

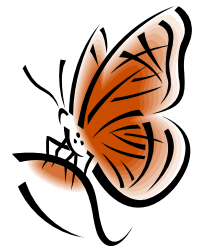


# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

May, 2016 Newsletter

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



## Chapter Leader Notes from Toni

### HOPE = UMBRELLA

**HOPE:** A word often used in the bereavement community. It is something to lose in the early days of our grief and something we aspire to as time carries us along. It is something often wished upon us and we accept it with thanks.

But what is it? Why is it important? What does it do for us – we, numb and altered band of grievers? It is an elusive concept in my mind.

While pondering HOPE and its importance and purpose in our lives, I focused on a small drawing that was done by my older brother, Steven, who is a wonderful artist. Inspired by vintage flashcards that he found at an estate sale, he created a series of illustrations. The illustration that he gave me and that I focused on was of a girl, holding an umbrella, which shielded her from the rain – similar to the Morton salt logo.

It came to me that the umbrella is the embodiment of hope. We grasp it and are thankful for the little shelter and comfort that it can give us as we suffer this storm of all storms – the loss of our child or sibling or grandchild.

**Hope** is a concept unique to human beings. It is the expectation and optimism for the best outcome of a given situation.

In the initial hours and days after the death of our loved one, we hoped that it wasn't true, that a mistake had been made or there was a miracle available to bring them back to us. But all of the rituals of death – the obituary, the visitation, the funeral, the consideration of memorials and belongings – all painfully helps us to realize its finality.

**Hope** evaporates after the trauma of death. Hope may be elusive for months or years after the death of a loved one but it eventually seeps back in to our psyche. We finally hope to stop crying and be able to talk about our loved one without tears and emotional fatigue. We hope that we can remember all the details of our child's or sibling's life. We hope that we survive.

**Hope** may be an instinct for self-preservation. Eventually, the hope-filled thoughts and actions expand to include us, the broken-hearted parents, siblings and grandparents.

We hope to form a life that incorporates our child or sibling but allows us to move forward. We hope to make good decisions in spite of the trauma that we've experienced. We hope to remember and present our loved ones as they were so that future family members will know them. We hope to learn something from our tragedy. We hope to share our knowledge of loss. We hope to reclaim the joy of holidays. We hope to find peace in spite of such a grave loss. We hope to comfort others who are suffering. We hope to . . . (*you complete the sentence*).

I wish you an umbrella that brings you comfort, peace, hope and protection, throughout your grief journey.

Toni

“Just as man cannot live without dreams,  
he cannot live without hope.  
If dreams reflect the past,  
hope summons the future.”  
- Elie Wiesel



### BALLOON RELEASE EVENT

Remembering Our Loved Ones  
**Thursday, June 2, 2016, 7 p.m.**  
Holy Trinity Catholic Church  
450 Keller Ave, Waukegan

*Join us as we write messages on balloons to our loved ones and release them into the sky. Stay for a short discussion and snacks after the balloon release.*



## 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 Charles & Diana Laufer  
for their donation  
in loving memory of  
**Adam Michael Laufer**

Thanks to Michael & Laura Thumel  
for their donation  
in loving memory of her  
**John Thumel**

Thanks Alana Anderson  
for her donation  
in loving memory of  
**Amy Fry Pitzen**  
and in remembrance of  
**Timothy Pitzen**

Thanks to Astrid Reinhard  
for her donation  
in loving memory of  
**Sven Christian Reinhard**

Thank you to Nancy Ervin  
for sponsoring the May newsletter  
in loving memory of her son  
**Rob Petit**

Thanks to Michael & Laura Thumel  
for sponsoring the newsletter  
in loving memory of their son  
**John Thumel**

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"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.



The Compassionate Friends' 39th Annual National Conference is coming to Scottsdale, Arizona on July 8-10, 2016.

The Conference will be held at

The Fairmont Scottsdale Princess at 7575 East Princess Drive Scottsdale, AZ, 85255. Room reservations will

open on January 4th, and the room rate will be \$129.00 per night. Please note that each attendee will only be able to reserve two rooms. If your group needs to reserve a larger block of rooms, please contact the National Office to make arrangements for your reservations. Conference registration will open on February 1, 2016.

Please visit [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org) for more information.

## Meetings

**Northern Illinois Chapter TCF  
May 19 - 7:30 p.m.**

Millburn Congregational Church  
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL  
Open discussion

**Waukegan meeting**

**June 2 – 7 p.m. to 9 p.m**

Holy Family Church  
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL  
Meeting in Room 4

Open discussion

Enter by church office then down the hall to Room 4 on right.

"Tenemos un cuarto nuevo para las reuniones- Salon 4. Entre por la oficina de la iglesia y sigue en el pasillo al Salon 4.

*Real grief is not healed by time. If time does anything, it deepens our grief. The longer we live, the more fully we become aware of who he/she was for us, and the more intimately we experience what their love meant to us.*

—Henri \$ouwen



## 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](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) - 847-573-1055

### **BIRTHDAYS**

<b>Rachel Salomonson</b>	<b>May 2</b>	Daughter of Toni Nesheim & Denny Salomonson
<b>Amy Fry-Pitzen</b>	<b>May 3</b>	Daughter of Alana Anderson
<b>Amanda Lauren Cecchi</b>	<b>May 5</b>	Daughter of Kim & Steve Cecchi
<b>John Francis Thumel</b>	<b>May 6</b>	Son of Laura & Mike Thumel
<b>Rachel Elizabeth Szech</b>	<b>May 9</b>	Daughter of Chester & Vicki Szech
<b>Rob Petit</b>	<b>May 15</b>	Son of Nancy Ervin
<b>Sven Christian Reinhard</b>	<b>May 28</b>	Son of Astrid Reinhard
<b>Adam Michael Laufer</b>	<b>May 30</b>	Son of Charles & Diana Laufer
<b>Edgar O Villareal</b>	<b>June 2</b>	Son of Guadalupe Villareal
<b>Edward G Davis III</b>	<b>June 8</b>	Son of Edward G Davis Jr.
<b>James (Jim) Grazier</b>	<b>June 9</b>	Son of Robert & Mary Ann Grazier
<b>Lila Ruffolo</b>	<b>June 12</b>	Daughter of Jenny & Rick Selle
<b>Pressley Suzanne McHugh</b>	<b>June 20</b>	Daughter of Kari McHugh

### **ANNIVERSARIES**

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

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) - 847-573-1055

### *THE SHARING OF GRIEF*

*I cannot carry this burden alone, the road is too steep and the pain too great.  
I shall only get to the top of the hill if I am able to lean on a firm shoulder whose strength lies in the reality  
of the feet which bear its weight.*

*The sharing of grief is the only solution to the crisis that surrounds bereavement in our age.  
To share a person's sorrow is to accept their reality and to acknowledge the fact that none of us is immune  
from death.*

*Rev Dr. Simon Stephens, Founder of The Compassionate Friends*

## Forgive Unto Forever

Grieving is a fierce and overwhelming expression of love thrust upon us by a deep and hurtful loss. Yet, grieving is frequently such an entanglement of feelings that we often fail to recognize that ultimately forgiveness must be an integral part of our grief and our healing. For what is love, if forgiveness is silent within us? We learn to forgive our children for dying, ourselves for not preventing it. We begin to forgive our God or the fate we see ruling our universe. We start to forgive relatives and friends for abandoning us in their own bewilderment over the onslaught of emotions they sense in our words and behavior.

I believe we must be open to the balm of forgiveness. Through its expression in our lives, be it through thought, word, or deed, we find small ways to seek life once more. Deep within us, forgiveness is capable of treading the wasteland of our souls to help us feel again the love that has not died.

It is the beginning of release from the dominance of pain, not from the continual hurt of missing those we have lost, but from lacking the fullness of the love we shared with our child. That love lives with strength inside ourselves and yet our beings are so entrapped in a whirling vortex of anger, despair, frustration, abandonment, and depression that we often feel it only lightly.

Let us all heed the quiet message heard so softly in that maelstrom of the spirit. Forgive, forgive, and forgive unto forever. Let love enfold our anguish, helping us to learn to grow and strive beyond this hour to a rich tomorrow.

Don Hackett  
TCF Hingham, MA

## FATHER'S DAY WISH

This is for all you fathers out there who read this newsletter. I am truly sorry for the death of your child.

It is much easier and ACCEPTABLE for us women to show our emotions and talk about our dead child. But for most of you men, you keep this gut-wrenching sorrow to yourselves because you don't want to "bother" anyone, or show that you might be "weak" by crying in front of others.

As a father, you are "expected to fix everything and protect your family" and when your child died, you couldn't fix it or protect them or control any of the events regarding your child's death.

Be kind to yourself . You were and always will be a

father. My Father's Day wish for you is to remember the special moments you shared with your child and cherish those thoughts in your heart forever.

Mary Seibert, Samantha's mom

## WHO WAS THAT PERSON?

An eight-year retrospective

By Rich Edler

Who was that person? He looked like me. He talked like me. But I don't think I know him anymore.

Who was that person? He had so many friends. He was popular at cocktail parties and told good jokes. Today, he seeks out one person he can really talk to and that is enough. His telephone Rolodex is a lot smaller, but so much more important.

Who was that person? He had such different priorities. He skated over life, like an ice skater on a frozen pond. He never thought about how cold the water was. Now he has a totally new perspective on the world. He reaches out to people who hurt because he knows how they feel. He has been there. He has felt the ice water.

Who was that person? He had an orderly chronological sense of time. Now the world is divided forever into simply "before" and "after".

Who was that person? He used to rush through dinner or cut the family vacation short to get back to the office. Now he thinks back to the family times as the most wonderful times of his life. He knows what is irreplaceable.

Who was that person? He used to worry about so many imaginary troubles, most of which never happened anyway. Now he spends most of his time in the present. He appreciates today's sunset, daisies, simple things and good friends. He knows how precious each moment is.

Who was that person? He used to think about what he wanted to get out of life. Now he thinks about how grateful he is for the gifts he has had.

(Continued on page 5)

## Bereavement and Siblings

One of the most difficult roles for a mother or father, when a child dies, is to continue being a parent to surviving offspring.

Suddenly, such a parent is thrust into a role almost beyond what may be reasonably be expected of a human being. Parenthood now takes on the dimension of helping a youngster faced with the enormity of adjusting to the death of a person of his own generation. It means groping to find the right words and attitudes to comfort a living brother or sister. It means helping fill the void left by the dead child who formerly shared a table, games, a bedroom, the same preferences in television programs. And the emptiness of not having that person to share with can be unfathomable.

Mothering and fathering means nursing a child, spiritually, back to health after a part has been severed.

-from *The Bereaved Parent* by Harriet Sarnoff Schiff

### *The Robin's Song*



It's spring once again. Our part of the world is turning back towards the sun; trees are leafing out; wildflowers are blooming. Robins are again singing to one another. And, I believe, also singing to those who are grieving.

Before my daughter Lori died in the summer of 1991, I was under the misperception that only the English robin had a glorious song. That smaller, red-breasted scalawag of a bird delights all who hear it, and I had felt that we in the United States had been short-changed when they'd misnamed its larger, boring, American cousin the same sweet name. All I'd ever heard our robins do was cheep!

Then one spring day in the year after Lori died, during one of the darkest times of my grief, my ears and heart flew open with surprise at a song I heard outside my window. I distinctly heard, in the midst of my pain, a bird singing loudly and clearly, "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerio! .. Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerio!" I went outside to see what marvelous bird might have been sent to sing to me. I could barely see the bird at the top of the neighbor's poplar tree, so, while hoping this exotic, magical bird wouldn't fly away while I was gone, I went to find our binoculars.

Rushing back, I could hear the bird from each room in the house. After adjusting the binoculars, I was truly amazed to see one of our "boring" American robins come clearly into view! As he continued singing clear as day, "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerio!" I marveled at this special message and wondered if my robin was the only one who sang these words. So I looked it up in my *Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Birds* and found that my robin was not an anomaly, but that robins are considered the true harbinger of spring, singing "Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheerily."

I stood there that day filled with wonder. I wasn't hearing things; there it was in the bird book: "Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheerily." I thought to myself, "Cheerily . . . No, that isn't what I hear." We had lived in England for a year and our family, especially Lori, who loved to put on an English accent, often said "Cheerio!" to one another when we meant, "Goodbye" or "See you later!" There was no doubt in my mind as I stood there listening. It WAS cheerio. Lori could have found no more perfect way to try to cheer me up AND say "hello"!

Nine springs have passed since then, and although I will always deeply miss Lori's physical presence in my life, those darkest of times are thankfully now mostly in the past. It is spring once again and as I hear the robin singing so hopefully in the highest branches, it takes me back to that first spring song, and I smile, remembering. And I think of all those who are now in the darkest depths of their own grief and pray they too will hear this lovely song.

From, *Catching the Light – Coming Back to Life after the Death of a Child*

By Genesse Bourdeau Gentry, TCF Marin & San Francisco, CA

She is also the author of *Stars in the Deepest Night – After the Death of a Child*





## My Perennial Love

Every summer my son gives me flowers. He planted them 17 years ago ... the summer before he died. I remember the day he planted them. Not the exact date, but standing there talking to him as he poked holes in the ground and carefully placed each one. I remember thanking him and thinking how very sweet of him to do that for me.

Terry died the following February. After months of crying and grieving, summer came and with it his flowers bloomed! Of course it made me miss him even more, but how I loved seeing them and knowing that he had put them there the year before. I know nothing about flowers so I was astounded when my mother told me that what he had planted was an annual and not a perennial and that they should not have come back.

A few weeks ago, our neighbor who moved in last summer, commented on my impatiens. She said she was surprised to see them come back from last year. I told her that they have been coming back every year now for 16 years. Just saying it aloud made me realize how extraordinary that really is!

There is something else I have come to realize. My love for my son did not end when he died. My love for him is indefinite; it is enduring. It is perennial.

Maureen Harman  
TCF Tidewater Chapter, VA  
In Memory of my son Terry

## Do Real Men Attend TCF Meetings?

It has often bothered me that more men and persons of cultural minorities don't attend TCF meetings. I know there are social and cultural constraints that inhibit many bereaved people from seeking outside help or support. Being both a man and a member of an ethnic group, I know very well the false pride that often restrains us from admitting we are not as self sufficient as we want others to believe. We are taught (men in particular) at a young age not to reveal when we are hurt. We must be "strong" and "brave" and "silent".

Stoic endurance is really not unique in any culture. The British call it "keeping a stiff upper lip". The Japanese call it "gaman". Hispanics pride themselves on the ability to "auguantar". In the U.S., it is embodied in the

Puritan ethic.

When I began attending TCF meetings regularly, I wondered for a long time whether I was a "real" man. Was I less macho than my brothers? Couldn't I handle my grief in solitary? The answers, I finally decided were Yes, but maybe.

Maybe I could have adjusted to my son's death by myself. Maybe I could have shunned the possibilities of self-destructive behavior, drunkenness, drug abuse, wild living or the unraveling of my family life without TCF. Maybe I could have dealt alone with all the anger, despair and depression. Fortunately, I didn't have to. I really admit I wasn't very enthusiastic about going to my first TCF meeting. I imagined a group of people sitting around, crying on each other's shoulders and bemoaning their cruel fates. Instead, I found people, who were hurting as much as me; who, like me, were angry; who also felt depressed - but who were working very hard to mend the tattered fabric of their lives. I soon discovered that this was a place where I could talk about my grief and still feel safe about it. Nobody was going to think me less than a man for not getting over my son's death in a few months.

TCF doesn't promise or offer any quick fixes. There are no magic words or formulas to take away your grief. Whatever "magic" takes place, I know now, happens slowly. I don't believe it's possible for a bereaved parent to "forget", but I think TCF's support and understanding help make it easier for us to go on with our lives.

To all you hurting people who have never attended a TCF meeting, I urge you to give it a try. Attend two or three meetings and see if some of the "magic" doesn't rub off on you. You can't hurt any worse than you are hurting now! TCF is for any and all bereaved parents -- men and women, all races and people of any or no religious faith. The only thing everyone at TCF has in common is the death of a child and how terrible it feels.

- Steve Perez, TCF Denver CO

## 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 up 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. 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



## Memorial Day 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 TCF

**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](mailto:vszech@comcast.net).

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](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, 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](mailto:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org)

The Compassionate Friends home page can be found at [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://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](mailto:tnesheim@sbcglobal.net) Rachel Salomonson Age 19 – Auto accident

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

**SECRETARY OPEN – PLEASE VOLUNTEER**

**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

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**NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING** Mary Foresta 847-986-4133 Elizabeth Foresta Age 11 – Septic Shock, Heart/Lung failure

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Raphael, age 17, suicide

