



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

## FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
P.O. Box 3696  
Oak Brook IL 60522  
Toll-free (877) 969-0010  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

F-M Area Chapter  
P.O. Box 10686  
Fargo ND 58106  
[www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org)  
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Chapter Leader - John Milligan (701)491-0364

Newsletter Editor - Nancy Teeuwen (701)730-0805

The F-M Area Chapter of The Compassionate Friends meets the 2nd Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. at FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH  
127 2ND AVE E  
WEST FARGO, ND  
Please enter on the West side. Our meeting is in the Fellowship Hall - lower level, west side.

Upcoming Meetings  
April 10th  
May 8th

### Meeting Subject:

April - Bring a memento of your child to share with the group  
June - Balloon Release, everyone is welcome

### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on April 24th @ Fry'n Pan  
TCF National Conference - Chicago, IL July 11-13, 2014  
August 2, 2014 - Fargo Chapter's 8th Annual WALK TO REMEMBER

### LOVE GIFTS

Ernie & Birdine Grafsgaard in memory of their son, David Grafsgarrd

Cheryl Harland, Bill Bartholomaus & Kevin Olson in memory of their son, Justin S. Olson

Charles & Sandy Klinkhammer in memory of their son, Alexander Brent Klinkhammer

We are deeply grateful for the LOVE GIFTS given this month.

Our chapter and all chapters, are financed solely through your Love Gifts.

Donations make this newsletter, postage, books, tapes, etc. possible.

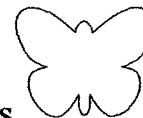
Thank you for your tax deductible gifts.

### OUR CREDO

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

**WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.**

**WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007**



### Butterfly Decals

Our trailer is beginning to look like a butterfly garden! The trailer was purchased in order to transport materials to our chapter activities but it has also helped make our local chapter better known in the Fargo-Moorhead community. Each butterfly decal holds the first and last name of one of our precious children.

Butterflies are still available in all five colors (yellow, pink, red, blue and green). The cost for 1 butterfly is \$25, 3 butterflies are \$65 and 4 butterflies are \$80. If you wish to purchase more than 4, please contact our chapter leader, John Milligan. Butterfly orders should include the child's name and color of the butterfly. Checks should be made payable to TCF of Fargo-Moorhead and the order mailed to PO Box 10686, Fargo, ND 58106.

You can see pictures of the trailer with butterflies on our website at [www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html).

Join us at the Mary-Alice & Friends 5K for Stillbirth Awareness on Saturday May 31st at Lindenwood Park in Fargo.

Proceeds benefit research efforts to prevent stillbirth. The event includes a 5K, 1-Mile Walk, and Kids Fun Run. The Fargo/Moorhead Chapter of The Compassionate Friends will be there with the Butterfly Trailer. Register at [www.starlegacyfoundation.org/mary-alice-friends-5k](http://www.starlegacyfoundation.org/mary-alice-friends-5k) or on Facebook at [www.facebook.com/maryalice5k](http://www.facebook.com/maryalice5k).

### IMPOSSIBLE WISH

I cannot always face the truth  
Of death's finality;  
It's easier to just pretend  
He'll soon come home to me.  
And yet, my spirit knows the son  
I loved so much has died;  
Reality, though harsh and cruel,  
Must never be denied.  
I want him back! I want my son!  
I want to see his face!  
How will my broken heart survive  
With this hollow, empty space?  
I must allow the tears to fall,  
Allow my heart to grieve;  
To close my mind to fact is but  
To cripple and deceive.  
With agony and sorrow,  
This world of mine is rife;  
My soul is struggling, battling the  
Worst nightmare of my life.  
In bitterness, I'm much aware  
Of all that I now lack;  
In utter pain, I can but cry  
"Oh, God, I want him back!"  
~ Peggy Kociscin, TCF/Albuquerque, NM

### YOU WILL

You will live. Although you feel like you are dying. You will laugh once again. Although you feel that emotion is lost forever. You will think clearly again. Although you feel very confused most of the time.  
You will celebrate your child's life. Although now you are enveloped in the whys and if onlys of your child's death. You will somehow work your way through this rough work called grieving.  
Although today you feel you are slipping backwards. You will find love, understanding and caring with The Compassionate Friends.  
Although today you are lonely, isolated and withdrawn. Choose the **You Will**. I did, and it is helping with that large hole in my heart.  
~ Carol J., TCF/Fort Lauderdale, FL

### YOU CAN GO ON

You can shed tears that they are gone  
Or you can smile because they lived.  
You can close your eyes and pray that they'll come back  
Or you can open your eyes and see all they've left you.  
Your heart can be empty because you can't see them  
Or your heart can be full of the love they've shared.  
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday  
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.  
You can remember them and only that they're gone  
Or you can cherish their memory and let it live on.  
You can cry and close your eyes, be empty and turn back  
Or do what they want: smile, open your eyes, love, and go on.  
Author Unknown

"Perhaps they are not stars in the sky, but rather openings where our loved ones shine down to let us know they are happy."  
~ Eskimo Legend

### Day Dreams

Sometimes I wander to a distant corner of my mind  
Where I find myself in a place so serene  
That I can erase today's pain and sadness  
And there I'll just dream

I imagine I'm so near you and watching  
As you're doing all the things little Angels do  
You are so happy and so beautiful  
With your snow white wings and halos too

This wondrous place you're in is heaven  
Warm with love and nestled in the rainbow's array  
Your softness and heavenly glow is a joy to see  
As you play and sing praises to the Lord each day

I see you cradled in the Master's loving arms  
I imagine your eternal bliss and glory  
Where in this place you have no burdens  
And each day you tell the Lord's great story

I'll dream of your beautiful mansion  
Beside the streets paved with gold  
Standing on the banks of the river of life  
What a beautiful sight to behold

All these things dwell somewhere deep within my mind  
Taking me so far away from all my sadness and grief  
I can only believe that while in these secret moments  
My little Angels are sending me this blessed relief

Macy and Loral, I know you feel my presence  
As my mind drifts into this distant somewhere  
I can hear your sweet Angel voices singing  
"McMaw and PawPaw, we'll be waiting for you up here"  
~ "PawPaw" Donald Moyers, TCF/Galveston County, TX  
In Memory of Macy and Loral

### Holding Onto Love

Trees and flowers seem suddenly reborn,  
As another spring arrives fresh and new,  
Surrounded by such beauty,  
My thoughts turn to you.  
As another college graduation looms,  
Great excitement fills the air,  
Glancing at the smiling students,  
I still search for strawberry blonde hair,  
No matter what I do in life  
You are always there,  
I feel your presence constantly,  
As each new experience we share.  
Though physically, you have left us,  
Your love remains here to stay,  
A bond so strong and nourishing,  
It gets us through another day.  
~ Chuck Collins, TCF/Burke/Springfield/Fairfax Chapter

Those of us who have walked through our grief – and found there is a future – are the ones who must meet others in the valley of darkness and bring them to the light.  
~ Rev. Simon Stephens, Founder, TCF- Coventry, England

## The Same – But Different

Have you ever seen that commercial with the little girl and the Ritz Bits crackers? The announcer is trying to get her to say whether Ritz Bits are the same as regular Ritz crackers or different.

The little girl tries various explanations. First, she tells him how they are alive. “So they’re the same?” he asks. “No silly,” she answers, “one’s little and one’s big.” “So they’re different,” he says. She rolls her eyes. Finally, in frustration, she says, “Don’t you get it?” What is obvious to her—but difficult to explain—is that they’re the same, but different.

That’s how grief is for parents who lose an infant—the same as other bereaved parents, but different. The shock, disbelief, horror, anger is the same. The pain in the chest is the same. The void is the same. The ache and longing and despair hurt just as much, for just as long. The *difference* is nobody believes any of that.

When Nicholas was diagnosed (shortly after birth) with a heart defect, he was given only a short time to live. We wanted to bring him home from the hospital, and we met some resistance from family and friends.

Many thought that bringing Nicholas home was a *terrible* idea. “Oh my, you’ll get attached to him, and it will be much harder on you when he dies,” was the common thread of their thoughts.

I don’t know how they thought we had avoided attachment to this point—he was our *child*, he looked just like our other children, he was our *son*! (Can you envision a world where people have to be talked into taking their new baby home? “Don’t worry, you’ll like him once you get him home and get attached to him.”)

People honestly think you can carry a child through pregnancy (to whatever stage the pregnancy ends), give birth to your child, hold him or her, and have no feelings about your child or yourselves as parents unless the child is alive & healthy.

When a baby is expected, we are told by everyone, including the media, that the birth of a baby is the most blessed of all life’s events, that this new person, who is different from all persons ever born, will change our lives forever.

And yet when this most blessed and unique person *dies*, everybody acts like it’s *nothing*. “Better luck next time.” “It’s better he died before you got to know him.” “You’ll have more babies.”

These are some of the things that make grieving for an infant child complicated—*different*. There is no permission given to even *feel bad*, because “you can’t have feelings for someone you didn’t know.”

So parents who lose a baby will generally try to hide their feelings of grief from others for fear of ridicule, disapproval or stern lectures about how lucky they are—to have other children or the *ability* to have new (and obviously improved) babies. On a tragedy scale, losing a baby ranks pretty low.

For people who will still say that it is “harder” to lose an older child, I say that these are people who are not currently pregnant or don’t have an infant, and that they have forgotten. They’ve forgotten the excitement, anxiety, fear and—ultimately—the miracle of birth. They’ve forgotten the purity of love, the wonder and amazement at the first glimpse of this brand new person, and the vow that every parent makes at that moment: “I’ll never let anyone or anything hurt you—ever!” Let them hold their own newborn in their arms once again, and they would remember.

Do I wish Nicholas died at birth instead of living six weeks? Of course not. It simply defies logic to think that any parent would want *less* time with their child instead of more.

People will say that grief over the death of an infant is nothing more than the loss of hopes and dreams for the future. That is certainly a part of it, as it is for any bereaved parent. (The fact that my brother lived 49 years doesn’t stop my mother from wishing to see him with his grandchildren.)

But we also miss that unique individual who was our first-born or second child, or only daughter or whatever. Even if I’d had another baby, Nicholas would still be my only child starting Kindergarten this year. He was his own person with his own place in our family.

When we speak of the death of a child, age has no place in the discussion of grief. Don’t you get it? It’s the *same*.

~ Linda Moffatt, BPUSA – St. Louis, MO

## A Stranger...My Friend

I don’t remember who, but someone called me to the phone that day. A lady said she didn’t know me, but just wanted to say that she had lost her child, too, and would pray for my deep pain. My days that had been sunny were now filled with crashing rain. Her voice was kind and soothing as she spoke to me with care. I grasped each word intensely that the stranger was willing to share. Her child died in a way similar to mine, a passenger in a car. She knew my shocking sorrow and recognized my new, deadening scar. She said we have a mutual friend in the funeral director there, for he buried her child too and now mine – I could not bear. I cried and cried as she talked to me that sad, heartbreaking day. But she quickly instilled in my mind right then that crying was okay. She briefly spoke of brighter days to come somewhere along the way. She assured me, too, that God was there if only I could pray. I don’t remember all she said, my mind was far away, but I thank God for sending her, a stranger – my friend – that day. She called me again a few days later to see if I was alive. Still in shock, I remembered her – the lady who has survived. Such grief, such devastating sadness, I was totally in despair. But my new friend called again, keeping me in her care. We came to meet, this lady and I, in life’s ungracious bend. I love her now, this total stranger, she’s my Compassionate Friend.

~ Diana Grider, TCF/Kokoma, IN

## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



Birthdays and Anniversaries have been removed from the Internet version of our newsletter for security purposes



## SIBLING PAGE

### It's the Music that Bonds the Souls

The room you once lived in,  
Doesn't look the same.  
The people who used to call you,  
Never mention your name.  
The car you used to drive,  
They may not make them anymore;  
And all the things you once treasured,  
Are boxed behind closet doors.  
The clothes you set the trends by,  
Are surely out of date.  
The people you owed money to,  
Have wiped away the slate.  
Things have changed and changed again  
since you went away,  
But some things have remained the same  
Each and every day ...  
Like this aching in my heart,  
A scar that just won't heal,  
Or the way a special song,  
Can change the way I feel.  
Brother, you must know that the music  
bonds us and will keep us close;  
Because secretly I know deep in my heart;  
It's the music you miss the most.  
So let the world keep on turning,  
And time can take its toll.  
For as long as the music keeps playing  
You'll be alive and dancing in my soul  
~ Stacie Gilliam, TCF/N. Oklahoma City, OK

### LISA

What do I do I ask myself,  
As I look at her picture standing on the shelf.  
She was always laughing and so pretty,  
why must it happen to her, why not me?  
I am going to miss her oh so much,  
that kind, gentle, loving touch.  
God has now called Lisa to come,  
up high into his beautiful kingdom.  
I know that I will see her again,  
in God's beautiful home known as heaven.  
~ Michael Oetken  
In honor of my sister  
Lisa Renae Oetken 1984 – 2002

### What Candice Would Say

I'm sorry big sister, I can't play with you.  
I'm sorry grandpa, I can't go to the zoo.  
I'm sorry daddy, you can't kiss me goodnight.  
I'm sorry mommy, you can't hold me tight.  
No one knows why, no one can guess.  
But I can't play right now,  
I've gone to rest.

Mary Lingle, TCF/Tyler, TX  
In Memory of Candice

### MY FRIEND

At one time you were my world.  
As the years passed us by, you were my brother, my friend.  
The older we grew, the closer we drew.  
We lived our lives and suffered many sorrows, together.  
But to suffer this one alone, I just don't know.  
You made your own rules, you conquered the world, and more-  
- Heaven's door.  
The world will forever be a little emptier, a little colder, and  
yet Heaven is so much richer.  
Blessed God, please watch over my friend until I can join him;  
we'll all join him soon.  
I love you still, my friend.

~ Lori Boyle, TCF/Wellsville, NY

### WHAT WAS HE REALLY LIKE?

After meeting a friend that I had not seen for quite some time  
and exchanging catch-up information, something wonderful  
happened to me. This beloved friend expressed the usual  
condolences over the loss of my brother but went on to post the  
question "What was he really like?" My eyes must have  
sparkled like fire. The question itself ignited an unbelievable  
response. Unleashing all my memories, I began immediately  
bursting at the seams.

Oh, he was so kind and gentle. He was so seldom angry that  
you remembered the exact moment when he lost his temper—  
because it just didn't happen that often. And he was so good at  
telling stories. Believe me, he could embellish a story. His left  
eye would wink, and he'd get a silly grin on his face as if he  
weren't going to tell you the ending. By then he'd spout out the  
ending, knowing that he had teased you once more.

And oh, he was so respectful to Mom and Dad that I wanted  
to slug him sometimes. He would always tell me that I  
wouldn't get into trouble if I'd just keep my mouth shut! And  
never, never could I outlast him at night. He would come in  
from a date at midnight and still have enough energy to watch  
the late movie. Brilliant -- why he never had to crack one book  
in high school.

And I could have gone on and on. I told my friend that I  
didn't want to keep her and that I certainly didn't mean to get  
so carried away, but so few people ask me that question. She  
told me that she would have liked to have known him. This  
instance may be a rarity with friends who have not experienced  
the death of a loved one. But may we, in the Compassionate  
Friends, keep asking each other over and over, "*What was he  
really like?*"

~ Julie Cameron, TCF/Louisville, KY

### A STORM OF GRIEF

When a storm of grief grows in the heart,  
Reach back for yesterday  
To catch onto your memories.  
The storm will calm, and for a brief moment  
The lost feelings of happiness  
Will shine through and through

~ Lori Pollard, TFC/Montgomery AL

## **The Fear of Forgetting**

When my daughter died just after turning four years old, one of my biggest fears has been that she will be forgotten. But lately, I've been asking myself what does that really mean? What am I really scared of?

The idea that she will be forgotten is actually two separate fears. The first is that due to the notion of "out of sight, out of mind," friends and even family will stop thinking of her and, in essence, "forget her." In reality, this is the natural course of life. I have beloved relatives and dear friends who have passed, and yet I rarely think of them. Does it mean they didn't exist, or had any less impact on my life? No. Nor does it mean I love them any less. What it does represent is that life goes on, and current matters occupy our minds.

I think my fear is actually rooted in the reality of family and friends no longer talking about my daughter or – from my perspective – thinking of her, which feels as though it further isolates me from the "normal" world. It has been years since she died, and yet the pain is ever present and my daily thoughts are still filled with memories and longing for my daughter. Other than the news sensationalizing death and destruction to grab our attention for ratings, our society tends to not want to talk about grief or the lingering pain of loss after the funeral is over. So I go about my business and lead two lives: the "normal" one that goes about living a "normal" life, and the "private" one where I still struggle to figure out how to work through the pain of grief while learning to once again embrace the love, joy, and adventures that surround me.

The second part of my fear has to do with me and my memory. With my daughter no longer physically here, memories of her have become precious commodities. Those few memories of specific moments captured in time allow me to momentarily remember not just who she was, but remember life before the pain of her death forever changed me and my world. But with every passing day, and with all the new information coming in, those memories tend to get crowded out and forgotten. All those everyday moments that I took for granted at the time have already faded into the abyss of memories lost to time. It makes me sad that her older brothers say that they have very few specific memories of her. It makes me sadder that her baby brother never had the chance to meet her, and will have to rely on our stories and descriptions of her if he ever wants to get to know her.

To combat this fear, I have tried to write down as many memories as I can – even if they are mundane. I keep them in a journal, and some I post to [www.aliveinmemory.org](http://www.aliveinmemory.org) to share them with others. This way I can refer back to them and share them with whoever is interested in reading them. Her brothers can read them and share them with their eventual families.

But lately, I wonder is my fear of forgetting my memories really necessary? Does it make me a bad mother that I can't remember more moments I shared with her? Of course not. Does it mean my love for her will fade with the memories? Absolutely not. While I wish I could remember more specific memories of time that I shared with her, I will try to be content knowing that I will never forget how much I love my daughter, or how much she means to me. I will never forget her personality quirks, her vivid imagination, and endless creativity. And I will never forget how her life – and her death – have helped me grow tremendously in my understanding of this life and how best to live it.

~ Maria Kubitz, TCF/Contra Costa County, CA  
In memory of my daughter, Margareta

## **Take Your Time**

The one phrase we hear more than any other is "It will take time for you to get over your child's death." We know that this is spoken with care and love. But little do we know at the beginning of our grief just what time means; the first time, the day time, the night time, the last time, all of these *times*. The one thing we can say is "take it." Take all the time you need. Grief is hard work, and we need to take the time for all of the aspects we talk so much about and really work through it.

Take the time to feel; it is hard but worth it. We can't just push those feelings aside because they are part of who we are, how we have managed, and the life we have had. All of our life experiences combine to affect our feelings.

Take the time to talk. Talk to anyone who seems to care about you. Ask your friends and family if they will take the time to listen. If you need a telephone listener, call the National Office or one of the local chapter listeners. We have time to listen.

Take the time to read. When you read the experiences of others, you will realize that you are not alone. Maybe a special book will help you understand what is happening to you during this time we call bereavement; take the time to read and re-read the paragraphs or chapters that help.

Take the time to take care of yourself physically. If you like to walk, jog or run, go out and use that time to help you feel better. Get enough rest, take the time to sleep late some days, or go to bed earlier if you need to. Sleeping may be an escape, but if it helps you, take the time for an extra few hours. Take care of yourself by eating better. Try to understand that food gives you some energy and that food helps to satisfy unmet needs. Food is always better for you than drugs or alcohol, and a small weight gain or loss is not unusual. Take the time to understand what is happening to your body.

Take the time to be angry or guilty without letting these feelings ruin your life. You may think that your life is ruined anyhow and who cares, but anger and guilt turned inward can destroy your self esteem faster than anything. Take time to sort through those feelings and acknowledge them, then let them go.

Know that when someone says, "It will take time," we can nod and try to accept that as part of our getting through these days, months and years.

Remember that someday you will take the time to help someone else, and that time will be the most satisfying time of all.

~Therese Goodrich, Executive Director, National Office 03/1997

**We must have your written permission on file to use your child's name in the newsletter.** Permission may be withdrawn at any time by written request. This information is used to maintain our Chapter Database. It is confidential and is only utilized for Chapter activities such as the newsletter.

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

Birth Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Death Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

(Signature)

Please return to: The Compassionate Friends of F-M Area, P.O. Box 10686, Fargo ND 58106  
(Please note that if you have already submitted a permission slip, you do not need to submit another one)

"Some say you're too painful to remember. I say you're too precious to forget."

Our Mom's group has been meeting on the 4th Thursday of the month at 7:00 pm at the Fryn' Pan Restaurant, 300 Main Avenue, Fargo. Our gatherings are informal as we come together to talk about our children, books that we've read, recipes we've tried, our jobs and whatever else comes up during the course of the evening. We all have times where the listening heart of another mom or grandma is welcome (and necessary). Please join us this month on Thursday April 24th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or sherylc13@msn.com.

Please check out our Chapter website's page for 'Our Beloved Children'

([www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html) ). If you would like your child's picture and a poem or story posted on this page, please submit them to us at [tcf1313@hotmail.com](mailto:tcf1313@hotmail.com) or mail them to our PO Box (listed on the back of the newsletter). Photos and poems/stories sent to the PO Box will be electronically scanned and then returned to you so please remember to include a return address.

### **Terrible Twos**

In memory of Jennifer Privett  
Jenny,

Since your death, you have missed:

- 2 birthday anniversaries,
- 2 Halloweens,
- 2 Thanksgivings,
- 2 Christmases,
- 2 summers and swimming pool sessions,
- 2 school openings,
- 2 sizes of shoes and clothing,
- 2 children who died of heart conditions and
- 2 pictures of them now sit beside yours,
- too many children who died too soon
- too young.

Your Mom ~ Susan Privett

### **The Price**

It is not really a question  
of whether I could have wanted  
never to have you with me,  
if I had known  
how deeply your dying  
would break my life today.  
There is only one certain truth:  
Even if I had known  
That there would come to me  
The cruel grief I suffer today,  
I would endure it all again  
For the wonder of  
Having had you in my life.  
By Sascha

### **Like the Butterfly**

It fluttered above my head  
Weightless in the soft breeze.  
I reached up my hand  
It lit on 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.  
~ Leslie Langford, TCF/North Platte, NE

*"We are not alone, and by truly caring for one another we can help each other go way beyond 'just surviving,' or 'getting over it.' We are truly sorry for your loss and we extend ourselves to you with compassion and love."*

—Sharon Steffke



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
OF THE F-M AREA  
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FARGO ND 58106

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## THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

**FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER**  
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

**MISSION STATEMENT:** When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family.

A SINCERE WELCOME TO ALL COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS... We are a nonprofit self-help organization offering friendship and support to families who have experienced the death of a child. We offer group support, understanding and friendship. Our purpose is to promote and aid parents and siblings in the positive resolution of the grief they are experiencing and to foster physical and emotional health. If you have questions or wish to talk directly to a member of the Fargo-Moorhead Compassionate Friends, please call any of the numbers listed.

### FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	John Milligan..... 701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen ..... 701-730-0805
Meeting Facilitator	Paul & Kara Bailey..... 701-261-0668	Newsletter Database	Mike Cvijanovich ..... 701-235-8158
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-235-8158	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-235-8158
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer ..... 701-298-2929	Newsletter Printing	Joyce at Olivet Lutheran Church
Initial Contact	Jamie Olson ..... 701-219-3865	Mailing Committee	Contact Us to Join
Librarian	Contact Us to Volunteer		

**LIBRARY INFORMATION:** We have an extensive library available. Please feel free to check materials at our next meeting.

### TELEPHONE FRIENDS

HAVING A BAD DAY OR NIGHT? Feel free to call and talk to any of the following:

John Milligan (son, 25 - car accident) .....	701-491-0364
Duane Skramstad (daughter, 20 - car accident; son, 2 - drowning).....	701-437-2507
Lois Gangnes (son, 24 - accident) .....	701-282-4083
Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness) .....	701-730-0805
Mark & Hella Helfter (miscarriage & son, 35 - accident) .....	701-235-9622

Love gifts must be received by the 15<sup>th</sup> to be included in the next month's newsletter. If you wish to give a love gift please complete:

Love gift given in Memory/Honor of \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Relationship \_\_\_\_\_ Born \_\_\_\_\_ Died \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: By giving a love gift, you are giving us permission to include your child(ren) in our monthly birthdays and anniversaries.