



# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

February 2023 Newsletter



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

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## *Chapter Leader Notes from Susan*

Dear Friends,

Moving along to the month of February. This brings us the holiday of Valentine's Day. This day has many meanings for each one of us. It's a holiday for love, joy, and a little bit of sorrow. I would send a Valentine's Day care package to my children when they were away at college. I would fill it with their favorite candy, a card, and a few items that they might need; a coffee mug, a set of stationery cards, an item of clothing: fuzzy socks, athletic under armor compression gear, lightweight hoodie, artist pencils. I always look for items when I'm at a store, as my children are always near in my thoughts. Even today, my son Westley is always with me, he is always just there next to me, in my thoughts, my heart and all around where I travel. Sometimes, I find myself in tears and very sad, missing Westley. I stay there for a little bit and then I take a breath and I move forward.

I still make care packages and send them to Landan in Colorado. My daughter, Marllys is here in Chicago, and we see her often. I will have a collection of items for her, and I leave them on her bed, looking forward to her next visit home.

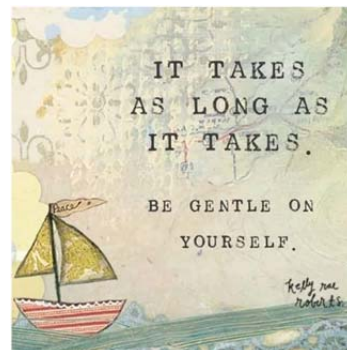
I think for all of us who have lost a child, at any age and any type of death, it's important for us to find joy and peace. It will happen in very small moments even though you will always grieve for your child.

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 will be fully healed and complete. We will begin to heal, but we will always have a missing place in our hearts. Our children will forevermore be part of the tapestry of our lives...they are part of who we are.

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. It's ok, be gentle with you and take care of you.

Su-  
ley's

san ~ West-  
mom.



## 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 Old Town Court  
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.



## Dates to Remember

February 2, 2023 - is our Zoom meeting at 7:00pm. I will send a link in an email. Thursday February 16 is our in-person meeting at the Millburn Congregational Church. The meeting topic for the month of February is "Meet my loved one". I invite you to bring a picture to share and a favorite item or story that has a special memory of your loved one.



## SYMBOLS

--By Marilyn Heavilin TCF Redlands

We are fast approaching Valentine's Day, filled with symbols of love ... hearts and roses. As a young schoolgirl, I can remember wishing I would get a valentine from someone special. My friends and I would count how many valentines we had received, feeling certain that the more you received, the more it indicated your popularity.

As I grew older, I was thrilled when I received flowers from that special someone. Surely this was, true love. As a married woman, Valentine's Day was always special. Glen and I usually went out to dinner, and I often received flowers or a special gift that said, I love you! While those gifts were much appreciated, I would be hard pressed now to tell you what we did or what I received.

However, one Valentine's Day will stay frozen in my memory forever, February 14, 1983. Glen took my arm and steadied me as I walked into a mortuary to view the body of our 17-year-old son Nathan, who had been killed by a drunken driver on February 10. We had ordered a spray of seventeen red roses to be placed on his casket. When I ordered those flowers, I was stunned to discover how high-priced roses are on Valentine's Day! At first, I had decided I would be content with carnations. Then the florist saw in my eyes how much I wanted my last gift to my son to be the very best...red, long-stemmed roses. The florist promised she would provide us with roses, regardless of how little we could afford to pay.

That afternoon, I drank in every detail of my boy, his hair, the bruise on his face, the National Honor Society pin on his lapel, those wonderful, strong hands. Then I pulled myself together for a very special appointment. I was the Academic Counselor at Nathan's high

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

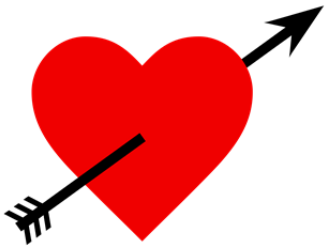
*Each month we remember the children who are sadly missed. Please take a few moments, place them in your thoughts, and remember them on their day together with their parents. None of us ever forget our special days and messages that say "I care" help us to get through them. Our children's lives will go on, as long as we remember them and celebrate their lives.*

### BIRTHDAYS

<b>Jeff Wagner</b>	<b>February 4</b>	<b>Son of Mary Wagner</b>
<b>Jeff Stirnichuk</b>	<b>February 4</b>	<b>Son of Mary Wagner</b>
<b>Aaron Barrera</b>	<b>February 6</b>	<b>Son of Tammie &amp; Ernie Barrera</b>
<b>Daniel A. Middaugh</b>	<b>February 8</b>	<b>Son of Jim &amp; Julie Middaugh</b>
<b>Micah Gerald Musich</b>	<b>February 10</b>	<b>Son of Heather Musich</b>
<b>Scott Levin</b>	<b>February 11</b>	<b>Son of Lynda Levin</b>
<b>Kal-El O Sexton</b>	<b>February 13</b>	<b>Son of Derry Sexton</b>
<b>Roderick Young</b>	<b>February 13</b>	<b>Son of Scarlet Austin</b>
		<b>Grandson of "Charlie" Johnson</b>
<b>Megan Candice Grace</b>	<b>February 24</b>	<b>Daughter of Tim &amp; Marilyn Grace</b>
<b>Anne Thomson</b>	<b>February 25</b>	<b>Daughter of Nancy &amp; Tom Thomson</b>
<b>Felicity Patrick</b>	<b>February 26</b>	<b>Daughter of Nicole Patrick</b>
<b>Camden Frisby</b>	<b>March 1</b>	<b>Son of Kris Frisby</b>
<b>Griffin Schumow</b>	<b>March 2</b>	<b>Son of Jeff &amp; Krista Schumow</b>
<b>Kyle Glueck</b>	<b>March 4</b>	<b>Son of Dolores Krason</b>
<b>Charlie Schmit</b>	<b>March 9</b>	<b>Son of Jean Schmit-Gill</b>
<b>Rusty Anderson</b>	<b>March 11</b>	<b>Son of Forest &amp; Christine Anderson</b>
<b>David Spannraft</b>	<b>March 18</b>	<b>Son of Elizabeth &amp; Dan Spannraft</b>
<b>Adam Rubin</b>	<b>March 28</b>	<b>Son of Linda Rubin</b>
		<b>Brother of Nicole Rubin</b>
<b>Alyssa Wood</b>	<b>March 30</b>	<b>Daughter of Elizabeth Wood</b>
<b>Paulina Welch</b>	<b>March 26</b>	<b>Daughter of Grace &amp; Merrell Parsons</b>
<b>Adam Rubin</b>	<b>March 28</b>	<b>Son of Linda and Nicole Rubin</b>

### ANNIVERSARIES

<b>Danny A Middaugh</b>	<b>February 3</b>	<b>Son of Jim &amp; Julie Middaugh</b>
<b>Susan Nesheim Allbee</b>	<b>February 5</b>	<b>Sister of Toni Nesheim</b>
<b>Micah Gerald Musich</b>	<b>February 10</b>	<b>Son of Heather Musich</b>
<b>Darien Wilson</b>	<b>February 11</b>	<b>Son of Tammy &amp; Tim Olvera</b>
<b>Douglas Ramsay</b>	<b>February 12</b>	<b>Son of Carlene Ramsay</b>
<b>Rafael Villanveva</b>	<b>February 12</b>	<b>Son of Victoria Villanveva</b>
<b>Delilah Vivian Butler</b>	<b>February 13</b>	<b>Daughter of Aileen &amp; Chris Butler</b>
<b>Kelly Klawonn</b>	<b>February 14</b>	<b>Son of Raymond &amp; Dorothy Klawonn</b>
<b>Ashley Seay</b>	<b>February 18</b>	<b>Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay</b>
<b>Mitchell Carlson</b>	<b>February 19</b>	<b>Son of Tina VanderMeer</b>
		<b>Grandson of Cheryl Armstrong</b>
<b>Mary Margaret "Maggie" Miles</b>	<b>February 19</b>	<b>Daughter of Jim &amp; Mary Lou Miles</b>
<b>Zachary Taylor</b>	<b>February 24</b>	<b>Son of Mike Taylor &amp; Karen Adams-</b>
<b>Taylor</b>		
<b>Edgar Villareal</b>	<b>March 1</b>	<b>Son of Oziel &amp; Guadalupe Villareal</b>
<b>Korey Hill</b>	<b>March 6</b>	<b>Son of Deena Hill</b>
<b>Taylor Rydahl</b>	<b>March 14</b>	<b>Son of Carol &amp; Keith Rydahl</b>
<b>Roderick Young</b>	<b>March 27</b>	<b>Son of Scarlet Austin</b>
		<b>Grandson of "Charlie" Johnson</b>
<b>Marc Hawkinson</b>	<b>March 28</b>	<b>Son of Mary Kay Clark</b>



## "FEBRUARY: AN ARROW THROUGH THE HEART"

by Susan Arlen, M.D.

Dr. Arlen is the medical director of the Hospice at Somerset Medical Center. She is board certified in rehabilitation medicine, and she is a psychotherapist, specializing in the losses associated with death, disability, and life-changing illness.

In the month of February, we are still in the firm grip of winter. Bone-chilling winds whip around bleak, bare trees, gray days alternate with bright, blue skies, but give little warmth. Having survived January, we have learned to conserve our energy, and we have grown accustomed to the weather.

Though we may still intensely dislike the winter-time, we have learned to take pleasure in the bright sun and the clear, blue sky. The stark landscape may even be appreciated for its unique beauty. Why does this happen? Why do we accept the bundling up and the shivering of winter? How is it that we can find pleasure and beauty in our misery? The answer is a paradox; We have a choice, and we have no choice. We can continue to wish for balmy air, laden with the scent of flowers, or we can mumble about the cold and grumble about the necessity for bundling up to face the chill days. If we focus only on what we don't have, or long for the past warmth of summer or the future rebirth of spring, we tend to lose any ability to notice the aspects of this month that might engender some pleasure. Try as we might, it is impossible to change the course of nature. We cannot bring back the summer any more than we can fast-forward the seasons. By focusing on what no longer is, we lose the capacity to find beauty, happiness, or pleasure.

If we continue to bang our heads against unchangeable situations, it only increases our feelings of helplessness and futility.

Our alternative is acceptance. By February, we recognize that hoping, wishing and dreaming will not bring back the summer's warmth, so we accept what is. We learn to live with reality of the situation. It's not that we don't remember the various beautiful times of the summer, it's not that we don't yearn at times for them again; but now, we recognize that has passed. Though our souls may be warmed by the memories of summer, summer is gone. Now, we are free to live in the reality that is today. We enable ourselves to find beauty and joy in February. The mid-winter landscape has a quieter and more tranquil beauty. Rarely flamboyant, it does not overwhelm the senses; and the ability to recognize and appreciate this soft beauty can give us a sense of peace.

The month of February is similar to the completion of that long, middle phase of bereavement that results in acceptance of what has occurred. The memories of precious times will always be there to warm our hearts, and they will continue to bring tears and pangs of yearning, but realization of the finality of the loss had also occurred.

It takes a long time to accept situations that we do not want as permanent. It takes much time and heartache to recognize that we cannot change situations. It is a long process during which evolves a changed concept of ourselves, the world, and our place in it. It is not that the world has really changed, but with the death of a loved one, OUR world has changed. Again, we have a choice. That long and painful middle portion



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on page 5)

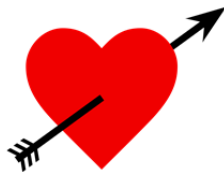
("FEBRUARY: AN ARROW THROUGH THE HEART"  
continued from page 4)

of the bereavement process may remain with us for a very long time as we struggle to maintain our old ways of being in spite of the agonizing loss.

If we become fixed or stuck at this time, there is a double tragedy. Life is lived in the past and the present is filled with yearning for what should have been and what has been stolen from the survivor. Certainly, we are not "happy" about the situation, but slowly we realize that things will never again be the same and that as survivors, we must go on. After a time, which varies from situation to situation, we accept the finality of the loss. With this acceptance, the ability occurs to perceive beauty without feelings of disloyalty.

Though Valentine's Day does not have the same tradition and resultant dread of Christmas and other holidays, it can still bring a great deal of pain.

The very symbol of this day, Cupid's arrow piercing the heart, can feel quite literal for the bereaved whose hearts feel as if they have been broken. Old, tattered, cherished cards will be wept over, as well as bits of lace, red satin ribbon, and the poetry of a spouse, parent or sibling that is especially precious.



Red roses and red valentine hearts are symbolic of the invisible blood that the bereaved have shed over their loss. When we feel despondent, isolated or cheated on Valentine's Day (or any other day), the pain we are feeling is because of the great love we had. The experience of that love will never die, the memory of that love, of that loved one, will live on in our hearts. We must now live on—for the sake of ourselves and our loved one.

| We must give ourselves permission to enjoy again, even through tears. Let's remind ourselves of the blessings that we have had, despite the deprivation, and let's not deny others their blessings.

We should seek things that will bring us peace. A snow-covered landscape can be beautiful, glistening, and pure. Any view of a situation takes on the meaning that we assign to it. If we choose to believe that a scene or a situation is bleak, it will be bleak. If we focus on one aspect of beauty, we see beauty.

*Borrowed from TCF Atlanta Newsletter Jan/Feb 2000*

(Symbols continued from page 2)

school, and we had arranged a special viewing for the students prior to the general visitation. I watched as young girls brought beautiful bouquets of red roses they had received from their boyfriends, but now they were placing them below our son's casket. Their final act of love for a very dear friend.

□ It has taken me a long time to be able to actually celebrate Valentine's Day in a normal fashion. In fact, I guess I never will be able to do that. Valentine's Day is no longer a superficial type of holiday where I just send cards or give candy or flowers without much deliberation beforehand. The symbols are still there; I just see them differently now:

□ THE ROSE: A symbol of love that cannot be separated by death.



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**(Symbols continued from page 5)**

THE HEART: Broken, bruised, and bandaged, but not □defeated. □And now, there's one more symbol: □

The HAND: As we offer our hands to each other in friendship, in understanding, in strength, we are saying:

□WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE, WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS!

□May your Valentine's Day be filled with roses that will encourage your broken heart and give you strength to offer a helping hand to others who are grieving.



## Love Stays in Our Hearts Forever

By Flavia Weedn

Flavia Weedn's works are well known throughout the world. But among the many pieces of her background that contributed to make her the inspirational author and artist she has become were her trials with bereavement as a young mother. Flavia's life's mission is to communicate hope. Her artwork has sold the world over and can be found in the Smithsonian Institute archives, as well as other public and private collections. Her work has been reproduced on magazine covers, in national advertising campaigns, countless non-profit promotions, and on thousands of greeting cards, fine paper products and collectible gifts sold all over the world. Flavia has published 45 collections of her poetic writings and illustrations. Many of her books are used in school systems and self-esteem programs throughout the world and her autobiographical story *Flavia and the Dream Maker* has even been adapted into a successful musical stage play.

I believe that in this life there are no endings; there are only beginnings. I believe that our lives are journeys and that we grow from our experiences on these journeys. I believe we discover through each heartache how to love more and love better. I believe that life has hidden gifts in its hands, the greatest of which is love.

I grew up believing in fairy tales. As a child, my fairy tale dream was to someday have children. I remember looking into the night sky and believing that angels were watching over my unborn babies until it was time for those babies to be a part of me and my life.

Years later when I first learned I was going to have a baby, I was ecstatic. My fairy tale dream was beginning, and I remember feeling so happy, I wanted to stop strangers on the street and tell them. I was absolutely filled with love.

But months later my baby boy was born prematurely and died soon after his birth. I was in disbelief, felt the first crack in my dream, and thought my 25-year-old heart would break. The love that had filled my heart so completely suddenly turned into emptiness and I was touched with the reality that life is fragile.



My second little boy was born the next year, also prematurely, and like his brother before him, lived only a short time. It was a different place and a different time, but the same deep heartache and even darker emptiness returned to my world. A part of me had died with each of these babies, and I could not find the words to explain how I felt. I kept my feelings unshared and hurt buried deep inside.

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(Love Stays in Our Hearts Forever continued from page 6)

I had not yet learned that from every loss, there is something gained. Even living through the loss of a child leads us to a kind of strength we never knew we had, and a knowledge of life we never knew before. The time came when I could no longer dwell on questions which had no answers, and I searched for insight and a right of passage to change my focus toward positive memories and feelings. I realized I could not have felt this sadness about losing my babies, unless I had first been blessed with the joy of loving them . . . and that the real emptiness in my heart would have been never having had them at all.

As I worked through my grief, I was beginning to learn some of life's lessons. The pain of losing a child never really leaves us, for it is a part of our lives that will always be left unfinished and unexplained. It's never an easy thing to accept the unfairness of life, and yet it touches us all. And sometimes it is only because life has touched us in this way, that we become more aware of the wonder of life and of the blessings it brings.

I realized that each time I allowed myself to love, it meant taking a risk. Each time I reached for my dreams meant taking a risk. I knew that the only way I could live life fully was to lose the emptiness and become unafraid to take risks again. I promised myself that I would let love back into my heart, for it is much too precious a gift to waste, and my days and nights too precious to be covered with sadness.

My third baby son was born the next year, and soon thereafter my baby daughter. Both again premature, but thanks to God, a wonderful, dedicated pediatrician, and advanced medical technology, they survived. Their hospital stays were long and filled with many scary moments. The hours became days, and

the days became weeks, but both babies, despite the odds that faced them, continued to cling tightly to life. Months later when they came home, I slowly found I was mending my broken dreams and with joy, I was beginning a new fairy tale.

The love and compassion I have always felt for children has deepened through the years and will always hold a special place inside my heart. The thought of unfairness still comes, and I still feel my tears when I hear of children being neglected or abused. But I no longer think of myself and my loss. Instead, I have become involved with organizations that are helping to do something about these terrible problems. I have worked with dedicated pediatricians in the neonatal field, and have donated my paintings with messages of hope which hang in hospital waiting rooms. Giving of myself is the only way I can give back for the blessings life has given me.

There are ways each of us can help and become involved. We all have something to give, and it is through this giving that we uncover gifts of our own. Often it is enough just to hold someone's hand or simply be there. Each of us has a story, and each of us may feel alone with our heartache, but we are never alone when we let ourselves be unafraid to share our feelings. Sharing connects us and no matter how over-used that word may be, it is still a word that makes us realize how much people need one another in

(Continued on page 9).



## GIFTS OF LOVE

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

*"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.*



**(Love Stays in Our Hearts Forever continued from page 6)**

this world and how we can ease each other's pain.

I still look up into the night sky sometimes and think about those two little boys that were with me for such a short while. And sometimes I find myself wondering what they would be like today if they could have grown up with their brother and sister. Then I remember that although they are with the angels once more, in some wonderful way they are still with me. I believe that children are the most precious gifts we can ever know—yet they are only loaned to us for a while and never really belong to us.

The purest wonder in life is found in sharing love with a child. So while they are with you, nurture your children completely, love them uncritically and with all of your heart. And if you should ever lose them, know that they have never really left you for they remain inside your heart wherever you are. Believe that

love like this never dies, and that it is not always the understanding of life that is really important, but the believing in the wonder of it.

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## A Moving Experience

We are sorting through and packing up for a move. It's worse than your usual move from one home of 10 years to another; the house we live in now is the last one we shared with our son, Aaron. We are sorting through and packing up memories, along with the tools, dishes, and books.



I have heard other bereaved parents talk about moving after their child died. For some, it was too painful to stay in a house that held so many images. They spoke of not being able to get away from the sorrow, of running into the pain every time they walked through the door. We never felt that way about our home. This was a place Aaron loved, and we have been very happy here—the last earthly house that Aaron knew.

I know that we will be happy in our new home as well—but that house won't hold a breath of him, as this one does. Now, I can

(Continued on page9)



walk out onto the patio and still see him in my mind's eye, drifting across the pool on a raft. I can easily imagine him coming out of his bedroom door, calling Mom . . ." as he so often did. The new house won't have any history with Aaron, and so there is a feeling of loss in leaving this old place.

I know that Aaron goes where I go; he is a part of me always and forever. Nonetheless, I will miss walking familiar streets where once he walked. I will miss the feeling of connection as I lie on the side of the hill at the park and watch the clouds drift by. I will miss the scent of his closet and the view from his window. There are stories in these rooms and this neighborhood, stories woven from the fabric of my son's life. I may carry the stories with me, but I am leaving behind the props.

We have packed up his baby book, the special school projects, and the box of cards we received when he died. Hannah still has his treasured rocks in her room, and the boxes of comic books so carefully preserved and alphabetized are ready for transport. Paul is going through the collections of action figures and baseball cards to determine what can be sold or given away, and I expect that his raggedy old "bud" from infancy, No-Way Noah will take up residence somewhere in the new house.

But how do you pack up his passion for life? I know what to do about things I can hold in my hands; what I want to know is – how am I to carry his heart?

I've had a vision of these rooms, empty of all our things: I am doing one last walk through, taking one last look, saying one final goodbye. It is a scene that brings with it a gentle sorrow, and though I know we are moving forward and that all is well, in my heart there is a sense that I am somehow leaving Aaron behind. It makes me think back to those first months when I could not leave the house, even overnight. I told Paul, I know this sounds crazy, but I feel that if I leave, I might come home and find a note on the door that says: "Hi, Mom! Sorry I missed you. Catch you later. Love, Aaron."

Six years later, I am not anxious about leaving home; I don't worry that I might miss a visit. The shock and disbelief of early grief has passed away and the reality of Aaron's death has settled on my soul. Though I know that I will never again see my son walk through the door, I also know that I know—I will never leave Aaron behind. He goes where I go. Still, I will be leaving a piece of my heart in the old house. Should you visit, listen for the gentle beat. You might sense its rhythm somewhere about—gazing out a tree-shaded window, lingering over a bloom in the garden, or drifting gently across the sky. And you will know that at home holds more than the stuff of memories. A house can hold a heart.

Frankie Wilford TCF Carrollton-Farmers Branch, TX In Memory of my son, Aaron

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**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](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 - 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](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

**Steering Committee 2022 – 2023**

**CHAPTER LEADERSHIP** Susan Banks 847-366-9375 [lanwesmar@comcast.net](mailto:lanwesmar@comcast.net) – son, Westley Banks Age 21 of suicide

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

**COMMUNITY OUTREACH**

**HOSPITALITY** Kris Frisby 847-366-3170 [Kefrisby88@comcast.net](mailto:Kefrisby88@comcast.net) son, Camden Frisby Age 15 of suicide.

*SECRETARY / LIBRARIAN*

**REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY** Shannon Seay 224-456-2891 [Seayseven1@comcast.net](mailto:Seayseven1@comcast.net) daughter, Ashley Seay Age 17 Auto accident.

**NEWSLETTER EDITOR** Vicki Szech 847-573-1055 [vszech@comcast.net](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) daughter, Rachel Szech Age 16 Horseback-riding Accident

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

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