



# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

October, 2015 Newsletter

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



## Chapter Leader Notes from Toni



### CHANGE . . .

The leaves are changing color and the thermometer is changing to cooler temperatures. The constant sun and moon recently changed the night sky with an eclipse. The flowers that I planted in spring are dying back and the goldfinches that come to feed on the remaining seeds are changing from their bright yellow feathers to brown for the winter. It is the season of fall. Change is all around us.

### Change is the only constant in life.

We know that fact but it becomes unbearable when forced to change our entire mental, physical, emotional and familial makeup when a child or sibling dies. Adapting to that kind of dramatic change is exhausting, frustrating, bewildering, emotionally chaotic, lonely, anxious, and life altering.

What does one do? The grieving individual is forced to adapt. The wonderful thing is that human beings are adaptable. The type of change that loss of a loved requires will be the most difficult life change we will ever have to incorporate into our mental and emotional lives.

Adapting to the death of a child or a sibling does not mean that you learn to like it or you care less. It means that you patiently, gently and consciously change your expectations for the future and you learn to recall the past, gleaning memories and searching for insights.

We must remember that because of our grief, we are in a continuous learning process. There is no formula to magically erase your pain and bewilderment. Each person is unique and their journey of grief is unique. Over time, we learn to manage our grief and incorporate it into our daily lives – always present but not blocking our activities of daily living.

**We grow wiser as we accept our sorrow and adapt to the change that is forced upon us.**

“Happy is he who learns to bear what he cannot change.”

J.C.F. von Schiller

### PHOTOS OF LOVED ONES

### FOR CANDLE LIGHTING CEREMONY

**This year, we plan to include a photo presentation of our loved ones, at our annual candle lighting ceremony. We are inviting you to mail or electronically send 1-2 photos of your loved one so that we can compose a power point/ slide show to be shown at the candle lighting ceremony on Sunday, December 13.**

**Please send the photos to either of the following addresses:**

**Remember to include the person's name and date of birth and date of death.**

**Toni Nesheim**

**Compassionate Friends**

**374 Clarewood Circle Grayslake IL 60030**

**Email and attach a photo to:**

**[tnesheim@sbcglobal.net](mailto:tnesheim@sbcglobal.net)**

**If you have any questions, please call Toni at  
847-204-7585**



## 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 the Markich & Malic families  
for their donation  
in loving memory of  
Tony Malic

"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 October 15 – 7:30 p.m.

Millburn Congregational Church  
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL  
Open discussion & Show & Tell  
"Bring any memento, photo, toy,  
artwork, writings, etc. of your loved one  
and share it and its significance to you  
with the group"

**Waukegan meeting**  
**November 5 – 7 p.m. to 9 p.m**  
Holy Family Church  
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL  
Meeting room Room 4.

Entrance 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.

## The Healing Power Of Love Messages

There have been times in my life that I've questioned my sanity, and some of my friends have, too. When I would mention to them that I had talked to my daughter and that she also spoke to me, they would get puzzled and concerned looks on their faces. Their bewilderment did not surprise me. You see my 21-month-old daughter has been dead for seven years.

If you have a significant loved one who has died, or if you have worked with bereaved individuals, then you are probably more familiar and comfortable with this different and very personal form of communication. For me, love messages from my daughter are very real and have sustained me through the darkest of times.

Kristen first spoke to my husband, Dan, and me very soon after her sudden death. When we arrived at the funeral home to see her before the wake, our first message was awaiting us. While standing at the entrance to the viewing room, Dan's body shuddered and I felt Kristen's presence through my eyes. We stood in astonishment as Kristen's spirit rose from the coffin, and then disappeared into the air. It was as if she waited for us so she could say good-bye.

Dan and I held each other tightly as we softly cried. After a few moments, we quietly revealed our identical feeling of an overwhelming sense of release. As painful as our grief was, and realizing how changed our lives had become, we were amazingly comforted by the knowledge that Kristen was okay.

Our unbelievable spiritual experience was not an isolated event, however. The following day, just as the funeral procession was slowly approaching Kristen's gravesite, I glanced out the car window and saw a mourning dove perched on a "LEE" headstone. To others, that was of no significance, but to me it was another sign that Kristen was with us during this difficult time.

A few weeks before Kristen died, we had kept a daily watch on a mourning dove family making its nest in our front-yard tree. Kristen was filled with excitement when two baby doves popped their

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## OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED IN OCTOBER & NOVEMBER

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

<i>Mike Cantafio</i>	<b>October 8</b>	Son of Jerry Cantafio
<i>Mark Sailors</i>	<b>October 9</b>	Son of Michelle Sailors
<i>Maria Guadalupe</i>	<b>October 9</b>	Daughter of Linda Lara & Fernando Manrique
<i>Michael Klopp</i>	<b>October 12</b>	Son of Barbara & Rick Engelhard
<i>Marleea Gerfen</i>	<b>October 12</b>	Daughter of Marsha & Lee Bell
<i>Ryder Erickson</i>	<b>October 14</b>	Son of Jenny Erickson Grandson of Pam & Mike Corrigan
<i>Alexandria (Alex) Scarbro</i>	<b>October 15</b>	Daughter of David Scarbro
<i>Brian Keough</i>	<b>October 20</b>	Son of Kathleen Keough
<i>Noah-Dean Saunders</i>	<b>October 21</b>	Son of Paula Jaimez
<i>Kelly Klawonn</i>	<b>October 23</b>	Son of Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn
<i>Aaron R Moore</i>	<b>October 24</b>	Son of Rob & Sherry Moore
<i>Selene Martinez</i>	<b>November 1</b>	Daughter of Manuel & Lidia Martinez
<i>Christopher Jackson</i>	<b>November 6</b>	Son of Pamela Burt & Jeff Jackson
<i>Carrie Seger</i>	<b>November 10</b>	Daughter of Sandy Seger
<i>Jeremy M Govekar</i>	<b>November 12</b>	Son of Maggie McGaughey
<i>Lisa Rosemann</i>	<b>November 16</b>	Daughter of Pat & Craig Rosemann
<i>Douglas Ramsay</i>	<b>November 17</b>	Son of Carlene Ramsay
<i>Eric Friedle</i>	<b>November 19</b>	Son of Dennis & Diane Friedle
<i>Amy Jo Baldwin</i>	<b>November 21</b>	Daughter of Mike & Sheila Baldwin
<i>Zachary Taylor</i>	<b>November 30</b>	Son of Mike Taylor & Karen Adams-Taylor

### ANNIVERSARIES

<i>Marissa Pederson</i>	<b>October 5</b>	Daughter of Debbie & John Pederson
<i>Liam Budill</i>	<b>October 7</b>	Son of Joe & Amanda Budill
<i>Maria Guadalupe</i>	<b>October 10</b>	Daughter of Linda Lara & Fernando
<i>Mark Sailors</i>	<b>October 10</b>	Son of Michelle Sailors
<i>Kerrin Fleming</i>	<b>October 21</b>	Daughter of Barbara Fleming
<i>Daniel Garza</i>	<b>October 25</b>	Son of Gloria Garza
<i>Lila Ruffolo</i>	<b>November 1</b>	Daughter of Jenny & Rick Selle
<i>Andrew C Perkins</i>	<b>November 3</b>	Son of Richard & Thelma Perkin
<i>Christopher Jackson</i>	<b>November 5</b>	Son of Pamela Burt & Jeff Jackson
<i>Rachel Salomonson</i>	<b>November 15</b>	Daughter of Toni Nesheim & Denny Salomonson
<i>Kyle Glueck</i>	<b>November 17</b>	Dolores Krason
<i>Aaron Barrera</i>	<b>November 18</b>	Son of Tammie & Ernie Barrera
<i>Megan Candice Grace</i>	<b>November 18</b>	Daughter of Tim & Marilyn Grace
<i>Nicole Parfill</i>	<b>November 19</b>	Daughter of Robin Parfitt
<i>Sven Christian Reinhard</i>	<b>November 22</b>	Son of Astrid Reinhard
<i>Rachel Elaine Robertson</i>	<b>November 23</b>	Daughter of Regan Robertson
<i>Alexandria (Alex) Scarbro</i>	<b>November 24</b>	Daughter of David Scarbro
<i>Mark Yates</i>	<b>November 24</b>	Son of Richard & Linda Hegg
<i>Elizabeth Mary Foresta</i>	<b>November 28</b>	Daughter of Al & Mary Foresta
<i>Zack Maslanich</i>	<b>November 30</b>	Son of Karen Zimmerman

**(The Healing Power Of Love Messages** continued from page 2)

heads out of the nest. She couldn't wait to see them learn to fly. She never saw that day.

Seeing the dove that morning at the cemetery was comforting to me, but when I noticed it on that particular headstone out of the thousands there, I was overwhelmed. "Lee" is my maiden name. To this day, when I see a lone dove sitting on the telephone wire outside our home, I feel Kristen's presence. To many, it may seem bizarre, but it gives me strength to keep going in this life and to move beyond survival, to a life worth living again.

Dan and I know what we've seen and felt. It doesn't bother us that others have a difficult time believing us. What is important is our perception of these messages and that we use them as a powerful force in our forever-changed lives.

Even though we no longer have a physical connection with our daughter, our eternal connection will forever be with us. I reached a point in my grief that I had to say a final goodbye to an earthly life with my child, but I never had to say good-bye to Kristen. Love messages, for me, have kept Kristen's spirit and memory alive in my heart and mind--where they will remain forever.

Deb Lee Gould, Greensboro, NC  
~reprinted from Bereaved Parents Central Savannah River Area Chapters  
October 2002 Newsletter

## My Grief the Enemy

To begin with, each of us has learned that this path is horrible, it is deadly, and it is the most devastating thing any parent should have to live through. There are no magic or ways of dealing with this. There are no pills, instructions, no owner's manual, and no real things for a person to do when this strikes your family. Sure many offer advise, ideas, compassion, and even uneducated answers like " You'll Get Over It!" Which seems to be the most asinine statement on this issue. No person ever gets over the death of a child. It is impossible. That would mean forgetting all you had or did with that child. Surely the world does not want us to forget our child! Do they?



My point in that statement is this. So many who are family members of the parent who lost the child, want desperately to help and make it right. That is impossible. Especially at the time it occurs. Grief is part of the cycle we must learn to deal with and heal from. Not get

over it. Grief comes in many forms. It has many different parts to heal from. There are no time limits and our society in general thinks this should be over in a matter of a few days or weeks. How can a happen, I mean how can you just turn your emotions on like a light switch? That is basically what you're asking them to do when you say "Get Over It!" So before you read more, ask yourself this. Are you willing to help heal, or just want to stop the pain? There is a difference. I am praying this article will help with both.

Healing takes time, and there are no limits on how long it may take. Also each person experiencing grief handles it differently just likes any other emotion. If you asked a counselor, how to handle emotions they too will explain each of us does it differently. So why should this emotion be any different. It is Not! I urge anyone reading this to stop and think, before you speak to those who have lost a child. So many who have not experienced this, immediately want to fix it. God only knows that is impossible. In order for it to be fixable, it would mean bring back our lost child from the hands of death. That too is impossible. So there is NO quick fix, for this emotion. So that means all you can do is allow them to heal. This too takes time, and again each of us does it so differently. My point is there is not right or wrong way in healing. But we do heal, just differently and in a different amount of time. Each of us needs to go with the cycle of grief. That is my next point.

The cycles of grief, are many: blame, anger, fault, guilt, pain, helplessness, far too many to express properly to the world at large. The circumstances of this death too play a large factor in our healing process. Each of us has come to the point of no return when this happens. Our lives are shattered, and yet the world is saying, Hey keep moving! How can that possibly be right? Once again I refer to no right or wrong way to deal with all of this. Just as in cycles of life, we are and should allow ourselves to follow our own set of cycles in grief. The one thing I have learned and try very hard to express to the world is. Hiding from these emotions, leads too much deeper and longer lasting pain. Running from them increases our pain as well. So many think, I have to keep going, for many reasons. Be it other children in the home,

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(My Grief the Enemy continued from page 4)

jobs that require your attention, other family members or other people involved in the death of this child, other circumstances surrounding the death of this child. All of these things demand our attention; yet hinder our process or cycles of grief. So allow your family member time. Yes lots of time. Do not expect them to continue to move as if nothing has happened. It has, this death has changed your family member beyond your comprehension. Compassion is all you can give. Nothing more nothing less. There is no fixing this, so please do not try.

Giving the family time. This seems like something we all have; yet in this instance it means something completely different. Time stops, time has no meaning, time will not erase, time will not fix, time will not do anything except allow the parent to heal. Once again I say Heal. To me this is part of the societies biggest problem with this grief, our enemy. They want to rush it, they want to fix it, they want it to hurry and go away. Yes! we know it pains you to see us like this. Yes! we know it is hard to see us fall like this. Yes! we know you want to help. But, as I stated only time, heals us.

I write this article at nine years into my grief. My grief is for not for one child, but two. Yes! I said two sons. Loosing them only seven months apart all but destroyed me. It has changed me. It has given me pain in which no other human being could possibly understand. Only another parent experiencing this could even comprehend this pain. So today I was asked to verbalize my feelings and thoughts on this topic. I sat for some time and decided to title this article "My Grief the Enemy" to me it is the enemy. It was hard enough to loose them, even harder to bury them. But to live after them is next to impossible. I consider myself a survivor, not just a grieving parent. I will always be grieving. But to get to this point, means I have survived not just the deaths of my boys, but the world around me who, had good and bad to deal with. I am forever changed. I am forever the non-functioning Mom. But I am their Mom, Kevin's & Kurt's. I will forever miss them, I will forever want them, but I will wait until the Lord allows me to be reunited with them in heaven.



I pray this article helps someone. That has been my goal since this first happened. I help others daily. I offer my online help to those who are new to this pain. All in the name of Kevin & Kurt. All in the fight of the enemy, Grief.

Written by Patricia McDougle  
Proud Mom to Kevin Connelly & Kurt Miller  
September 8, 2007

Please Pray For Our Troops  
In Honor of My Angels In Heaven  
Kevin 10-20-70 to 4-20-99 & Kurt 1-21-78 to 10-6-98  
<http://inmemoryofkevinandkurt.homestead.com/OurAngelsInHeavenIndex.html>  
Love N Hugs Pat  
[BRATMUS@aol.com](mailto:BRATMUS@aol.com)

## The End of Summer, the Autumn of Our Healing and a Harvest of the Heart



September summer has always been a time of nostalgia for me. The days are noticeably shorter with daytime temperatures beginning to cool down and the slightest chilliness of beautiful star filled evenings requiring a sweatshirt or sweater. Early morning streets are filled with children going back to school. Most everyone is finally back to work, relaxed and sharing the adventures and experiences of summer vacations. And then one day, there is a wind from the west. And just by its feel you know these are the last days of summer and that fall will soon gently ease itself into our Rocky Mountains. Before we know it, the canyons are blazing with the fire of fall color working its way down into our valley.

It is a beautiful season and perhaps my favorite time of the year. We can sit for hours in Sugar House Park, watching the birds gather and head south for the winter and enjoy the trees now fully aflame with oranges, browns and reds so beautiful it can make our hearts sing with joy. And yet, with all the beauty that surrounds us, we as bereaved parents sometimes struggle to let it all in. For as summer wanes, and fall begins, our thoughts naturally turn to grammar school homework, high school parties and dances, college football games, shopping for new clothes, and the specter of holidays ahead without those of our children who have too soon been taken from us.

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## Halloween

The witches and hobgoblins  
Were on the loose that night.  
Our entryway eerily decorated  
To present a gruesome sight.

Six-foot teenager dressed as Captain Hook,  
Pegleg thumping on the tile,  
Eye patch covering a freckled face  
Accentuating a mischievous smile.

Popcorn balls concocted with delight  
Lusciously snuggled in a plastic hump  
Disguising a tape of wicked laughter  
Guaranteed to cause a terrified jump.

Once, my darling son, this memory  
of Halloween past was a time of despair.  
Now, looking back, on the love you gave,  
What pride I feel in a boy so fair.

The neighborhood hero to the younger set,  
Adults viewed, skeptically, the pranks you played  
Never in bad taste.... just good clean fun...  
They will never forget the genius you displayed.

Though the tears have come,  
Don't feel sorry for me.  
It's just that I miss you  
Oh, so desperately!

Jean Lipson, Grand Junction, CO  
~reprinted from Bereaved Parents Central Savannah  
River Area Chapters  
October 2002 Newsletter

(The End of Summer, the Autumn of Our Healing and a  
Harvest of the Heart continued from page 5)

It is difficult to write about this just today. I just went to a wedding of my closest friends' son, where Jacob's cousins, nieces and nephews, brothers and sisters and past friends all came to-gether for three days of reunion and celebrations filled with stories of the past. On Sunday, over thirty people were at my place sharing

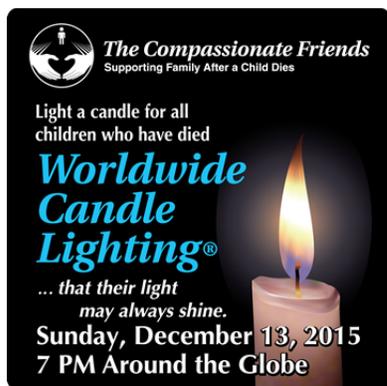
enchiladas and childhood memories of those years we were all together. And of course, the occasional, "I wish Jake were here to see this." For me, not an hour went by that I did not think of him or see his face in his young nephew who bears his name.

And yet ... and yet the season, the color, the beautiful days and evenings, the weddings, the parties and football games, and the eminent holidays now fill me with thanksgiving that Jake was part of my life for sixteen years. No small thing that. I consider myself lucky for that much time, for I know so many friends who had much less time with their beloved children. So this year, I choose to find the good and the beautiful of the season, and let the holidays come. For, it is in remembering his face and the goodness of his life and the beauty of the season, I find sweet healing for my grieving soul.

Very soon now, autumn and the harvest season will be upon us, and the bounty of summer's growth will begin to fill our barns and sheds. And this will be an opportunity for us, even though we grieve, to discover the rich harvest of memories with those of our lost children. In their season, they provided us with a bounty of their own. If we are able to accept it, this can be a fall season where we reflect on their abundance of smiles, laughter, humor, growth, learning, and sharing of love. God how we loved them and how they loved us. Even through all the difficulties, the energetic exchanges of opinions and ideas, the heartaches, the tears, anxiety and disappointments, we cannot avoid the fact that we loved them with a measure beyond our comprehension. And in spite of the difficult times, their sweet and sometimes very short lives provided us with an abundant harvest of experiences that are able, if we let them, to bless us with healing memories to last for as long as we live.

So as we say goodbye to summer, as best we can, let us welcome the fall season and the coming holidays and all the beauty these seasons can and will bring to us. I fully realize that for those of us most recently bereaved, this will be difficult, and in our sorrow and grief, seem perhaps almost impossible. Please let me reach out my hand and my heart to you in the quiet of your reading this right now.

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## 2015 Worldwide Candle Lighting in Memory of All Children

Please mark your calendars. The 2015 Worldwide Candle Lighting will be held on December 13 at 6:30 p.m. at Millburn Congregational Church. The church is located at the intersection of Rte. 45 and Grass Lake Road, Millburn, Illinois. The Candle Lighting is open to anyone grieving the loss of a child of any age. We welcome all family members and friends to join us. Candles are provided to all. For more information you can go to our website at [www.iltcf.org](http://www.iltcf.org) or you can call Toni Nesheim at 847-204-7585.

(End of Summer, the Autumn of Our Healing and a Harvest of the Heart continued from page 6)

If you can, imagine I am looking right into your eyes with all the compassion I can muster. And in that moment, I will share your tears, your agony of loss, and your grief, for I am truly one of you. I am after all, and have been a Compassionate Friend for over eleven years now. And as we share this moment, please hear the warmest feelings of my heart as I say to you this wretched agony of grief, this painful time of suffering, and this nightmare and horror you now feel will pass. At some point I promise you will begin to experience the light at the end of this painful tunnel of grief. I promise you will have summers and falls and holidays to come filled with healing memories of your children.

I promise as Halloween comes, and you are finally able to turn your porch light on to welcome trick-or-treaters, you will see your own children in the bright and joyful faces at your front door, and smile and be glad they once blessed your life. I also promise the time will come when you will move past Halloween and look forward to Thanksgiving and the December holidays.

As I wrote earlier, I realize this may be too soon for some of you. All I ask is that you be willing to let these most difficult times pass -- as I have promised they will, and allow your hearts to soften and show you their rich places where you still love your children. For it is in those painful, tender places you will begin to find the

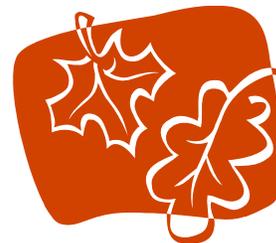
abundance of love given to you by your children which will bring healing. And when that happens, you will look forward to Thanksgiving Day with its abundantly filled table, and realize an equally abundant harvest of the heart.

Whenever we are able to accept it and embrace it, the grace of healing will come to all of us. Of course our lives will never be the same. We will always have the sadness of their absence in our lives and experience those frequent bittersweet times when we simply miss them. But the dark pain and suffering of their passing will itself pass - this I can promise you. For in these past eleven years I have looked into every dark and secret corner of grief, and have spent with you, all those endless weeks and months of intense pain and tears.

I have shared those endless days of self-recrimination and regret and anger. And in all this I have finally found the autumn of my healing, and have feasted in the abundant harvest of love. Yes indeed, I promise you the light of joyful memory at the end of this dark tunnel.

So may you look forward to the fall and all its beauty and grace, and anticipate the holidays' peace and joy with a sure knowledge that this present darkness will pass, and that your life will once again be able to embrace the abundance of harvest enjoyed by the rest of your family and friends. And along with Rabbi Harold Kushner, who wrote the book, *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*, be able to say as he did of his own son's life and death, "... I think of Aaron and all that his life taught me, and I realize how much I have lost and how much I have gained. Yesterday seems less painful, and I am not afraid of tomorrow."

Erin Silva  
[erinsilva@earthlink.net](mailto:erinsilva@earthlink.net)  
 TCF, Salt Lake City, Utah  
 ~reprinted from Salt Lake City Sept/Oct/Nov 2002



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** Jenny & Rick Selle 847-249-4776 [jennyselle@yahoo.com](mailto: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](mailto: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](mailto:julyson2@gmail.com) *Aaron Barrera*, age 29 - insulin reaction subsequent auto accident

**STEERING COMMITTEE** Marilyn Grace 847-395-8597 [grace.marilyn@gmail.com](mailto:grace.marilyn@gmail.com) *Megan Grace* Age 15 – Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy

Charon Sloop 847-623-2264 [charronsloop@AOL.com](mailto:charronsloop@AOL.com) *David Sloop* Age 33 – Motor Cycles accident

Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 [mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto:rvidal1027@yahoo.com), Raphael, age 17, suicide

## 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).