



The Compassionate Friends
Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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F-M Area Chapter
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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 14th
 May 12th

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

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

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on April 28th @ Fry'n Pan
 TCF National Conference - Scottsdale, AZ July 8-10, 2016

LOVE GIFTS

Sandy & Chuck Klinkhammer in memory of their son, Alexander B. Blinkhammer
 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.

Three Secrets

The secrets of healing from grief are love (as in friend-ness), patience (as in waiting gently), and honesty (as in not covering up). Try to learn finding these, with love, patience and honesty.
 ~ Sascha Wagner

"When our special sadness comes to call, when we remember more than we can bear, when courage falters – shadows everywhere: Then let us reach and touch and share, we, who are friends." ~ Sascha Wagner

Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4th Thursday of the month at 7:00 pm at the Fry'n Pan restaurant, 300 Main Avenue, Fargo. Our gatherings are very informal as we meet to talk about our children, books, recipes, jobs and whatever else comes up in conversation. We all have times when we need the listening heart of another mom or grandma. Please join us this month on Thursday April 28th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylev13@msn.com.

Grief Time

Time progresses, ever onward,
 A tragedy occurs
 Time still moves warped in our minds eye
 A year, then another passes,
 The pain retained.
 At first sharp
 Then slowly blunted
 Til only an ache remains
 Covered
 By carefully laid scar tissue
 Of emotions
 Under wraps.

~ Melissa Anne Schroeter, TCF/Rockland County, NY
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ANGER

One of the reactions to our grief can be anger, and sometimes it may be irrational anger. You may be angry at your spouse and you may even be angry at your child/children who have just died. "Why did you die?", "Why weren't you more careful?" or "Why are you putting me through this terrible grief?"

Anger can be described as getting mad, but it can also be described as being hurt, or the feelings of helplessness, frustration, fear and even guilt. The reaction of guilt can be anger turned on our ourselves.

These feelings will eventually pass, but we must recognize and admit these reactions. I have. I also feel that these feelings of anger are NORMAL. One thing that I have experienced is that we can go through this phase more than once. After sharing with other bereaved parents and also reading about anger, I feel we are just normal bereaved parents/siblings with perfectly normal feelings.

~ Adaline Leir, TCF/Regina, SK

Have Others Forgotten?

The first several weeks following the death of a child are usually filled with lots of emotional grief support. Friends drop by your home with food. Cards arrive daily. Phone calls of encouragement come quite often. Then, almost as suddenly as the support began, it ends. Friends become scarce, and when they are around, they don't know what to say so they often remain silent. As a parent, it feels like everyone has forgotten your child, and that leaves a parent with a lonely, empty feeling.

The death of a child makes others feel very uncomfortable. Friends and family members alike often are afraid to mention the name of the deceased child for fear of bringing up sad memories to the parents. What others fail to realize is that it is very healing for parents to hear the name of their child spoken, as well as to hear stories that bring warm memories to mind. Parents long to hear about their child from others. Fond remembrances are comforting and aid in healing.

As a parent, it often helps to talk about your child to others, breaking the ice of being uncomfortable. Remind others that you love to hear your child's name spoken in a warm way. It will often be up to you to lead the way with talking about your child. Once you make the effort, others will know that they, too, have permission to talk about times spent with your child. They will find that it's healing to them to talk about your child, too. The bond of friendship you share will become even stronger as you walk through this journey of grief hand-in-hand.

Be prepared for the few who might suggest that you should be ready to "move on" with your life, though. Many simply will not understand that your loss presents a continuing empty void that needs attention. The absence of support leads a parent to believe that their precious child has been forgotten. Actually, others have not forgotten, but they might feel that enough time has elapsed to provide healing. What most people don't understand is that grief, while it does get better, is a slow, difficult journey that takes lots of time and hard work.

How can a parent cope when others are not providing adequate support? It's a great idea to find a local support group, if at all possible. Face-to-face support can be the one thing that keeps a parent going during those lonely, dark moments. It helps to find a group where you can talk freely about your feelings, vent openly without fear of someone making you feel inadequate, and where you can mention your child's name without being made to feel uncomfortable.

When it seems like others have forgotten, bring your child's memory alive by talking about past experiences. Invite some of your child's friends to your home and plan something like an informal get together and perhaps have your child's friends help you begin a memory book or some sort of scrap book. An activity like this can be quite healing to all involved.

Others have a tendency to forget special days, anniversaries, and occasions such as your child's birthday. Rather than waiting for others to send a card, plan a meal and something such as a balloon release, candle lighting, or planting of a flower or tree in memory of your child. Ask your friends and family members to join you for these special occasions for additional support.

Have others forgotten? Not always. Most times they are afraid to bring up memories for fear of adding more pain. When you openly remember your child, so will others. And, you will soon have a built-in support system that can carry your through the difficult days into healing.

~ Clara Hinton

A PhD in Pain

I didn't take an entrance examination. I didn't apply for admission. I didn't register for classes. I never completed any assignments. I didn't write or defend a dissertation.

I didn't wear a cap, gown, or hood at graduation. I didn't walk to "Pomp & Circumstance."

I don't have this diploma framed on my wall. I don't have letters I use after my name.

But my son died five years ago.

So, I have a PhD in Pain.

I never wanted one.

~ Peggi Johnson, TCF/Piedmont Chapter, VA

"I've learned- that no matter how bad your heart is broken,
the world doesn't stop for your grief"

~ Author Unknown

Letting Go

Recently I received an award for volunteering in the community. I was honored to receive it. Some of the people in my life mentioned that it looked like I had "let go" of the pain of losing my child. "Let go?" Of course, they don't understand.

But when the award was mentioned at our monthly Compassionate Friends meeting, a bereaved mother made an interesting observation that touched my heart and reminded me why I need this special group to keep me centered and balanced.

"I remember that article you read to us last Mother's Day....the one your son wrote about how proud he was of you," she said. "Wouldn't it be great to put that article in our memory book with the newspaper article about your award? He was right about you. He was proud of you."

What a great idea! What a wonderful way to bring my son into my life even though he is no longer on this plane. That's what Compassionate Friends do.....they help to bring our children into our lives even though our children are no longer alive. For a few hours each month, our children return to us. We're proud parents who can share our children's stories and keep our children in our lives.....without explaining why we won't be "letting go."

~Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF/Katy, TX
In memory of son, Todd Mennen

I Am Spring

I am the beginning.
I am budding promise.
I spill cleansing tears of life
from cloudy vessels
creating muddy puddles
where single cell creatures abide
and splashing children play.
I am new green growth.
I softly flow from winter's barren hand.
On gentle breeze I fly – embracing sorrow.
With compassion, we feather nests
where winged voices sing winter-spring duets.
As frozen ice transforms to playful stream
I whisper truth – life is change.
I am spring.
I bless long, dark wintry days.
I crown mankind's pain
with starry skies
in deepest night
lighting solitary paths from sorrow to joy
as the wheel of life turns 'round and 'round.

By Carol Clum

(written after attending a workshop presented by John Fox,
author of 'Finding What You Didn't Lose' and 'Poetic
Medicine'.)

BILL OF RIGHTS FOR THE BEREAVED

1. Do not make me do anything I do not wish to do.
2. Let me cry.
3. Allow me to talk about the deceased.
4. Do not force me to make quick decisions.
5. Let me act strange sometimes.
6. Let me see that you are grieving too.
7. When I am angry, do not discount it.
8. Do not speak to me in platitudes.
9. Listen to me, **please**.
10. Forgive me my trespasses, my rudeness.

SIMPLE WISDOM

The child asked, "Why do you cry?"

"Because I am sad," I said.

"Why are you sad?" Asked the child.

"Because Marc is dead and I miss him," I replied.

"but Marc has been dead for more than four years

Why are you still sad?"

"Because the longer he's gone, the more I miss him."

"Will you always be sad?" asked the child.

"Yes, I replied, "but only sometimes."

"Is this one of those times?"

"Yes," I said.

"I love you," said the child.

"I love you, too."

And then we both smiled.

~ Moe Beres, TCF/Babylon, NY

Love's Lasting Touch

Don't weep for me when I'm gone,
Because I'll always be there.
My spirit will exist in all the earth,
In the water, trees, and air.
You'll hear me say, "I love you,"
In the whisper of a breeze.
You'll know that I'm beside you,
With the rustling of the leaves.
You'll feel my arms caress you,
In the warmth of each sunrise.

The moon will be my goodnight kiss,
The stars my watchful eyes,
Your life will be my legacy,
Your memories my epitaph.
These ties will bind us together,
Till we meet on heaven's path.
I'll not ever desert you,
We'll never be far apart.
I'll live within you always
Nestled deep inside your heart.

~ Jacquelyn M. Comeaux

A thousand words can't bring you back
I know because I tried
And neither can a million tears
I know because I cried
~ Sarah Ratliff

**OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED
BIRTHDAYS**

CHILD		PARENTS
NATHAN BEACH.....	25	LISA BEACH
ANDREW HOWARD BRAUN.....	27	CRAIG & DEANNA BRAUN
ALLISON DEUTSCHER.....	40	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON
TRAVIS FREED	34	RANDY & DEBBIE FREED
TYLER JAY FREED	34	RANDY & DEBBIE FREED
DAVID GRAFSGAARD	56	ERNEST & BERDINE GRAFSGAARD
LANNIE LEE KORNELIUS.....	56	LEROY & DONNA KORNELIUS
JAMIE BETH MERCIER	40	TERRY & CAROL MERCIER
JEFF MUNIGHAN.....	50	JERALD & ARLENE MUNIGHAN
KENT R NELSON	27	DEANNA NELSON
CASANDRA (CASY) PERRHUS	55	RAYMOND & JAN MILLER
AMELIA MARIE PRATT	5	JASON & TANDY PRATT
MARY-ALICE MARIE PRATT.....	8	JASON & TANDY PRATT
JACOB L SKAR.....	28	ALBERT & BONNIE SKAR
BRUCE C THORNBY	55	JANET & HOWARD GALLAGHER
JEFFREY D VOLK.....	59	JACK & JUNE VOLK
HEATHER WREN.....	40	DEB WAYMAN
ZACHARY WAYNE WULLSTEIN	5	RON & MICHELLE WULLSTEIN

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
STEVEN DUANE COOK.....	5	SHARON COOK
TRAVIS FREED	34	RANDY & DEBBIE FREED
KYLE KASSMAN	2	TOM & NANCY KASSMAN
ALEXANDER BRENT KLINKHAMMER	4	CHARLES & SANDY KLINKHAMMER
AMY CHRISTINE LARSON	17	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
ERIC LARSON	17	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
GAIL DIANE LARSON	17	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JOSEPH CHRIS LARSON	17	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JAMIE BETH MERCIER	4	TERRY & CAROL MERCIER
AMELIA MARIE PRATT	5	JASON & TANDY PRATT
MARY-ALICE MARIE PRATT.....	8	JASON & TANDY PRATT
JACOB L SKAR.....	2	ALBERT & BONNIE SKAR
JAMES KEVIN SKJEFTE.....	18	VERNE & DIANE SKJEFTE
DANE TVEDT	6	TOMMY & LEAH TVEDT
MICHELLE WARNECKE.....	4	DOUG & JOAN WARNECKE
ANGELA MARIE WENTZ.....	3	DAVID WENTZ
ZACHARY WAYNE WULLSTEIN	5	RON & MICHELLE WULLSTEIN

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

SIBLING PAGE

When You Stop Asking Why

All these emotions, change by the moment.
Stuck in time, inside my mind.
Shifting tides changed my life.
Tore me apart, and broke my heart.
But when you stop asking why,
Then you can start to say goodbye.
The pain will only hold you there,
And never get you anywhere.
And so I must go on with life.
That I cannot sacrifice.
And I will hold you in my heart,
As I make this brand-new start.
Precious memories,
Can I take them with me?
Oh, they hurt, oh so deeply.
But they were true, and they were mine.
And I can't erase time.
Can't change the past to ease the pain,
And so they must always remain.
And when you stop asking why,
Then you can start to say goodbye.
The pain will only hold you there,
And never get you anywhere.
And so I must go on with life.
That I cannot sacrifice.
And I will hold you in my heart,
As I make this brand-new start.
Curtains open,
I step forward.
Take a breath, to see what's left.
Arms wide open,
No more trembling.
Brace my heart, for this new start.
And when you stop asking why,
Then you can start to say goodbye.
The pain will only hold you there,
And never get you anywhere.
And so I must go on with life.
That I cannot sacrifice.
And I will hold you in my heart,
As I make this brand-new start.

*In honor of my older brother, Randal Wagoner Jr.,
who passed in January, 2011, at the age of 41.*

~ Tonya Thompson

We Need Not Walk Alone Winter 2011/Spring 2012

The Room Across The Hall

The room across the hall is dark and empty now. All of the things that once filled it have been removed somehow. The clothes that were once in the closet have all been given away. The occupant won't be needing them, for he died in the month of May.

The room across the hall was filled with a young man's things; gun, and knives, and video games and rocks from any springs. All of these have been locked away inside a small square chest. Just like the room's occupant, they have been laid to rest.

The room across the hall aroused feeling such as pain. The fact that it is Empty can make tears fall like rain. I cry because the occupant was very much like me. The occupant was my brother, whom now I cannot see.

The room across the hall belonged to a normal boy. He could bring you heartache and lots of sorrow, but he could also bring you joy. He was not another Socrates, for he wasn't quite that clever. But the memories he left me will be with me forever.

~ Melissa B., TCF/Atlanta, GA

ALL THE THINGS I MISS

I sometimes think about all the things I miss about my brother.

There are a lot—some painful, some I never would have believed at the time that I would miss. And I find that what I miss the most are the things that should have been.

I bought my first car the year he would have turned sixteen. He should have been here to ask to borrow the keys—not that I would have given them to him—but he should have been here to ask.

He should have been a senior this year, getting ready to face a world with no more summer vacations and deciding what to do with his life.

All the things that should be:
He should be here when I fall in love to tease me and give his opinion of the man I choose.
He should be here when I have a child to be godparent and uncle, friend and confidant.
He should be here to get married and have kids of his own so that I can be an aunt and a sister-in-law.
He should be here to celebrate when things are good and to commiserate when things are bad.

My brother was my friend and my foe in a way that only little brothers can be. And as I sit here and think about my brother, what I think the most is he should be here.

I love and miss you little brother.

~ Shannon Odessa Stiener, Lowell, IN

I WISH

I wish I could watch you work on cars, preparing for a race and being with our friends.

I wish I could hear Mom attempt to wake you up, pounding on the floor, hoping you're downstairs.

I wish you would ask to borrow money (and never plan to pay it back) or con me out of my car for the night.

I wish you could go up north with Dad or be with us on family vacations.

I wish you'd be there when I come home on weekends, or come and visit me when I'm at school.

I wish I could hear your dry sense of humor or see the look when you're trying to hold back a laugh.

I wish you were here to keep the stories going, so I wouldn't need to keep memories alive.

I wish I could set a place for you for Thanksgiving dinner or draw your name for Christmas.

I wish you could hold your sister's new baby or be the best man at your brother's wedding.

I wish I could see your hopes and dreams come true, and we could be there when we need each other.

I wish I could hear you say, "I love you" just one more time.

Lisa Dubois - TCF/Grand Rapids MI

TWO YEARS

Time should be absolute, shouldn't it? One minute is 60 seconds. One hour is 60 minutes. One day is 24 hours. It doesn't change. It is absolutely definable. There is no variation, unless you count leap year. So why isn't it absolute?

Two years can seem like a lifetime when I think of it one way and an instant when I think of it another way.

Yesterday I sent out an invitation to a memorial celebration of Michaela's life. I wrote that it had been two years. And that stopped me in my tracks. I had to think about it. Two years? Only two years? It seems like a lifetime since I had my little girl by my side, making me laugh, telling corny jokes and making corny puns. It seems like a lifetime since that wonderful summer, just two short years ago, when she was so very happy and excited about her future.

Two years has been a lifetime.

A lifetime since she put on a prom dress and played in a construction zone for photos.

A lifetime since we went tubing on the banana river.

A lifetime since we went to a dinner theater and she ordered a beer . . . just because she could.

A lifetime since she huddled over a ladybug with her best friend, trying to get a good picture.

A lifetime since she wrestled with her brother on the living room floor.

A lifetime since I posted "You Rock" on her Facebook page and she responded with "You Roll" on mine.

A lifetime since she made her own recipe for chocolate, peanut butter, and apple tortillas.

A lifetime since she started her art project to make a necklace for everyone important to her, so they would "have something that makes them think of me."

A lifetime since she went to her UCF orientation, saw her new apartment, and met her new boss.

A lifetime since she crossed the stage of FSU and winked at the dean in her black robe with gold braid.

A lifetime since she went to the flea market and bought beads representing everyone in her family; so she would have something to make her think of them; and a giant wrench for a photo project.

A lifetime since she went shopping with her girlfriend for apartment things and bought my friend some peacock feathers, just because she remembered that I had mentioned she needed some.

A lifetime since she talked her way into Disney on a military pass for free, with nothing but a letter stating her ID was confiscated as proof that she was eligible.

A lifetime since she walked down the beach to Bizarro's with her brother, sarong and beautiful blond hair blowing in the wind around her.

A lifetime since she saved a frog from certain death by kitty cat in our kitchen.

A lifetime since she sat at the kitchen counter filling out employment and school paperwork and asking me about insurance.

And two very long years since she walked out the front door with a breezy, "Bye, I love you, I can't wait to see your pictures."

But yet, it has only been an instant.

An instant since the police pounded on our front door, ringing the doorbell frantically.

An instant since I heard the words "life flight" and my heart stopped.

An instant since I saw Michaela's car, with the top cut off, sitting in the middle of the intersection just half a mile from home.

An instant since we drove 70 miles an hour down Hibiscus following the police car with its flashing lights.

An instant since we sat in the waiting room quietly making little jokes and remembering how many times we had scared our parents in situations like this; denying in our words what was going on behind the emergency room door, not believing for one second that anything so terrible could happen to us.

An instant since we were told that all of the scenarios we had imagined and even hoped for were false.

An instant since I looked at my baby girl's face and knew she was never coming back to me.

An instant since my wonderful son was doubled over in pain as he realized the same thing.

An instant since her father stood over her, reading her the Bible and praying for help.

An instant since her friends gathered around her bed in the middle of the night to tell stories and sing songs to her.

An instant since we spoke to the organ donation coordinator and then held hands and prayed for mercy.

An instant since I stood at her bed, staring at the respiration monitor, knowing its steady beep meant that she had stopped trying and we were to be spared having to decide for her.

An instant since my mother cut her hair for donation to Locks of Love and she was taken away from me for the last time.

And the next two years and the two years after that, and the two years after that, and all the years to come until God's will is to reunite us, will be a lifetime without my baby but also, just an instant.

And then will come forever.

Kathleen Yockey (mother of Michaela Thomas 1988–2009) lives with her husband, Bill, in Melbourne, Florida. She is an office manager and publishes her blog, Angels Cry Too: Life Death, and Beyond; Thoughts of a Grieving Mother. Kathleen can also be reached at katylynnays@gmail.com.

*~By Kathleen Yockey
We Need Not Walk Alone Winter 2011/Spring 2012*

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: _____

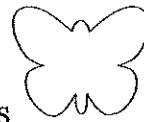
Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

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)



Butterfly Decals

"Butterflies are the heaven sent kisses of an angel." ~ Author Unknown

Butterfly decals are available to help personalize our trailer. The trailer is used to carry items to and from our Walk to Remember and other chapter events. It has also given us some visibility in the Fargo/Moorhead community. Each butterfly decal holds the first and last name of one of our beloved children.

Butterflies are available in five colors (yellow, pink, red, blue and green). The cost is as follows: \$25 for 1 butterfly, \$50 for 2 butterflies, \$65 for 3 butterflies and \$80 for 4 butterflies. If you wish to purchase more than 4 butterflies please contact John Milligan at 701-491-0364.

Butterfly orders should include the child's first and last name (middle name is optional) and the 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.

MIND GAMES

Mind games it can happen anywhere, anytime. Driving along the highway, I think: suppose, just suppose I turn my head quickly, will you suddenly be sitting next to me? Will you be humming along to a song that was a particular favorite of yours? I swear I can hear you. I want so much to hear you singing loudly and a bit off-key again.

Or perhaps I'm in the supermarket and I see someone with long, blond hair - is it you? My heart thumps. I want so badly for it to be you. People glance at me strangely and I realize I am standing in the middle of the aisle weeping. Even the special foods you loved can reduce me to tears. I'm tempted to buy your favorites and prepare them for when you come home for supper.

At night when I climb into bed, I scrunch over toward the middle, this gives you room to sit next to me the way you would after coming home from a late date. My senses are alive with you. I can smell your special perfume and feel your long, slender fingers with the pearl ring Daddy gave you for graduation. I can hear your laughter. I will you to stay with me until I fall asleep.

Then there are the times when I consciously call out your name in the silence of the house. My mind knows there will be no response, but in my heart I hear you answer me and for that split moment you are there at the top of the stairs as surely as I am at the bottom. Barbara...Barbara...Barbara... Your name is a litany. I suppose that behavior could be considered quite strange. What does one make of it? Weeping in supermarkets, calling to one who is not here. Oh, but in that fraction of a second when one feels one's loved one close, that feeling, although bittersweet, soothes and comforts a splintered heart. Mind games... it can happen anywhere, anytime.

~ Bunny Placco, TCF/Greater Providence, RI

BELIEVE...

I believe that imagination is stronger than knowledge—

That myth is more potent than history.

I believe that dreams are more powerful than facts—

That hope always triumphs over experience--

That laughter is the only cure for grief.

And I believe that love is stronger than death.

~ Robert Fulgham

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

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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



**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..... 701-540-3287	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-540-3287
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
- 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 15th 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.