



# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

May 2023 Newsletter



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

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## *Chapter Leader Notes from Susan*

Dear friends,

Welcome to the month of May. Summer will soon be here with opportunities to explore the out of doors. Maybe you have travel plans or special day trips with family or friends. The month of May holds many parts for me: some work, some fun and hopefully a little rest. This month brings the school year to an end and soon the start of summer vacation. I have a few plans in place and I've left time to attend to the tasks that need to be completed. I look forward to seeing my sister this summer, she is coming to visit in June. I will spend time with my son, Landan, and my daughter, Marllys.

We have Mother's Day this month and I wish all our mothers a blessed Mother's Day with peace and love as the day dawns. We will be remembering our sons and daughters who have gone too soon. It's a bittersweet day as we may be with our families and friends while we hold our loved one in our hearts and in our thoughts.

As the days become warmer, I hope you can enjoy the good weather and sunshine, exploring the outside however you may do this. Playing at the park, working in the garden, journaling, reading a book, going for a walk, a bike ride, sitting on your porch, joining family or

friends for a gathering, maybe taking a vacation. Remember to take care of you, be gentle with your heart, mind, and spirit.

I think of each of you and your journey when you share your stories at our meetings, and as you share your loved one's names, hopes, dreams and memories. I hope you know we all are listening and thank you for sharing your loved one with us.

"And think of our children as living in the hearts of those they touched...for nothing loved is ever lost and they were loved so much."

Take care, your friend Susan  
Serving in honor and memory of her son,  
Westley.

## *SECOND YEAR*

*Why is my grief different in the second year?  
Why do I feel so much more empty in the second year?*

*Why do I cry more, again, in the second year?  
Is it because I am more alone and the world has moved on?*

*Has the world forgotten that you ever lived?  
Is it because I realize "with my heart" that you are not coming back?*

*That forever is a long time?  
Is it because all of the "firsts" are over and I must move on?*

*Why is my grief different in the second year?  
Because, my child, you are still gone.*

*Eleanor Oberle/TCF  
In memory of her son Dan Oberle*

## Lake Villa Meeting Northern Illinois Chapter TCF

**The third Thursday of the month** meeting will remain as an in-person only meeting. The location is at the:

Millburn Congregational Church  
19073 West Old Town Court  
Lake Villa, IL 60046.

Park in the parking lot behind the church, enter through the double glass doors.

## Holy Family Church

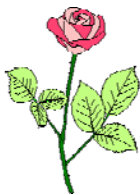
**The first Thursday of the month meeting** will remain a Zoom meeting only. This will change to in-person the date is to be announced.



## Dates to Remember

**Adopt a Highway Clean up  
Saturday, May 6, 2023.**

**More information on page 4.**



## 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

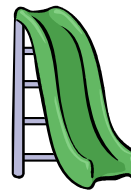
managed to stammer out, three- three- Mothers. She handed us each a flower, while glancing around to find a table for the next group of people. She didn't notice the one she handed me was pretty battered.

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

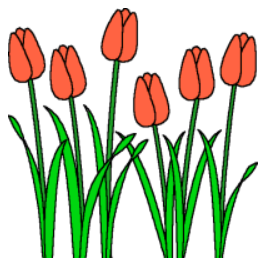


## Slipping Up the Slide

Did you ever try to climb up a slide when you were a child? Skip the stairs – once you've mastered the slide that way, it seems impossible to pass up the challenge of climbing up the slide itself. Up and inch or two, then back, and on it goes until you finally reach the top.

The more bereaved parents I talk to, the more I know that life after a child's death is like that venture up the slide. Daily decisions and trials push us back ward on that slide. Faith and courage shove us up toward the top. Set a goal to live and work with spirit even though you lose your footing and slide backwards now and then... We will reach the top – TOGETHER.

Mary Pauley, LaGrange, GA. TCF



## OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED 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

<i>Erin Dinklenburg</i>	<i>May 1</i>	<i>Daughter of Kelli Brooks</i>
<i>Rachel Salomonson</i>	<i>May 2</i>	<i>Daughter of Toni Nesheim &amp; Denny Salomonson</i>
<i>Amy Fry-Pitzen</i>	<i>May 3</i>	<i>Daughter of Alana Anderson</i>
<i>Daniel Powalish</i>	<i>May 4</i>	<i>Son of Mary Ellyn Carroll</i>
<i>John Francis Thumel</i>	<i>May 6</i>	<i>Son of Laura &amp; Mike Thumel</i>
<i>Victoria Pickett</i>	<i>May 9</i>	<i>Daughter of Rosita Hernandez</i>
<i>Rachel Elizabeth Szech</i>	<i>May 9</i>	<i>Daughter of Vicki Szech</i> <i>Brother of Andrew Szech</i>
<i>Ryan Nieves</i>	<i>May 12</i>	<i>Son of Jeanette Nieves</i>
<i>Christain Romero</i>		
<i>Carlos Cantu</i>	<i>May 18</i>	<i>Son of Mateo &amp; Lucy Cantu</i>
<i>Rachel Elaine Robertson</i>	<i>May 21</i>	<i>Daughter of Regan Robertson</i>
<i>Sven Christian Reinhard</i>	<i>May 28</i>	<i>Son of Astrid Reinhard</i>
<i>Tony Trevithick Jr</i>	<i>May 28</i>	<i>Son of Tony Trevithick</i>
<i>Adam Michael Laufer</i>	<i>May 30</i>	<i>Son of Charles &amp; Diana Laufer</i>
<i>Raegan Lee Migacz</i>	<i>May 31</i>	<i>Daughter of Dan &amp; Callen Migacz</i>
<i>Brendan Hall</i>	<i>June 3</i>	<i>Son of Diane Arndt</i>
<i>Brian Langevin</i>	<i>June 4</i>	<i>Son of Claudia Smith</i>
<i>Westley Banks</i>	<i>June 6</i>	<i>Son of Susan and Michael Banks</i>
<i>James (Jim) Grazier</i>	<i>June 9</i>	<i>Son of Robert &amp; Mary Ann Grazier</i>
<i>Brandon Ward</i>	<i>June 10</i>	<i>Son of Marcy Reif</i>
<i>Lila Ruffolo</i>	<i>June 12</i>	<i>Daughter of Jenny Selle</i>
<i>Elora Jane Montgomery</i>	<i>June 17</i>	<i>Daughter of Linda Montgomery</i>
<i>Pressley Suzanne Mchugh</i>	<i>June 20</i>	<i>Daughter of Kari McHugh</i>
<i>David Nesheim</i>	<i>June 22</i>	<i>Brother of Toni Nesheim</i>
<i>Heather Donnelly</i>	<i>June 26</i>	<i>Daughter of Daniel Donnelly</i>
<i>Luis F. Reyes</i>	<i>June 30</i>	<i>Son of Felipe &amp; Margarita Reyes</i>

### ANNIVERSARIES

<i>Donette Klawonn</i>	<i>May 1</i>	<i>Daughter of Raymond &amp; Dorothy Klawonn</i>
<i>Carlos Cantu</i>	<i>May 3</i>	<i>Son of Mateo &amp; Lucy Cantu</i>
<i>Colin Henderson</i>	<i>May 6</i>	<i>Son of Lisa Henderson</i>
<i>Jeff Wagner</i>	<i>May 9</i>	<i>Son of Mary Wagner</i>
<i>Amanda Lauren Cecchi</i>	<i>May 10</i>	<i>Daughter of Kim &amp; Steve Cecchi</i>
<i>Alina Mejdouli</i>	<i>May 12</i>	<i>Daughter of Amada Booras</i>
<i>Timothy James Pitzen</i>	<i>May 13</i>	<i>Missing grandson of Alana Anderson</i>
<i>Amy Fry-Pitzen</i>	<i>May 14</i>	<i>Daughter of Alana Anderson</i>
<i>Anthony (Tony) Clemente</i>	<i>May 16</i>	<i>Son of Becky Wolf</i>
<i>Adam Michael Laufer</i>	<i>May 19</i>	<i>Son of Charles &amp; Diana Laufer</i>
<i>Jeff Wagner</i>	<i>May 19</i>	<i>Son of Mary Wagner</i>
<i>Jacilynn Wright</i>	<i>May 26</i>	<i>Daughter of Michell Wright</i> <i>Niece of Susan Banks</i>

(Continued on page 8)



***Dear Friends, we will have our spring Adopt a Highway Clean up Saturday, May 6, 2023. Please check Friday evening for a weather update.***

Our Adopt a Highway event for our Northern Lake County IL chapter of The Compassionate Friends is **SATURDAY May 6, 2023**. Meet at **8:45 am** to review rules and safety guidelines. (Walmart parking lot on

the garden side, 475 West IL Rte. 173 Antioch, IL 60002). According to the rules we will need to begin on one side of the road, cleaning as we walk, cross the road at the end and walk back, cleaning as we walk to where we started. We can organize with more detail at the site on May 6th. The section of road we have adopted begins at the corner of Deep Lake Road and IL Route 173 going north on Deep Lake Road to the County Line. It is approximately 2.02 miles. There is a sign with our group name identifying the location.

A few things to know for the cleanup: No children under 10 are allowed. Wear long sleeves, long pants, a hat, and gloves that are water- proof. Bring water, bug spray and sunscreen. Bring a "grabber" if you have one or we have grabbers to share. I will have a wagon to pull along for storage of anything we might need.

Rain-date on Saturday May 20, 2023.

Please call, text, or email me with any questions.

Please review the video for your information before joining us at our event. <https://lakecountyil.new.swagit.com/videos/16309>

Our son, Michael Pattillo, was a child of spring. He was born on May 14, 1973 and died on March 11, 1998. I cannot believe that nine long years have passed since

Michael was killed in a car accident. Yes, the years have helped ease the terrible pain of losing him. But Michael is in our minds and thoughts every single day. Many times in the day and night we think of him. Michael left us with many gifts and treasures. I am always finding pictures and writings that he left behind, with his handwritten notes of love for us. And we have come to believe that Michael did not die. He is just away for a little while.



***You Did Not Die***

You live in the beautiful wind that blows  
 You live in the sound of birds that crow  
 You live in the sun that shines so bright  
 You live in the peaceful dark at night  
 You live in a star I see in the sky  
 You live in ocean waves that come in with  
 the tide  
 You live in the smell of flowers and grass  
 You live in the seasons that go so fast  
 You live in my heart that hurts so much  
 You did not die, we only lost touch.

By Shari Swirsky

And Happy Birthday on your 34<sup>th</sup> Birthday,  
 Michael.  
 Love, Mama and Daddy

Submitted by Janice Pattillo, Co-Leader  
 Gwinnett Chapter, The Compassionate  
 Friends



## 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 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

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## I Know You

I know who you are...I see your face reflected in mine.  
 Ravaged by tears, distorted by the pain of a lifetime  
 You are a parent of a child who now lives on in your heart, joined in spirit, though physically torn apart.  
 To live between two worlds is now our task  
 To be recognized by others, we all have a mask  
 But in the abyss, in the darkness of the in between  
 We often fall to our knees, tearing away the pretense and silently scream.

I know who you are, your voice sounds as familiar as mine. It calls out, vibrating throughout all eternity, searching trying to find. "Where are you my child? I hear you in my mind, but I cannot find the way. Somehow I have gotten lost, where are all of my yesterdays?" In the void, a child's voice has fallen silent. Deafening silence, echoing cries. We are left to follow each other in the darkness, always asking why?

Into the unknown, we stumble along. The sun will rise and another day will begin. But the only light I can see is in the outstretched hand of a kindred soul, another grieving friend.

I know who you are...your heart is shattered, your soul is broken, just like mine...And though the pieces may fit back together, one tiny fragment at a time, we will never again be whole, for there is a gap in our lives where our child should be. The child that lives in our hearts, dances deep in our souls, laughs in our memories.

I know who you are...I can feel your pain. We will never be the same. I cry the same tears. We have the same fears. Alone in the crowd, we both cried aloud, as our dreams came to an end. I know you, my grieving friend. You are not alone, look in the mirror and you will see standing next to you...a reflection of me.

Lisa Comstock, Florence, KY – TCF Atlanta Online



### **A MOTHER IS FOREVER**

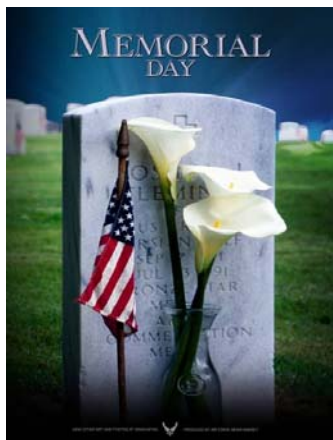
By Shirley Ottman  
 From "The Slender Thread"

**This Mother's Day will trouble you—  
 it can't be otherwise  
 since your son and daughter, too,  
 won't be there by your side.**

**They won't be there to bake a cake  
 or bring your cards and flowers,  
 nor can they walk into your home  
 to brighten lonely hours.**

**The memories you have of them  
 I know will make you smile,  
 and you'll remember all the joys  
 that made your lives worthwhile.**

**And so on Mother's Day this year  
 and in every other,  
 remember they're connected still  
 by love to you, their mother.**



## THOUGHTS ON MEMORAL DAY WEEEND

*Posted on May 29th,  
2022*

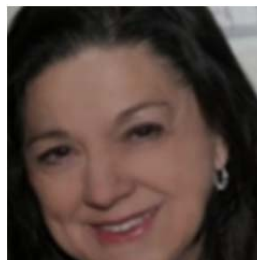
It is Memorial Day weekend...I remember the first one came just a couple of weeks after Nina died on May 11th. It was really the first time I thought about what this weekend meant...of course, first and foremost, honoring and remembering those who sacrificed their lives for our country; never having had anyone in my family in the military, I really didn't think much about it. Having been a child of the 60's, I did lose classmates who died in the Vietnam War. Yet, being young and naive, and never really tainted by the death of someone very close to me at that time, Memorial Day was mostly just an extra day off from school or work, Memorial Day sales, and that was about it. At least, back then...

My daughter Nina is buried at a historical cemetery in Cottage Grove, and there is a small ceremony done there each year on Memorial Day honoring those who are buried there as early as the Civil War...there are readings and prayers and the American flag is raised and a bugler. I'd read about it in the local paper each year but really didn't ever consider attending. However, there I was at the ceremony, standing in the cemetery at my daughter's grave, with only dirt and no grass covering it (because it was such a short time after the funeral) and no marker, I listened to the mournful sound of "Taps" and thought of all the other parents, brothers and sisters, grandparents, friends and family members who buried

young lives lost. And I wept for them and for myself, whose their loved ones much too soon from battles fought and own beloved child died much too soon (and isn't it much too soon for all of our loved ones, no matter the age???) . Memorial Day now had new meaning for me, from that point forward. I see it as reverent and the superficiality is no longer there for me...it goes so much deeper in relevance now. Perhaps for you too?

I will be thinking of your children, brothers and sisters, grandchildren, nieces and nephews this weekend, as well as all those who gave their life for the freedoms in our country that we sometimes take for granted.

Remembering with you,  
**Cathy Seehuetter, TCF/St. Paul,, MN Chapter**



### CATHY SEEHUETTER

Cathy's 15-year-old daughter, Nina Westmoreland, was killed by an alcohol-impaired driver on Cathy's birthday while her family was vacationing in FL in

May of 1995. In 2012, her police officer stepson Chris took his own life. She has been very involved as a volunteer in TCF, first as newsletter editor and then chapter leader for the St. Paul Chapter. She served for six years on the TCF National Board of Directors, and is Minnesota Regional Coordinator. Cathy was the Conference Chair for the TCF national conferences in 2011 in Minneapolis, MN, and in 2018 in St. Louis, MO.. She is very honored to have received the TCF Recognition Award from the National Board of Directors in 2015. Cathy has been published in *Chicken Soup for the Christian Family Soul*, and as a contributing writer to *The Tincture of Time*, *Open to Hope: Inspirational Stories of Healing After Loss*, the TCF national magazine, *We Need Not Walk Alone*, and other grief publications and newsletters. Cathy is married, has three surviving children and five grandchildren; all of whom are the loves of her life.

( Borrowed from Compassionate Friends website <https://www.compassionatefriends.org/blog/thoughts-on-memorial-day-weekend/>)



## GIFTS OF LOVE

*A love gift is a gift of money or of time given to the Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter of the passionate Friends. It is usually in memory of a child who has died, but donations can also be from individuals who want to honor a relative or friend who has died, a gift of thanksgiving that their own children are alive and well, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help in the work of your chapters. Love gifts are acknowledged each month in the newsletter.*

**Thanks to Rosita Hernandez  
For sponsoring the newsletter  
In memory of her beloved daughter,  
Victoria Pickett**

**Thanks to Diana Laufer  
For her donation  
In memory of her son,  
Adam Michael Laufer**

*"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.*

(Your Children, Grandchildren, and Siblings Loved, Missed, and Remembered in May & June continued from page 3)

**Rusty Anderson  
May 30  
Son of Forest & Christine Anderson**

**Scott Levin  
June 1  
Son of Lynda Levin**

**Brian Langevin  
June 3  
Son of Claudia Smith**

**Raegan Lee Migacz  
June 4  
Daughter of Dan & Callen Migacz**

**Marcia Stone  
June 8  
Daughter of Sissy Castillo**

**Josephine Stewart  
June 9  
Sister of Mary (Angel) Barrera**

**Angel Reyes Soto  
June 18  
Son of Ricardo Reyes & Alma Soto**

**Robert Corbett  
June 30  
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) - 847-337-4168



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

<https://files.ConstantContact.com/81187ae4601/fa3854a8-9C3a-45be-9a5b-125975727C1b.pdf>





## THE KEEPER OF THEIR STORIES

*Borrowed from The Compassionate Friends online Posted on September 7th, 2022*  
<https://www.compassionatefriends.org/blog/the-keeper-of-their-stories/>

### The Keeper of Our Stories

My sister Terri and I were lucky. We grew up in a loving home with attentive parents and a father who was an avid storyteller. Not only did he invent elaborate tales to tell us each night at bedtime, but he also shared with us stories from his own childhood – what it was like to grow up in a small town before and after World War I, what the grandparents we never knew were like when they were young. He gave us a strong appreciation for our family history.

After Dad died when I was 16, Terri and I hung onto those stories, telling and retelling them to each other. Some of them my father had typed up into a memoir and I lugged those many pages with me over the years as I moved from one house to the next. And as we got older, Terri and I created our own stories, our own memories—some poignant and emotional, others just funny moments we shared together as little girls who then grew into teenagers in the 1970s.

We were each other's memory-keepers and fact-checkers. Many were the times one of us would call the other to verify what we remembered about a particular event. The two of us held together our past and treasured the tales we could tell to each other and to our own children about the girls we had once been.

When Terri became ill, we told and retold those stories all the more. Both of us sensed that the time we had left to share with each other was dwindling, would soon be gone, but neither of us realized just how quickly, how abruptly, that ending would come.

Terri died in January of 2015. I wasn't ready for that loss, even though I knew it was coming. In the first few months after her death, I was too stunned and grief-stricken to think about those stories, those

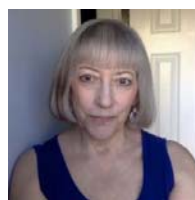
memories. At that point I only knew that the one person who knew me better than any other person in the world was gone. Everyone in my childhood family was gone. My mother had died just two years before that. I was alone.

Of course, I still had my daughters, but they had not lived in those treasured days of my childhood. They didn't know how we once ran the vacant lots at the bottom of our street, pretending to be horses or pirates or princesses; they didn't join us in our secret late-night swims in hotel pools or sunbathe with us in our driveway while our transistor radio filled the air with Deep Purple, the Beatles, and the Stones. I began to understand that if I wanted them to have some sense of those halcyon days—before the internet and cell phones—I would have to be the one to tell them.

But I wanted those stories to last. And so I turned to my writing, creating essays and poems about my sister—about our youth, about our struggles, and about my learning to live without her. In my poems I can not only revive a moment like our catching fireflies after dark or roaming the boardwalk in Rehoboth Beach— I can also examine my current feelings of loss through those memories.

There is a unique kind of loneliness that comes from being the sole survivor of a special time and a special family. Writing down what I recall, filling in mere facts with the emotions, the scents and sounds of those long-gone days, has helped me through that loneliness. Not only does it allow me to revive the moments I shared with my sister, but it also provides me a way to create something indelible that might be a solace to others – something that will survive all of us.

### MELANIE MCCABE



Melanie McCabe is a writer and former high school English and creative writing teacher, and bereaved sibling. Her latest poetry collection, *The Night Divers*, is now available on Amazon and from Terrapin Books. The link to the book on Amazon is can be found in the Book section of the TCF national website:

<https://www.compassionatefriends.org/books/> Her memoir, *His Other Life: Searching For My Father, His First Wife, and Tennessee Williams*, won the 2016 University of New Orleans Publishing Prize. She is also the author of two other poetry collections: *What The Neighbors Know*, (FutureCycle Press, 2014) and *History of the Body*, (David Robert Books, 2012)."

**LOVE GIFTS**

Enclosed in a check in the amount of \_\_\_\_\_ to be used as follows (check all that apply):

In loving memory of \_\_\_\_\_

In honor of \_\_\_\_\_

Sponsor the newsletter for \_\_\_\_\_ month) (\$25 pays ½ monthly cost)

Pay for a book for the chapter's Lending Library \_\_\_\_\_

Check here to keep receiving the newsletter \_\_\_\_\_

It is important for our children to be remembered. Please understand that in order for your child to be included in the "special days" list each month in the newsletter, you must fill out this form that gives us permission to list this information. If you are making a donation, please make the check payable to **The Compassionate Friends**.

**Return to Tammie Barrera, 821 Roberts Road, Winthrop Harbor, IL. 60096**

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

The Compassionate Friends is a non-profit, self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved families. Its' mission is to assist them in the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child and to provide information and education to help others to be supportive

TCF National Office - 48660 Pontiac Trail, #930808, Wixom, MI - 48393 PH 877-969-0010 - Fax: 630-990-0246. The Compassionate Friends home page can be found at [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

**Steering Committee 2022 – 2023**

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

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

**COMMUNITY OUTREACH**

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

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

**NEWSLETTER EDITOR** Vicki Szech 847-573-1055 [vszech@comcast.net](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) daughter, Rachel Szech Age 16 Horseback-riding Accident

**NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING** Toni Nesheim 847-204-7585 [tnesheim@sbcglobal.net](mailto:tnesheim@sbcglobal.net) & Denny Salomonson, 847-223-7353 [drdeno@sbcglobal.net](mailto:drdeno@sbcglobal.net) - daughter, Rachel Salomonson, 19 Auto accident

**WOODLAND WALK COORDINATORS** Christine Pado 847-455-6642 [chpado@gmail.com](mailto:chpado@gmail.com) - daughter Lindsay Wilcynski Age 29 Pulmonary Embolism

**FACILITATORS AT HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH WAUKEGAN, IL.** SPANISH AND ENGLISH. Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 [mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto:rvidal1027@yahoo.com), son Raphael Vidal age 17 of suicide. Mirtha is available by phone call or email.

**FACILITADORES EN HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH WAUKEGAN, IL.** Española e inglés. Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 [mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto:rvidal1027@yahoo.com), hijo Raphael Vidal de 17 años de suicidio. Mirtha está disponible por teléfono o correo electrónico.

**Northern Lake County IL Chapter #1511** <http://www.iltcf.org/index.html>

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