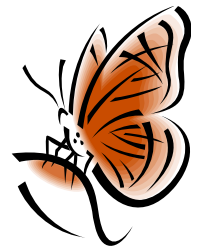


The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

March, 2015 Newsletter

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



Chapter Leader Notes from Toni

DO SOMETHING NICE FOR YOURSELF: SPEND A DAY WITH MITCH & ALAN

Two dads, one who lost his daughter in a car accident and the other who lost his son to a brain tumor, have spent most of the time since the deaths to help others through their grief journey and on to healing. The two dads have joined together to present a workshop called "**Pro-Active Grieving: A Day with Mitch and Alan**". The workshop shares what they have learned as they grieve and provides some unique insights into surviving loss and nurturing love.

Our chapter is very fortunate to partner with the Gold Star Families at the Great Lakes Navy base to bring Mitch Carmody and Alan Pedersen to Lake County to provide a one day workshop on pro-active grieving and healing guilt and regret. **There is no registration fee for the workshop and seating is limited so I ask that you save the date on your calendar and plan to attend.** A flyer and registration form is attached to this newsletter.

Alan Pedersen is currently the executive director of the national Compassionate Friends organization. He has written many articles on grief, been featured in magazines and is sought after as a national

speaker on grief and healing. He is also a song writer and has produced several CDs dedicated to the memory of his daughter, Ashley.

Mitch Carmody is the author of two books about his experience of trying to save his son's life and then ultimately how he has suffered and healed in the aftermath of his son's Kelly's death. The books are Letters to My Son: A Journey Through Grief and Letters to My Son: Turning Loss to Legacy. Mitch has published many articles and is a popular speaker at bereavement events across the country.

I have heard Alan and Mitch speak at The Compassionate Friends national conference on 3 different occasions and I can tell you that they have something important to offer you. They will make you laugh and maybe cry but most importantly, they will reassure you that **your loved one is loved and that you can survive the loss.**

Again, this is an opportunity for you to help yourself on your grief journey, simply by spending one day with Mitch and Alan. Be kind to yourself.

I hope to see you on April 25!

Toni



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 Daniel & Elizabeth Spannraft
for their donation
in loving memory of
David J Spannraft

"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
March 19 – 7:30 p.m.
Millburn Congregational Church
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL
Open discussion

Waukegan meeting
No Meeting
Holy Family Church
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL
Open discussion

Ask Dr. Paulson

Mary A. Paulson, Ph.D., is a bereaved sibling as well as a child and adolescent psychologist at Harding Hospital in Worthington, Ohio. Her question and answer column, aimed at bereaved siblings and the family that loves them, appeared in TCF's national magazine, *We Need Not Walk Alone* (and previously TCF's National Newsletter) for 15 years. She has now retired from writing this column and Dr. Heidi Horsley, licensed psychologist, social worker, and bereaved sibling will continue answering sibling related questions in *We Need Not Walk Alone*. Copyright 2004-2012. These excerpts were reprinted from the February and March 2012 editions of the E-Newsletter of The Compassionate Friends.

Q. I miss my sister very much. I often get emotional because she won't be here anymore. But I also think I'm getting upset because of how all this is affecting me. Then I feel guilty because I know I should feel bad that she is no longer here. Why do I have so many different feelings?

A. It is not unusual for you to think about how this is affecting you, as well as missing your sister. You are being confronted with a lot of uncomfortable situations as a result of your sister's death. You are watching the rest of your family grieve; you are watching your friends going on relatively unaffected, you are mourning the loss of your ability to believe that nothing like death could ever touch someone close to you. Your feelings are only natural given the situation. What you will find is that over time it is not so uncomfortable. You will always miss your sister; and particularly at big life events you will feel her absence acutely, but it will get easier to create a life that both allows you to go on and includes her through your memories and your love for her.

Q. How can I explain to my friends that going out – the prom, what we are going to wear, and other issues like that, are not important to me right now? All I can think about is my brother and everything that he is missing out on.

A. There is a long as well as a short answer to this question. The short answer is that you will have about as much luck explaining this to your peers as you would have explaining issues related to international policy, currency exchange, and the International Monetary Fund. The fact is that you just matured about 12 years. The death of your brother stripped away all of the pleasantries of being able to be concerned with the "unessential." You see the big picture, and know how suddenly things can change. You know what is important in life and may have some of the perspective of a 60-year-old in a teenager's body. You have to remember, most people experience the death of a sibling in middle age or well into old age. Even then, this is one of the most traumatic events that can happen. If you were 65, your friends would understand. At your age, though, you will have to go on the assumption that you are more mature than most of your peer group because you've had a lot more to face and overcome than most of your age mates. You will quickly learn that your

(Continued on page 5)



OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED IN MARCH & APRIL

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>Kyle Glueck</i>	March 4	Son of Dolores Krason
<i>Elizabeth Mary Foresta</i>	March 8	Daughter of Al & Mary Foresta
<i>David Sloop</i>	March 9	Son of Charron Sloop
<i>Rusty Anderson</i>	March 11	Son of Forest & Christine Anderson
<i>Eric Pederson</i>	March 14	Son of Debbie & John Pederson
<i>David Spannraft</i>	March 18	Son of Elizabeth & Dan Spannraft
<i>Adam Rubin</i>	March 28	Son of Linda Rubin Brother of Nicole Rubin
<i>Lea Ann (Heise) Knuth</i>	April 2	Daughter of Leslie & Shirley Heise
<i>Mike Reardon</i>	April 10	Son of Sonia & Jim Reardon
<i>Scott Ewing</i>	April 11	Son of Renee Ewing
<i>Miguel Gonzales</i>	April 11	Son of Julia Llanos
<i>Rogelio Lopez Jr.</i>	April 12	Son of Angelina & Rogelio Lopez
<i>Alyssa Carranza</i>	April 15	Daughter of Luz Barrera Granddaughter of Angel & Raquel Gasco
<i>Jammi Hui</i>	April 25	Daughter of William & Joyce Hui
<i>Bryan Cantafio</i>	April 29	Son of Jerry Cantafio

ANNIVERSARIES

<i>Edgar O Villareal</i>	March 1	Son of Guadalupe Villareal
<i>Jeremy Govekar</i>	March 2	Son of Maggie McGaughey
<i>J Daniel (Danny) O'Connor</i>	March 4	Son of Kay O'Connor
<i>Rasheed Mariano</i>	March 5	Son of Joan Mariano
<i>Blake Logan Palmer</i>	March 13	Son of Amber & Brian Palmer Grandson of Lois Cooper Grandson of Gina Palmer
<i>Mike Cantafio</i>	April 1	Son of Jerry Cantafio
<i>Ryder Erickson</i>	April 3	Son of Jenny Erickson Grandson of Pam & Mike Corrigan
<i>Jim O'Connor</i>	April 7	Son of Kay O'Connor
<i>Selene Martinez</i>	April 8	Daughter of Manuel & Lidia Martinez
<i>Tony Malic</i>	April 9	Son of Mary Lund
<i>Kathy Mazur</i>	April 9	Daughter of Julia Markich
<i>Karli Brooke Weidenhagen</i>	April 17	Daughter of Jim & Adrienne Weidenhagen
<i>Shannon McCarty</i>	April 18	Daughter of Kevin McCarty & Pat Hays
<i>Bryan Casaca Martinez</i>	April 23	Son of Lesly Martinez
<i>Lisa Rosemann</i>	April 25	Daughter of Pat & Craig Rosemann
<i>Edward G Davis III</i>	April 28	Son of Edward G Davis Jr.
<i>Anne Thomson</i>	April 30	Daughter of Nancy & Tom Thomson

Please let me know if I have omitted a child, misspelled a name or have published an incorrect date. I know how important it is to bereaved families to have their children remembered. vszech@comcast.net - 847-573-1055

Cutting Off Bite-Sized Pieces of Grief Allows Pro- gress in a Dark Place



By Mary Wellman Atlanta Chapter, TCF

There is a story in a book called *Swallowed by a Snake: The Gift of the Masculine Side of Healing* by Thomas R. Golden that tells of a village being terrorized by a huge snake that would eat people, especially children.

No matter how careful the villagers were, the snake would occasionally catch someone unawares and eat them. Finally a villager decided this was enough and he needed to do something once and for all. So he packed a few things and went out into the jungle, sat down and began to play his flute.

The snake heard him but the villager continued to play his flute. The snake swallowed him and, inside the snake's belly, the well-prepared villager made himself comfortable with the provisions that he had with him. It was a tight spot but every time he got hungry he would slice off a portion of the snake's belly – both feeding himself and making more room for himself. Eventually he reached the heart of the snake, which he also ate, and – in doing so – killed the snake. The villager then cut his way out of the snake and went home.

The author makes a parallel between this story and grief over the death of a loved one. It is too big to go out and kill the whole thing at once.

In the beginning, it feels like being “swallowed by a snake” in that we are completely overtaken by our grief and can find ourselves in a pretty dark miserable place. Slowly we bite off and digest bits of our grief. We make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Yet, it can be very hard to see any

progress as we are in a pretty dark uncomfortable place. Over time, it gets roomier and more comfortable. Eventually we do reach the heart of grief and are able to come out of the “belly” of it.

I love the author's analogy in cutting off bite-sized pieces of grief and how you are making progress even though it still looks dark and damp and miserable all around you. Eventually you are able to come out of the “belly of it.” But I read the story early on in my grief journey and perhaps took it too literally. I thought I was going to find the “heart” of all this grief at some point. I

knew that once my son died, I was already “in the belly.” Now, I needed to cut and chew for awhile. Someday I was sure to find the “heart” and then I would get on with my life.

My biggest progress these days seems to be accepting that there is no fix, no “heart of it,” no getting on with my life as I formally knew it. I am beginning to accept that this pain will always be here – maybe not as raw and maybe not as intense – but always here. So I am beginning to look at how you move forward despite the pain.

A friend whose son died 2 1/2 years ago wrote me: “We are surrounded by beauty, abundance, teeming creation and dazzling mystery – pain has led me to them more powerfully than any of the highs life dealt me prior...for me, 2 1/2 years later, the burgeoning of spring is an inner reality. And the pain is no less vivid.” She has also written me: “For me these days, the big difference is that I don't visit the pain very much, and when I do, I can say hello and then leave before it snowballs on me. I don't know if that's right, but I haven't found a way to build up joy without spending longer periods out of that room.”

So now, I have given up trying to work my way to the “heart” of it. Instead, I am trying to spend “longer periods out of that room” where all the pain resides. This is a heartbreaking choice in some ways. Those who would distract you from the pain, protect you from it even, don't realize that at least early on in your grief, you feel closer to your child in your grief and pain. There are times when I relish the memories and the sadness they bring. I wrap the memories with their accompanying grief and sadness around me like a Grandma's handmade quilt and hold it all close because it is impossible to separate the memories from the sadness and grief.

Other times, I set it aside and do what needs doing. I feel less pain and grief then, but also less close to my child. I hold out hope that someday will bring memories and closeness without so much pain and grief. But I am less sure.

Mother of Charlie (1/20/88 – 4/27/05)

Reprinted from *Linked Together - Newsletter of the Atlanta Chapter Spring 2006*



The Compassionate Friends is pleased to announce that Dallas, Texas, will be the site of the 38th TCF National Conference on July 10-12, 2015. "Hope Shines Bright ... Deep in the Heart" is the theme of this year's event, which promises more of last year's great national Conference experience. The 2015 Conference will be held at the Hyatt Regency Downtown Dallas. Please access the national website

www.compassionatefriends.org

as well as on the TCF/USA Facebook Page for updated information regarding the conference as they become available. Plan to come and be a part of this heartwarming experience.

The Hyatt Regency Downtown Dallas, 300 Reunion Blvd., Dallas, TX 75207, is now accepting reservations for TCF's National Conference. To make your reservation, please access the hotel's link located on the TCF website which will take you directly to TCF's reservation portal on the Hyatt's website. Conference attendees are receiving a discounted room rate of \$129. We anticipate a large attendance for the conference, so we encourage you to make your reservation as soon as it is convenient for you.



Spring is for the Birds

I sat at my kitchen table, looking out at the dazzling spring day. It was the kind of breathtakingly beautiful day that brings a lump to your throat and a song to your lips.

Spring was my favorite time of year, but I couldn't be more miserable. Only five months before, the joy had fled from my life when my precious son had died. It seemed like the whole world had sprung into bloom around me, but grief stricken as I was, the glory of the awakening earth only brought me pain. I considered each new bud, each tiny sprout, a personal affront.

Where was my renewal, my hope? How could I celebrate spring while winter still raged in my heart? Suddenly a saucy fat robin hopped into view.

"Just what I need", I thought bitterly. "Another sign of spring." The bird was back the next day. "Shoo!" I growled through the glass. Ignoring me, he hopped cheerfully across the garden, stopping to peck the earth in search of an especially delectable bug. He was so perky it made me sick. The next morning he was there, chipper as ever. He came back the next day and the next. The following day, however, he did not return. I was torn between feeling sad that he had gone and embarrassed that I had been looking for him. The next day he reappeared, and at that moment I experienced an unfamiliar contorting of my face. It was a smile.

As a little heaviness lifted from my heart, I realized that although I couldn't delight in the season as I usually did, there would be other springs. Beauty and joy would someday return to my life as surely as the first timid shoots emerge from the frozen earth. As for the pesky robin, there was just one thing left for me to do. I went to the pantry to get some food to feed my friend.

—Patricia Dys, TCF Beaumont, South Africa

Borrowed from The Compassionate Friends of the Greater Kankakee Are Newsletter March 2015

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS – RENEWALS

The newsletter is sent without charge to any person interested in receiving it. This year I have renewed everyone's subscription to the newsletter. If you no longer wish to receive the newsletter please contact **Vicki Szech, 31023 Prairie Ridge Road, Green Oaks, IL 60048, call 847-573-1055, or send an email to vszech@comcast.net.**

(Ask Dr. Paulsen continued from page 2)

friends are the ones who stick with you during this time, and it's not unusual for your group of friends to change dramatically. The same thing would happen if you suddenly could only speak Italian or French. Your friendships would eventually shift to being with those who also knew Italian or French. The best thing to do is talk openly with your friends. Your true, lifelong friends will be able to understand and will still be your friends years from now!



Do You Have Your Child's Pet?

When my daughter was growing up we would foster sick, injured and dying cats for a local non-profit animal league. So it came as no surprise that when she got her first apartment, one of the first things she did was to adopt a big, loveable male tabby cat from the local animal control facility. I was not very happy about it at the time. After all, she needed to concentrate on school and other things, but she loved "Zeke" with all her heart, so I melted and let her have her way.

One day a couple of years later she came rushing through the door with two of the dirtiest, scrawniest little kittens that I had ever seen in my life. Even the edges of their little ears were sunburned. She cried, "Mom, somebody dumped them on the side of the road in a box and I just couldn't leave them!" I said O.K., but tomorrow they go to the animal league to find homes. Well the next day came and the shelter was full. The only other option was the pound and she refused to take them there to possibly meet an even worse fate than they had already endured. My daughter now had three cats.

When she died, I didn't know what to do with her beloved kitties. All I knew was that I had to make sure they went to wonderful homes with people who would love them as much as she did. I took the least adoptable one home with me much to the displeasure of my resident shorthaired black cat who loved people but detested other animals. "Meadow" whose name was derived from being found by an open field, was a cute short-haired tabby and white kitty with an orangey pink nose, and a tummy that looked like a kangaroo pouch due to an improper spaying that required a subsequent second surgery. My son called the shelter where we had volunteered for so many years and it was there where we received our first miracle. An older couple had just come in looking for an older male cat. They gave us their number and we called them right away. The couple rushed over to meet Zeke, fell in love with him and happily took him home.

Now there was only one kitty left to find a home for. "Boon" received her unusual name because my daughter said she was a blessing. She was a very beautiful longhaired smokey colored tabby that had big green eyes with unusual blue rings around the outside edges. A dear friend of mine who also fostered cats heard about our tragedy and told me that she would take the kitty sight unseen. It was another miracle! These wonderful little miracles happened within just a couple of days after my daughter's car accident.

When the police released her belongings to us, I took

her purse home placed it on the bed and left it to tend to other things. When I came back a little while later Meadow was curled up in the middle of the purse where she slept soundly the rest of the day. She missed Angela.

It's been over four years now and I still get Christmas cards with pictures of her kitties from these wonderful angels here on earth who took them in and gave them wonderful homes with lots of love. As I am writing this, Miss Meadow is curled up on the desk chair behind me where I'm sitting, cuddled up snugly against the small of my back, sleeping and purring softly like she always does when I'm working in my office, and I wouldn't have it any other way. It gives me great comfort to care for and love this precious little cat that my daughter rescued and loved so much.



Janet G. Reyes TCF Alamo Area Chapter, TX
In Memory of my daughter Angela

Borrowed from The Compassionate Friends of the Greater Kankakee Are Newsletter March 2015



Brothers

Never ever did we think that 25 years would pass since our youngest son Thomas was killed on April 24, 1987 at the age of 19. In the beginning time stood still and we went second by second, minute by minute and hour by hour and then day by day. Looking back some of the pain has lessened and the giant hole in our hearts has grown somewhat smaller, but we still miss him so much. We miss his smile, and his love of life. He was taken way too young.

Little did we know that our hearts would be heavy with pain a second time. On September 10th of last year our son Michael died suddenly at the age of 48, leaving behind his wife and best friend of almost 25 years, a son 17 and a daughter 15. Michael was an outstanding father and a super great husband. Our hearts are broken for our daughter-in-law and our grandchildren. Grief is so hard to deal

(Continued on page 7)

(Brothers continued from page 6)

with, and we again face the long path to some healing. Life sure has something in mind we are just not sure what that would be.

To lose two sons suddenly sure does not seem fair, and again we are back at square one. Each day grief takes over and we wonder why, but we go on. We are in our seventy's now and the days drag on forever again just like the past. We have learned to love the beauty of the butterflies and birds as they are so free spirited and each day while we watch they seem to take away a small part of our pain. Now that we are in spring of 2012 we know that we will help us mend our broken hearts.

When Thomas was killed we went to our first TCF meeting about six months into our grieving process. For many years we went each month and after each meeting we felt as if a little bit of the pain was taken away. Many years have gone by and we still stay in contact with our TCF friends by receiving the monthly newsletter.

We know we have a long road to travel but we will take baby steps for now. We loved our sons and sure miss their smiles and the love they generated to everyone. They will live in our hearts forever and we will look back on all the great things they did in life.

Bill and Terry Bruggemann TCF Morris Area Chapter, NJ In Memory of our sons, Thomas and Michael

Borrowed from The Compassionate Friends of the Greater Kankakee Are Newsletter March 2015

THE GREATEST GRIEF

By Peggy Gibson TCF, Nashville, TN

A sudden accident killed your child. That terrible phone call changed your life with no warning—you didn't get to say goodbye—this has to be the most terrible loss of all.

Your child died by suicide—you feel you should have been able to prevent it. Your guilt is devastating. How can you live with such an incomprehensible tragedy?

You only had one child—now you have none and your focus in life is gone. What's the point of living? What could be more devastating?

You've experienced the deaths of more than one of your children—will it happen again? How does one survive this pain again?

When your baby died, your dreams died—you have few memories and you're too young to be suffering like this— this loss is the most unfair.

Someone murdered your child—an unbelievable violation—you're angry and your frustration with the legal system feeds your anger. This must be the very worst.

You're a single parent—your child has died and you have no one to lean on, no one to share your grief—surely your suffering is the most painful.

The unbelievable has happened—your adult child died—you had invested so much in that child—now who's going to care for you in your old age?

You had to watch your child suffer bravely through a long illness—you were helpless to ease his pain and to prevent his death—how do you erase those horrible images?—Yours must be the greatest grief.

The truth is that the death of any child is the greatest loss, regardless of the cause, regardless of the age. Our own experience is far more painful that we had ever previously envisioned, so how could we possibly comprehend what others have undergone? To make comparisons between our own suffering and the pain of others is an exercise in futility. It accomplishes nothing and sometimes can be hurtful to others. To say that one type of death produces a greater or deeper grief than another tends to place different values on the children who have died. Each child is worthy of 100% of our grief, each person's sorrow is 100%, and each loss is 100%, because we love each child, those still living and those who have died, with 100% of our being. I can't imagine wanting to walk in the shoes of any other bereaved parent, can you?

Borrowed from The Compassionate Friends of the Greater Kankakee Are Newsletter March 2015

The grief within me has its own heartbeat. It has its own life, its own song. Part of me wants to resist the rhythms of my grief, yet as I surrender to the song, I learn to listen deep within myself.—

Alan D. Wolfelt

We welcome your comments and/or items submitted for use in the newsletter. Short articles, poems, or book reviews are always appreciated. Please include author of any written works. Send your items for the newsletter to Vicki Szech at vszech@comcast.net or 31023 Prairie Ridge Road, Libertyville, IL 60048.

The Compassionate Friends is a non-profit, self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved families. Its' mission is to assist them in the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child and to provide information and education to help others to be supportive
 TCF National Office, P.O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522 3696 - PH 877-969-0010 - Fax: 630-990-0246
 Regional Coordinator, Mary Seibert PH: 815-468-6443 nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org
 The Compassionate Friends home page can be found at www.compassionatefriends.org
 There are seven TCF Internet chat sessions weekly. To participate, visit the TCF home page and select the "Chat" button.

CHAPTER LEADERSHIP Toni Nesheim 847-204-7585 tnesheim@sbcglobal.net *Rachel Salomonson* Age 19 – Auto accident
TREASURER Forest Anderson 847-838-0567 forest.anderson@att.net *Rusty Anderson* Age 15 – Osteosarcoma
SECRETARY Jenny & Rick Selle 847-249-4776 jennyselle@yahoo.com *Lila Ruffolo* Age 24 – Auto Accident
REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY Thelma Perkins 262-279-6178 *Andrew C Perkins* Age 17 – Auto Accident
LIBRARIAN Kathleen Rettinger 847-922-7456 *Alexander Rettinger* Age 18 – Of suicide
NEWSLETTER EDITOR Vicki Szech 847-573-1055 vszech@comcast.net *Rachel Szech* Age 16 – Horseback-riding Accident
NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING Mary Foresta 847-986-4133 *Elizabeth Foresta* Age 11 – Septic Shock, Heart/Lung failure
OUTREACH/INFORMATION Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 julyson2@gmail.com Aaron Barrera, age 29 - insulin reaction subsequent auto accident
STEERING COMMITTEE Marilyn Grace 847-395-8597 grace.marilyn@gmail.com *Megan Grace* Age 15 – Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy
 Mary Ann Grazier 847-336-0539 *Barry Grazier* Age 27 – Auto Accident
 Maggie McGaughey 224-406-6644 maggieg00@hotmail.com *Jeremy Govekar* Age 22 – Hit by train
 Charon Sloop 847-623-2264 charronsloop@AOL.com *David Sloop* Age 33 – Motor Cycles accident

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.