

The COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

Northern Lake County Illinois Chapter

May 2024 Newsletter

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



Chapter Leader Notes from Susan

HOPE = UMBRELLA

HOPE: A word often used in the bereavement community. It is something to lose in the early days of our grief and something we aspire to as time carries us along. It is something often wished upon us, and we accept it with thanks.

But what is it? Why is it important? What does it do for us – we, numb and altered band of grievers? It is an elusive concept in my mind.

While pondering HOPE and its importance and purpose in our lives, I focused on a small drawing that was done by my older brother, Steven, who is a wonderful artist. Inspired by vintage flashcards that he found at an estate sale, he created a series of illustrations. The illustration that he gave me and that I focused on was of a girl, holding an umbrella, which shielded her from the rain – like the Morton salt logo.

It came to me that the umbrella is the embodiment of hope. We grasp it and are thankful for the little shelter and comfort that it can give us as we suffer this storm of all storms – the loss of our child or sibling or grandchild.

Hope is a concept unique to human beings. It is the expectation and optimism for the best outcome of a given situation.

In the initial hours and days after the death of our loved one, we hoped that it wasn't true, that a mistake had been made or there was a miracle available to bring them back to us. But all the rituals of death – the obituary, the visitation, the funeral, the consideration of memorials and belongings – all painfully helps us to realize its finality.

Hope evaporates after the trauma of death. Hope may be elusive for months or years after the death

of a loved one, but it eventually seeps back into our psyche. We finally hope to stop crying and be able to talk about our loved one without tears and emotional fatigue. We hope that we can remember all the details of our child's or sibling's life. We hope that we survive.

Hope may be an instinct for self-preservation. Eventually, the hope-filled thoughts and actions expand to include us, the broken-hearted parents, siblings, and grandparents.

We hope to form a life that incorporates our child or sibling but allows us to move forward. We hope to make good decisions despite the trauma that we've experienced. We hope to remember and present our loved ones as they were so that future family members will know them. We hope to learn something from our tragedy. We hope to share our knowledge of loss. We hope to reclaim the joy of holidays. We hope to find peace in spite of such a grave loss. We hope to comfort others who are suffering. We hope to . . . (*you complete the sentence*).

I wish you an umbrella that brings you comfort, peace, hope and protection, throughout your grief journey.

By Toni Nesheim, Rachel's mother, former Chapter Leader





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.

Acknowledging the following love gift from Scarlet Austin, mother, and Charlie Johnson, grandmother, given in honor and memory of:
Rodrick Tyrone Young, 28
Birthday February 13, 1989
Angel Anniversary March 27, 2017

A love gift from Charles and Diana Laufer in memory of Adam Michael Laufer

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

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

Real grief is not healed by time. If time does anything, it deepens our grief. The longer we live, the more fully we become aware of who he/she was for us, and the more intimately we experience what their love meant to us.

— Henri Souwen

On Butterfly Wings

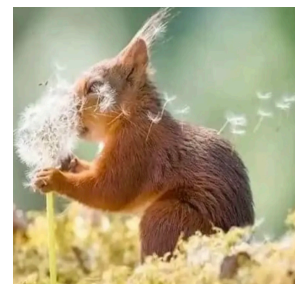
From earth's caterpillars to heaven's butterflies - They soar with the angels from the earth to the sky. Their wings seem so fragile, translucent, and light. But they transfuse our world giving us strength in our night. In silence they appear like messengers of love. Bringing hope and comfort from heaven above. These beautiful butterflies so graceful in flight. Transport us from darkness to color and light. So, when choosing a symbol to help grieving parents cope. What more than a butterfly could best symbolize hope. Our hearts stand in awe and hope from within us springs. As our hearts take flight - On Butterfly Wings.

By Faye McCord, (TCF Chapter Leader / Jackson, MS)
In loving memory of my son, Lane McCord
(1/26/65 - 9/13/98)

If wishes could come true...

There Isn't a day that goes by that I don't think of you.

Your laugh, your smile, your smell, your touch. I'll never know why you had to leave me, but as long as I live, you will live on through me. (a.m.tm)





OUR CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, AND SIBLINGS LOVED, MISSED AND REMEMBERED IN MAY

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

Susan at Lanwesmar@comcast.net 847.366.9375

BIRTHDAYS

Erin Dinklenburg	May 1	Daughter of Kelli Brooks
Rachel Salomonson	May 2	Daughter of Toni Nesheim & Denny Salomonson
Amy Fry-Pitzen	May 3	Daughter of Alana Anderson
Daniel Powalish	May 4	Son of Mary Ellyn Carroll
John Francis Thumel	May 6	Son of Laura & Mike Thumel
Rachel Elizabeth Szech	May 9	Daughter of Daughter of Vicki Szech Brother of Andrew Szech
Victoria Pickett	May 9	Daughter of Rosita Hernandez
Ryan A. Nieves	May 12	Son of Jeanette Nieves
Christian Romero	May 14	Son of Veronica Romero Carlos
Carlos Cantu	May 18	Son of Mateo & Lucy Cantu
Rachel Elaine Robertson	May 21	Daughter of Regan Robertson
Sven Christian Reinhard	May 28	Son of Astrid Reinhard
Tony Trevithick Jr	May 28	Son of Tony Trevithick
Adam Michael Laufer	May 30	Son of Charles & Diana Laufer
Raegan Lee Migacz	May 31	Daughter of Dan & Callen Migacz

ANNIVERSARIES

Donette Klawonn	May 1	Daughter of Raymond & Dorothy Klawonn
Carlos Cantu	May 3	Son of Mateo & Lucy Cantu
Colin Henderson	May 6	Son of Lisa Henderson
Jeff Stirnichuk	May 9	Son of Mary Wagner
Amanda Lauren Cecchi	May 10	Daughter of Kim & Steve Cecchi
Alina Mejdouli	May 12	Daughter of Amada Booras
Timothy James Pitzen	May 13	Missing grandson of Alana Anderson
Amy Fry-Pitzen	May 14	Daughter of Alana Anderson
Anthony (Tony) Clemente	May 16	Son of Becky Wolf
Adam Michael Laufer	May 19	Son of Charles & Diana Laufer
Jacilynn Wright	May 26	Daughter of Michell Wright Niece of Susan Banks
Manuel Isaiah Garza	May 29	Son of Vanessa Grajeda, stepson of Roberto Grajeda

THE SHARING OF GRIEF

*I cannot carry this burden alone; the road is too steep and the pain too great.
I shall only get to the top of the hill if I am able to lean on a firm shoulder whose strength lies in the reality
of the feet which bear its weight.*

*The sharing of grief is the only solution to the crisis that surrounds bereavement in our age.
To share a person's sorrow is to accept their reality and to acknowledge the fact that none of us is immune
from death.*

Rev Dr. Simon Stephens, Founder of The Compassionate Friends

Forgive Unto Forever

Grieving is a fierce and overwhelming expression of love thrust upon us by a deep and hurtful loss. Yet, grieving is frequently such an entanglement of feelings that we often fail to recognize that ultimately forgiveness must be an integral part of our grief and our healing. For what is love, if forgiveness is silent within us? We learn to forgive our children for dying, ourselves for not preventing it. We begin to forgive our God or the fate we see ruling our universe. We start to forgive relatives and friends for abandoning us in their own bewilderment over the onslaught of emotions they sense in our words and behavior.

I believe we must be open to the balm of forgiveness. Through its expression in our lives, be it through thought, word, or deed, we find small ways to seek life once more. Deep within us, forgiveness is capable of treading the wasteland of our souls to help us feel again the love that has not died.

It is the beginning of release from the dominance of pain, not from the continual hurt of missing those we have lost, but from lacking the fullness of the love we shared with our child. That love lives with strength inside ourselves and yet our beings are so entrapped in a whirling vortex of anger, despair, frustration, abandonment, and depression that we often feel it only lightly.

Let us all heed the quiet message heard so softly in that maelstrom of the spirit. Forgive, forgive, and forgive unto forever. Let love enfold our anguish, helping us to learn to grow and strive beyond this hour to a rich tomorrow.

Don Hackett
TCF Hingham, MA

FATHER'S DAY WISH

This is for all you fathers out there who read this newsletter. I am truly sorry for the death of your child.

It is much easier and ACCEPTABLE for us women to show our emotions and talk about our dead child. But for most of you men, you keep this gut-wrenching sorrow to yourselves because you don't want to "bother" anyone, or show that you might be "weak" by crying in front of others.

As a father, you are "expected to fix everything and protect your family" and when your child

died, you couldn't fix it or protect them or control any of the events regarding your child's death.

Be kind to yourself. You were and always will be a father. My Father's Day wish for you is to remember the special moments you shared with your child and cherish those thoughts in your heart forever.

Mary Seibert, Samantha's mom

WHO WAS THAT PERSON?

An eight-year retrospective
By Rich Edler

Who was that person? He looked like me. He talked like me. But I don't think I know him anymore.

Who was that person? He had so many friends. He was popular at cocktail parties and told good jokes. Today, he seeks out one person he can really talk to and that is enough. His telephone Rolodex is a lot smaller, but so much more important.

Who was that person? He had such different priorities. He skated over life, like an ice skater on a frozen pond. He never thought about how cold the water was. Now he has a totally new perspective on the world. He reaches out to people who hurt because he knows how they feel. He has been there. He has felt the ice water.

Who was that person? He had an orderly chronological sense of time. Now the world is divided forever into simply "before" and "after".

Who was that person? He used to rush through dinner or cut the family vacation short to get back to the office. Now he thinks back to the family times as the most wonderful times of his life. He knows what is irreplaceable.

Who was that person? He used to worry about so many imaginary troubles, most of which never happened anyway. Now he spends most of his time in the present. He appreciates today's sunset, daisies, simple things and good friends. He knows how precious each moment is.

Who was that person? He used to think about what he wanted to get out of life. Now he thinks about how grateful he is for the gifts he has had.

Bereavement and Siblings

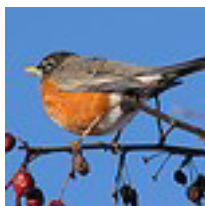
One of the most difficult roles for a mother or father, when a child dies, is to continue being a parent to surviving offspring.

Suddenly, such a parent is thrust into a role almost beyond what may be reasonably be expected of a human being. Parenthood now takes on the dimension of helping a youngster faced with the enormity of adjusting to the death of a person of his own generation. It means groping to find the right words and attitudes to comfort a living brother or sister. It means helping fill the void left by the dead child who formerly shared a table, games, a bedroom, the same preferences in television programs. And the emptiness of not having that person to share with can be unfathomable.

Mothering and fathering means nursing a child, spiritually, back to health after a part has been severed.

—from *The Bereaved Parent* by Harriet Sarnoff Schiff

The Robin's Song



It's spring once again. Our part of the world is turning back towards the sun; trees are leafing out; wildflowers are blooming. Robins are again singing to one another. And, I believe, also singing to those who are grieving.

Before my daughter Lori died in the summer of 1991, I was under the misperception that only the English robin had a glorious song. That smaller, red-breasted scalawag of a bird delights all who hear it, and I had felt that we in the United States had been short-changed when they'd misnamed its larger, boring, American cousin the same sweet name. All I'd ever heard our robins do was cheep!

Then one spring day in the year after Lori died, during one of the darkest times of my grief, my ears and heart flew open with surprise at a song I heard outside my window. I distinctly heard, in

the midst of my pain, a bird singing loudly and clearly, "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerio! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerio!" I went outside to see what marvelous bird might have been sent to sing to me. I could barely see the bird at the top of the neighbor's poplar tree, so, while hoping this exotic, magical bird wouldn't fly away while I was gone, I went to find our binoculars.

Rushing back, I could hear the bird from each room in the house. After adjusting the binoculars, I was truly amazed to see one of our "boring" American robins come clearly into view! As he continued singing clear as day, "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerio!" I marveled at this special message and wondered if my robin was the only one who sang these words. So I looked it up in my *Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Birds* and found that my robin was not an anomaly, but that robins are considered the true harbinger of spring, singing "Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheerily."

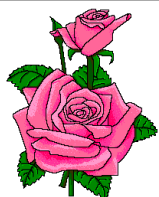
I stood there that day filled with wonder. I wasn't hearing things; there it was in the bird book: "Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheerily." I thought to myself, "Cheerily . . . No, that isn't what I hear." We had lived in England for a year and our family, especially Lori, who loved to put on an English accent, often said "Cheerio!" to one another when we meant, "Goodbye" or "See you later!" There was no doubt in my mind as I stood there listening. It WAS cheerio. Lori could have found no more perfect way to try to cheer me up AND say "hello"!

Nine springs have passed since then, and although I will always deeply miss Lori's physical presence in my life, those darkest of times are thankfully now mostly in the past. It is spring once again and as I hear the robin singing so hopefully in the highest branches, it takes me back to that first spring song, and I smile, remembering. And I think of all those who are now in the darkest depths of their own grief and pray they too will hear this lovely song.

From, *Catching the Light - Coming Back to Life after the Death of a Child*

By Genesee Bourdeau Gentry, TCF Marin & San Francisco, CA

She is also the author of *Stars in the Deepest Night - After the Death of a Child*



My Perennial Love

Every summer my son gives me flowers. He planted them 17 years ago ... the summer before he died. I remember the day he planted them. Not the exact date, but standing there talking to him as he poked holes in the ground and carefully placed each one. I remember thanking him and thinking how very sweet of him to do that for me.

Terry died the following February. After months of crying and grieving, summer came and with it his flowers bloomed! Of course it made me miss him even more, but how I loved seeing them and knowing that he had put them there the year before. I know nothing about flowers so I was astounded when my mother told me that what he had planted was an annual and not a perennial and that they should not have come back.

A few weeks ago, our neighbor who moved in last summer, commented on my impatiens. She said she was surprised to see them come back from last year. I told her that they have been coming back every year now for 16 years. Just saying it aloud made me realize how extraordinary that really is!

There is something else I have come to realize. My love for my son did not end when he died. My love for him is indefinite; it is enduring. It is perennial.

Maureen Harman
TCF Tidewater Chapter, VA
In Memory of my son Terry

Do Real Men Attend TCF Meetings?

It has often bothered me that more men and persons of cultural minorities don't attend TCF meetings. I know there are social and cultural constraints that inhibit many bereaved people from seeking outside help or support. Being both a man and a member of an ethnic group, I know very well the false pride that often restrains us from admitting we are not as self sufficient as we want others to believe. We are taught (men in particular) at a young age not to reveal when we

are hurt. We must be "strong" and "brave" and "silent".

Stoic endurance is really not unique in any culture. The British call it "keeping a stiff upper lip". The Japanese call it "gaman". Hispanics pride themselves on the ability to "auguantar". In the U.S., it is embodied in the Puritan ethic.

When I began attending TCF meetings regularly, I wondered for a long time whether I was a "real" man. Was I less macho than my brothers? Couldn't I handle my grief in solitary? The answers, I finally decided were Yes, but maybe.

Maybe I could have adjusted to my son's death by myself. Maybe I could have shunned the possibilities of self-destructive behavior, drunkenness, drug abuse, wild living or the unraveling of my family life without TCF. Maybe I could have dealt alone with all the anger, despair and depression. Fortunately, I didn't have to. I really admit I wasn't very enthusiastic about going to my first TCF meeting. I imagined a group of people sitting around, crying on each other's shoulders and bemoaning their cruel fates. Instead, I found people, who were hurting as much as me; who, like me, were angry; who also felt depressed – but who were working very hard to mend the tattered fabric of their lives. I soon discovered that this was a place where I could talk about my grief and still feel safe about it. Nobody was going to think me less than a man for not getting over my son's death in a few months.

TCF doesn't promise or offer any quick fixes. There are no magic words or formulas to take away your grief. Whatever "magic" takes place, I know now, happens slowly. I don't believe it's possible for a bereaved parent to "forget", but I think TCF's support and understanding help make it easier for us to go on with our lives.

To all you hurting people who have never attended a TCF meeting, I urge you to give it a try. Attend two or three meetings and see if some of the "magic" doesn't rub off on you. You can't hurt any worse than you are hurting now! TCF is for any and all bereaved parents --- men and women, all races and people of any or no religious faith. The only thing everyone at TCF has in common is the death of a child and how terrible it feels.

– Steve Perez, TCF Denver CO



WHAT DOES MAY BRING?

Tracy Rhein
BP/USA Central Arkansas

First, May brings MOTHER'S DAY – another painful holiday. Commercials are everywhere; I can't check e-mail without being bombarded with ads for gifts and cards for Mother's Day. Some churches honor the oldest mother, the youngest mother, and the mother with the most children present. Then there are the flowers – wear a red flower if your mother is living and a white one if your mother has died. (I keep hearing carnations, but it was always roses when I was a child.) Some years ago, some bereaved mothers started wearing a yellow flower, either alone or with the traditional color, honoring their own mother.

It helped me to know the origin of Mother's Day. After Anna Jarvis's mother died May 9, 1905, Anna decided a Sunday in May should be set aside to honor her mother and all mothers. Anna felt her mother deserved recognition because, although her life was filled with sorrow, she lived selflessly and showed kindness and generosity toward others. Anna was one of four surviving siblings; seven others died in early childhood and Anna's mother mourned those seven children throughout her life. Anna never married and never had a child of her own. Her work to establish a day to honor her mother persuaded President Woodrow Wilson to proclaim the second Sunday in May as a national holiday honoring all mothers.

Finally, newly bereaved mothers commonly have some questions that are acute on this day. For those who have no surviving children, so far as I am concerned, you are a mother. For the rest of you, each one has to decide how to answer the question of "how many children do you have?"

I am still the mother of three children although one is no longer on earth with me.

I hope each of you find some peace on this Mother's Day and that knowing it specifically honored a bereaved mother will make each succeeding one a little easier.

MEMORIAL DAY was established to honor those who died in the military defending our nation but has become a time of general remembrance. I pass one small cemetery in southwest Arkansas fairly frequently and always see that fresh white stones have been spread before Memorial Day and every grave appears to have a new flower arrangement. As a child, my parents would take me with them, but I had never known any of the relatives whose graves we visited. Perhaps, as we get older, we think that someday we will do this for our parents or grandparents but never our children. My son was cremated, and I don't have a grave to visit but this holiday has far more impact on me now.

May also brings GRADUATIONS. Whether from kindergarten, grade school, high school, or college, this is a rite of passage that some of our children never reached. If your child was close to graduation, the school may recognize him or her in some way. Or another child (sibling, cousin, friend) may be graduating and receiving their announcement may bring a special ache.

We hope you all plan ahead and discuss with family members and caring friends so that you can get through these events with a minimum of pain.

Lovingly borrowed from A JOURNEY TOGETHER –
NEWSLETTER OF THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF THE USA –
VOLUME VII NO. 2, SPRING 2002 (April, May and June)

SECOND YEAR

*Why is my grief different in the second year?
Why do I feel so much more empty in the second year?*

*Why do I cry more, again, in the second year?
Is it because I am more alone, and the world has moved on?*

*Has the world forgotten that you ever lived?
Is it because I realize "with my heart" that you are not coming back?*

*That forever is a long time?
Is it because all of the "firsts" are over, and I must move on?*

*Why is my grief different in the second year?
Because, my child, you are still gone.*

*Eleanor Oberle/TCF
In memory of her son Dan Oberle*

Father's Day

Every father believes in his role as a protector of his family. He has been assigned the job of fixer of problems. He has been told, since his youngest days, that he must be strong...must not cry. But each father among us has had to face that point where no amount of fixing, problem solving, and protecting has been able to stop our child's death. And inside we must ask ourselves about our failure and we must face our lack of omnipotence.

Father's Day is often a forgotten holiday, overshadowed by the longer-standing tribute to mothers. For the bereaved father it is a poignant reminder of bitter sweetness...sweet in the memory of a loved, now lost, child; bitter for the death and pain and recognition of inability to stop what happened.

Fathers do not often have a chance to share their hurts and concerns. Often, they are unable to do so - a remnant of childhood learning about the strength and stoicism of "big boys." A father may even be uncomfortable opening up to his wife, and the wife who pushes him to talk may be pushing him too hard.

Father's Day does not have to be a time when everyone pours out of the woodwork to say, "I'm sorry we haven't talked. Let's do it now." But it can be a time when the family gives Dad a hug, spends time or does something special with him, helps with the chores, and mostly, lets him know how important and needed and loved he is. It is some of these things that he has lost with the death of a child.

And like Mother's Day, the day set aside for fathers does not have to be limited to a Sunday in June. It can be any day and every day. Fathers often show their hurt differently, often internally. **BUT THEY DO HURT!**

-Gerry Hunt, TCF/White River Junction, VT reprinted from TCF Newsletter

Madison Area Chapter



Memorial Day Then and Now

Isn't it strange that in all the decades of my life, that I didn't really think much about Memorial Day

until my sweet Nina died? That first Memorial Day was about 2 1/2 weeks after her death. She is buried in a very old cemetery with much history. I drove into that cemetery that Memorial Day and saw all the flags (about 170 of them I think) at each veteran's grave and I paused for the first time in at least three decades and really thought about the meaning of that day.

Last year, while at the TCF National Conference in Chicago, I spoke with one of the bereaved couples that also were attending the conference. The man was telling me about his duty in World War II, and how he survived for days in the ocean after their ship had been bombed, watched as many of his shipmates died, yet somehow, he survived. I thought about how that must feel to have survived against all odds, but then decades later lose your own precious child. Who can understand? A lovely lady I met while in Chicago, Jackie, walked in on our conversation. With tears in her eyes, she said to this man, "Thank you so much for our freedom." That really struck me. How I, and I am sure many others, have just taken the freedom we enjoy every day for granted.

I watched "Saving Private Ryan", and that first half hour depicted the horror of the invasion of Normandy during WWII and all the lives lost. In that movie, a mother has been told that all three of her sons have perished in the War. I wonder if I hadn't lost a child if I would have felt the same gut-wrenching pain and sorrow as I did when watching that fictitious mother sink to her knees when told of her son's deaths. It affected me for days afterward.

Classmates of mine were killed in the Vietnam War. I remember being very sad about it, but I don't remember I thought much about it beyond that, about what they had sacrificed their lives for. It was all so far away from home...But now when Memorial Day comes along each year, I remember the mothers and fathers of the soldiers who died for our country, and my heart aches for them. I would like to say to anyone who might be reading this today, who served our country in 'Vietnam, Korea, Desert Storm, World War II, or anywhere else in this troubled world, just as Jackie did last summer, "Thank you so much for our freedom."

God bless every one of you.
Cathy Seehuetter, Nina's mom forever
St. Paul, MN TCF



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 Tammie Barrera, 821 Roberts Road, Winthrop Harbor, IL. 60096**

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

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TREASURER Tammie Barrera 847-872-9684 julyson2@gmail.com son, Aaron Barrera Age 29 Auto accident due to Diabetes

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.

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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 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/>