

The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter
February 2025 Newsletter

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



Chapter Leader

Notes from Susan

Embrace the Starfish Rule; a story of hope, to make a difference by taking a moment, taking a small step.

The Star Thrower, more often called the Starfish Story, is an essay by Loren Eiseley from the 1972 book "The Unexpected Universe" (h/t to writer Sahil Bloom's newsletter).

Over time, people have revised the story. This is my favorite adaptation:

An old man was walking along the beach when he noticed a young boy picking up starfish and throwing them back into the ocean. Approaching the boy, he said "Excuse me, but what are you doing?" The boy replied: "The sun is rising, and the tide is going out. If I don't throw the starfish back into the ocean, they'll die." The old man shook his head and said "but there are too many starfish on this beach. You can't possibly make a difference." After thinking for a moment, the boy bent down, picked up another starfish and threw it into the ocean. Then he turned to the old man. "Well, he said, I made a difference to that one."

Make a difference. The same is true for you. Maybe you haven't had a moment to thank a family member, it's ok, you can remember the next time. Or you just got busy and didn't show how grateful you were for something they did. It's ok, remind yourself to take that moment to be appreciative, it's ok for you take a moment to calm and focus yourself. If you are in the work force; Haven't had time to spend a few minutes with all of your employees? That's ok. You can stop and speak to one. Haven't had time to thank all your

customers for their loyalty? You can reach out to one. Don't have time to thank all the people who have made a difference in your life? You can take a moment and thank one of them – and in the process, make a difference in their lives. Whenever you feel overwhelmed by all the stranded starfish on your proverbial beach ~ whether those starfish are people or tasks or goals ~ instead of feeling defeated, remember that you can make a difference to, or with, at least one of them.

That alone will make it more likely that you'll reach for another starfish, and another, because the best motivation is success. Especially when success makes a genuine difference, however seemingly small or simple. Because doing one small, simple thing very time you can, will eventually result in major change. Especially in yourself. Be patient, be kind with you.

Your friend, Susan ~ Westley's mom

Thoughts borrowed from Jeff Haden
Sunday Chicago Times Tribune



It makes sense to be ok'ish. Because, there are parts of us that are grieving. Parts that are fighting. Parts that are letting go. Parts that are joy filled. Parts that belong. Parts that feel alone. We are never one reaction, feeling or response... We are made up of a million beautiful, complex, and deserving parts.

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

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.
 Open discussion
 It's also ok to sit and listen and when you feel comfortable sharing, please share with us.

Chapter news February;

"Meet my loved one..."

For the meetings in the month of February we will celebrate our loved one who has gone to soon by sharing a picture, a memorable story or a favorite item that holds a special memory of your loved one.



GIFTS OF LOVE

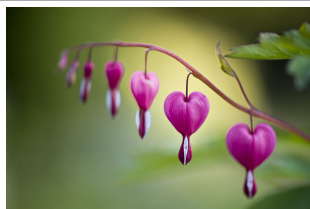
A donation to our chapter in honor of or in loving memory of your child.

A love gift is a gift of money or of time given to the Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter of the passionate 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.

Thank you to Charlie Johnson, In memory of her grandson, Rodrick Young. His Birthday is 2/13/89.

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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 IN FEBRUARY***

*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>Jeff Stirnichuk</i>     | <i>February 4</i>  | Son of Mary Wagner                                     |
| <i>Aaron Barrera</i>       | <i>February 6</i>  | Son of Tammie & Ernie Barrera                          |
| <i>Daniel A. Middaugh</i>  | <i>February 8</i>  | Son of Jim & Julie Middaugh                            |
| <i>Micah Gerald Musich</i> | <i>February 10</i> | Son of Heather Musich                                  |
| <i>Scott Levin</i>         | <i>February 11</i> | Son of Lynda Levin                                     |
| <i>Kal-El O. Sexton</i>    | <i>February 13</i> | Son of Derry Sexton                                    |
| <i>Roderick Young</i>      | <i>February 13</i> | Son of Scarlet Austin<br>Grandson of "Charlie" Johnson |
| <i>Megan Candice Grace</i> | <i>February 24</i> | Daughter of Tim & Marilyn Grace                        |
| <i>Anne Thomson</i>        | <i>February 25</i> | Daughter of Nancy & Tom Thomson                        |
| <i>Felicity Patrick</i>    | <i>February 26</i> | Daughter of Nicole Patrick                             |

### **ANNIVERSARIES**

|                                     |                     |                                                                                   |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Daniel A Middaugh</i>            | <i>February 3</i>   | Son of Jim & Julie Middaugh                                                       |
| <i>Susan Nesheim Allbee</i>         | <i>February 5</i>   | Sister of Toni Nesheim                                                            |
| <i>Micah Gerald Musich</i>          | <i>February 10</i>  | Son of Heather Musich                                                             |
| <i>Darien Wilson</i>                | <i>February 11</i>  | Son of Tammy & Tim Olvera                                                         |
| <i>Rafael Villanveva</i>            | <i>February 12</i>  | Son of Victoria Villanveva                                                        |
| <i>Delilah Vivian Butler</i>        | <i>February 13</i>  | Daughter of Aileen & Chris Butler                                                 |
| <i>Kelly Klawonn</i>                | <i>February 14</i>  | Son of Raymond & Dorthy Klawonn                                                   |
| <i>Tommy Howe III</i>               | <i>February 15</i>  | <i>Son of Tom &amp; Margaret Howe</i>                                             |
| <i>Ashley Seay</i>                  | <i>February 18</i>  | Daughter of Mike and Shannon Seay<br>Granddaughter of Dennis &<br>Georgene Manley |
| <i>Mary Margaret "Maggie" Miles</i> | <i>February 19</i>  | Daughter of Jim & Mary Lou Miles                                                  |
| <i>Zachary Taylor</i>               | <i>February 24</i>  | Son of Mike Taylor & Karen Adams-                                                 |
| <i>Taylor</i>                       |                     |                                                                                   |
| <i>Brayden Szymczak.</i>            | <i>February 28.</i> | Son of Sarah & Matt Szymczak                                                      |

*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. Susan Banks [Lanwesmar@comcast.net](mailto:Lanwesmar@comcast.net)*





## We Can Always Treasure Our Memories

No matter how hard we grieve, or how long we grieve, in the end there will still be our memories. Nothing can ever take them away from us. Some memories will be sad, of course. Some may be in the nature of "I wish I had..." But after a long while, when we have had time to heal a little, most of our memories will be the good ones, the ones that bring warm feelings, maybe even laughter.

I have recently been hearing a commercial on TV -- in it a girl is laughing just like Teresa used to laugh when she really was having fun. It brings a smile to me every time I see or hear it. I have to wonder if anyone except her Dad and I have ever noticed the resemblance. A few years ago, I doubt that I'd have found much enjoyment from a TV commercial with a girl laughing, but it just goes to show that we do change so much through the journey of grief. Sometimes just smelling the cologne or perfume that their loved one wore triggers a memory. Some, seeing another person who resembles their child or loved one, may recall how their child wore her hair, or how he stood or smiled. We have talked at our Compassionate Friends meetings about how we often see people who look like our child from a distance. For a fleeting moment it can give our hearts a real thump. Perhaps when we decide (accept, maybe) that our child is really gone and give up the thoughts of the death, that is when the good memories set in. That was true in my own circumstance. There are times when hurtful thoughts come to mind, but it's getting easier to push the bad ones out and dwell on the good ones--and there are so many of them!

By Jackie Wesley  
Chapter leader, The Compassionate Friends  
East Central Indiana and Miami-Whitewater  
Chapters - Teresa's mom

## Losing An Adult Child

Parents who lose adult children can suffer discrimination that is different from that suffered by other bereaved parents. With the loss of an adult child the focus of attention usually centers around that child's spouse and children. Because the deceased is an adult, concern is directed towards her/his own immediate family.

Frequently, there is little appreciation that this individual, possibly a parent themselves, is still a child to his or her own parents. Consequently, bereaved parents of adult children are left with a lack of validation and sometimes excluded. This exclusion many times leaves them missing the crucial support they need. It may leave them omitted from important activities after the death that could help them cope with their grief. The focus is simply not on them, as it would be if the child were younger.

The relationship between the adult child and parent has a number of characteristics that can make the child's death much more difficult. It frequently complicates the bereavement process. Family, friends and caregivers must recognize these issues in order to effectively and lovingly comfort this overlooked population of bereaved parents.

Therese A Rando/Parental Loss of A Child







## A Marital Lesson in Grief

When our son was killed, I remember thinking through the haze of pain that this most horrifying of life experiences would somehow bring us closer. Sharing the loss of a child created and loved by both of us for 20 years would surely deepen the bond between us. I was in for a surprise.

We clung almost blindly to each other until the shock began to give way to ugly reality. As we each moved to our individual pattern of grieving, differences began to emerge. I felt like a time bomb about to explode, I needed desperately to talk about our son. My husband refused to verbalize his feelings and became angry at my overtures. I stopped trying to communicate.

This was beyond my comprehension. Where was my helpmate, my best friend? I felt rejected, unloved and terribly alone. Anger overwhelmed me as I bitterly realized that I wasn't going to be able to share my grieving with the person who meant the most to me in the world. I knew that many marriages fail after the death of a child. Dear God, how could we possibly survive an additional tragedy?

We attended a few Compassionate Friends meetings and I continued alone. The gentle acceptance of other who had lost a child permitted me to talk or cry without guilt. Our problem was definitely not unique many other parents expressed similar frustrations. So many couples experience marital difficulty after the death of a child that it is now considered the norm. We weren't going crazy; just because our grieving styles were different didn't mean that our whole marriage would fall apart. My anger began to dissipate as I slowly faced the fact that I had been placing unrealistic expectations on my husband. Hurting at least as much as I, he simply could not meet my needs for support.

We began to have some honest discussions, agreeing that we needed each other's nurturing in order to survive and find meaning in life. We learned to respect each other's feelings. We tried to please each other in little ways: a hug, a special meal, anything that expressed caring. Patience with each other soothed over many rough moments. Time spent alone together was very healing. It took a conscious decision from both of us

to try harder. Some days we didn't have any energy left when grief was particularly painful. It wasn't always easy as we still couldn't talk about our son for a long time.

Much later the knowledge that support had been there all along from my friends if I had only asked for it saddened me. I had to admit that I simply had been too proud to reveal myself as a suffering person in need of help. I will be forever grateful to The Compassionate Friends for being there with loving, open arms.

As I look back, ignorance of grief and the impact it can have on a marriage was the basis for our problems. But, in retrospect, how could we possibly have been prepared for the onslaught of paralyzing emotions that overwhelmed us? Anguish of this intensity can reveal a spouse you've never seen before. Deeply wounded, you will both be inevitably changed from the experience of losing a child. Understanding these simple facts would have helped immeasurably.

Pat Retzloff/TCF/Oshkosh, WI

### Today

Today I tried to help someone  
because you would have done so.

Today I tried my best  
because you were so competitive.

Today I held my tongue  
because you were kind.

Today I kept trying in the face of failure  
because you never gave up.

Today I spoke up  
because you disliked injustice.

Today I did not turn away  
because you would have done the right thing.

Today I tried to think beyond myself  
because you always thought of others.

I know that I won't see you again  
until we are both in heaven

But I tell myself that I see you  
a little each day,

Every time I try to be less like me  
and more like you.

By Karen Adam-Taylor

TCF - North Lake County Illinois Chapter

## Precious Valentine Memories

—by Darcle Sims



The lace has grown yellow with age. The edges are tattered and the glue that held the pieces together has long dried up, leaving only a slight stain on the faded red paper. It is much smaller than I remembered. Perhaps time has caused it to shrink. It seems so fragile, resting here in my palm. The words have nearly faded and even the heavy crayon marks have lost their luster over the years. There's a smudge of unknown origin on the back, near where the paper was rubbed dangerously thin by the uncounted erasure marks. The name is barely legible, the pencil lines so weak that only the mind can read the letters. .

I found it the other day, while doing one of those winter chores: cleaning closets. It's nearly 25 degrees below zero outside and it seemed like a good idea to clear away some of the trappings of a thousand years.

February is a middle-of-winter month and most of us have fewer choices in this month than in any other. For those of us here in the Great North, it is either shovel the walk or clean the closets, and it's warmer in the closet (although not by much!) So, armed with a dust rag, trash bag and the radio, I opened the door and slipped in...not really about what I might find. I thought I was just going to clean the closet.

But, that first box sent me spinning. I found things I hadn't even remembered I'd lost! I finally found the holiday gift bought for my sister last year and then so carefully had hid away. I found snow boots and sand pails, a beach towel, three old paperbacks, a pile of magazines (all saved because I wanted to clip something "important").

I found shoelaces for shoes no longer "alive" and several other things that had once been alive. I found a half a chocolate-covered cherry and part of a deck of cards. It was quite a treasure box, filled with junk that once had had some meaning to someone, maybe even me.

I sorted through the coats and clothes, painfully aware that "someday" would probably not arrive in my lifetime. The too short hemline and the

too-small waist would not be mine again. I packed those things away, mindless of the hours and the drifting snow outside the windows.

When I found the box of scrapbooks, I sat down, now that the closet had some actual floor space. I touched the bindings, not quite sure I possessed the courage required to open the pages. The phone rang and forced me away from that decision. I left the closet and did not return until now.

That's when I found the old paper Valentine, tucked away between the pages of a life lived long ago. As I held that once sticky, but now only stained, piece of construction paper, I felt a connection with other valentines, in other lifetimes. I heard a whisper of another voice: my own mother's exclamation over my offered gift. It blended with my voice, speaking across the generations of children bringing home paper messages of love. OH! I had forgotten THAT – it had become lost in the pain of losing you.

It was a peaceful hour in that closet, listening to the sounds of my life, lived long ago and now remembered through the pages of the scrapbooks. I found my own laughter and that of my friend, joining the laughter of my own children, seeking the laughter of tomorrow's bearers of paper hearts. Time does pass on. Generations of hearts have been delivered and received. Generations of love have been shared just as generations of hurt have been endured. It felt timeless in the closet ...as if when I opened the door, the giver of this Valentine would still be waiting!

Perhaps that is exactly what is happening, perhaps the engineers of all of our hurts and happiness are still waiting – waiting for us to claim that love and bring their light back into being. There were so many years when I could not bear this exchanging of paper hearts! There were so many years when I counted FIRST what was missing, never realizing that in the measuring of my losses, I was truly losing what I did have.

The snow had drifted deep across the yard: only the tips of my flamingos' knit-capped, covered heads are visible in the white. But my vision has been cleared somewhat this afternoon by a visit in the closet where I found a memory that no length of time could fade. The lace is faded, the edges tattered, but the heart always remembers and

(Continued on Page 7)

(Precious Valentine Memories continued from page 6)

through the tears, the sounds of love given and received echo back to me.

So now, this little paper message from both my past and my future sit on my dresser, reminding me each morning to make room for the happy memories as well as the hard ones.

I had "lost" that Valentine from so long ago, but the bearer of that most precious gift of love has NOT been lost to me. Our loved ones die, but the love we share between us can NEVER BE DESTROYED. Love continues past all change and becomes the memory trace that guides the human spirit. Love isn't enough, but without it, the world grows cold and frozen, and the side-walks never get shoveled and the closets never get cleaned, and the memories get lost in the confusion of pain not healing.

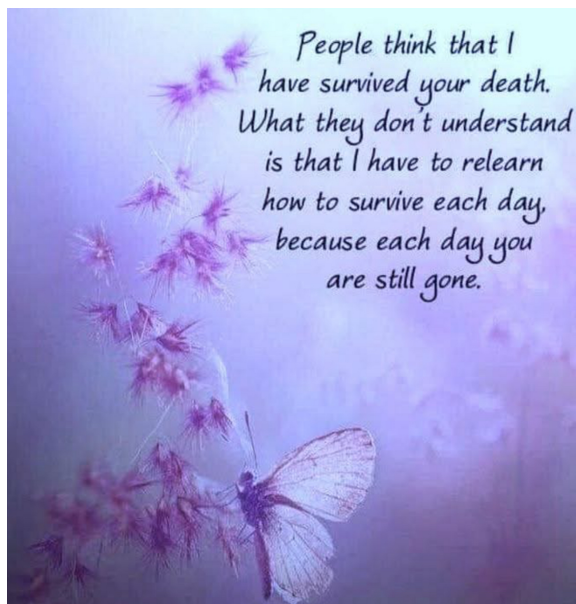
Go find a Valentine, clean a closet, rummage through a drawer, search for some tangible evidence that, indeed, your love DID LIVE – and what a sweet treat that will be!

~lovingly lifted from Sunflower Chapter, Wichita, KS Feb Newsletter & TCF Atlanta Online E-Newsletter

*"Where there is love, there is life"*

Valentine Memories

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



## *Why The Death of A Sibling Is Like Losing A Part Of Yourself*

*by UNWRITTEN ~ MARCH 22, 2016*

*UNIVERSAL PICTURES; Charlie saint Cloud movie*

If you're anything like me, you grew up in a fairytale surrounded by siblings who stood 10 feet tall. You grew up with parents who were as brave as superheroes. You grew up naïve to the world around you. Don't get me wrong; I was well aware of what the news never failed to talk about. I knew mothers and fathers could lose their battles with cancer. I knew children could be kidnapped. I knew houses burned down, and car accidents happened almost every day.

But I had created a world where my family was untouchable, where nothing could ever happen to them because they were mine.

Five years ago, a police officer knocked on our front door. It was 10 pm, and I had just gotten ready for bed.

"There's been an accident. You need to come to the hospital right away."

By this point, I had seen enough TV shows to know this was not what you wanted to hear from a police officer, especially not at 10 pm, and especially not when your older brother still hadn't made it home.

I lost a brother that day. I lost a cheerleader, a mentor and a best friend. The safe space I had created so easily disappeared, and I was left to tackle the world without the one person who had always paved a path before me.

There's no word to describe the loss of a sibling. If you lose a spouse, you're a widow or widower.

(Continued on page. 8)



(cont. from pg. 7)

If you lose your parents, you're an orphan. But if you lose a sibling, you just become the girl who lost her brother.

My therapist described it as losing a limb. If someone tells you it gets better with time, the person's lying to you. Yes, cuts get better, and wounds do heal, but when you lose an arm, it's foolish to await the day it "gets better." You simply learn to live with one arm.

I learned to do the things I know he would have liked. I learned to listen to the songs we sang together in the car without breaking down in tears. I learned — and am still learning — to function normally without him just a phone call away.

However, "normal" has lately been like a blanket too short for a bed. Sometimes it covers you just fine, and other times it leaves you shaking in the cold. I've come to find the worst part is I never know which one it's going to be when I wake up.

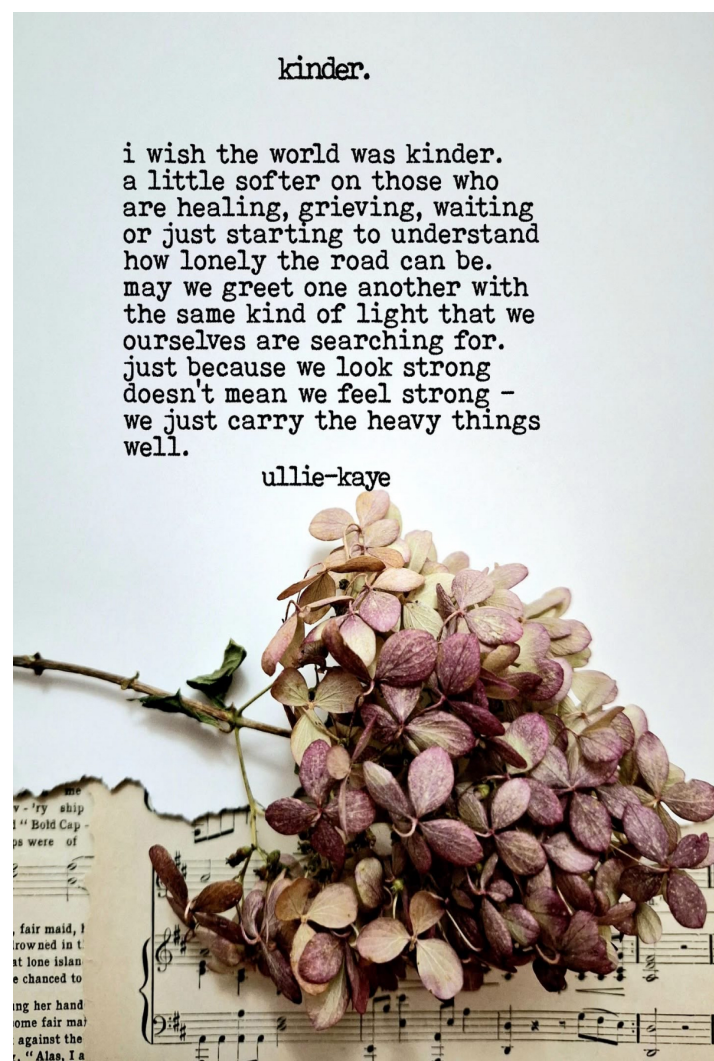
It's been almost five years since that day. Some days the ache is a little less than before, but other days it makes me want to lock myself in my room. And some days, I still feel like I am stuck in a void.

There is no statute of limitations on grief. There is no time limit to waking up crying or having to leave the grocery store because you see your sibling's old friends. There is no special cure for those dull aches in your heart that don't seem to ever go away.

But, coming from a sister who thought she would never find the light again, know there will come a day when the thought of that loved one brings a smile to your face instead of leaving you gasping for a breath you cannot find.

There will come a day when you find yourself talking about your sibling and you do not feel uncomfortable. There will come a day when the universe sends you a sign to let you know your sibling is doing OK. And there will come a day when the 19 years you were able to have with your sibling becomes enough for the 19 more, you'll never have. There is no other love like the love *for* a brother, and no other love like the love *from* a brother. And if you're lucky to have a brother who was also your best friend, that love is going to cover you during the best of times and hold your hand through the worst.

This article was written by [Kady Braswell](https://www.elitedaily.com) for [Unwritten](https://www.elitedaily.com). <https://www.elitedaily.com>





## LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY

By Darcie D. Sims

"Why does it hurt so much? Why is this grief so incapacitating? If only the hurt weren't so crushing." Sounds familiar? All of us have known hurts before, but none of our previous "ouchies" can compare with the hurt we feel. Nothing can touch the pain of burying a child.

Yet most of us have discovered that the sun still comes up. We still have to function. We did not die when our child did, even though we wished we could have. So, we are stuck with this pain, this grief, and what do we do with it? Surely, we can't live like THIS forever!

There are no magic formulas for surviving grief. There are a few recognized patterns for grief, but even those are only guidelines. What we do know is that the emptiness will never go away. It will become tolerable and livable, some day.

TIME, the longest word in our grief. We used to measure TIME by the steps of our child – the first word, first tooth, first date, first car. Now we don't have that measure any more. All we have is TIME, and it only seems to make the hurt worse.

So, what do we do? Give ourselves TIME to hurt, to grieve, to cry. TIME to choke, to scream. TIME to be "crazy" and TIME to remember. Be nice to yourself! Don't measure your progress through grief against anyone else's. Be your own timekeeper.

Don't push. Eventually you will find the hours and days of grief have turned to minutes and then moments. But don't expect them to go away. We will always hurt. You don't get over

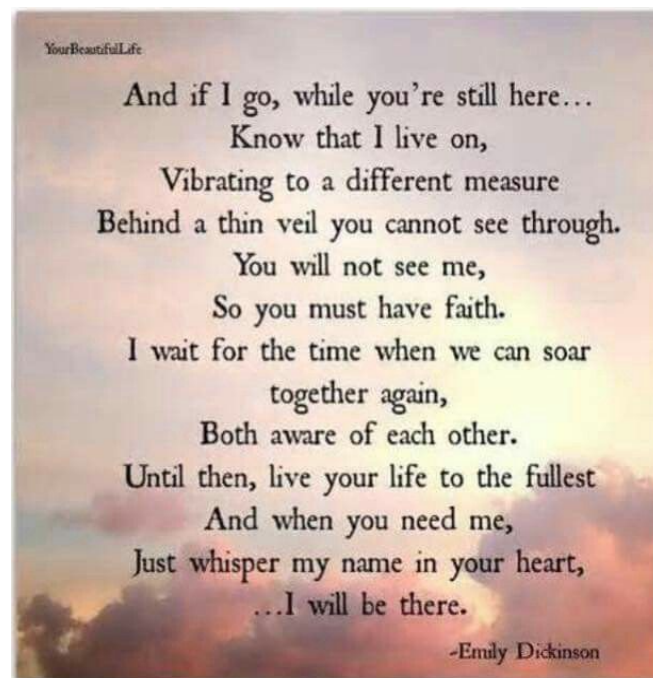
grief. It only becomes tolerable and livable. Change your focus a bit. Instead of dwelling on how much you lost, try thinking of how much you had. Try letting good memories come over you as easily as the awful ones do. We didn't lose our child. HE [SHE] DIED. We don't lose the love that flowed between us. It still flows, but differently now.

Does it help to know that if we didn't love so very much, it would not hurt so badly? Grief is the price we pay for love. And as much as it hurts, I'm very glad I loved. Don't let death cast ugly shadows, but rather warm memories of the loving times you shared. Even though death comes, LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY! This is a new year.

### ON MEMORY

*When you remember me, it means that you have carried something of who I am with you, that I have left some mark of who I am on who you are. It means that you can summon me back to your mind even though countless years and miles may stand between us. It means that, if we meet again, you will know me and hear my voice and speak to me in your heart. For as long as you remember me, I am never entirely lost.*

*Frederick Buechner – From the BP/USA Tampa Bay Chapter Newsletter*



**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 making a donation, please make the check payable to **The Compassionate Friends**.

**Return to Rosita Hernandez 3016 16<sup>th</sup> Place, North Chicago, IL 60064. [rosehernandez@juno.com](mailto: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](mailto: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](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

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**TREASURER** Rosita Hernandez 847-602-0698 [rosehernandez@juno.com](mailto:rosehernandez@juno.com) Daughter, Victoria Pickett Age 26 of suicide

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**SECRETARY / LIBRARIAN**

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**FACILITADORES EN HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH WAUKEGAN, IL.** Española e inglés. Mirtha Vidal 847-293-1658 [mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com](mailto:mirthavidal1213@yahoo.com) & Raphael Vidal [rvidal1027@yahoo.com](mailto: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