

# **The Compassionate Friends**

## **Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter**

### **Supporting Family After a Child Dies**

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

F-M Area Chapter  
P.O. Box 10686  
Fargo ND 58106  
[www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org)  
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Chapter Leaders - Paul & Kara Bailey (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.

**MEETING TOPIC:** The Worry Box

#### **Upcoming Meetings**

February 8th

March 8th

#### **Dates to Remember**

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on February 22nd  
@ Fry'n Pan  
41st National Conference  
July 27-29, 2018 St Louis, Missouri

#### **.LOVE GIFTS**

Paul & Kara Bailey in memory of their son, Nick Bailey  
Brenda Kluth in memory of her son, Brandon Kluth  
Jim & Suzie Hill in memory of their son, Jon Poitra  
Brad & Brenda Mergens in memory of their daughter, Ashley (Mergens) Perrine  
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.

**"Grief is neither a sign of weakness nor a lack of faith.  
It's the price we pay for love."  
~ 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**

"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 4<sup>th</sup> 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 February 22nd. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or [sherylc13@msn.com](mailto:sherylc13@msn.com).

#### **Holiday Angels that were not listed in previous newsletters**

##### Given By

Arlene & Julie Kotta.....

Doug Hansen.....

##### In Memory of

Ben Kotta

Kent Alan Hansen

When God sends forth a tiny soul  
To learn the ways of earth,  
A mother's love is waiting here --  
We call this wonder -- birth.

When God calls home a tired soul  
And stills a fleeting breath,  
A Father's love is waiting there,  
This too is birth -- not death.  
~ Author Unknown

### **Just For Today for Bereaved Parents**

Just for today, I will try to live through the next 24 hours and not expect to get over my child's death, but instead learn to live with it just one day at a time.

Just for today, I will remember my child's life, not his death, and bask in the comfort of all those treasured days and moments we shared.

Just for today, I will forgive all the family and friends who didn't help or comfort me the way I needed them to. They truly did not know how.

Just for today, I will smile no matter how much I hurt on the inside, for maybe if I smile a little, my heart will soften and I will begin to heal.

Just for today, I will reach out to comfort a relative or friend of my child, for they are hurting too, and perhaps we can comfort each other.

Just for today, I will free myself from my self-inflicted burden of guilt, for deep in my heart I know if there was anything in this world I could have done to save my child from death, I would have done it.

Just for today, I will honor my child's memory by doing something with another child because I know that would have made my own child proud.

Just for today, I will offer my hand in friendship to another bereaved parent, for I do know how they feel.

Just for today, when my heart feels like breaking, I will stop and remember that grief is the price we pay for loving, and the only reason I hurt is because I had the privilege of loving so much.

Just for today, I will not compare myself with others, I am fortunate to be who I am and to have had my child for as long as I did.

Just for today, I will allow myself to be happy, for I know that I am not deserting my child by living on.

Just for today, I will accept that I did not die when my child did, my life did go on, and I am the only one who can make that life worthwhile once more.

~ Vickie Tushingham

### **But It Hurts Differently...**

There is no way to predict how you will feel. The reactions to grief are not like recipes with different ingredients and certain results. Each person mourns in a different way.

You may cry hysterically or you may remain outwardly controlled, showing little emotion. You may lash out in anger against your family and friends, or you may express your gratitude for their concern and dedication. You may be calm one moment --in turmoil the next. Reactions are varied and contradictory. Grief is universal. At the same time it is extremely personal.

HEAL IN YOUR OWN WAY. -- Rabbi Earl Groliman

### **Remember**

When you remember me, it means that you have carried something of who I am with you, that I have left some mark of who I am on who you are. It means that you can summon me back to your mind even though countless years and miles may stand between us. It means that if we meet again, you will know me. It means that even after I die, you can still see my face and hear my voice and speak to me in your heart.

~ Frederick Buechner, "Whistling in the Dark"

### **THE FIX-IT MAN**

Being a "jack of all trades and master of none" all my life, our children thought I could fix anything that they broke. I myself thought that anything that was made could be fixed, and maybe even fixed better than when it was new. Many times one of our children would bring me something that had broken, though they didn't know how it got broken, and asked me if I would attempt to fix whatever it was, and one way or another, I would succeed.

Then one day something broke that I never will be able to fix. One of our children died. This time, the something that broke, I could not fix. There are no tools to bring a dead child back to life.

All I can think and wonder is, how and why did I end up with something I cannot fix? Since that time, it is hard for me to fix something that breaks. It brings to mind the one big thing I will never be able to fix, the death of our child.

~ Bill Krieglstein, TCF/Fox Valley

### **In Memory of Brent M Gangnes**

**2/1977 - 2/2001**

Five years have come and gone now

And we all think of you every day

Each one of us still carries you with us

Each one in our own special way

Some carry you within their hearts

While others carry you in every thought

Two little boys carry you by their names

One carries you in the last name she never got

We remember the man that you always were

And the man you never got the chance to be

Truth in the fact only the good die young

Is something we've all come to see.

So many dreams you had yet to live out

And so much you still had to do

One thing that we all know every day

Is that we will forever miss you

In five years that have come to pass

Each one of us thinks of you each day

And still struggle with the heartache

That your life shouldn't have end this way

We will always love and miss you

Continue to carry you in each heart

Memories of happy times we all shared

Will always keep us from ever being apart

We all love you and miss you, Brent

~ Lois Gangnes, TCF/Fargo, ND

Written in 2006

### **IN OUR HEARTS FOREVER**

We can't see you here,

We can't talk to you here,

But we can see and talk to you

In our hearts forever.

We can't touch you here,

We can't kiss you here,

But we can touch and kiss you

In our hearts forever.

We will have aching hearts forever and ever,

We will have pain and grief for all tomorrows,

But we will always love you

In our hearts forever.

~ Marlene Kimmel Leff, TCF/Villanova, PA

## SYMBOLS

We are fast approaching Valentine's Day, filled with symbols of love ... hearts and roses. As a young schoolgirl, I can remember wishing I would get a valentine from someone special. My friends and I would count how many valentines we had received, feeling certain that the more you received, the more it indicated your popularity.

As I grew older, I was thrilled when I received flowers from that special someone. Surely this was, true love. As a married woman, Valentine's Day was always special. Glen and I usually went out to dinner, and I often received flowers or a special gift that said, I love you! While those gifts were much appreciated, I would be hard pressed now to tell you what we did or what I received.

However, one Valentine's Day will stay frozen in my memory forever, February 14, 1983. Glen took my arm and steadied me as I walked into a mortuary to view the body of our 17 year old son Nathan, who had been killed by a drunken driver on February 10. We had ordered a spray of seventeen red roses to be placed on his casket. When I ordered those flowers, I was stunned to discover how high priced roses are on Valentine's Day! At first, I had decided I would be content with carnations. Then the florist saw in my eyes how much I wanted my last gift to my son to be the very best...red, long stemmed roses. The florist promised she would provide us with roses, regardless of how little we could afford to pay.

That afternoon, I drank in every detail of my boy, his hair, the bruise on his face, the National Honor Society pin on his lapel, those wonderful, strong hands. Then I pulled myself together for a very special appointment. I was the Academic Counselor at Nathan's high school, and we had arranged a special viewing for the students prior to the general visitation. I watched as young girls brought beautiful bouquets of red roses they had received from their boyfriends, but now they were placing them below our son's casket. Their final act of love for a very dear friend.

It has taken me a long time to be able to actually celebrate Valentine's Day in a normal fashion. In fact, I guess I never will be able to do that. Valentine's Day is no longer a superficial type of holiday where I just send cards or give candy or flowers without much deliberation beforehand. The symbols are still there; I just see them differently now: THE ROSE: A symbol of love that cannot be separated by death. THE HEART: Broken, bruised, and bandaged, but not defeated.

And now, there's one more symbol:

The HAND: As we offer our hands to each other in friendship, in understanding, in strength, we are saying: WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE, WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS!

May your Valentine's Day be filled with roses that will encourage your broken heart and give you strength to offer a helping hand to others who are grieving.

~Marilyn Heavilin, TCF/Redlands, CA  
In Memory of my son, Nathan

## Shards of Grief Linger after Murder

On a dreary night in December, a knock came at our door with news that would forever alter our lives. The news was that Anne, our only daughter, had been kidnapped and brutally murdered by persons or a person unknown. The shock, disbelief, anguish and anxieties over the next several months, a small piece of the grieving process, were extraordinary, and I have often wondered how we survived.

There was the extreme rage at the person who was responsible for taking Anne's life for no reason except for the pure pleasure of destroying good. But we survived.

There was the awful anger against the legal system for being so callous and insensitive to the needs of the family and friends. The wounds from Anne's death were already deep and unhealing, but listening to and reading about the insinuations and innuendoes by the lawyers made the wounds grow deeper and deeper. The impression was given the family must endure punishment for allowing our daughter to be in the wrong place. This caused a feeling of guilt. But we survived.

There was the fear that Anne would become just another statistic, and the person responsible would go unpunished. Now the fear exists that the person will be released from prison to repeat his acts of violence. I am afraid that fears are addictive and one replaces another. Perhaps the worst fear is, when your faith in God is at its lowest ebb, that you will never be able to respond to normal stimuli again and regain all that faith. All the fears are real; but so far we have survived.

These, I suppose, are normal reactions as the result of a violent act. I believe these anxieties delay a normal (so-called) grieving period until after the culprit has been found, tried and sentenced. After these three things happened, I do know a terrible burden was lifted from our shoulders and we could restart living our lives. Somehow we survived.

How did we survive? After much reflecting, I firmly believe we survived by recalling the positive aspects of Anne's life and character. Each individual is endowed with certain instruments, and we hear the music of their lives long after they are gone.

Anne's instrument of love of life was a blessing, and we still can hear the melodies of her song in the night. These melodies cannot be taken away, and they are more valuable than diamonds to us.

Anne's instrument of hope for a future in which to achieve her goals and have some effect on society was the backbone of her dream. The songs of hope in work, in life and the goodness of heart cannot be destroyed by evil or circumstances. Today is gone, but we still hear the songs of hope for tomorrow. These songs of hope, heard in the night, sustain us.

Anne's instrument of faith that she would lead a productive life and achieve both her spiritual and material goals was music in her heart. The faith she had in herself, her family and her friends transmits to us, urging us to proceed with our lives. The music of her faith is still a beacon in the night.

We will not believe Anne's dreams have ended, but we believe they will find their place in the world to come. The music that was set in motion by her love, hope and faith will move, everlasting, in sweet memories forever. The wounds from the loss of a loved one cannot be healed by words or deeds. These terrible burdens are borne by each of us in our own way and, hopefully, we survive.

~ Bill Boggs, TCF/Atlanta, GA  
In memory of Anne

## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

CHILD		PARENTS
BRIAN BJERKEN.....	46	DENNIS & SHIRLEY BJERKEN
SHERI PETERSON BJORGAN.....	55	DEWAYNE & ARLENE PETERSON
KELLY ANN BOYES.....	37	KAREN BOYES
MARTY CANTLER.....	59	BETTY & RON CANTLER
TAMERA KAY CHAPUT.....	59	GERALD & DELORES BEYERS
BRENT GANGNES.....	41	LARRY & LOIS GANGNES
TODD ALLAN JOHNSON.....	48	RUSSELL & ANNE JOHNSON
BRANDON WILLIAM THOMAS KLUTH.....	35	BRENDA KLUTH
BENJAMIN KOTTA.....	35	ARLEN & JULIE KOTTA
DAVID KUEHL.....	38	KEITH KUEHL
WENDY KUEHL.....	41	KEITH KUEHL
KEVIN DEANE MAESSE.....	62	HELEN MAESSE
MATTHEW MILLIGAN-OLSON.....	43	JOHN & KYLENE MILLIGAN
JONATHAN LEVI POITRA.....	36	SUZIE & JAMES HILL
JOSEPH PETER ROEL.....	50	ROBERT & SANDRA ROEL

## ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
NATHAN BEACH.....	4	LISA BEACH
MARTY CANTLER.....	4	BETTY & RON CANTLER
QUENTIN LEE CLEMENTS.....	3	JAMIE KUROWSKI
ROBERT (BOB) TODD DUGGAN.....	12	GARY & CAROL DUGGAN
DANNY LEE FOWLER.....	5	CAROL & LIONEL KAIM
MATTHEW JOHN GAFFNEY.....	13	JOHN & JILL GAFFNEY
BRENT GANGNES.....	17	LARRY & LOIS GANGNES
KARL HELFTER.....	2	MARK & HELLA HELFTER
DILLON T KAPAUN.....	6	TODD & SUZIE KAPAUN
DALE G NYGARD.....	3	JOANN NYGARD
ROY DANA RICHMOND.....	9	THOMAS & AUDREY RICHMOND
CARSON DENNIS RONEY.....	1	PAUL & RENAE RONEY
DUANE SCHMITCKE.....	6	MARY ANN SCHMITCKE
ALICIA SPURR.....	19	TAMMY SPURR
CHAD VARRIANO.....	1	ANTHONY & KAREL VARRIANO

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

### A VALENTINE FOR MY DAUGHTER

My precious daughter, do you know that Valentine's Day has changed for me forever? Is it possible to love you even more deeply since you died, or is it just that the true meaning of love is clearer to me now; what it means to love, what it means to be loved? How I miss those heart-shaped cards with the lacy white doilies, and the phone calls ending with the sweet "I love you, Mom". How ironic that you left us so broken-hearted, so devastated, on a cold February night in the month of love. You left me with an acute sudden awareness of the depth of the love we shared, and how fortunate I was to be blessed with such a devoted and loving daughter and friend. My valentine to you this year is my solemn promise to keep my heart full of love, full of your spirit. Mahatma Gandhi said "Where there is love, there is life"...your life, my precious daughter...our love.

~ Kathy Ireland, Anne Arundel County Chapter - BP/USA

## SIBLING PAGE

### Living Valentines

February is the month for valentines. We give valentines to our friends and family. The message on a valentine often says, "Dear Valentine, Be Mine!" Giving a valentine is a way of saying, you are my special friend, and I want to be your special friends, too."

Did you know that there is a way that you can give a valentine to a loved one who died? It is called a "Living Valentine." A "Living Valentine" is when you use your mind, your body, and your energy to do something that would make the person who died feel joy and love for you and what you did, if he or she were here now. It does not have to be something big. It only need to be something to show how much you love and enjoy life. It could be simply pitching in to share a household chore with someone in your family, such as doing the dishes together, and having fun with it. Or it might be putting out some food for birds on a cold wintry day, or caring for our life-giving world by recycling paper, cans or glass. Pick something that you know you can do.

One nine-year-old boy make his "Living Valentine" by being friendly to a new kid at school whom everyone had been picking on.

Making a "Living Valentine" leaves you with a good feeling in your heart. When this good feeling comes, imagine that the loved one who died is sharing that good feeling with you.

A good way to remember your "Living Valentine" and to honor the one who died, is to draw a picture of what you did. You might like to add a big heart-shaped frame around your "Living Valentine" picture. Share with others what you have done, by showing your picture and telling about your "Living Valentine" and what you imagine the one who died would have to say about it.

~ Yvonne Williams, Bereavement Magazine, Feb "92"

#### My Sister

If she's here,  
Where is she?  
Mom, where is she?  
You said she's here.  
So where is she?  
We had fun together,  
I remember that.  
Oh, that's where she is,  
In my memory  
So even if I move,  
I'll still be with her.

~ Sara Bundock, Cheshire, CT

A lot of time! A little space,  
A kind of quiet resting place,  
Are what I need at times like these,  
A special spot where I can grieve.

~ Beth Pinion, TCF/Andalusia, AL

### Grief is Not An Enemy

At my brother's funeral a Lady said "You seem to be doing so well." "No, I'm doing quite poorly thank you." I responded

She did not give up, and said, "Well you don't seem to be upset." I did not want to get into any discussion, but I had acted as if nothing had happened as long as I could and I reacted. "If I were doing so well with my grief I would be over in the corner curled up in a fetal position crying, not standing here acting as though no one had died."

We are doing well with our grief when we are grieving. Somehow we have it backwards. We think people are doing well when they aren't crying. Grief is a process of walking through some painful periods toward learning to cope again.

We do not walk this path without pain and tears. When we are in the most pain we are making the most progress. When the pain is less, we are coasting and resting for the next steps. People need to grieve. Grief is not an enemy to be avoided; it is a healing path to be walked.

~ Doug Manning, From: "The Gift Of Significance"

#### I'M MISSING YOU

I'm missing you -  
All day, every day.  
On a bright summer morning, or  
When the moon is full.  
In the golden days of fall,  
As the storm clouds build and it's snowing  
When the willows begin to turn green -  
You are always with me,  
In my mind and in my heart.  
My brother, My Good Friend.  
I'm missing you.  
~ Kris Cunningham, TCF/Moro, IL

#### MY BROTHER'S EYES

I search for my brother's eyes in my son; and in me I  
see his smile.  
With my offspring all around me; I hold on to him for  
awhile.  
Although he died so long ago he continues to live still.  
In this one's laugh and that one's hand - I always feel a  
thrill.  
My family laughs when I find the likeness - the features that  
remind.  
They say I'm making it all up and that I must be blind.  
But I have memorized it all and find him in little ways.  
His eyes, his smile and gestures are still with me today.  
~ Nina Danielson, Cape Cod, MA  
Dedicated to my brother Moss

That renewed energy and love become the memorials to our  
loved ones: not the grave markers we decorate, not the  
books we write, nor the speeches we make, but the LOVE  
we share and pass on.

~ by Darcie D Sims, "Footsteps through the Valley"

### ***Glow in the Dark***

Upon arriving for my haircut appointment, I went to the restroom. A flower pot sat on a table with a philodendron spilling over the edges. There was no light source other than the overhead fixture that remained off except when someone came into the room. For a few seconds I focused my attention on the plant wondering, "How does it grow in the dark?"

As I eyed the container of verdant leaves and tossed the question around in my head, my thoughts turned to families of addicts. How can we continue to grow, and even thrive when we're stuck into the malnourished soil of addiction?

A plant has no choice where it's planted or potted. It has no control on when, or if, it will be watered and fed plant food. Lack of water and food could result in the plant's death. Similarly, as a family member of an addict, I had no choice of where my loved one's decisions would place me. I didn't die because of my son's choices; in fact, I continued to grow as a wife, mother and friend in spite of the bleakness of the situation. Initially, though, I withered on the vine when his addiction became obvious. I felt alone, hopeless, helpless and useless. My idyllic upbringing had not prepared me for what lay ahead. But I didn't shrivel up and turn brown. Shoots of hope sprouted in my darkness, and I carried on, trying to make sense out of the chaos of our family.

Through many years of my addict's entry into treatment centers, broken promises and relapses, my growth continued. I blossomed when I exposed the darkness to the light of truth. I began to share our family's story and how we discovered hope in the wasteland of addiction. Listed below are a few ways I established roots: I admitted there was a problem in my family. I confided in some friends who I knew would love and support me regardless of what was happening at home. I sought counseling. Drugs and alcohol were not in my past experiences, and I was ill-equipped to handle the stresses of a young adult addict.

I deepened my faith in God, my Higher Power. I read the Bible and clung to the promises of restoration and redemption I found in scriptures. My prayer life became honest and intentional.

I attended support groups for family members coping with an addict (NarAnon). Other parents struggling to understand their loved ones met together, and we shared our experience, strength and hope.

I realized I could not fix my addict which lifted a million tons off my shoulders. The weight of carrying that burden was more than I could handle many days. I no longer assumed the responsibility for his sobriety. I wrote a ninety day devotional for families in recovery, or those wanting to be. I looked for an inspirational book for myself, the parent of an addict, and didn't find anything so I wrote my own based on Jeremiah 30 and 31.

I offered hope and encouragement to other families that recovery is possible and sustainable.

How do we grow in the darkness of addiction? We take the next right step toward accepting we've been placed into a situation not of our choosing. We absorb the nourishment that's available, through heightened faith, 12 Step meetings, sponsors and the fellowship of like minded folks, and blossom in the light of recovery one day at a time.

Blessings and hope for today.

*~ by Sharon Cosby*

### **THOUGHTS FROM A PARENT WHO LOST AN OLDER CHILD**

Perhaps, I had my child longer than you had yours, but thirty-eight years does not seem long. Perhaps, there are more memories to hold in my heart, but I know yours are just as dear to you as mine are to me even if your memories are memories of only one or two days.

Your dreams for your child are gone. So are mine. Never did I imagine that I would have to deal with my child's death instead of him having to deal with mine.

In thirty-eight years there was time to give me a legacy of three grandchildren. This is a very special blessing and one that I do not take for granted.

My child died from a terminal illness that is not one of the 'acceptable' diseases. My child died of alcohol and drug addiction. The tools for remission of this disease are placed in the hands of the person who has the disease. Even with help of four treatment centers the recovery was not to be.

One day at a time my recovery is taking place. The pain, after two and one half years has gone to a place where it can be tolerated. My mission is to sustain the relationship with my three granddaughters who now live three thousand miles away from me.

My story and my age may be different from yours, but the bottom line is the same! My child has gone to a place where I cannot go and I miss him so much. The pain of grief is still there, but I am living life one day at a time enriched because my son came through my body into my life.

*~Helen Godwin, TCF/Orange Park – Jacksonville Chapter*

"We are not alone, and by truly caring for one another we can help each other go way beyond 'just surviving,' or 'getting over it.'"

We are truly sorry for your loss and we extend ourselves to you with compassion and love."

*~ Sharon Steffke*

**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.

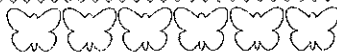
Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature) \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

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 Paul or Kara Bailey 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](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html).

### Beyond Surviving: "Twenty Five Commandments"

Hundreds of books have been written about loss and grief. Few have addressed the aftermath of suicide for survivors. Here again, there are no answers; only suggestions from those who have lived through and beyond the event. I've compiled their thoughts.

1. Know you can survive. You may not think so, but you can.
2. Struggle with "why" it happened until you no longer need to know "why," or until you are satisfied with partial answers.
3. Know you may feel overwhelmed by the intensity of your feelings, but all your feelings are normal.
4. Anger, guilt, confusion, forgetfulness are common responses. You are not crazy – you are in mourning.
5. Be aware you may feel appropriate anger at the person, at the world, at God, at yourself.
6. You may feel guilty for what you think you did or did not do.
7. Having suicidal thoughts is common. It does not mean that you will have to act on these thoughts.
8. Remember to take one day at a time.
9. Find a good listener with whom to share. Call someone if you need to talk.
10. Don't be afraid to cry. Tears are healing.
11. Give yourself time to heal.
12. Remember, the choice was not yours. No one is the sole influence in another's life.
13. Expect setbacks. Don't panic if emotions return like a tidal wave. You may only be experiencing a remnant of grief; an unfinished piece.
14. Try to put off major decisions.
15. Give yourself permission to get professional help.
16. Be aware of the pain of your family and friends.
17. Be patient with yourself and with others who may not understand.
18. Set your own limits and learn to say no.
19. Steer clear of people who want to tell you what or how to feel.
20. Know that there are support groups that can be helpful, such as The Compassionate Friends, or Survivors of Suicide groups. If not, ask a professional to help start one.
21. Call on your personal faith to help you through.
22. It is common to experience physical reactions to your grief, i.e., headaches, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, etc.
23. The willingness to laugh with others and at yourself is healing.
24. Wear out your questions, anger, guilt, or other feelings until you can let them go.
25. Know that you will never be the same again, but you can survive and go beyond just surviving.

Iris Bolton, author of My Son, My Son

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
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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	Paul & Kara Bailey .....	701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen.....	701-730-0805
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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:

Sheryl Cvijanovich (son, 23 - illness).....701-540-3287  
Lois Gangnes (son, 24 - accident).....701-282-4083  
Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness).....701-730-0805  
Mark & Hella Helfter (miscarriage, son, 35-accident & son, 45-cancer) ...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.