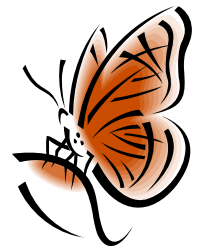


# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

September, 2017 Newsletter



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

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## Autumn

As autumn approaches, I begin to feel invigorated and alive. I suppose that it's the crisp, cool air that makes me realize that there is some small thing inside of me that is not dead. I've always loved

autumn...the smell of burning leaves and the chirping of the locusts; bring a flood of childhood memories. Memories of a simpler, more innocent time. I long to be back there, where my biggest worry was my spelling test every Friday. Where there were no bills to pay, no car notes, no mortgage, and no broken hearts...just friends, school, and play.

Whenever I think of autumns past, the smell of my Mother's homemade soup fills my senses. I can still see myself sitting at the 1950's yellow and chrome kitchen table, doing my homework while my Mother prepared supper. Maybe part of the reason that I looked forward to autumn then was because it meant that my birthday was just around the corner...October 4. Needless to say, I no longer await birthdays with the same anticipation that I did then. But there was always something special about autumn and for me, there still is. I still look forward to the first day that I can turn my air conditioner off and open all of the windows and let the fresh, cool air inside but for some parents this isn't the case. They find this time of year very difficult because of the memories triggered by the beginning of a new school year. For them, autumn is a painful reminder of what might have been.

Autumn doesn't depress me...not at all! It's what follows autumn that I do not look forward to...the holidays...Thanksgiving and Christmas and the entire holiday shopping season, which begins earlier and earlier each year.

That's the part of the year that I dread ...the toy ads, the TV commercials filled with smiling, happy faces of children ...children like mine, children like

yours ...children who should be here but aren't. I loath it...all of it. There are so many reminders and no way to avoid them...one less gift to buy, one less stocking to fill, one less place to set at the table. No one else on earth knows this kind of pain except those of us who have been through it. When all the world is supposed to be happy and filled with joy, we are at our lowest...out emptiest. The winter is within our hearts...cold, bleak, and long. I used to love Christmas and everything that accompanied it. Now I long for a place to hide until it is all over...until the last Christmas tree is taken down, the last decoration put away, and the last twinkling light extinguished.

Autumn is beautiful, with its vibrant colors and wind swept leaves. I revel in the patchwork quilt that nature creates every autumn. No, it's not September's Indian Summer or October's crispness but November with its Thanksgiving Day parades and turkey and December with its nights filled with flickering lights and plastic Santas...these are the things that bring an ache to my heart and tears to my eyes. It is this time, when the nights are lit so brightly, that are my darkest days!

Jacquelyn M. Comeaux

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## 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 Alana Anderson  
For sponsoring the newsletter  
In memory of Amy Fry-Pitzen  
and in honor of Timmothy Pitzen

Thanks to Barbara Fleming  
For sponsoring the newsletter  
In memory of her daughter  
Kerrin Lee Fleming

"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.

## ANNUAL WORLDWIDE CANDLE LIGHTING DECEMBER 10

The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting unites family and friends around the globe in lighting candles for one hour to honor the memories of the sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and grandchildren who left too soon. As candles are lit at 7:00 pm local time, hundreds of thousands of persons commemorate and honor the memory of all children gone too soon.

Now believed to be the largest mass candle lighting on the globe, the 21st annual Worldwide Candle Lighting, a gift to the bereavement community from The Compassionate Friends, creates a virtual 24-hour wave of light as it moves from time zone to time zone. TCF's WWCL started in the United States in 1997 as a

small internet observance, but has since swelled in numbers as word has spread throughout the world of the remembrance. Hundreds of formal candle lighting events are held and thousands of informal candle lightings are conducted in homes as families gather in quiet remembrance of children who have died, but will never be forgotten.

The Compassionate Friends and allied organizations are joined by local bereavement groups, churches, funeral homes, hospitals, hospices, children's gardens, schools, cemeteries, and community centers. Services have ranged in size from just a few people to nearly a thousand.

Every year you are invited to post a message in the Remembrance Book which will be available, during the event, at TCF's national website.



## Meetings

**Northern Illinois Chapter TCF**  
**October 19 - 7:30 p.m.**  
Millburn Congregational Church  
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL  
Open discussion

**Waukegan meeting**  
**November 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



## 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.

### BIRTHDAYS

<i>Levi Nichols</i>	<b>October 4</b>	Son of Bambi Nichols
<i>Mark Sailors</i>	<b>October 9</b>	Son of Michelle Sailors
<i>Marleea Gerfen</i>	<b>October 12</b>	Daughter of Marsha & Lee Bell
<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>Kelly Klawonn</i>	<b>October 23</b>	Son of Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn
<i>Alyssa Burnstine</i>	<b>October 23</b>	Granddaughter of Judi & Stan Veoukas
<i>Aaron R Moore</i>	<b>October 24</b>	Son of Rob & Sherry Moore
<i>John "Jake" Mosansky</i>	<b>October 31</b>	Son of Darlene & John Mosansky Sister of Veronica Steif
<i>Heidi Anne Hermann</i>	<b>November 2</b>	Daughter of Bonnie Brackus
<i>Nick Barris</i>	<b>November 3</b>	Son of Susan Battis
<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>Stephanie Andrea Zamarron</i>	<b>November 16</b>	Daughter of Vicky Zamarron & Juan Mungula Granddaughter of Alejandra Rodriquez & César Rojas
<i>Douglas Ramsay</i>	<b>November 17</b>	Son of Carlene Ramsay
<i>Amy Jo Baldwin</i>	<b>November 21</b>	Daughter of Mike & Sheila Baldwin
<i>Amanda Lauren Cecchi</i>	<b>November 22</b>	Daughter of Kim & Steve Cecchi
<i>Mitchell Rodefer</i>	<b>November 24</b>	Son of Dennis & Susan Rodefer
<i>Zachary Taylor</i>	<b>November 30</b>	Son of Mike Taylor & Karen Adams-Taylor

### ANNIVERSARIES

<i>Sharon Beth Gray</i>	<b>October 4</b>	Daughter of Pam Gray
<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>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>Rachel Salomonson</i>	<b>November 15</b>	Daughter of Toni Nesheim & Denny Salomonson
<i>Erin Dinklenburg</i>	<b>November 16</b>	Daughter of Kelli Brooks
<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 Parfitt</i>	<b>November 19</b>	Daughter of Robin Parfitt
<i>Sven Christian Reinhard</i>	<b>November 22</b>	Son of Astrid Reinhard
<i>Keegan Cray</i>	<b>November 22</b>	Son of Kristin & Ken Willis
<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



## 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 Savan-  
nah River Area Chapters  
October 2002 Newsletter

## *Musings on Halloween's Past and Present*

On the evening I type this, the nip in the October air is a reminder that the major holidays are just around the corner. Halloween decorations have been in the stores since July and Christmas décor even as early as August. For those of us who are bereaved parents, siblings and/or grandparents this means the sooner they are "in our face" the longer we have the constant reminders that we will be facing the holidays without our child. Whether it is your first Halloween following your child's death or years down the road, such as in my situation, the holiday season stirs the emotions bringing varying levels of sadness, anxiety and sometimes even anger. With Halloween, there is the sorrow of no longer having to find that perfect costume or witnessing the delight in your child's eyes when you found just the right one.

Many parents find Halloween a particularly hard one to get through. In the past, I always thought of it as innocuous enough; there were the costume parties with bobbing for apple, children excitedly dashing door-to-door trick-or-treating, pumpkin carving, and the occasional harmless prank. However, after my daughter Nina died, I became acutely aware of things that I never gave a second thought to in the past. For instance, my former neighbor made her whole front yard into a graveyard scene, complete with fake headstones that said R.I.P. with scary or silly epitaphs as well as hideous ghosts coming out of the earth with bony bloody fingers. Before Nina died, I too found the cemetery "creepy", but now I look at it differently, even with a sort of reverence, and no longer have a problem going out to my daughter's grave-site, even in the middle of the night. I find the solitude of the historic countryside graveyard where she is buried peaceful and dignified and worthy of respect, and I was hurt by what I felt was apparent ridicule and disdain for the final resting place of our loved one's physical bodies to the point of tears and anger. Moreover, some of the masks and costumes portrayed faces of death in a way that I found highly offensive, especially since I knew many who lost their children to some of the means depicted. I took it personally and didn't appreciate what I perceived as a mockery of death.

Though I still don't pretend to understand the allure of the above-mentioned Halloween depic-

(Continued on page 5)

(Musings on Halloween's Past and Present continued from page 4)

depictions, they aren't as painful to me as they were the first few years after Nina died. During the early grief years, we become very hypersensitive to our surroundings and more keenly conscious of anything related to death. It is pretty hard to look past the general non-bereaved populations seeming nonchalant about something we take so personally. Though we wish there was more empathy and understanding, we also know all too well that they cannot truly sympathize unless they also have walked in our shoes. It is easy to forget that we too, before our children's deaths, may have shown the same indifference. I believe that we would like to think that we wouldn't have been so callous because we now personally know how much this hurts those affected; however, before we lost our "innocence" truth be told, we probably didn't give any of it much thought. That being said, oftentimes it is still easier said than done.

On this 10th Halloween without Nina, I pretty much ignore all the ghoulishness surrounding this time of year. If I do find I am having difficulty, I try very hard to focus on positive and precious memories of Halloween's past, such as her belated birthday/Halloween party where our basement became a makeshift haunted house where giggling blindfolded costumed witches and

princesses plunged their hands into bowls full of peeled grape "eyeballs" and wet macaroni "brains" to the shrieks of "Yuck!" or the photo taken of Nina on her last Halloween. No longer of trick-or-treat age, she stayed home to pass out the candy and carve an awesome Jack-O-Lantern that she is pictured proudly along side, with her ever present smile and that wonderful twinkle in her brown eyes. Or the photos I have of her in her costumes over the years from Care Bear to Punk Rocker. Because of my photographs and precious memories, I also realize that I was one of the "lucky" ones in that regard. There are those whose children died before they ever had the opportunity to create memories; there is the sorrow that they were never able to experience even one holiday with that child, yet alone several, and that saddens me very much.

For those with a missing trick-or-treater this Halloween or the conspicuous empty chair at Thanksgiving dinner this year, the first ones are the most difficult. Though I find they are easier to bear as time goes on, you never really forget the absence from the family holiday gatherings of one loved so much, nor do you want to forget, really. Please try to remember that this roller-coaster grief ride each year brings different feelings. It is important that you just allow those feelings and let them happen. Try not to be waylaid by other's expectations

of you. Trust your instincts and go with them. Truly, only you know what you can or cannot handle.

With gentle thoughts,  
Cathy Seehuetter  
TCF/St. Paul, MN  
[peachy3536@comcast.net](mailto:peachy3536@comcast.net)  
~reprinted

#### Another Year

Another year has come,  
And you're so far away from us now;  
But in our hearts still.  
Forever, We will hold you close.  
Each smile, laugh and tear we've cried  
Are a testament to our love for you.  
We will always love you,  
No matter what happens.  
Your death can not separate us.  
We, re right here, loving you as always.  
Our hearts are true to you.  
We will never forget your love and spirit.  
We are no longer afraid -  
For to live or die is the same for us.  
You are still with us on this journey of life.  
We raise your light to the heavens, and smile as we  
remember you!

by Barbara Dwyer, TCF Gwinnett

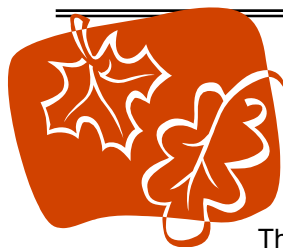
*Shattered dreams.  
Unanswered prayers.  
Uncried screams.  
My worst nightmares.*

*My eyes can't cry.  
My spirit bleeds.  
Lonely sighs.  
Silent pleas.*

*Ceaseless blame.  
Endless pain.  
Restrained roars.  
Emotional sores.  
Spring's plunder.*

*Only child.  
Lonely mother.  
Summer's wonder.  
Spring's plunder.*

*Written by Linda  
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g*



## GRIEF OF THE NEWLY BEREAVED

The news that our child is dead thrusts us into an experience that is horrendous beyond our wildest imagination. Our child, literally a physical part of our bodies at one time, is torn from us by death and we are left with the seemingly impossible task of learning to live without him or her. And absolutely no one is ever prepared for it. Few bereaved persons are ever prepared for the experience of grief — certainly bereaved parents are not. One learns to cope with grief and eventually return to some normalcy. This takes much time and considerable grief work that we must learn how to do, but it might be helpful to discuss some aspects of grief that are special problems for the newly bereaved.

The most common phrase heard from the newly bereaved is, "I feel like I'm going crazy." The pain and the accompanying emotions are so intense that it doesn't seem possible that a normal human being can experience them and still live. You may believe that you are going insane, or at least on the verge of it, but you are not. You are experiencing the normal physical and psychological reaction to a deep loss. With your child's death you have experienced the ultimate loss, therefore you will experience the ultimate grief, which is deeply, deeply painful, and all the emotions will be in the extreme.

Another surprise in early grief, (by early grief I mean any time up to approximately the first anniversary of your child's death), is that you may not experience the most painful part of your grief in the beginning. Many parents have said, "I thought it was bad in the first few months, but it got worse around three to six months." In the first few days most of us are in deep shock that prevents us from facing reality all at once. This protects us for a short time, but then that begins to wear off slowly and the pain begins. Oh yes, we know in our heads very soon that our child is dead, but at a deeper level we are still expecting him/her to come home or that this is all a nightmare that we will soon wake from. The full reality sets in some months later. It is then that the real pain of grief begins. As a matter of fact, grief that heals CANNOT begin until we know at a deep level that our child is dead. It isn't for a few months that that happens, therefore the deepest pain comes later.

Another aspect of grief that is a surprise to the newly bereaved is the intensity of the emotions felt. Grief consumes us. It takes us over so completely that we feel we are the epitome of pain and anguish. We radi-

ate pain from within and without. We feel we are a totally different self. Nothing is familiar. It is as if the me I have been all my life no longer exists and that someone else has taken over my body. It is as if I am standing alone, vulnerable and defenseless. It is as though only I exist and all the world is looking at me. This feeling has been described by bereaved parents as having "an aura around me," or as having "the words 'bereaved parent' tattooed on my forehead." We feel "different" and exposed, and alone.

Another unimaginable experience follows from this feeling of aloneness and vulnerability — that of amazement that others are so insensitive to your feelings or to your needs. You will be amazed that the world keeps turning and that people continue to go about their everyday lives as if nothing had happened. There is a "centeredness on self" in grief that few of us have ever experienced in our lives before. You may be shocked and angered over and over again by the comments and innuendoes made by others. They will expect you to function as if nothing was different. It is likely that others will be uncomfortable around you and it will be the rare person who will speak your child's name or allow you to do so. Generally people see you as "sick" or abnormal, and you may be amazed that those from whom you expect some understanding and empathy will be unable to give it to you. People will tell you what you should and should not do to make your hurt go away, and when their advice doesn't work (and I can guarantee you it won't) they will tell you that you are not trying hard enough. Unfortunately, you will be expected to be the one to understand, ignore, and/or forgive them. The result of this insensitivity will add considerably to the normal anger and hurt of your grief, because, try as you may, you will not be able to understand, ignore or forgive them for a long time.

No one gets "used" to grief, but as a newly bereaved parent you have been thrust into an experience that is different beyond your wildest expectations. From a comparatively comfortable existence you are thrown into a pit of the most devastating and debilitating pain that anyone will ever know. Those of us who have been bereaved

(Continued on page 7)

(Grief of the Newly Bereaved continued from page 6)

for a year or longer have experienced these "surprises" and have found ways to protect themselves and to survive.

There is only one thing worse than the grief we experience after our child(ren) dies, and that is to experience it in ignorance of what is normal and what is likely to be experienced. No one can grieve for us. We must do it ourselves, but we can eliminate the added anxiety that this ignorance can create. Information on the process of grief and suggestions for making the daily living of grief survivable abounds in TCF newsletters and in the many books on grief that are available. Take advantage of them. Even if you never attend a TCF meeting, you still have information available to you that will help you not only to survive your grief, but also to allow this unchosen and terrible experience to be a cause for the development of greater strength and growth.

If advice to the newly bereaved can be summed up in a few words it is this:

1. Learn about the grief process. Read, read, read.
2. Get a support system. Attend TCF meetings, or at least, find one friend who will let you talk about your child and/or your pain.
3. Know that what you are experiencing is normal. Know that there is no right or wrong way to grieve. The only "wrong" thing is to not grieve.

—Margaret H. Gerner, M.S.W., CGC  
TCF/St. Louis, MO  
(Margaret is a bereaved mother and also a bereaved grand-mother.)  
(Loving lifted from TCF/St Louis, MO – Jul/Aug 1986)



## HALLOWEEN AND BEYOND

By Shirley Carrigan  
BP/USA of North Texas

I was getting ready to go to the store to purchase candy for the "great Pumpkin day," which brought my attention to the holidays of preceding

years: Thanksgiving, Christmas, Chanukah and New Year's - those days that threaten bereaved parents so much. This is the fifth holiday season since my Douglas's death, yet I still have a fleeting

desire to run and hide. Although last season was not as terrible as the one before, I know I'll shed tears again this year during some lonely and sad times. These are very private moments of grief for me now.

For those of you who do not attend support meetings, our newsletters may be the only link you have to other bereaved parents. Please take time for yourself during the holidays. Take time to cry and to be alone. Try not to take on assignments from other family members who cannot know the exhaustion you experience. Ask for the things you think you need. Others cannot read your mind, yet it is so difficult to tell someone that you are hurting and need something from him or her. There is no requirement to pretend you are okay, when in fact, you are not.

Healing is a slow process requiring a lot of work. I always know when others have never experienced a great loss for they will say, "Time will heal all wounds." What they do not know and cannot know is that healing a great grief requires hard work and lots of time. Time itself cannot heal anything. It is not the passage of time in itself, but the pain and suffering endured and the struggle to reclaim one's life which will make healing possible. Others see only the end result without realizing the work that went into the healing process.

Take the time you need to complete your work; to heal your spirit, mind and body; to regain your will to live. Be good to yourself. Remember that healing is possible through your own effort and determination and not simply by the passage of time.

Lovingly borrowed from the Fall 2008 newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA

### VALUABLE QUOTATIONS FROM RON GREER DURING THE 2008 GATHERING

When you reach the top of the elevator in your grief, remember to go back down to help others. When a bereaved parent was asked how she was doing, she replied, "I've still got my baggage, but I am down to a carry-on."

**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

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** Bambi Nichols 262-220-9323 [lcbtsec@aol.com](mailto:lcbtsec@aol.com) Levi Nichols Age 19 - Accidental death

**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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**WOODLAND WALK COORDINATOR** Christine Pado 847-455-6642 [chpado@gmail.com](mailto:chpado@gmail.com) Lindsay Wilcynski Age 29 - PULMONARY EMBOLISM

**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

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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