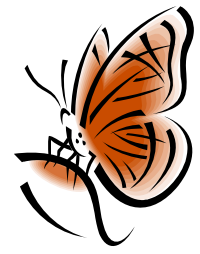




# The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

September, 2015 Newsletter



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

---

## Welcome...The Classroom for Learning to Live Again



Many of us are very aware of classrooms at this time of the year as the new school year begins for our children and young people of all ages. For some, the experience is not one they look forward to with pleasure, and it means the end of the carefree, unscheduled days of the summer. There was no need in their lives for continuous disciplined thinking and living. There were happy vacations, lots of swimming in a pool, picnics, and lots of baseball playing --- all requiring lots of running and yelling, and of course the quiet lazy times when they could read about their special interests, work on hobbies, or just do nothing.

Now they are required to settle down into a set schedule and routine of doing what they may not especially enjoy at school, in the classroom and at home. They must adjust to the confinement of sitting behind a desk for a specific time and to the need to concentrate for long periods of time on courses that are required for their education, but in which they have no special interest and which they may not even be able to comprehend. So, they must discipline their thinking, or they will be disciplined with extra work, low or failing grades, seemingly unfair, demanding teachers, and with questioning parents.

We can liken this setting somewhat, but in a much more intense way, to bereaved parents as they attempt to pick up the pieces of their lives after their child has died, and attempt to make some sense out of it all. Our happy carefree summer was the time before we experienced this most crushing loss, no matter how large or numerous our problems may have been in reality. Compared to this loss, all other problems simply fade away as if they never existed. And now, at least for a time, we are faced with the belief that there can never be any more summers. We must

learn to climb out of this abyss. For those who have accomplished this, they report that this education is the most difficult work anyone will ever do.

We can imagine that we are in a classroom. Here, we are encouraged because we learn that all the other students are bereaved parents. So, the first step upward is when we learn that we are not alone, that there are those around us who do understand, and who really do know how it feels and how painful it really is. Next, we discover that there are no teachers to tell us what is right and what is wrong. Instead, there are guides to assure us they and others more advanced than we are, have also had the same thoughts and feelings, or similar ones. This assurance that we are not "cracking up" gives us the confidence we need to climb up several more steps.

At this point, we find that it is becoming easier to concentrate on at least some of the simple daily tasks, such as grocery shopping or planning and preparing a meal or making a special dessert the family hasn't had for so long. Seeing their approval and appreciation gives us the power to discipline ourselves to try even harder because we see and feel that we have made a lot of progress with this "course" which we are required to "pass".

It doesn't matter if, during our most difficult periods, we slip back down a few steps. Because by this time, we have climbed the steps of concentrations and disciplines. We have the assurance that there are many hands reaching out to us and voices encouraging us, assuring us that we are almost there. However it is always necessary for each one of us to take each step by himself. Finally, we just know beyond a shadow of a doubt, that if others did it and they believe in us, then we can do it, too. So no matter at what step you are in the "course" in this classroom, you can receive the help, the assurance, and the encouragement you may need to "graduate". Then you may help

(Continued on page 2)



## 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 Julia Markich  
for her donation  
in loving memory of her daughter  
Kathy Mazur Markich

Thanks to Barbara Fleming  
for her donation  
in loving memory of her daughter  
Kerrin Lee Fleming

Thanks to Tim & Marilyn Grace  
for their donation  
in loving memory of their daughter  
Megan Candice Grace

"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.

(Welcome...The Classroom for Learning to Live Again continued from page 1)

the many others who every day are just beginning and are just entering this classroom.

For you the first step may be to come to our meeting where you can meet and talk with the other "students" who are still struggling at various levels with the same "course" that you are. Even if you don't need us, we need you. Take that first big step and come to the meetings... you will get the help you need.

Reprinted from the --Bereaved Parents USA of Tri County, MO Newsletter

## Sibling Grief - Certain Words

By Scott Mastley, Duluth, GA

My mother paged me while I was at work this afternoon, and I called her at home. She asked if I would like to go see a movie. Her question triggered many thought waves. I wanted to go with her, to be with her, but I couldn't just leave work. I wish I could have protected her from the loneliness. She was having a rough day like me, and I needed to talk. How was dad at work? Was he struggling to perform like me? Did he have to concentrate to finish anything?

I regret not doing what is most important. I should have talked with my boss and left work to be with my mother when she wanted to spend time with me. I feel great sympathy for my parents, but I have to admit that I don't grieve with them. We don't grieve together. We talk about it, but we usually grieve on our own. I'm guilty of trying to protect them in the same way that my friends try to protect me.

My parents say, "We are here for you. Call us when you need us."

I say, "I know. I will."

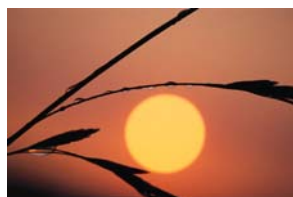
They say, "You haven't. You know we think about it every day, all the time. We can talk about it."

I say, "I don't want to be depressing."

They say, "You can be depressing with us. It is depressing."

I say, "I know. I know. I'm here for you too. I just don't want to come out there and cry. I want to be positive."

I think about how I always say "it referring to the car accident, to Chris, death. I should say him." I say "it" because the accident took his life; it was the turning point. I am really talking about Chris, his life, and his absence. I'm tired of thinking about the accident, picturing the scene, remembering Chris, last words, and imagining him as he arrived at the hospital. These things are too painful. It is hard to say that Chris died or that he is dead. If I say that he died, in my mind, it implies



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

Each month we remember the children who are sadly missed. Please take a few moments, place them in your thoughts, and remember them on their day together with their parents. None of us ever forget our special days and messages that say "I care" help us to get through them. Our children's lives will go on, as long as we remember them and celebrate their lives. Please let me know if I have omitted a child, misspelled a name or have published an incorrect date. I know how important it is to bereaved families to have their children remembered.  
[vszech@comcast.net](mailto:vszech@comcast.net) - 847-573-1055

### **BIRTHDAYS**

<b><i>Kathy Mazur Markich</i></b>	<b>Sept 5</b>	Daughter of Julia Markich Sister of Mary Lund
<b><i>Mary Margaret (Maggie) Miles</i></b>	<b>Sept 5</b>	Daughter of Jim & Mary Lou Miles
<b><i>Donette Klawonn</i></b>	<b>Sept 30</b>	Daughter of Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn
<b><i>Mike Cantafio</i></b>	<b>October 8</b>	Son of Jerry Cantafio
<b><i>Mark Sailors</i></b>	<b>October 9</b>	Son of Michelle Sailors
<b><i>Maria Guadalupe</i></b>	<b>October 9</b>	Daughter of Linda Lara & Fernando Manrique
<b><i>Michael Klopp</i></b>	<b>October 12</b>	Son of Barbara & Rick Engelhard
<b><i>Marleea Gerfen</i></b>	<b>October 12</b>	Daughter of Marsha & Lee Bell
<b><i>Ryder Erickson</i></b>	<b>October 14</b>	Son of Jenny Erickson Grandson of Pam & Mike Corrigan
<b><i>Alexandria (Alex) Scarbro</i></b>	<b>October 15</b>	Daughter of David Scarbro
<b><i>Brian Keough</i></b>	<b>October 20</b>	Son of Kathleen Keough
<b><i>Noah-Dean Saunders</i></b>	<b>October 21</b>	Son of Paula Jaimez
<b><i>Kelly Klawonn</i></b>	<b>October 23</b>	Son of Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn
<b><i>Aaron R Moore</i></b>	<b>October 24</b>	Son of Rob & Sherry Moore

### **ANNIVERSARIES**

<b><i>Brian Scott Ludlow</i></b>	<b>Sept 1</b>	Son of Ronald & Karen Zaylik
<b><i>Marleea Gerfen</i></b>	<b>Sept 13</b>	Daughter of Marsha & Lee Bell
<b><i>Brian Scott Engle</i></b>	<b>Sept 13</b>	Son of Louise Engle
<b><i>Aaron R Moore</i></b>	<b>Sept 19</b>	Son of Rob & Sherry Moore
<b><i>Michael Klopp</i></b>	<b>Sept 30</b>	Son of Barbara & Rick Engelhard
<b><i>Tony Trejo</i></b>	<b>Sept 30</b>	Son of Marina Williamson Brother of Victor Trejo
<b><i>Marissa Pederson</i></b>	<b>October 5</b>	Daughter of Debbie & John Pederson
<b><i>Liam Budill</i></b>	<b>October 7</b>	Son of Joe & Amanda Budill
<b><i>Maria Guadalupe</i></b>	<b>October 10</b>	Daughter of Linda Lara & Fernando
<b><i>Mark Sailors</i></b>	<b>October 10</b>	Son of Michelle Sailors
<b><i>Kerrin Fleming</i></b>	<b>October 21</b>	Daughter of Barbara Fleming
<b><i>Daniel Garza</i></b>	<b>October 25</b>	Son of Gloria Garza

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

(Sibling Grief - Certain Words continued from page 2)

that he was sick or weak and that he could not sustain himself any longer. He was vibrant and healthy and full of life. The life didn't leave him on its own; it was knocked out of him in a car accident.

I know that there are people who are walking along the street when they suddenly die. They were also vibrant and full of life. This is just an example of one of our little struggles. I hear surviving siblings say, "My brother was killed in a car accident. A tumor killed my sister. My little brother lost his life to an accidental drug overdose. My big sister didn't make it through surgery." We generally prefer to say that something is responsible for taking the life of our sibling. Saying that he died on a Monday doesn't place accountability for his death on any event. If the event had not occurred, our siblings would still be here, so we feel a need to mention the event in connection with the death.

It is difficult to say that my brother is dead. It is shocking to hear myself say it. The word is final and leaves no questions. It lets you know that Chris is gone forever. He's not going to show up later in the evening. He is not going to call. He is not going to write a letter. He is dead. I hate to say it. He did die and he is dead, but I squirm when I say it like that. It is so matter of fact.

~reprinted with permission [www.survivingasibling.com](http://www.survivingasibling.com)

~reprinted from TCF Atlanta June/July/August 2003 Newsletter

<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/JuneJulyAug2003.html>



## Grief

By Annamaria Hemingway

How can we define what it means to enter the dark underworld of grief? We can use words such as pain, anguish, misery, shock, loss, and fear, but language itself cannot articulate the complex set of emotions that are experienced during a time of great loss. How is it possible to describe a metaphorical tidal wave that throws you onto the shore of a deserted island with no compass or adequate provisions, and leaves you stumbling, lost, and confused as you try to find your bearings? How can one give voice to the way the ice-cold arms of grief wrap themselves around you and penetrate your deepest defenses, leaving you shivering and numb? Grief is a land of shadows that speaks its own universal language ^ the language of suffering and sorrow that embodies the enormity of loss."

For every individual, "little" deaths can be experienced in every day life. The loss of a relationship, a job, or a

cherished dream can bring great heartache, but none can equal the devastation of the death of a loved one. Nothing can remind us more of our impermanence in earthly existence, and that we have no control over the forces of nature that govern our own unique destiny.

Less than a hundred years ago, it was impossible to escape the reality of death and loss as epidemics of childhood diseases, shorter life spans and limited medical knowledge resulted in death and dying as being a part of everyday life. Support for those in the grieving process was offered by family members and the community.

Grief was acknowledged as an integral part of life and those in the mourning process openly displayed symbols of their grieving, as demonstrated in the Victorian and Edwardian eras when a black arm band or wearing "mourning" clothing for a certain period of time were a part of the rituals of grief.

In contemporary Western cultures, the disintegration of the family unit and local communities, combined with advancements in health care and a longer life span have resulted in society adopting the concept of ignoring death, the dying and the bereaved. This approach leads to fear and alienation and leaves us traumatized and feeling alone when the inescapability of death that can claim those of any age or circumstance touches our lives. Grief has its own timetable and is unique to each individual. When we enter the dark abyss of grief, the world we thought we knew becomes an alien planet, and life has no meaning. Time freezes and becomes suspended in a series of flashbacks that replay past cherished memories. They are entangled with an ache so deep that it threatens to submerge you. Often feelings of guilt accompany the loss, guilt for all the things unspoken, and all the things left undone.

Even the world of dreams offers no respite for the pain that invades our psyche, rarely sleeps, and leaves us tossing and turning through so many dark nights of the soul. Our only companion is

(Continued on page 5)

(Grief continued from page 4)

the floods of tears that prick their way through hollow, smarting eyes.

Grief reflects not just something or someone that has been lost from the outer world, but can also mirror a similar death in the inner world of the individual, as hope and faith become victims to the ravages of some invisible force that silences the voice of God or a higher power, which surely has abandoned and deserted us.

The author, C.S. Lewis, described his own similar feelings in a diary that he wrote following the death of his beloved wife. These writings were later published in the book "A Grief Observed," in which Lewis recounts his painful journey and his struggle to reconcile the death of his wife to his strong religious convictions. He commented: No one ever told me that grief felt so much like fear. I am not afraid, but the sensation is like being afraid at other times it feels like being mildly drunk or concussed. There is a sort of invisible blanket between the world and me. What does everything matter now?

C.S. Lewis eventually emerged through the stages of grief and loss to find that his religious beliefs had strengthened and that he had become a radically changed person through his profound experience.

Grief has a timeless quality and although the pain will lessen, the memory of a great loss becomes forever etched within our deepest being. Rather than trying to escape or ignoring the inevitability of grief touching our lives, we can become strengthened through understanding that grief, like love, ultimately has the power to transform and can offer us the chance to learn what it means to be most authentically human.

The Buddhist scriptures illustrate this teaching in the story of a woman who came from a poor family, and was looked upon with contempt by her husband's relatives. When she gave birth to a son, their disdain changed to respect. However, a few years later, the son died, and the woman became distraught with grief.

She searched everywhere for a cure that would bring her dead son back to life, but could find none. In her despair, she visited the Buddha, to see if he could help her. The Buddha told her to go back to her community and collect a mustard seed from a household where there had been no death. The woman searched for days, believing that if she could fulfill the Buddha's request, her son would be returned to her. But she eventually returned to the Buddha empty-handed, and realized there was no cure for death; it was an irrevocable part of life that everyone had to experience. As he lay on his deathbed, the Buddha reminded his followers of

the impermanence of life, and how all things would eventually decay and perish. He encouraged people to accept death as a motivating force that provides a foundation for living life consciously and well.

Grief is the most painful experience we can suffer in this lifetime. It is a deeply emotional struggle to become reconciled to the reality of loss. No conciliatory words or advice can make it any less agonizing. The hand of grief will change your life forever but for those in the grieving process, perhaps some comfort may be gained from the notion that grief can enable an inner strength to emerge in each of us, and can ultimately make us more fully conscious human beings.

Author of Practicing Conscious Living and Dying:  
Stories of the Eternal Continuum of Consciousness

~reprinted from MissFoundation July/August newsletter  
<http://missfoundation.org/newsletter/vol11/JulAug2007.pdf>

[www.missfoundation.org](http://www.missfoundation.org)

## Autumn Tears

We look back on September and we realize that somehow we made it through those dreaded first days of school. Whether it was the anticipation or the actual days that were the worst, we survived. We used our faith, our support systems or just plain hard work and made it over yet another hurdle. We watched small children heading for their first day of kindergarten, listened to excited teenagers talk of high school and heard stories of children leaving home to attend post-secondary school. Somehow we rode the waves of grief and found ourselves ashore again.



As these waves subside new ones will build as we head into the holidays that speak of, and to, children. Halloween will soon approach and for some, painful memories. Thanksgiving arrives to

(Continued on page 6)

(Autumn Tears continued from page 5)

exemplify family and togetherness and Christmas often fear, an uninvited guest that accompanies looms ahead. These special days are forever reminders of our loss – the costumes we'll never sew, the empty chair at turkey dinner, the fun and magic we'll never share with someone we love. Forever reminders that our child has died.

To survive when these events and anniversary days come around let's find time to think of the good memories we have – the announcement of our long awaited pregnancy at Thanksgiving dinner, the look of excitement on our son's first Halloween night, the vision of our daughter helping prepare the turkey dinner. These holidays will always be reminders that our child died. Let us also make them reminders that our child lived! They left us memories more precious than any others to hold and celebrate!

By Penny Young, TCF Powell River, British Columbia

## We Need Each Other

Many living things need each other to survive. If you have ever seen a Colorado aspen tree, you may have noticed that it does not grow alone. Aspens are found in clusters, or groves. The reason is that the aspen sends up new shoots from the roots. In a small grove, all of the trees may actually be connected by their roots.

Giant California redwood trees may tower 300 feet into the sky. It would seem that they would require extremely deep roots to anchor them against strong winds. But we're told that their roots are actually quite shallow - in order to capture as much surface water as possible. And they spread in all directions, intertwining with other redwoods. Locked together in this way, all trees support each other in wind and storms. Like the aspen, they never stand alone. They need each other to survive.

People, too, are connected by a system of roots. We are born to family and learn early to make friends. We are not meant to survive long without others. And like the redwood, we need to hold one another up. When pounded by the sometimes vicious storms of life, we need others to support and sustain us.

Have you been going it alone? Maybe it's time to let someone else help hold you up for awhile. Or perhaps someone needs to hang on to you.

~From the book, RICHES OF THE HEART by Steve Goodier. Special permission to reprint granted to The Compassionate Friends by the author.

## Butterfly

A butterfly came to me today  
and landed upon my knee  
His wings were heavy from  
the rain  
I knew you had sent him to  
me



Only an Angel such as yourself  
would care about these things  
so I dried him with my breath  
and sat him on some leaves

As I sat there watching him  
soaking in the Sun  
I thought how great it must be  
to fly it looks like so much fun

My Angel now you have your wings  
Don,t let my tears weigh them down  
I know someday I will see you again  
Until then keep sending the butterflies around.

by Mary Woody

~reprinted from TCF Atlanta June/July/August 2003  
Newsletter

<http://www.tcfatlanta.org/JuneJulyAug2003.html>



## Can We Hold Back the Night?

I read with interest Mitch Carmody's response to Linda (Ryan's mom) in the August 12, 2007 on-line

(Continued on page 7)

(Can We Hold Back the Night? continued from page 6)

newsletter. I especially like the last two sentences in Mitch's writing. He said: "The world is very harsh and the moment our child is born they are vulnerable to attack from all fronts. We love them unconditionally and do the best we can, but we cannot hold back the night."

Guilt is a powerful emotion, and it seems to be a common feeling for a newly bereaved parent. We "what if" ourselves to death. "What if" I had noticed the symptoms sooner and taken my child to the hospital. "What if" I hadn't bought that new car for my child? "What if" I had paid more attention and noticed that my child was severely depressed and gotten help for him/her? "What if" I had been more watchful and noticed that my child was getting in with the wrong crowd, etc., etc., and.....etc.. It seems normal and right to feel guilt. But, one of the problems with guilt is that it is a somewhat useless and debilitating emotion "after the fact" (after the fact of our child's death). It is true that sometimes guilt will prompt us to change a bad habit, stop doing something we shouldn't do and begin to do something we should do. When guilt is correctly tied to our conscience it can cause us to take a better action, go down a better path, make a change we need to make, become a better person. In these cases, guilt prompts actions, which are better and right. But, when our child is dead and we cannot take an action to bring the child back, guilt may lay like a heavy rock on our heart, since there's no way to correct what went wrong.

The specific cause of my daughter, Bonnie's, death was an automobile accident. Bonnie was an inexperienced driver and she made a driving mistake. A terrible series of random occurrences played out, and it happened that a larger vehicle traveling the legal speed on the highway came over the rise in the road and slammed directly into her side (the driver's side) of the vehicle. No, I didn't tell her to drive this other person's vehicle, and I certainly wish she hadn't. But, "What if" I had exercised more parental control over her? "What if" I had been a stricter father and demanded that she be at home at a certain reasonable time each night? "What if" I had broken up her friendship with the guy who owned the vehicle she was driving (then she wouldn't have been out with him that night, all night)? "What if" I had taken her on many driving sessions myself and helped her be a better driver? "What if" I had impressed on her firmly that she was never, ever to drive someone else's car? "What if", "what if", "what if".....

As a bereaved parent, I was troubled by my part in the chain of events that led to what happened. Simply by not doing something (being strict, etc.) had I allowed/caused this to happen? In fairness, Bonnie on her own had corrected some things in her life a few

months prior to her accident. She had pulled away from most of the bad influences in her life, had gotten a part time job, and was going down a better path. And maybe I can say this on behalf of bereaved fathers (and mothers), we are pulled in many different directions as parents. For fathers, there's bills to pay, grass to cut, cars to repair, toilets to unstop, etc. For mothers there's meals to fix, housework to do, children to take to the doctor, teachers to talk to, etc.. And I think I can safely say that we are all imperfect parents. All human beings are imperfect, and since parents are human, well.....you see the point.

So then, how should we see our "part" in what happened to our child? As mature adults usually 20 to 35 years older than our child, we are obligated to set a good example for our children using our values, morals, and experience. And of course, we should share verbally with our child what she/he needs to hear. And our children have certain basic needs that we must satisfy. But can we hold back all the "night"-the bad influences, the dangerous deeds, the random occurrences, genetic bad health, etc.? Maybe we need to "cut ourselves some slack" as bereaved parents.

We are imperfect just like our children. Maybe now is the time to look at the man in the mirror and say, "I tried, I tried. I made some mistakes, in fact, I may have made a lot of mistakes, but in my own way, I did try." We loved our children and we didn't want this to happen to them, but maybe they understood our frailties better than we know. And maybe we can come out of our own "night" of sadness and move into the sunlight.

Written by David Haddock  
Clinton, Mississippi

In memory of Bonnie Catherine Haddock (02/06/1985-08-13-2002)

[David.Haddock@mid.state.ms.us](mailto:David.Haddock@mid.state.ms.us)



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).