



# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

June 2023 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.

I wish you have a Happy Father's Day; may your day be filled with memories and joy.

Susan, Westley's mom



## 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.



## *Living the loss on Father's Day*

The dogs were barking strangely one early morning in July of 1970; I was 15 years old. I knew someone had probably driven up our driveway and were taking their time to come to the door which was driving the dogs nuts. I was up early to get ready to bring my dog to the County fair as a 4-H project and was eager for the day. I went to the window and peered out to see who could be there this early in the morning. I then spy my Mom walking up with two neighbors close by her side, arms around her, covering in an obvious shawl of compassion and they were whispering. The dogs barking; a harbinger of despair.

My Dad had died. A few days prior he had gone into hospital for a relatively new operation for the clogged arteries to the heart and although in this century is now done routinely it was then a very risky operation. My father had complications following surgery and later died. Our neighbors brought my Mother home to support her in breaking the news to myself and my sisters. My mother reached out to me and embracing each shoulder with her shaking hands she said: "You are the man of the family now son, you need to take care of yours sisters, and the farm. Your father has died.

I hugged her without a tear, without fear and just said "Okay, I love you Mom." I never really did grieve or publicly lament my father's passing. I was the kid whose old man kicked the bucket over summer break. I was embarrassed by the quiet looks of consternation and thusly became the clown, to laugh it off preemptively and avoid the glares. I put away the grief, the pain, and did not lament, or mourn my loss. It seemed almost too easy to pack away. My mother soon remarried, then feeling somewhat abandoned, compounded with the strong feelings to stretch my own wings, I moved away from home.

Now years pass by, I get married and have a child, our firstborn, our only son. Soon we were blessed with the birth of his darling sister, life seemed again be joyful and the fulfillment of a dream. Soon the dark clouds returned with death of my only son, nothing could have ever prepared me for the depth of pain that one experiences in losing a child. Nothing! The world stopped and everything I ever knew had now changed forever. I was lost in hopeless pain for many years. Father's Day mocked my existence, for fate had slapped me in the face. Both my past and my future in fatal swoops were whisked away and I was left here in the present alone in so much pain. Why me?

(Continued on page 9)



## **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
Brendan Hall	June 3	Son of Diane Arndt
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
James (Jim) Grazier	June 9	Son of Robert & Mary Ann Grazier
Brandon Ward	June 10	Son of Marcy Reif
Lila Ruffolo	June 12	Daughter of Jenny Selle
Jose A Barrerea	June 17	Son of Lorena Alcala & 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
Noel Endell Hernandez	July 13	Son of Colleen Ramos
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

### **ANNIVERSARIES**

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 Stone	June 8	Daughter of Sissy Castillo
Josephine Stewart	June 9	Sister of Mary (Angel) Barrera
Ruthie Johnson	June 17	Sister of Paula Ali
Angel Reyes Soto	June 18	Son of Ricardo Reyes & Alma Soto
Robert William Corbett	June 30	Son of Mary Ellen & Robert Corbett
Daniel Powalish	July 5	Son of Mary Ellyn Carroll
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
Jaime Smith	July 19	Daughter of Melissa Smith
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
Nick Weber	July 29	Son of Glenda Weber & Brother of Karen Lumusga
Javier Ramirez	July 30	Son of Julie Ojeda

*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) - 847-337-4168

## Please Let Me Mourn

I've never lost a child before, and I don't understand all these emotions I am feeling. Will you try to understand and help me?

*Please let me mourn.* I may act and appear together, but I am not. Oftentimes it hurts so much I can hardly bear it.

*Please let me mourn.* Don't expect too much from me. I will try to help you know what I can and cannot handle. Sometimes I am not always sure.

*Please let me mourn.* Let me talk about my child. I need to talk. It's part of the healing. Don't pretend nothing has happened. It hurts terribly when you do. I love my child very much, and my memories are all I have now. They are very precious to me.

*Please let me mourn.* Sometimes I cry and act differently, but it is all part of the grieving. My tears are necessary and needed and should not be held back. It even helps when you cry with me. Please don't fear my tears.

*Please let me mourn.* What I need most is your friendship, your sympathy, your prayers, your support, and your understanding love. I am not the same person I was before my child died, and I never will be. Hopefully we can all grow from this shared tragedy.

*Please let me mourn.* God gives me strength to face each day and the hope that I will survive with His help and yours. Time will heal some of the pain, but there will always be an empty place in my heart.

*Please let me mourn.* Please let me mourn and thank you for helping me through the most difficult time of my life.

—Lonnie Forland ~ TCF, Northwood, IA



## Father's Day

Every father believes in his role as a protector of his family. He has been assigned the job of fixer of problems. He has been told, since his youngest days, that he must be strong... must not cry. But each father among us has had to face that point where no amount of fixing, problem solving, and protecting has been able to stop our child's death. And inside we must ask ourselves about our failure and we must face our lack of omnipotence.

Father's Day is often a forgotten holiday, overshadowed by the longer-standing tribute to mothers. For the bereaved father it is a poignant reminder of bitter sweetness... sweet in the memory of a loved, now lost, child; bitter for the death and pain and recognition of inability to stop what happened.

Fathers do not often have a chance to share their hurts and concerns. Often, they are unable to do so – a remnant of childhood learning about the strength and stoicism of "big boys."

A father may even be uncomfortable opening to his wife, and the wife who pushes him to talk may be pushing him too hard.

Father's Day does not have to be a time when everyone pours out of the woodwork to say, "I'm sorry we haven't talked."

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Let's do it now." But it can be a time when the family gives Dad a hug, spends time or does something special with him, helps with the chores, and mostly, lets him know how important and needed and loved he is. It is some of these things that he has lost with the death of a child.

And like Mother's Day, the day set aside for fathers does not have to be limited to a Sunday in June. It can be any day and every day. Fathers often show their hurt differently, often internally. BUT THEY DO HURT!

-Gerry Hunt, TCF/White River Junction, VT reprinted from TCF Newsletter Madison Area Chapter (WI)



## Writing the Heartache

By Alice J. Wisler

□ The first year after the death of a child is like having the worst noise possible running through your head each day and night. There is no way to turn the horrendous sounds off because there is no off button.

**Grammar didn't matter; penmanship went out the window. These aren't a concern when you are writing to survive.**

I wrote through that noise. I wrote from the heavy bag of emotions bereaved parents and siblings must carry—anger, guilt, sorrow, and confusion, all the “what ifs” and “how comes” and “whys.”

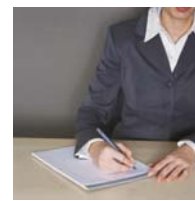
I wrote of longing for a blond-haired boy with blue eyes whose laughter brightened hospital rooms. A quiet spot under weeping willows at a local park is where I carried my pen, journal, and pain. As I wrote over the course of many months, I was, although I didn't realize it at the time, providing therapy for myself.

Some days when the weather did not permit a trip to the park and my body and mind harbored excruciating pain, I shut myself in a room, away from my other children and husband. I'd grab my journal and let the experiences of the day and my feelings freely emerge onto each white page. Grammar didn't matter; penmanship went out the window. These aren't a concern when you are writing to survive.

Writing the heartache, complete and honest, is a way of healing. Our cry is, “Help me with this pain!” We find ourselves lamenting as King David did in Psalm 13:2, “How long must I wrestle with my thoughts and every day have sorrow in my heart?” David wrote many of his psalms starting with anger and agony and, gradually, ending with hope.

Writing can do that for us. We enter into our devastation, get a good grip on what our struggles are, and something about seeing them on paper causes us to realize the pain is not only within us anymore. It is shared, even if only on a sheet of notebook paper. It is documented, and the more we write, the better we are able to understand and deal with our intense sorrow.

Some people think only the creative types write, when in reality, writing through the pain is available to anyone who has suffered the loss of someone close. “I don't have the time,” many say. “What will I write?” others wonder. The blank page scares some because they think they have to fill it with something profound.



But just writing a memory of your child or a few lines about how you felt after he died is a notable start. If we think of writing as a private endeavor and an effective tool, not a paper to be graded by a high school English teacher, we will conquer many of the doubts about our ability. In time, we will see that writing helps us become better in tune with our feelings and thoughts. It clarifies our lives and gives us understanding.

Other reasons to take the time to write are:

- To experience personal growth.
- □ To leave a legacy or a keepsake so that there will be recordings of what and who our child was.

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## TRADITIONS: WHAT TO KEEP AND

## WHAT TO LET GO

*Posted on November 29th, 2021*

Traditions are very important to our families, and we may share large and small ones throughout the year. Some may be in conjunction with significant events like a graduation or a wedding, and others occur annually on birthdays and holidays. Traditions are passed down through generations, creating comforting experiences and memories that provide a sense of belonging. After our child, grandchild, brother, or sister dies, however, what once was comforting can be painful and intolerable.

This holiday time of the year is often particularly hard for managing different needs within our bereaved families. Whether a few months have passed, a few years, or decades, the empty chair that belonged to our child, sibling, or grandchild, requires us to re-evaluate how traditions feel. Trying to keep a tradition that fit our "before" family may not feel the same or good.

It is especially important to recognize the differing needs of siblings and parents when deciding what to keep and what to let go. For a parent, trying to continue a tradition as it was but with one less child can be very heartbreaking. For a bereaved sibling, losing a tradition that they came to depend on can feel like they're losing even more and have less to count on than ever.

When one sibling remains, it can feel overly burdensome to be the sole daughter or son who carries those traditions.

What can we do to manage such deep and personal needs that differ in a family after substantial loss? Here are some steps that can help.

- Sit down together and discuss how everyone is feeling about the upcoming holidays.
- Allow everyone to share how continuing each tradition makes them feel and which may be prohibitively distressing this year.
- Listen compassionately to one another, understanding that needs can vary widely within any loving family unit.
- Work hard to compromise. Try to differentiate what might be difficult for a family member to continue from what would be unbearable.
- Eliminate the ones, for now, that would bring more harm than benefit to any family member.
- Reduce holiday expectations so that each family member has a chance to cherish a tradition that is meaningful and grieve what has been lost.
- Keep traditions that are too upsetting for anyone until another year. Individual and family needs change year to year, and there may be room for those another time.

Having these challenging discussions can be surprisingly valuable as they prompt deeper sharing that can bring us closer. Even long-time bereaved parents, grandparents, and

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(Traditions continued from page 6)

siblings can find decision making about what to keep and what to let go of painful at different stages. Allow the flexibility to change when something doesn't feel right since we may be surprised by painful triggers. As we remain open and flexible through each year that passes, we help our families keep some traditions, modify others, and cherish what remains.

## SHARI O'LOUGHLIN



Borrowed from The Compassionate Friends website

<https://www.compassionatefriends.org/blog/traditions-what-to-keep-and-what-to-let-go/>

## *COPING WHEN A CHILD DIES*

Rosemary's son, Arthur, 9, was hit by a car while waiting on his bicycle to cross the street at the end of the driveway on Dec. 7, 1986.

The first few days I went through the motions of preparing for Arthur's funeral. Then I went through the phase of not sleeping and eating. I would wake up at night and think, "Maybe he's alive."

I went to a therapist, but he didn't know what to do with me because he had not experienced the death of his child. He finally suggested Compassionate Friends where I met people who could help me with the grief process.

I had a "screaming-meemies" crying fit about four months after Arthur died. I think if any of the neighbors had heard me, they would have called the police to have me committed. Then remembered someone saying at the support group that they had this experience and when it happens you should just go with it. It really did release the pressure.

All the big days became a source of renewed pain - Christmas, Easter, Halloween, the first day of school,

birthdays, death dates and to this day I go away on Mother's Day.

I began to hate going to the supermarket. If I went down the cereal aisle, I would encounter the Cheerios Arthur used to eat, and in the cookie aisle it would be the Oreos he dunked in his milk at night.

After taking a fall my doctor said, "Ro, do you understand you might have permanent paralysis." I replied, "I've been through the worst, nothing else can happen to me."

By spring I was angry. Daffodils were emerging and Arthur always brought me my first daffodil of spring. I wanted to stomp on the daffodils! But this time I dug up the daffodils and took them to Arthur at the cemetery.

Whatever the season or stage of grief the support group was there, a place to talk about your feelings, how one can break down in tears for no apparent reason, and how to respond to questions about your child.

We really have a need to talk about our children who died. My biggest fear is that people will forget my child. I really appreciate getting cards and/or phone calls near Arthur's birth and death days.

I recommend belonging to a support group as the bereaved parents become your extended family. You make a lot of friendships there with people who are sensitive to your feelings. You learn that crying is OK.

I also recommend that newly bereaved parents try to do a project in the name of your child. I bought a bookcase for the library of the middle school where Arthur would have attended and had his name put on it. Each year at Christmas or on his death anniversary I ask relatives and friends to purchase books and make donations to his library.

You may want to plant a garden in memory of your child. Do something positive in memory of your child.

ALIVE ALONE, AUGUST, 1997



## 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.*

### ***(Writing the Heartache continued from page 5)***

- To demonstrate a way of cherishing our child.
- To feel a connection to our child as we remember the things we shared here on earth.

We also are honoring our grief, our pain, and what has happened to us. We are validating its existence. As studies have shown, writing is healthy for our minds and bodies.

Professor James Pennebaker claims that writing actually helps the physical body when the writer is able to open up, by sharing deep feelings on paper over a period of time. In his study, half of a group of students at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, wrote their heartfelt thoughts and feelings about a stressful event from their lives; the other half wrote about superficial topics. Each group wrote for 20 minutes a day, for four consecutive days. Before and immediately after writing, blood pressure and heart rates were tested and a galvanic skin response was done. Six weeks later, the students had their blood tested again.

The group that had written about trivial topics showed no sign of changes. But the group that had poured their pain onto paper, claimed writing had actually calmed them. Their skin was drier after writing and both heart rate and blood pressure had decreased. Their blood work even showed an increase in lymphocytes, the white blood cells that work to keep the immune system healthy.

Writing through the heartache of losing a child is some of the best therapy I have found on this journey. I didn't know how helpful it was, I just knew I needed to organize my thoughts and get them on paper. Now, four years since my 4-year-old son Daniel's death, I see that when all the evidence is presented, there is no reason not to write. It causes dim skies to light up when not only the pain, but also the love and cherished memories, are recorded.

Alice J. Wisler is the author of a new novel that deals with loss, *Rain Song*. She also compiled *Slices of Sunlight* and *Down the Cereal Aisle*, two cookbooks with recipes and memories of children who have gone too soon.

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Bereaved Parents of USA  
28<sup>th</sup> Annual Gathering Conference  
July 21-23 – Hilton Washington Dulles – Herndon, VA 20171  
For more information:

<https://files.constantcontact.com/81187ae4601/fa3854a8-9c3a-45be-9a5b-125975727c1b.pdf>



(Living the loss on Father's Day continued on page 2)

I lost my father, then my son, it felt so violated, so cheated, earmarked by God for misfortune, It felt like I was playing a role in some Thomas Hardy tragedy novel where I played the main character whose life was built on misfortune. I soon cracked under its weight, it broke my spirit, and I felt hapless, hopeless, innocuous and miserable, I wanted to die. I had my daughter to care for and my wife who spoons my soul, but I had no zest for life, no passion, no feeling, no goal. I struggled hard to free myself from the web of self-pity, and I dug deep into my inner soul; from attic to basement I looked within myself to find a way out.

In my head with angels help, I went back to the day my father died. I literally went back and relived the moment, I screamed and I cried. I finally lamented for my father and let out the buried angst hidden for so long. When that dam burst I could then make room for the lamenting of my son. Only then did my road to acceptance begin. Acceptance is not selling out, or letting go of their love, it is just accepting that they are dead and giving our selves permission to rebuild our lives the best that we can.

I finally grieved for my father and I am still grieving for my son. Accepting their death is not forgetting them, it is merely accepting the reality of life. You cannot have one without achieving the other. Accepting their death is not the end of the bereavement journey it,s only the beginning. We shall continue to grieve for associated losses from their deaths the rest of our life. Father and son banquets, hunting trips with the boys, working on cars together, sharing a beer or two, having a pair of strong shoulders to hug, so many potential moments that we shall grieve forever. No grandchildren, or great grandchildren, no retirement party, birthday parties or graduation celebration, no parties of any sort. We are always reminded that their lives were cut short and we grieve anew for what should have been.

Through the loss of my son and many family members I have learned much on the journey. I found that I love deeper, I smell flowers longer, and I savor the sunsets more. I feel the best when helping others and I thank God for my every

breath. These are all good things to have come to me in the midst and aftermath of horrific pain. How sad it would be if we were not compensated in some way for our tragic loss, for life would then truly seem meaningless would it not?

Through the loss of my father and my son I discovered the randomness of death. That death can hit anyone, anytime regardless of genes, the environment, or the best of efforts to stave off the sting of its reality. There is nothing we can do that can adequately prepare us for a loss of our loved one. Nothing.

Do I feel sad on Father,s day? You bet I do? Do I celebrate it? Yes I do. I am proud to have been a son for 15 years and proud to have been a father to my son for 9 years. I am proud to be a Father for my surviving daughter for 26 years. I am proud to be a grandfather. Everyday is Father,s day when you find yourself surrounded in love from this world and from the next.

Feel the sadness of your Father,s day; feel the pain, feel, the joy, feel the love that alone makes it possible to feel the pain.

Love and light  
Mitch Carmody  
[heartlightstudio@aol.com](mailto:heartlightstudio@aol.com)

*The passage of time alone does not cause our grief to end, but its softening touch helps us to survive ~ Wayne Loder*



**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](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 - 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](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

**Steering Committee 2022 – 2023**

**CHAPTER LEADERSHIP** Susan Banks 847-366-9375 [lanwesmar@comcast.net](mailto:lanwesmar@comcast.net) – son, Westley Banks Age 21 of suicide

**TREASURER** Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 [julyson2@gmail.com](mailto:julyson2@gmail.com) son, Aaron Barrera Age 29 Auto accident due to Diabetes

**COMMUNITY OUTREACH**

**HOSPITALITY** Kris Frisby 847-366-3170 [Kefrisby88@comcast.net](mailto:Kefrisby88@comcast.net) son, Camden Frisby Age 15 of suicide.

*SECRETARY / LIBRARIAN*

**REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY** Shannon Seay 224-456-2891 [Seayseven1@comcast.net](mailto:Seayseven1@comcast.net) daughter, Ashley Seay Age 17 Auto accident.

**NEWSLETTER EDITOR** Vicki Szech 847-573-1055 [vszech@comcast.net](mailto: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](mailto:chpado@gmail.com) - daughter Lindsay Wilczynski Age 29 Pulmonary Embolism

**FACILITATORS AT HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH WAUKEGAN, IL. SPANISH AND ENGLISH.** Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 [mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto: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](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto: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/>