



The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

February 2022 Newsletter



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



Chapter Leader Notes from Susan

Dear Friends,

I hope our newsletter finds you and your family taking care of each other and finding your path through all the challenges and changes in our current world. I read an article in the January 16th - Sunday Chicago Times newspaper...Small Joys. It is a short guide of 7 things to add to your daily routine to be happier in the year 2022. The article speaks to how happy people may be more successful and more liable to make the world a better place. However, it does mention that if you have been through a great loss as we have, the death of a loved one. Trying to be happy maybe the last thing on your mind. I do try to be happy, and as the years since my son's death have moved forward, I do find many moments of joy and celebration. I think of my son, Westley. He is always just there next to me, in my thoughts and all round where I travel. I think of my family, and they are always with me in my heart and in my thoughts. Sometimes, I find myself in tears and very sad, missing my son, Westley. I stay there for a little bit and then I take a breath and I move forward. Here are the 7 small joys from the article

and I invite you to add your own small joys to the list; 1. Savor your favorite morning beverage, sitting in your favorite place in your home. 2. Get outdoors. 3. Talk with someone you care about. 4. Take a nap. 5. Read a book. 6. Laugh. 7. Spend a little time doing nothing. I hope you can find one small joy for each day.

Take care, your friend, Susan

~ Westley's mom.

Link to article:

<https://www.inc.com/minda-zetlin/2022-plans-goals-small-joys-daily-routine-happiness-productivity.html>

Dates to Remember

February 3, 2022 - is our Zoom meeting at 7:00pm. Thursday February 17, is our in-person meeting at the Milburn Congregational Church. The meeting topic is "Meet my loved one". We invite you to bring a picture to share and a favorite item that has a special memory of your loved one.

May 7, 2022 at 9:00am is our Adopt A Highway spring clean-up. The rain date is Saturday May 14, 2022 at 9:00am. Our chapter adopted a section of road that begins at the corner of Deep Lake Road and IL route 173 going north on Deep Lake Road to the County line. It is approximately 2.02 mile. There is a sign with our group name identifying the location. More information in the April newsletter.

Lake Villa Meeting Northern Illinois Chapter TCF

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

Millburn Congregational Church
19073 West Grass Lake Road
Lake Villa, IL 60046.

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

Holy Family Church

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

YOUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND
SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND
REMEMBERED IN FEBRUARY & MARCH
continued from page 3)

Taylor Rydahl
March 14

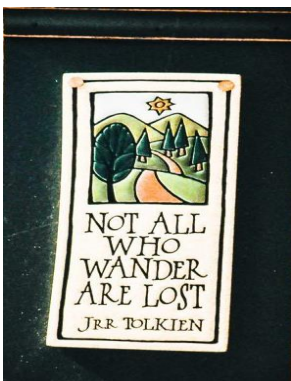
Son of Carol & Keith Rydahl

Roderick Young
March 27

Son of Scarlet Austin
Grandson of "Charlie" Johnson

Marc Hawkinson
March 28

Son of Mary Kay Clark



Embracing Who We Are Now... After Loss

Still Standing Magazine

One of the most shocking realizations, after losing a child, is the jarring reality of feeling uncomfortable in your

own skin. Nothing seems to make sense, or even feel familiar. As if it isn't enough to lose what is most sacred and precious to us, we lose ourselves in the process. Activities or thoughts

that once brought us joy don't seem to matter anymore. Nothing is the same. Our relationships with those around us change. Things taste different, smell different, feel differently...or don't feel at all, as a blanket of numbness settles over us, turning the world gray for a time. At first, there is shock and pain, and waves of grief. Then, the world turns gray.

At *Sufficient Grace Ministries*, so many mothers ask us, will I ever feel normal again? It was the only time I called a support group leader during my own grief walk, the desperate moment I needed to hear words spoken from a mother who had walked through this wilderness, reassuring that...

"Yes, life was different. I was different. But, someday, I would feel normal again...a new normal."

A new normal...what is that? And, how long until I get there? And will I be lost forever? Will I lose me too? And do I even care?

Those are the natural wonderings through season of grief I like to call "stumbling through the wilderness awhile".

Finding your way on a path no one would ever ask for, discovering someone you've never known is now wearing your skin...well, it takes some time, and grace, and grit. There is a temptation to just slip away, to live in the depths of the pit of despair, ignoring the light...because sometimes, only the darkness feels real...normal. For a time, it seems as if we have to cling to the sorrow for comfort, as if letting go of it for a moment means we've forgotten. Or without it, we may feel nothing at all. That revelation is frightening, especially when you don't know who you are anymore.

There seem to be seasons in our grief walk, when at first, we want to be surrounded by people who understand our loss, people who are walking with us in this wilderness. We long to hear something that resonates, something that makes sense to our new, broken selves. We may emerge from

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**YOUR 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.

BIRTHDAYS

Michael Lee Brandon Hamilton Frederick	January 13	Son of Jan Frederick Grandson of Sharon Frederick
Kevin Pomianek	February 4	Son of Brenda & Eugene Pomianek
Jeff Wagner	February 4	Son of Mary Wagner
Aaron Barrera	February 6	Son of Tammie & Ernie Barrera
Micah Musich	February 10	Son of Heather Musich
Scott Levin	February 11	Son of Lynda Levin
Kal-El O Sexton	February 13	Son of Derry Sexton
Roderick Young	February 13	Son of Scarlet Austin Grandson of "Charlie" Johnson
Megan Candice Grace	February 24	Daughter of Tim & Marilyn Grace
Anne Thomson	February 25	Daughter of Nancy & Tom Thomson
Felicity Patrick	February 26	Daughter of Nicole Patrick
Camden Frisby	March 1	Son of Kris Frisby
Griffin Schumow	March 2	Son of Jeff & Krista Schumow
Kyle Glueck	March 4	Son of Dolores Krason
Justin Perez	March 9	Son of Traci & Carlos Perez Brother of Samantha (Perez) Przybylski
David Sloop	March 9	Son of Charron Sloop
Rusty Anderson	March 11	Son of Forest & Christine Anderson
David Spannraft	March 18	Son of Elizabeth & Dan Spannraft
Adam Rubin	March 28	Son of Linda Rubin Brother of Nicole Rubin

ANNIVERSARIES

Danny A Middaugh	February 3	Son of Jim & Julie Middaugh
Susan Nesheim Allbee	February 5	Sister of Toni Nesheim
Micah Gerald Musich	February 10	Son of Heather Musich
Darien Wilson	February 11	Son of Tammy & Tim Olvera
Douglas Ramsay	February 12	Son of Carlene Ramsay
Rafael Villanveva	February 12	Son of Victoria Villanveva
Delilah Vivian Butler	February 13	Daughter of Aileen & Chris Butler
Ashley Seay	February 18	Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay Granddaughter of Dennis & Georgene Manley
Mitchell Carlson	February 19	Son of Tina VanderMeer Grandson of Cheryl Armstrong
Mary Margaret "Maggie" Miles	February 19	Daughter of Jim & Mary Lou Miles
Zachary Taylor	February 24	Son of Mike Taylor & Karen Adams-Taylor
Edgar Villareal	March 1	Oziel & Guadalupe Villareal
Jeremy Govekar	March 2	Son of Maggie McGaughey
Rasheed Mariano	March 5	Son of Joan Mariano
John "Jake" Mosansky	March 12	Son of Darlene & John Mosansky Sister of Veronica Steif
Blake Logan Palmer	March 13	Son of Amber & Brian Palmer Grandson of Lois Cooper Grandson of Gina Palmer

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GRIEF DURING WINTERTIME

How to Cope with Grief During Another Pandemic Winter

By Jill S. Cohen, Family Grief Counselor

It's wintertime now. The days are getting darker earlier and those who are bereaved will likely feel "darker" earlier too. It's tough to handle grief when it's dark and dreary to begin with, then add the coronavirus pandemic to the mix. Now, you have a very isolated grieving time, with less light and fewer people around to brighten your days.

Learning to Cope

To cope a little bit better, try to keep some of these tips in mind:

This Will End

As hard as it may be, realize that the pandemic will eventually end, and you will be reunited with the comfort of people who support you, keep you company and give you a hug when you need one.

Others Are Experiencing Challenges

Be gentle with some of your supportive friends and family members who don't seem as "available" as you expected them to be. They may be experiencing their own challenges of living through the pandemic, and not intentionally ignoring your grief. Reach out to them if you need to.

Stay Active

Make sure you get outside at least once a day. It's tempting to stay inside where it's warm but push yourself. You need fresh air



and a change of scenery. Those are important.

Keep Busy

If you're up to it and have time to fill, try handling some projects which need to be done after the death of a loved one. i.e., sorting through mail and paying bills, collecting photos and creating an album, making a "memory box" of your loved one, organizing files for insurance, banking, health records, and other important paperwork.

Tackling these projects will be helpful to you in the long run, and give you something to focus on, and give you a sense of productivity and accomplishment.

Keep Having Fun

If you have children who are grieving too, play games this winter. Play games (i.e., Dollhouse, or Doctor, for example) that allow the kids to act out their feelings.

This will give their grief an outlet for expression. Also, have kids make memory boxes, dream-catchers, keep a journal, and do artwork to encourage talking about their loved one and expressing their feelings of loss.

Enjoy Movies

Watch funny movies. Finding a good comedy to watch is one of the best ways to lighten up your mind.

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(Grief During Wintertime continued from page 4)

Mix Things Up

Just for a change, try a new or different activity. Try cooking things more adventurously, try building something in the garage, try crafts, find new books to read.

(Borrowed from a Journey Together, National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA, Volume XXVII No. 1, Winter 2022, www.bereavedparentsusa.org)

STIFLED GRIEF: HOW THE WEST HAS IT WRONG

By Michelle Steinke-Baumgard,
www.facebook.com/OneFitWidow

Editor's Note: Although Michelle is speaking from a widow's perspective, her observations are fitting for bereaved parents and families. K.C.

The reality is you will grieve in some capacity for the rest of your life. Once loss touches you, you are forever changed despite what society tells you. Stop looking at the expectations of an emotionally numbed society as your threshold and measuring stick for success.

I'm here to say that the West has the concept of grieving all wrong.

I'd like to point out that we are a culture of emotionally stunted individuals who are scared of our mortality and have mastered the concept of stuffing our pain. Western society has created a neat little "grief box"

where we place the grieving and wait for them to emerge fixed and whole again. The grief box is small and compact, and it comes full of expectations that range from time frames to physical appearance. Everyone who has been pushed into the grief box understands it's confining limitations, but all of our collective voices together can't seem to change the intense indignation of a society too emotionally stifled to speak the truth. It's become

easier to hide our emotional depth than to reveal our vulnerability and risk harsh judgment. When asked if we are all right, it's simpler to say yes and fake a smile than to be honest and show genuine human emotion.

Let me share below a few of the expectations and realities that surround grief for those who are open to listening. None of my concepts fit into society's grief box and despite the resounding amount of mutual support by the grieving for what I write below, many will discount my words and label us as "stuck" or "in need of good therapy." I'm here to say those who are honest with the emotions that surround loss are the ones who are the least "stuck" and have received the best therapy around. You see, getting in touch with our true feelings, embracing the honest emotions of death only serve to expand the heart and allow us to move forward in a genuine and honest way. Death happens to us all so let's turn the corner and embrace the truth behind life after loss.

Expectation: Grief looks a certain way in the early days. Tears, intense sadness, and hopelessness.

Reality: Grief looks different for every single person. Some people cry intensely, and some don't cry at all. Some people break down, and others stand firm. There is no way to label what raw grief looks like as we all handle our loss in different ways due to different circumstances and various life backgrounds that shape who we are.

Expectation: The grieving need about a year to heal.

Reality: Sometimes grief does not even get started until after the first year. I've heard countless grieving people say year two is harder than year one. There is the shock, end

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(Stifled Grief: How the West Has it Wrong continued from page 5)

of life arrangements and other business matters that often consume the first year and the grieving do not have the time actually to sit back and take the time to grieve. The reality is there is no acceptable time frame associated with grief.

Expectation: The grieving will need you most in the first few weeks.

Reality: The grieving are flooded with offers of help the first few weeks. In many cases, helping the grieving six months or a year down the line can be far more helpful because everyone has returned to their lives and the grief stricken are left to figure it out alone.



Expectation: The grieving should bury the dead forever. After a year, it is uncomfortable for the grieving to speak of their lost loved one. If they continue to talk about them, they are stuck in their grief and need to "move on."

Reality: The grieving should speak of the dead forever if that's what they wish to do. When someone dies, that does not erase the memories you made, the love you shared and their place in your heart. It is not only okay to speak of the dead after they are gone, but it's also a healthy and peaceful way to move forward.

Expectation: For the widowed - If you remarry you shouldn't speak of your lost loved one otherwise you take away from your new spouse.

Reality: You never stop loving what came before, and that does not in any way lessen the love you have for what comes after. When you lose a friend - you don't stop having friends, and you love them all uniquely. If you lose a child and have another, the next child does not replace or diminish the love you had for the first. If you lose a spouse, you are capable of loving what was and loving what is....one does not cancel out or minimize the next. Love expands the heart, and it's okay to honor the past and embrace the future.

Expectation: Time heals all wounds.

Reality: Time softens the impact of the pain, but you are never completely healed. Rather than setting up false expectations of healing let's talk about realistic expectations of growth and forward movement. Grief changes who you are at the deepest levels and while you may not forever be in an active mode of grief you will forever be shaped by the loss you have endured.

Expectation: If you reflect on loss beyond a year, you are "stuck."

Reality: Not a day goes by where I am not personally affected by my loss. Seeing my children play sports, looking at my son who is the carbon copy of his Dad or hearing a song on the radio or smell in the air. Loss becomes part of who you are and even though I don't choose to dwell on grief, it has a way of sneaking in now and again even when I'm most in love with life at the current moment. It's not because we dwell or focus, and it's not because we don't make daily choices to move forward.

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(Stifled Grief: How the West Has it Wrong continued from page 6)

#5. Decide that in the new year, you will, in some

It's because we loved and we lost, and it touches us for the remainder of our days in the most profound ways.

Expectation: When you speak of the dead you make the griever sad, so it's best not to bring them up.

Reality: When we talk about our lost loved one, we are often happy and filled with joy. My loss was six and a half years ago and to this day, my late husband is one of my favorite people to talk and hear about. Hearing his name makes me smile and floods my mind with happy memories of a life well lived. It makes the grieving sadder when everyone around them refuses to say their name. Forgetting they existed is cruel and a perfect example of our stifled need to fix the unfixable.

Expectation: If you move forward, you never loved them or conversely if you don't move forward, you never loved them.

Reality: The grieving need to do what is right for them, and nobody knows what that is except the person going through it.

Expectation: It's time to "move on."

Reality: There is no moving on - there is only moving forward. From the time death touches our lives we move forward, in fact, we are not given a choice but to move forward. However, we never get to a place where the words move on resonate. The words "move on" have a negative connotation to the grieving. They suggest a closure that is nonexistent and a fictitious door we pass through.

Expectation: Grief is a linear process and a series of steps to be taken. Each level is neatly defined and the order predetermined.

Reality: Grief is an ugly mess full of pitfalls, missteps, sinking, and swimming. Like a game of *Chutes and Ladders*, you never know when the board might pull you back and send you down the ladder screaming at the top of your lungs. Just when you think you've arrived at the finish, you

draw a card that sends you back to start and just when it appears you've lost the game you jump ahead and come one step closer to the front of the line.

Expectation: The grieving should seek professional forms of counseling exclusively.

Reality: The grieving should seek professional forms of counseling but also the grieving should look strongly towards alternative modes of therapy like fitness, art, music, meditation, journaling and animal therapy. The grieving should take an "active" part in their grief process and understand that coping comes in many different forms for all the different people who walk this earth.

Expectation: The grieving either live in the past or the present. It is not possible to have a multitude of emotions.

Reality: The grieving live their lives with intense moments of duality. Moments of incredible happiness mixed with feelings of deep sadness. There is a depth of emotion that forever accompanies those who have lived with a loss. That duality can cause constant reflection, and a deeper appreciation of all life has to offer.

Expectation: The grieving should be able to handle business as usual within a few weeks.

Reality: The brain of a grieving person can be in a thick fog, especially for those who have experienced extreme shock, for more than a year. Expect forgetfulness, a reduced ability to handle stress and grayness to be commonplace after a loss.

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(Stifled Grief: How the West Has it Wrong continued from page 5)

I've just scratched the surface above on the many areas where grief is misunderstood in our society.

One hundred percent of the people who walk this earth will deal with death. Each of us will experience the passing of someone close that we love or our personal mortality. It is about time we open up the discussion around death, dying, and grief and stop the stigma that surrounds our common bond. Judgment, time frames, and neat little grief boxes have no place in the reality that surrounds loss. Western culture asks us to suppress our pain, stuff our emotions and restrain our cries. Social media has given many who grieve the opportunity to open up dialogue, be vulnerable on a large-scale level and take the combined heat that comes with that honesty. As a whole, society does not want to hear or accept that grief stays with us in some capacity for the rest of our lives. Just like so many other aspects of our culture, we want to hear there is a quick fix, a cure-all, a pill or a healthy dose of "get over it" to be handed out discreetly and dealt with quietly.

The reality is you will grieve in some capacity for the rest of your life. Once loss touches you, you are forever changed despite what society tells you. Stop looking at the expectations of an emotionally numbed society as your threshold and measuring stick for success. Instead, turn inward and look at the vulnerable reality of a heart that knows the truth about loss. With your firsthand knowledge escape the grief box and run out screaming truth as you go. If we make enough noise, maybe someday society's warped expectation will shift to align with reality.

(Borrowed from a Journey Together, National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA, Volume XXVII No. 1, Winter 2022, www.bereavedparentsusa.org)



(Embracing Who We Are Now...After Loss continued from page 2)

that season longing for a purpose...some beauty to be born from our pain. We may even pour ourselves into seeking a purpose...pouring out all our grief...and all our desperation to birth something beautiful and lasting...to mother something tangible this side of heaven. That season may or may not remain, becoming part of our new life. Sometimes, it is a passing season. And that's ok.

We are often hesitant when the next season ebbs and flows into our lives, as the sea of grief does so well. The next season that I've experienced and watched many mothers ponder through, is the desire to live life in the land of the living again...in our new skin. To explore who we are now. And, maybe even to walk away from the heaviness of being surrounded by loss each day. It is a difficult tearing away, as we've found some peace and hope and comfort in this unlikely camaraderie...walking with others who limp in the brokenness. **We love these women like family...and we are used to the heavy cloak of sorrow.** What will life look like if we step away from the haven? Are we forgetting our babies? Forsaking our dear friends? Moving on? Letting go? As if we are somehow betraying our babies, ourselves, our bereaved sisters to just want to learn to live again.

No. While we will heal and joy will be restored in our lives, we are forever changed. Our very personality may even change. And, we will never get over losing our children. Not that we wallow in grief forever. Not that we will not be fully healed and complete. We will, but we will have a missing place in our hearts until we reach heaven's welcoming gates. A place where a much loved, dearly cherished, longed for and dreamed about life once lived. Now that life lives on in heaven...the place that we are homesick for, at times. **Our children will forever be part of the tapestry of our lives...they are part of who we are.** Please

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(Embracing Who We Are Now...After Loss continued from page 2)

understand that. We can no more deny them than we could our children who walk this earth with us.

So, we tentatively tiptoe back into a life reshaped, redefined, forever changed. It is frightening, and quite honestly at times, exhilarating...learning to live and love and breathe and

notice the world around us again through changed eyes...as if seeing for the first time. And even filled with precious gifts...or it can be, if we're brave enough to lean into the reshaping, to even one day...when the time is right...embrace the new pieces of us that emerge and form together into something of great beauty. Something tattered and worn with the battering of great loss and grief, polished around the rough places by disillusionment with everything we thought we could once rely on as truth.

Seventeen years after the loss of my identical twin daughters, Faith and Grace, and nearly 16 years after the loss of my newborn son, Thomas, I feel myself embracing a new reality again. As I walk with more and more families through loss, supporting them as a birth and bereavement doula, walking beside them in the grief wilderness...I feel a new awakening in recent years. A rebellion of sorts...a rebellion of the molds we think we need to squeeze ourselves into as mothers...as women. A rebellion against the idea that grief and healing need to look a certain way. A grace rebellion, of sorts...as I see the incredible need for grace for ourselves...for others stumbling along with us...and even for those broken souls who do not understand us at all. In the course of these years, I've come to surrender some of my ideas of what life should like...first gasping for air in this tumultuous sea, then learning to swim, leaving the water for awhile to sit on the beach, then returning with first tentative steps to throw a life raft to a new swimmer...then re-entering grief's sea, willingly to swim alongside another floundering soul. Sometimes even dancing for awhile on top of the water...held by the One who covers with grace. Fiercely, rebelliously choosing to be there. **Fully, beautifully, with all the graceful abandon laid on my mother-heart, embracing the beautiful destiny of being the mother of not only my children on earth, but those who walk in heaven.**

That picture may look different for everyone. But, this...this has been my journey to embracing life in this new skin. I believe it takes time to walk there

awhile in a wilderness, but know this...there is a way...a time...a season when you will be free to hope again, to laugh without guilt, to feel something that isn't so gray as the world finds color again. When it happens, don't be afraid. Take some time to learn to dance there, to embrace your inner "grace rebel" and just be beautiful, amazing you. If I'm truly honest, I like this me better now than the me I thought I lost.



(Borrowed from a Journey Together, National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA, Volume XXIV No. 1, Winter 2019, www.bereavedparentsusa.org)



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

LOVE GIFTS

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

In loving memory of _____

In honor of _____

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

Pay for a book for the chapter's Lending Library _____

Check here to keep receiving the newsletter _____

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

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

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

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

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

Steering Committee 2021 – 2022

CHAPTER LEADERSHIP Susan Banks 847-366-9375 lanwesmar@comcast.net – son, Westley Banks Age 21 of suicide

TREASURER Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 julyson2@gmail.com son, Aaron Barrera Age 29 Auto accident due to Diabetes

COMMUNITY OUTREACH Sue Battis 847-445-7004 suebattis@yahoo.com son, Nick Battis Age 24 of suicide.

HOSPITALITY Kris Frisby 847-366-3170 Kefrisby88@comcast.net son, Camden Frisby Age 15 of suicide.

SECRETARY / LIBRARIAN

REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY Shannon Seay 224-456-2891 Seayseven1@comcast.net daughter, Ashley Seay Age 17 Auto accident.

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

NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING Toni Nesheim 847-204-7585 tnesheim@sbcglobal.net & Denny Salomonson, 847-223-7353 drdeno@sbcglobal.net - daughter, Rachel Salomonson, 19 Auto accident

WOODLAND WALK COORDINATORS Christine Pado 847-455-6642 chpado@gmail.com - daughter Lindsay Wilcynski Age 29 Pulmonary Embolism

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

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

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

NORTHERN LAKE COUNTY COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS FACEBOOK page <https://www.facebook.com/cfoncil>

Facebook Pages for Siblings - The Sounds of the Siblings: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/21358475781/>

TCF SIBS: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/tcfsibs/>