



The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

January 2023 Newsletter



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



Chapter Leader Notes from Susan

Dear Friends,

I am thinking of you and your families as the holidays have past and I hope that the holidays were gentle and kind. I also hope that you did what was comfortable for you to remember your loved one for the life they lived and the memories you have of them. I am thinking of our meetings and the new year upon us. I remember my first meeting I attended after my son, Westley died. As the first meeting came to an end, I had found an odd comfort and for the first time in many days I truly knew, I was not alone anymore. This is the most difficult thing I have ever done, this grief journey of mine. I am only able to function one breath at a time to this day and I am hyper vigilant of my thoughts and emotions. The death of my son, Westley is the most painful emotion I have ever had to experience. I hope that I can bring comfort and hope to all and to all a safe place to be, to rest, to share, to listen and to be alright for a short period of time with others who truly understand.

May the new year be gentle and kind to you and your families. I look forward to talking with you at our next meeting. Please be gentle with yourself, rest and pause to take a breath.

As for the new year, I was paralyzed as I thought about moving into a new year, a first new year that Westley would never be a part of.

It was a crushing emotion for me and now as I enter my 6th new year without Westley, it's slightly less crushing, I guess you might say this is where the grief begins to soften, but is always there, just on the edges and sometimes I feel overwhelmed by my grief. Just depends on the day.

I found this comment and I want to share this with you. *"Some people may not understand why those grieving are reluctant to move into a new year. For them, they see a fresh year, a new season... but for the bereaved, it's moving into a new calendar year which their loved one will never live in."* Zoe Clark-Coates@zoadelle

Thinking of you all,

Susan ~ Westley's mom.

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION



1. I will try not to expect so much understanding from others who have not walked the same path.
2. I will be kind to myself - health, appearance and time to be alone.
3. I will remember that I owe it to myself to try to enjoy life.
4. I will try to be more considerate of my spouse children and parents. They, too, are coping and deserve my help.
5. I resolve in memory of my child to do something to help someone else. For I know, that in doing this, my child will live on through me.

Northwest Suburban Chapter THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS, 800 W. Central Road, Arlington Heights, IL 60005, Jan, 199

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.



News for our Chap- ter

I hope this holiday season finds you with family and friends. I wanted share with you that the Compassionate Friends Organization has a magazine that they email twice a year.

We need not Walk Alone

I have included the links for your convenience. *We need not walk alone magazine informational page. This will have links to Archived issues and the current issue. This magazine is published twice a year, Summer/Winter.*

<https://www.compassionatefriends.org/resources/we-need-not-walk-alone-magazine/>

The link below will take you to the current Winter 2022 issue of the *We need not walk alone magazine*. At the bottom of the page is a sign up for the magazine/newsletters box.

<https://www.compassionatefriends.org/winter-2022/>

Thank you

Thank you to all for your generous donations for our Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony. The luminaries are beautiful as they give a soft glow to a quiet space. Thinking of all our members as we remembered our loved ones who have gone too soon. It was an honor to share and remember with you, at both the Candle Lighting during our December Zoom meeting and to gather at the chapel for our Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony. Thank you to Pastor Miranda Moeller and her members who joined us for the evening.

A special thank you to all the members who helped in so many ways to support and put together our Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony; a beautiful evening of Remembrance for all.

Your friend,

Sus
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OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED JANUARY & FEBRUARY

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

Montana (Monti) Brown	December 2	Son of Donna Brown
Mitchell Carlson	January 1	Son of Tina Carlson
		Grandson of Cheryl Armstrong
Anna Smith Miller	January 3	Daughter of Carol Smith
Michael Curtis	January 4	Son of Sonya Curtis
Eric Wiatr	January 5	Son of Debbie Eposito
Nathan Enright	January 7	Son of Martin Boyle
Casperin Hernandez	January 10	Son of Colleen Ramos
Michael Frederick Hamilton	January 13	Son of Jan Frederick
		Grandson of Sharon Frederick
Gabriel Murphy, Jr.	January 16	Son of Arvine Murphy
Matthew Tisch	January 17	Son of William & Barbara Tisch
Angel Reyes Soto	January 18	Son of Ricardo Reyes & Alma Sotoi
Justin Cody Ortega	January 20	Son of Susie Meggs
Keegan Cray	January 21	Son of Kristin & Ken Willis
Sandra Elena Varela	January 31	Daughter of Sandra Prez
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-EI 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

ANNIVERSARIES

Casperin Hernandez	January 1	Son of Colleen Ramos
Noel Wendell Hernandez	January 1	Son of Colleen Ramos
Rachel Elizabeth Szech	January 2	Daughter Vicki Szech
		Sister of Andrew Szech
Chris Houchin	January 5	Son of Scott Houchin & Heather McDonald
Lea Ann Knuth	January 16	Daughter of Leslie & Shirley Heise
Ayva Guthrie Begier	January 20	Granddaughter of Tom Begier
Joey Frase	January 20	Son of Cathy Frase
Carlie Schmit	January 20	Son of Jean-Schmit-Gill
Eric Wiatr	January 21	Son of Debbie Esposito
Alysssa Carranza	January 22	Granddaughter of Angel & Raquel
Gasco		
Michael Sean Gaede	January 31	Son of Maureen Gaede

(Continued on page 7)

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 years 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

A HAPPY NEW YEAR *Reflections on a New Year*

We begin a new year, one that many of us enter with reluctance. After all, it means another year away from our child and another year to be lived without the physical presence of the one we have lost. Apprehensive about any new challenges that we may be called upon to face in our broken condition, we call out, "Wait, I'm not ready yet!" The death of our child changed the course of our life; nothing will be the same again. But it also has shaped us into who we are today. And it will continue to do so as we learn to incorporate this loss into who we are to become.

Have you found that you have already begun to live differently? Compassion toward others is more profound. Trivial things are no longer important. Appreciation for life, and those in our lives, is paramount. We're living the same life—differently. Tragedies, disappointments, and heartaches combine with beauty, love, and joy to

fashion our life. These are all a part of life, and our challenge is to incorporate them into our world. The difference that our child's life has had upon the world continues through us. So, rather than being fearful of the challenges that lie ahead, perhaps a better question to consider at this time might be: What opportunities will present themselves in the coming year to honor this loss that is already a part of our life? Our child has become more integrally entwined into our being than ever before. We bring him or her to every situation that we encounter. How can we make that situation better because of this bond?

The start of a new calendar year is a good time to remember that we are in the midst of life. It is not perfect. Nor is it one that we might have chosen. But, our struggles do not put life "on hold." Rather they are a part of life itself! Our life is ours to make the most of, with many gifts that we can share with others. There is no better time than the present to gather up the pieces and recognize the uniqueness that we each call "me"—a uniqueness made more wonderful because of our child's presence in the life we choose to live.

Paula Staisiunas Schultz
Compassionate Friends Newsletter,
December 2010

Borrowed from the Newsletter of BP/USA. A JOURNEY TOGETHER, Volume XVIII No. 1, Winter 2013
www.bereavedparentsusa.org.

*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

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.



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





Tortoise Lessons

My neighbor Alexander Roosevelt, and her family kept a huge African Spur Thigh tortoise in their back yard for the last twenty years. It disappeared this past August while they were on vacation. The story made the local news and the entire community helped search. They looked everywhere, but were unable to find Tortley.

In late October he was found in a corner of a locked supply closet alive and well. When asked how he could survive for so long without food or water, Alexandra said, "Tortley's survival instincts kicked in and his body put life on hold."

I think that describes how we managed to survive those first weeks, months and years after our son, Brad, died. We put life on hold. We didn't engage in living, rather, we simply existed while our bodies and minds went into autopilot while we tried to make sense of the enormous injury that we had suffered. Our survival instincts kicked in and we did only the least amount possible to keep from drowning in a sea of grief.

Eventually life found us hibernating in our locked closet. Often there was a knock at the door, but we were not ready to come out. We somehow knew when it was time to re-emerge, slowly at first, into a world waiting to welcome us back. This re-emergence can take months or years. There is no timetable and only you will know when you're ready. If your life is still on hold, take heart; the world is waiting just outside your door. You'll know when it's time to answer its knock.

Richard A. Berman, Editor
 BP/USA Newsletter
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 Baltimore, MD 21215
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ONE BEREAVED WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE

SHIRLEY OTTMAN
 VICE-PRESIDENT, BP/USA

Immediately upon learning of my daughter's death, I experienced stabbing physical pain with each inhalation, as if my lungs were encased in solid steel, Forced to breathe very shallowly in an effort to lessen the pain, I endured this unrelenting pain for six more weeks.

I remember little else of that day except hearing her laughter in the hospital chaplain's office. Did the chaplain and my husband think I had lost my mind? But my daughter's distinctive laugh floated in the air before she said, "Hey, Mom, I'm fine." I heard her. I will never forget that experience.

Thereafter it required tremendous energy to get out of bed each day. Once up, I sat or reclined, lacking the strength to remain upright for more than a few minutes at a time. Reportedly, many people came to our home but I remember only a few. I remember the church, the sound of the glass harmonica, walking down the aisle supported on either side by my sons, hugging people after the service and crying, crying, crying. I remember the agony of driving to the cemetery and seeing the small hole to receive the urn bearing her ashes. I remember bending to kiss the urn before it was lowered; and I remember crying, crying, crying.

I remember our table laden with food and my inability to eat anything at all while I watched others fill their plates, heard their talk, their laughter, and wondered why and how the world continued to revolve-and wondered, too, how I could ever rejoin this living world when I felt so dead. I longed to die myself, fearful that my daughter needed me yet recognizing at the same time the egoism inherent in such thoughts. I remember praying for the pain to stop, watching how slowly clock hands moved, and crying, crying, crying.

When the physical pain ended and the intense emotional pain subsided, as other bereaved parents have found, I discovered occasions for laughter and joy, for thanksgiving and renewal, for service and peace.

All my experiences since my daughter's death on 2 May 1986 have brought me new understanding

(Continued on page 7)



(OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED JANUARY & FEBRUARY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

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

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

Waiting for Answers

Yours ago I left my first meeting of The Compassionate Friends and drove home in tears. My son, Max, had died a few short weeks before and I had been anxiously awaiting this evening. These people must have some answers, I thought. With paper and pen in purse. I was ready to take notes and do as they prescribed. I should do anything to ease the ache in my soul. But when I walked out into the spring air later that night, I felt betrayed. I hadn't heard any answers. Instead of learning how to leave my grief behind, it had been confirmed, made more real with expression. I knew I would miss Max forever. Now I wondered if I would grieve forever. Would it always be this way, a flash of pain aligned with every memory? During the next months and years, I attended TCF meetings and conferences, read books, raged, kept busy, sometimes spent the day in bed. I wrote, cried and talked about Max. Slowly, I discovered the answers I had long feared were true; yes, I will grieve forever, and yes, my memories will often provoke tears. But something had changed. My grief was now more forgiving, my tears almost sweet with memory. Max's life took shape again as the anguish of his death began to recede. If I would always miss him, I would also always have him with me in so many ways. I wanted to carry his memory into the future; the joy, the lessons, and the inevitable pain. How could I do otherwise? As I walked to my car after the first meeting, the TCF chapter leader caught up with me. "How can I stop this pain?" I asked. She put her arm on my shoulder. "Just do what feels right to you," she said "Listen to your heart. And we'll be here to listen too." Sometimes the best advice is none at all.

Mary Clark, TCF, SugarLand/SW Houston Chapter

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

(ONE BEREAVED WOMAN'S PERSPECTIVE continued from page 6)

about this thing we call life. Nothing profound, really- and it's only what most other bereaved parents have learned too, and what, if you are newly bereaved, you already know in your own heart: love never dies.

(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.

**Thanks to Renee Ewing
For her loving gift
In memory of her son,
Scott Ewing**

**Thanks to Charlie Young
For his loving gift
In memory of his son,
Rodrick Young**

**Thanks to Rosita Hernandez
For sponsoring the newsletter
In memory of our beloved
children we have lost**

"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.

A Love Story

Once upon a time, there was an island where all the feelings lived: Happiness, Sadness, Knowledge, and all of the others including Love. One day it was announced to the feelings that the

island would sink, so all repaired their boats and left. Love wanted to persevere until the last possible moment. When the island was almost sinking, Love decided to ask for help. Richness was passing by Love in a grand boat. Love said, "Richness, can you take me with you?"

Richness answered, "No, I can't. There is a lot of gold and silver in my boat. There is no place here for you."

Love decided to ask Vanity who was also passing by in a beautiful vessel, "Vanity, please help me!" "I can't help you Love. You are all wet and might damage my boat." Vanity answered.

Sadness was close by so Love asked for help, "Sadness, let me go with you." "Oh....Love, I am so sad that I need to be by myself!"

Happiness passed by Love too, but she was so happy that she did not even hear when Love called her!

Suddenly, there was a voice, "Come Love, I will take you." It was an elder. Love felt so blessed and overjoyed that he even forgot to ask the elder his name. When they arrived at dry land, the elder went his own way. Love realizing how much he owed the elder and asked Knowledge, another elder, "Who helped me?"

"It was Time," Knowledge answered.

"Time?" asked Love. "But why did Time help me?"

Knowledge smiled with deep wisdom and answered, "Because, only Time is capable of understanding how great Love is."





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 heartbreak
 - e. High school
 - f. College
 - g. Career
 - h. Marriage
 - i. Children, grandchildren, great grandchildren
 - j.

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

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.

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
In Memory of his son Billy Snapp 6/23/81 –
2/25/96

(One Bereaved Woman's Perspective continued from page 7)

Neither may our relationships die. Although we no longer enjoy daily physical and verbal interactions with our children who have died, the love we continue to share strengthens us. We may come to new understandings of our spiritual connectedness, experience deeper appreciation of all our relationships, including those with our deceased and open ourselves more fully to the challenges of all life's gifts...

If you are newly bereaved, embrace your grief passionately and learn from it; for in conquering grief, the fruits of love are all the sweeter.

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 2022 – 2023

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

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

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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.

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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/>