



The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

August, 2015 Newsletter



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



Chapter Leader Notes from Toni

CALLING FOR PHOTOS OF LOVED ONES FOR CANDLE LIGHTING CEREMONY

The thermometer says 87 degrees outside and the sun is shining brightly. Our flower garden is in full bloom with hummingbirds and butterflies winging through and stopping to sample our smorgasbord of flowers. The last thing I want to think about is fall and then winter. It is hard to believe that it is right around the corner. August will soon fly by, just as the hummingbirds and butterflies do, so I am thinking ahead to the annual candle lighting ceremony that The Compassionate Friends organizes each December. This year it will be on **Sunday, December 13, 2015 at the Millburn Congregational Church in Lake Villa at 6:30 p.m.**

The purpose of the candle lighting ceremony is to remember our loved ones who have gone too soon. We do this in December because that is the time of year that emphasizes family and togetherness. The deluge of seasonal parties, relatives, TV commercials, and store merchandise only underscores the loss of our loved ones. It is difficult to be filled with the spirit of family and togetherness when you feel a gaping hole in your chest from which love and energy and memories painfully pours out. The Compassionate Friends come together as a group of grieving parents, grandparents and siblings to remember our loved ones and symbolic light a candle to honor them.

Elements of the candle lighting ceremony are always the same such as the reading of the Five Candle Poem and the lighting of the candles which symbolize grief, courage, memories, love, and hope. We read the prayer "We Remember Them" and have music that is intended to comfort but also touch the heart of every bereaved person in attendance.

This year, we would like to add a new element that we hope will be meaningful to everyone. We would like to develop a power-point presentation (like a slide show) of photos of our children and grand-children and siblings so that we can see them and share their smiles. We can remember them together.

However, developing the photo presentation will take some effort and forethought. Please send 1-2 photos of your loved one to me through the U.S. mail or send it electronically to my husband, Denny, at drdeno@sbcglobal.net. The photos that are sent through the mail will be scanned into the computer and then returned to you. Please clearly write on the back of the photo or on a piece of paper, the name of your loved one, the date of birth and date of death, or just his or her name, whichever you prefer. This information will be shown under your child's or sibling's photo in the presentation.

We have discussed doing a photo presentation such as this for a few years so I hope that we can accomplish it and make it meaningful and heartwarming for all who attend the ceremony.

If you have any questions or need more details, please call me or email mail:

Toni tnesheim@sbcglobal.net 847-204-7585
Enjoy the remainder of your summer!

"The reality is that we don't forget, move on, and have closure, but rather we honor, we remember, and incorporate our deceased children and siblings into our lives in a new way. In fact, keeping memories of your loved one alive in your mind and heart is an important part of your healing journey."

-Harriet Schiff, author of The Bereaved Parent

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS – RENEWALS

If we have not heard from you in the past 2 years we will no longer send you the newsletter. If you wish to continue receiving the newsletter please contact **Vicki Szech, 31023 Prairie Ridge Road, Green Oaks, IL 60048, call 847-573-1055, or send an email to vszech@comcast.net.**



GIFTS OF LOVE

A love gift is a gift of money or of time given * 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 Elizabeth & Dan Spannraft
for sponsoring the August newsletter
in loving memory of their son
David J Spannraft

"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.

Gigi Willding-Pregent a member of our TCF chapter posted the following on Facebook on May 16, 2014 :

"Thank you my friends for all your comments and likes. This post wasn't just for me. It is for all the other mothers and fathers out there who are suffering. Unless you have lost a child it is unimaginable to comprehend the thought of losing your precious child. I know because ten years ago it never entered my mind. I am on the road to building a good life, never ever forgetting Liz and trying to live the rest of my life in today. Doing the things I love. Spending my time with my husband, children, grandchildren and friends. I will never be the old Gigi. I will be a different, better Gigi who loves to laugh, tease, & enjoy the people I care about. I have always cared and love other people. I found out that empathy is a good thing, although too much empathy hurts me because I take on other's situations to heart and feel their pain. Know that everyday I pray for those who are suffering for any reason. I know that there are always people out there hurting much more than I am. I have so many things to be grateful for. For now...and until then I pray that you will find peace, love, and answers you need in your lives. With Love, Gigi."

Becoming Stronger At The Broken Places



If I am what I do, and I don't, then I'm not. Those words have been spinning around in my head ever since I heard someone comment on how we tend to define ourselves by what we do, rather than by who we are. I thought about those words incessantly, almost to the point where they became nonsensical. But they aren't.

Until April 25, 1978, the day of my son Bryan's death, I'm afraid I was guilty of defining myself by my roles in life; computer marketer, husband, father - and without really being aware of it, most often in that order. I was caught up with "bringing home the bacon", "making a name for myself", and the tunnel vision that goes with all of that. My sense of self-worth was wrapped up with these feelings.

One of my colleagues used to call me "Rapid Robert" because of my pace in going places - or was it a treadmill? I was a workaholic, and only too often by the time I'd gotten around to family matters, I'd run out of steam.

Then my son Bryan died. The superficiality of my life smashed headlong into a brick wall. For months I felt like I was sitting in the middle of a field scattered with pieces of my life; job pieces askew here, family relationships trailing off there, dreams piled akimbo over here, hopes were asunder over there.

As I listened to my son's friends at the two remembrances for him, it dawned on me that at nineteen a young man doesn't have a long list of credits and accomplishments. "Bryan hadn't made a name for himself." Bryan was Bryan, no more, no less. His many friends loved him for who he was, not what he was.

Strange the lessons Fathers learn from sons - To care - To Share - To be there.

I wrote these words blinded by pain, and I could sense what it was that brought together people from all over in a common bond of shared grief, Bryan cared about them. I wondered if I were to

(Continued on page 4)



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. 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 - 847-573-1055

BIRTHDAYS

<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 Muno</i>	August 18	Son of Darlene & Bart Muno
<i>Roger Alan Segebarth</i>	August 19	Son of Joanne Segebarth
<i>Blake Logan Palmer</i>	August 21	Son of Amber & Brian Palmer Grandson of Lois Cooper Grandson of Gina Palmer
<i>Ashley Seay</i>	August 25	Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay Granddaughter of Dennis & Georgene Manley
<i>Eric Friedle</i>	August 27	Son of Dennis & Diane Friele
<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 Parfitt
<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>Adam Rubin</i>	August 1	Son of Linda Rubin Brother of Nicole Rubin
<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>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>Marleea Gerfen</i>	Sept 13	Daughter of Marsha & Lee Bell
<i>Brian Scott Engle</i>	Sept 13	Son of Louise Engle
<i>Aaron R Moore</i>	Sept 19	Son of Adam & Sherry Moore
<i>Michael Klopp</i>	Sept 30	Son of Barbara & Rick Engelhard
<i>Tony Trejo</i>	Sept 30	Son of Marina Williamson Brother of Victor Trejo

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(Becoming Stronger at the Broken Places continued from page 2)

die suddenly, after more than fifty years of life, how would I be eulogized? "A real professional, a true marketer, a dedicated employee" I'd settle for two words: "He Cared."

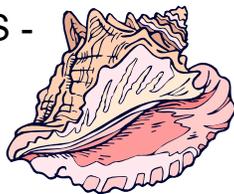
I've tried to put the pieces of my life back together again, but I've tried to be selective. I've left many pieces lying in that field because they don't fit anymore. And I've fashioned new pieces, each in some way inspired by the lessons of Bryan's life.

Hemingway wrote, "Sooner or later life breaks everyone, but afterwards some are stronger at the broken places." I've tried to put the pieces of my life back together selectively. As bereaved parents, we have a choice; we can fixate on the death or we can affirm life. I know which my son would have wanted me to do.

Robert Rosenberger, TCF, Burke, VA

BROKEN SEASHELLS - BROKEN HEARTS

By Pamela Leonhardt



Recently while on a trip visiting my sister in Oregon I came across a lovely and heartfelt book entitled *My Beautiful Broken Shell* written by Carol Hamblet Adams and illustrated by one of my favorite seascape artists, D. Morgan. The words of the tender reflections in this book resonated with my heart as I walked along the sandy shores of the Oregon coast collecting seashells.

Adams shares the brokenness of her heart and spirit as she struggled through a difficult time. In her book, she describes her experience walking along the sandy seashore searching for perfect seashells to add to her collection. As she gazes at the sea of broken shells, she comes to realize that the broken ones reflect her own broken heart. In each shell, Adams sees those who are hurting and who have lost loved ones; those who are frightened or alone; and those who are living with unfulfilled dreams. Like all of us, each shell in the vast sea is tremendously resilient after fighting so hard to keep from being totally crushed by the pounding surf. We, too, come to realize that it takes courage to remain on the shore after being "tossed by the storms of life and worn down by the sands of time" despite the unrelenting pain and suffering in our hearts. Like each of us, broken seashells represent our tears, deepest sorrows and pain from the loss of our precious child. The turbulent crashing waves of the sea followed by the calm waves teach us about the true meaning of strength, courage and faith. The brokenness of each

shell comes to remind us that when our hearts are shattered beyond belief, we can survive even the most horrific storm in our own lives. As each beautiful broken shell doesn't pretend to be perfect or whole, it allows for its brokenness to be seen, knowing that within the center of the shell lays immense beauty.

Broken seashells don't exist alone but are surrounded by a vast number of seashells, each broken in their own unique way. Like all of humanity, when you truly look around, you see that we are all wounded in one way or another. As rare as it is to find a perfect shell in the midst of hundreds of shells lying on the beach, it's equally rare to find any one of us who has not experienced deep pain and sorrow. As the broken shells lie close to one another, we are reminded that we, too, live in community with each other and when we draw upon the strength and courage of others it helps us through the most difficult times.

After reading this tender and heartfelt book, I walked the sandy Oregon shore, no longer in search for the perfect seashell for my collection but rather recognizing the strength, courage and beauty of all the broken shells that lay scattered along the shore. With each broken seashell I picked up and placed in my hand, I admired its own uniqueness and strength. It was through gazing at them, I was reminded of my own brokenness and the tremendous courage it has taken me to survive the most turbulent storm in my life. Through my brokenness I have emerged stronger, more compassionate and loving and able to recognize and embrace my own internal beauty from that struggle.

Like many others, I find my deepest peace and serenity by the seashore, mesmerized by the crashing waves followed by the slow, gentle retreat of the water back into the sea. As one of my favorite quotes so profoundly states, "nowhere on earth are heartaches better tended," I feel the sadness in my heart soothed and my soul restored and nourished as I experience all the beauty that the sea offers. As I prepare to leave next week for another retreat to the sea, I will notice and cherish

(Continued on page 5)

(BROKEN SEASHELLS - BROKEN HEARTS continued from page 4)

each broken shell knowing the strength and courage it took for each of them to survive the turbulent storms of the sea and be reminded of my own healing journey. Next time you find yourself walking along the shore's edge, pick up a broken seashell that speaks to you and see yourself reflected in the broken edges. Recognize the strength of the shell to survive being tossed through the crashing waves just as your heart has survived and grown stronger after the most horrific and tumultuous storm.

©2005, Pamela Leonhardt, PsyD.

Pamela is a Licensed Psychologist in private practice in Boulder and bereaved mother to Angel Child, Michael (12/2/76 - 7/14/98)

She can be reached at pleonhardt@comcast.net.

My Beautiful Broken Shell (1998), Carol Hamblet Adams, Harvest House Publishers, Eugene, OR.

~reprinted from Denver Metro Area Newsletter July 2005

Balloon Lift-Off

We stand together-yet each alone-tightly holding our balloons by the string, with our hand-written messages to our children carefully tied at the end. At a signal we release our grasp and the balloons soar upward, carried by the brisk wind. Moving quickly, they strangely seem to stay together, like a group of children running across a field.

No one says a word. We just stand and watch, each of us lost in his own thoughts, eyes fixed on that special balloon, watching as it goes higher and higher, growing smaller and smaller until it disappears, no matter how hard we strain to see. Like our children, we know that they are still there--just no longer in our sight. It is a painful, bittersweet experience.

I guess I have attended close to a dozen balloon lift-offs in the years since my son died, and my feelings are always the same. There is the awful pain of knowing that—like our children—we can't call them back—can't hold them again—can't even see them again.

And at the same time, there is the unspoken deep-down hope that somehow our child knows about that special balloon and its message of love. With the simple faith of a child writing a letter to Santa, we fantasize that our message will be received and read—that somehow a tangible connection has been made with our child if only for a brief moment. It is a powerful moment. It is a beautiful, poignant moment that we will all carry in our hearts and thoughts for days to come. And for weeks to come we will recapture that precious moment every time we see a balloon soaring toward

the heavens....

--Carole Ragland, TCF Houston West Chapter

Balloon Launch

There will be a balloon launch on Thursday, August 20 at 7:00 pm before our regular meeting! Balloons will be provided.



Grief Work is Hard Work

When I first began my journey of grief following the death my only child, Todd, I didn't comprehend that I would have to take an active role in what would come to be defined as "grief work." All I knew was the pain, the shock, the sorrow, the desire to go to sleep and never awaken. My child was dead, and I had no desire to live.

As the months and then the years passed, I began to realize that I was, albeit unconsciously, doing grief work. Once I realized I could not walk this road alone, I became involved in our Compassionate Friends Chapter. That was the beginning of my "grief work." A few months later, I enrolled in a six-week program for bereaved mothers. More grief work. I have since attended seminars, retreats and workshops. From each effort I gained something new, something insightful, something that eased my burden just a bit, something that helped me to cope with this, the worst, of all losses.

I consumed books. Some were about grief; others were about life. I watched movies, some about grief and some about life. I talked with friendssometimes about grief and sometimes about life.

Along the way I found that if I reached out to others, I was, once again, doing grief work. You see, I discovered that grief work is healing work. It doesn't dry my tears, nor does it mend my broken heart. Instead, it allows me to accept that I am in this place and living in this moment. That doesn't sound like much.....unless one has lost a child to death. Lost a child to death. What a horrifying

(Continued on page 6)

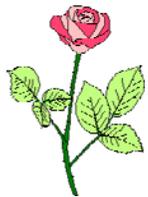
(Grief Work is Hard Work continued from page 5)

thought. Yet now I can say it to others, talk with others who are raw and new in their grief and know that I have come to accept that my son is gone from this plane. My grief work will continue until I die.

When we attend workshops, seminars, special presentations, Compassionate Friends meetings and privately contemplate the depth of our loss and changes in our lives, we are doing grief work. Each of us travels this road differently, but we owe it to ourselves to do our grief work. Not easy work, not fun work, not immediately rewarding work, but this is work, just the same.

Annette Mennen Baldwin
In memory of my son, Todd Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX

Borrowed Newsletter of the Atlanta Chapter
Fall 2007



The Love & Peace Rose and Billy Hawley

By Carol Hawley

I love flowers of all types. From the dainty African Violets to chrysanthemums to orchids tooh the list is endless.

Occasionally I received bouquets of roses on my birthdays, Mothers Day and wedding anniversaries. My favorite color of roses is champagne color. The rose is a symbol of love. The ruby red rose is a huge seller during Valentine's Day. It was late spring 2004 in the evening when Billy came home and surprised me with a single long-stem rose. Billy has hit a rough spot in his life

and I think that's his way of saying "I am sorry." Mothers are very forgiving creatures especially toward their children. Even though their child has misbehaved and has been a pickle.

I received a rose that has the color of orange and red mixed, but with tinges of yellow. The thing about the rose was the fragrance. It smells fruity like a peach. I quickly trimmed the end of the stem and placed the rose in a coffee cup. I put the rose on my computer desk in the bedroom. I changed the water every day and added a bit of sugar for the rose. The bud opened very slowly and it lasted the longest of all roses I ever received, close to two weeks. Billy checked on the rose every now and then. He even commented "Hey, maybe things will finally work out." Recently I dug out my collection of flower catalogs and looked for this rose.

Eventually I found out that the rose is an AARS winner and the name given is the LOVE & PEACE rose. To quote from the Wayside Gardens catalog: "The rose is a tough and lasting beauty with beautiful dark foliage, highly resistant to black spot and mildew."

Since it was only late spring in Georgia when Billy gave this rose to me, rose bushes have not bloomed yet and this cut rose is from somewhere else. I also consulted with my friend Charlotte who is an avid gardener and a member of the Master Gardener Club. She says the hot humid weather in Georgia is not ideal for this rose and it is grown elsewhere.

September 27 was four years since our son Billy has passed away. Bill, Alan (Billy's older brother) and I think of Billy often. My tears still flow but less; our pain throbs with less intensity but our longing to see, hug and talk with him is still strong.

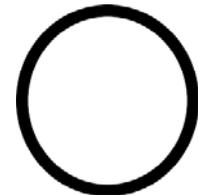
I still have the rose and it's encased in a clear acrylic box. It has lost its beauty, splendor and scent. Yet, whenever I look at the rose, it brings back memories of that nice evening when Billy walked in with a smile and holding a rose behind his back – a memory I will treasure. It will be my one and only rose from my son Billy, the LOVE & PEACE rose.

Happiness held is the seed; happiness shared is the flower – anonymous –

Borrowed Newsletter of the Atlanta Chapter
Fall 2008

A Circle of Friends

by Darcie Sims



Together, we shall join hearts and hands across the earth and decorate the world with hope and healing and remembered laughter. We shall remain forever linked through the love of our absent children, parents, husbands and wives, siblings, grandparents, friends-all of our loved ones who dance across the rainbows ahead of us.

(Continued on page 7)

We are a family circle-broken by death, mended by love. May this day, and every day, be days for us to laugh and sing, to dance and dream. May this day, and every day, be days of celebration and the chance to give one more hug, to say one more, "I love you." May love be what you remember most!

The Scream

The smile you see is not all of me,
 For I'm not what I seem.
 I laugh and smile but all the while,
 My smile holds in a scream.
 For when I see a little girl,
 So innocent and free,
 I think about my little girl,
 Who died at seventeen.
 And then the scream comes welling up,
 From in my soul so black,
 And so my smile must block it in,
 And laughter hold it back.
 I saw her born and watched her grow,
 from child to blooming lass,
 But through the years I couldn't know,
 I'd have to see her pass.
 The suffering within my heart,
 I hide from all the world.
 I do my job, I play the part,
 And miss my little girl.
 A song about a father's love,
 So sweet with tenderness,
 Awakes in me the horror of,
 My loss and loneliness.
 So, if they say "He takes it well,
 He'll be OK we all can tell.
 How well his life continues on,
 It's almost if she wasn't gone."
 Remember that I'm not so sane,
 Playacting, keeping up the game,
 My nightmare life trapped in a dream,
 You see, my smile holds in a scream.

Steve Tutt ~ TCF, Tyler, Texas
 Remembering our daughter, Lisa
 1987-2004
 Borrowed Newsletter of the Atlanta Chapter
 Fall 2007

Memories Are Elusive; Capture Them While You Can

If I were to recall my many memories of James, they surely would begin on the very first day of his life. And what an unusual day it was – so hot and rainy, with flashing bolts of lightening and loud claps of thunder. Late that afternoon, I was holding him in my arms, and the feeling of joy and happiness is something I can still hold in my heart. After that, the visits were so much fun to see the progress James was making from month to month.

But then the day came when he came to say good-bye for a while because he was moving from Connecticut to Georgia, which seemed to be very far away. Then it was time for phone calls and letters with photos enclosed.

I had summer visits to look forward to and of course, always at Christmas. I remember the fun I had with James in the joy that he loved about the holiday.

When it became possible for me to live here my happiness was complete because then it meant I could see him more often.

The soccer games – always proud days because James played so hard to win for his team – the times he stayed at our house where we played games – none of which I could ever win – the help he loved to give me doing crossword puzzles – and the delight in his eyes when he found the piece of the jigsaw puzzle that I just knew had been lost. The vacations we took together – he so enjoyed seeing new places, sharing "The Little Mermaid", "The Velveteen Rabbit" his very favorite movie and book.

All these and so many more will be cherished in my mind and heart and James will remain there for all time. I am his grandmother, will love my precious grandson, my James, for all eternity. May God hold him in the palm of his hand for us all.

~Written by Georgianna Stempfen, Austell, Georgia -
 Submitted by her daughter & James' Mom, Meg Avery,
 Lawrenceville TCF

[In Memory of James Avery, III](#)

July 15, 1983 to September 22, 1997
 Borrowed from Newsletter of the Atlanta Area Chapters of The Compassionate Friends July - August 2001

We welcome your comments and/or items submitted for use in the newsletter. Short articles, poems, or book reviews are always appreciated. 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 847-204-7585 tnesheim@sbcglobal.net *Rachel Salomonson* Age 19 – Auto accident

TREASURER Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 Julyson2@gmail.com *Aaron Barrera* Age 29 – Auto accident due to Diabetes

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

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

Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com & Raphael Vidal rvidal1027@yahoo.com, Raphael, age 17, suicide

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.