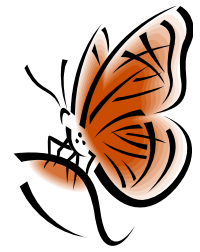


# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

October, 2013 Newsletter



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



## Chapter Leader Notes from Toni

### FEAR AND CONFIDENCE

Driving home from work on a clear, sunny day, my eye caught the sign of a church that was informing all passing drivers that next Sunday's sermon was called "Fear and Confidence". I found the sermon's title intriguing since fear and confidence are very different emotions and states of mind. I could somewhat imagine what the minister may be speaking of, within a Christian context, but I kept wanting to apply the term to my life and the lives of other grieving parents that I know.

All grieving parents have experienced their *worst* fear – the death of their child. Then comes the fear of waking up each day to find that it wasn't just a bad dream but the beginning of the rest of a different kind of life. Finally, the fear sets deep within you, and you know that you must figure out how to live the rest of your life, with the pain and agony of your child's death. We all ask, "How can I go on?" "How can I make my family whole, if I am fractured by this loss?", "How can I ever be happy again?" and "How can I regain any kind of a normal life?"

Recognizing and feeling the fear happens without effort. Finding *confidence* within the realm of a child's death is more difficult. I went to the internet and just googled "fear and confidence". Sites for making money, improving your business acumen, hair enhancement products, and famous quotes came up.

Surprisingly, the blogger for the Huffington Post healthy living website had a brief article entitled "Cocktail for Success" that actually seemed to apply to bereaved parents. The following "Six Ways to Battle Your Fears and Fuel Your Success" may sound like the title of a business seminar but the blogger's advise may actually be applied to parents and siblings trying to move forward with their lives:

The "Six Ways" are:

1. Step out of your comfort zone once a week. (*Leave the house? Go to a Compassionate Friends meeting? Attend a small gathering of friends?*)

2. Sit back and think about what is the root of your fear since it is deeper than what's on the surface.

Identifying your actual fear is a step closer to understanding how to deal with it. (*Do you harbor fears for your other family members? Do you feel guilt? Do you blame others?*)

3. When your fear becomes a stress, then it is time to step back and relax. Go for a walk, open a book, take a vacation and try to refresh yourself.

4. Get help from your support system by talking about and exploring your fear. This support system can be family, friends, co-workers, pastor and/or a therapist

5. Take comfort in your abilities, past successes and your strengths because they'll outweigh your fear of failure. (*To grieve is natural and it is healing. Remember that you were a productive, energetic person before your child died and you can be again.*)

6. Look at fear as an opportunity for greatness, using it to identify your problems and better understand how they can be solved. (*Greatness is a term that you can define for yourself. I think greatness is being able to achieve a new "normal" life after the loss of a child.*)

Perhaps fear and confidence are more closely related than I thought. I still have moments and attacks of anxiety that is often based in fear. Yet, I draw confidence from other bereaved parents as I watch them struggle and then achieve a new, "normal" life - preserving the presence and love of their child.

Inspiration can come from signs in front of churches, books, newspapers, the internet, but most of all from other people. Greatness can be

(Continued on page 2)



## 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 Robert & Mary Ann Grazier  
for their donation in  
loving memory of their son,  
Barry J Grazier**

"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

**October 17, 2013 – 7:30 p.m.**  
Millburn Congregational Church  
Grass Lake Road & Rt. 45, Millburn, IL  
Open discussion

**Waukegan meeting  
November 7, 2013 – 7:00 p.m.**  
Holy Family Church  
450 Keller Street, Waukegan, IL  
Open discussion

## SOMEDAY

Steven L Channing  
TCF Winnipeg, Canada

Someday, it won't hurt so bad and  
I'll be able to smile again

Someday, the tears won't flow quite  
as freely whenever I think of what  
might have been,

Someday, the answers to "why" and  
"what if" won't be quite as  
Important,

Someday, I'll be able to use what  
your death has taught me to help  
others with their grief,

Someday, I'll be healed enough to  
celebrate your life as much as I now  
dwell on your death,

And someday, maybe tomorrow,  
I'll learn to accept the things I  
cannot change ...

But, for today ...  
I think I'll just be sad.

## National Children's Memorial Day Candle Lighting Ceremony

The 2013 candle lighting will be held at Millburn Congregational Church, on the corner of Grass Lake Road and Route 45 in Millburn, Illinois on December 8th, at 6:30 p.m.

We invite all people who grieve the loss of a child of any age to join in this moving tribute realizing they are not alone and that their child, grandchild, sibling, or friend is remembered during the difficult holiday season.

To contact the Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter of the Compassionate Friends, e-mail or call Chapter Leader: Toni Nesheim, [tonin@sbcglobal.net](mailto:tonin@sbcglobal.net), 847-223-7353 or Vicki Szech at [vszech@comcast.net](mailto:vszech@comcast.net).

*("Chapter Leader Notes from Toni" continued from page 1)*

found in the most simple act, the most loving gesture, and the most difficult life. Greatness is in the courage it takes to face fears, wake up each day and keep trying to grieve, heal, and build a new life. Embrace the fear and fuel your confidence to help you persevere.

There are always two voices  
sounding in our ears: the voice of  
Fear and the voice of Confidence.  
One is the clamor of the senses.  
The other is the whispering of the  
higher self. – Charles B. Newcomb

Courage doesn't ways roar. Sometimes courage is the quiet voice at the end of the day, saying, "I will try again tomorrow." - Mary Anne Radmacher

## 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

<b>Mike Cantafio</b>	<b>October 8</b>	Son of Jerry Cantafio
<b>Maria Guadalupe</b>	<b>October 10</b>	Daughter of Linda Lara & Fernando Manrique
<b>Michael Klopp</b>	<b>October 12</b>	Son of Barbara & Rick Engelhard
<b>Marleea Gerfen</b>	<b>October 12</b>	Daughter of Marsha & Lee Bell
<b>Ryder Corrigan</b>	<b>October 14</b>	Son of Jenny Erickson Grandson of Pam & Mike Corrigan
<b>Alexandria (Alex) Scarbro</b>	<b>October 15</b>	Daughter of David Scarbro
<b>Brian Keough</b>	<b>October 20</b>	Son of Kathleen Keough
<b>Noah-Dean Saunders</b>	<b>October 21</b>	Son of Paula Jaimez
<b>Kelly Klawonn</b>	<b>October 23</b>	Son of Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn
<b>Aaron R Moore</b>	<b>October 24</b>	Son of Rob & Sherry Moore
<b>Selene Martinez</b>	<b>November 1</b>	Daughter of Manuel & Lidia Martinez
<b>Charles E Clark</b>	<b>November 3</b>	Son of Deloris Clark
<b>Christopher Jackson</b>	<b>November 6</b>	Son of Pamela Burt & Jeff Jackson
<b>Jim O'Connor</b>	<b>November 6</b>	Son of Kay O'Connor
<b>Carrie Seger</b>	<b>November 10</b>	Daughter of Sandy Seger
<b>Jeremy M Govekar</b>	<b>November 12</b>	Son of Maggie McGaughey
<b>Lisa Rosemann</b>	<b>November 16</b>	Daughter of Pat Rosemann
<b>Douglas Ramsay</b>	<b>November 17</b>	Son of Carlene Ramsay
<b>Eric Friedle</b>	<b>November 19</b>	Son of Dennis & Diane Friedle
<b>Zachary Taylor</b>	<b>November 30</b>	Son of Mike Taylor & Karen Adams-Taylor

### ANNIVERSARIES

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

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

*Be aware that this will be a long and difficult journey. Just when things begin to look better, the calendar slaps us with another reminder of our loss. Sometimes the pain will flare up and be as deep five, ten even twenty years after the loss as it was in those early days. As the Chinese proverb says, "We can't stop the birds from flying over our heads, but we can stop them from nesting in our hair."*

*We must not shut ourselves down from the pain. The feelings we bury will not go away. They will hide below the surface for years to come, but sooner or later, they will erupt without warning, in ways that can affect our physical and mental health. Grief itself is not a feeling. It is a process, a slow journey toward inner peace.*

### **Wings of Hope**

Borrowed from "A Journey Together" Volume XVIII No. 3 Summer National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA [www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org).

## *Life Goes On and Death Goes On*



Recently, my son got married. It was a joyful occasion and, at the end of the night, my cheeks were aching from smiling. However, always, under it all, there was the fact that we were desperately missing my daughter, his sister, Maggie. We did not hear her roast her brother at the rehearsal dinner. We did not see her, standing beside the bride with the other beautiful girls, in purple dresses, her favorite color. And she was not the one to close down the party, dancing her heart out. Though we felt her spirit, of course, powerfully, it was very hard work not to wish it could be otherwise.

When I arrived home again, I went into an emotional tailspin. I had held myself together, admirably, through all the wedding events, and then, in the comfort of my own home, I fell apart. I ate chocolate. I refused invitations. I read three books in a week. I was snippy and impatient with my partner. I was a mess, and, eventually, it passed. The fact is: Life goes on and death goes on, and those of us who are still alive get both.

Meg Tipper  
Catonsville, MD

Meg Tipper is a frequent contributor to A Journey Together. Her book *Standing at the Edge* chronicles the first year after her daughter, Maggie, died. Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER -National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA - Volume XVIII No. 4 Fall 2013

## *Jeremy Shatan A High-Functioning Bereaved Parent*

So where am I now, 13 years after my 2 1/2-year-old son, Jacob, died because of a brain tumor? One thing I can say is that my junk mail has no idea where I am. The other day I threw out yet another letter offering to give us advice on Jacob's college career, as well as a solicitation to re-subscribe to Highlights magazine. Obviously, Jacob is not going to college. And my surviving children are 11 and 13, a bit out of the Highlights demographic.

One construct I use to help myself understand where I am now is a term my wife and I came up with: High-Functioning Bereaved Parent. As is often remarked, someone who has lost a spouse is handily defined by the word "widow" or "widower." But there is no shorthand to describe a parent who has lost a child. Language is a reflection of culture. The great majority of people will never experience the loss of a child and would prefer not to think about it all that much. Raising children is fraught enough without having to dwell on their mortality. So for now, H.F.B.P. will have to do. I'll certainly take it over "every parent's worst nightmare."

So how exactly does being a High-Functioning Bereaved Parent manifest itself? I get out of bed, I help raise our kids and run our household, I laugh, tell jokes, watch violent movies, listen to music and go to concerts. So it all looks pretty good from the outside, and it usually feels...not bad, which is how I prefer to answer when someone asks me how I'm doing. I have no doubt that much of this equilibrium comes from the fact that my wife and I have been together through all of this and still find a lot of joy in our marriage and our surviving children. I also have the privilege of being the executive director of Hope & Heroes Children's Cancer Fund and working every day to improve the lives of children with cancer alongside the staff of the Herbert Irving Child & Adolescent Oncology Center. Among bereaved par

(Continued on page 6)

*Practical Advice from*



## Book Reviews

### Wave

Sonali Deraniyagal  
Alfred A. Knopf, 2013



Ms. Deraniyagal is a survivor of the Sri Lanka Tsunami. The only survivor in her family. The great wave claimed her husband, their two small sons, and her parents. She spends no time preparing her reader with what we know is coming, but rather, hits us on page one, unprepared, much as she and her family vacationing in a beach front hotel were hit with the onslaught of the mighty Indian Ocean.

In the ensuing six years we journey with her as she progresses through the grief, constantly looking back at the happy life so violently wrenched from her grip. Our author tells us about her life before, in remembrances, that are as hard to read, as all bereaved parents will understand, as they must have been to write. She tries to imagine what her boys would be doing today. "When the girls speak, my heart listens in fear of being blown apart by the knowledge of what would have been. When I project on my own what the boys would be doing now, my thoughts can be as nebulous as I want them to be. Not so with the girls' chatter, no fog to veil what they say." She rails at life continuing: "And everywhere, on bare ground and between cracks in the floors [where the hotel had stood], tiny pink and white flowers that flourish along the seashore forced their way up. Mini mal, or graveyard flowers, they are called. I resented this renewal. How dare you heal."

It will be clear, if you are a veteran on this journey, that Ms. Deraniyagal has not yet reached a place of inner peace. But we marvel at how far she has come and hope she finds it.

Borrowed from "A Journey Together" Volume XVIII No. 3 Summer National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA [www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org).

### The Disappearance

Geneviève Jurgensen  
W. W. Norton & Co. 1999

Twelve years out Geneviève Jurgensen writes a series of letters in which she recalls the shock and sadness surrounding the death of her two young daughters as a result of an auto accident. The letters written over sev-

eral months recount not only the tragedy, but also the raw emotions that followed and the "new" life that emerged including the birth of additional children who are now older than their older siblings were when they died.

It is amazing how vividly Ms. Jurgensen remembers every detail, but that should be no surprise to any bereaved parent. The author is Parisian and writes with a French eloquence. Although the translation by Adriana Hunter is admirable,

*There are no Miracles. There is just this. The love that nourished your happiness will nourish your pain.*

I wish my French was good enough to read this effort in the original. In *The Disappearance*, Geneviève Jurgensen both teaches and shares. That's what we do for each other.

### When Bluebirds Fly

JoAnn Kuzma Deveny  
Radiant Heart Press, 2013

*When Bluebirds Fly* is a detailed letter, of sorts, written in alternating remembrances by Dick and JoAnn Deveny to their son, Billy, who drowned prior to his second birthday. They have also included the recollections of some of the people involved in the unfortunate circumstances surrounding the baby's death. Half the book is spent telling us about the family, the tragic events and aspects about the funeral. The reader is drawn into the torturous emotions by the voluminous particulars so deftly described.

*Coldness permeated through the blanket, gradually chilling your mother's thighs and arms as though she was holding a wrapped block of ice. The weight of you in her arms and the curvature of your body in her lap felt so natural that she had been fooled. It took her cloudy mind a few minutes to accept that her once warm, soft child was the source of this unnatural, chilling sensation.*

The rest of the book deals with the emotional roller coaster so familiar to all bereaved parents, holidays, returning to work, marital issues and other life struggles. Much is written about their efforts to help Billy's three-year-old brother deal with the loss. In one place Dick writes that 75 percent of bereaved parents divorce within two

(Continued on page 6)

(Practical Advice from Jeremy Shatan - A High-Functioning Bereaved Parent continued from page 4)



ents, I consider myself very lucky that I get to work for Jacob every day.

But I knew from the moment Jacob died that we would never get over his loss; we would only learn to live with it. At the risk of torturing grammar, perhaps I should revise that mantra to be “we would only be learning to live with it,” because it’s a process that never stops.

One way I know that is from the physically jarring sensation I feel when the huge chasm in my life abuts the solid ground I usually walk on. It could be at a high school information seminar for my daughter, for example. There’s just this moment of wrongness. Somewhere in my soul there’s a trajectory for Jacob’s life that is still going on, a part of me that wonders why we haven’t already hit these milestones with him first. The natural order of things has been disturbed, but that hasn’t entirely stopped me from attempting to hew to that order. Or it could happen with a change in the weather, which can trigger a sense memory sending me back to the time when Jacob was being treated.

That aspect of things is a form of posttraumatic stress disorder, I suppose, which feels like unprocessed experiences that my brain is constantly working on behind the scenes. A hint of fall in the air, and the curtain is momentarily yanked open, exposing the churning attempt at understanding what happened.

For reasons like those, some days are more effort than others. Also, occasionally my status as an H.F.B.P. can lead to a balancing act in relation to my work. Naturally, I can empathize with the parents I meet at the clinic — I have walked in their shoes. But since Jacob did not survive, I don’t want to shake their carefully constructed hope that their child will. One thing I always make sure to convey is that each diagnosis is unique and that treatments have continued to improve. My perspective still allows me to have hope for others, and if things do take a turn for the worse, I can offer the powerful example of my own survival after the loss of my son.

But it hasn’t always been that way. In the emotional chaos shortly after Jacob died, my wife and I took our infant daughter to a retreat for bereaved families provided by Chai Lifeline. We were already wrung out, but this was a new form of wringer: story after story of gut-wrenching, unimaginable loss. My wife got a migraine so intense that the rattle of a newspaper caused her pain; we considered leaving after the first night.

We stuck it out, and through the haze it dawned on us:

you can live on after the loss of a child, it’s not impossible. After the retreat, when the sadness would threaten to become overwhelming, I would think of these other bereaved parents and take strength from their behavior. Regular conference calls with a group of dads also helped a great deal.

So my path has not been through completely uncharted territory. I have had mentors to follow, whether or not they would have called themselves High-Functioning Bereaved Parents. In the end, I’m not sure if being an H.F.B.P. is a choice, exactly, but I believe that putting a name to our “condition” has helped us not just survive, but to thrive and engage with life more fully.

*Jeremy Shatan lives in Inwood, Manhattan, with his wife and two surviving children, is proud to serve as Executive Director of Hope & Heroes Children’s Cancer Fund, and writes about music at LINK 3 AnEarful and @AnEarful.*

Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER -National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA - Volume XVIII No. 4 Fall 2013

### **(Book Review continued from page 5)**

years. That, of course, is complete nonsense. He offers no citation to back up that statistic and his editor should have insisted that kind of information, in a book designed to help others, be supported or removed otherwise it is dangerous misinformation.

If you want to immerse yourself in the minds, hearts, and souls of a bereaved family then *When Bluebirds Fly* should be on your reading list. Keep the Kleenex handy.

Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER -National Newsletter of the Bereaved Parents of the USA - Volume XVIII No. 4 Fall 2013

Someone is needed to provide publicity/community information for the chapter. If you would like to volunteer to help with this important job please call or email Toni Nesheim - 847-223-7353

[tonin@sbcglobal.net](mailto:tonin@sbcglobal.net)

## Things that Touch Your Soul

Borrowed from A JOURNEY  
TOGETHER -National Newsletter of  
the Bereaved Parents of the USA - Vol-  
ume XVIII No. 4 Fall 2013



Release a balloon with love  
messages at any given time.  
Release a new butterfly into the world with love  
and hope, a sign of renewal.  
We smile and take a moment to watch the hawk  
or great blue heron soar through the air,  
glide in the wind and land on its perch.  
We walk slowly thru the garden, touching and  
smelling each flower, savoring in the beauty.  
Because life can be cut short and we know how  
precious everything around us is, we do these  
things.  
These things help us feel close to our child, make  
us feel warm and sometimes lets us shed a tear.  
They heal and they comfort.  
We pause to listen for the buzz of the honey bee.  
We stand in the middle of nature and gaze in awe  
at the grandness surrounding us.  
We have stood at the edge of the ocean and at  
the base of the mountain; both places bring com-  
fort to our souls.  
Do things that bring you peace, visit places that  
bring you healing.  
Stop, close your eyes, take a deep breath, re-  
lease and feel.  
Our children are a part of our hearts and souls  
forever.  
Smile and remember, that love will never fade.  
Gaze into the stars as they twinkle, watch a rain-  
bow get brighter and feel the calmness of each  
sunset.  
Let each of these things touch your soul and feel  
the love that surrounds you.  
Wishing you peace.

**Lee Ann Hutson**  
**Greg's Mom**  
**President, BP/USA** of The Compassionate Friends  
**July - August 2001**

## The Shirt in the Clothes



The shirt was at the bottom of the  
dirty clothes hamper when he died. I  
found it there when I got around to  
doing wash sometime after the funeral. Life must go on in  
spite of what happens to us, and the wash is part of ordi-  
nary day-to-day life. It was natural for the shirt to be  
there; I'd done his wash since he was born twenty-one  
years before. I stood and looked at it and decided to  
leave it there.

Year after year, wash after wash, I left it there. This was  
a symbol of normal life. My life wasn't normal any more,  
and I left it there to sort of hang on to the past, I guess.

It gave me comfort to see such an ordinary, normal thing  
as one of his shirts in the dirty clothes when my life was  
so extraordinary now. One by one such "hangings on"  
are done away with as we slowly reenter life's main-  
stream again. We know the time is right for these habits  
to go, when we don't grieve  
for them when they happen. And they must happen, just  
as we must move on eventually.

One day in a fit of neatness my daughter did the wash,  
and she washed the shirt. It must have been five years  
after her brother died. I felt a tiny surprise when I saw the  
shirt hanging clean in the closet, but I didn't feel the sor-  
row or even disappointment. The time seemed to be right  
for the shirt to leave the dirty clothes hamper. A simple  
thing, but this was a symbol of progress of sorts. I'm glad  
no one rushed me – I would have resented  
it. I was allowed this simple idiosyncrasy until it was natu-  
ral to give it up. Left alone I probably never would have  
removed the shirt, just left it there, never really knowing  
why. But when this happened, I knew I was getting bet-  
ter. Finally, I was letting go, and that was okay.

**Faye Harden**  
**TCF Tuscaloosa, AL**

Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER -National Newsletter  
of the Bereaved Parents of the USA - Volume XVIII No. 4 Fall  
2013

We welcome your comments and/or items submitted for use in the newsletter. Short articles, poems, or book reviews are always welcome. 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: 773-721-7810 [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 847-223-7353 [tonin@sbcglobal.net](mailto:tonin@sbcglobal.net) Rachel Salomonson Age 18 – Auto accident

**TREASURER** Forest Anderson 847-838-0567 [forest.anderson@att.net](mailto:forest.anderson@att.net) Rusty Anderson Age 15 – Osteosarcoma

**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

**PUBLICITY** Kari McHugh 262-862-6880 [ksmchugh@hotmail.com](mailto:ksmchugh@hotmail.com) Pressley McHugh Age 46 days Hypoplastic left heart syndrome

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

Mary Ann Grazier 847-336-0539 Barry Grazier Age 27 – Auto Accident

Maggie McGaughey 224-406-6644 [maggieg00@hotmail.com](mailto:maggieg00@hotmail.com) Jeremy Govekar Age 22 – Hit by train

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

## LOVE GIFTS

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

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

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

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

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

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).