumor are life-shattering exceptions; But they are very rare exceptions.

‘When you have been hurt by life, it may be hard to keep that in mind. When you are standing very close to a large object, all you can see is the object, all you can see is the object. Only by stepping back from it can you also see the rest of its setting around it. When we are stunned by some tragedy, we can only see and feel the tragedy. Only with time and distance can we see the tragedy in the context of a whole life and a whole world.

“In the Jewish tradition, the special prayer known as the Mourners’ Kaddish is not about death, but about life, and it praises God for having created a basically good and livable world. By reciting that prayer, that mourner is reminded of all that is good and worth living for. There is a crucial difference between denying the tragedy, insisting that everything is for the best and seeing the tragedy in the context of a whole life, keeping one’s eye and mind on what has enriched you and not only on what you have lost.”

(Rebuilding Your Life One Piece at a Time continued on page 6)

been perfect, but it was there and it made sense. There was a beginning, a middle and an expected end. With death comes the destruction of that picture. It is as if the picture is taken out of your hands, smashed to the ground in a thousand pieces and then some of the most treasured pieces are forever taken away.

The challenge with grief is to then take all of those pieces which are left and attempt to make a new picture. The picture of the life you once had is impossible to recreate, as much as one may try, it cannot be recreated with pieces missing. A new picture must be assembled with the pieces that are left and with new pieces that are picked up along the way.

The process of “putting the pieces back together” is one that often feels chaotic and confusing. It may sometimes be surprising to find out how much thinking is involved in the grief process. Thoughts bounce around trying to connect “what was” with “what is” and struggle to make sense out of what seems to be incomprehensible.

With each piece, the bereaved, through trial and error, find where each piece belongs or even if it belongs at all. This process is different for every person and does not adhere to any kind of timeline. This (what feels like endless) thinking is the work that grief demands “it is the creation of a new picture of your life” created one piece at a time.

Written by Stephanie Elson, lifted from the Tears to Hope August/September 2007 newsletter of The Amelia Center, Birmingham, AL, providing a place of hope for grieving children, parents and families, www.ameliacenter.org

We welcome your comments and/or items submitted for use in the newsletter. Short articles, poems, or book reviews are always welcome. Please include author of any written works. Send your items for the newsletter to Vicki Szech at 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, P.O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522 3696 - PH 877-969-0010 - Fax: 630-990-0246

Regional Coordinator, Mary Seibert PH: 815-468-6443 nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org

The Compassionate Friends home page can be found at www.compassionatefriends.org

There are seven TCF Internet chat sessions weekly. To participate, visit the TCF home page and select the "Chat" button.

CHAPTER LEADERSHIP Toni Nesheim 847-223-7353 tonin@sbcglobal.net Rachel Salomonson Age 18 – Auto accident

TREASURER Forest Anderson 847-838-0567 forest.anderson@att.net Rusty Anderson Age 15 – Osteosarcoma

SECRETARY Jenny & Rick Selle 847-249-4776 jennyselle@yahoo.com Lila Ruffolo Age 24 – Auto Accident

REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY Thelma Perkins 262-279-6178 Andrew C Perkins Age 17 – Auto Accident

LIBRARIAN Kathleen Rettinger 847-922-7456 Alexander Rettinger Age 18 – Of suicide

NEWSLETTER EDITOR Vicki Szech 847-573-1055 vszech@comcast.net Rachel Szech Age 16 – Horseback-riding Accident

NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING Mary Foresta 847-986-4133 Elizabeth Foresta Age 11 – Septic Shock, Heart/Lung failure

OUTREACH/INFORMATION Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 julyson2@gmail.com Aaron Barrera, age 29 - insulin reaction subsequent auto accident

STEERING COMMITTEE Marilyn Grace 847-395-8597 grace.marilyn@gmail.com Megan Grace Age 15 – Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy

Mary Ann Grazier 847-336-0539 Barry Grazier Age 27 – Auto Accident

Maggie McGaughey 224-406-6644 maggieg00@hotmail.com Jeremy Govekar Age 22 – Hit by train

Charon Sloop 847-623-2264 charronsloop@AOL.com David Sloop Age 33 – Motor Cycles accident

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 Vicki Szech, 31023 Prairie Ridge Road, Green Oaks, IL 60048 or call 847-573-1055 or send an email to vszech@comcast.net.