



The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

July, 2016 Newsletter



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



What about Vacations

~Elaine Stillwell

When your heart is hurting after the loss of a loved one, you wonder if you will ever be able to "take a vacation" from grief. There are many answers to this question. The secret is to find the right one for you.

Vacations for my family were spent mostly at home. Our work schedules rarely permitted us time to go away and with three children we found traveling to be expensive. I have always lived on Long Island (NY), and my parents brainwashed us to think that living on Long Island was a permanent vacation. Do you think they worked for the tourist board?

After my 19 year old daughter, Peggy, and my 21 year old son, Denis, died in the same automobile accident, I never planned a vacation to "get away" from my surroundings. My home was my "nest" and the source of great comfort to me. Not everybody feels this way.

Staying with the familiar made me feel comfortable. Having my support circle nearby was important to me. Enjoying the pleasures that I had shared with Peggy and Denis kept them close to my heart. Even though tears could accompany these pleasures, the tears were healing. Whether it was simply walking along the beach where we had many family outings, or sitting by the pool where we had spent so many hours with swim team, or watching a soccer game which took so much of our time with three teams in the family, or noticing their favorite colors, flowers, TV programs, or foods. These things helped reinforce their presence forever in my mind, never to be erased.

Some families agonize whether to go away for a vacation after losing a loved one and some families can't get away fast enough! So you see how different we all

are. It's tough for husbands and wives who disagree about vacation plans to find a reasonable "compromise" to give relief to their individual styles of grieving.

The rule of thumb is: Do what helps you. If taking a cruise, or flying to a distant sunny haven, or visiting a mountain or seaside retreat, or just relaxing at a nearby resort helps you gain a moment of peace, do it. But one thing I must caution you about, don't go alone. There is time to reflect or quietly meditate wherever you are, but when you are hurting so terribly, it is not wise to be alone for long periods of time. However, it is good to have someone to share your thoughts with, releasing some of those feelings that are haunting you. Having a good listener with you is wonderful medicine for you. It's also good to have someone to hug. Remember, you need 4 hugs a day for survival, 8 hugs a day for maintenance, and 12 hugs a day for growth. Therefore, make sure you vacation with the right person!

Many grieving families that I have met have found solace in a trip "away" from their home base. Sometimes, just the change is what they need. Other times, it's leaving work or that "empty chair" behind. A little sunshine can warm our souls, so the warmer climates appeal to us and seem to bring an inner cheer. I know I am a "sunshine" person and can accomplish ten times as much on a sunny day, so I'm sure a sunny vacation would be productive for me.

In my early days of bereavement, I found that taking a little photo album like a "grandma's brag book" with me, filled with my favorite pictures of my Peggy and Denis, made it feel as if they were with me. Packing that album in every pocketbook I used, whether the large everyday variety or the tiny evening bag, it was

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GIFTS OF LOVE

A love gift is a gift of money or of time given to 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.

"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.

(What about Vacations continued from page 1)

like a pacifier to me. When a friend of mine told me that she dreaded going on vacation "without her daughter along," I suggested she take a little picture album, crammed full of her daughter's snapshots, with her on the trip and she did. When she returned, she called me and happily announced that it had made a difference to her, releasing some of that emptiness she had felt. So take a chance and try something different to help your heart. You might surprise yourself!

Other bereaved friends could not bear to stay home for major holidays and off they flew to far-away vacation spots. That worked for them, getting away from the hoopla of the holidays and the family gatherings that they did not feel strong enough yet to attend. Some of these bereaved families said they found a respite

from their grief while "on vacation" but that coming home was the hardest, causing feelings of depression when they returned. So, we all have to find the balance that fits our lives. It doesn't happen overnight. It's something that requires "trial and error" by us to find the blend that lifts our spirits.

Vacations can be a time of "renewal" for us. We all know that we need a vacation "from grief." We just have to figure out what kind of vacation our own heart needs. Good luck!

Borrowed from Newsletter of The Compassionate Friends, Inc. Atlanta Area Chapters July - August 2000

Meetings

**Northern Illinois Chapter TCF
July 21 - 7:00 p.m.**

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

Waukegan meeting

August 4 - 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Holy Family Church
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL
Meeting in Room 4
Open discussion

Enter by church office then down the hall to
Room 4 on right.

"Tenemos un cuarto nuevo para las reuniones- Salon 4. Entre por la oficina de la iglesia y sigue en el pasillo al Salon 4



Balloon Launch

Our balloon launch will be on Thursday, August 18 at Millburn Congregational Church in Lake Villa at 7 PM (not the usual time of 7:30 so that we can do the release before the sun sets). I am enjoying the sun and the warm weather and am sad to think about the sun setting earlier! We'll have our regular meeting at 7:30.



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

<i>Michael Stice</i>	July 4	Son of Dora & Gary Stice
<i>Renee' Rochelle Powell</i>	July 7	Daughter of Terry & Jeanette Powell
<i>Liam Budill</i>	July 7	Son of Joe and Amanda Budill
<i>Joshua William Bowman</i>	July 18	Son of Robin Bray Nephew of Kimberlee Christensen
<i>Brian Scott Ludlow</i>	July 19	Son of Ronald & Karen Zaylik
<i>Robert William Corbett</i>	July 20	Son of Mary Ellen & Robert Corbett
<i>Elizabeth (Liz) Willding</i>	July 27	Daughter of Gigi Wilding
<i>Darien Wilson</i>	July 27	Son of Tammy and Tim Olvera
<i>Steven Anthony Sostre</i>	July 31	Son of Jorge Sostre
<i>Christine Pado</i>	August 3	Daughter of Lindsay Wisczynski
<i>Andrew Perkins</i>	August 12	Son of Richard & Thelma Perkins
<i>Andrew Muno</i>	August 18	Son of Darlene & Bart Muno
<i>Blake Logan Palmer</i>	August 21	Son of Amber & Brian Palmer Grandson of Lois Cooper Grandson of Gina Palmer
<i>Ashley Seay</i>	August 25	Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay Granddaughter of Dennis & Georgene Manley
<i>Josh Summers</i>	August 27	Son of Tina Carlson Grandson of Larry & Cheryl Armstrong
<i>Roman Gabriel Cano</i>	August 28	Son of Simona & Daniel Rhodes
<i>Nicole Parfitt</i>	August 30	Daughter of Robin Parfitt

ANNIVERSARIES

<i>Anna Smith Miller</i>	July 6	Daughter of Carol Smith
<i>Elizabeth (Liz) Willding</i>	July 14	Daughter of Gigi Wilding
<i>Amy Jo Baldwin</i>	July 17	Daughter of Mike & Sheila Baldwin
<i>Rogelio Lopez Jr</i>	July 17	Son of Angelina & Rogelio Lope
<i>Johnny Garcia</i>	July 22	Son of Tomas & Minerva Garcia
<i>Eduardo Chavez-Nuño</i>	July 23	Son of Maria Del Carmen Nuño
<i>John Thumel</i>	July 26	Son of Laura & Mike Thumel
<i>Christine Pado</i>	August 1	Daughter of Lindsay Wisczynski
<i>Adam Rubin</i>	August 1	Son of Linda Rubin Brother of Nicole Rubin
<i>Tony Trejo</i>	August 1	Son of Martina Williamson
<i>Brian Keough</i>	August 2	Son of Kathleen Keough
<i>Jammi Shonlei Hui</i>	August 5	Daughter of William & Joyce Hui
<i>Pressley Suzanne McHugh</i>	August 5	Daughter of Shawn & Kari McHugh
<i>Sandra Elena Varela</i>	August 5	Daughter of Sandra Prez
<i>David Spannraft</i>	August 12	Son of Elizabeth & Dan Spannraft

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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."

Live Like You Were Dying

The other night Tim McGraw's 2004 hit song, "Live Like You Were Dying" was playing on the radio. The song tells the story of a man in his forties who learns that he is dying of cancer and poses the question, "How would you live if you knew you were dying?" The answers given in the song sort of reminds you of the Jack Nicholson/Morgan Freeman movie, "The Bucket List". The first answers given in the song are: go sky diving, Rocky Mountain climbing, ride 2.7 seconds on a bull named Fu Manchu, but they are not as significant as the last two answers: "I'd love deeper and I'd talk sweeter".

Hmm, love deeper and talk sweeter, now there's two areas that most of us could improve in. As bereaved parents, we have had a family tragedy, a death. And although we didn't die, some parents feel like they are "dying", at least emotionally. The tragedy can and most likely will, change us. As you know, the changes can be either negative or positive. If we choose to let our child's death make us bitter and angry the rest of our life, then we've made the wrong choice. However, if we let the tragedy drive us to "love deeper and talk sweeter", then we've made a good choice.

I looked up the word "love" on a Bible internet site and found that it is used 498 times in the NKJV. Some pertinent "love" passages might be: John 13:34—"A new commandment I give you, that you love one another; as I have loved you, that you also love one another." Romans 13:10 "Love does no harm to a neighbor; therefore love is the fulfillment of the law." I Corinthians 13:4-5: "Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up; does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil." (NkJV)

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A Grief Journey in Review

As I write this I am listening to Johnny Horton singing "Whispering Pines." This is a melancholy song, yet a sweet one. It reminded me of the day that my son died and the journey I have taken since then.

Todd was in a car accident in mid-December, almost on the winter solstice. He died on December 19. This is significant to me. I was raised in the cold, snowy part of the country. My son was returning from that area when the accident that took his life occurred. I remember recounting the events second by second when my son died. I remember how Todd disliked the shortened daylight of winter. How ironic that his death came on what was nearly the shortest day of the year.

We have just passed summer solstice. Todd has been gone for over 4 ½ years. I still miss him, and I think about him each day. I am a different person since my son died. My life has changed dramatically. The cast of characters in my life has changed somewhat. Solitude has become an important part of living for me. I no longer weep endlessly and fall asleep from exhaustion. I no longer walk the floor at night. The periods of manic rearranging of my house have slowed to something approaching normal for me.

Somewhere on this horrible journey of grief my subconscious mind accepted the fact that I will never see Todd again. I have accepted his death. I am rarely jolted by the sudden thought that Todd is not on this plane. My beautiful child, the baby who grew to be such a special man, is gone. This is part of who I am now. I now keep Todd in my heart. I talk about him with strangers as if he were still alive. With those who know me, I speak of the loss of my only child with quiet acceptance, and I share the many joys of my child's life.

Life has begun to improve. I am even thinking of a vacation next year. I am making more plans than I have in over four years. I have accepted what I cannot change. This is a milestone for me, because I have always been able to change the variables, to make things right, to bring back normalcy. But I won't be able to change the fact that my son has died.

Along the way I have had moments of epiphany, only brief ones, but epiphanies of various sorts. Most of the change has been gradual. Talking with other parents, reading, writing, listening to music, to radio programs, to speakers, going to seminars, watching movies, all of these efforts have helped me. But it was up to me to take those first steps. It was my choice to remove the

crepe and add a colorful wreath to the front door. It was my choice to reach out for help and accept what those who shared my grief journey offered. Much has changed in my life since that first year of grief. Much will change in the future. I have learned that change is the essence of life. I have learned from wonderful people; I have learned from negative people as well. Each person who transcends my life has taught me something about grief, about living, about moving forward into the light.

I don't know where I will be in five years or ten years. I dream about my son. We often have great conversations in those dreams. Sometimes he is a small child, sometimes a grown man. When I awaken I feel as close to Todd as I will be on this earthly plane.

Shortly after the summer solstice this year, a strange thing happened. My grandson and his girlfriend came home early which was odd because they planned to be out late. I was reading and listening to a news show. "Don't freak out, Nanny," my grandson said. "We were in an accident. I just looked at him."

Then I asked if he was hurt. "No, but the guy who was driving jumped out of the truck and ran away. He was doing 80 mph in the rain. He hit a curb, fishtailed, braked and spun around twice. Then the truck smashed into a utility pole. Annalee hit her head on the door panel. I bounced around in the backseat. I didn't have a seat belt on. The EMTs had checked them out. I did the same. Then I sat down. I smiled at him. "What?" he said. "What, what. What have you learned tonight?" I responded.

"I'm never riding with him again. I'm never riding with anyone who is drinking. I'm never riding with anyone who drives like a spaz or drinks," he said, summarizing the situation.

That was good. I smiled. Just shortly after summer solstice my grandson escaped death. The truck was a total loss. The driver was nowhere to be found. But Todd's son was alive, unhurt. His girlfriend was fine. I later confirmed with a deputy on the scene that it was a real miracle anyone

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(A Grief Journey in Review continued from page 5)

walked away. Yet they did. They walked away from that mass of twisted steel and smashed plastic. I like to think that my son is still on this earthly plane in some form.

Watching, watching over his children. That's what he did in life. And so my journey continues. I no longer "freak out" about the unchangeable. My child would be glad to know this. "You're acting like Dad," my grandson said. "He was always cool."

"I guess I'm cool now. But there was a time." I've changed. My perspective is the unique one of a mother who has lost her only child. And the journey continues until I, too, meet the angel of death.

Annette Mennen Baldwin
In memory of my son,
Todd Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX



LOST IN SPACE

By Deb Kosmer, Shawn's Mom,
Oshkosh, WI

Back in the 1960s there was a popular television show called "Lost in Space." It was the story of an astronaut family that found themselves shipwrecked on an alien world, unable to get back home and the adjustments and adaptations they had to make in order to survive.

When someone we love has died, we too can feel like we are lost in space as we struggle to find our way back home. The death of our loved one draws an inerasable line between what was and what is, our BD and our AD: before death and after death. The line that is drawn seems to leave us on one side struggling to hold onto the past while the rest of the world remains and continues to move forward on the other side of the line.

Our grief can feel very much like an alien world. All of the things that we once believed are suddenly called into question. The future we thought we had mapped out is shattered, leaving nothing behind but a question mark. Many of the people in our lives, whom we had always depended upon, are absent just like our loved one as we begin to realize that what was the normalcy of our lives, both the good and the bad, has vanished in that instant.

Grief places us on a journey we never signed up to take. It is a journey we must make even though most of our resources have been depleted. Grief robs us of our energy and our capacity to make decisions. It leaves us feeling immobilized, unsure of the route to take and afraid of our destination. It throws out the rules and leaves us to make new ones. As we struggle to find our way, misguided family and friends are often quick to point out that we are going and doing it the wrong way.

After awhile, when we become more tired than afraid, we begin to slowly and cautiously move forward. The road that we take will not be a straight one. Grief has many curves, rest stops, and changes of direction. That does not mean we are doing it wrong. It is just the nature of grief and learning to adapt to the world without our loved one in it. As time passes, we will discover new places and friends. We will begin to reconnect with some of the people we thought had left us behind. Our world will no longer look or feel exactly the same as it was but will not feel as foreign as it has. Eventually we will come to understand that our loved one has made the journey with us through our memories and the unshakable love that we shared. Home, though not the same, is once again a welcoming place, a safe haven, the place where we belong.

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)

(OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED IN JULY & AUGUST CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

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. vszech@comcast.net - 847-573-1055

(Live Like You Were Dying continued from page 4)

And when it comes to "talk sweeter", we might consider Proverbs 16:24: "Pleasant words are like a honeycomb, sweetness to the soul and health to the bones". Proverbs 25:11: "A word aptly spoken is like apples of gold in settings of silver". (NIV) I Peter 3:10: "For he would love life and see good days. let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking deceit."

It seems as human beings that we often give in to "default" feelings. These are the feelings that come naturally: anger, frustration, bitterness, impatience, jealousy, selfishness, arrogance, unforgiveness, etc. But the Bible calls us to a much higher standard. As bereaved parents, maybe now would be a good time to inventory the way we think, talk, feel, and act, and decide to make some positive changes in memory of our child.

Written by David Haddock Clinton, Mississippi

In memory of Bonnie Catherine Haddock (02/06/1985-08/13/2002) David.Haddock@mid.state.ms.us



TO MY SWEET ONE

By Lexi Behrnt

If you ever wonder if I think of you, the answer is every second. Your essence is intertwined with my every thought, your heartbeat lives on within mine, your love gives me one more breath. If you ever wonder if I miss you, the answer is always. Some days it's fierce, but over time, it's become gentler, like a constant melody, your name pouring through my mind, on repeat. Your memory the undercurrent of my days. I hope you know how much I miss you. I hope you know that sometimes the tears overflow at just the thought of your smile. I hope you know how I sometimes giggle at our sweet memories. I hope you know that I would give it all for you. I hope you know that you are worth all the pain, just to know you, to hold you, to love you. I hope you know that I would give every last bit of me and more, all for you. I hope you know that I am still holding on to you, even though death separates us. I hope you know that you took part of me when you went. I hope you know that you have completely altered the course of my life. I hope you know that I'm waiting for the day when I can scoop you into my arms and tell you about how the world still trembles at the aftershock of your days. I hope you know that I'm doing okay. I hope you know that I refuse to let my thoughts of you be tainted only by tragedy and loss. Death will not win here, you surely have not let it. Because of that, I won't allow it, either. It won't shatter me beyond repair. It won't incapacitate me. It won't hold me down forever. Because you wouldn't it want it that way. You'd want me to live fully, to love deeply, and to leave an impact, just like you have done. I promise to stand, even if the only thing lifting me to my feet is the thought of seeing your smile. I wish I could hold you now. Steal you away for just a moment. Just one quick glance into your eyes. And even if I couldn't scoop you into my arms, just one moment to hear your laugh. See you running free, joyful, in complete peace. I'm so sorry for the pain. I hope it wasn't too much. I love you. I love you. I love you. You are mine and I am yours. Forever and endlessly. Until that day...

Borrowed from A Journey Together Spring 2016 Volume XXI No. 2

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.

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

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 Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 Julyson2@gmail.com Aaron Barrera Age 29 – Auto accident due to Diabetes

SECRETARY OPEN – PLEASE VOLUNTEER

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

Charon Sloop 847-623-2264 charronsloop@AOL.com David Sloop Age 33 – Motor Cycles accident

Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com & Raphael Vidal rvidal1027@yahoo.com,

Raphael, age 17, suicide