



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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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
February 12th
March 12th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting at 7 pm on February 26th @ Fry'n Pan
TCF National Conference - Dallas, TX July 10-12, 2015
TCF FM Chapter's 9th Annual Walk to Remember - August 8, 2015
TCF Regional Conference - Rochester, MN October 2-4, 2015

LOVE GIFTS

Jim & Suzie Hill in memory of their son, Jonathan Poitra
Larry & Lois Gangnes in memory of their son, Brent M. Gangnes
Deanna Nelson in memory of her son, Kent R. Nelson
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.

We received a donation in the memory of Bernice Bergman from her friend Orella Olson.

"Let grief have its place among the living as a symbol of how much you loved." ~ Darcie Sims

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

GRIEF IS LIKE A RIVER

My grief is like a river,
I have to let it flow,
but I myself determine
just where the banks will go.
Some days the current takes me
in waves of guilt and pain,
but there are always quiet pools
where I can rest again.

I crash on rocks of anger;
my faith seems faint indeed,
but there are other swimmers
who know that what I need
Are loving hands to hold me
when the waters are too swift,
and someone kind to listen
when I just seem to drift.
Grief's river is a process
of relinquishing the past.
By swimming in hope's channels,
I'll reach the shore at last.

~ Cinthia G. Kelley, www.goodgriefresources.com

2014 Holiday Angels that were not listed in a previous newsletter

<u>Given By</u>	<u>In Memory of</u>
Tom & Nancy Kassman	Kyle Kassman
Linda Maher	James Maher
Blake & Christina Dahlberg	Riley Dahlberg
Robert & Gloria Sackman	Michael Sackman

My Grief Rights

1. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE MY OWN UNIQUE FEELINGS ABOUT THE DEATH. - I may feel mad, sad, lonely, scared or relieved. I may be numb or sometimes nothing at all.
2. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO TALK ABOUT MY GRIEF WHENEVER I FEEL LIKE TALKING. I will find someone who will care and listen. If I don't want to talk, that's ok too.
3. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO SHOW MY FEELINGS OF GRIEF IN MY OWN WAY. I may get mad and scream, or I might cry. I might want time alone.
4. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO NEED OTHER PEOPLE TO HELP ME WITH MY GRIEF, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO CARE ABOUT ME. Please pay attention to me, to what I am saying and feeling. Love me no matter what.
5. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO GET UPSET ABOUT NORMAL, EVERYDAY PROBLEMS. I might feel grumpy and have trouble getting along with others.
6. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE "GRIEFBURSTS". These are sudden, unexpected feelings of sadness that just hit me even long after the death; these feelings can be very strong.
7. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO USE MY BELIEFS ABOUT MY GOD TO HELP ME DEAL WITH MY FEELINGS OF GRIEF. Praying might make me feel better, closer to the person who died.
8. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHY THE PERSON I LOVE DIED. It's okay if I don't find the answer.
9. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO THINK AND TALK ABOUT MY MEMORIES OF THE PERSON WHO DIED. Memories might be happy or they might be sad. Either way, these will keep alive my love for the person who died.
10. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO MOVE TOWARD AND FEEL MY GRIEF AND, OVER TIME TO HEAL. I'll go on to live a happy life, but the life and breath of the person who died will always be a part of me.

~ Alan D. Wolfelt 1995

Coquitlam Chapter newsletter July/August 1996

MY OLD FRIEND GRIEF

My old friend Grief is back. He comes to visit me once in awhile to remind me that I am still a broken man. Surely there has been much healing since my son died six years ago, and surely I have adjusted to a world without him. But the truth is, we never completely heal, we never totally adjust. Such is the nature of the loss that no matter how much life has been experienced, the heart of the bereaved will never be the same. It's as though a part of us dies with the person we lose through death.

And so my old friend Grief drops in to say "Hello". Sometimes he enter through the door of my memory. I'll hear a song or smell a fragrance. I'll look at a picture and I'll remember how it used to be. Sometimes it brings a smile to my face.... sometimes a tear.

One may say that remembrance is unhealthy... that we shouldn't dwell on thoughts that make us sad. Yet the opposite is true. Grief re-visited is Grief acknowledged and Grief confronted is Grief resolved. But if Grief is resolved, why do we feel a sense of loss when we least expect it? Because healing doesn't mean forgetting and moving on with life doesn't mean that we don't take a part of our lost love with us. Of course the intensity of the pain decreases over time if we allow Grief to visit from time to time.

Sometimes my old friend Grief sneaks up on me. It's as though the one's we have lost are determined not to be forgotten. My old friend Grief doesn't get in the way of living. He just wants to come along and chat sometimes.

Grief has taught me a few things about living I wouldn't have learned on my own. He has taught me that if I try to deny the reality of loss, I end up having to deny life altogether. Old Grief has taught me that I can survive great loss and although my world is different, it's still my world and I must live in it.

My old friend Grief has taught me that the loss of a loved one doesn't mean the permanence of death. My friend will be back again and again to remind me to confront my new reality and to gain through loss and pain.

~ Adolfo Quesada, TCF/Colorado

Nibbling At Life's Pleasures

Most mothers I know are pretty selfless creatures. When there's not enough meat to go around, Mom takes a second helping of beans. There's probably nothing she'd rather do than iron Missy's cheerleader uniform at midnight. And why would she want a new Easter dress when the old polka dot polyester still fits? Altruism aside, every mom needs a smidgen of pleasure in her life to help maintain her sweet disposition.

To reward myself for being a hardworking wife and mother of three active boys, I allowed myself an occasional indulgence ... a long, hot bath in a tub filled to the brim, a good book (preferably one that would make me laugh), and my favorite guilty pleasure, a Skor bar. I liked to eat it a piece at a time, sucking off the chocolate before I crunched down on the tooth-jarring English toffee. If I managed to finish a Skor with fillings intact, it was a triumph. And if I could read a good book while soaking in a hot tub and munching on a Skor bar, well, life just didn't get any better.

Then one day I found out how life couldn't get any worse, when my 3-year-old son, Blake, died suddenly from meningitis. Guilt and self-hatred overwhelmed me. What kind of mother wouldn't recognize how sick her child was and rush him to the hospital? How could I have been so blind, so stupid? As his mother, he trusted me to care for him, and I let him down.

My once-carefree existence became a series of gray days followed by black, sleepless nights. I ate, but only to stay alive. I took short, cool showers, but only to get clean. I never picked up a book unless it dealt with grief. Driven by guilt, I convinced myself that I no longer deserved any of life's pleasures. Besides, how could I ever enjoy anything again with Blake gone?

One night, some months after Blake died, my husband, Jeff, left to take our boys to basketball practice. The dishes were done, the house was spotless, and the long, empty evening loomed ahead of me. I went into the bedroom, flopped on the bed and curled up with the cat. On the nightstand I spotted a book a friend had given me. "*Fummy*," she had said. "*A great read.*" Well, it wasn't a grief book so I wasn't interested. Idly, I picked it up anyway and read the first page. Before I knew it, I was hooked. Suddenly, I heard a strange sound, somewhere between a hack and a hoot. The cat jumped and looked at me in alarm. I had laughed! It was a creepy, creaky laugh, rusty from months of disuse, but a laugh nonetheless. Did I just have fun? Yipes! I couldn't do that! I snapped the book shut and shoved it under the bed.

The next morning I took a shower as usual, only this time I lingered for three minutes instead of two and I turned the temperature up a notch so it was almost warm. I dressed and headed for the grocery store, where I careened down the aisles grabbing stuff from the shelves and trying not to look at the treats I used to buy for Blake. While reaching for a package of sugarless gum at the checkout, I caught sight of a display of Skor bars. I quickly looked away, but to my amazement, a Skor bar leaped onto the conveyor belt with my other groceries. Before I could put it back, the sacker had bagged it and it was mine.

I broke the speed limit getting home, dashed inside, and guiltily pitched the Skor bar on the highest shelf of the pantry. Later, when I opened the pantry to get a can of tuna for my lunch, a small voice from above called out, "Pat, oh Pat, I'm here. Come and get me." I slammed the door and started furiously chopping pickles for tuna salad. But the voice in the pantry became more insistent. "Pat, I'm here and I'm delectious!" A Skor-deprived woman can only stand so much. I flung open the pantry, stood on tiptoe, snatched the talking Skor bar, and ripped the wrapper open with my teeth. In a frenzy, I broke off a piece and popped it in my mouth. Hungrily, I sucked the chocolate off and crunched down on the rock-hard toffee. Lord, it was good! To my amazement, the heavens didn't open and swallow me.

Lightning didn't strike me dead. For the first time in months, I REALLY enjoyed myself! I chucked the tuna back on the shelf and piece by piece, I relished the rest of the Skor bar. Then, with chocolaty fingers, I grabbed a handful of Cheetos and a couple of Oreos, and washed them down with a Yoohoo. It was the best lunch I'd had in months.

Later, as I was putting clean towels in the linen closet, I heard a familiar voice echoing from the bathtub, "Pat, I've missed you. Wouldn't a hot bath feel good? Why don't you fill me up?" Trying not to be alarmed that voices were orchestrating my behavior, I obediently ran hot water in the tub, but only half-full. I didn't want to go overboard. Peeling off my clothes, I hopped in. And as I sank into the heavenly, steamy water, I closed my eyes and thought of Blake. He knew how to live! He packed more living into three years than some people do into thirty. He ran faster, climbed higher, laughed louder than any little kid I ever knew. He savored life, every aspect of it. No nibbling at life for him! He broke it off in chunks and devoured it.

Right now, because of my grief, I could only nibble at life's pleasures. But I knew Blake wouldn't want me to live a guilt-ridden, joyless life. He would want me to buy a SIX-PACK of Skor bars, fill the tub to the brim with the hottest water, grab a good book, and soak and eat and read until the water turned cool and I was all pruny.

And, by golly, some day I'd do just that. *For Blake. For Blake's mommy.*

~Patricia Butler Dyson, TCF/Beaumont, TX
We Need Not Walk Along, Fall 2000

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED
BIRTHDAYS

CHILD

PARENTS

BRIAN BJERKEN	43	DENNIS & SHIRLEY BJERKEN
SHERI PETERSON BJORGAN	52	DEWAYNE & ARLENE PETERSON
KELLY ANN BOYES.....	34	KAREN BOYES
TAMERA KAY CHAPUT	56	GERALD & DELORES BEYERS
CODY DEAN CONNER.....	33	DEBORAH & BRAD FRASER
BRIAN W FOSS.....	55	ED & ELSIE FOSS
BRENT GANGNES	38	LARRY & LOIS GANGNES
WADE HAAKE	39	RANDIE HAAKE
LEE A HALVORSON.....	57	DOREEN HALVORSON
BENJAMIN KOTTA.....	32	ARLEN & JULIE KOTTA
STAFF SGT. DAVID KUEHL	35	KEITH KUEHL
.....	35	LAURA KUEHL
WENDY KUEHL.....	38	KEITH KUEHL
.....	38	LAURA KUEHL
MATTHEW MILLIGAN-OLSON.....	40	JOHN & KYLENE MILLIGAN
JONATHAN LEVI POITRA.....	33	SUZIE & JAMES HILL
JOSEPH PETER ROEL.....	47	ROBERT & SANDRA ROEL

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD

PARENTS

JOSEPH T BOLGER.....	3	LOWELL & PRISCILLA BOLGER
ROBERT (BOB) TODD DUGGAN	9	GARY & CAROL DUGGAN
DANNY LEE FOWLER	2	CAROL & LIONEL KAIM
MATTHEW JOHN GAFFNEY	10	JOHN & JILL GAFFNEY
BRENT GANGNES	14	LARRY & LOIS GANGNES
DILLON T KAPAUN	3	TODD & SUZIE KAPAUN
ROY DANA RICHMOND.....	6	THOMAS & AUDREY RICHMOND
DUANE SCHMITCKE	3	MARY ANN SCHMITCKE
ALICIA SPURR.....	16	TAMMY SPURR
DAVID J VOLK.....	5	JACK & JUNE VOLK



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.

SIBLING PAGE

A TRIBUTE

I think of you in silence,
My feelings seldom show,
But how it hurts to lose you
No one will ever know.
I hope there is eternal life,
So we can meet again.
I not only lost my brother,
I lost my very best friend.
The reason you left so early,
I'll never understand why.
I just wish I'd known you were never
coming back,
'Cause I would have said, "Good-bye."
~ Martha King, TCF/Concord, NH

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY LITTLE SISTER

I remember when mom brought you home that bright summer day, a beautiful bundle of joy. I looked at you and smiled, when I saw your sparkling eyes and smile that would light the darkest room. I was so proud to call you my little sister.

As the years went by, you grew up so fast. One day, I'm looking down to talk to you and the next, I'm fighting neck pains from looking up at you. For being the youngest, you looked to be the oldest. It was fun going to the mall and have people ask us, if we were twins, or almost argue with us that you were older than I.

Your hair grew long and turned the color of fire - your eyes large and bright. Every day, in every way, the closeness, that we shared, grew. And my love grew even more.

Every day I heard you sing, your voice like none I had ever heard before. I'd swear that I was listening to an angel sing. I could listen to you all day. Your voice was made of gold and sent shivers of joy down my spine.

The day, that you left to join a choir in the sky, is the hardest day to forget. I try so hard to be strong, because I don't want you to see my tears. It is hard not to cry. I try to remember how strong you were and tell myself to be too. I know that where you are, you are with people who love you, as much as I.

I sometimes look back over the years and smile at all of the wonderful memories that I have. I see your face in my mind and feel the happiness and joy that I felt the day that mom brought you home. As long as I live, so too shall you. Nothing will ever change the fact that you are and always will be my little sister.

~ Dawn Porter, TCF/Central Iowa

"It is has been said, time heals all wounds. I do not agree. The wounds remain. In time, the mind, protecting its sanity, covers them with scar tissue and the pain lessens. But it is never gone."

~ Rose Kennedy

Regret is an appalling waste of energy. You can't build on it. It is only for wallowing in.

~Katherine Mansfield

Find Someone to Talk With About Your Grief

Written by Mary A. Paulson, Ph.D.

Finding someone to talk with following the death of your sister or brother may be one of the best ways to cope with the loss. It really doesn't matter who that person is, as long as you can be open and honest in conveying your feelings.

It would be terrific if this person could be a parent or a surviving brother or sister because sharing your loss and going through the grief process together can make you stronger as a family. But often other members of the family are facing their own struggles with the grief process and may not be able to open up with you.

Sometimes it is difficult to share your own feelings with other family members because of the emotions this can bring on. Tears are often difficult for us to handle because, as surviving siblings, we may feel guilty for causing someone else to have a bad day. We may interpret the other person's tears to mean that our deceased sibling is more important than we are, or that we must compete with them for our parent's attention. If you can't talk with your parents or a surviving, talking with another person who has experienced the death of a sister or brother may be the next best thing.

One of the hardest things to do after a sibling dies is to create a life for yourself that will not include your sister or brother. You have to continue going to work or school; fight back the tears when that special favorite song comes on the radio; run to the phone to call your sister or brother only to realize no one will answer; thinking you see your sibling in a crowd; and, answering for the first time the question "how many sisters and brothers do you have?"

Others around you may not understand these things, but someone who has had a sister or brother die knows what this is like. They have sat at a red light, crying their eyes out. They, too, may wear their sibling's clothes. They, too, may look to date someone who knew their sister or brother.

Although no one can know exactly what you are going through (because no one will have the same relationship you had with your sister or brother), someone whose sibling died has probably gone through many of the same experiences you are going through. It helps to hear that what you're going through is "normal". It helps to talk about your sibling and his or her death. It helps to talk about what's going on in your life now.

The Compassionate Friends provides you with unique opportunities to do just that - to talk with someone who has had a sister or brother die. Your local chapter may have a surviving siblings group. If not, you may want to consider joining the Compassionate Friends Sibling Pen Pals which matches you with someone in your age bracket whose sister or brother died in a similar way to yours.

TALKING WITH CHILDREN ABOUT DEATH

Death should not be a "hush-hush" topic with children. Relying upon euphemistic phrases such as "She passed away," "He's gone to sleep," "Grandma went away on a long trip," are often more harmful than helpful. Death is a **NATURAL AND NORMAL CONSEQUENCE OF LIVING**. It should not be a taboo subject for thought or discussion.

Virtually every child will experience the death of a friend, a pet, or a family member (or knows someone who has had such an experience and shared it with them). Children do develop thoughts and ideas about death at an early age. They also learn quickly who they can and cannot talk with about those thoughts and ideas!

Ages 3-5: These children do not yet accept death as a permanent process. Death has an ending and they often ask questions such as "When will Grandma come back?" They fear separation more than death.

Ages 5-9: These children are beginning to understand that death is permanent, but it is not yet universal. Death is often personified and given powers to select those who are to die.

Ages 9-12: Death, for these children, is permanent, personal, and universal. They understand they, too, will die--SOMEDAY. They are fascinated with the macabre and find details of death events appealing.

Ages 12+: Most adolescents have reached adult levels of understanding about death. Many adolescents have very intense emotions about death and do spend time thinking about death.

Children should be offered opportunities to talk about death as they experience it in their everyday world. The death of flowers, leaves, pets, and relatives should be addressed as a natural occurrence in the scheme of life.

Children should be included in their rituals of death whenever possible and appropriate. They should be offered the opportunity to participate if they so desire.

Expressions of sadness and grief should be shared. They can participate in the support of family and friends should be included in family visits and conversations.

Children's questions about death should be answered as honestly as possible. It is important to try to discover what is behind the questions being asked and to respond appropriately. Do not feel obligated to have all the answers! Sometimes wondering and exploring are some important than answering. Do not ignore questions, however. Some type of response is always needed as children will create answers for questions not heard and explored.

~ Darcie Sims, TCF/Abilene, TX

Newly Bereaved ... Burden of Grief

As I struggle with words to find answers
Reading and writing my pain
The pages grow blurred
before eyes that are tired
From this crushing emotional drain.
The relief that comes from the writing
Parallels what I feel when I read—
To open myself to the torture of loss
Seems to soothe this unbearable need.
There's no pleasure in life at this moment
It's an effort to get through the day
And I labor to stay above water...
But the shoreline is so far away.
So I pick up a pen or a book about grief
And it serves as a raft for a while.
And I hope, as my tears fall
On pages of pain
That I'll learn once again how to smile.
As I swim toward the
Shore of acceptance
I pray for the peace of belief
That heaven's your home and
You're waiting for me
Then I'll finally be free of this grief.

~ Sally Migliaccio, TCF/ Babylon, NY

CAPSIZED

Put a family onboard a boat and, when a loved one dies, the boat capsizes. Each family member is stunned, but they begin to swim for shore the best way they know how. Some swim with long strokes, others float or dog paddle while hoping the others are coming along okay. It seems to take all of one's energy, leaving no reserve.

They want to stay together but need to have room apart to navigate through the waves. Some comfort is found in that they are not alone, and yet, are on their own to find the method to shore that works for them.

Successfully reaching shore has more rewards than realized. In looking back subtle signs of encouragement were almost overlooked, and that love and support still lingers on in the heart-healing-along with a newly found confidence in inner strength.

A new relationship is born enabling each family member to carry forth a treasure of personal memories, honoring the loved one who has gone ahead to a shoreline we have yet to see.

The journey through grief is designed to build strength, to honor our differences, and to encourage others for a lifetime.

~ Jayne Belancio

(Reprinted with permission from Bereavement Publishing, Inc.)

Never bend your head. Hold it high. Look the world straight
in the eye. ~ Helen Keller

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)

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.

"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 February 26th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylc13@msn.com.

Broken Heart Syndrome

One afternoon, I was channel surfing looking for something to watch when I came across the Oprah Winfrey Channel. She was interviewing a woman named Madonna Badger. On Christmas Day, 2011, Madonna's 7 year old twins, a boy and a girl, her 9 year old daughter and her parents all died in a horrific house fire. She spoke of the unrelenting grief and sorrow she has suffered in the years since. I was riveted to the television screen as she recanted her story. As she talked, she coined a phrase that I had never heard of before to describe her pain, "Broken Heart Syndrome." It is a temporary condition that is brought on by extreme stressful situations, such as the death of someone deeply loved.

I thought, finally there is a label for the intense pain and suffering that those who grieve feel! Broken Heart Syndrome is an identifiable condition brought on by stressful situations, such as the death of a loved one. Broken Heart Syndrome is also called *takotsubo cardiomyopathy*. Broken Heart Syndrome manifests as a temporary disruption of the heart's normal pumping function or with even more forceful contractions, while the remainder of the heart functions normally. Symptoms can include chest pain and shortness of breath. It effects more women than men. It is attributed to a reaction to a surge of stress hormones.

After my daughter died, I suffered with intense bouts of pain on the outer left muscular wall of my upper torso. An EKG revealed no abnormalities. Seven years later, I still never know when this pain might reoccur. I have however connected my episodes with certain stressors, such as; my child's birth and death dates, holidays and special occasions.

Although doctors are just now learning about this condition, the good news is that broken heart syndrome is treatable and the discomfort should abate with time. If you think you might be suffering from broken heart syndrome, you should discuss it with you physician.

Let us all take care of our own hearts this Valentine's Day.

~ Janet Reyes, TCF/Alamo Area Chapter, TX

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
 OF THE F-M AREA
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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 701-540-3287	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.