



The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

July 2022 Newsletter



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



Chapter Leader Notes from Susan

Dear Friends,

I hope this month of July finds you enjoying the summer season. As all seasons do, they carry memories of our loved ones who have gone too soon. Summer is a very emotional time for me. There are many transitions, the school year has ended, and as much as I love tending to my gardens, walking, and biking the Savannah trails and traveling to see my family here in Chicago and Colorado, sometimes it just feels overwhelming. So, I have been practicing my deep breathing exercises and focusing my thoughts on all the moments of joy, that are a part of my life.

Our family celebrated the graduations of our son, Landan, from UIC Medical School to his Residency at the University of Colorado in Family Medicine with a Sports Fellowship and our daughter, Marllys, from Marquette Graduate School as a Speech and Language Pathologist. We are very proud of them and wish them all the success and happiness their futures may bring. And I think of our son, Westley, every moment. And I wish dearly that he was here with us. I always wonder what great adventures and accomplishments his life would have explored. I wonder always, what would Westley be doing now, where would he be today? His intelligence, courage, smile, grace, and artistry will be forever cherished. His love and kindness are carried in my heart always. We are blessed to have Westley as our son and brother.

I know all of you have transitions; some are personal, and others are more public. Some are celebrations, and vacations. With all of these, we all carry the loss of our loved one with us in our hearts and our memories as we do our very best to stay present in our daily lives. If you have a celebration, a marriage, a new

birth, a graduation, or a planned trip; I offer my sincere congratulations and wish you and your family safe and happy travels. I hope you can enjoy your celebrations and I hope your vacations bring you enjoyment, relaxation, and comfort. It might be a short trip in town to visit family or a friend, or a longer trip to a further destination. Take care of you, be gentle with yourself, take on only what you can and it's ok to take a break. It's also ok to celebrate the joy and smiles with your family and friends. Our loved one is always near and with us in our memories, our daily comings and goings and our new adventures. May each of you be blessed with good health, family and friends and moments of peace.

"If you are going on vacation 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. 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! "

What about Vacations, by Elaine Stillwell. Northern Illinois Compassionate Friends Newsletter 7/2016.

Take care, your friend,

Susan

Westley's mom



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 Rose Hernandez
For her gift of love
In memory of her daughter
Victoria Pickett

"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.

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.

Upcoming events for our Chapter.

Upcoming events for our Chapter.



For our meetings in the month of June, I would like to invite you to bring a memory of your most cherished gift or gesture from your child, who has gone too soon. You can show a picture, share the gift, or tell us the story behind this memory. It's also ok to sit and listen and when you feel comfortable sharing, please share with us.

June 16 is our in-person meeting. I invite you to bring a picture, the item, or a story to share with us.

Thursday September 15 The HeART Remembers. We will create art in memory of our loved ones.

Saturday October 8 Adopt a Highway Clean – up, rain date Saturday October 15.

Sunday December 11, 2022, Annual Candle Lighting Ceremony; The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting on the 2nd Sunday in December unites family and friends around the globe in lighting candles for one hour to honor the memories of the sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and grandchildren who left too soon. *More information will be shared to our members.*

If you have any questions about the mentioned events, please call, email, or text Susan at 847.366.9375 or Lanwesmar@comcast.net



OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED 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

Michael Stice	July 4	Son of Dora & Gary Stice
Ayva Guthrie Begier	July 8	Granddaughter of Tom Begier
Lauren Marie Cramer	July 12	Daughter of LuAnn McComb
Noel Endell Hernandez	July 13	Son of Colleen Ramos
Joshua William Bowman	July 18	Son of Robin Bray Nephew of Kimberlee Christensen
Brian Scott Ludlow	July 19	Son of Ronald & Karen Zaylik
Robert William Corbett	July 20	Son of Mary Ellen & Robert Corbett
Taylor Albert Rydahl	July 22	Son of Carol Ann & Keith Rydahl
Elizabeth (Liz) Wilding	July 27	Daughter of Gigi Wilding
Darien Wilson	July 27	Son of Tammy and Tim Olvera
Lindsay Wilczynski	August 3	Daughter of Christine Prado
Jose Barrera	August 6	Son of Lorena Alcala & Orsy Barrera
Andrew Perkins	August 12	Son of Richard & Thelma Perkins
Andrew Muno	August 18	Son of Darlene & Bart Muno
Blake Logan Palmer	August 21	Son of Amber & Brian Palmer Grandson of Lois Cooper Grandson of Gina Palmer
Kelsey Heaps	August 22	Son of Dawn Heaps Brother of Steven Heaps
Ashley Seay	August 25	Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay Granddaughter of Dennis & Georgene Manley
Josh Summers	August 27	Son of Tina Carlson Grandson of Larry & Cheryl Armstrong
Nicole Parfitt	August 30	Daughter of Robin Parfitt

ANNIVERSARIES

Justin Perez	July 4	Son of Traci & Carlos Perez Brother of Samantha (Perez) Przybylski
Anna Smith Miller	July 6	Daughter of Carol Smith
Gabriel Murphy Jr	July 7	Son of Arvine Murphy
Elizabeth (Liz) Wilding	July 14	Daughter of Gigi Wilding
Qua'Shawn Wade	July 24	Son of June Andrejewski
Sage Cue	July 26	Daughter of Ben & Jennifer Peterson-Cue
John Thumel	July 26	Son of Laura & Mike Thumel
Tony Trevithick Jr	July 26	Son of Tony Trevithick
Lindsay Wilczynski	August 1	Daughter of Christine Prado
Adam Rubin	August 1	Son of Linda Rubin Brother of Nicole Rubin
Tony Trejo	August 1	Son of Marina Williamson Brother of Victor Trejo
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

(Continued on page 2)

(Our Children, Grandchildren, and Siblings
Loved, Missed and Remembered in July & August
continued from page 3)

Sandra Elena Varela
August 5
Daughter of Sandra Prez

David Spannraft
August 12
Son of Elizabeth & Dan Spannraft

Danielle Trevithick
August 12
Granddaughter of Tony Trevithick

Barry J Grazier
August 13
Son of Robert & Mary Ann Grazier

Nathan Clyde
August 17
Son of Valerie Clyde
Sister of Michaela Clyde

Raphael E Vidal
August 20
Son of Raphael & Mirtha Vidal

Kevin Pomianek
August 21
Son of Brenda & Eugene Pomianek

David Sloop
August 21
on 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

James McClintock
August 28
Son of Charles & Louise Knoll

Brandon Reif
August 30
Son of Marcy Reif

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

The Hawk

By Lydia Burns, TCF Atlanta

The air is warm beneath my wings
As I glide in the air for things, I see
A wooden cross, a family brings
Placed carefully here, oh the memories.

I hear them talk, they named this place
The tears they fall and sunset brings
The heavy heart I feel the pain
Of a child now resting here.

The deer in sunset visit the site,
The sun it rises and shines real bright
I can't read the markings on the cross
But know the pain of a young life lost.

I land in a tree over their heads
As they talk of the life this young one led
His love for hiking and my native lands
And all their dreams for him they had.

On this mountain, the stories linger
In the blowing wind his warmth is felt
For this young man gone before his time
Now lives with me on this countryside.

WHAT IT MEANS TO LOVE A DEAD CHILD

You must forget all you thought you knew about grief when the landscape of your life has been demolished.

By Jacqueline Dooley

First, forget everything you think you know about grief. The rules do not apply when it is your child that dies. The landscape of your life has been demolished and now you are standing in an unrecognizable place. It expands in every direction. You do not know where to go. You are completely alone.

This is the place you find yourself in when your child dies. It is desolate. You are desolate. People keep saying things like, "I can't imagine" and "This is my worst nightmare" and you realize that your life is now unrecognizable, not just to them, but to yourself.

You have become your own worst nightmare.

A portrait of Ana by her cousin, Chloe, painted the year Ana died; the two were very close [Illustration courtesy of Chloe Mosbacher]



You do not want to live, but you wake up and get out of bed every day, slogging forward and trying to learn the rules of this new life. You do this because that is what it means to love a dead child.

The gift

Ana was beautiful. She was smart and funny and determined to live life for as long as she could live it. I had the gift of Ana in my life for almost 16 years.

Then, one day, Ana was simply gone.

Sometimes I think about the person I was in the years before I became a mother. I recall the people who knew me back then and wonder how many of them are luckier than me.

I think, "What if I'd known that, 20 years down the road, I was the one who would run out of luck? Would I have changed everything about the course of my life?"

But I know I would do everything all over again - even losing her - if it meant I could relive the years I had with her. This is a selfish thought because I am selfish. Would she want to relive it - the pain, the fear, the sadness? That I would even consider putting Ana through it again just for the chance to see her face is what it means to love a dead child.

Pixelated memories

My memories of Ana are pixelated. They are embedded in the photos on my laptop. She appears before me when I log into Facebook - young, smiling, healthy. Ana is real on the screen, but when I step away from my computer or put my phone down, I am acutely aware that she is fading from the world's memory, though never from mine.

Indelible. That is the word that best describes motherhood. It is permanent, even after our children grow up and become parents themselves. Motherhood is indelible - even if (even when) our child dies.

(Continued on page 6)

(WHAT IT MEANS TO LOVE A DEAD CHILD continued from page 5)

My love is indelible ink and Ana was the paper. The paper is gone, but the ink remains, crumbling, purposeless. It has no place to land.

Paper is so fragile.

Memories are fragile too. Before Ana died, my memories of her bloomed, vivid. They lingered, then faded into new ones. I followed each year of her life as if it were a shining path to a certain future: prom, graduation, college, career, love, marriage, a family of her own. I anticipated Ana's lifetime, stretched in front of me, a certainty.

What use were the old memories in the bright light of the new ones?

Death claimed Ana's future. Now all I have are the old memories and I am holding onto them too tightly. They disintegrate under my scrutiny, slipping away like sand through my desperate fingers, showing me the truth whether I want to acknowledge it or not.

So much of Ana's childhood exists in my unreliable, uncertain mind. The nuances of her are blurred, the memories are disappearing, and she is not here to replace them.

We remember Ana on her birthday and the day she died by inviting people to fold origami cranes, write her name on their wings, and leave them in places for strangers to find. We burn candles on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. We make space for her, in these small ways, even though she no longer takes up space. The remembering gets harder as time passes.

It is up to me, as her mother, to actualize Ana, to keep her fully realized, to hang onto the precious bits of her that remain even though I am dealing with the limitations of a brain that cannot hold onto everything. But what can I say? That is what it means to love a dead child.

A secret between us.

After she died, I found a tiny replica of a book that Ana had molded from polymer clay. She had carefully sculpted the clay into a rectangle,

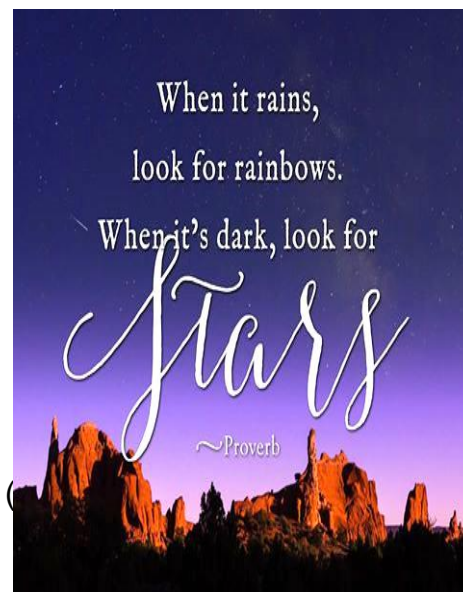
painted it blue and etched the word "Book" on the front to serve as the title. The book was slightly concave from the shape of her fingertip when she had tried to press it flat. This flaw remained after she had baked it into the finished piece.

I carried the tiny sculpture around in my coat pocket for more than two years. I liked to rest my thumb in the curve where her finger - her warm, slender, living finger - had made that slight indent. It felt like a secret between us. I had thought the sculpture was safe, but this past January when I reached into my pocket to touch the little book, it was not there. It had fallen through a hole in my pocket, as things do.

I fell to my knees and searched for that book, needing to feel the shape of Ana's fingertip one more time. I knew it was a lost cause, but I hunted for it anyway. I retraced my steps, casting my eyes down - on the lawn, on the kitchen floor, in the back seat of the car - I did this for days and my grief rose as my desperation grew until, finally and with a sob, I had to admit what I had known all along. The sculpture was gone forever, along with the girl who made it.

That is what it means to love a dead child.

Borrowed from a Journey Together, National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA, Volume XXV No. 3, Summer 2021, www.bereavedparentsusa.org





The 45th TCF National Conference August 5-7, 2022 in Houston, TX.

TCF 45th National Conference
Houston, TX - August 5-7, 2022

We are very pleased to welcome back TCF's annual national conference, this year in person! This eagerly anticipated event for those bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings who attend seeking renewed hope, ways of coping with their grief, and friendships made with those who truly understand the painful loss of a child, sibling, or grandchild. With inspirational keynote speakers, numerous workshops including a wide variety of topics, and the always memorable candle lighting program on Saturday evening, culminating with the popular Walk to Remember on Sunday morning, and so much more, the TCF 45th National Conference is a much-needed gift that we give to ourselves. Conference registration will open in mid-March.

This year's conference will be held at the Marriott Marquis Houston. Reservations can now be made at:

<https://book.passkey.com/event/50293231/owner/14793349/home> at TCF's dedicated reservation link. TCF's discounted room rate with Marriott is \$149 per night plus tax. Please note that each attendee will only be able to reserve two rooms. Since the conference begins early on Friday and pre-conference activities are offered on Thursday evening, attendees usually find it beneficial to arrive on Thursday.



THE POWER OF PHOTOGRAPHS

Photos capture moments in time.

There is a little girl with red bows in her curly brown hair leaning over to kiss her baby brother in the bassinet. A toddler sits on a rock with a fishing pole. Seeing these glossy pictures evokes emotions of happiness and joy.

On any given day at the portrait studio, as the photographer, I can catch these moments with the click of the camera.

Some parents have clear ideas about what they want in a photo session. "Nothing frilly. Simple," many moms will tell me. I then provide them with a white or black background.

Others want to use a prop -- the tiny chair that has been in the family for generations or the blanket that belonged to a relative long gone. Some tell me, „You are the professional. Whatever you think will be best is fine.

The other day a family arrived at the studio with two young boys. The mom knew what she wanted in the photo -- the plastic bathtub.

The smallest son fit in the tub. The older boy sat next to the tub in a pair of shorts. Both boys had their shirts off to convey a real bathtub scene. I placed a towel here and a rubber duckie there.

Then I did my thing-- working on smiles and making sure the kids were looking at the camera. I felt we got some cute pictures.

Later, as the photos were viewed at the proofing station on a computer monitor, the mother said something that made things both clear and sad.

Why was the shirtless bathtub scene so vital to her?

“I wanted to get his chest,” she said, her eyes on the monitor. “He’s to have open heart surgery next month.”

I gulped. And this young child would have a scar on his pure small chest. The mother was capturing the last of her son's flawless

(Continued on page 8)

(The Power of Photographs continued from page 7)

brown-skinned chest. I understood because I knew about scars. My son had one on his neck, where his malignant tumor grew and where the knife from many surgeries had entered.

The next thing I knew I'd told this mother about my son Daniel. I don't know why I was surprised at my tears. In the eight years since Daniel's death, hadn't I learned tears are never far?

All photographs are not created equally. The ones of this young child will be looked at in a different light than the ones of his younger brother. I know these things.

I cherish all the photos of my four children. But the ones of Daniel hold more for me. When I see them, there is no way I can fool myself. The ones of him are not just of a cute kid. They are of a child who never grew up, a child with his name on a tombstone. A child I wish I could bring into the studio today and tomorrow to make laugh and smile.

Looking at my photos of Daniel can be, of course, emotional.

A few days later a mother came to the studio with an infant. The mother asked if there would be any problem with taking pictures of her daughter. "She's blind," the mother said. The child's eyes were shut tight. My usual look over here didn't work although I mistakenly said it once.

Some parents don't like the photos of their kids. "That is not his good smile, they will say after the camera has snapped. "He has a smirk, a mother will explain, even though I think the child looks adorable. What if your eyes can't smile at all? This little girl's eyes were never seen in any of the pictures. Yet her mother ordered many of the photos.

Capturing the smiles and laughter is what I like to do. I also feel very humbled when during my shift I get to take the photos of the child who will soon lose her hair when the chemo treatments start, or of the preemie just out of the hospital.

Hopefully these pictures will last a long time and the children in them will grow up to be healthy and joyful.

FILLING IN THE HOLES

Lisa Sculley, 1999 BP/USA St. Louis

Today my husband and I went to the plant nursery and bought some flowers and bedding plants to go in our gardens. Spring is here and the weather is beautiful. Not cold at all! But also, not so hot that the thought of puttering in the garden brings a groan of dismay.

I remember my first spring in this house. We were so excited. Our family was nearly complete. Our third son was on his way and we had just had a house built. We were at the plant nursery at least once a week. Our life was busy, bright, untainted by grief.

I remember our second spring in this house. How winter hung on, tenacious, unyielding, both outside and inside our hearts. I remember the first warm spring day, I came home from work early, determined to make SOMETHING grow in my life. Maybe I couldn't get my son to live, but I was going to make something live.

Grief was a raw, open wound then and my anger was deep. I was angry at the world, at God, at everything. And so, I approached my yard, shovel in hand. I decided I had to have a garden in the middle of my yard. I began furiously digging out the grass, making an oval in the center. It took me hours digging out that oval. But I wasn't through. I then decided I wanted a garden right by my

(Continued on page 8)

(Filling the Holes continued from page 8)

doorway, so I dug out that area too. And then I made big holes and tore out all the roots and stones and other junk.

I made big holes in my yard that day. And in the weeks to come I did fill them with things. Funny thing, as I dug those holes and pulled on the grass, my anger drained away. My salty tears mixed with the sweat of exercise and the dirt and ran off my arms undetected to the outside world. Digging those holes provided an outlet for my anger and my hurt.

Today, I dug some more holes. But this time, my holes were smaller ... and I filled them with small delicate flowers, purple and white. I put bulbs in the ground too, filling other small holes. And I reflected back on another hole. The hole in my heart. No, I can't ever fill it with what "should" be there - my son "should" be almost seven now, full of energy and wanting to plant flowers with Mom. But I have filled that hole with other things ... with love and healing and memories - and with the lessons and the gifts my son gave me. I never saw those gifts that Spring as I was digging out holes in my yard. And, though I would rather have that hole filled with my son's presence, I am grateful for the gifts he gave - and so I will go on, filling holes.

Borrowed from a Journey Together, National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA, Volume XXV No. 2, Summer 2020, www.bereavedparentsusa.org)

Fireworks Are Like the Love In Our Hearts

July brings Central Oregonians lingering blue skies, lazy afternoons and the Fourth of July celebration, complete with the grand fireworks finale bolting from the top of Pilot Butte. This was one of my son's favorite holidays. When he was six I



asked him why fireworks were so special to him. He said, "The lights explode in the dark and make the whole sky light up!" That was obvious. I said "Hum?" He gave me one of his "Oh mom" looks, then went on to say "The fireworks are like

the love in our hearts, we should always try to spread our love out to others". I knew then and I still am aware today that profound wisdom comes from the lips of our children. From the summer on, in my mind, fireworks have been a triumphant testament of love's enduring power and wonder. I miss my son, Joshua terribly. I comfort myself knowing that his wisdom and kindness were precious gifts in my life.

Wherever you are on the Fourth of July, I hope that the splendor of sparkling fireworks might comfort as you acknowledge that the love you hold dear for your child is the light that is able to shine through you. We all have known grief well, yet as compassionate friends we need not walk alone in the darkness. We can lighten the path for others.

Grief can cripple and destroy us, but as we gather to share each other's burden, we are able to gain strength. Love for our children is our common flame, sharing and caring keep the flames afire. I look forward to our next meeting and the opportunity to hug and listen to my comrades.

~lovingly lifted from TCF Salem, OR Newsletter ~written by Jane Oja, TCF, Central Oregon Chapter

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 2021 – 2022

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 Sue Battis 847-445-7004 suebattis@yahoo.com son, Nick Battis Age 24 of suicide.

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

NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING Toni Nesheim 847-204-7585 tnesheim@sbcglobal.net & Denny Salomonson, 847-223-7353 drdeno@sbcglobal.net - daughter, Rachel Salomonson, 19 Auto accident

WOODLAND WALK COORDINATORS Christine Pado 847-455-6642 chpado@gmail.com - daughter Lindsay Wilcynski Age 29 Pulmonary Embolism

FACILITATORS AT HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH WAUKEGAN, IL. SPANISH AND ENGLISH. Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com & Raphael Vidal rvidal1027@yahoo.com, son Raphael Vidal age 17 of suicide. Mirtha is available by phone call or email.

FACILITADORES EN HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH WAUKEGAN, IL. Española e inglés. Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com & Raphael Vidal rvidal1027@yahoo.com, hijo Raphael Vidal de 17 años de suicidio. Mirtha está disponible por teléfono o correo electrónico.

Northern Lake County IL Chapter #1511 <http://www.iltcf.org/index.html>

NORTHERN LAKE COUNTY COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS FACEBOOK page <https://www.facebook.com/cfoncil>

Facebook Pages for Siblings - The Sounds of the Siblings: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/21358475781/>

TCF SIBS: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/tcfsibs/>