



# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

January 2024 Newsletter



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

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## *Chapter Leader Notes from Susan*

My heart was so blessed by your kindness of words, gestures, and donations. I want to say thank you to each of you, for all the little parts that come together so we can offer our Candle Lighting Ceremonies, both on zoom and at our gathering space. A special time for all of us as we light a candle remembering our loved one whom we dearly miss. No matter where you were on those evenings, I hope you found peace and comfort as the candles were lit and our hearts and minds were holding our children, siblings, nieces, nephews, aunts and uncles and grandchildren very close. As the new year approaches remember to practice kindness and patience with yourself. So many emotions for all of us; I remember my first new year without my son, Westley. As that New Year Day approached, I was very apprehensive about the year closing and a new one beginning. It felt like another loss all over. After all, it was the last year that I had, in which Westley had been alive. I was heartbroken the first new year day without Westley. As the years have moved along and my grief forever changes, sometimes soft, and gentle. Then sorrowful and tearful. I have come to understand that my grief will always be with me, and I do my best to stay in the moment with all that my life may experience.

January is here, a new month, the start of another year. Be patient with yourself, make small goals that you feel comfortable with and can be accomplished. Give yourself grace when life is challenging. Take a break when you need to recover and find your footings.

I offer you a place at our meetings to find comfort and a place to rest. A safe place to be with others who understand. Where your story is honored and where you can learn from others as they share their journey too.

May the new year be gentle and kind to you and your families. May the new year bring hope, happiness, and peace to you. I look forward to sharing and listening with you at our next meeting, on zoom or in - person. Please be gentle with yourself, rest and pause to breathe.

I still miss you  
as the days and years pass  
I still miss you  
as the pain of grief softens  
I still miss you  
as new memories are made  
I still miss you  
as I smile and laugh  
I still miss you today and everyday  
I still miss you.  
[thegrieftoolbox.com](http://thegrieftoolbox.com)

Your friend,

Susan Westley's 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.



## THE NEW YEAR

The holidays are over and we bereaved parents, siblings and grandparents have survived. Now we have a new year ahead of us. How can we face a whole new year without our precious children? My answer to that is one minute at a time. In our situation, sometimes one day at a time seems too much to face. Further along on our journey through grief, we will be able to handle a day at a time. But, for now, one minute at a time, one second at a time, we can hang on. We can survive. There is something else that I would like to share, however. It might help you during your journey; it has helped me several times.

One night my husband Jim and I were watching one of the many talk shows bombarding us on TV now. This one concerned children who had been murdered and one couple really impressed me. Of course they were devastated and felt the pain we all know so well, but they had a wonderful attitude. Their son, who had been murdered, was their only child. Their theory for their own lives was that they would never do anything that would make their child

ashamed. They live their lives now in honor of their child. Isn't that a wonderful philosophy?

Wouldn't it be great to live your life with that attitude? I think about this couple's philosophy often. Even though I do not always live up to that level of goodness, I do try. I do want my son Jesse to be proud of me, too. I do want to be worthy of being his mother. Because, even though he isn't physically with me, I will always be his mother. We all want our children to be proud of us, don't we? It's up to us how we live our lives; how we survive. It's not easy to overcome grief, to rebuild our lives and to learn to be productive citizens again. But we can do it — together.



By Brenda Hobbs  
BP/USA Northern Texas Chapter  
Borrowed from the Newsletter of  
BP/USA. A JOURNEY TOGETHER, Volume  
XVIII No. 1, Winter 2013  
[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org).

## IS IT EASING?

I heard your name today and my heart did not skip a beat, nor was my mind flooded with the emotion of losing you. I heard your name today and it did not bring back the terrible hurt feelings of when you first left me.

I heard your name today with a calmness that surprised me. Many another child carries your name, and it had been torture hearing it and seeing the smiling faces on those little girls.

But today I knew—I found out—what others in my footsteps found out and tried to tell me. The hurt will ease; but the memories, the love, the good times will never go away.

Phoebe C. Redman  
TCF Bradenton, FL



## **OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED IN JANUARY**

*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, if we remember them and celebrate their lives.*

### **BIRTHDAYS**

<i>Nathan Enright</i>	<i>January 2</i>	<i>Son of Martin Boyle</i>
<i>Anna Smith Miller</i>	<i>January 3</i>	<i>Daughter of Carol Smith</i>
<i>Michael Curtis</i>	<i>January 4</i>	<i>Son of Sonya Curtis</i>
<i>Eric Wiatr</i>	<i>January 5</i>	<i>Son of Debbie Eposito</i>
<i>Casperin Hernandez</i>	<i>January 10</i>	<i>Son of Colleen Ramos</i>
<i>Michael Lee Brandon</i>	<i>January 13</i>	<i>Son of Jan Frederick</i>
<i>Hamilton Frederick</i>		<i>Grandson of Sharon Frederick</i>
<i>Gabriel Murphy, Jr.</i>	<i>January 16</i>	<i>Son of Arvine Murphy</i>
<i>Matthew Tisch</i>	<i>January 17</i>	<i>Son of William &amp; Barbara Tisch</i>
<i>Angel Reyes Soto</i>	<i>January 18</i>	<i>Son of Ricardo Reyes &amp; Alma Soto</i>
<i>Justin Cody Ortega</i>	<i>January 20</i>	<i>Son of Susie Meggs</i>
<i>Keegan Cray</i>	<i>January 21</i>	<i>Son of Kristin &amp; Ken Willis</i>
<i>Hiezer Castillo</i>	<i>January 22</i>	<i>Son of Somara &amp; Antonio Castillo</i>
<i>Sandra Elena Varela</i>	<i>January 31</i>	<i>Daughter of Sandra Prez</i>

### **ANNIVERSARIES**

<i>Casperin Hernandez</i>	<i>January 1</i>	<i>Son of Colleen Ramos</i>
<i>Noel Wendell Hernandez</i>	<i>January 1</i>	<i>Son of Colleen Ramos</i>
<i>Rachel Elizabeth Szech</i>	<i>January 2</i>	<i>Daughter Vicki Szech</i>
		<i>Sister of Andrew Szech</i>
<i>Chris Houchin</i>	<i>January 5</i>	<i>Son of Scott Houchin &amp; Heather McDonald</i>
<i>Lea Ann Knuth</i>	<i>January 16</i>	<i>Daughter of Leslie &amp; Shirley Heise</i>
<i>Joey Frase</i>	<i>January 20</i>	<i>Son of Cathy Frase</i>
<i>Carlie Schmit</i>	<i>January 20</i>	<i>Son of Jean-Schmit-Gill</i>
<i>Eric Wiatr</i>	<i>January 21</i>	<i>Son of Debbie Esposito</i>
<i>Alyssa Carranza</i>	<i>January 22</i>	<i>Granddaughter of Angel &amp; Raquel Gasco</i>
<i>Dan Furlan Jr</i>	<i>January 29</i>	<i>Son of Dan &amp; Pat Furlan</i>
<i>Michael Sean Gaede</i>	<i>January 31</i>	<i>Son of Maureen Gaede</i>

*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) - 847-337-4168

## Newly Bereaved

There is a wide variation in time for recovery, just as there is a wide variation in our grief experiences. How long it will take each of us to reach this point of being comfortable is impossible to predict, and different for each of us. I think much of the timing has to do with how effectively we have faced and worked through our grief. Because I did not grieve in a healthy way for many years after Arthur was killed, I had to begin to grieve properly six year after to reach a point where I feel no pain at the thought that Arthur is dead. My daughter, also a bereaved parent, had the support of the TCF and reached a comfortable point in a much shorter time.

I know that what I have said is hard to believe. For that reason I would suggest that you accept this with blind faith for the time being. Then, when the pain becomes more devastating than usual, think of what I have said. Think of it as a rope hanging "out there" for you to grab on to. Think of it as a rope of hope. Recovery is the end of this terrible journey.

Margaret Gerner, TCF, St. Louis, MO



### Ring in the New Year

The neighbors rang bells and tooted little tin horns and waved greetings to each other. The New Year had arrived. They were celebrating the arrival of a new blank slate of days. All had hoped for a year of happiness and joy. But I didn't. I stood, withdrawn, to the side, watching the revelers. The ringing bells were sad sounds for me. The only tin horn I saw

hung from a fading Christmas tree, remnants from years past when Arthur was alive. The

new year had arrived for me too, but I knew its blank slate would be filled with days of tears and sorrow.

I vividly remember that first New Year's Eve after Arthur died. I was miserable. All I could think of was that my beautiful son was not in my life and would never be again. I didn't think I could go on. But I did. I struggled, and grieved and hurt, and I got to the other side. There was a New Year for me. It just wasn't that year. Other New Year's Eve celebrations after the first one were difficult, too, but eventually, they weren't difficult at all. I found new meaning in my life. I didn't forget Arthur – I could never do that – but I began to find new people and things and celebrations that filled a new slate in my life. You can too.

It takes time and grief work and a commitment to find a new life for yourself. It isn't easy and the new life you find will never be the same as life with your children, but it can be a good one. Be patient with yourself. Remember, you didn't love for a few weeks, so don't expect to resolve your grief after a few weeks either.

You loved. You lost. Now you're hurt. Remember, love never goes away. It remains in your heart forever, and every New Year you can renew that love. And, someday, memories of your child will bring you warmth and joy again.

Margaret H. Garner

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[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org).

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## Snowflakes

By Carol Tomaszewski  
Annapolis, MD

It finally feels like wintertime outside...the air has a chill and there's a chance for snow. My daughter, who is a young adult, is just like a little kid waiting for the snow. She tells me it's her favorite time of the year.

For me, I prefer to bask in the summer sunshine. Since my son died, I often feel like it's a winter all year long. I feel chilled to the soul. I want to stay home and snuggle in bed and ignore the rest of the world. I want to eat chicken soup and chili...comfort food for a cold day. I want to grumble and grouch at the world. So, I prefer to warmth and sunshine as I hope to get rid of some of that winter-time feeling.

Yesterday my daughter reminded me that every snowflake is unique, even though we can't see the difference. She continued to say that snowflakes are like our grief. Everyone grieves differently and, therefore, our grief is unique. What looks like it's the same to everyone who has not experienced the loss of a child is really something very special and unique to each one of us. And ...sometimes it comes in light flurries or huge drifts, some-times it last for days...or only minutes. Sometimes we're able to plan ahead and other times it takes us by surprise.

Now, when the snow falls, I will be reminded that I am unique, as is my daughter and my son. I may even go outside and let the beauty of the snowfall around me.



## CHALLENGE AND CHANGE

As I look back over the past six years since our son died, I realize how much I have changed. When we talk about grieving, we often forget to mention that we grieve, too for the person we were before our child died. We might have been energetic and fun-loving, but now are serious and absorbed.

Our friends and family miss the old us too, and their comments show it. "Don't you think it's time to return to normal?" "You don't laugh as much as you used to." They are grieving for the person who will never be the same again.

Like the caterpillar that shrouds itself in a cocoon, we shroud ourselves in grief when a child dies. We wonder, our families wonder-when will we come out of it? Will we make it through the long sleep? What hues will we show when we emerge? If you've ever watched a butterfly struggle from the safety of the cocoon, you'll know that the change is not quick or easy-but worth the effort!

We begin to mark our struggle from the cocoon of grief when we begin to like the new us. When our priorities become different and people become more important than things; when we grasp a hand that reaches and reach in turn to pull another from the cocoon, when we embrace the change and turn the change into a challenge, then we can say proudly: "I have survived against overwhelming odds." Even though my child's death is not worth the change in and of itself, the changes and the challenges give me hope that I can be happy.

I can feel fulfilled again. I can love again.

Sherry Mutcher  
TCF/Appleton, WI  
Borrowed from TCF Atlanta  
Newsletter –  
January/February 2000





## Winter of our Souls— Sandy Goodman

It is winter today. There is no sun, not even a flash of light to focus on. The air has become murky as if it has solidified, losing its clarity. Ice covers everything, smothering any life that might have been.

Staring out my window, I compare the bite of winter to my grief: the coldness, the shadows, and my reluctance to breathe in any more discomfort. Grief, like winter, appears uninvited and unwelcome. We abhor the pain and wonder why we must endure the distress, while all along we feel the imminent arrival.

Winter compels the earth to rest. Everything stops struggling, stops performing, and sleeps. Abruptly, nature's need to "do" is gone and "being" is all that is necessary. All that was living before appears lifeless. The leaves disappear from the trees, flowers no longer grace our gardens, and the grass is entombed by snow. But what is going on beneath that which we see? Are the flowers really gone, or are they only changing . . . becoming new, becoming different?

I ponder how much further I dare go with this. Can I contend that grief, like winter, is a gift? Can I talk about the metamorphosis of grief, and contemplate gratitude for its presence? I do not know, but that is where my thoughts are leading me.

Grief necessitates a sabbatical from living. We stop struggling, stop performing, and freeze. Our compulsion to "do" dissolves, and "being" is all that is possible. Our life as we knew it disappears, dreams are shattered, and our hearts are ripped from us in the blink of an eye. We are gone, lost in our grief. But what is transpiring in our heart? Is everything gone, or is it only changing . . . becoming new, becoming different?

Grief is harsher than winter. The tasks of daily living are amplified, and what was once soft and blurred becomes sharp and ragged. While winter invariably ends and I remember that spring will arrive, grief makes no such promise. I must wait without assurance. There are moments when winter is beautiful: a blanket of fresh snow on

Christmas morning or the surprise of a warm breeze in February. There are nights when winter is hard and ugly, when temperatures plummet and the howl of the wind threatens our sanity. Grief is the same. A special memory comes into my heart and grief becomes bittersweet . . . beautiful. Then, a letter addressed to my son arrives in the mail, and I am back to the harsh reality that he is gone.

My grief transformed me. It tore out everything within me and said There! It is GONE! What are you going to do? You have NOTHING LEFT TO HANG ON TO! You must begin again. You must change.

And change is what I did. As winter alters the earth, my grief changed me. It gave me a period of time to step back from living and just be, a space in my existence to feel only that which I needed to feel. It was a time for reflection, re-prioritizing, and searching. Without it, I would remain as empty as a garden that never rests.

"But it was painful, horrifying, and devastating," you say. "How can you be thankful for such a thing?"

Grief, like winter, freezes our world. Both appear painful, horrifying, and devastating, but it is our preparation for, reaction to, and perception of that creates our discomfort. It is our need to judge which labels discomfort as bad. If we deny that death is possible for those we love, we will be stunned and terrified by its occurrence. If we react to the first blizzard of winter with panic and fear, we will be too afraid to honor its power. If we perceive a fatal ice storm as an act of God, we will shake our fist at Him and spend more time than we have asking why. And if we

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# Why?

Written by Pat Malone and read at the Lawrenceville Chapter TCF Candle Lighting

Why? Every bereaved parent I know finds himself or herself using this word much more after their child's death than they did before. Why my child? Why so young? Why that way? Why now? Why?

Most of the answers that society offers us are inadequate at their best and inappropriate at their worst. Maybe the real answer as to why can be found in the words of a bereaved father from more than forty years ago.

Earlier this month at the memorial service for the six firefighters who died in Worcester, Mass, Senator Ted Kennedy said, "In 1958, my father wrote a friend whose son had died. And since then that letter read and re-read, has helped our family endure through the most difficult times. In 1944 my oldest brother, Joe, had been killed in World War II and my father referred to that when he wrote these words.

"When a loved one goes out of your life, you think of what he might have done with a few more years and you wonder what you are going to do with the rest of your years. Then one day, because there is a world to be lived in, you find yourself part of it again, trying to accomplish something – something that your son did not have time enough to do. And,

perhaps, That is the reason for it all. I hope so."

Perhaps that something is working is prevent another suicide or traffic death. Or becoming an advocate for organ and tissue donation. Or getting involved in your church or community work, a facilitator, steering committee member, or Chapter leader in TCF. A big brother or sister, the scouts, a teacher's para-pro.

Or maybe because your grief is so new, you haven't found that something yet. The timetable is yours and yours alone. It takes as long as it takes. So whether you've found your something or are still searching, perhaps ultimately that is the answer to the question why...I hope so.



Another poem written now that Christmas is over.

Now that the holidays are over  
All the presents put away  
The brave face that I put on  
I can now toss away.

I surround myself in memories  
That had been neatly put away  
And allow myself to feel  
What I couldn't this holiday

The grief is overwhelming  
The tears they freely flow  
And I really feel the sadness  
Of how I miss you so.

Teri Romer  
Mom to Ashley 6/29/99 - 10/11/01



## 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.

### (Winter of our Souls continued from page 6)



distinguish death as the end of a loved one's existence, we will be eternally saddened by their absence. The path to spring, to the end of winter, requires only our patience and perseverance. The path to healing requires that and more: it requires that we learn to think differently.

differently.

We are a society that fears death. We consider it an end to life, love, and all that came before. Those who die either cease to be, or they exist in a place that is unavailable to us. It is not surprising that fear is present. However, if we alter our beliefs, we can then change our preparation for, reaction to, and perception of death. If we come to know that death is a change in form and not an end, we will not eliminate the winters of our grieving, but we will lessen our suffering.

When my son died in 1996, I had no other option but to change my thinking. I could not live another day presuming he no longer existed. By saying to myself often I am changing my perception of death, I announced to the universe and my higher self that I intended to change what I believed. I placed my intent, reached for it, and settled for nothing less.

I began searching for and finding information to support my new perception. I read books about life after death, mediumship, after death

communication, spirituality, and reincarnation. I perused websites, subscribed to email lists, and joined chats where these topics were addressed. I found like-minded friends who understood what I was feeling. I observed mediumship activities on television, at seminars, and on the Internet. I began to support my new belief system with knowledge.

I invited experiences by talking to Jason and asking him to come to me in a dream or to give me a sign of his presence. I meditated and made myself more aware of that which isn't seen or touched. I opened up a doorway of possibility and welcomed all that came from love to enter.

Finally, I accepted what happened and expressed gratitude. When the lights went off and then on again for no apparent reason, I was quick to say "thank you." If I was only thanking the power company, it didn't matter. No one knew. The more I accepted as real, the more I experienced. We hear often that "seeing is believing," but this is about "believing is seeing."

My journey has been both desolate and inspiring. There have been moments when I thought the cold and darkness would never end, and moments when tears of joy washed away the pain and light permeated my being. I invite you to walk the path of grief a little differently: to nurture winter's bleakness and look deep into its purpose. And just as we must think differently to see winter's grace, we must think differently to see the gift of grief. It is there, buried beneath a frozen crust that protects and restores while the winter of our soul . . . ensues.

~reprinted from Love Never Dies  
<http://www.loveneverdies.net/newslet6.html>

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<http://www.loveneverdies.net/newslet6.html>



# WHEN YOU LOSE AN ONLY CHILD

The loss of an only child is neither greater nor less than the loss of one of many children. However, the loss of an only child is experienced differently. It is different because you lose your parenthood, which is such a large part of the life of any parent.

1. With the death of an only child, you lose the one person who could use all of the love you had to give every hour of every day.
  - a. One of the secrets of parenthood is that from birth, children teach us that we have a greater capacity for unselfish love than we thought possible.
  - b. When your only child dies, you may feel that you are drowning in the parental love your heart continues to generate for the child you have lost.
2. With the death of an only child, you lose so much of your own future that was tied to your child's future.
  - a. The first day of school
  - b. Sports
  - c. Learning to drive
  - d. A first crush, a first date, a first heart-break
  - e. High school
  - f. College
  - g. Career
  - h. Marriage
  - i. Children, grandchildren, great grandchildren
3. With the death of an only child, you suffer many tiny losses that cause pain only another grieving parent can comprehend.
  - a. You have lost the joy of checking the cereal aisle to see if Cocoa Puffs are on sale.
  - b. You have lost the reason to keep up with the top ten hits on the pop music charts.
  - c. You have lost the joy of caring what prize is in a box of Cracker Jack.
  - d. You have lost the joy of getting up early on a Saturday morning for kids' soccer, basketball, or bowling.
  - e. You have lost the reason to hope for December snow.
  - f. You have lost the person who thought you made the best cocoa on a cool December evening.
  - g. For me, I lost a gentle, kind, generous child who loved, watched for, and shared beautiful sunsets.

Your only child lost all of this from his or her future. And so did you.

The loss of an only child is a devastating loss. Your child has lost his or her life. And you have lost an important piece of your own life, your parenthood. The Compassionate Friends chapter near you is there to help you acknowledge and grieve these losses by sharing your pain with others who have known their own pain.

By Bill Snapp, Atlanta (Tucker) TCF

**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

**NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING** Toni Nesheim 847-204-7585 [tnesheim@sbcglobal.net](mailto:tnesheim@sbcglobal.net) & Denny Salomonson, 847-223-7353 [drdeno@sbcglobal.net](mailto:drdeno@sbcglobal.net) - daughter, Rachel Salomonson, 19 Auto accident

**WOODLAND WALK COORDINATORS** Christine Pado 847-455-6642 [chpado@gmail.com](mailto: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](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto: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](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto: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/>