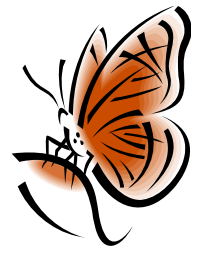


The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

May, 2015 Newsletter

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



Chapter Leader Notes from Toni

FORGOTTEN MOURNERS

With whom, do you share:

- . . . possibly the longest relationship you will have in your life?
- . . . more life events and life changes than anyone else effect is profound?
- . . . a sense of belonging, family and genetics?

The brother or sister who has died means that you've lost someone who helped shape your childhood. You shared memories, critical childhood experiences and family history. The loss of your sibling is the loss of a constant in your life. As you shared a childhood, you expected to share old age.

Sibling relationships are complex and can be complicated either in a positive or negative sense. Regardless of the 'quality' of the relationship, the subsequent grieving, can be complicated with **guilt** (Why did she die and not me?) and **anger** (I told him to quit smoking/drinking/using drugs/driving fast) and **feelings of abandonment** as well as having to **absorb family discord** or **emotional isolation**. A sibling's death often brings forth anxiety about one's own mortality.

The family itself may not allow for open grieving and healing. Often parents retreat into their own grief. The family changes forever when a child of any age, who is also a sibling, dies.

Siblings suffer comments, intended to be comforting, but are hurtful such as "Thank goodness, it wasn't your husband or your child" or "You haven't seen your sister/brother for a long time anyway" or "I am so sorry about your sister/brother . . . how are your parents doing?" The grief of siblings is often dismissed.

Until recently, there has been little study on the subject of sibling grief. As with all grief, there is no magic answer to ease the pain and sense of loss. There are some common ideas to help the grieving sibling:

- help for the family equates to help for the siblings. Outside therapeutic help for the family is beneficial.
- outside individual help can provide support for the sibling; a neutral source to speak with openly.
- if you feel guilt, try to recognize it, feel it, and then atone for it with a good act or formally forgive yourself. Talk to family about your guilty feelings; they may feel the same.
- talk to your other siblings, if you have them. They understand. If not, find a friend or pastor or support group that will allow you talk about your feelings and experience as a grieving sibling.
- don't allow yourself to be forgotten. If you need a hug and you still have parents, tell them. You are still their child.

(Continued on page 6)



GIFTS OF LOVE

A love gift is a gift of money or of time given * 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 Charles & Diane Laufer
for their donation in loving memory of
Adam Michael Laufer
on the anniversary of his birth 5/30
& his death 5/19 for the publication of the
May 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.

Meetings

Northern Illinois Chapter - TCF
May 21 – 7:30 p.m.
Millburn Congregational Church
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL
Open discussion

Waukegan meeting
June 4 – 6pm to 9pm Holy Family Church
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL
Open discussion



Spring Promise

Spring promises hope and healing. The death of a child is a terrible blow to the body and the spirit, crumbling belief systems, social networks, dependable patterns. Nothing prepares us for the death blow and what the loss forces us through. Lost in pain we stumble, striving to survive in this world of constant pain, despair, confusion. Daily life suddenly seems overwhelming. Decisions take forever. Goals no longer matter. Human comfort withdraws, avoiding the fog of pain surrounding us. Then Spring comes. Just as we don't notice the first hints of spring, we don't realize, ever so slowly, we are getting better.

The first steps are small. We don't cry at breakfast, maybe later; but we don't start the day crying. We smile at a picture of our child, remembering laughter. We don't flinch at our child's name. We take a walk or visit a gym. We eat a healthy meal. We realize our living children need us. Spring promises that life and love do not die. We do not have the life we wanted, but our children expect us to not only live but to also laugh and love again. Their love supports us, moves us forward. We take little steps testing our new life, growing, stretching, until we bloom. We return to today. With Spring, life, and love we move forward.

Keith Swett, Seymour, WI

Borrowed from BP/USA, A JOURNEY TOGETHER, Volume XX No. 2 Spring 2015

April Showers Bring May Flowers

By Stephanie Elson



April is a month known for rain, which is a necessary component to bring out the flowers in May. It is a step that cannot be skipped or done away with. Although at times bleak and dreary, this rainy season is a time of rejuvenation for the ground and prepares the soil to be able to nourish the plant life that will soon come.

The death of a loved one creates a personal "rainy season" that lasts much longer than a single month. The days become figuratively dark and gloomy with menacing clouds hanging overhead. This too is a necessary component for personal healing. So many people I see grow (understandably) tired of their "rainy season"; full of sudden outbursts of tears and thunderous pangs of pain. These emotional storms cannot only come quickly, but may linger unmercilessly as well.

In April, with storms coming at the drop of a hat, I know that if I want to manage the amount I get wet, I need to stay prepared. I will keep an umbrella in my office, in the car, at home and with me wherever I go. Likewise those who



(Continued on page 4)



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. 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

BIRTHDAYS

<i>Rachel Salomonson</i>	May 2	Daughter of Toni Nesheim & Denny Salomonson
<i>Amy Fry-Pitzen</i>	May 3	Daughter of Alana Anderson
<i>Rachel Elizabeth Szech</i>	May 9	Daughter of Chester & Vicki Szech
<i>Rob Petit</i>	May 15	Son of Nancy Ervin
<i>Rachel Elaine Robertson</i>	May 21	Daughter of Regan Robertson
<i>Sven Christian Reinhard</i>	May 28	Son of Astrid Reinhard
<i>Adam Michael Laufer</i>	May 30	Son of Charles & Diana Laufer
<i>Edgar O Villareal</i>	June 2	Son of Guadalupe Villareal
<i>Edward G Davis III</i>	June 8	Son of Edward G Davis Jr.
<i>Lila Ruffolo</i>	June 12	Daughter of Jenny & Rick Selle
<i>Pressley Suzanne McHugh</i>	June 20	Daughter of Kari McHugh

ANNIVERSARIES

<i>Donette Klawonn</i>	May 1	Daughter of Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn
<i>Josh Summers</i>	May 3	Son of Tina Carlson Grandson of Larry & Cheryl Armstrong
<i>Roger Alan Segebarth</i>	May 6	Son of Joanne Segebarth
<i>Amy Fry-Pitzen</i>	May 15	Daughter of Alana Anderson
<i>Anthony (Tony) Clemente</i>	May 16	Son of Becky Wolf
<i>Adam Michael Laufer</i>	May 19	Son of Charles & Diana Laufer
<i>Steven Anthony Sostre</i>	May 19	Son of Jorge Sostre
<i>Roman Gabriel Cano</i>	May 21	Son of Simona & Daniel Rhodes
<i>Rusty Anderson</i>	May 30	Son of Forest & Christine Anderson
<i>Eric Friedle</i>	June 2	Son of Dennis & Diane Friedle
<i>Bryan Cantafio</i>	June 26	Son of Jerry Cantafio

On Butterfly Wings

From earth's caterpillars to heaven's butterflies -
They soar with the angels from the earth to the sky.
Their wings seem so fragile, translucent and light -
But they transfuse our world giving us strength in our night.

In silence they appear like messengers of love,
Bringing hope and comfort from heaven above.
These beautiful butterflies so graceful in flight,
Transport us from darkness to color and light.

So when choosing a symbol to help grieving parents cope,
What more than a butterfly could best symbolize hope.
Our hearts stand in awe and hope from within us springs.
As our hearts take flight - On Butterfly Wings.



By Faye McCord, (TCF Chapter
Leader / Jackson, MS)
In loving memory of my son, Lane
McCord
(1/26/65 - 9/13/98)



Bereaved Parents of the USA
2015 NATIONAL GATHERING
 HARTFORD, CT • JULY 24 - 26

Hartford, CT Bound. *We are working very hard getting ready for this year's National Gathering. Our hope for this year's Gathering, is for you to receive many gifts. During your Gathering experience, you will hear amazing speakers and attend wonderful workshops. We will offer you the gifts of Hope, Peace, Love, Laughter, Strength, Comfort, Courage and Friendship.*

Registration information is now available for you at

<http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org/Gathering.html>.

Please let us know of anyone who needs a registration packet mailed to them by providing us with their name and address.

The 2015 BP/USA National Board and Gathering team welcome you and we cannot wait to meet you in Hartford, CT.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

There's an elephant in the room. It is large and squatting, so it is hard to get around it. Yet we squeeze by with, "How are you?" and, "I'm fine," and a thousand other forms of trivial chatter. We talk about the weather; we talk about work; we talk about everything else—except the elephant in the room. There's an elephant in the room. We all know it is there. We are thinking about the elephant as we talk together. It is constantly on our minds. For, you see, it is a very big elephant. It has hurt us all, but we do not talk about the elephant in the room. Oh, please, say her name. Oh, please, say "Barbara" again. Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room. For if we talk about her death, per-

haps we can talk about her life. Can I say, "Barbara" to you and not have you look away? For if I cannot, then you are leaving me alone in a room—with an elephant.

Terry Ketterig

LIVING LIFE IS STILL AN EFFORT

My husband's family held a reunion in July. We planned to attend and told the family to count on us. But when the time came to buy the tickets and make a commitment, I found I couldn't do it. I simply did not want to deal with the hassles of traveling, leaving home, getting out of my daily rhythm.

I am a different person since my child died. I am a different person than I was six months after my child died. And, I will be a different person in another year. I find that I am evolving; my basic personality is still intact, most of my mind works well enough, my perception of life, love, people and events is probably heightened but fairly unchanged. Still I am a different person.

Now I work at living my life. I make myself do the things that I once took for granted, such as getting dressed each day, going to work, handling a number of responsibilities I have chosen to accept. I make myself laugh at silly jokes. Sometimes I even have to force myself to really listen to others. I am surprised when I laugh spontaneously, smile for no particular reason or say something "prophetic". What is going on here? Who am I? Why has the joy of life disappeared?

I believe I have found the answer to these questions and even to questions I haven't yet asked. It lies in the nature of losing one's child to death. Initially we work very hard to maintain sanity. Gradually we expand the boundaries of our lives. Carefully we add events, people, responsibilities and simple enjoyment. But our progress is measured in months and years, not days and weeks.

My awakening to this new reality came at a meeting of The Compassionate Friends. It has been rekindled at each meeting since then. I learn

(Continued on page 5)

A Matter of Choice

Our son Keith was 29 years old when he decided to end his life. Keith's death was a suicide. Suicide is a frightening word and it is not only ignorance but fear and stigma that keep people from understanding why someone would take their life. In a way it is easier to think that a person made a "choice", freeing us from knowing the truth.

The word , "choice", continues to perpetuate the stigma of suicide. The definition of "choice" is "the freedom in choosing, both in the way one chooses and in the number of possibilities from which to choose." In a pre-suicidal state an individual is over-whelmed in a given situation. They suffer extreme mental anguish and a painful sense of hopelessness. Their sense of judgment is distorted , and they do not have the ability to make "choices" or options. They literally want to kill the pain and not themselves.

Suicidal people may be unable to restrain themselves from acting on feelings or impulses. This strong impulse to end the pain is because of the depletion of the chemical called serotonin. Serotonin is a chemical within the brain that helps restrain impulsive behavior.

"There is no suffering greater than that which drives people to suicide, suicide defines the moment in which mental pain exceeds the human capacity to bear it. It represents the abandonment of hope." John T. Maltzberger, M.D., past president of the American Association of Suicidology, practicing psychiatrist, and teacher at Harvard Medical School.

Suicide is the eighth leading cause of death in the USA and the second leading cause of death for those ages 25-34. About 30,000 of the 650,000 Americans who attempt suicide each year die. Suicide is almost always the result of an illness of the brain, depression.

Our son Keith, died by suicide, and we can only imagine the horrible mental torture he endured. Depression is one of the most terrible and pervasive illnesses of our day. In 1999 the Surgeon General of the United States listed suicide as a national public crisis. Having accurate information about depression is critical. We live in a world where people hang on to old stereotypes, and in order to stop future loss of lives by suicide, we must educate and not let these stereotypes to persist.

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Published □ "Obelisk", The Catholic Charities, Chicago, Illinois, November 2001 □ "News and Views" NAMI, Cleveland, Ohio, November-December 2001, p.14 "News Briefs" Vol. 20, No. 1, NAMI Ohio, Columbus, Ohio, Winter 2002, p.22

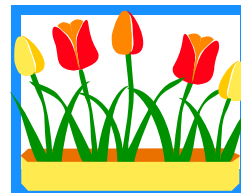
(Chapter leader noted continued from page 1)

- do special things in memory of your sibling, such as planting a tree, writing down favorite memories, or compiling photos and videos.
- Take care of your own health. Get your necessary checkups and try to eat healthy and exercise to relieve emotional stress.

Remember that the bonds with your sibling will endure and need to be nurtured over time. Honor your brother and sister often by speaking their name, telling their life story, telling the story of your grief experience to educate others and do acts of kindness. Eventually, the pain will soften and the memories that make you smile will rise to comfort you.

Echoes of each other's being.
 Whose eyes are those that look like mine?
 Whose smile reminds me of my own?
 Whose thoughts come through with just a glance?
 Who knows me as no others do?
 Who in the whole wide world is most like me
 Yet not like me at all?
 My sibling.

-Faber & Mazlish, 1989





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.

(LIVING LIFE IS STILL AN EFFORT continued from page 4)

about myself by observing others. I note the change in their voice, their body language, their perspective. I see parents whose children have been gone for many years still weep openly and later talk about a special event they are planning. Then I see parents whose loss was recent yet they appear to be normal, controlled and sociable on many levels and they suddenly and mysteriously crumble before my eyes.

That's the journey. We set our own limits as to what is acceptable for us. Over time we shift from minimalist

boundaries to a good representation of the person we once were. We have major setbacks: birthdays, holidays, death anniversaries. We have minor setbacks: a picture, a forgotten scent, a baby shoe, a poignant memory. We sob, we scream, we withdraw. But we do go on. With the help of our Compassionate Friends, we move forward and are supported when we suffer a setback. We each deal with the many facets of our grief. We learn from others. We teach others. We grow from the dialogue. Our kindred spirits bring questions, answers and peace.

Who am I today? A fairly well balanced mother of one beautiful child who no longer is alive. I am where I should be. When will I stop evolving? Probably never.

Annette Mennen Baldwin in memory of my son, Todd Mennen
TCF, Katy, TX



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

Reflections of a Mother's Day Denied

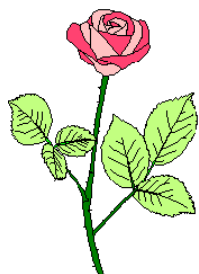
by Michelle Parrish, Columbia TCF Chapter, Baltimore, MD

On this, my first Mother's Day, I asked myself, Do I have the right to celebrate Mother's Day? Have I truly been a mother this past year? The answer is yes.

Each day I have cared for my child as every mother does, except differently. In every way possible I have mothered him.

I have mothered him with every tear shed; through the agony of longing to hold him. I have rocked him in my heart if not in my arms. I have kissed his little cheeks in my mind if not with my lips. Smelled his sweetness with my hopes if not my nose. Felt his skin with my memory, if not my hands. Tickled him with my wishes, if not with my fingers.

Am I a mother? I truly am. My physical mothering has been limited to lovingly tending his grave. But I am a mother all the same.



Bent But Not Broken

To the Mother who has lost her only child, or has no surviving children, the thought of Mother's Day sends a stabbing pain that only the ones of us

who are in this situation can understand. We begin to notice Mother's Day cards slipped in right after Valentine's Day along with the Easter cards. Even before Easter the TV advertising starts. We try to blot this all out but our subconscious keeps reminding us, the day is coming closer.

For the first two years we celebrated Mother's Day for my mother and sister very quietly. The third year after my daughter Shawna's death, we decided to go to a local restaurant featuring a nice buffet. We arrived early hoping to avoid the crowd. A very flustered hostess greeted us and found a table for us. The tables had been pushed close together to accommodate more people. It was already becoming very crowded. She asked the question, "How many Mothers?" It was then we noticed the flowers she was carrying. Someone managed to stammer out, three- three- Mothers. She handed us each a flower, while glancing around to find a table for the next group of people. She didn't notice the one she handed me was pretty battered.

My sister wanted to give me hers or get another. "No, it's ok," I said. The stem was bent, but not broken completely. A wilted tired flower was hanging from the stem.

I brought it home and propped it up in a glass of water to revive it. You see, I could identify with that flower.

As a Mother without my child, I have felt so bruised and battered. Somehow through all the pain, tears, and loneliness, like the flower, I have been bent but never quite broken.

~Donna Frehec, TCF Enid Chapter ~ reprinted from TCFAtlanta Newsletter - May 2001

(April Showers Bring May Flowers continued from page 2)

are weathering "emotional storms" can also prepare themselves. Suggested supplies to keep on hand are many and may vary from person to person. First and foremost, keep tissues on you at all times. Grief is often unexpectedly triggered in the most inconvenient of places. For many, eating is completely thrown off balance. Keep a snack near you as well for times when you suddenly realize you have not eaten all day and feel like you may pass out. Also, it is nice to have

something cold to drink to replenish yourself after having a "good" cry. In addition, keep a small notebook and pen handy and write down anything important that you need to remember. People who are grieving are supposed to have no memory when it comes to appointments or grocery lists. These things take a back seat (if that) to mentally reconstructing one's own life after a death.

As you continue to weather your own storms, remember that the tears you shed are not wasted. They are necessary and healing, preparing you for your coming springtime when the flowers bloom once again.

Reprinted from **Tears To Hope** Newsletter of The Amelia Center, www.ameliacenter.org The Amelia Center, a place of hope for grieving children, parents & families, in Birmingham AL is a department of Children's Hospital

(Chapter leader noted continued from page 1)

- do special things in memory of your sibling, such as planting a tree, writing down favorite memories, or compiling photos and videos.
- Take care of your own health. Get your necessary checkups and try to eat healthy and exercise to relieve emotional stress.

Remember that the bonds with your sibling will endure and need to be nurtured over time. Honor your brother and sister often by speaking their name, telling their life story, telling the story of your grief experience to educate others and do acts of kindness. Eventually, the pain will soften and the memories that make you smile will rise to comfort you.

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.**

The Courage to Let Life Go On

"Courage is not the absence of fear and pain but the affirmation of life despite fear and pain."

-Earl Grollman

"Life goes on." I have often heard this sentence, said perhaps to console me, or perhaps as a way to put an end to conversation about loss and death. Of course life goes on, no matter how shattered our lives are by the loss of someone we love so dearly. Life doesn't ask whether we want to go along. We want the world to stop turning because of our loss. Days turn into nights, again and again, and this is how we arrived at this day. Suddenly another month, another year has gone by, although we all probably asked ourselves how we would be able to go on living. It just happens. We do not die because of the pain. We keep on living and I still wonder how this can be.

I do not want life to go on, but to stop it right here, or better yet, to turn back to the day when I lost my sister and baby niece. I do not want the changes life brings. Each change seems to increase the distance between the life I knew with them and the life I live today. I cannot ask my sister's opinion about the new things that happen. I cannot share then with her, tell her about them, laugh or cry with her about them, Changes make me aware that in fact life does go on, without her. My birthdays make me sad because they change the difference in age...my sister was always four years older than I was, and now we are down to three years.

Sometimes I feel guilty that I live on. I smell, breathe, touch, feel, see and experience life, while my sister and her daughter were ripped away from it.

My sister and I never talked about death or losing each other, but if we had, I am sure that we both would have said that we could not imagine life without one another.

If it had been me, my sister would have been forced to do exactly the same; go on living despite the agony, just because there is no choice.

Before I lost them, I trusted life to be good. I believed in fairness; if we are good, life will spare us tragedies and besides, these tragedies only happen to other people, those I do not know, those I read about in the papers, distant, easy to forget about. I lost this sense of security and trust in life. I now find that living takes courage. Life becomes meaningful through love and friendship, but loving someone is what makes us vulnerable. Daring to invite love into our lives means to increase our vulnerability to the threats that seem to be around every corner. Instead of asking "why us?" I often find myself asking "why not us?" Tragedy hits good and bad people for no reason. It seems the world is just random

and unpredictable. Just because I am a good person and I already lost so much does not mean that I will be spared from more pain.

Life goes on and because it does, with all the good and bad things that happen to us, it scares me to live and particularly to love. What if more happens? The fear IS paralyzing. I pray to God, to my sister and my niece to protect us, although I know they don't have the power to prevent other bad things from happening. What then can I ask them for? Courage, I guess.

Courage to let life go on, to give myself a chance that new and good things will happen to me that will add JOY to my life.

Britta Nielsen TCF, Manhattan, NY
~lovingly lifted from No. Oklahoma City TCF Newsletter

The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt with the heart. Face your deficiencies and acknowledge them; but do not let them master you. Let them teach you patience, sweetness, insight. When we do the best we can, we never know what miracle is wrought in our life, or in the life of another. -- Helen Keller

**The most painful death in all the world
is the death of a child.
When a child dies,
when one child dies...
not the 11 per 1,000
we talk about statistically...
But the one that a mother held
Briefly in her arms...
He leaves an empty pace
In a parent's heart that will never
heal.**

**Thomas H. Kean
Governor of New Jersey**

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.