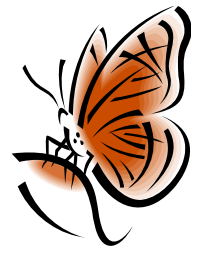


The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

May, 2013 Newsletter

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



It's Happening Again

by Sandy Goodman



It's happening again. Right outside my front door, under an inch of leftover snow, a daffodil is pushing its way up into the sunlight. The bare places in my lawn are thawed and messy and the steady drip from the roof lulls us to sleep. Yesterday, I strolled the thirty feet to my mailbox without a jacket. Spring has reappeared.

Spring is a time for optimism. Suddenly living seems easier, happier, and less stressful. Depression lifts and a feeling of hope fills the air. We shed our winter blues and replace our frowns and cantankerous attitudes with smiles and loving-kindness. We visit with our neighbors over fences, clean up the barbecues, and start leafing through seed catalogues. Life is good . . . but not invariably and not for everyone.

I remember a spring that bore no resemblance to what I have just described. It was the spring of 1997, six years ago, and it was the first spring after my son's death. By the time the first warm day arrived that year, the numbness of Jason's death had disappeared and I had entered what I call the "pit of grief." Simply typing this paragraph takes me back in time and once again, I am there . . .

. . . and it is cold and dark. I am alone, curled up in a corner of this make-believe place where only my pain exists. The sorrow is my only link to him, my only awareness, the only thing that matters. If I allow myself to move away from it, I may lose him again. I cannot do that. I cannot take that chance. And so I hold it. I cradle the pain in my arms, shielding it from those who want to take it from me, and I weep . . .

However, spring arrives without invitations and it calls on everyone. It skips in like a long awaited guest and expects to be welcomed with open arms. I recall what seemed like the entire world growing jovial and light-hearted, which merely pushed me to tunnel further into my corner and the sanctuary of my grief. I longed for the reappearance of winter because it had kept the "ones who do not know" away from my door. I remember feel-

ing betrayed. How could the earth suddenly wake up and come alive when my son had no opportunity to do so?

It's happening again. Spring is once again knocking on our doors. Each of you know, love, or can befriend someone who is precisely where I was six years ago. Someone who is hurting and building walls around his or her heart to keep you, and the entire world, out. You are unfamiliar with the grief process and are most likely very uncomfortable with just winging it when it comes to the subject of death. Therefore, I am going to give you a few suggestions that should ease your apprehension. If you can coax just one bereaved person out of the pit for a few hours this spring, you will have accomplished more than many people do in a lifetime.

Get His Attention.

Go to the bakery, grab some doughnuts, then to the garden shop and buy some plants. Ring his doorbell. When he wearily opens the door a couple of inches and peers out, stick your foot in the door really fast. Tell him, "I really need coffee to go with these goodies, and will you show me a good place to plant these flowers for Jim?"

Say Her Name.

While you're digging and planting those flowers, talk to her about something you remember about the deceased. If you didn't know him, ask questions. Get to know him. Use his name, as often as you can until both of you feel comfortable.

Give Him Things.

Take him books that seem inspiring, candles he can light when he needs a connection, photo albums for his loved one's picture, and journals that he can write in at 3:00 a.m.

Invite Her to Breakfast or Coffee.

It may be the only reason she has to get out of bed at all. The bereaved use sleep as a shelter from the world.

(Continued on page 7)



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 Robert & Mary Ann Grazier
for their donation in
loving memory of their son,
Barry J Grazier**

**Thanks to Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn
for their donation in
loving memory of their children,
Donette & Kelly Klawonn**

**Thanks to Joanne & Ruben Segebarth
for their donation in
loving memory of Paul Kaiser, Jr,**

**Thanks to Joanne & Ruben Segebarth
for their donation in
loving memory of their son,
Roger Segebarth**

"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.

GRIEF WEBSITES

www.opentohope.com

www.griefnet.org

www.thebereavementjourney.com

www.griefwatch.com

www.survivorsofsuicide.com

www.journeyofhearts.org

www.compassionatefriends.com



*Bereaved Parents
of the USA*

We, as bereaved parents, help grieving parents and families rebuild their lives following the death of a child.



Greetings from the 2013 National Gathering Leadership Team! We've been working very hard to prepare a very meaningful gathering for you. As our logo suggests, we want you to come away from the gathering with many "Golden Nuggets of Hope" for your journey. We anticipate a record number of attendees this year!

On-line registration is now available for you at <http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org/Gathering.html> and the registration packet is available on the BP/USA website to download. Please let us know of anyone who needs a registration packet mailed to them by providing us with their name and address.

BIRTHDAY TABLE

A table is available at each meeting for those whose child has a birthday or remembrance day in that particular month. Feel free to bring photos, artwork, and mementos of your child to share with the group. You may even wish to bring a favorite snack that your child enjoyed.



There will be a balloon release at the June 6th meeting in Waukegan. There will be refreshments and a discussion following the launch.



Graduation Continued from page 7)

There is sorrow now for a cheerful young boy who will soon be forgotten by all but a few.

Broken dreams.

Unanswered prayers.

Disbelief.

Loss of faith.

And maybe years of endurance of a situation so unacceptable, so intolerable, that from the inner depths, a scream is stifled. With one word my entire being cries out, "WHY?"

Borrowed from Newsletter of The Compassionate Friends, Atlanta Area Chapter, April – May 2003



**OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED,
MISSED AND REMEMBERED IN MAY & JUNE**

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

Rachel Salomonson

May 2

Daughter of Toni Nesheim & Denny Salomonson

Amy Fry-Pitzen

May 3

Daughter of Alana Anderson

Carlos Cantu

May 18

Son of Mateo & Lucy Cantu

Rachel Elizabeth Szech

May 9

Daughter of Chester & Vicki Szech

Rob Petit

May 15

Son of Nancy Ervin

Phillip J (PJ) Ryan Phillips

May 23

Son of Dawn & Robert McCarty

Sven Christian Reinhard

May 28

Son of Astrid Reinhard

Adam Michael Laufer

May 30

Son of Charles & Diana Laufer

Edgar O Villareal

June 2

Son of Guadalupe Villareal

Edward G Davis III

June 8

Son of Edward G Davis Jr.

Lila Ruffolo

June 12

Daughter of Jenny & Rick Selle

Pressley Suzanne McHugh

June 20

Daughter of Kari McHugh

Johnny Garcia

June 26

Son of Tomas and Minerva Garcia

ANNIVERSARIES

Donette Klawonn

May 1

Daughter of Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn

Carlos Cantu

May 3

Son of Mateo & Lucy Cantu

Josh Summers

May 3

Son of Tina Carlson
Grandson of Larry & Cheryl Armstrong

Phillip J (PJ) Ryan Phillips

May 4

Son of Dawn & Robert McCarty

Roger Alan Segebarth

May 6

Son of Reuben & Joanne Segebarth

Amy Fry-Pitzen

May 15

Daughter of Alana Anderson

Dan Rowe

May 16

Son of Kim Fremaux & Tim Sweet

Anthony (Tony) Clemente

May 16

Son of Becky Wolf

Adam Michael Laufer

May 19

Son of Charles & Diana Laufer

Steven Anthony Sostre

May 19

Son of Jorge Sostre

(Continued on page 4)

(OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS
LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

Roman Gabriel Cano

May 21

Son of Simona & Daniel Rhodes

Rusty Anderson

May 30

Son of Forest & Christine Anderson

Eric Friedle

June 2

Son of Dennis & Diane Friedle

Bryan Cantafio

June 26

Son of Jerry Cantafio

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



**TCF 2013 National
Conference
Save the date: July 5-7, 2013 in
Boston, MA**

**Reserve Your Conference Hotel
Rooms Now!**

For more information and online registration for the 36th National Conference, please visit the National website:

http://www.compassionatefriends.org/News_Events/Conferences/TCF_2013_National_Conference_Boston.aspx

Memorial Day

Then and Now Then and Now

Isn't it strange that in all the decades of my life, that I didn't really think much about Memorial Day until my sweet Nina died? That first Memorial Day was about 2 1/2 weeks after her death. She is buried in a very old cemetery with much history. I drove into that cemetery that Memorial Day and saw all the flags (about 170 of them I think) at each veteran's grave and I paused for the first time in at least three decades and really thought about the meaning of that day.

Last year, while at the TCF National Conference in Chicago, I spoke with one of the bereaved couples that also were attending the conference. The man was telling me about his duty in World War II, and how he survived for days in the ocean after their ship had been bombed, watched as many of his shipmates died, yet somehow he survived. I thought about how that must feel to have survived against all odds, but then decades later lose your own precious child. Who can understand? A lovely lady I met while in Chicago, Jackie, walked in our on conversation. With tears in her eyes, she said to this man, "Thank you so much for our freedom." That really struck me. How I, and I am sure many others, have just taken the freedom we enjoy every day for granted.

I watched "Saving Private Ryan" and that first half hour depicted the horror of the invasion of Normandy during WWII and all the lives lost. In that movie, a mother has been told that all three of her son's have perished in the War. I wonder if I hadn't lost a child if I would have felt the same gut-wrenching pain and sorrow as I did when watching that fictitious mother sink to her knees when told of her son's deaths. It affected me for days afterward.

Classmates of mine were killed in the Vietnam War. I remember being very sad about it, but I don't remember I thought much about it beyond that, about what they had sacrificed their lives for. It was all so far away from home...But now when Memorial Day comes along each year, I remember the mothers and fathers of the soldiers who died for our country, and my heart aches for them. I would like to say to anyone who might be reading this today, who served our country in 'Vietnam, Korea, Desert Storm, World War II, or anywhere else in this troubled world, just as Jackie did last summer, "Thank you so much for our freedom."

God bless every one of you.

Cathy Seehuetter, Nina's mom forever

St. Paul, MN

**Borrowed from Newsletter of the
Atlanta Area Chapters, May –
June, 2002**





IN THE BEGINNING....

Your child has died. As a newly bereaved parent you have experienced the most devastating life-changing event. Your whole world has been shattered and you are in a new world now. You will be relearning how to survive when at times you won't even want to survive. The only hope I can give you is that we in The Compassionate Friends have survived and we are here to help you. It won't be easy but keep in mind, if you hadn't love so much you wouldn't hurt so much now.

"How long will it last?" is probably the first question we hear from ones like you new to grief. It is a very important question to us at the beginning. Professionals have managed to place timetables based on their studies and you will hear "two years" quoted, but those of us who have been the road a number of years will tell you that you will not "get over" the death of your children in two years. You probably never will "get over" his or her death, but you will learn to live with the fact of it and rejoin life and lead a normal life again; it will just be different from before.

There is no timetable on grief. Some work through the process sooner than others. We operate on our individual timetable; we cannot judge our progress or lack of it by anyone else.

Grief is a process, a moving through. Sometimes we go forward, but sometimes backward, and sometimes we get "stuck" for a while, but keep in mind it is a process and eventually you will move through it. Within this process there are "stages". We're told those stages are shock, denial, anger, bargaining, and acceptance. They don't necessarily come in that order.

Most of us do experience shock and denial or disbelief first. We can't believe it has happened! There must be a mistake! This happens to other people...not us! That shock is so tremendous that it affects us physically as well as psychologically. It is marked by a lowering of blood pressure, coldness of the skin, rapid heartbeat and an acute

sense of terror. That shock insulates us and allows us to go through our duties and do things at this time that we never could have done otherwise. I praise that shock because it keeps us from dying too. That shock allows some of us to carry on with grace and skill during the days surrounding the death and the funeral. That same shock knocks some of us into merciful oblivion and we don't remember a thing during that time. We are all individuals and we react differently during grief, but there are common reactions we all share. This is why you will find very quickly that the only one who really understands what you are going through is another bereaved parent.

Anger, another stage, may come at any time. It is a very natural, normal reaction; don't be afraid or ashamed of it. Know it is okay, you won't always feel this way, there is nothing wrong with you for feeling this way - most of us feel some anger toward something, someone, even at God, even the child in some instances. You have been hurt beyond your wildest imaginings. I have described my own anger as rage. Society frowns on anger so don't expect always to be treated kindly when you display it, but remember you have a right to be angry. Anger is often unfocused and we sometimes take it out on innocent people. Medical personnel are often the first to receive this anger and funeral directors are next in line. Later, that anger can attack anyone who crosses our paths. It is good to recognize anger and try to focus it, learn to use it as a tool. Take up social issues, find healthy outlets for it. It is important to do something physical about anger. Hard work and sports are ways, and we've heard many stories of chopping wood, breaking dishes bought at garage sales and breaking them

(Continued on page 6)

(In the Beginning continued from page 5)



when we need an outlet. Scream in the shower, in your speed boat or closed up in your car, but get it out. Anger turned inwards becomes depression.

With the death of our child everything we ever believed in is shattered. In my own case I had to struggle for a long time to even figure out what I did believe in; I was so confused. Our egos, our beliefs in ourselves, were badly shaken because, as parents, we truly believed we could protect our child from anything. We were careful, good parents, and now our child is dead. WE HAVE FAILED TO KEEP OUR CHILD ALIVE and our ego tells us we are a failure! This devastates us; we can no longer believe in ourselves; we feel that obviously we are incapable of doing anything right. We have no self-confidence, no longer any self-esteem: These are all natural, normal responses to the horror of your child's death. Given time and care these feelings will pass. We will achieve a balance in our personal life again.

Remind yourself to be patient, to be kind to yourself. You are not a failure, you did the very best you could, and you would surely have given your own life to save your child's. You did not fail; life just isn't always fair. These feelings, and others as bizarre, may cause you to think you are going crazy. Ask any bereaved parent of some years and they will all tell you they thought the same thing at some time. You are a changed person now, you will never again be the same as you were before your child died. Someday you will accept that fact: Out of the ashes of grief you can grow, if and when you choose to do so. Look around you to the other bereaved parents; you will find role models and hope in them. There will be many tears, allow them, they are healing and necessary to survival and recovery.

Many of us suffer from the lack of ability to concentrate. It is a common complaint. We can't think, we can't remember from one minute till the next and we have no idea what we've read when we finish a page. Be patient...given time and some effort you will return to normal.

Hang on to any shred of your sense of humor that you can, even a small chuckle now and then can break your tension and give some relief. It may be a while in coming but one day you will laugh again. I know you can't believe it now but you will.

You will have a strong need to talk. You will find that you can talk more than one person can listen, so seek out several good friends who will let you talk to them.

You will find some at the Compassionate Friends meetings. You will need to tell your child's story over and over again. You will need to talk about the whole life and death and what you are going through now. Talking is therapeutic. Talk and talk, and talk, until your story is told.

At night you may go over the events again and again and again, night after night. This is called obsessional review. Sleep disturbances are not unusual. We either can't sleep or sleep too much.

We suffer guilt real and imagined. We recall punishments and in turn punish ourselves with them when at the time the punishment was probably fair. We go through the "if onlys." If only we had or hadn't....

Beware of isolation. We need to be with people, not alone. When we isolate ourselves with no one to talk to about our feelings, we become depressed: and isolation plus depression equals suicidal feelings and that spells real trouble.

We are fatigued, lack motivation, we suffer numerous physical complaints, headaches, stomach disorders, we are either nervous or feel dead inside... many and sundry are our complaints, most of which are normal and to be expected in this time of enormous stress and always we ask ourselves and others, ""Why?" "Why me?" "Why my child? Simply because life isn't always fair, my friend....

Your world is topsy-turvy now, nothing makes sense, nothing fits....family balance is upset, the numbers are all wrong, there is one empty chair at the table now, so you choke on your food and think of the empty chair. Grocery shopping is a nightmare because your child's favorite food greets you from the shelves of every aisle; you don't dare think of holidays because you know you'll never survive them without your child. Your child's birthday and the memory of all the joy of that day looms like a mountain far too high to climb. ...some days all you want is for the pain to stop. Some days you just can't get out of bed. Some days you work hard and fast like something has possessed you. Every day you cry. You find you are very lonely even in the midst of a crowded shopping mall. You want to scream at the busy,

(Continued on page 9)

(It's Happening Again continued from page 1)**Take Him to a Doctor If He is a Danger to Himself or Others.**

Grief is depression. If it is severe enough, medication may help alleviate some of the pain until the bereaved person is strong enough to face it head on. Offer to go to a counseling session or a grief support group with him.

Call Her Often.

Don't just call her once a month, call her once a day. Always ask her how she is feeling, what you can do, and then LISTEN.

Send a Card on Special Days.

Special days are the deceased's birthday, death date, all holidays, anniversaries, and special family events such as weddings, confirmations, etc. Always write something like "Thinking of you and knowing that you must be missing John..."

Encourage Laughter and Remember the Power of Touch.

It is healing.

Allow Him to Share His Spiritual Beliefs or Lack Thereof.

Be open and willing to listen to anything he may be experiencing, feeling, or searching for. Your job is not to judge, but to support.

Last but not least, No Expectations

for the time she spends grieving. It is individual, nothing is "normal," and if she doesn't feel it now, grief waits. Just go with the flow. Stay with her and walk at her pace.

Once again, spring is fast approaching. You are feeling optimistic and excited about the upcoming season and all of the things you can accomplish as everything comes alive again. The winter has been long and hard, you are ready for a new beginning. I understand. I share your anticipation. Six years ago is not now. My corner of the pit has been occupied by many since my stay there, and I have no intention of revisiting it. But there are many who have just descended and they are burrowing in, seeking solitude. Although I firmly believe that being there is a necessary task in getting to the other side of grief, I also believe that we must come out occasionally for fresh air and sunshine. It is up to you, and to me, to go into his world and reach out for his hand. Once he's taken hold, his chance of successfully climbing out is greatly increased. So go on, go buy those doughnuts - someone is waiting just for you.

Sandy Goodman is the author of [Love Never Dies: A Mother's Journey from Loss to Love](#) (Jodere Group, 2002), and the founder and chapter leader of the Wind River Chapter of [The Compassionate Friends](#).

Borrowed from Newsletter of The Compassionate Friends, Atlanta Area Chapter, April – May 2003



Graduation Day

— Ann Ianni Bereavement Magazine

Graduation Day: A day cherished by the graduate and his or her parents; one of the long-awaited "rites of passage" to the new status called "adulthood."

Laughter is heard among the students; tears of joy and nostalgia from the parents. The teachers heave sighs of relief and feel a mixture of accomplishment with just a tinge of sadness for the days of laughter and childhood attachments that must be left behind.

Awards are given.

Gifts are received.

Future plans are discussed.

New goals are dreamed.

There are hurdles to climb.

Disappointments are intermingled with successes. All of these things are a part of life for those fortunate enough to have survived the dangers and pitfalls of this complicated society in which we live. There was no prom night at our house. There were no awards ceremonies to attend. There was no graduation gift to buy. There was no college to choose.

There was no future to plan: Jimmy doesn't live here anymore. His home now is a neatly trimmed patch of grass with bright-colored flowers; a tombstone inscribed with love; a small space carefully tended and watched over lovingly by someone who finds it most difficult to cope, to accept, to go on, or to find joy or peace in anything.

Tears are a way of life now, and spare time is filled with emptiness.

(Continued on page 2)

PLEASE CHECK YOUR MAILING LABEL TO SEE WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS - RENEWALS - CHANGE FORM - DONATIONS

The newsletter is sent without charge to any person interested in receiving it. Each year, in order to be sure we are sending it only to those who truly want to be on our mailing list, we ask that everyone who wants the newsletter return this form. We also accept LOVE GIFTS to pay for some of the chapter's expenses. Your voluntary, tax-deductible donations make it possible for us to mail out the monthly newsletter, contact newly bereaved parents, purchase brochures and other grief materials, continue our participation in the TCF/National organization and meet other chapter expenses. Perhaps you would like to make a gift in memory of your child's birthday or remembrance day. It is a meaningful way to honor our children and we are grateful to members who are able to support us with their contributions. 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.

I/We are () bereaved parents () grandparents () siblings

Please () keep sending the monthly newsletter. Please () add to the mailing list. Please () remove from mailing list.

NAME _____ PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZIP _____

Remember my () child(ren) () sibling () grandchild on special days

(You do not have to list the cause of death. We list this only so that parents whose children have died in similar ways may reach out to one another.)

NAME OF CHILD:	Date of Birth	Date of Death	Cause of Death
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

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 1/2 monthly cost)

Pay for a book for the chapter's Lending Library _____

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.

(In the Beginning continued from page 5)

happy people, "Don't you know my child is dead?' How can they go on as if nothing has happened?" No matter how many people you are with, you are lonely.

Compassionate Friends understand: each one of us has had a least one child die. We know what you are going through. We don't pretend to have all the answers, but we want to share this time of your life with you. We want you to know you are not alone.

Fay Harden TCF Tuscaloosa, AL
Borrowed from Newsletter of the Atlanta Area Chapters, May – June, 2002

We welcome your comments and/or items submitted for use in the newsletter. Short articles, poems, or book reviews are always welcome. 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. Founded in England in 1969, the first U.S. chapter was organized in 1972. Presently there are 579 chapters in America. Northern Lake County Chapter was formed in 1976.
 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: 773-721-7810
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.

The Northern Lake County, IL chapter usually meets on the third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at the Millburn Congregational Church, Rt. 45 & Grass Lake Rd in Millburn.

CHAPTER LEADERSHIP

Toni Nesheim
 847-223-7353
tonin@sbcglobal.net
 Rachel Salomonson
 Age 18 – Auto accident

TREASURER

Forest Anderson
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 Rusty Anderson
 Age 15 – Osteosarcoma

SECRETARY

Jenny & Rick Selle
 847-249-4776
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 Lila Ruffolo
 Age 24 – Auto Accident

REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY

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

LIBRARIAN

Kathleen Rettinger
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 Alexander Rettinger
 Age 18 – Of suicide

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 Megan Grace
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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

Charron Sloop
 847-623-2264
charronsloop@AOL.com
 David Sloop
 Age 33 – Motorcycle Accident

Memories

When you need to....
Reach deep inside and take one of your
precious memories.
Wipe away the cobwebs, lay it out in
front of you
And let the sunshine
and the sounds engulf you.

Revel in the experience of it...
Re-live each precious moment,
be overwhelmed by them
And taste the wonderful sweet tears
that are their gift.

When your needs have been almost satisfied
Pause for one more second
Then gently fold it back up, give it a big
hug and a tender kiss
And return the treasure
to where you found it.

Then to make the experience complete,
Find someone special and share the
feelings with them...
For surely something as wonderful as this
is meant to be shared.

Don't be afraid of using them - that's
what memories are for
You will never lose them....
for as certain as the sun
will rise tomorrow,
Love once attained is never lost.

~by Steve Channing

Borrowed from Newsletter of the Atlanta Area
Chapters, May – June, 2002



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS Northern Lake County Chapter

31023 Prairie Ridge Road
Libertyville, IL 60048

Meetings

May 16, 2013 - 7:30 p.m.
Millburn Congregational Church
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL
Open discussion

Waukegan meeting
June 6, 2013 - 7:00 p.m.
Holy Family Church
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL
Open discussion