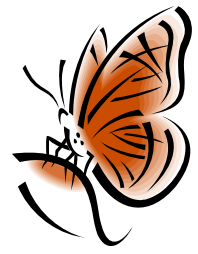




# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

July, 2017 Newsletter



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

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## Chapter Leader Notes from Toni

### Naming Thoughts & Negotiating Feelings

As I sit by the window to write this piece, the sun is shining and the breeze is putting all of my flowers and the lush green trees into gentle motion. A perfect day during the Fourth of July weekend

It is the polar opposite of the November day when my daughter died in a car accident on a snowy, icy highway in Minnesota near a river where the trees were barren and the sky had been gray and foreboding for days. In spite of today's beautiful, living colors and warmth, I can instantaneously remember the moments leading up to and the moment that I learned of my daughter's death. It is a

memory that I have recalled a million times as if by re-playing it in my mind would somehow change the result.

Only people who have lost a loved one, especially a child, who was expected to out-live them, can understand the shock and devastation such news can bring. Learning of or witnessing the death of a child (of any age) or sibling immediately causes a myriad of feelings that you have never felt before. The intensity of the feelings is almost beyond explanation. So without warning or experience or education to guide you, you are suddenly expected to learn how to grieve, learn how to recover and go on.

There are some words that describe the emotions that are felt, such as, outside of myself, confused, forgetful, angry, depressed, sorrowful, guilty and sad. You also experience an inability to focus and a unique fatigue like none other. What others, who have not experienced that kind of loss, do not understand is the **intensity** and **jumbled, tangled feelings** that arise from shock and loss and emotional devastation.

As one is forced to navigate the path of grief, it is important to be able to name your thoughts and give a voice to your words. Within a few days of my

daughter's death, I was at Barnes & Noble, looking for books on grief. Many people probably wouldn't have that

reaction but I was desperate to know if what I was feeling was normal. I needed to have names for the feelings that I felt. I know that language is the key to communication and understanding even when it is only for me, trying to bring understanding and comfort to myself.

Grief work is difficult and it lasts, in various forms of intensity, over a lifetime. You learn that it often gets worse before it gets better. Sharing your grief with friends and a support group is helpful in finding names for those feelings. Some of those heart-wrenching feelings lose their power when you can name them and talk about them out loud. It helps to retell your story to others. It is helpful to read about the grief process to better understand your feelings. Writing about your grief gives form and substance to your feelings so that you can set them down and feel relief as if they were a heavy package. Spending a certain time alone and crying is helpful and normal. "Tears are the silent language of grief" wrote Voltaire. Be mindful of what helps or hinders your grieving process. Be kind to yourself and watchful of your mental and physical health.

Eventually, you will feel lighter and be able to participate in life again. There will be fewer tears and some laughter. The preoccupation with the event of the death will not be as constant. You may be able to help others and make new friends. Hopefully, you will learn that naming your thoughts and navigating your grief is courageous and an accomplishment. As journalist Dan Rather said, "Courage is being afraid but going on anyhow." We, the bereaved have little choice, but we do go on as best as we are able.

### TO HEAL AGAIN

**This winter of yours will pass**

**As all seasons do**

**There is no right way to grieve.**

**There is just your way.**

**It will take as long as it takes.**

-Rusty Barkus



## 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.

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

"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.

## Meetings

**Northern Illinois Chapter TCF**  
**July 20 - 7:30 p.m.**  
Millburn Congregational Church  
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL  
Open discussion

**Waukegan meeting**  
**August 3 - 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

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

**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

**James (Jim) Grazier**  
**August 24**  
Son of Mary Ann & Robert Grazier

**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](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) - 847-573-1055

Borrowed lovingly from the online newsletter of the Atlanta Chapter of TCF

## A GRIEF SHARED

Lynda Boucugnani-Whitehead, Ph.D.

This will not be the typical article you often see in a professional publication. There will be no references to scholarly works, no discussion of what has been gleaned from years of research, no statistics, no methodology. Rather, this will be a story from the heart, one that I hope may help psychologists first understand, and then do what they do best. I had the inspiration to write this article just a week or so before the tragedy in New York. In my frame of reference, following the horror at the World Trade Center and Pentagon and in Pennsylvania, perhaps this is divine inspiration- this is something I just have to do.

What is it like to live through such a profound grief, to have your whole life changed in an instant, to have much of your future taken



(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.

### BIRTHDAYS

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

### ANNIVERSARIES

<i>Anna Smith Miller</i>	<b>July 6</b>	Daughter of Carol Smith
<i>Elizabeth (Liz) Willding</i>	<b>July 14</b>	Daughter of Gigi Willding
<i>Amy Jo Baldwin</i>	<b>July 17</b>	Daughter of Mike & Sheila Baldwin
<i>Eduardo Chavez-Nuño</i>	<b>July 23</b>	Son of Maria Del Carmen Nuño
<i>Qua'Shawn Wade</i>	<b>July 24</b>	Son of June Andrejewski
<i>John Thumel</i>	<b>July 26</b>	Son of Laura & Mike Thumel
<i>Lindsay Wilczynski</i>	<b>August 1</b>	Daughter of Christine Prado
<i>Adam Rubin</i>	<b>August 1</b>	Son of Linda Rubin Brother of Nicole Rubin
<i>Tony Trejo</i>	<b>August 1</b>	Son of Marina Williamson Brother of Victor Trejo
<i>Brian Keough</i>	<b>August 2</b>	Son of Kathleen Keough
<i>Jammi Shonlei Hui</i>	<b>August 5</b>	Daughter of William & Joyce Hui
<i>Pressley Suzanne McHugh</i>	<b>August 5</b>	Daughter of Shawn & Kari McHugh
<i>Sandra Elena Varela</i>	<b>August 5</b>	Daughter of Sandra Prez
<i>David Spannraft</i>	<b>August 12</b>	Son of Elizabeth & Dan Spannraft
<i>Barry J Grazier</i>	<b>August 13</b>	Son of Robert & Mary Ann Grazier
<i>Raphael E Vidal</i>	<b>August 20</b>	Son of Raphael & Mirtha Vidal

*Continued on page 2*

## Becoming Stronger At The Broken Places

If I am what I do, and I don't, then I'm not. Those words have been spinning around in my head ever since I heard someone comment on how we tend to define ourselves by what we do, rather than by who we are. I thought about those words incessantly, almost to the point where they became nonsensical. But they aren't.

Until April 25, 1978, the day of my son Bryan's death, I'm afraid I was guilty of defining myself by my roles in life; computer marketer, husband, father - and without really being aware of it, most often in that order. I was caught up with "bringing home the bacon", "making a name for myself", and the tunnel vision that goes with all of that. My sense of self-worth was wrapped up with these feelings.

One of my colleagues used to call me "Rapid Robert" because of my pace in going places - or was it a treadmill? I was a workaholic, and only too often by the time I'd gotten around to family matters, I'd run out of steam.

Then my son Bryan died. The superficiality of my life smashed headlong into a brick wall. For months I felt like I was sitting in the middle of a field scattered with pieces of my life; job pieces askew here, family relationships trailing off there, dreams piled akimbo over here, hopes were asunder over there.

As I listened to my son's friends at the two remembrances for him, it dawned on me that at nineteen a young man doesn't have a long list of credits and accomplishments. "Bryan hadn't made a name for himself." Bryan was Bryan, no more, no less. His many friends loved him for who he was, not what he was.

Strange the lessons Fathers learn from sons - To care - To Share - To be there.

I wrote these words blinded by pain, and I could sense what it was that brought together people from all over in a common bond of shared grief, Bryan cared about them. I wondered if I were to die suddenly, after more than fifty years of life, how would I be eulogized? "A real professional, a true marketer, a dedicated employee" I'd settle for two words: "He Cared."

I've tried to put the pieces of my life back together again, but I've tried to be selective. I've left many pieces lying in that field because they don't fit anymore. And I've fashioned new pieces, each in some way inspired by the lessons of Bryan's life.

Hemingway wrote, "Sooner or later life breaks everyone, but afterwards some are stronger at the broken places." I've tried to put the pieces of my life back together selectively. As bereaved parents, we have a choice; we can fixate on the death or we can affirm life. I know which my son would have wanted me to do.

Robert Rosenberger, TCF, Burke, VA

*(A Grief Shared continued from page 2)*

away, and to find yourself in a world that you don't recognize? We have all had at least a taste of this, as Americans, our lives have been changed by these events. There is a loss of a sense of security and for what we thought our future would be. But what about those people who have sustained a more profound and excruciating loss - the loss of a loved one who was treasured and so much a part of the fabric of your very life. What is it like to have that person taken away so abruptly, to one minute have that loved one beside you as a part of your dream, and the next to have that love ripped away from you? What do psychologists and other helping professionals need to know in order to help those who have sustained such a loss?

This story is very personal for me and, therefore, somewhat difficult to tell. As many of you know, my daughter, Maria-Victoria, was killed in an automobile accident just three blocks from my home as her brother was driving her home from school. A speeding driver ran through a red light and smashed into their car killing Maria-Victoria instantly. She was 13 years old. It was a normal day, bright and sunshiny and my life was going along as normal. My daughter was a beautiful, intelligent and accomplished person known for her extraordinary kindness and compassion for others. She was innocence and pure love blossoming into a leader of others and she was building the confidence that could have taken her very, very far in this life. In one second she was here, in one second she was not. The fifth anniversary of her death was just 2 days after the New York tragedy.

Within a few months of her passing, I joined a group called Compassionate Friends, which is a self-help group for parents who have lost children. It was a very good move. It is said that the

*(Continued on page 6)*

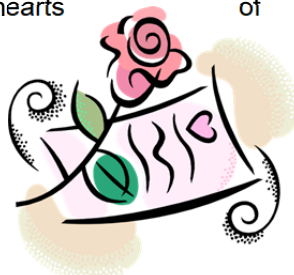
*A GRIEF SHARED continued from page 4)*

journey and it is never over.

It is true that at the time of the event you are in a state of shock and numbness. In my case after a telephone call, I made my way to the accident site. It was eerily quiet with cars backed up in four different directions at the intersection, so that I had to drive on the wrong side of the road to get there. When I got to the scene I was no longer within myself, I must have dissociated. I felt like I was observing everything as if I was in a movie. The people in all the cars were watching me. I imagined they were saying "that's the mother". I was aware that I was playing this "role". I imagine that many of the relatives looking for loved ones in New York must have felt this way too. At the hospital I was placed in a special room - meant to be a comfort but cut off from others. It did allow me to get out of the movie. What helped? Friends coming to be with me. You need to hold and touch people - you need them to hold you and just "be there" for you. What didn't help? Waiting 17 hours to be told whether my children were alive or dead. I already knew in my heart and soul that Maria-Victoria was gone from this life but to have a doctor finally come in and say in a cool and dispassionate manner that "your daughter is deceased" made me angry. A simple "I'm so sorry", a touch on the hand and some semblance of compassion would have endeared this doctor to me for life. Why is that so hard to do?

We are blessed with this state of shock that comes almost immediately after suffering a traumatic loss. It allows us to do the things we have to do. For many of us this is very, very important. I needed to make sure that Maria-Victoria had a wonderful, up-lifting funeral service that told the world about the wonderfulness of my little girl. I needed to write an obituary that would touch the hearts of Atlanta. I needed to comfort her teachers and students at her school, thereby comforting myself. I needed to be there for the hundreds of people who came to show they cared. Some people criticized the news coverage in New York of friends and relatives showing flyers of their missing loved ones saying it was exploitation. I spoke to them through my TV set saying - "you just don't get it - they need to do this -they need to let others know about the one they love - they need to feel like they are doing something to take care of them."

What helped me so much in the initial weeks after the accident were touches from the hearts of other people. I savored all the cards, the incredible amount of food from individuals and whole schools, letters and



phone calls from people I had never met who were touched by my daughter's story and the physical presence of people I was close to. Such heartfelt gestures give life when life has gone out of your existence.

There is a time when you have to go back to work and start to live this new life. I was fortunate to have such a wonderful, supportive staff that literally carried me through that first year. Others are not so fortunate. Some have to go back to work just days after the funeral and are expected to perform as if nothing has happened. When a traumatic loss has struck you, you are amazed and perhaps a little bit angry that the world has gone on. You say to yourself, "how can these normal things still go on - how can people laugh - don't they know the world has ended?" You think to yourself that you will never laugh again, that you will never feel joy again - it's incomprehensible to think that you could.

During that first year (time will vary among folks) you are literally "out of your mind". Believe it or not, there is actually a "physical pain", usually in your heart and chest area and all over your body at times, experienced by many that is excruciating and you think will never go away. Mine lasted about 2 months and then just floated away. It was a relief to say goodbye to that constant companion. You are "out of your mind" because you think about your loved one constantly - probably a million times a day it certainly seems. That doesn't leave much room for concentration and memory. Those who have experienced such loss need to know that this is perfectly normal. It is perfectly normal to put the iron in the refrigerator. At work if you don't have support, you will certainly not be able to function like you used to. You may be able to do some things on "automatic pilot" but this is not the time to be making major decisions and you - and the business you work for - need to give you leeway for your memory lapses and perhaps loss of drive. Every day is a struggle just to get up and live. Every day you get up and live is an accomplishment. So be supportive and tolerant - make it a point to know about these cognitive disturbances, help the person you are helping to

(Continued on page 6)

*(A GRIEF SHARED continued from page 5)*

understand them. And - if you can - help their employers to know what to expect and how to give support.

There is no timetable for grief. It is highly offensive to the grief-stricken to hear things like, "you need to move on", or to receive messages that you are expected to be back to normal and "over it" in a certain time frame. I once had a principal come up to me about three months after Maria-Victoria died and say, "well, have you gotten over the death of your lovely daughter?" I swear this is true. My response was, rather curtly, " I will never get over it". This kind-hearted man had no clue about how much that remark hurt. Let me tell you that you never get over it. You are a changed, different person from the one you were before the death of your loved one. We don't want to get over it because that suggests that we can somehow let that love go. That brings me to the dreaded "C" word. A word hated by the bereaved and one especially pertinent to those people who have loved ones missing in New York. The dreaded C word "closure". I hate that word. I am offended by that word. Most of the bereaved I know hate it too. There is no such thing as closure - you never get over it and quit expecting us to do it. People need to learn to say something else to describe people who need to have something happen before they can continue with their personal grief. Something like "relief from uncertainty" is more like it.

There is usually a lot of support and attention paid to the bereaved at the time of the loss and for a short time afterward. But after a while that support fades and contacts drop off. Many, if not all, of my Compassionate Friends report that this is a time when you know who your real friends are. Sometimes people don't know what to say and so avoid you. Especially in cases where children have died, people avoid you because they think it might be "contagious". If this most horrendous of nightmares happens to you, it could happen to me. I don't want to think about that so I'll stay away from you. You may be shaking your head in disbelief, but it is true. Many find that family members are the least helpful. They do not want to bring it up because they think it will cause pain to you - but especially to them.

If you remember one thing from this story, remember what is in this paragraph. The most precious words a person who has lost a loved one can hear are their loved one's name. Say it over

and over again. It will not bring pain - it has great potential to bring joy and to heal. MARIA-VICTORIA, MARIA-VICTORIA - hearing her name always lightens my heart. In the beginning, people need to tell their story - over and over again. Your job is to listen, to give

a hug or show that you feel for them. It was important for those missing loved ones in New York or for those who knew their loved one had died, to "tell their story". This is a part of the grief process, and a way to validate the strength of their continuing love for their loved one. It is a way to honor them and, most importantly, to assure that they will not be forgotten. That is the greatest fear of those of us who have lost our children (and probably for other bereaved persons as well). We do not want our loved ones to be forgotten. You are doing the bereaved a wonderful favor when you bring up their loved one's name and when you reminisce about something that they did or something special about them. It is a very, very special gift and so easy to give.

There can come a time when the bereaved person starts to refrain from bringing up their loved one's name or talking about them because they are afraid of making the other person uncomfortable. A lot of people don't know what to say and so they say nothing. You quickly learn who you can trust and who you can't to spill your heart to.

People are afraid that what they might say will sound awkward or mistakenly think it will bring pain. This then can be misinterpreted by the bereaved person as a sign that you don't care. Never say "I know just how you feel" because you don't - you have no idea. Never say, " I don't know how you do it - if it was me I'd just die". My goodness, that implies that I must not have loved my child enough because I didn't die. What helps? A hug and saying "I think about you often" - Just a heartfelt hug - "I was thinking about Maria-Victoria today" - "I know this is a hard time for you" - " I am so sorry".

I went to see a therapist for about a year after Maria-Victoria died. What I liked about her the most was that she told me at the beginning that she knew very little about dealing with grief but felt that she was going to learn a lot by our time together. She did learn a lot and I got a chance to tell my story, to process how my life had changed and to run through ideas about how to redefine my life and redefine my relationship with my daughter. In essence, in the long term that is what we, as psychologists, need to do to help

*(Continued on page 7)*



(A GRIEF SHARED continued from page 6)

others. When you have experienced a traumatic loss you have to make a choice. You choose whether to retreat from life, to give up on life and what you held dear, or to grow from this horrendous experience. Making this choice is not easy, but it is a choice. You also have to redefine your relationship with your loved one. You may not have a physical relationship anymore but you can choose to always have a strong and loving relationship. My feeling of connectedness with my daughter is very, very strong. She is very much a part of my life and will always be. I have redefined my relationship with her and do the things I want and need to do to keep our love and connection alive.



As you go on this grief journey, you do whatever feels right to do. There are no rules. In the beginning I would go to the cemetery and lay on a blanket and stroke the grass over her grave as if it was her hair. Imagine the sight of that to one that does not know. I still, after five years, have not washed the clothes from her clothes hamper (I probably never will). Before I moved, I would go into her bedroom at night, smell her sheets or sleep in her bed. I talk to her aloud every day. These are all perfectly normal things to do. As a psychologist, it is important to validate to the bereaved person that anything they want to do that brings them comfort is okay. We all have different ways of grieving and we all need to respect these different ways.

I am a very different person from the one I was before my daughter died. I think I'm a better person (a lot of my friends think so too). What often comes out of tragedy is growth, often spiritual. I and everyone I know in Compassionate Friends no longer have any fear of death. Death is the door to where my daughter is. When fear is gone (the worst that could happen, has already happened), it is a very freeing experience. You are less afraid of change, you are less tolerant of arrogant, insensitive people or of doing things that don't have meaning for you anymore and you put your energy toward the things that are truly meaningful in this world. That doesn't mean you don't go through periods of sadness and despair and have to pull yourself up time and again - of course you do -. You are not necessarily suffering from depression, but profound sadness and there is a difference. When you are depressed you don't want to do anything and you don't grow. When you are experiencing profound sadness, you still want to grow, to do things that will make a difference; you often feel compelled to do so. As psychologists, and as friends or colleagues of those who have experienced a traumatic loss, we can help by supporting them on their own personal journeys, not by

telling them where and when to go, but by being a friendly landmark along the way. We help by realizing there is no destination, not even an itinerary. At five years after my daughter's death, I probably think about my daughter about 500 times a day, rather than a million. Some would call that progress. I call it evolution.

A few days ago after putting 5 heart balloons and flowers on my daughter's grave, I found a card and letter put there by one of her friends. What a gift to me and my daughter. I close this story with her words so that we can all remember what really matters.

I thought I saw you dancing  
but it was only the leaves in the wind  
I thought I heard you laughing  
but it was only the waves of the sea  
I thought I felt you touch me  
but it was only a moonlit dream.  
but I know I felt you in my heart  
because I miss you very much.

I love you

I met a girl about a year ago who when I first saw her I thought it was you. I had to take a double glance and every time since then, when I see her from a distance or run into her I always think I see you! She favors you so much in appearance but I'm sure she could never be as loving, good-hearted and caring as you were. The angel ornament reminds me of you, always caring and watching out for others! Miss you more and more each day!

Friends Forever.  
Love Always,  
Kristen



## Balloon Launch

Our balloon launch will be Thursday, August 17, 2017 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). We'll have our regular meeting at 7:30.

**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](mailto: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](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, 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](http://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](mailto:tnesheim@sbcglobal.net) Rachel Salomonson Age 19 – Auto accident

**TREASURER** Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 [Julyson2@gmail.com](mailto:Julyson2@gmail.com) Aaron Barrera Age 29 – Auto accident due to Diabetes

**SECRETARY** Bambi Nichols 262-220-9323 [lcbtsec@aol.com](mailto:lcbtsec@aol.com) Levi Nichols Age 19 - Accidental death

**REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY** Thelma Perkins 262-279-6178 Andrew C Perkins Age 17 – Auto Accident

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