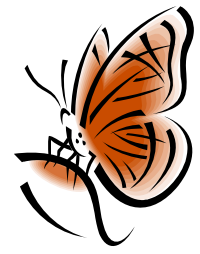




# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

February, 2017 Newsletter



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

## How Can I Improve Communication With My Spouse?

I believe in marriage and the value of communication. Years ago we met, fell in love and chose this special someone to share our life with. Our children were born out of that love.

After the death of our child, it becomes a greater challenge to keep the lines of communication open. We know it requires time and effort from both partners to work at keeping the marriage alive and healthy, but how do we do it? Here are some suggestions:

1) Have you seen the movie "The Story of Us" with Bruce Willis and Michelle Pfeiffer? The Jordan family had a ritual every night going around the dinner table telling each other what their own high and low was for the day. Think back what happened during your day. What made you smile and what made you sad? That is your high and low.

2) Read a grief book together—take turns reading a chapter each night. Then discuss what you have read sharing what you agree and disagree with what the author has written.

3) Schedule a meeting to tell each other what you need from one another. If it is difficult to talk about your feelings—organize your thoughts first onto paper, then set up a time for both of you to share face to face.

4) Make plans to go on a date once a week—it does not have to cost a lot of money. Go to the Dairy Queen for an ice cream cone or go for a walk around the neighborhood holding hands. No children, no cell phones just the two of you without distractions.

5) Cry wrapped in each other's arms. If this opportunity presents itself—go with it. Tears are healing and wonderful to share with someone who loves your child just as you do.

6) Take time to reminisce about how you first met and fell in love with each other. Remember the

funny and touching moments when you were dating. Talk about the good times you have shared over the years since the day you were married. Listen to the old songs, "your special song" and dance holding each other close.

7) Do an anger exercise. Buy a large package of Styrofoam coffee cups. On each cup, write one reason why you are angry. After you have finished writing, go outside on the driveway or a hard surface. Take turns reading one of the cups out loud and then stomp on the cup smashing it.

8) Talk about your child. Remember and laugh about the day your child was born—their first step—their first day of school and all of the other wonderful memories that no one can ever take from you.

9) This may sound so simple, but touch and hug each other. Tell the other that you love them. Tell them why you love them. This sounds so simple, but often we forget to touch each other, a squeeze of the hand, an arm around the shoulder, a soft kiss.

10) Work together on a Memorial in memory of your child: a college scholarship fund in your child's name or plant a garden in memory of your child. Develop an idea of your own and work together on it.

Oh, one last thing, be kind and love each other~

Susan Van Vleck – Marc's mother  
May 21, 1973 - July 18, 1992  
TCF - Marietta,

Georgia Susan is also the author of "[Men and Women Grieve Differently](#)" which was published in the TFC Atlanta May-June 2001 Newsletter.





## 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 Carol Smith  
for her donation  
in loving memory of her daughter  
**Anna Smith Miller**

Thanks to Carlene Ramsay  
for her donation  
in loving memory of her son  
**Douglas Ramsey**

"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.



## The Mended Heart

The heart is oh so fragile;  
although the muscle's strong.  
It goes on beating even though  
continued life seems wrong.  
When devastation makes its mark  
and chisels in the pain.  
It seems as though the heart  
will not ever know joy again.  
Good News! The heart will mend itself, but not  
just like before.  
Remember, like a broken bone,  
the original is no more.  
There is a tender spot in both  
where once the gap was wide.  
The beating heart that gives us life  
has courage on its side.

And as the broken bone  
may ache because of rain or cold,  
the heart may ache with longing  
for the one whose bell has tolled  
There is no guarantee  
that life will ever be the same,  
But when you do find joy in life,  
the heart should feel no shame.

Karan Longbrake - TCF Hardin County, Ada, Ohio

~reprinted from TCF Troy, MI February 2004  
Newsletter

## Meetings

### Northern Illinois Chapter TCF February 16

Millburn Congregational Church  
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL  
Open discussion

### Waukegan meeting

**March 2 – 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.**

Holy Family Church  
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL  
Meeting in Room 4  
Open discussion

Enter by church office then down the hall to  
Room 4 on right.

"Tenemos un cuarto nuevo para las reuniones- Salon 4. Entre por la oficina de la iglesia y sigue en el pasillo al Salon

**The most painful death in all the  
world**

**is the death of a child.**

**When a child dies,  
when one child dies...**

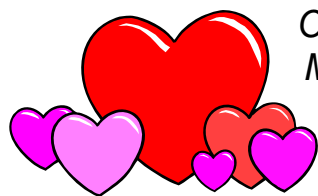
**not the 11 per 1,000**

**we talk about statistically...**

**But the one that a mother held  
Briefly in her arms...**

**He leaves an empty space  
In a parent's heart that will never  
heal.**

**Thomas H. Kean  
Governor of New Jersey**



## OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED IN FEBRUARY & MARCH

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](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) - 847-573-1055

### **BIRTHDAYS**

<i>Kevin Pomianek</i>	<b>February 4</b>	Son of Brenda & Eugene Pomianek
<i>Aaron Barrera</i>	<b>February 6</b>	Son of Tammie & Ernie Barrera
<i>Megan Candice Grace</i>	<b>February 24</b>	Daughter of Tim & Marilyn Grace
<i>Anne Thomson</i>	<b>February 25</b>	Daughter of Nancy & Tom Thomson
<i>Kyle Glueck</i>	<b>March 4</b>	Son of Dolores Krason
<i>Elizabeth Mary Foresta</i>	<b>March 8</b>	Daughter of Al & Mary Foresta
<i>David Sloop</i>	<b>March 9</b>	Son of Charron Sloop
<i>Rusty Anderson</i>	<b>March 11</b>	Son of Forest & Christine Anderson
<i>David Spannraft</i>	<b>March 18</b>	Son of Elizabeth & Dan Spannraft
<i>Adam Rubin</i>	<b>March 28</b>	Son of Linda Rubin Brother of Nicole Rubin

### **ANNIVERSARIES**

<i>Rob Petit</i>	<b>February 2</b>	Son of Nancy Ervin
<i>Susan Nesheim Allbee</i>	<b>February 5</b>	Sister of Toni Nesheim
<i>Darien Wilson</i>	<b>February 11</b>	Son of Tammy & Tim Olvera
<i>Douglas Ramsay</i>	<b>February 12</b>	Son of Carlene Ramsay
<i>Michael Stice</i>	<b>February 13</b>	Son of Dora & Gary Stice
<i>Kelly Klawonn</i>	<b>February 14</b>	Son of Ray & Dorothy Klawonn
<i>Ashley Seay</i>	<b>February 18</b>	Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay Granddaughter of Dennis & Georgene Manley
<i>Mitchell Carlson</i>	<b>February 19</b>	Son of Tina VanerMeer Grandson of Cheryl Armstrong
<i>Mary Margaret "Maggie" Miles</i>	<b>February 19</b>	Daughter of Jim & Mary Lou Miles
<i>Edgar O Villareal</i>	<b>March 1</b>	Son of Guadalupe Villareal
<i>Jeremy Govekar</i>	<b>March 2</b>	Son of Maggie McGaughey
<i>John "Jake" Mosansky</i>	<b>March 12</b>	Son of Darlene & John Mosansky Sister of Veronica Steif
<i>Blake Logan Palmer</i>	<b>March 13</b>	Son of Amber & Brian Palmer Grandson of Lois Cooper Grandson of Gina Palmer

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) - 847-573-1055

## Valentine's Day



It is that time again. February 14 is approaching. If your sad heart has been in mothballs, it's time to air it out and use it. Well all miss the darling little valentines from our children and the buying of heart candies and the various ways we showed our love for each other. But we still have all those precious memories. You say you've lost the feeling, you feel nothing inside, Valentine's Day has lost its meaning for you. I remember the love I felt for my son. I still have the capacity to give love to someone else.

Love is still there waiting inside us, ready to give whenever the occasion demands it. It's selfish and self-centered not to use it. In fact, love has to be given from the heart to be replenished, just like blood; it comes right back! So if we don't continue to give it, we're filled with lonely feelings, empty thoughts, and NO valentines. Love begets love; it is that simple. Someone you care for would be delighted to receive your valentine. You know and I know this to be true. Go make your valentine list and send those love missiles flying in all directions!

Gloria Gersten  
TCF Miami

## I May Never See Tomorrow

I may never see tomorrow,  
there's no guarantee,  
and things that happened yesterday  
belong to history.

I can't predict the future,  
I can't change the past,  
I have just the present memories  
to treat as my last.

I must use this moment wisely,  
for soon it will pass away,  
And be lost forever  
as a part of yesterday.

I must exercise compassion,  
help the fallen to their feet,  
Be a friend unto the friendless,  
make their life complete.

The unkind things I do today,  
may never be undone,  
And friendships that I fail to win,  
may never more be won.

I may not have another chance  
on bended knees to pray,  
And I thank God with a humble heart  
for giving me this day!

I may never see tomorrow,  
but this moment is my own.  
It's mine to use or cast aside:  
the choice is mine, alone.

I have just this precious moment  
in the sunlight of today.  
Where the dawning of tomorrow  
meets the dusk of yesterday.

~written by George L. Nolan ~reprinted from TCF Atlanta January/February 2000 Newsletter  
<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/JanFeb2000.html>

## Resources:

### Addiction Loss Support Group

Join us for a six-session support group for adults  
grieving the loss of a loved one due to addiction.

**Wednesdays,**

7:00–8:00 p.m.

January 25, February 8 & 22, March 8 & 22, April

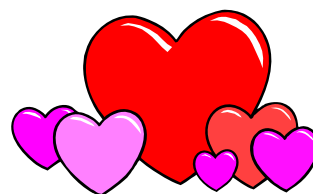
5

**Held at:**

PEER Services,

3633 W. Lake Ave., #305, Glenview

Registration is required. Please call [847-653-3141](tel:847-653-3141) for more details or to register.





## A Valentine Sent To Heaven

Angels come swiftly, hurry to our side  
 Carry our hearts back with you, to our children in  
 heaven now reside.  
 Carry them gently, handle them with care  
 And take them to their sides, and gently lay them there.  
 Whisper to them of our love, and our longing hearts  
 All our lonely aching while we are apart.  
 Hold them gently to you, and let them see our love  
 Let them see this, our valentine to them above.  
 Reassure them of our love, that it is still the same  
 And gently hold us when we cry, when we hear them  
 whisper our names.  
 Let this exchange of love be our valentine  
 And whisper to them that our love will stand the test of  
 time.  
 Show them the memories are safely held inside  
 And with us they will always abide.  
 Let them see this day, a day filled with our love  
 As we shed our tears, and whisper their names, to our  
 Valentines above.

by Sheila Simmons  
 Dallas, GA

## Nibbling . . . Nibbling At Life's Pleasures

By Patricia Butler Dyson

Most mothers I know are pretty selfless creatures.  
 When there's not enough meat to go around, Mom  
 takes a second helping of beans. There's probably  
 nothing she'd rather do than iron Missy's cheerleader  
 uniform at midnight. And why would she want a new  
 Easter dress when the old polka dot polyester still fits?  
 Altruism aside, every mom needs a smidgen of pleas-  
 ure in her life to help maintain her sweet disposition.

To reward myself for being a hardworking wife and  
 mother of three active boys, I allowed myself an occa-  
 sional indulgence—a long, hot bath in a tub filled to the  
 brim, a good book (preferably one that would make me  
 laugh), and my favorite guilty pleasure, a Skor bar. I  
 liked to eat it a piece at a time, sucking off the choco-  
 late before I crunched down on the tooth-jarring Eng-  
 lish toffee. If I managed to finish a Skor with fillings in-  
 tact, it was a triumph. And if I could read a good book  
 while soaking in a hot tub and munching on a Skor bar,  
 well, life just didn't get any better.

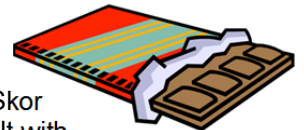
Then one day I found out how life couldn't get any  
 worse, when my three year-old son, Blake, died sud-  
 denly from meningitis. Guilt and self-hatred over-

whelmed me. What kind of mother wouldn't recognize  
 how sick her child was and rush him to the hospital?  
 How could I have been so blind, so stupid? As his  
 mother, he trusted me to care for him, and I let him  
 down.

My once-carefree existence became a series of gray  
 days followed by black, sleepless nights. I ate, but only  
 to stay alive. I took short, cool showers, but only to get  
 clean. I never picked up a book unless it dealt with  
 grief. Driven by guilt, I convinced myself that I no long-  
 er deserved any of life's pleasures. Besides, how could  
 I ever enjoy anything again with Blake gone?

One night, some months after Blake died, my  
 husband, Jeff, left to take our boys to basketball prac-  
 tice. The dishes were done, the house was spotless,  
 and the long, empty evening loomed ahead of me. I  
 went into the bedroom, flopped on the bed and curled  
 up with the cat. On the nightstand I spotted a book a  
 friend had given me. "Funny," she had said. "A great  
 read." Well, it wasn't a grief book so I wasn't interested.  
 Idly, I picked it up anyway and read the first page. Be-  
 fore I knew it, I was hooked. Suddenly, I heard a  
 strange sound, somewhere between a hack and a  
 hoot. The cat jumped and looked at me in alarm. I had  
 laughed! It was a creepy, creaky laugh, rusty from  
 months of disuse, but a laugh nonetheless. Did I just  
 have fun? Yipes! I couldn't do that! I snapped the book  
 shut and shoved it under the bed.

The next morning I took a shower as usual, only this  
 time I lingered for three minutes instead of two and I  
 turned the temperature up a notch so it was almost  
 warm. I dressed and headed for the grocery store,  
 where I careened down the aisles grabbing stuff from  
 the shelves and trying not to look at the treats I used to  
 buy for Blake. While reaching for a package of sugar-  
 less gum at the checkout, I  
 caught sight of a display of  
 Skor bars. I quickly looked  
 away, but to my amazement, a Skor  
 bar leaped onto the conveyor belt with  
 my other groceries. Before I could put it back, the  
 sacker had bagged it and it was mine.



(Continued on page 7)



## Precious Valentine Memories

-by Darcle Sims



The lace has grown yellow with age. The edges are tattered and the glue that held the pieces together has long dried up, leaving only a slight stain on the faded red paper. It is much smaller than I remembered. Perhaps time has caused it to shrink. It seems so fragile, resting here in my palm. The words have nearly faded and even the heavy crayon marks have lost their luster over the years. There's a smudge of unknown origin on the back, near where the paper was rubbed dangerously thin by the uncounted erasure marks. The name is barely legible, the pencil lines so weak that only the mind can read the letters. .

I found it the other day, while doing one of those winter chores: cleaning closets. It's nearly 25 degrees below zero outside and it seemed like a good idea to clear away some of the trappings of a thousand years.

February is a middle-of-winter month and most of us have fewer choices in this month than in any other. For those of us here in the Great North, it is either shovel the walk or clean the closets, and it's warmer in the closet (although not by much!) So, armed with a dust rag, trash bag and the radio, I opened the door and slipped in...not really about what I might find. I thought I was just going to clean the closet.

But, that first box sent me spinning. I found things I hadn't even remembered I'd lost! I finally found the holiday gift bought for my sister last year and then so carefully had hid away. I found snow boots and sand pails, a beach towel, three old paperbacks, a pile of magazines (all saved because I wanted to clip something "important").

I found shoelaces for shoes no longer "alive" and several other things that had once been alive. I found a half a chocolate-covered cherry and part of a deck of cards. It was quite a treasure box, filled with junk that once had had some meaning to someone, maybe even me.

I sorted through the coats and clothes, painfully aware that "someday" would probably not arrive in my lifetime. The too short hemline and the too-small waist would not be mine again. I packed those things away, mindless of the hours and the drifting snow outside the windows.

When I found the box of scrapbooks, I sat down, now that the closet had some actual floor space. I touched the bindings, not quite sure I possessed the courage required to open the pages. The phone rang and forced me away from that decision. I left the closet and did not return until now.

That's when I found the old paper Valentine, tucked away between the pages of a life lived long ago. As I held that once sticky, but now only stained, piece of construction paper, I felt a connection with other valentines, in other lifetimes. I heard a whisper of another voice: my own mother's exclamation over my offered gift. It blended with my voice, speaking across the generations of children bringing home paper messages of love. OH! I had forgotten THAT - it had become lost in the pain of losing you.

It was a peaceful hour in that closet, listening to the sounds of my life, lived long ago and now remembered through the pages of the scrapbooks. I found my own laughter and that of my friend, joining the laughter of my own children, seeking the laughter of tomorrow's bearers of paper hearts. Time does pass on. Generations of hearts have been delivered and received. Generations of love have been shared just as generations of hurt have been endured. It felt timeless in the closet ...as if when I opened the door, the giver of this Valentine would still be waiting!

Perhaps that is exactly what is happening, perhaps the engineers of all of our hurts and happiness are still waiting - waiting for us to claim that love and bring their light back into being. There were so many years when I could not bear this exchanging of paper hearts! There were so many years when I counted FIRST what was missing, never realizing that in the measuring of my losses, I was truly losing what I did have.

The snow had drifted deep across the yard: only the tips of my flamingos' knit-capped, covered heads are visible in the white. But my vision has been cleared somewhat this afternoon by a visit in the closet where I found a memory that no length of time could fade. The lace is faded, the edges tattered, but the heart always remembers and

(Continued on Page 7)

(Precious Valentine Memories continued from page 6)

through the tears, the sounds of love given and received echo back to me.

So now, this little paper message from both my past and my future sit on my dresser, reminding me each morning to make room for the happy memories as well as the hard ones.

I had "lost" that Valentine form so long ago, but the bearer of that most precious gift of love has

NOT been lost to me. Our loved ones die, but the love we share between us can NEVER BE DESTROYED. Love continues past all change and becomes the memory trace that guides the human spirit. Love isn't enough, but without it, the world grows cold and frozen, and the sidewalks never get shoveled and the closets never get cleaned, and the memories get lost in the confusion of pain not healing.

Go find a Valentine, clean a closet, rummage through a drawer, search for some tangible evidence that, indeed, your love DID LIVE - and what a sweet treat that will be!

~lovingly lifted from Sunflower Chapter, Wichita, KS Feb Newsletter & TCF Atlanta Online E-Newsletter

"Where there is love, there is life"

Valentine Memories

<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/Valentine.html>

(Nibbling . . . Nibbling At Life's Pleasures continued from page 5)

I broke the speed limit getting home, dashed inside, and guiltily pitched the Skor bar on the highest shelf of the pantry. Later, when I opened the pantry to get a can of tuna for my lunch, a small voice from above called out, "Pat, oh Pat, I'm here. Come and get me." I slammed the door and started furiously chopping pickles for tuna salad. But the voice in the pantry became more insistent. "Pat, I'm here and I'm delicious!" A Skor-deprived woman can only stand so much. I flung open the pantry, stood on tiptoe, snatched the talking Skor bar, and ripped the wrapper open with my teeth. In a frenzy, I broke off a piece and popped it in my mouth. Hungrily, I sucked the chocolate off and crunched down on the rock-hard toffee. Lord, it was good! To my amazement, the heavens didn't open and swallow me. Lightning didn't strike me dead. For the first time in months, I REALLY enjoyed myself! I chucked the tuna back on the shelf and piece by piece, I relished the rest of the Skor bar. Then, with chocolaty fingers, I grabbed a handful of Cheetos and a couple of

Oreos, and washed them down with a Yoohoo. It was the best lunch I'd had in months.

Later, as I was putting clean towels in the linen closet, I heard a familiar voice echoing from the bathtub, "Pat, I missed you. Wouldn't a hot bath feel good? Why don't you fill me up?" Trying not to be alarmed that voices were orchestrating my behavior, I obediently ran hot water in the tub, but only half-full. I didn't want to go overboard. Peeling off my clothes, I hopped in. And as I sank into the heavenly, steamy water, I closed my eyes and thought of Blake. He knew how to live! He packed more living into three years than some people do into thirty. He ran faster, climbed higher, laughed louder than any little kid I ever knew. He savored life, every aspect of it. No nibbling at life for him! He broke it off in chunks and devoured it.

Right now, because of my grief, I could only nibble at life's pleasures. But I knew Blake wouldn't want me to live a guilt-ridden, joyless, life. He would want me to buy a SIX-PACK of Skor bars, fill the tub to the brim with the hottest water, grab a good book, and soak and eat and read until the water turned cool and I was all pruny.



And, by golly, some day I'd do just that. For Blake. For Blake's mommy.

Pat Dyson became a regular contributor to Guideposts after winning the New Writers, contest in 1996. She also writes business reviews for the Beaumont Enterprise. Pat has 5 children including Blake, who died in 1987. She and her husband, Jeff, restarted the Beaumont, Texas chapter of TCF in 1991 where they were chapter leaders and newsletter editors for two years.

Reprint policy: Proper attribution must be given to the author and We Need Not Walk Alone, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends. Copyright 2000

[http://www.compassionatefriends.org/Other\\_Pages/Nibbling...aspx](http://www.compassionatefriends.org/Other_Pages/Nibbling...aspx)

**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](mailto:vszech@comcast.net).

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](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, P.O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522 3696 - PH 877-969-0010 - Fax: 630-990-0246

The Compassionate Friends home page can be found at [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://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](mailto:tnesheim@sbcglobal.net) Rachel Salomonson Age 19 – Auto accident

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

**SECRETARY** Bambi Nichols 262-220-9323 [lcbtsec@aol.com](mailto:lcbtsec@aol.com) Levi Nichols Age 19 - Accidental death

**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](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) Rachel Szech Age 16 – Horseback-riding Accident

**NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING** Mike Thumel 224-715-8420 [mthumel@hotmail.com](mailto:mthumel@hotmail.com) & Laura Thumel 224-715-2354 [lthumel@hotmail.com](mailto:lthumel@hotmail.com) John Thumel Age 22 – Auto Accident

**WOODLAND WALK COORDINATOR** Christine Pado 847-455-6642 [chpado@gmail.com](mailto:chpado@gmail.com) Lindsay Wilcynski Age 29 - PULMONARY EMBOLISM

**OUTREACH/INFORMATION** Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 [julyson2@gmail.com](mailto:julyson2@gmail.com) Aaron Barrera, age 29 - insulin reaction subsequent auto accident

**STEERING COMMITTEE** Marilyn Grace 847-395-8597 [grace.marilyn@gmail.com](mailto:grace.marilyn@gmail.com) Megan Grace Age 15 – Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy

Charon Sloop 847-623-2264 [charronsloop@AOL.com](mailto:charronsloop@AOL.com) David Sloop Age 33 – Motor Cycles accident

Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 [mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto:rvidal1027@yahoo.com),

Raphael, age 17, suicide