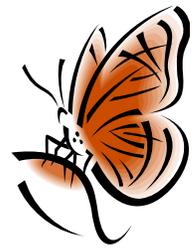


The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

July, 2015 Newsletter



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



Chapter Leader Notes from Toni

CRY, SPEAK UP, TEACH

Most of us have lived long enough to see great social change in America. We have seen schools and businesses desegregated. We have seen women become a significant part of the labor force with access to traditionally male career paths. We have seen television news anchors and TV shows and movie stars reflect the diversity of our country with the diversity of the cast members. We have seen mentally ill people, developmentally disabled and physically challenged people brought back to live and work in our communities. We have even seen the legalization of same-sex marriages.

These social changes, all aimed at **including** people in America, came about because of the passion and activism of many people throughout the country who felt misunderstood, mistreated, and disenfranchised. The changes often come about after disruptions in the social structure such as protests, strikes, legal battles and barrages of rhetoric in the media by politicians, protestors and educators.

Social changes are reinforced with the evolution of language and conversation. Yes, we have learned to be politically correct. We try to be culturally sensitive by using the correct words and no longer telling the jokes or make passing comments that are now viewed as ignorant, hateful and prejudicial.

Maybe now is the time for death and grief and bereavement to come to the forefront as an area in need of social change and societal awareness. I don't propose protests or strikes or sit-ins. I think that America is in need of more awareness and sensitivity that can be brought about those of us who live with the mantle of death and grief. We need to speak up about our true feelings and tell our experiences without shame or apology, even if it is tearful. Others can learn from us. We can teach people that death can be discussed, that tears are positive and necessary, and that talking about the dead is healthy.

Others need to know that grieving is individual and unique and requires time – years – forever. We can teach people that grievers need support, not criticism, and that the smallest kindnesses can be helpful.

We can teach people that we grieve because we have known deep, profound love.

There is room for politicians, employers and educators to make a difference as well. Work places need to understand that grief is no longer (and never has been) managed in the requisite three day leave. The death of a loved one causes grief that incapacitates grievers at different times, for different reasons that are not predictable. A day off due to grief may be needed 2 weeks, 2 months or 2 years after a death. Educators can help awareness of death and bereavement by discussing it in the classroom, including the subject in literature, history, sociology and health classes. Using a more widespread approach, the mystery and stigma of death will be erased and young people will grow up with the proper language and skills to deal with death, grief, and long-term bereavement.

In the meantime, we in The Compassionate Friends, will speak to each other and our family and friends, colleagues, church members and co-workers and together teach them that it is right and proper and helpful to talk about our experiences and our loved ones who have gone before us. We are not the people to be instructed or criticized or ignored or cajoled about grieving. **We are experienced. We are the teachers. We have a voice and we need to use it for the benefit of everyone. Cry and speak up.**

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS – RENEWALS

The newsletter is sent without charge to any person interested in receiving it. This year I have renewed everyone's subscription to the newsletter. If you wish to continue receiving the newsletter please contact **Vicki Szech, 31023 Prairie Ridge Road, Green Oaks, IL 60048, call 847-573-1055, or send an email to vszech@comcast.net.**



GIFTS OF LOVE

A love gift is a gift of money or of time given * the Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter of the Compassionate Friends. It is usually in memory of a child who has died, but donations can also be from individuals who want to honor a relative or friend who has died, a gift of thanksgiving that their own children are alive and well, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help in the work of your chapters. Love gifts are acknowledged each month in the newsletter.

Thanks to Carol Smith
for sponsoring the July newsletter
in loving memory of her daughter
Anna Smith Miller

Thanks to Terry & Jeanette Powell
for sponsoring the July newsletters
in loving memory of their daughter
Renee' Rochelle Powell

"Gifts of Love" in remembering our children and siblings help to pay for Newsletters, Postage, Books for our Lending Libraries and Resources, Memorial Services, Candle Lightings, Telephone and Outreach, and Dues to the National TCF Office. Thank you.

THE PENNY JAR

Faith Murray Ewald
BP/USA Hinsdale, IL



At our local chapter meeting, one man said that he has developed some "quirks" since his son's death and one of them is to save pennies. He refuses to use his pocket change to pay for things, giving instead whatever larger denomination he may have and waiting for change. He says people wonder sometimes what's wrong with him but it's only this: his son used to save pennies in a jar. Now the father puts pennies in that same jar. His wife explained further that the jar is emptied and refilled, and the accumulated money goes to a fund they've established to send boys to summer camp.

Another family regularly sends a contribution in their late child's name to a children's charity drive.

And more than one family of our acquaintance supports a child through the Foster Parents Plan or a similar organization which sends the family a picture and periodical progress reports on the health and education of one child in a disadvantaged area. I know there are many ways of memorializing our children and when we set out to do something, we need not mean to build a university. A simple jar of pennies that grows into the sum of a camp tuition is just as real a memorial, even though it begins with just a handful of loose change.

Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA VOLUME VII NO. 3, SUMMER 2002 (July, August and September)

Meetings

Northern Illinois Chapter - TCF July 16 – 7:30 p.m.

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

"Bring any memento, photo, toy, artwork, writings, etc. of your loved one and share it and its significance to you with the group".

Waukegan meeting

There will be no meeting in August

September 3 – 7 p.m. to 9 p.m

Holy Family Church
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL
Open discussion

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF THIS SUMMER

Adapted from THE HOPE LINE July/August 1996 Newsletter for the Bereaved, Inc., Syracuse, NY

Whether you are grieving or not, it is wise to get away and "recreate" yourself. When you are grieving, it is even more important to relax and take time to be good to yourself. Grief work takes an amazing amount of physical, emotional and spiritual energy. The following are some random thoughts which we hope you will find helpful.

- Get outside as often as possible, even if only into the backyard. The warmth of the sun, soft breezes against your skin, the scent of grass and flowers and the chirping of birds all fill your senses and help to make you feel better and more alive.

(Continued on page 4)

OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED IN JULY & AUGUST

Each month we remember the children who are sadly missed. Please take a few moments, place them in your thoughts, and remember them on their day together with their parents. None of us ever forget our special days and messages that say "I care" help us to get through them. Our children's lives will go on, as long as we remember them and celebrate their lives. Please let me know if I have omitted a child, misspelled a name or have published an incorrect date. I know how important it is to bereaved families to have their children remembered. vszech@comcast.net - 847-573-1055

BIRTHDAYS

Bryan Casaca Martinez	July 2	Son of Alesley Martinez
Michael Stice	July 4	Son of Dora & Gary Stice
Renee' Rochelle Powell	July 7	Daughter of Terry & Jeanette Powell
Liam Budill	July 7	Son of Joe and Amanda Budill
Brian Scott Ludlow	July 19	Son of Ronald & Karen Zaylik
Elizabeth (Liz) Willding	July 27	Daughter of Gigi Willding
Steven Anthony Sostre	July 31	Son of Jorge Sostre
Andrew Perkins	August 12	Son of Richard & Thelma Perkins
Karli Brooke Weidenhagen	August 17	Daughter of Jim & Adrienne Weidenhagen
Andrew Muno	August 18	Son of Darlene & Bart Muno
Roger Alan Segebarth	August 19	Son of Joanne Segebarth
Blake Logan Palmer	August 21	Son of Amber & Brian Palmer Grandson of Lois Cooper Grandson of Gina Palmer
Ashley Seay	August 25	Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay Granddaughter of Dennis & Georgene Manley
Eric Friedle	August 27	Son of Dennis & Diane Friele
Josh Summers	August 27	Son of Tina Carlson Grandson of Larry & Cheryl Armstrong
Roman Gabriel Cano	August 28	Son of Simona & Daniel Rhodes
Nicole Parfill	August 30	Daughter of Robin Parfill

ANNIVERSARIES

Anna Smith Miller	July 6	Daughter of Carol Smith
Elizabeth (Liz) Willding	July 14	Daughter of Gigi Willding
Amy Jo Baldwin	July 17	Daughter of Mike & Sheila Baldwin
Rogelio Lopez Jr	July 17	Son of Angelina & Rogelio Lope
Johnny Garcia	July 22	Son of Tomas & Minerva Garcia
Adam Rubin	August 1	Son of Linda Rubin Brother of Nicole Rubin
Brian Keough	August 2	Son of Kathleen Keough
Jammi Shonlei Hui	August 5	Daughter of William & Joyce Hui
Pressley Suzanne McHugh	August 5	Daughter of Shawn & Kari McHugh
Sandra Elena Varela	August 5	Daughter of Sandra Prez
David Spannraft	August 12	Son of Elizabeth & Dan Spannraft
Barry J Grazier	August 13	Son of Robert & Mary Ann Grazier
Raphael E Vidal	August 20	Son of Raphael & Mirtha Vidal
Kevin Pomianek	August 21	Son of Brenda & Eugene Pomianek
David Sloop	August 21	Son of Charron Sloop
Ryan James Nichols	August 22	Son of Jackie & Jim Nichols
Michael Lee Brandon Hamilton Frederick	August 25	Son of Jan Frederick Grandson of Sharon Frederick
Justin Cody Ortega	August 31	Son of Susie Meggs

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.

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SEASONS of HEALING



Bereaved Parents of the USA
2015 NATIONAL GATHERING
 HARTFORD, CT • JULY 24 - 26

Hartford, CT Bound. *We are working very hard getting ready for this year's National Gathering. Our hope for this year's Gathering, is for you to receive many gifts. During your Gathering experience, you will hear amazing speakers and attend wonderful workshops. We will offer you the gifts of Hope, Peace, Love, Laughter, Strength, Comfort, Courage and Friendship.*

Registration information is now available for you at

<http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org/Gathering.html>.

Please let us know of anyone who needs a registration packet mailed to them by providing us with their name and address.

The 2015 BP/USA National Board and Gathering team welcome you and we cannot wait to meet you in Hartford, CT.

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF THIS SUMMER continued from page 2)

- Read a good book. Light reading helps to take your mind off grief.
- Exercise. Exercise helps to work off anger, frustration and depression. Search out local parks and nature trails – even walk around your own block. Brisk walking, bike riding and swimming are all great ways to reduce tension. Be sure to observe safety rules and, if you can, invite another grieving person to join you.

- Try to visit places where there is water. Watching water and hearing it lap against the shore is soothing. As the waves recede, try to envision your grief receding; as the waves return, think of them as bringing peace and comfort.

- Spend some time alone. Possibly go for a drive and observe pleasant surroundings – or roll up the windows and yell and scream and vent your anger. Or go somewhere comfortable where you can just sit and reflect.

- Plan a vacation that will be a peaceful, restful time. Don't try to do too much. Try to take a respite from your grief work, knowing that, undoubtedly, there will be more grief work waiting for you when you return home. Sometimes it's easier if we can put the grief work aside for a bit and, when we come back to it, we see it in a different light.

- Attend a support group meeting. Groups keep regular schedules all summer. The newly bereaved will gain helpful ideas on coping. For those who have been bereaved a longer time and who have not attended in awhile, go back to visit your support group and lend a hand to the newly bereaved.

Above all, hold on to HOPE!

Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA VOLUME VI NO. 3, Summer 2001 (July, August, September)

NO VACATION

Kathy Boyette, Gulf Coast, MS

There is no vacation from your absence. Every morning I awake, I am a bereaved parent. Every noon I feel the hole in my heart, Every evening my arms are empty. My life is busy now, but not quite full. My heart is mended, but not quite healed. For the rest of my life, every moment will be lived without you. There is no vacation from your absence.

(Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA VOLUME VIII NO. 3, Summer 2003 (July, August & September)



WHAT IS LEFT?

Betty Stevens
BP/USA Baltimore, MD



When a child dies, you ask, among other questions, what is left? A beautiful, sensitive, intelligent child has died. What can be left after such a crushing blow? Others will point out that you have a spouse, other children or grandchildren, perhaps relatives or friends; they are all left. Perhaps you have a career that is left. And yet, how meaningless all of those are to a bereaved parent, to one who is suffering the most devastating loss of all. So you continue to search for what it is that is left.

You read books on bereavement, scarcely remembering what you have read; you attend meetings, talk with others who have suffered a loss like yours. If you are fortunate, you have one or two good friends who, while they cannot fully understand, are there to love and listen. Perhaps there is a therapist who guides you in your search for an answer. But, for a long while everything you read or hear has little meaning and certainly cannot provide the answer to your question. Or can it? Does all that you have read and heard and experienced finally come together and answer the question of what is left?

For me it does, the answer was thirteen months in coming, but how clear it comes now. I am left. That's it! I am left and I have been left with the love of my child. It is a new love, it is different, more intense; it is understanding, it need not be reciprocated, there are no strings attached. I love this love of my child. It warms and comforts me. It is a wonderful love, but I cannot keep it. It is too precious to keep to myself. I am left with love to spare and love to share. It will never run out. My child will always be with me to replenish it. I have found my answer. I am left to share my child's love with you.

Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA VOLUME VII NO. 3, SUMMER 2002 (July, August and September)

What am I now? Am I a daughterless mother? That sounds like an oxymoron, two words that contradict themselves. My eighteen-year-old daughter, Amy Marie, died on May 25, 2001. My life is forever changed. Burying a daughter is a surreal experience. There are no words in Webster's Dictionary that can explain the grief, the heartache, the pain, the depression, or the anguish. Heartbroken is too small a word. The words don't exist because it is not supposed to happen. There are no plausible definitions that could accurately describe "bereaved parent." Groups of words can't be strung together on a typed page to accurately explain the grief. It is impossible to bury your child, yet it happened.

Logically, the factual part of my brain processed the information. The emotional part of my brain argues with the fact everyday. Each and every morning it is still a shock to my entire being! I still peek into her bedroom and expect to find the perfectly made bed a mess of jumbled covers with my daughter snuggled deep inside of them. Parents don't bury children! Headstones read "loving mother," "cherished wife." They don't read "beloved daughter." That is not the natural order of the universe. This was not supposed to happen to me. It always happens to other people. I see reports on the evening news. Articles in the newspapers describe horrific events that resulted in the death of someone's child. It isn't supposed to be my child. How can this be changed? It can't be changed. I can't say, "Amy, want to go to the mall?" "Let's go out to lunch." She can't tell me about her "freaking bio test" that she has to study for all night long.

Things I want to say to her are forever left unspoken. How will I go on? I can't go on, yet I do. My body wakes up each day. I don't ask for this to happen, it just does. My lungs take in air, it is automatic, something that I have no control over. My physical body now controls the course of events in my life. I breathe, I eat, I walk, I talk, I put one foot in front of the other. I load the washer and I shop for food. I can work, I can teach. I can think on the job about the job. My spiritual being merely exists. It cannot flourish or soar ever again.

(Continued on page 6)

I ONCE WAS YOU

Colleen M. Fledderman
From the Winnipeg TCF Newsletter

I have never met Carlie Bruce's mother, Nicole-Brown Simpson's mother, Polly Klass' mother, Princess Diana's mother, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy's mother or Laci Peterson's mother. But I know them intimately. I know what dwells in their hearts and souls everyday. I live their sadness, sorrow, and pain every second of everyday. Like them, I buried my daughter.

(I ONCE WAS YOU continued from page 5)

When my daughter died, my emotional self was buried with her. When she died, I also buried her future husband-to-be, my future grandchildren, my daughter's future wedding, my daughter's college graduation ceremony, my holidays, and my joys. I buried my best friend. I buried the once perfect life that I knew and lived everyday. Tucked into the corner of Amy's casket is my happy husband. My despondent bereaved husband now lives with me. I buried my fifteen-year-old daughter's future matron of honor. I buried the loving aunt that Amy would be go her sister's and brother's children. I buried Renee's future nieces and nephews. There is not enough room in Amy's casket for all the things that died with her. Dreams, hopes, joys, lives, emotions, hearts and souls slipped into that casket with Amy. They occupy every square inch of that place. One day my fifteen-year-old daughter will be older than her older sister. Can my brain ever understand that? Renee will have a nineteenth birthday; Amy did not. How can the impossible happen?

Bereaved parents go on. We go on because we have no other road to travel. It is just that we are not "normal" any more. We used to be you. We used to be PTO moms and girl-scout leaders. We bought lovely, frilly, fancy holiday dresses for our daughters. We stood in long lines singing along with Christmas carols while we waited to check out the perfect holiday gifts for our daughters.

We were once carpool moms and soccer moms. We sat at music recitals and listened to the first melodious squeaks and squawks of their instruments. Forgotten homework assignments were rushed to school for our children. In our heads, we planned our beautiful daughter's future weddings. Visions of the bridal gown and the reception danced in our heads. We couldn't wait to have grandchildren to baby-sit and to enjoy. We wanted to tell our daughters that their children were just like them! Our daughter's christening gown is carefully preserved and awaiting to be worn by her own children. We wanted to hold our grandchildren's chubby little fingers in our hands and remember holding our daughter's chubby little fingers in our hands.

We used to answer the telephone and hear, "Hey mom, what's up?" Now the phone doesn't ring. And it will never ring again with that sweet voice we so desperately would love to hear. Now we are set apart. We are not normal any more. People look at us differently. They might take an extra minute to look at us then quickly walk past us in the supermarket. They may choose to walk down a different aisle to ignore us. It is too painful for them to think about our lives. They might take a moment to wonder how we say, "I can only



ment to wonder how we say, "I can only imagine your

pain." That is not true. No one can imagine it unless they live it. We live it and still we don't understand it. We now belong to a new group. We never wanted to be part of this group, bereaved parents. No one lines up for this membership. We wish our membership would never grow. I am glad you are not me.

THREE DOORS

Pat Dickerman
Hacienda Heights, California

The first door was the death. It slammed shut, was locked and sealed. It separated me from my loved one. It was a heavy, cold steel door. I can never open it. It leaves me alone outside.

The second door swings open and beckons me to come inside. It leads to all my memories of our life together. At first, the door is wide open as I spend most of my time back inside reliving every precious moment – the sad memories, the bad memories and, thank goodness, the very special good memories.

Gradually I spend less time there but often I return to the second door. Sometimes I find myself spending a lot of time there. Sometimes I chuckle and leave, appreciative and happy for the experiences we shared. The second door will always remain slightly open. It will always be welcoming me back in time. The more I heal, the more I walk away from the second door and toward the third door.

The third door is stiff. It is hard to open. It opens slowly. It is scary inside when I first open it but each time I try to open this door, it becomes easier to open. Inside, I find rays of hope. Beyond are many paths, many choices. As time passes, I feel more comfortable entering. Gradually, the third door opens wider and I find myself able to explore all that is within. Soon the paths take me in many directions.

The third door opens up to my new life

MEMORIES OF LOVED ONES

By Roy Peterson - A Dear
Friend of BP/USA



Absolutely nothing can be as painful as the death of a loved one and our journeys through the valley of the shadow of death leave us little room to do anything other than mourn.

However, somehow we do reach that plateau, that point, that place in time where we resolve to renew our lives, to seek to put everything into perspective. Marlo Thomas (when remembering her father, Danny) said, “it’s just not enough to survive—you have to thrive! It doesn’t matter whether you are freshly bereaved or whether it happened years ago and you are just coming to terms with the death.”

Memories are part of our awesome job of survival and part of healing and restoring ourselves. Our loved ones have died and our lives have been changed—in ways we hardly ever imagined as possible. “Why?” people ask! “Why do you bring back painful memories? For what purpose? Wouldn’t it be better to avoid confusion and forego any need to understand why?”

Am I never again to acknowledge the life and death of someone so precious, so much a part of my waking and sleeping life? How could I not remember? And, even though remembering is disruptive, a loss without memories cannot be possible.

Each month, each week and each day brings us the chance to put that loss in perspective. We need to grab each chance to build memories to help relieve the pain, or at least to change its level of intensity. We believe that whatever pain we bring to gatherings is pain that we share, just as we share with each other our love for our children. Memorial services are such emotional and satisfying activities because they allow us to face and remember our losses; us to reorder our lives. The healing that occurs is an important aspect of the restoration of our inner selves.

Eventually it is possible to realize that our loved ones were normal. They were good, indifferent, full of mischief, ambitious or on the road to success or failure. In realizing that they were normal, we start down memory lane. We discover memories lost in

the fog of our grief. We unearth long buried treasures.

How awful it must be to be robbed of memories! Not to recall our loved ones as they were would be life’s worst blow. Somehow we must reach a place where our love and memories are liberated from the painful emotions linked with the deaths of our loved ones. It is in that liberation that we find an awakening to new possibilities, to new understandings and to growth. As we acknowledge that healing and restoration are occurring, a path out of the depths of despair opens. It is then that we can say, “even though our loved ones died—our love for and memories of them will never go away.”

A New Normal

I wanted my life to return to normal. Then I realized what I wanted was for my life to return to what it once was.

A year ago I found hope one night when I heard my wife and my youngest son laughing in our bedroom. I thought my life was returning to normal. I played cards with our youngest son after supper, with much fun and laughter. After a few cartoons, he and my wife were off to bed.

It was then that I realized my life was not returning to the normal that it was when Greg was alive, but changing to a new normal. I cannot return to what I once was, because all of the parts are no longer there. I have the choice, consciously, and subconsciously to carry on with my life, thus creating a new normal.

Hope lies in accepting what you now have, looking with joy, not sorrow, looking ahead with optimism not pessimism.

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~reprinted from Bereaved Parents USA website
http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org/AP_Fathers.htm

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

The Compassionate Friends is a non-profit, self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved families. Its' mission is to assist them in the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child and to provide information and education to help others to be supportive
 TCF National Office, P.O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522 3696 - PH 877-969-0010 - Fax: 630-990-0246
 Regional Coordinator, Mary Seibert PH: 815-468-6443 nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org
 The Compassionate Friends home page can be found at www.compassionatefriends.org
 There are seven TCF Internet chat sessions weekly. To participate, visit the TCF home page and select the "Chat" button.

CHAPTER LEADERSHIP Toni Nesheim 847-204-7585 tnesheim@sbcglobal.net *Rachel Salomonson* Age 19 – Auto accident
TREASURER Forest Anderson 847-838-0567 forest.anderson@att.net *Rusty Anderson* Age 15 – Osteosarcoma
SECRETARY Jenny & Rick Selle 847-249-4776 jennyselle@yahoo.com *Lila Ruffolo* Age 24 – Auto Accident
REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY Thelma Perkins 262-279-6178 *Andrew C Perkins* Age 17 – Auto Accident
LIBRARIAN Kathleen Rettinger 847-922-7456 *Alexander Rettinger* Age 18 – Of suicide
NEWSLETTER EDITOR Vicki Szech 847-573-1055 vszech@comcast.net *Rachel Szech* Age 16 – Horseback-riding Accident
NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING Mary Foresta 847-986-4133 *Elizabeth Foresta* Age 11 – Septic Shock, Heart/Lung failure
OUTREACH/INFORMATION Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 julyson2@gmail.com Aaron Barrera, age 29 - insulin reaction subsequent auto accident
STEERING COMMITTEE Marilyn Grace 847-395-8597 grace.marilyn@gmail.com *Megan Grace* Age 15 – Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy
 Mary Ann Grazier 847-336-0539 *Barry Grazier* Age 27 – Auto Accident
 Maggie McGaughey 224-406-6644 maggieg00@hotmail.com *Jeremy Govekar* Age 22 – Hit by train
 Charon Sloop 847-623-2264 charronsloop@AOL.com *David Sloop* Age 33 – Motor Cycles accident

LOVE GIFTS

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

In loving memory of _____

In honor of _____

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

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

Check here to keep receiving the newsletter _____

It is important for our children to be remembered. Please understand that in order for your child to be included in the "special days" list each month in the newsletter, you must fill out this form that gives us permission to list this information. If you are making a donation please make the check payable to **The Compassionate Friends**. Return to Vicki Szech, 31023 Prairie Ridge Road, Green Oaks, IL 60048 or call 847-573-1055 or send an email to vszech@comcast.net.