



The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

June 2022 Newsletter



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



Chapter Leader Notes from Susan

Dear Friends,

This month of June brings us Father's Day. Honoring all the dads this Father's Day. We will be thinking of the fathers of our babies and children who have gone too soon. Wishing each father peace, quiet thoughts and may your memories of your child and you, fill your heart with joy. I understand that the day will be a mixed blessing for many. For those fathers who have other children, stepchildren and maybe grandchildren, your day will most likely be busy with family gatherings, sharing the holiday with love, laughter, and memories. If your children live away from you, phone calls, cards or facetime might be on the venue for the day. If you have no other children and the child who left too soon was your only child, Father's Day can be emotional, thoughtful, and sometimes there will be tears. My wish to you is to hold the memories of your child close and be with others who can offer comfort and quiet support.

~

A father holds his children's hands for just a little while. But he holds them in his heart forever.

A Poem for you...

Years have come and gone, maybe less and time has surely drifted by.

I've searched for any answer, yet I'm left to wonder why.

The only thing I know for sure, through the happy and the sad.

No matter what the circumstance, I will always be your dad.

Not a day goes by that I don't hold you in my heart. My love reaches far beyond this space we are apart. These empty arms remember all the good times that we had.

I may be standing here alone, but I will always be your dad.

Some won't understand, so I don't bother to explain. They look into my eyes, but they can only see the pain. Afraid to look too deep as they are blinded by the fear,

If only they could know, a father's love won't disappear.

So, when this road gets lonely and the journey seems too hard,

And I get to feeling sorry that I didn't get a card.

If I close my eyes, I can almost hear you say.

"I love you and I miss you, dad.... Happy Father's Day."

Alan Pederson – finding hope after loss.

Take care and I hope you have a nice Father's Day,

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.

"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.

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 2 is our Zoom Meeting. You can share the story, picture, or item with us. I can also help you screen share, or you can email me a picture and I will screen share for you.

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 JUNE & JULY

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

Edgar O Villareal	June 2	Son of Guadalupe Villareal
Sage Cue	June 3	Daughter of Ben Cue & Jennifer Peterson-Cue
Brian Langevin	June 4	Son of Claudia Smith
Westley Banks	June 6	Son of Susan Banks
Robert William Corbett	June 6	Son of Mary Ann & Robert Corbett
.James (Jim) Grazier	June 9	Son of Robert & Mary Ann Grazier
Brandon Reif	June 10	Son of Marcy Reif
Lila Ruffolo	June 12	Daughter of Jenny & Rick Selle
Jose A Barrera	June 17	Son of Lorena Alcalá & Orsy Barrera
Elora Montgomery	June 17	Daughter of Linda & Christopher Montgomery
Pressley Suzanne McHugh	June 20	Daughter of Kari McHugh
David Nesheim	June 22	Brother of Toni Nesheim
Heather Donnelly	June 26	Daughter of Daniel Donnelly
Luis F Reyes	June 30	Son of Felipe & Margarita Reyes
Michael Stice	July 4	Son of Dora & Gary Stice
Ayva Guthrie Begier	July 8	Grandaughter 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) Willding	July 27	Daughter of Gigi Wilding
Darien Wilson	July 27	Son of Tammy and Tim Olvera

ANNIVERSARIES

Jacilynn Wright	May 26	Daughter of Michell Wright
		Niece of Susan Banks
Scott Levin	June 1	Son of Lynda Levin
Brian Langevin	June 3	Son of Claudia Smith
Raegan Lee Migacz	June 4	Daughter of Dan & Callen Migacz
Marcia Castillo	June 8	Daughter of Sissy & Arthur Castillo
Josephine Stewart	June 9	Sister of Mary (Angel) Barrera
Ruthie Johnson	June 17	Sister of Paula Ali
Robert Corbett	June 30	Son of Mary Ellen & Robert Corbett
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) Willding	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



*The world breaks everyone, and afterward,
some are strong at the broken places.*

~ Ernest Hemingway

For years I cursed spring...

During that time my heart woke to the bitterness of life. In the harsh frost of winter my anguish and the season were one, a climate where I felt safe, cocooned in a blanket of grief, a camouflage that ensconced me from the world outside.

Like grief, winter brings the bitter cold to our life and those withered months drenched in sorrow tasted natural.

In the time I lingered frozen in my shroud of despair, spring had arrived, with feathered creatures whistling joyous songs while the leaves danced up our driveway. The warmth of the sun was a charlatan, exasperating my pain while seducing me like a stranger to a foreign place.

Welcoming the signs of spring felt like a betrayal of my grief, and for years I remained suspended, cursing the seasons, as if they had something to do with my anguish. Spring represented an unwanted gift and this rebirth offended me. How could life continue when I stood so raw?

Marooned in a well of grief, I felt alone in a world surrounded by people, a place where I was unable to articulate the wound that clutched at my soul.

My attention oscillated with an assault of questions, an endless loop of uncertainty

that blemished my heart. Feeling guilty for being alive when he was gone, for waking each day, even the shame I felt running out of tears depleted me, until nothing but darkness remained. Each day another upheaval when I woke peacefully until the ambiguity dissipated and exposed me to the pain again.

Meeting with other bereaved families and sharing our lives brought the courage I needed to begin functioning again. Slowly a thaw occurred and the bitter cold that once surrounded my heart began to warm.

The heartache that previously consumed me now unfolded into a treasure of memories and the gifts they bring with the passage of time. Gratitude can nourish us when our heart feels empty, though learning through loss is difficult, it remains powerful.

Embracing this enlightenment and the growth it provided filled me with love and compassion. Through years of grief, love, and self-examination I began to find myself authentically whole again, and like the new buds of spring, my heart began to open.

Eventually spring's return blossomed within me and I looked forward to the new beginnings it would bring, perhaps because of the cold, seemingly endless winter, or the accumulation of snow all around us?

But when I happened upon an old journal from twenty years ago, the place where all this grief began, the year our five-year old son died, the fog began to lift.

Finding a quiet room I sat down and began slowly turning the pages, revisiting the season of loss I had endured. Tenderly I stroked the pages acknowledging that despairing period of my life.

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(Awakenings continued from page 4)

As I read, I recalled the brave woman I was, surviving the loss of my child, and I could not help but honor her and the battle she had forged to survive.

or days I continued reading the journal entries, discovering stories that swelled my heart and welled my eyes with tears. Yellowed pages filled with letters and poetry, notes and emotions bringing the words to life again, reminding me of how far I had come.

Entries I had written cursing the seasons stung at my vision, until suddenly aware of the anger I once held with spring. For it was not the season that hurt, the pain that gripped me was witnessing life moving on without me.

It took me years of unraveling to find myself again, and there are still days when I hear his sweet voice in the quiet of my day and know that he is still with me. Learning to step beyond the loss and share the love I had for my son in positive ways became one of my greatest blessings.

Gratefulness is plentiful when we look beyond ourselves and see the beauty that exists in life all around us. Ryan's story became a story of love, one of giving to others the way this small child gave to us. Caring for strangers with random acts of kindness began filling the emptiness that once consumed me.

The power connected to giving is immeasurable and that influence sustained me. Beginning with small acts that kept me anonymous was the tipping point I needed to shift directions.

Paying at a drive through where I remained nameless energized me and instead of the melancholy I had previously felt, a new kind of optimism emerged.

Solace can be found in that quiet place of grace when you release a kind deed into the universe and let the laws of nature embrace it.

Over twenty years later, I was running a race on Ryan's birthday and aspired to do something special. Although I was unclear on how I would present it, I went prepared, picking up two \$10 gift cards from a

local store. This time I needed to step out of my anonymous comfort zone and be present.

After asking permission, I handed the two gift cards to two young siblings there to run the race. The delight alone was a gratification to witness, but this act gave more.

After sharing Ryan's story, they all thanked me and I returned to my own daughter, both of us beaming. Within a few minutes the children bashfully approached me, thanking me again and sharing how special they felt. Smiling, I looked up at their mom who stood watching with tears running down her face.

Allowing Ryan to live on in positive ways is a gift I have given away countless times without regret, connecting ourselves with one another makes the world a more loving place.

Although we try and live with a strategy in mind, planning how many children we want or the house we need, within all of this, there is no immunity from loss. When we realize that material things are fleeting collections of wants and will not sustain us in tragedy, we begin to embrace the little moments of life.

Giving of ourselves is the most valuable offering we can present, shaping the world in a perfect light. A beautiful sunrise, a child's laughter, even the smile we bring the elderly neighbor when we stop to visit, will be the pause that will anchor us if our ship begins to sink.

“
*Healing your heart does not
create even one degree of
separation between you and
your child*”

LISA PRICE
GRIEVE. BREATHE. BELIEVE.



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

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.

18 THINGS I WISH SOMEONE HAD TOLD ME ABOUT GRIEF

by Lisa K. Boehm <https://www.lisakboehm.com>

Up until the day my 17-year-old daughter died, I hadn't experienced intense grief. I had lost elderly grandparents, whom I felt sadness for, but never have I experienced grief that rips your heart in half and nearly tears your family apart. While it is a fact that none of us will live forever, death always comes as a shock whether it follows illness or happens suddenly. Before we lost Katie in a car accident, I had all kinds of pre-conceived ideas

about what grief was all about. Like most people who haven't endured the pain of losing a child, I think I had it all wrong.

Here are 18 things I wish I had known:

1. Grief is not five neat, little stages that has an end point. It's more like a bowl of spaghetti that is confusing, ugly, and messy.
2. Grief is for life. I will love Katie forever, therefore I will grieve Katie forever too. While my grief may change with time it will always be with me and a part of me.
3. Grief is painful – REALLY painful. It hurts physically just as much as it hurts emotionally. Symptoms can range from chest pain to body aches, and exhaustion. This can last a very long time.
4. Guilt, anger, and fear are normal feelings. So are bitterness, jealousy, and blame. Just be cautious of lashing out at others, especially your spouse or immediate family member. Likely they are just as broken as you are and lashing out can push people away and destroy relationships.
5. our old self is gone forever. I've often said that child loss is like an amputation. I have learned to live my life in spite of my loss but there is a part of me that is gone forever. I have learned how to breathe, exist, and continue without my daughter. It's like learning everything over again.
6. Healing, or managing grief, isn't linear. It doesn't get a little bit better each day. Grief comes in waves and sometimes it may feel like you are right back to the day your loved one died.
7. There is no right or wrong way to manage grief. We are all unique in our personalities and our coping mechanisms, therefore our grieving will be different too. Although you may not agree or understand someone else's ways, try to be respectful.
8. You are not going crazy. It may feel like you are, but this is a normal feeling when it comes to grief because everything feels out of control, including our feelings.

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THE BITTERSWEET BALM OF FATHER'S DAY AS A BEREAVED DAD, AND HOW YOU CAN HELP

By Jayson Greene

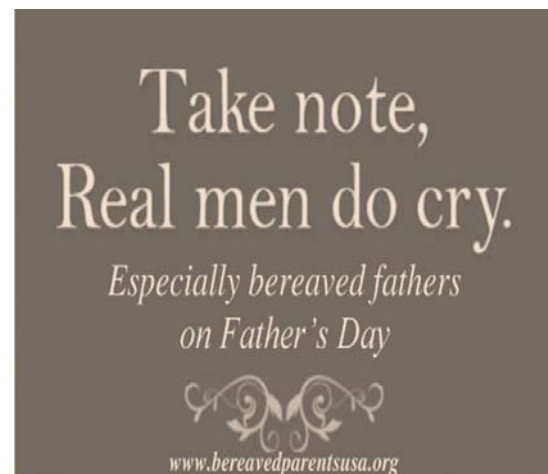
This weekend will be Father's Day. As a bereaved parent, I both dread the day and quietly long for the recognition it brings. I am a father, after all, to one child still here and one who is not, and to receive acknowledgment for that is a balm. It is, of course, a torment of sorts.

For those who have lost children, these holidays can be particularly trying times — their social media feeds will be flooded with picture-perfect representations of families and their children. Many turn their phones off on these days, unable to expose themselves to the drip-feed of other people's happiness. As Mother's Day is for mothers of children who are gone, these holidays often find us succumbing to our darker feelings — simmering anger, envy, self-pity, depression.

Four years ago, my daughter Greta was killed by a falling brick on the Upper West Side. The accident was freakish, a perfect storm of negligence and timing. She had been such a powerful little person, a force to be reckoned with even at 10 months old. Whether it was putting on socks, walking upstairs, or brushing her teeth — which consisted only of wetting a toothbrush and sucking off the water, over and over, until I gently pried it from the iron grip of her toddler fingers — Greta radiated unconquerable certainty. She was sure of herself, of who "Greta" was, and this world seemed to exist for her benevolent conquest. I still cannot imagine that energy, so happily invincible, being snuffed out so quickly and unceremoniously. It is the part of the loss that still leaves me gasping, years later.

Ever since that freak accident, I have become acutely aware of what it means to feel expelled

from the society of parents, one that I felt I had worked so hard to join. In the weeks and months after Greta's death, I felt an awful need to walk up to parents — complete strangers — and inform them that I, too, had once been a parent. I resisted, but the words burned in me as if I had shouted them. Children's laughter, once the happiest sound in the world, became oddly mocking, even cruel, in my ears. I would walk past a young girl, maybe 7 or 8, attempting a barefoot cartwheel in the grass and watch her flop over, laughing, and feel nothing but bitterness. Everywhere I went I saw parents with daughters slightly older than Greta — they were either reminders of what I missed or visions of what I missed out on.



Anyone who has lost a child has a complicated relationship to the notion of "luck," but I am deeply aware that in many respects my wife and I are impossibly fortunate. We have a son, Harrison, born 15 months after his sister died. Therefore, Father's Day is very different for me than it is for other bereaved parents, for whom the

(Continued on page 8)

(The Bittersweet Balm of Father's Day as a Bereaved Dad and How You Can Help

choice to have another child is often not even an option. But even for us, it is a balancing act — despite visible evidence, I remain a father of two.

There is an absence in my life that is ever-present, and she is named Greta. On days when other families post selfies of their clamoring children and their quarreling siblings, her absence becomes more vivid to me than ever before.

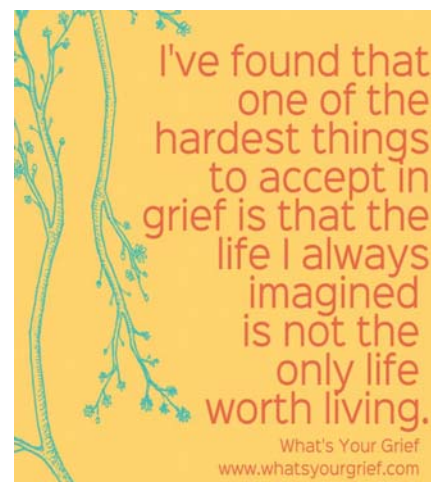
So what to do, and, most importantly, what to say? I have been asked this question, by too many well-meaning and kind souls to count. What do you say to a friend or loved one suffering from grief over a lost child, particularly on days such as Father's Day? I am no grief expert, so I will quote one: "Above all, grief must be witnessed." These are the words of David Kessler, an author and public speaker on grief who runs workshops across the country. I was lucky enough to meet David early on in our grief journey, and in following his lead and in meeting many other bereaved parents I have learned some truths.

First of all: No matter the intensity of the pain a grieving parent may feel, the pain of invisibility is worse. When grieving a child, you learn early to live within the vast cognitive dissonance that is your life. You become an expert at distinguishing between kinds of pain. There is good pain, and there is bad pain, and the only good kind of pain comes from acknowledging your child's existence. Do not be afraid to speak the name of a deceased child for fear of causing the parent pain. Their name was given to them in love, it was spoken in love, and to speak it is to strike that joyful note again. There is nothing that parents love to talk about more than their children. That never changes, even when the child is no longer here. The worst and loneliest thing a grieving parent can feel is the suspicion the world has forgotten their child. Speak the child's name; you may bring tears to that parent's eyes, but they will be at least partly of gratitude.

Individual parents grieve in individual ways, of course. Just as with love, each of us has our unique way of expressing ourselves. But while the names we give the feelings inside vary from person to person, the feelings themselves do not, at least not much. Every grieving parent you know is probably a little sadder than usual on Mother's Day, or Father's Day. Or Christmas, Hanukkah, or Halloween. Their wounds feel a little rawer, their grief a little more palpable. Do not be afraid of them, or their grief. Do not worry that you are going to hurt them further by acknowledging them; they are already in pain. Tell them that you see them. Tell them that you love their children.

Perhaps you do not need to wish them a "happy" Father's Day. But perhaps, if you feel moved to do so, you could wish them a peaceful one.

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



(18 THINGS I WISH SOMEONE HAD TOLD ME ABOUT GRIEF *continued from page 5*)

9. Questions like 'why' or 'what if' are unanswerable. No matter how much time you spend trying to figure these things out, you will not. As hard as it is, we must learn how to live with 'what is' knowing we will never have those answers. I admit this might be the hardest part.

10. People will say the dumbest things. Guaranteed. Death makes people awkward, so they end up saying things that will make you crazy. I have gotten through this by acknowledging that no one sets out to hurt us. People just don't know what to say because they don't know our pain. I remind myself that I probably said some heartless things before I lost Katie and try to give people some grace.

11. All the 'firsts' after loss will knock the breath out of you and it's not always the big days like Christmas or birthdays. Sometimes it can be hearing your child's favorite song for the first time or going to the shopping mall without them for the first time.

12. The seconds and thirds and fourths...continue to be hard. I thought this part would get easier because I had the firsts behind me. I was wrong.

13. Let people help you. Again, people say and do things that will make you shake your head but truly most are walking on eggshells around us, not knowing how to help us. Before the phone rings or someone asks, have a list ready of helpful tasks they could do to help you.

14. There is no such thing as closure or being 'healed'. We don't wake up one day and say "there, now I'm done grieving." I know some people don't like the word 'healing' either but it's the word I use because to me it's a reflection of working on my grief even though I will never reach an end point.

15. Triggers are everywhere and so unpredictable. Some things may really hurt one day and be more tolerable another day. This is normal.

16. It's ok to laugh and do things that make you smile. The first time this happens you may catch yourself off-guard and feel guilty. I know I did. But please try not to feel guilty. I truly believe this is what our children want for us.

17. The question "how many kids do you have?" will bring you to your knees the first time you are asked. If you haven't already encountered this, prepare now. Say what feels right for you. I always answer two. I answered 'one' only once. I felt so horrible afterwards, so I always say 'two' now. If the person asks about ages or wants to know more, I will say that my daughter is in Heaven now. It's an answer that feels right for me. Take a few minutes to prepare what you will say because it will come up at some point.

18. Connection with other bereaved parents is a must, whether it is online or in-person. No one can ever know exactly how you feel unless they have endured the loss of a child. Reach out, talk, hug, share, cry, and maybe even laugh.

Despite all that I have learned, I am learning more every day. I'm so glad that I have others to walk with. We are in this together...

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



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

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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/>