



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

## FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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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  
August 14th  
September 11th

**Dates to Remember**  
Mom's meeting - 7 pm on August 28th @ Fry'n Pan

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 [tcfl313@hotmail.com](mailto:tcfl313@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.

### LOVE GIFTS

David & Shavonne Wilkie in memory of their son, Patrick David Wilkie  
Tom & Nancy Kassman in memory of their son, Kyle Thomas Kassman  
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.

*"Never hesitate to hold out your hand; never hesitate to accept the outstretched hand of another."*

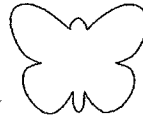
~Pope John XXIII

### 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).

*"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 Fry'n 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 August 28th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or [sherylc13@msn.com](mailto:sherylc13@msn.com).

## The Roller Coaster

As a child I enjoyed the thrill of the roller coaster: gliding up the giant track, reaching the top with a momentary anticipation and the thrill of the quick dropping roll to the bottom of the track. The deep turns, first to the right and then to the left were designed to heighten the anticipation of the next climb and drop. In my childhood mind, these curves, climbs and drops were an isolated experience, temporary and fun. The ride would end.

A few months after my son's death, I dreamed of the roller coaster. But this time it wasn't fun. It was a nightmare of fear, anxiety and pain; I was so paralyzed that I couldn't breathe. That dream was the simple symbolism of life since my son died. Now I ride a different sort of roller coaster. The climb to the top is a slow, difficult rise to normalcy. The rapid descent to the bottom is yet another terrible setback. I hang onto the bar of sanity on the curves, first one way, then another. I really want to stop this ride, but it is forever. This ride won't end.

Today I recalled that roller coaster dream, in all its vivid detail, and I compare it to the roller coaster that is my life now. Are the highs lower and the lows higher? Are the curves softening? Yes, I believe they are. It's been two years and two months since Todd died. I still weep. Tiny tears still fall unexpectedly. I still have anxiety. I still feel as if the earth has dropped from under me. I still miss talking with my son. I miss seeing him. I ache for that special hug that only my child can give. Yes, I miss my only child very much. My heart has been shattered, my definition of myself has been altered and my loneliness is incomprehensible. But something has changed on the roller coaster of this life.

That something is, of course, me. I work through my grief in many, many ways. I have consciously shifted the paradigms of my life. I have learned to evaluate people from a different perspective. I have become so sensitive to the pain of other parents that I feel it as if it were my own. I have stopped anticipating how I will handle stressful events, anniversaries, birthdays, holidays. I have learned to live without being a part of my grandchildren's lives. I have learned to keep negative energy and negative people at a far distance. I have learned that a routine provides necessary structure. I have learned to live in the moment, to take joy in simple things, to talk openly about my child's life and to acknowledge the things I cannot change.

As time moves forward, I will continue to accept what is given and give what I can. I know the roller coaster will level out eventually. For as long as I live, I will keep my child with me, in my heart. That's all I can do as I ride this changing roller coaster that is now my life.

Written in memory of my son, Todd Mennen  
~ Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF/ Katy, TX

## LITTLE BY LITTLE

I once thought that my only link to you was my grief.  
I couldn't let go. I knew if I did I would lose us both.  
But one day when I couldn't take the pain anymore,  
I decided to try. So, slowly and carefully I let go of  
my deathline to you, and I was surprised to find  
myself being held by God.

Little by little, step by step, I learned that I didn't  
need to hang on to the death to remember the life.

What a joyous discovery!

~ Kittie Brown McGowin, TCF/Montgomery, AL

## The Cherry Tree

Dad cut down the old cherry tree today  
'It needs to come down,' I had to say  
So he would notice it was true,  
Diseased and riddled with bugs too.

Later that night, I started to cry...  
I didn't quite understand why.  
Tears spun like a tornado to my core  
Leaving me crying an hour, two, then more.

Now there's an empty place in our yard  
Where the cherry tree once stood guard.  
But if I close my eyes I can still see  
The four of you picking cherries from that tree.

Those were happier days...they went by so fast.  
I always knew they couldn't last...  
For the four of you grew much like the tree.  
So beautiful...you mean the world to me.

Now, my lovely son, four years dead —  
Thoughts of you always fill my head.  
Your short lifetime...only eighteen years.  
Not long enough say my endless tears.

You are so deeply mourned by your sisters and brother,  
But I can't know their grief...only that of a mother.  
A grief so unrelenting I can't move on —  
So instead, I cry when a cherry tree's gone.

~ Diane Royer, BP/USA Annapolis, Maryland  
In memory of Aaron S. Royer

## Do You Ever Feel Like Me?

Do you ever feel like me? Right now I am utterly tired of  
grief. I am sick of it. I can't get away from the always aching pit  
in my heart and soul. I search for understanding. I do all I can in  
the memory of my child who is gone and the others who are like  
her. I try to move into life again. I smile. I laugh but inside I  
ache, my soul literally burns inside my body.

Some say it gets better WHEN???? That is what I want to  
know, when in this life am I going to feel better. Oh what I  
would give for the bliss of ignorance once more.

~ Jean Stewart, from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing

## Closure

This brings me to the dreaded "C" word.  
A word hated by the bereaved, "closure".  
I hate that word. I am offended by that word.  
Most of the bereaved I know dislike it too.  
There is no such thing as closure - you never  
get over it and quit expecting us to.  
People need to learn to say something else...

These things are so true-  
You *close* a book,  
you *close* a closet,  
you may even *close* a chapter of your life.  
But you **never close** the life of your child,  
a loved one. There is never "closure."

Permission granted to reprint  
by Patricia Unzicker, David's Mom  
[www.geocities.com/davidsplaceinheaven](http://www.geocities.com/davidsplaceinheaven)

YOU MAY FORGET WITH WHOM YOU LAUGHED,  
BUT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET WITH WHOM  
YOU WEPT

## BUTTERFLIES AND RAINBOWS

You came to me on a butterfly's wing so very long ago.  
What God had in His plan for us how could we possibly know.  
I watched you laugh and play and dream as you grew into a man.  
How beautiful you were to me as you chased rainbows in the sand.

It's incomprehensible to think that you have gone away.  
And you won't be coming back again not even for a day.  
Two years have come and gone since then and the sun still rises in the sky.  
Butterflies and rainbows still exist and I have stopped asking why.

Your light shines brightly in my heart and always will my dear.  
You are with the rainbows there and I'm with the butterflies here.  
~ Robyn Bell, TCF/Valley Forge, PA

### Give It Time

Give it time,  
Give it time,  
Give your lonely heart some time.  
In your deepest depths of sorrow  
When your soul cries out for mercy;  
In the grip of fear unyielding  
When the sun shines always black,  
Give it time.  
In the ravages of chaos  
When you think that you will die,  
Let your pain come screaming out,  
Let the world know you hurt,  
And give it time.  
Give it time,  
Give it time,  
Give your lonely heart some time.  
As joy peeks from the darkness  
And your tears turn to a trickle;  
When you feel a touch of comfort;  
And your heart begins to heal,  
You gave it time.  
When your memories form a smile  
And your child's life is what you see;  
When joy comes into focus  
And laughter's in your soul,  
You gave it time.  
So, if you think your heart is forever broken  
And hope is a long lost friend,  
Give it time,  
Give it time,  
Give your lonely heart some time.

~ Rob Anderson  
(reprinted with permission from Bereavement Publishing, Inc.)

### Lacy

Everyone's forgotten you, Lacy.  
Everyone but me...  
Your mother, a mother without  
a child. What am I? I had  
a baby, but she's gone. Am  
I a mother? What am I?  
Sue Chaidez, GriefworksBC.com

## HOW CAN I TELL THEM?

How can I tell them that the grief they feel today will fade with the merciful, steady march of time? They won't, nay, can't, believe--as I did not when I was told. Shall I say to them, "While memories never die, the sharp and bitter edges blur." And there will come a time to them as it has come to me, when happy memories transcend the bad, and life again is good. I know so well the hurt they feel, and also know that each of us must find their own way out. No matter how deeply friends may care, it is a private struggle we must wage.

~ Mary N. Moore, TCF/Toms River, NJ

### He Only Took My Hand

Last night while I was trying to sleep,  
my son's voice I did hear.  
I opened my eyes and looked around,  
but he did not appear.  
He said "Mom you've got to listen,  
you've got to understand.  
God didn't take me from you, Mom  
He only took my hand."  
When I called out in pain that night,  
the instant that I died,  
He reached down and took my hand,  
And pulled me to His side.  
He pulled me up and saved me,  
from the misery and pain.  
My body was hurt so badly inside,  
I could never be the same.  
My search is really over now,  
I've found happiness within.  
All the answers to my empty dreams  
and all that might have been.  
I love you all and miss you so,  
and I'll always be nearby.  
My body's gone forever,  
but my spirit will never die!  
And so, you must all go on now...  
Live one day at a time,  
just understand--  
God did not take me from you,  
He only took my hand.

~ Author unknown

### OPENNESS

I cannot survive my grief with a closed mind, a closed heart, or a closed fist. I must open my ears, my thoughts, my feelings of all kinds, and speak and listen to sharing and caring compassionate friends and my arms to comfort and HUG the grieving and newly bereaved. For it is not possible to heal and help yourself to survive the loss of a child if you cannot receive ... For a clenched fist is not able to give or receive.

~ Ed Kuzela, TCF/Atlanta, GA

## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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



### FREEDOM TO GRIEVE

Freedom - condition of being free or unrestricted Grief - intense sorrow

Does someone always have to die for others to be free?

If that's the case, then freedom always leads to grief.

Does someone always have to leave their families to fight for freedom's course?

If that 's the case, then freedom's fight always leaves their families in remorse.

Does someone always have to chart the course so others will know the way?

If that's the case, then *Compassionate Friends* has opened freedom's gates.

Have others walked this path before me to wage their war with grief?

If that's the case, then they have also fought through pain and torment, and have lost their child so sweet.

Is it possible for us to join together? - To fight for our freedom to grieve?

If that's the case, then together we'll march on to try to live our lives in peace.

And together we'll fight the battles of grief - all parents who are sorely bereaved,

And pay tribute to the children we have lost, for they've given us the freedom to grieve.

~ Faye McCord,

In loving memory of my son, Lane McCord

## SIBLING PAGE

### Playing in the Shadows

We grew up together,  
Big sister, little brother.  
I took care of you  
Until you were old enough to care for yourself.  
Though you didn't say it,  
I knew you loved me.  
We played in the sunlight, you and I;  
Remember the games of "Mother-May-I" and "Hide-and-Seek"?  
Sure we had our fights as all siblings do,  
But through it all we never lost  
Our love for each other.  
Now you're gone.  
I'll never see you again  
except in the memories  
of those sunny days.  
You will forever be sixteen--  
Far too young to die.  
You had your whole life to live.  
I'll always grieve, but I must go on.  
Still, without you,  
I play alone in the shadows.  
~ Cheryl Larson, TCF/Pikes Peak, CO

### What About Me?

Have you ever felt that, as a surviving brother or sister, we are often forgotten? I have felt this way quite often in the last 6 years. Over time, the feeling becomes less and less. Our parents' grief is so much different from ours. No more or less hurtful than ours, but different. They lost their child. I hope that, in my lifetime, I never have to know how that feels. I know how painful it was when Sean died. I don't want to know the pain of having a child die. But, oftentimes, we are "the forgotten mourners." I love my brother very much, and miss him just as much. I think that people sometimes forget that we are hurting also. My parents were offenders of that too.

I know they know my sister and I were hurting, but they were so wrapped up in what they were feeling that they didn't have time to worry about what we were feeling. I tried so hard to make my parents well again that I neglected my own grief. Pretty much denied it. We really want to make our families "normal" again.

I have had some awful things said to me over the last 6 years. Two weeks after Sean died, someone said to me, "Well, you do still have a sister." Well, yes, I do still have a sister, but that doesn't lessen the pain of my brother's death, and my sister can't possibly replace my brother. Probably the worst thing anyone has said to me is "Why aren't you over this? Sean has been dead for 6 months." Well it is not something you just "get over." I have learned a lot of things over the years, and if I hadn't been in such a state of shock, maybe I would have had some good responses. When I think back on it, I wish I had. I have decided that, from what I have learned, I need to educate people and make them understand that siblings and friends have the right to grieve too.

As surviving siblings and friends, we also have to realize that we need to find a new "normal." We also need to know that it's okay to feel all of the things that we feel — be it anger, sadness, guilt, or any other emotion.

Just know that you're not crazy or wrong to grieve. Know also that it is all right to think and talk about them when you're ready, not when someone else says or thinks you should be ready. Death and grieving are, unfortunately, a part of life.

~ Traci Morlock, BPUSA, St. Louis, MO

### To My Sister

Not long ago  
In fact, just the other day.  
I saw a young girl  
Who looked my way.  
I glanced several times  
As she stood by my side.  
It sent cold chills  
Up and down my spine.  
Her eyes just like yours  
Danced and sparkled in the light.  
Bold and fearless they showed  
No evidence of fright.  
Her smile was friendly.  
Anybody could see  
She was a special friend  
Like you used to be.  
As I watched her leave  
Dragging her feet and shuffling away,  
I could remember when  
You walked the same way.

This was a special  
And extraordinary day.  
When out of the blue  
This girl came my way.  
Once again I was reminded  
Of the never-ending sorrow  
That is with me today  
And every tomorrow.

I wish I could tell the driver  
That chose to drive drunk that day,  
The pain, sorrow, and anguish  
That never goes away.  
Although I try to remember  
You're in a place far better than I  
Still there's so many things to tell you.  
Most of all.

"I love you and goodbye"

-by Lori Zimmer, MADDvocate, summer 1992

### FOREVER 13

He would have been a junior  
He should have been on the football team  
He could have been a wrestler  
He might have been.....  
He would have been 17 this year  
He should have been laughing and running  
about  
He could have been chasing the girls  
He might have been.....  
He would have been blowing his French horn  
He should have been giving his teachers  
a hard time  
He could have been learning how to drive  
He might have been.....  
Except now he is forever 13.....

~ Lorie Beyl, TCF/Colorado Springs, CO



## A Journey of Hope

by Sascha Wagner

A new widow asked me the other day (in a somewhat disapproving tone), "What do you mean when you talk about hope?" That's a perfectly legitimate question – we talk about hope all the time but we do not often define just what we mean. Hope seems to be such a clear and simple concept, doesn't it? But what exactly does 'hope' mean when you have lost children to death, when you and the world are a bundle of pain, when you feel as if you could never enjoy anything ever again?

Those who speak about hope wish first of all that the pain of your first grief will lessen. While no one can guess or calculate how long the phase of intense first grief will last, it always lasts longer than we want. This is the time when grief keeps you from thinking clearly, when you are confused about almost everything, even about things which have nothing to do with the tragedy. It is the time when you are always tired but can seldom sleep enough, the time when your energy seems to be drained by the sheer effort of staying alive. You find that nothing consoles you – life hurts, feeling hurts.

Whenever that time is over, you may be able to function reasonably well. What griever has not walked around doing a good job at the office, while feeling like an empty shell? At that point you may even be able, briefly, to concentrate on something other than your dead children. There is a small hope then, to wish for a little more strength, a little less pain, a good night's rest. Perhaps this is the time when you can start talking more clearly to someone about the way you feel or what you think you might want to do for yourself and other grievers.

The schedule is different for each person. When we talk about hope, we start out with a wish for your recovery from what may have felt like a mental illness. Except – you need to remember that it was no mental illness at all; it was an almost insurmountable onslaught of pain.

The next step of hope comes when you realize (sometimes with regret) that you will continue living and that you actually want to do something with the life left to you. Often the notion of doing something in honor of the dead children feels sadly comfortable. This is the stage when you reach out deliberately to speak about grief, to address new tasks, to find the 'small islands of peace' in your sea of pain.

But most of the pain is still there. Rooms are left unchanged, clothing remains hanging in closets, you still cry when you see photographs or when you remember the days before the child died. There is no escape from the awareness of loss, which still dominates your daily existence, no matter what you plan or undertake. This is usually a long phase, and no amount of rational resolve or practical determination takes the ache away. However, you do sleep better.

Next on the journey of hope comes the first signal of comfort. While you still cry and hurt about the loss of your child, you sometimes find yourself thinking of soothing memories; you are even able to smile about things you remember. This is the time when a memory that makes you smile is often followed by tears. Your emotions are alive and powerful – and you realize that your reactions are quite natural. Not all feelings you have at that time are focused on the main event, the death of your children, but you begin to consider realistically that there are many other things in life. As heavy as this phase still is for most grievers, it is a great deal more manageable and gentle than the tearing pain of early grief.

The next step comes imperceptibly – there are moments at first, then hours, when your mind is not preoccupied with remembering the dead children. You can think of other tasks and events without simultaneously thinking about a grief-related memory. Before, you may have been so closely connected to grief that you connected any experience to the children's death, even if an event or a task had nothing at all to do with them. You may encounter a strange, almost surprised feeling like "This has nothing to do with my grief." Such intervals are rare at first, and you never quite reach the point where you can totally divorce feelings and thoughts from your memories. Initially, all grieving parents find such a time difficult to imagine – and the inner quietness actually arrives before we are able to believe it.

But there is a balance that achieves itself – it gently eases itself into your days and nights. At this time a preponderance of pleasant memories makes itself at home in your heart. You smile at things remembered without crying, you can call up the details of a memory without being overwhelmed by heartache.

These are the most basic stages of hope – there are many fine and varied distinctions, and the stages do not clearly follow one after the other. But when we speak of hope, we generally mean the griever's return to a less painful and more confident form of self.

We are not talking about denying the death or forgetting the child we lost. We are speaking of a change in feeling about them. Among the things we think of when we talk about hope is the time when we reach the ability to "recall our memories in tranquility." The day when we realize that having children, even if only for a small part of our lifetime, was first and foremost a gift and a treasure. While we will always want to keep the awareness of our dead children, the time will come when we can live in peace, as helpers and friends to others in grief (perhaps deliberately to honor the memory of our dead children) or to find unencumbered enjoyments. When the sense of loss is overcome by a sense of acceptance and peace, when we find new things to do with our life, then we will have completed the journey of hope - from disbelief to struggle to achievement.

### A FRIEND

I need a friend to sit with me,  
To help me struggle through  
The sadness and the anger,  
The crying I will do.  
I need a friend to sit with me,  
To help me work this out,  
The guilt and all the anguish,  
The times I'll want to shout.  
I need a friend to sit with me,  
To help me through my pain,  
The longing and the emptiness,  
The need to speak his name.

~ Lilly Barstow, TCF/Abbotsford, BC, Canada

**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)

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### TO OUR LITTLE BOY, CARL!

You should have seen us laughing  
So thrilled as husband and wife  
Both of us touching my belly  
Loving our special new life

We were filled with high expectations  
You were our very first child born  
How it hurts to wake up wishing  
Its only a terrible dream every morn

You were close to ten months old  
When God took you from this earth  
He must have seen you suffering  
From your traumatic birth

Now, here we are, your parents  
Left empty, yet full of sorrow  
Weld rather have gone with you  
Than to stay here for tomorrow

Every day we think about you  
And we seen your beautiful little face  
You still fill us with questions  
Of a painful past we cant erase

Now we are not afraid to die  
You've changed us for the better  
We see you there in paradise  
And someday we will be together

~ Rosemary & Stephen Wiese, TCF/Breckenridge, MN  
In memory of little Carl who died in 1988

### Love – Gratitude

The agony is so great and yet I will stand it. Had I not loved so very much, I would not hurt so much. But goodness knows, I would not want to diminish that precious love by one fraction of an ounce. I will hurt and I will be grateful for that hurt. As it bears witness to the depth of our meaning – and for that I will be eternally grateful.

~ Shirley Holzer Jeffery

### Compassionate Friend

What a journey these two years have been!  
My old friends have gone astray. They don't know what to say.  
I have grieved the loss of friends and the lack of lending support.  
They just aren't comfortable to keep in touch, when I need them so much.  
I grieve the death of my friendships.  
I grieve the death of my son.  
I grieve the death of my love for life,  
and the trust I had in God's Son.  
I've lost a lot since Michael's death, yet I've gained so much as well.  
New friends who understand me through the darkness and the hell.  
Through the black abyss you have led me, for you have been there too,  
Gently, lovingly guiding me to help see me through.  
You are never afraid to listen, or see a tear or two,  
You never judge my progress, or lack of it - it's true.  
You never judge my anger and you never judge my pain,  
You never judge me any way; you always remain the same.  
I thrive on your unconditional love and all the wonderful hugs,  
as we talk and laugh of other things while still in our grief.  
Knowing that you care, makes all the difference in the world,  
for someone going through despair.  
The depths of my grief are not as dark, knowing you are near.  
I am able to bear my soul as you lend a listening ear.  
Your strength radiates through your smile and your love.  
It gives me enormous comfort as you radiate your love.  
You give me strength to carry on until we meet again.  
That is why I call you "My Compassionate Friend."

~ Peggy Pohlen

### A Bereaved Mother

Do not judge the bereaved mother. She comes in many forms. She is breathing, but she is dying. She may look young, but inside she has become ancient. She smiles, but her heart sobs. She walks, she talks, she cooks, she cleans, she works, she is, but she is not. She is here, but part of her is elsewhere for eternity.

~Author unknown

Although the world is full of suffering, it is full also of the overcoming of it. ~ Helen Keller

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
OF THE F-M AREA  
PO BOX 10686  
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.