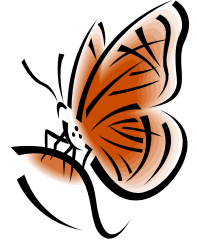


The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

June 2024 Newsletter

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



A note from Susan

Father's Day

Sunday is Father's Day, and I feel awkward about it. On a cold morning in January, our son, David, was born.

And I became a father.

Before that cold day ended our son was dead.

Was I a father still?

I had dreams for him,

hopes for him,

love for him, as any father would.

I grieved for him, longed for him,

missed him achingly

as only a father could.

Did the grieving and the longing and the missing achingly

make me a father still,

though I no longer had the relationship

or the function?

Father's Day is coming

I am feeling confused and awkward about it.

Today is Sunday, Father's Day.

A friend approaches me and says,

"Today must be terribly hard for you."

Then he gives me a hug,

a heartfelt embrace and says,

"I'll be thinking of you today.

Happy Father's Day."

Suddenly, the awkwardness and confusion are gone.

I am a father.

I will always be one.

Jim Nelson

In loving memory of David.

Lovingly lifted from Rich Township TCF NL 6/1999



A New Normal

I wanted my life to return to normal. Then I realized what I wanted was for my life to return to what it once was.

A year ago, I found hope one night when I heard my wife and my youngest son laughing in our bedroom. I thought my life was returning to normal. I played cards with our youngest son after supper, with much fun and laughter. After a few cartoons, he and my wife were off to bed.

It was then that I realized my life was not returning to the normal that it was when Greg was alive but changing to a new normal. I cannot return to what I once was, because all of the parts are no longer there. I have the choice, consciously, and subconsciously to carry on with my life, thus creating a new normal.

Hope lies in accepting what you now have, looking with joy, not sorrow, looking ahead with optimism not pessimism.

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~reprinted from Bereaved Parents USA website

http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org/AP_Fathers.htm

Like the Butterfly

It fluttered there, above my head,

Weightless in the soft breeze

I reached up my hand,

It lit upon my finger.

Waving glistening wings gently,

It looked at me for timeless moments.

I smiled, reaching deep, and

Finding all those cherished memories

As it flitted off through the sunlit morn,

I knew we had said hello

Once more.

Lezlie Langfort-sibling TCF, North Platte,



GIFTS OF LOVE

A love gift is a gift of money or of time given to the Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter of the Compassionate Friends. It is usually in memory of a child who has died, but donations can also be from individuals who want to honor a relative or friend who has died, a gift of thanksgiving that their own children are alive and well, or simply a gift from someone who wants to help in the work of your chapters. Love gifts are acknowledged each month in the newsletter.

In Loving Memory of Victoria Pickett, my beloved Daughter. Rosita Hernandez

"Gifts of Love" in remembering our children and siblings help to pay for Newsletters, Postage, Books for our Lending Libraries and Resources, Heart Remembers, Memorial Services, Candle Lightings, Telephone and Outreach, and Dues to the National TCF Office. Thank you.

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

Chapter News

Upcoming events for our Chapter.

For our meetings in the month of June, I would like to invite you to bring a memory of your most cherished gift or gesture from your child, who has

gone too soon. You can show a picture, share the gift, or tell us the story behind this memory. It's also ok to sit and listen and when you feel comfortable sharing, please share with us.

June 6 is our zoom meeting. June 20 is our in-person meeting. I invite you to bring a picture, an item, or a story to share with us.

Thursday September 19 The HeART Remembers. We will create art in memory of our loved ones.

Saturday October 5 Adopt a Highway Clean – up, rain date Saturday October 12.

Sunday December 8, 2024, 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



Artist credit; unknown via Pinterest



OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED JUNE

Each month we remember the children who are sadly missed. Please take a few moments, place them in your thoughts, and remember them on their day together with their parents. None of us ever forget our special days and messages that say "I care" help us to get through them. Our children's lives will go on, as long as we remember them and celebrate their lives.

BIRTHDAYS

<i>Edgar O Villareal</i>	<i>June 2</i>	Son of Guadalupe Villareal
<i>Brendan Hall</i>	<i>June 3</i>	Son of Diane Arndt
<i>Sage Cue</i>	<i>June 3</i>	Daughter of Ben Cue & Jennifer Peterson-Cue
<i>Brian Langevin</i>	<i>June 4</i>	Son of Claudia Smith
<i>Westley Banks</i>	<i>June 6</i>	Son of Susan Banks
<i>James (Jim) Grazier</i>	<i>June 9</i>	Son of Robert & Mary Ann Grazier
<i>Brandon Ward</i>	<i>June 10</i>	Son of Marcy Reif
<i>Lila Ruffolo</i>	<i>June 12</i>	Daughter of Jenny Selle
<i>Jose A Barrerea</i>	<i>June 17</i>	Son of Lorena Alcala & Orsy Barrera
<i>Elora Montgomery</i>	<i>June 17</i>	Daughter of Linda & Christopher Montgomery
<i>Pressley Suzanne McHugh</i>	<i>June 20</i>	Daughter of Kari McHugh
<i>David Nesheim</i>	<i>June 22</i>	Brother of Toni Nesheim
<i>Heather Donnelly</i>	<i>June 26</i>	Daughter of Daniel Donnelly
<i>Luis F Reyes</i>	<i>June 30</i>	Son of Felipe & Margarita Reyes

ANNIVERSARIES

<i>Scott Levin</i>	<i>June 1</i>	Son of Lynda Levin
<i>Brian Langevin</i>	<i>June 3</i>	Son of Claudia Smith
<i>Raegan Lee Migacz</i>	<i>June 4</i>	Daughter of Dan & Callen Migacz
<i>Marcia Stone</i>	<i>June 8</i>	Daughter of Sissy Castillo
<i>Josephine Stewart</i>	<i>June 9</i>	Sister of Mary (Angel) Barrera
<i>Ruthie Johnson</i>	<i>June 17</i>	Sister of Paula Ali
<i>Angel Reyes Soto</i>	<i>June 18</i>	Son of Ricardo Reyes & Alma Soto
<i>Robert William Corbett</i>	<i>June 30</i>	Son of Mary Ellen & Robert Corbett

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 847.366.9375

sometimes
 we honor them
 in big, beautiful ways.
 we write. we paint. we sing.
 we share their story. their picture.
 we do good things in their name.
 and sometimes we honor quietly.
 we cry. we break. we get out of bed.
 we try to stay alive and love them.
 we can honor a person's life by
 sharing things. creating things.
 and we can also honor a life by
 surviving in a world without it.
 sara rian

*"I will welcome the sunshine into my life – for warmth, for illumination, and as a bearer of hope." **

*"As I move into my new life, can I think of my loved one as doing the same?" **

*"If I cannot believe it now, I can hold out the hope that in time my lost love will be a continuing blessed presence in my life." **

*"I know that we live in the lives of those we touch. I have felt in me the living presence of many I have loved and who have loved me." - Elizabeth Watson **

*From Healing After Loss: Daily Meditations for Working Through Grief by Martha Whitmore Hickman

A FATHER RETURNS TO WORK

After Kathy died, I, of course, went back to work. Some of my co-workers made the stop at my desk to express their sympathy. I know I turned them off, as my pain and my denial were so great. I could not talk about what had happened and how I felt. I thanked them. Although nobody ever talked to me about it, that was okay as my pain was such, I thought, I could not bear to talk. I threw myself into my work and on occasion was confused because I could not make the kind of decisions I had been making for years. I never made the connection that this inability to concentrate was part of my grief and was normal. Lunch was the worst time. My habit was to eat with my associates, but often in the middle of the meal I would just have to get up and walk away. Although nobody ever said anything to me about this odd behavior, I do thank them at least for their tolerance. Slowly I readjusted (I thought) and in time (a long time) I was able to perform well again. But I never really grieved until I found THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS and it was here that people helped me to talk. It was almost twelve years before I found TCF as there was no such organization in 1967. My friends, let TCF help you...don't wait twelve years to talk!

Bill Ermatinger
TCF Baltimore, MD
In Memory of my daughter Kathy Ermatinger

Loving lifted from <http://www.journey-throughsuicidegrief.com/>:

Being a victim is a state of mind–dictated by others.

A survivor dictates his or her own state of mind.

A victim fears the moments of grief.

A survivor welcomes those moments!

A victim knows about feeling down and tries to stay up.

A survivor knows feeling down is okay.

A victim tries hard to hide the tears.

A survivor never leaves home without Kleenex.

A victim struggles to maintain a state of normalcy.

A survivor knows normal no longer exists.

A victim gets caught in isolation.

A survivor reaches out when they need to.

A victim is afraid they in time will forget.

A survivor knows they never will!!

A victim sometimes feels guilty laughing.

A survivor laughs through their tears.

A victim tries at times to block out the memories.

A survivor embraces memories of all kinds.

A victim wants someone to cure his or her grief.

A survivor just wants someone to share his or her journey.

A victim struggles to get over their grief.

A survivor fights to get through it.

A victim tries to get on with their life.

A survivor lives their life knowing nothing will ever be the same.

A victim says oh I'm okay–then secretly cries.

A survivor openly cries–and says I'm okay.



Father's Grief

By Rebekah Mitchell

"I'm so sorry!" "I'm so sorry!" I sobbed to Byron after Jonathan's death was confirmed. Between his own tears he asked me why I was apologizing to him. I felt as if I had failed him as a wife and as a mother to his children.

After Byron and I spent time alone with Jonathan, we wanted to share him without family and friends who were waiting in an empty labor room down the hall. I was wheeled down there as Byron followed holding our tiny, lifeless bundle. One of my sisters says it is a sight she will never forget. I was very groggy during this sharing time, but I remember seeing Byron crying uncontrollably most of the night. In a drug-induced and shocked state, I tried to comfort Byron and tell him it was going to be okay.

Two days later my shock and painkillers wore off a little and I found that the role of comforting was reversed. Byron rarely left my side for the next several days but seldom did we grieve together. It seemed as if when one of us was having a hard time, the other would be the emotionally strong one.

Before long, we were home and attempting to get our lives back together. It seemed to me that Byron was having an easier time adjusting to the loss of Jonathan than I was. At times, I found myself enraged that he could get back to normal so quickly and continue his day-to-day activities when I was at home grieving over our precious baby.

What I didn't know was that he was burying his grief. Although his heart was torn in two when we lost our little boy, he was afraid that we were also going to lose the blissful family we once were. He wondered if we would ever truly be happy again and if our marriage would ever be the same. Because of these anxieties he subconsciously convinced himself that he had to get our family back on track before he would mourn the death of his son. It wasn't until two years after Jonathan's death that we realized this.

I am so thankful for my wonderful husband who has been my lifeline since the stillbirth of our baby. Except by the grace of God, I know I wouldn't have survived without Byron's love, compassion, and sensitivity. If you feel your husband is not grieving "right" or "enough," I hope

you will find this article helpful. Encourage your spouse to read this also, and hopefully, he will realize that it's okay to have fears, express his emotions, and outwardly grieve the loss of his child.

A New Normal

I wanted my life to return to normal. Then I realized what I wanted was for my life to return to what it once was.

A year ago, I found hope one night when I heard my wife and my youngest son laughing in our bedroom. I thought my life was returning to normal. I played cards with our youngest son after supper, with much fun and laughter. After a few cartoons, he and my wife were off to bed.

It was then that I realized my life was not returning to the normal that it was when Greg was alive, but changing to a new normal. I cannot return to what I once was, because all of the parts are no longer there.

I have the choice, consciously, and subconsciously to carry on with my life, thus creating a new normal.

Hope lies in accepting what you now have, looking with joy, not sorrow, looking ahead with optimism not pessimism.

© 2006 Daryl Hutso

~reprinted from Bereaved Parents USA website

http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org/AP_Fathers.htm

HURTING ON FATHER'S DAY

As the day approaches, I wander how
I will react.

Am I still a father?

I will sit quietly, never allowing friends and
family to see how I feel.

I miss my son, but I can't allow myself to
"break."

I must remain strong, and always be the
"rock."

I wish I could just let someone
Know how much I miss my little angel,
how much I cry and how much I miss hearing
"Dad, I love you."

Remember me, for I hurt, too,
on this "special day."

A Message to Bereaved Grandparents

We Must Allow our Children to Grieve in Their Own Way

By Margaret H. Gerner
TCF, St. Louis, Mo.

I sat with a young, bereaved mother who was pouring out her pain and utter desolation to me. She was angry and hurt that those around her couldn't understand what was wrong with her. After all, it had been eight months since her two-year-old son had died.

She should be better by now. To her, they implied she was wallowing in her grief and not trying to "get over it." Between sobs she said, "Even my mother and father now seem to avoid me. They don't even mention his name, and they change the subject when I talk about Tommy. That hurts so much."

As I listened, I remembered how much I had wanted my parents' help when my son died, but they lived 600 miles from me. I also thought, "How would I be able to help my own grieving daughter today if I hadn't experienced my own child's death almost 13 years ago, and didn't KNOW what she was going through?" I could see how desperately this young mother needed her parents. I could also see how frustrated and helpless they must feel, how painful it must be for them. If only they knew how important they could be in helping their daughter, how they, of all people, were needed by her, and how they had the opportunity to add a lasting element to their relationship with their child.

I wanted to tell them how very much she simply needed them to listen to her talk about her child and her pain. I wanted them to listen to her pour out her agony, without one word from them of how she should or should not feel.

The subject of death and grief is uncomfortable for all of us. We will accept anyone's discussion of happy things, but we shy away from talk of grief and death.

One of the reasons for this is that, in some way, it makes us aware of our own death and mortality. For those of us who are older, it is even more true. We need to recognize how this unconscious fear might be one of the reasons we avoid discussing our own grandchild's death.

Grandparents who have not lost a child cannot know the depth of the grief their child is experiencing. We may have lost parents or spouses, but the intensity of parental grief is so much greater. We talk of how we felt when our parents or spouses died and say we know how it feels. We do NOT know how it feels if we ourselves have not lost a child. We are most helpful if we admit this to our child.

To be a helpful parent to a grieving parent, we should learn about what our child is experiencing. We can learn of that by reading the books on grief, especially *The Bereaved Parent* by Harriet Schiff. When the children were growing up, we read *Baby and Child Care* by Benjamin Spock or Haim Ginott's *Between Parent and Child*. Why not now read Harriet Schiff's book or Earl Grollman's *Living When A Loved One Has Died?* We need to know what the symptoms of parental grief are so that we, ourselves, are reassured that our child is not emotionally disturbed.

We need to know there is no timetable for grief. We should be careful of our expectations of how our child "should be doing" at this time. In the early months of grief, our bereaved children may appear to be doing well. Then, at four to six months they seem to "fall apart." It is reassuring to know that this is normal. In the early months our children do fairly well because they have not yet accepted the full reality of their child's death. It isn't until one faces that reality that real grief begins. This is the most painful and the longest part of the grief process. This is the time we are expecting them to "get better," and when they get worse, we can't understand it, and we fear for their sanity. At this time others turn away from them because they can't understand. This is the time our children need us the most. How desolate they must feel if the two people they could always rely on now turn away from them.

Grandfathers are needed at this time more than ever. Fathers have always been the ones who could solve every problem for their children. They are the strength in the family, and the bereaved child needs to tap that strength now. Fathers used to provide the biggest, warmest lap for comforting. Now their arms can provide the safe harbor that most grieving children crave at times.

Grieving is not done on a consistently upward path. We may talk to our children on a good day and rejoice that they were finally improving, only to find they have taken several steps backward

(Continued on page 7)

(We Must Allow our Children to Grieve in Their Own Way continued from page 6)

when we next see them. We need to realize that the normal process of grief is a constant ebb and flow of terrible and not so terrible days. Even though our bereaved children seem to revert to more painful grief at times, they are not going back to where they started. They do, however, need extra support and understanding on the bad days.

We must allow our children to grieve in their own way, according to their own personality. Some of our children are more verbal in expressing their emotions. Others may keep it all inside of themselves until something causes it to come out in a torrent. We accepted their personality differences from the time they were little children. We must accept them now.

Some of us, for whatever reason, are not able to be of help to our children. Maybe we simply cannot face our children in their misery. It may be more pain than we, ourselves, can take. Some of us cannot accept the fact that to grieve openly and with others is the "right" way to do it. For some of us, our own personalities will not allow us to express our emotions or tolerate such expression in others. As hard as it may be to admit, we can at least be helpful to our children by being open and honest and telling them that we cannot help. As cruel as this may seem, letting them know of our inability to help saves them from the repeated disappointment of our backing away from them when they come to us.

Our grieving children need us. When our children hurt, we hurt. It has been said that a grief shared is a grief halved. No! We cannot take half of our child's suffering, as much as we would like to do so. But I can say from personal needs that were not met when my own child died, it can sure make it a lot easier. Over the years of rearing our children, we suffered many times for them or because of them. Now we are being asked to do it again. It was not easy then, and it will not be easy now. But because we love our children, we can do it.

Margaret Gerner is a bereaved parent whose son Arthur died at the age of 6. She became a bereaved grandparent when her 3-year-old granddaughter Emily died in 1982.

Reprinted from the Denver Front Range Chapter's July 2006 Newsletter

Strength In the early days of my grief,

a tear would well up in my eyes,
a lump would form in my throat,
but you would not know – I would hide it,
for the strong do not cry –

And I am strong.

In the middle days of my grief,
I would look ahead and see that wall
that I had attempted to go around,
as an ever-present reminder of a wall yet
unscaled.

Yet I did not attempt to scale it
for the strong will survive –

And I am strong.

In the later days of my grief,
I learned to climb over that wall –
step by step –

remembering, crying, grieving.

And the tears flowed steadily
as I painstakingly went over.

The way was long, but I did make it,

For I am strong.

Near the resolution of my grief,
a tear will well up in my eyes,
a lump will form in my throat,
but I will let that tear fall –
and you will see it.

Terry Jago (Lovingly lifted from the June newsletter of the Camden County, N.J., chapter of TCF)

"Just as man cannot live without dreams,
he cannot live without hope.
If dreams reflect the past,
hope summons the future."

-Elie Wiesel



A Father Writes

It was 3 am. I found myself sitting in the garage in the low-to-the-ground seat of my David's go-cart, sobbing from depths of my being I never knew existed. Yesterday was the funeral—four days ago we discovered his beautiful body in the bottom of the pool on a church retreat. Why?

I, who was a proclaimer of truth (Methodist minister) and a bearer of light, had suddenly discovered my own light extinguished. Hundreds of times I had stood behind the casket dispensing words of hope and comfort to the "survivors." Yesterday, for the first time, my beautiful wife, my two living sons and we seated in front of the casket of our oldest son David. We were now to be known as the 'survivors.' Believe me, the view is quite different from the front! Now, all the proclaiming I had spent a lifetime in doing must stand the test of my own tragedy. Could it stand such a devastating test?

I didn't spend much time questioning, 'Why me, Lord?' I've known for many years that it "rains on the just and the unjust." Why me? Why not! After all, I am a member of humanity with no special privileges because of my Christian lifestyle. I must be honest and tell you, however, that this concept didn't just tumble neatly into place in dealing with the death of my son. But I really have accepted the loss.

My greater struggle was not in why the loss, but where is the gain in the loss? The most atrocious and destructive type of suffering is pain without purpose, misery without meaning. Weeks turned into months. I wandered in a fog. Oh, I wore my "happy face," but how I agonized in trying to find sense in the senseless. God, I missed my boy so terribly! I was at a fork in the road. Out of my loss I would become either a bitter person or a better person. The choice was mine. But I wasn't ready to make that decision—I missed my David so much. I had to have time to grieve.

Would my turning point ever come? Could I ever find purpose and meaning in my loss? Oh, how I missed him. Then, the turning point came. I believe there is a turning point for every bereaved parent—if you desire a turning point. It comes in different ways for each of us if we are to be me "survivors" in the fullest sense of the word. It may come in a sunrise; it may come through another child who needs you; it may come at an altar of prayer. Thousands of ways it may come –

BUT IT MUST COME! Mine came in a dream.

There he was! Walking toward me as if coming out of a mist. There he was – that lanky 17-year-old whose life I loved better than my own. He looked deeply into my eyes with a grin on his face – the way he used to do when he was "buttering me up." Not a word was spoken by either of us. All of a sudden, he threw his arms about me and gave me one of those bear hugs he was good at doing. He let go, smiled again and walked away. Though not a word was spoken, everything was said that needed to be said for my turning point to come.

It was time to resume life. I would not be bitter, but in his loving memory, I would be better. I would live again, because I knew that my boy lived again, because I knew that my boy lived again. My own Christian faith was to be retrofitted. It offered meaning and purpose within the shadow of my loss. It asserted that though God does not intend my sufferings, He involves Himself in them. My pain and loss were not to be the end of life. Rather, it was to be a beginning – a beginning to a more compassionate life of quality and caring.

His bear hug told me, "It's okay. Go ahead and live life in its fullness as a tribute to me." Thank you, David; that's the greatest gift a son could ever give to his dad.

Rev. Ken Kulp, Atlanta, GA
~reprinted from Bereaved Parents Central Savannah River Area Newsletter

Borrowed from TCF Atlanta Sharing, Wednesday, June 6, 2007





Special Opening Registration Discount Through March 20th!

We are very pleased to announce The Compassionate Friends (TCF) 47th Annual National Conference in New Orleans! TCF's National Conference is an enriching and supportive event for many newer and long-time bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings. Attendees come and find renewed hope and support, as well as strategies for coping with grief. Participants create friendships with other bereaved people who truly understand the heartbreaking loss of a child, sibling, or grandchild. Lifelong friendships are often formed and rekindled each year at TCF conferences.

[Register Now](#)

A Sampling of Workshop Topics Include

- Parent's Grief
- Sibling Loss
- Grandparent's Grief
- Loss of Only/All Children
- Workshops specific to the type of loss such as suicide, homicide, miscarriage, substance related causes, and more
- Creativity in grief
- Early grief experiences as well as long-term griever
- Grief with or without spiritual or religious beliefs
- and more

LOVE GIFTS

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

In loving memory of _____

In honor of _____

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

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

Check here to keep receiving the newsletter _____

It is important for our children to be remembered. Please understand that for your child to be included in the "special days" list each month in the newsletter, you must fill out this form that gives us permission to list this information. If you are making a donation, please make the check payable to **The Compassionate Friends. Return to 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 2023 – 2024

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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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/cfoncil>

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

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