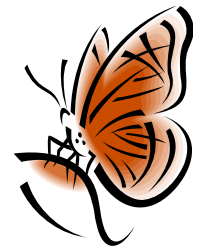


The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter
August, 2013 Newsletter



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

SECONDARY LOSSES

Recently, a member of our "club" called to tell me she was only able to open up the first page of A Journey Together. When she tried to read it online none of the following pages would appear. Frances went on, "If my son was still living," she said, "he would have been able to solve my computer faux-pas." If her son (and only child) was still living, of course, she would not have been reading this newsletter. That brings up an interesting fact: The many, many secondary losses parents experience when our son or daughter dies only become clear as we encounter events or circumstances where our child's help would have been invaluable.



As we age these losses become more apparent: Loss of a care giver in our older years. Loss of a helper to assist us with making appointments and seeing we get to them. Loss of someone to help around the house and yard. Loss of a companion.

Loss of an heir to pass on the family photos, possessions and memories. Loss of a trusted child to help with finances. Loss of an adviser on lots of matters, technical and otherwise. Possibly loss of our connection to community. And yes, Frances, loss of that patient, caring offspring to show us, for the umpteenth time, how to download and print an article from an online source.

Once we have regained a foothold on life, one of these secondary losses, coming at us so unexpectedly, can throw us for a loop. Often, we don't encounter these until years after our child died. Ten, fifteen, twenty years and suddenly we wish our child was sitting next to us as the doctor explains our options. We talk about letting the happy memories from our child's life (no matter how short) fill the hole in our hearts. But even after we've reached a point of acceptance, there are times when our child's absence reminds us how enormous our loss really was and still is.

Perhaps these moments, when our loss is underscored so vividly even after so many years, is nature's way of reminding us how much we loved our precious child and how much we continue to miss him or her. And all

we can do is sigh, whisper their name, and hope they are watching over us.

R&D, Maryland

BP/USA

Borrowed from "A Journey Together" Volume XVIII No. 3 Summer National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA www.bereavedparentsusa.org.

There will be a balloon release at the August 15th meeting at Millburn Congregational Church. The release will start at 7:15pm so that everyone has time to write on the balloons and then release them before it gets dark. Refreshments and a discussion will follow the launch. The balloon release will not be cancelled for rain but will be if there lightning. For additional information call Toni - 847-204-7585.



Meetings

August 15, 2013 - 7:30 p.m.
Millburn Congregational Church
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL
Open discussion

Waukegan meeting
September 5, 2013 - 7:00 p.m.
Holy Family Church
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL
Open discussion



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 sponsoring the newsletter in
loving memory of their son,
Barry J Grazier**

**Thanks to Ruben & Joanne Segebarth
for sponsoring the newsletter in
loving memory of their son,
Roger Segebarth**

"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.

***"For years I never knew whether the twilight was
the ending of the day
or the beginning of the night
and then, suddenly one day,
I understood that this did not matter at all,
for time is but a circle,
and so there can be no beginning and no ending,
and this is how I came to know that birth and death
are one,
and it is neither the coming or the going that is of
consequence.***

***What is of consequence is the beauty that one
gathers in this interlude called life."***

***From "Come Walk Among the Stars,"
by Winston Abbott***

~reprinted from the TCF Atlanta Newsletter July/August 2000

Dear Survivor: A Letter to You

It is said that death is a part of life; that it is the other side of birth. I believe that death can also give meaning to life, a meaning that may escape you now while your grief is fresh and raw, but which may someday bring a special quality of peace to your spirit. As terrible as your loss seems now, you will survive it even though that may seem unbelievable right now. Once that happens, you will have touched upon a new and incredible inner strength.

But for now you may be a mixture of thoughts and feelings. Despair, longing, anger, guilt, frustration, questions and even understanding, tumble over each other, striving for but not quite reaching comprehensible sense and shape. You seek relief-you need to heal. It is a journey, and you must work on it.

And so, Cry.

The pain is real, but the tears are healing. Often we must struggle through an emotion to find the relief beyond.

And so, Talk.

Talk to each other about your loss and pain. Don't hide or deny real feelings. Tell others that you need them. The more you deny something or address it in silence, the more destructive power it can claim over you.

And so, Search.

Over and over, you will ask, "Why?" It is a question you must ask. Though you may never find an answer, realize that it is still important to wrestle with the "why" question for a time. Eventually, you will be content to give up the search. When you can willingly let go of the need to question "why?" it will lose its hold over you, but it will take time.

And so, Speak.

(Continued on page 6)





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 Muno</i>	August 18	Son of Darlene & Bart Muno
<i>Roger Alan Segebarth</i>	August 19	Son of Rueben & Joanne Segebarth
<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 Meggs
<i>Kylie Rayne Albeck</i>	August 10	Child of Shaun & Katie Albeck
<i>Noah-Dean Saunders</i>	August 12	Son of Paula Jaimez
<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>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

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

The Cherry Tree

Dad cut down the old cherry tree today
'It needs to come down,' I had to say
So he would notice it was true,
Diseased and riddled with bugs too.

Later that night, I started to cry...
I didn't quite understand why.
Tears spun like a tornado to my core
Leaving me crying an hour, two, then more.

Now there's an empty place in our yard
Where the cherry tree once stood guard.
But if I close my eyes I can still see
The four of you picking cherries from that tree.

Those were happier days...they went by so fast.
I always knew they couldn't last...
For the four of you grew much like the tree.
So beautiful...you mean the world to me.

Now, my lovely son, four years dead —
Thoughts of you always fill my head.
Your short lifetime...only eighteen years.
Not long enough say my endless tears.

You are so deeply mourned by your sisters and
brother,
But I can't know their grief...only that of a mother.
A grief so unrelenting I can't move on —
So instead, I cry when a cherry tree's gone.

Diane Royer
In memory of Aaron S. Royer
BP/USA Annapolis, Maryland



Don't allow others to rush you
through your grief. You have a
lifetime to heal and it's a lifelong
journey. Travel at
your own speed.



Book Review Wave

Sonali Deraniyagal
Alfred A. Knopf, 2013

Ms. Deraniyagal is a survivor of the Sri Lanka Tsunami. The only survivor in her family. The great wave claimed her husband, their two small sons, and her parents. She spends no time preparing her reader with what we know is coming, but rather, hits us on page one, unprepared, much as she and her family vacationing in a beach front hotel were hit with the onslaught of the mighty Indian Ocean.

In the ensuing six years we journey with her as she progresses through the grief, constantly looking back at the happy life so violently wrenched from her grip. Our author tells us about her life before, in remembrances, that are as hard to read, as all bereaved parents will understand, as they must have been to write. She tries to imagine what her boys would be doing today. "When the girls speak, my heart listens in fear of being blown apart by the knowledge of what would have been. When I project on my own what the boys would be doing now, my thoughts can be as nebulous as I want them to be. Not so with the girls' chatter, no fog to veil what they say." She rails at life continuing: "And everywhere, on bare ground and between cracks in the floors [where the hotel had stood], tiny pink and white flowers that flourish along the sea-shore forced their way up. Mini mal, or graveyard flowers, they are called. I resented this renewal. How dare you heal."

It will be clear, if you are a veteran on this journey, that Ms. Deraniyagal has not yet reached a place of inner peace. But we marvel at how far she has come and hope she finds it.

Borrowed from "A Journey Together" Volume XVIII No. 3
Summer National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the
USA www.bereavedparentsusa.org.

HOW CAN I TELL THEM?

How can I tell them that the grief they feel today will fade with the merciful, steady march of time? They won't, nay, can't, believe--as I did not when I was told. Shall I say to them, "While memories never die, the sharp and bitter edges blur."? And there will come a time to them as it has come to me, when happy memories transcend the bad, and life again is good. I know so well the hurt they feel, and also know that each of us must find their own way out. No matter how deeply friends may care, it is a private struggle we must wage.

Mary N. Moore - TCF-Toms River, NJ

Memories -- tender, loving, bittersweet. They can never be taken from you. Nothing can detract from the joy and the beauty you and your loved one shared. Your love for the person and his or her love for you cannot be altered by time or circumstance. The memories are yours to keep. Yesterday has ended, though you store it in the treasure house of the past.

And tomorrow? How can you face its awesome problems and challenges? It is as far beyond your mastery as your ability to control yesterday. Journey one day at a time. Don't try to solve all the problems of your life at once. Each day's survival is a triumph.

**Rabbi Earl A. Grollman
"Living when a Loved One Has Died"**

I lie around with nowhere to go, like a crumpled, discarded coat. The pursuits of the past fail to interest me in the bitter present All the color has gone out of the world; life has been redone in grays, dull and uninviting.

But while today it seems appropriate to give in to mourning, I notice the slowly widening pastel of the horizon. This sorrow will not be forever. I will have somewhere to go again, and new interests to draw me there.

And in good time, they say. And even now, while time stands stubbornly still, I know that it is true.

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

Summer's Dream



It is summer and the neighborhood rings with the laughter and excitement of children enjoying their freedom. Their joy is a two edged sword. The lazy afternoons spent on the jungle gyms in the park are a great source of both joy and comfort. A fielder watching a butterfly instead of the game brings back memories worth more than gold.

How often did the days fly by as we swam and picnicked at the lake? But today Matt does not play ball, swim or climb the monkey bars. Ten years is a long time to wait to see your son. Neighbor kids come home from college, stop and talk, laugh and remember incidents from English class. Matt does not. Matt does not, but I do.

My body remembers first. The feel, the sound, the smell, the taste combine to capture the day now so long gone. But it is the heart that saves me. Love cannot bring back Matt's body, but in all other ways he is here. To deny the laughter of children is to die to the world. The world did not die. Neither did I. Really, really, neither did Matt. So instead of hiding from the laughter and excitement I will embrace it. I'm coming Matt. I am just a little slower than I was. Don't worry about that limp. Hold my hand. The lake is just over the hill.

Keith Swett,

BP/USA Seymour, WI

Borrowed from "A Journey Together" Volume XVIII No. 3 Summer National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA www.bereavedparentsusa.org.

Do You Ever Feel Like Me?

~from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing

Do you ever feel like me? Right now I am utterly tired of grief. I am sick of it. I can't get away from the always aching pit in my heart and soul. I search for understanding. I do all I can in the memory of my child who is gone and the others who are like her. I try to move into life again. I smile. I laugh but inside I ache, my soul literally burns inside my body.

Some say it gets better WHEN???? That is what I want to know, when in this life am I going to feel better. Oh what I would give for the bliss of ignorance once more.

~Jean Stewart

Response....My only child died four years ago. A friend of mine lost her daughter two years before that. Although she lives in IL and I live in GA, we've kept in touch these past four years. . .

Two years ago, I met with Mary. We asked each other, "How are you doing?"

I described for her (even though she knew it) the pain I was feeling. The same pain and despair that you describe, now.

Mary said: "I woke up one day and said to myself: 'I am tired of feeling this way. I do not want to feel this way any longer. I won't.'"

I did not understand, then, how she could possible let go of the everyday pain. That pain was a comfort, to me. I felt that, if I was in extreme pain, every day, then I was paying tribute to my son and to my love for him.

I am beginning to understand, just now, a desire to NOT spend every day with the pain. It's been four years since my son died, and two years since I heard Mary's words.

There IS hope for "better days", for you. And, when those days come, you will not be giving up love for your child, but beginning to love yourself, once more.

Teal Snapp, Conyers, GA
Billy's mom, always June 23, 1981 - February 25, 1996

(Dear Survivor: A Letter to You continued from page 2)

Speak as often and freely of your loved one as you need to. He or she will always be a part of you. Not to speak of the deceased denies his or her existence. To

speak of the deceased affirms his or her life. Believe that in time, the pain of loss fades and is replaced by precious memories to be shared.

And so, Grieve. This time of sorrow can be used to draw a family together - or pull it apart. You may be one who needs to feel and express guilt so that eventually you will gain a more balanced view of your actual degree of responsibility. You may need to give yourself permission to feel and express anger even though you think it is inappropriate.

And so, Grow.

We know we cannot control all that happens to us, but we can control how we choose to respond. We can choose to be destroyed by an experience or we can choose to overcome and survive it. When we choose to grieve constructively and creatively, we come to value life with a new awareness.

And so, Become.

Become the most you can become. Enter into a new dimension of self-identity and self-dependence as you come to love others more fully and unconditionally. In letting go of love, we give it freedom to return to us. Become all that your loved one's death has freed you to become.

And so, Accept.

Accept that in some strange way, his or her death may enable you to reach out with a new understanding, offering a new dimension of love to others.

I believe in a loving God who is with us, offering strength, guidance and solace as we struggle with our anguish. I believe that as we regain balance and meaning in our shattered lives, we can come to see that death can indeed bring a new meaning to life. This is my prayer for all of us.

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grief@bereavementmag.com



PENNY JAR

Faith Murray Ewald
BP/USA Hinsdale, IL

At our local chapter meeting, one man said that he has developed some “quirks” since his son’s death and one of them is to save pennies. He refuses to use his pocket change to pay for things, giving instead whatever larger denomination he may have and waiting for change. He says people wonder sometimes what’s wrong with him but it’s only this: his son used to save pennies in a jar.

Now the father puts pennies in that same jar. His wife explained further that the jar is emptied and refilled, and the accumulated money goes to a fund they’ve established to send boys to summer camp.

Another family regularly sends a contribution in their late child’s name to a children’s charity drive. And more than one family of our acquaintance supports a child through the Foster Parents Plan or a similar organization which sends the family a picture and periodical progress reports on the health and education of one child in a disadvantaged area.

I know there are many ways of memorializing our children and when we set out to do something, we need not mean to build a university. A simple jar of pennies that grows into the sum of a camp tuition is just as real a memorial, even though it begins with just a handful of loose change.

Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER - NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA - VOLUME VII NO. 3, SUMMER 2002 (July, August and September)

THE MYTH OF CLOSURE

Ashley Davis Prend
Hospice of North Idaho

“When will I begin to feel better?”

When will I return to normal? When will I achieve some closure?” grievers often ask. Closure, our culture tells us, will bring about a tidy ending, a sense of completion. Some grievers hope that the desired magical closure will occur after the funeral or memorial service. Others are confident it will come once they have cleared out their loved one’s room. Or maybe after a special personal ritual. Or perhaps after the first anniversary comes and goes “surely then, we will have closure,” we think. We pray.

The reason we long for closure, of course, is because we would like to neatly seal away all of this pain. We would like to close all the sad, confused, desperate angry feelings out of our life. We would like to put all of

this behind us.

Closure. What an odd concept really, as if we could truly close the door on pain – turn the lock and throw away the key. The truth is far more complex, of course.

Closure is for business deals. Closure is for real estate transactions. Closure is not for feelings or for people we love.

Closure simply does not exist emotionally, not in a pure sense. We cannot close the door on the past as if it didn’t exist because, after losing someone dear to us, we never forget that person or the love we shared. And in some ways, we never entirely get over the loss. We learn to live with the loss, to integrate it into our new identity.

Imagine if we really could end this chapter in our life, completely. It would mean losing our memories, our connections to those we love. If we really found closure, it would ironically hurt even more because the attachment would be severed. And this attachment is vital to us – the memories are treasures to be held close, not closed out.

Perhaps it is better to think in terms of healing. Yes, we can find ways to move on and channel our pain into productive activities. Yes, we can even learn to smile again and laugh again and love again.

But let’s not ever think that we’ll close the door completely on what this loss means for, if we did that, we would unwittingly close the door on all the love that we shared. And that would truly be a loss too terrible to bear. Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA VOLUME VIII NO. 3, Summer 2003 (July, August & September)

“The phrase ‘Time moves differently now’... It is so true. Our lives stop and start over on a different timetable that the rest of the world does not have a clock or watch like ours. Bereaved parents are just in a time zone all our own trying to keep up with the rest of the world.” ~Christi

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 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: 773-721-7810 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

PUBLICITY Kari McHugh 262-862-6880 ksmchugh@hotmail.com Pressley McHugh Age 46 days Hypoplastic left heart syndrome

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 _____

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.