

The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter #1511

August 2025 Newsletter

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

*A note from Susan our Chapter Leader
& thoughts from someone who
understands;*

WHAT DOES HOPE MEAN TO YOU?

*"We must accept finite disappointment but
never lose infinite hope."*

~ Martin Luther King, Jr.

At a recent Farmers Market, I stopped at a booth selling stones, crystals and quartz rocks. I was next to a woman who was buying a stone that had "hope" carved on it. It was to commemorate her very bright and talented 18-year-old son who had died. I have my stone in my pocket that I carry with me for my son and I showed her the stone. We both smiled and understood the meaning of having a stone to hold and carry. I recalled purchasing similar stones that say "love" and "peace". But this interaction caused me to wonder what we hope for in the wake of the death of a child. And does every grieving person hope for the same thing? So, the question is, *what is hope and what do you hope for?*

This discussion motivated me to look up the meaning of the word *hope*. As a noun it is "to cherish a desire with anticipation". As a verb, Hope means "to desire with expectation of obtainment". –

American Heritage Dictionary

"Hope is the emotional state which promotes the belief in a positive outcome related to events and circumstances in one's life. Despair is the opposite of hope."

We all know what despair is. Upon the death of our child and the first few years after, you might remember telling people, "Now I truly know what sorrow and despair mean." Now we can ponder

what hope means in the aftermath of a loved one's death.

I don't believe that there is a positive outcome related to the death of your child. But we *hope* we can keep the memory of them alive and stay true to their unique and inspiring spirit. *We hope* that they are not forgotten.

We *hope* to become a fully functioning person who is helpful to others. We hope to feel joy again. We hope that this sickness and wounded feeling will heal and soften.

After many years, some can say that the healing has begun. It might require a variety of resources; going to The Compassionate Friends meetings, attendance at other support groups, individual therapy and maybe medication. Love and support from family and friends.

Bereaved parents know that they will never be the same after the death of their child. We can only hope to heal so that we can continue to participate in our families and be parents to our surviving children, if we have them. We can only hope to go past surviving the death of our child and truly live. We have felt despair, we know sorrow, now we must believe and work toward the opposite of that, which is hope.

While there's life, there's hope.

*- Marcus Tullius Cicero, Roman philosopher &
statesman*

To live without Hope is to cease to live.

- Fyodor Dostoevsky, Russian author

*Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it,
casts the shadow of our burden behind us.*

- Samuel Smiles, Scottish author & reformer

*No matter how dark the moment, love and hope
are always possible. - George Chakiris, actor*

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 7, 2025

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 21, 2025

Chapter News

Upcoming events for our Chapter.

Thursday September 18 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



Sunday December 14, 2025 ~
 The 29th 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



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.

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 & 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 & 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 & Bart Muno</i>
<i>Manuel Isaiah Garza</i>	<i>August 22</i>	<i>Son of Vanessa & 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 & Matt Szymczak</i>
<i>Ashley Seay</i>	<i>August 25</i>	<i>Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay</i>
		<i>Granddaughter of Dennis & 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</i>
<i>Tony Trejo</i>	<i>August 1</i>	<i>Son of Marina Williamson</i>
		<i>Brother of Victor Trejo</i>
<i>Jammi Shonlei Hui</i>	<i>August 5</i>	<i>Daughter of William & Joyce Hui</i>
<i>Pressley Suzanne McHugh</i>	<i>August 5</i>	<i>Daughter of Shawn & Kari McHugh</i>
<i>Sandra Elena Varela</i>	<i>August 5</i>	<i>Daughter of Sandra Prez</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 & 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 & Mirtha Vidal</i>
<i>Ryan James Nichols</i>	<i>August 22</i>	<i>Son of Jackie & Jim Nichols</i>
<i>Lily Grace Kennedy</i>	<i>August 24</i>	<i>Daughter of Emily Kennedy</i>
<i>Michael Lee Brandon Hamilton</i>		
<i>Frederick</i>	<i>August 25</i>	<i>Son of Jan Frederick</i>
		<i>Grandson of Sharon Frederick</i>
<i>James McClintock</i>	<i>August 28</i>	<i>Son of Charles & 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>

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

THREE DOORS

Pat Dickerman
Hacienda Heights, California

The first door was the death. It slammed shut, was locked and sealed. It separated me from my loved one. It was a heavy, cold steel door. I can never open it. It leaves me alone outside.

The second door swings open and beckons me to come inside. It leads to all my memories of our life together. At first, the door is wide open as I spend most of my time back inside reliving every precious moment – the sad memories, the bad memories and, thank goodness, the very special good memories.

Gradually I spend less time there but often I return to the second door. Sometimes I find myself spending a lot of time there. Sometimes I chuckle and leave, appreciative and happy for the experiences we shared. The second door will always remain slightly open. It will always be welcoming me back in time. The more I heal, the more I walk away from the second door and toward the third door.

The third door is stiff. It is hard to open. It opens slowly. It is scary inside when I first open it but each time I try to open this door, it becomes easier to open. Inside, I find rays of hope. Beyond are many paths, many choices. As time passes, I feel more comfortable entering. Gradually, the third door opens wider, and I find myself able to explore all that is within. Soon the paths take me in many directions.

The third door opens up to my new life.

(Borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA VOLUME IX NO. 3, Summer 2004 (July, August & September))

Rebuilding Your Life One Piece at a Time

Death, especially unexpected death, changes one's life in ways that cannot be expected. With the death of someone close, one's world is forever changed.

One analogy I have found myself using with clients is the following: If you were to imagine the

day before your loved one died, there was an intact picture of your life. The picture may not have been perfect, but it was there, and it made sense. There was a beginning, a middle and an expected end. With death comes the destruction of that picture. It is as if the picture is taken out of your hands, smashed to the ground in a thousand pieces and then some of the most treasured pieces are forever taken away.

The challenge with grief is to then take all of those pieces which are left and attempt to make a new picture. The picture of the life you once had is impossible to recreate, as much as one may try, it cannot be recreated with pieces missing. A new picture must be assembled with the pieces that are left and with new pieces that are picked up along the way.

The process of "putting the pieces back together" is one that often feels chaotic and confusing. It may sometimes be surprising to find out how much thinking is involved in the grief process. Thoughts bounce around trying to connect "what was" with "what is" and struggle to make sense out of what seems to be incomprehensible.

With each piece, the bereaved, through trial and error, find where each piece belongs or even if it belongs at all. This process is different for every person and does not adhere to any kind of timeline. This (what feels like endless) thinking is the work that grief demands "it is the creation of a new picture of your life" created one piece at a time.

Written by Stephanie Elson, lifted from the Tears to Hope August/September 2007 newsletter of The Amelia Center, Birmingham, AL, providing a place of hope for grieving children, parents and families:
www.ameliacent.org



AT FIRST

By Sascha
From WINTERSUN

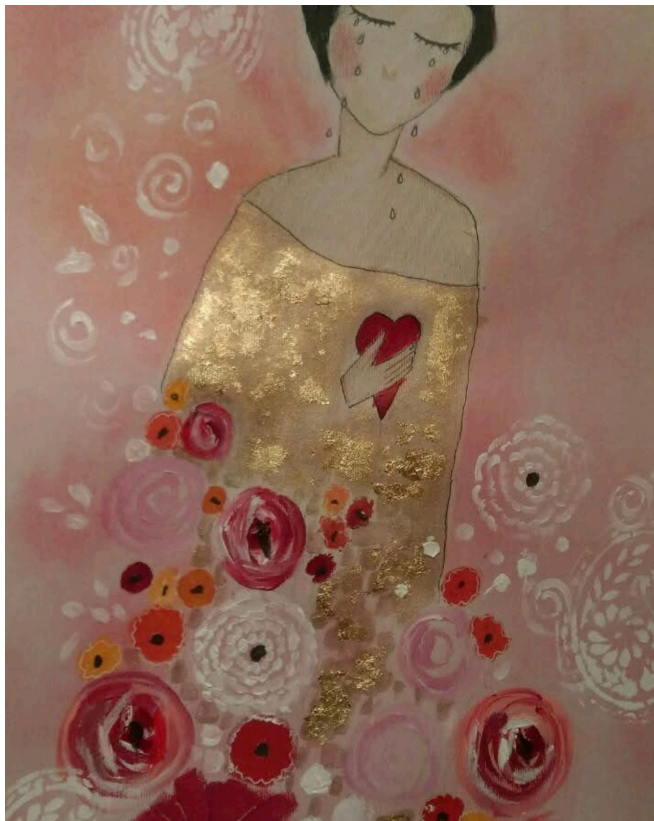
At first

my very name was grief.
My eyes saw only grief,
my thoughts were grief.
And everything I touched
was turned to grief.

But now

I own the light of memories.
My eyes can see you,
and my thoughts can know you
for what you really are;
more than a young life lost,
more than a radiance
gone into night.

Today you have become
a gift beyond my grief,
a treasure to my world -
though you have left
my world and me behind.



Unknown artist.



To Be or Not to Be?
(Miserable, that is)

We certainly had no choice about the matter when our child died. But as we live out the rest of our lives, we have a choice to be miserable or not be miserable. Early on in the grief process, it seemed normal and right to be miserable. It would almost seem disrespectful and wrong not to feel miserable in the early stages. It's been almost five years now since my daughter was killed, and I can certainly remember some dark days back then. But what about now? How should I be feeling now?

It seems to me that as a beginning point to answer this question, we should consider how our child would want us to feel. One way to answer this question is to ask ourselves how we would want our children to feel if we were the one who died. I think I could safely say that we would not want our child to be miserable the rest of her/his life. But we would want our child to remember us. And that is what I think our child would want us to do-remember her or him the rest of our life. And how should we do that? One way certainly, is to bring forth those mental images of our child in various stages of life. In all honesty, some our memories will be pleasant and some may be unpleasant. We also remember our child by keeping pictures of her/him on display, and by keeping mementoes of her/his life. We can talk about our child to other people (although they may be uncomfortable with this). We can start scholarship funds in our child's name, make a financial gift to a local charity, use a "Random Act of Kindness" card along with a small financial gift to help someone, plant a tree, make a small garden spot in our yard.....the ways to remember our child with positive actions is almost limitless.

If you seem to be suffering unbearable misery, why not try taking a positive action in your child's memory and remember that your child would want you to have peace.

Written by David Haddock Clinton, Mississippi
In memory of Bonnie Catherine Haddock
(02-06-1985 to 08-13-2002)

Borrowed from TCF Atlanta Sharing
<TCFAtlantaSharing@tcfatlanta.org>
August 1, 2007



**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



MEMORIES OF LOVED ONES

**By Roy Peterson – A Dear
Friend of BP/USA**

Absolutely nothing can be as painful as the death of a loved one and our journeys through the valley of the shadow of death leave us little room to do anything other than mourn.

However, somehow, we do reach that plateau, that point, that place in time where we resolve to renew our lives, to seek to put everything into perspective. Marlo Thomas (when remembering her father, Danny) said, “it’s just not enough to survive—you have to thrive! It doesn’t matter whether you are freshly bereaved or whether it happened years ago and you are just coming to terms with the death.”

Memories are part of our awesome job of survival and part of healing and restoring ourselves. Our loved ones have died, and our lives have been changed—in ways we hardly ever imagined as possible. “Why?” people ask! “Why do you bring back painful memories? For what purpose? Wouldn’t it be better to avoid confusion and forego any need to understand why?”

Am I never again to acknowledge the life and death of someone so precious, so much a part of my waking and sleeping life? How could I not remember? And even though remembering is disruptive, a loss without memories cannot be possible.

Each month, each week and each day brings us the chance to put that loss in perspective. We need to grab each chance to build memories to help relieve the pain, or at least to change its level of intensity. We believe that whatever pain we bring to gatherings is pain that we share, just as we share with each other our love for our children.

Memorial services are such emotional and satisfying activities because they allow us to face and remember our losses; us to reorder our lives. The healing that occurs is an important aspect of the restoration of our inner selves.

Eventually it is possible to realize that our loved ones were normal. They were good, indifferent, full of mischief, ambitious or on the road to success or failure. In realizing that they were normal, we start down memory lane. We discover memories lost in the fog of our grief. We unearth long buried treasures.

How awful it must be to be robbed of memories! Not to recall our loved ones, would be life’s worst blow. Somehow, we must reach a place where our love and memories are liberated from the painful emotions linked with the deaths of our loved ones. It is in that liberation that we find an awakening to new possibilities, to new understandings and to growth. As we acknowledge that healing and restoration are occurring, a path out of the depths of despair opens. It is then that we can say, “even though our loved ones died—our love for and memories of them will never go away.”

I KNOW WHERE YOU ARE

**By Debbie Trepanier
Springfield IL BP/USA Chapter**

**3 years ago, you left this earth
but I know where you are.**

**You are in my heart, in my breath.
You are in every part of my day.**

You are in my dreams and my thoughts.

**I know one day I will see you again
and, oh! what a day that will be.**

**We can laugh with each other again,
and cry with each other again.**

**I may have to suffer many years
before that glorious day.**

**But, for now, it gives me hope.
For now,**

I know where you are.



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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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.

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

When: Thursday, September 18, 2025. 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) (\$30.00 assists the costs)

Pay for a book for the chapter's Lending Library _____

Check here to keep receiving the newsletter _____

If you are donating, please make the check payable to **The Compassionate Friends**.

Return to 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 Lanwesmar@comcast.net 1427 Clavey Lane Gurnee, IL 60031.

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 - 48660 Pontiac Trail, #930808, Wixom, MI - 48393 PH 877-969-0010 - Fax: 630-990-0246. The Compassionate Friends home page can be found at 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

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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

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

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



The Compassionate Friends
Northern Lake County Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies