

The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter #1511

August 2026 Newsletter

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

A note from Susan our Chapter Leader

"Listen closely to those around you.

If they weave your loved one's name into the conversation, stop for a moment and thank them. Sometimes having someone remember can be the most beautiful thing you will ever hear.

It's a certain kind of healing, to know that they haven't been forgotten."

ullie-kaye

~~~~~  
I will carry you with me into everyday you've never lived and every year you've never known isn't a promise made lightly. It's not poetic comfort. It's the reality of grief after the numbness wears off, when loss settles into the long stretch of living. You carry them into mornings they never woke to, seasons they never aged into, changes they never witnessed. Every milestone comes with a quiet awareness: you're stepping into something they were meant to be part of.

Carrying someone like this isn't sentimental. It's heavy. It means making room for them in life that no longer holds their body, their voice, their future. It means holding their memory alongside new experiences, knowing they don't cancel each other out. Joy doesn't replace grief. It coexists with it, often uncomfortably.

This is what it means to keep loving someone who didn't get to keep living. You don't leave them behind as time goes on. You take them with you, into days they never lived, into years they never knew and you keep going, not because it's easy, but because love made them part of who you are and always will be. *Written by Molly Mattocks.*

I came across this writing, and I thought of how it spoke to my heart and mind; each one of us who carry our loved one in our hearts and thoughts every moment knows how difficult it can be to participate in a celebration of any kind thinking of that missing someone. I am thinking of Westley, our son and brother, uncle and friend to many.

Our daughter was married this June, in a beautiful ceremony surrounded by family and friends. Her husband is dear to our family, and both our families have been together for many years, celebrating, supporting and navigating their lives together. When they announced their engagement we all were so happy for them. Planning began, event locations and all the many moving parts all fell in place; the ceremony was June 13, in Colorado at Lake Dillon. Such a Picturesque venue and the weather cooperated; sunshine and warmth.

We remembered Westley; he was shared with everyone when the wedding celebrant paused and took time to speak of Westley; remembering who he was and to recognize that he was a great guy and dearly missed at this wedding celebration. It was heartwarming to hear his name spoke out loud at his sister's wedding. The audience paused and reflected on this moment.

We created a beautiful remembrance table with candles, florals and framed pictures of all who were missing from both families, it was visited by all.



## Chapter Meetings

Northern Illinois Chapter TCF #1511

<http://www.iltcf.org/index.html>

**Zoom meeting**  
**First Thursday of the month**  
 7p.m. to 8:30pm  
 Susan Banks will email the  
 link to the meeting  
 August 6, 2026

**Third Thursday of the month meets at**  
 Millburn Congregational Church  
 19073 West Old Town Court  
 Lake Villa, IL 60046.  
 Park in the parking lot behind the church,  
 enter through the double glass doors.  
 It's also ok to sit and listen and when you  
 feel comfortable sharing,  
 please share with us.  
 Open discussion  
 August 20, 2026

## Chapter News

Upcoming events for our Chapter.

Thursday September 17 meeting will feature;  
 Family and friends ~ The HeART Remembers. We  
 will create art in memory of our loved ones.  
 \*If you are interested in assisting with this event,  
 please contact Susan Banks:  
 email [Lanwesmar@comcast.net](mailto:Lanwesmar@comcast.net)



Sunday December 13, 2026 ~  
 The 30<sup>th</sup> Annual Candle Lighting  
 Ceremony; The Compassionate  
 Friends Worldwide Candle  
 Lighting on the 2nd Sunday in  
 December 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. *More information will be shared to our members.*

If you have any questions about the mentioned events, please call, email, or text Susan at 847.366.9375 or [Lanwesmar@comcast.net](mailto:Lanwesmar@comcast.net)



## GIFTS OF LOVE

*A donation to our  
 chapter in honor of  
 or in loving memory of your  
 child.*

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.

From Alana Anderson; in loving memory of Amy Fry-Pitzen and in honor if Timmothy James Pitzen.

From Cindy Leden; in loving memory of Connor Leden.

Please remember that our chapter will never solicit for donations. You will never receive an email, text message or phone call soliciting for a donation or a need of money or payment from any steering committee member. I, as the chapter leader will never ask for money for assistance with any chapter finances. We provide the opportunity for Gifts of Love as a place to give a donation in honor or memory of a loved one. *Susan Banks Chapter Leader and our Chapter Steering Committee members.*



Our children, grandchildren and siblings loved, missed and remembered this month of August. 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, if we remember them and celebrate their lives.

### BIRTHDAYS

|                                    |                  |                                                        |
|------------------------------------|------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Lindsay Wilczynski</i>          | <i>August 3</i>  | <i>Daughter of Christine Pado</i>                      |
| <i>Jose Barrera</i>                | <i>August 6</i>  | <i>Son of Lorena Alcala &amp; Orsy Barrera</i>         |
| <i>Eder Alamilla</i>               | <i>August 7</i>  | <i>Son of Magda Alamilla</i>                           |
| <i>Andrew Perkins</i>              | <i>August 12</i> | <i>Son of Richard &amp; Thelma Perkins</i>             |
| <i>Mickey T. (Michael) Lesniak</i> | <i>August 16</i> | <i>Son of Isabelia Lugo</i>                            |
| <i>Andrew Muno</i>                 | <i>August 18</i> | <i>Son of Darlene &amp; Bart Muno</i>                  |
| <i>Manuel Isaiah Garza</i>         | <i>August 22</i> | <i>Son of Vanessa &amp; stepson of Roberto Grajeda</i> |
| <i>Deshawn Christopher Woods</i>   | <i>August 1</i>  | <i>Son of Terrell Woods</i>                            |
| <i>Lily Grace Kennedy</i>          | <i>August 24</i> | <i>Daughter of Emily Kennedy</i>                       |
| <i>Brayden Szymczak</i>            | <i>August 24</i> | <i>Son of Sarah &amp; Matt Szymczak</i>                |
| <i>Ashley Seay</i>                 | <i>August 25</i> | <i>Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay</i>               |
|                                    |                  | <i>Granddaughter of</i>                                |
|                                    |                  | <i>Dennis &amp; Georgene Manley</i>                    |
| <i>Nicole Parfitt</i>              | <i>August 30</i> | <i>Daughter of Robin Parfitt</i>                       |

### ANNIVERSARIES

|                                  |                  |                                                   |
|----------------------------------|------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Lindsay Wilczynski</i>        | <i>August 1</i>  | <i>Daughter of Christine Pado</i>                 |
| <i>Adam Rubin</i>                | <i>August 1</i>  | <i>Son of Linda Rubin &amp; brother to Nicole</i> |
| <i>Jammi Shonlei Hui</i>         | <i>August 5</i>  | <i>Daughter of William &amp; Joyce Hui</i>        |
| <i>Pressley Suzanne McHugh</i>   | <i>August 5</i>  | <i>Daughter of Shawn &amp; Kari McHugh</i>        |
| <i>Deshawn Christopher Woods</i> | <i>August 7</i>  | <i>Son of Terrell Woods</i>                       |
| <i>David Spannraft</i>           | <i>August 12</i> | <i>Son of Elizabeth &amp; Dan Spannraft</i>       |
| <i>Danielle Trevithick</i>       | <i>August 12</i> | <i>Granddaughter of Tony Trevithick</i>           |
| <i>Nathan Clyde</i>              | <i>August 17</i> | <i>Son of Valerie Clyde</i>                       |
|                                  |                  | <i>Sister of Michaela Clyde</i>                   |
| <i>Christian Romero</i>          | <i>August 17</i> | <i>Son of Veronica Romero Carlos</i>              |
| <i>Dylan Smith</i>               | <i>August 19</i> | <i>Nephew of Melissa Smith</i>                    |
| <i>Raphael E Vidal</i>           | <i>August 20</i> | <i>Son of Raphael &amp; Mirtha Vidal</i>          |
| <i>Ryan James Nichols</i>        | <i>August 22</i> | <i>Son of Jackie &amp; Jim Nichols</i>            |
| <i>Lily Grace Kennedy</i>        | <i>August 24</i> | <i>Daughter of Emily Kennedy</i>                  |
| <i>James McClintock</i>          | <i>August 28</i> | <i>Son of Charles &amp; Louise Knoll</i>          |
| <i>Brandon Ward</i>              | <i>August 30</i> | <i>Son of Marcy Reif</i>                          |
| <i>Justin Cody Ortega</i>        | <i>August 31</i> | <i>Son of Susie Meggs</i>                         |

And maybe that's the most brutal and beautiful part of it all ~ grief stays because love never left.  
-Jameson Arasi

Please let me know if I have omitted a child, misspelled a name or have published an incorrect date.  
Susan Banks; [lanwesmar@comcast.net](mailto:lanwesmar@comcast.net) 847.366.9375



## **BROKEN SEASHELLS ~ BROKEN HEARTS**

By Pamela Leonhardt

Recently while on a trip visiting my sister in Oregon I came across a lovely and heartfelt book entitled *My Beautiful Broken Shell* written by Carol Hamblet Adams and illustrated by one of my favorite seascape artists, D. Morgan. The words of the tender reflections in this book resonated with my heart as I walked along the sandy shores of the Oregon coast collecting seashells.

Adams shares the brokenness of her heart and spirit as she struggled through a difficult time. In her book, she describes her experience walking along the sandy seashore searching for perfect seashells to add to her collection. As she gazes at the sea of broken shells, she comes to realize that the broken ones reflect her own broken heart. In each shell, Adams sees those who are hurting and who have lost loved ones; those who are frightened or alone; and those who are living with unfulfilled dreams. Like all of us, each shell in the vast sea is tremendously resilient after fighting so hard to keep from being totally crushed by the pounding surf. We, too, come to realize that it takes courage to remain on the shore after being "tossed by the storms of life and worn down by the sands of time" despite the unrelenting pain and suffering in our hearts. Like each of us, broken seashells represent our tears, deepest sorrows and pain from the loss of our precious child. The turbulent crashing waves of the sea followed by the calm waves teach us about the true meaning of strength, courage and faith. The brokenness of each shell comes to remind us that when our hearts are shattered beyond belief, we can survive even the most horrific storm in our own lives. As each beautiful broken shell doesn't pretend to be perfect or whole, it allows for its brokenness to be seen, knowing that within the center of the shell lays immense beauty.

Broken seashells don't exist alone but are surrounded by a vast number of seashells, each broken in their own unique way. Like all of humanity, when you truly look around, you see that we are all wounded in one way or another. As rare as it is to find a perfect shell in the midst of hundreds of

shells lying on the beach, it's equally rare to find any one of us who has not experienced deep pain and sorrow. As the broken shells lie close to one another, we are reminded that we, too, live in community with each other and when we draw upon the strength and courage of others it helps us through the most difficult times.

After reading this tender and heartfelt book, I walked the sandy Oregon shore, no longer in search for the perfect seashell for my collection but rather recognizing the strength, courage and beauty of all the broken shells that lay scattered along the shore. With each broken seashell I picked up and placed in my hand, I admired its own uniqueness and strength. It was through gazing at them; I was reminded of my own brokenness and the tremendous courage it has taken me to survive the most turbulent storm in my life. Through my brokenness I have emerged stronger, more compassionate and loving and able to recognize and embrace my own internal beauty from that struggle.

Like many others, I find my deepest peace and serenity by the seashore, mesmerized by the crashing waves followed by the slow, gentle retreat of the water back into the sea. As one of my favorite quotes so profoundly states, "nowhere on earth are heartaches better tended," I feel the sadness in my heart soothed and my soul restored and nourished as I experience all the beauty that the sea offers. As I prepare to leave next week for another retreat to the sea, I will notice and cherish each broken shell knowing the strength and courage it took for each of them to survive the turbulent storms of the sea and be reminded of my own healing journey. Next time you find yourself walking along the shore's edge, pick up a broken seashell that speaks to you and see yourself reflected in the broken edges. Recognize the strength of the shell to survive being tossed through the crashing waves just as your heart has survived and grown stronger after the most horrific and tumultuous storm.

©2005, Pamela Leonhardt, PsyD.  
Pamela is a Licensed Psychologist in private practice in Boulder and bereaved mother to Angel Child, Michael (12/2/76 - 7/14/98) *My Beautiful Broken Shell* (1998), Carol Hamblet Adams, Harvest House Publishers, Eugene, OR.

~reprinted from Denver Metro Area Newsletter  
July 2005





## Talking with friends who have lost a child

by Linda Waxler

Our son Jonathan died almost four years ago at age 26. Since then, we have realized that many people feel uncomfortable when approaching parents who have lost children. Perhaps from fear or misconceptions, even friends shun the bereaved, thinking, "I don't know what to say." In fact, at times, it seems people are purposely avoiding the bereaved. As a result, I want to share with you some ideas that might make it easier to help friends who are living with the loss of a child.

Do not worry that mentioning the name of the child will "remind" bereaved parents of their child. We remember our child every minute of every day. We want to talk about our child. Mention his name. One of our biggest fears is that he will be forgotten and one of our biggest joys is to hear his name.

Understand that we are parents without the right number of children. Because of this we experience over and over again fear, anger, guilt, sorrow, loss of future, isolation, abandonment. These are not steps that we work through but feelings that will continue to return forever with various intensity and in different forms.

Keep in mind that there really is no "closure" to the grief for the loss of a child. How can there be? Such loss is against nature and against all that we understand in the passage from one generation to the next.

What you say to bereaved parents is less important than that you say something. Ignoring bereaved parents is only adding to the burden of grief. Simply asking, "How are you doing?" can be very helpful. But do it often.

When bereaved parents return to the workplace, make sure that you stop by, even if it's just to say "hello." After the loss of a child, parents often feel as if they are starting all over. This "new life" is just in the infancy stage and a friendly word makes a difference.

Call bereaved parents just to let them know you are thinking about them. Don't be insulted if they do not call you. Grieving saps energy for a long time.

Never think that grieving parents are somehow "holding onto their grief." There is no such thing. The loss of a child causes endless grief that becomes part of the bereaved parent's inner self forever.

Remember that grief is not a process that one goes through a step at a time. Grieving is a roller coaster ride, and it is circular. The first couple of years, we are numb. When the numbness goes away, we are shocked to see that the world has gone on without our child. When we come out of this numbness, we are different people with a new sense of what it is to be "normal."

When parents lose their child, their hearts are broken. A huge hole is left. This hole will never heal – only the jagged edges around the hole may heal with time. Our grief, not always in the same form and maybe not as intense, will be with us the rest of our lives.

It does not matter how a child died or whether he was one week old or sixty years old. Nor does it matter whether there are surviving children. There is something absolute about the loss of each and every individual child.

Certain times of year will trigger intense sadness. Birthdays, anniversaries of the death, holidays, Mother's and Father's Day, weddings and funerals are just some. We can never properly prepare ourselves for these days. A simple "I am thinking of you and I know this day must be hard" goes a long way with bereaved parents.

Although I can no longer see my son Jonathan's face except in pictures or hear his voice except on a family video, I am beginning to realize, with the help of Compassionate Friends, that he is nestled in the hole in my heart and that for as long as I live, he will be with me wherever I go.

Linda Waxler and her husband Bob live in North Dartmouth with their other son, Jeremy.

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## *Unbroken Dreams*

I grew up believing in dreams. As a child, my dream was to someday have children. I remember looking into the night sky and believing angels were watching over my unborn babies until it was time for them to become a part of my life.

Years later, when I first learned, I was going to have a baby, I wanted to stop strangers on the street and tell them. I was absolutely filled with love.

I was in disbelief when months later my baby boy died soon after his birth. I felt the first crack in my dream and thought my twenty-five-year-old heart would break. The love which had filled my heart so completely had suddenly turned into emptiness, and I was touched with the reality that life is too brief and fragile.

My second little boy was born the next year, also prematurely, and like his brother before him, he lived only a short time. It was a different place, a different time, but the same deep heartache and darkness returned to my world. A part of me had died with each of these babies, and there were no words to explain how I felt. I kept my heart closed, my feelings unshared, and my silent hurt buried deep inside. I had not yet learned that from every loss there is something gained.

Living through the loss of a child can lead us to a deeper knowledge of life's gifts, and a kind of strength we never knew we had. The time came when I could no longer dwell on questions which had no answers, and I searched for insight and a rite of passage to

change my focus toward positive memories and feelings. My healing began when I realized I could not have felt this sadness about losing my babies unless I had first been blessed with the joy of loving and wanting them. The real emptiness in my heart would have been never having had them at all.

As I worked through my grief, I was beginning to learn some of life's lessons. The pain of losing someone we love, especially a child, never really leaves us, for it is a part of our lives that will always be unfinished and unexplained. It's never easy to accept the unfairness of life, and yet it touches us all. And sometimes, only because life has touched us in this way, do we become more aware of its wonder, and the pure blessing life gives us.

I came to understand that each time I had allowed myself to love, it meant taking a risk. And each time I had reached for a dream also meant taking a risk. I knew the only way I could live life fully was to let go of the emptiness and become unafraid to risk again. I promised myself that I would let love back into my heart, for it is much too precious a gift to waste, and my days and nights too precious to be covered with sadness. I began to cherish life even more.

My third baby son was born the next year, and two years later, my baby daughter. Both again premature, but thanks to God, a wonderfully dedicated pediatrician, and advanced medical technology, they survived.

Their hospital stays were long and filled with frightening moments, but in spite of the odds that faced them, they clung tightly to life. Months later when they came home, I slowly found I was mending my broken dreams with the love I was giving to them. And I was beginning a new dream.

(Continued on page 7)

*(Unbroken Dreams continued from page 6)*

Many years have passed, yet the thought of unfairness still comes, and I still feel my tears when I think of my first two babies, or when I hear of precious children being abused and neglected. This is when I remember the lessons I have learned and, instead of dwelling on loss, I strive to embrace the hope I know is real. I now give my love and support to organizations that dedicate themselves to the lives of children and to mending their broken dreams. Giving of myself is the only way I can ever give back the blessings life has given me.

We all have something to give, and it is through this act of giving and risking loving again, that we ultimately find a way to heal. Often, we uncover sacred gifts of our own just by listening to others who are hurting, or by holding someone's hand and letting them know we care.

Each of us has a story, and each of us feels alone with our heartache. Yet we are never truly alone when we let ourselves be unafraid to share our feelings, and to give what is in our hearts. Sharing connects us and makes us realize how much people need one another in this world.

I still look up into the night sky sometimes and think about those two little boys that were with me wondering what they would be like today if they could have grown up with their brother and sister. Then I remember that although they are with the angels, in some wonderful way they are still with me - because love never dies. It is the strength we carry with us forever.

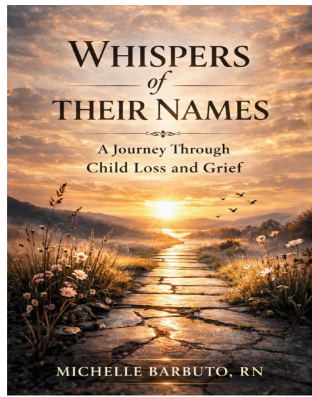
*Written by Flavia Weedn  
copyright Weedn Family Trust - All rights reserved  
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from TCF Atlanta Sept/Oct 2002 Newsletter*



*I will talk about you forever because loving you didn't end when you died. Because there's no way I'm letting the world move on without you. Because forgetting you was never an option. Because it's the only way I know how to keep you alive. And as long as I keep doing that, a piece of you will always be here too.*

*And I want to do that. I want to talk about you forever. Not because I'm stuck or in denial or unable to accept, they're gone, but because I refuse to stop loving you out loud. I refuse to let that love disappear just because the world kept spinning. So, I mean it when I say, I'll talk about you forever. On the good days, the hard ones, the overwhelming anniversaries and the ordinary days when I miss you so quietly that no one even notices.*

*~prettypainfulgriefbook~*



By Michelle Barbuto

I finished the book.  
And I don't say that lightly.

*Whispers of Their Names* is done.

This book was written in the quiet spaces grief lives. In the after.

In the places where love doesn't disappear, but life is forever changed.

It's not a book about fixing grief.

It's a book about navigating it.

About living when your heart has been shattered.

About speaking your child's name without apology.

About learning how to carry sorrow and still breathe.

I wrote this for parents who feel unseen.

For parents who are tired of being told to be strong.

For parents who need something steady to reach for when the world keeps moving and they feel stuck in the after.

Your child mattered.

Your love matters.

And you don't have to navigate this alone.

When a child dies, life divides into before and after, and nothing about grief follows a straight line.

*Whispers of Their Names* is a grief memoir and companion book for parents navigating life after the loss of a child. Through personal story, reflection, and gentle grounding practices, Michelle Barbuto offers a steady presence for parents learning how to live in the after, without timelines, stages, or expectations to heal.

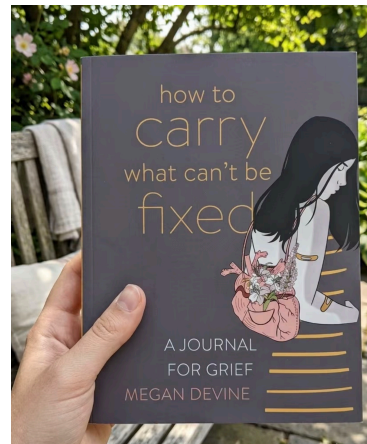
Written by a mother who has lost three sons through accident, homicide, and suicide, this book centers who children were in life, not how they died.

It speaks with particular care to parents carrying layered or complicated grief, including those living with guilt, unanswered questions, and the quiet fear of being left behind by the world.

Each chapter blends lived experience with reflection prompts, simple practices, and permission slips parents can return to again and again. This is not a book to finish quickly, but one to open when you need footing, language, or rest.

This is not a book about moving on. It is a book about navigating grief while continuing to love your child out loud.

~~~~~



By Megan Devine

How to carry what can't be fixed; a journal for Grief. It is a refuge. It validates your pain without judgement, reminding you that there is nothing "wrong" with you for feeling as you do. It won't offer a quick fix or a tidy ending, but it will walk with you, offering a safe place to find your own truth and begin to build a life alongside your loss.

If you are grieving, or if you love someone who is, this is the guide and gentle friend you have been needing.



The HEART REMEMBERS

Expressions of Love Through Our Hands

We are inviting you to attend The HeArt Remembers memorial "make and take" event for parents, grandparents, siblings and friends.

Each person may choose a simple craft project(s) and create a very personal memorial of your loved one for you to take home.

We have invited the LCC K-9 Comfort Dogs to join our event.

The dogs will offer companionship and they love hugs.

The handlers are wonderful and enjoy sharing about the dogs.

What: Make your own memorial to your loved one by painting an inspirational rock, planting a small terrarium, or designing a vase of flowers or creating a memory charm cable.

When: Thursday, September 17, 2026. 7:00 p.m. - 8:30 p.m.

Where: Millburn Congregational Church

19073 W Old Town Court

Lake Villa/Old Mill Creek, Illinois 60046

Who: Susan Banks and the steering committee will facilitate the activities.

~ If you are available to help with planning or assisting at the event, please contact Susan Banks for information ~

The Northern Lake Co IL Chapter of The Compassionate Friends

Questions? Contact Susan Banks at 847.366.9375 or lanwesmar@comcast.net



The Compassionate Friends

Northern Lake County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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)

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 donating, please make the check payable to **The Compassionate Friends. Rosita Hernandez 3016 16th Place, North Chicago, IL 60064. rosehernandez@juno.com**

We welcome your comments and/or items submitted for use in the newsletter. Short articles, poems, or book reviews are always appreciated. Please include the author of any written works. Send your items for the newsletter to Susan Banks 1427 Clavey Lane, Gurnee, IL 60031. Lanwesmar@comcast.net

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 PO Box 46 Wheaton, IL 60187. 877-969-0001. www.compassionatefriends.org

Steering Committee 2025 – 2026

CHAPTER LEADERSHIP Susan Banks 847-366-9375 lanwesmar@comcast.net – son, Westley Banks Age 21 of suicide.

TREASURER Rosita Hernandez 847-602-0698 rosehernandez@juno.com daughter, Victoria Pickett Age 26 of suicide.

COMMUNITY OUTREACH

HOSPITALITY Kris Frisby 847-366-3170 Kefrisby88@comcast.net son, Camden Frisby Age 15 of suicide.

SECRETARY / LIBRARIAN

REMEMBRANCE SECRETARY Shannon Seay 224-456-2891 Seayseven1@comcast.net daughter, Ashley Seay Age 17 Auto accident.

NEWSLETTER EDITOR Susan Banks 847-366-9375 lanwesmar@comcast.net – son, Westley Banks Age 21 of suicide.

NEWSLETTER PRINTING & MAILING Toni Nesheim 847-204-7585 tnesheim@sbcglobal.net & Denny Salomonson, 847-223-7353 drdeno@sbcglobal.net - daughter, Rachel Salomonson, 19 Auto accident

WOODLAND WALK COORDINATORS Christine Pado 847-455-6642 chpado@gmail.com - daughter Lindsay Wilcynski Age 29 Pulmonary Embolism

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

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

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

NORTHERN LAKE COUNTY COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS FACEBOOK page <https://www.facebook.com/cfonlci>

Facebook Pages for Siblings - The Sounds of the Siblings: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/21358475781/>

TCF SIBS: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/tcfsibs/>

