



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

F-M Area Chapter
P.O. Box 10686
Fargo ND 58106
www.tcffargomoorhead.org
January 2014

Volume 31 Number 1

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
January 9th
February 13th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on
January 23rd @ Fry'n Pan
TCF National Conference -
Chicago, IL July 11-13, 2014

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 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

George & Patti Pratt in memory of their daughter, Nancy Pratt Coash
Ralph & Carolyn Nilles in memory of their son, Jared Nilles

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

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

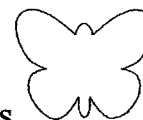
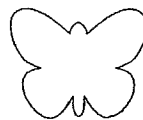
Donations make this newsletter, postage, books, tapes, etc. possible. Thank you for your tax deductible gifts.

OUR CREDO

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

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.

WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007



Butterfly Decals

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

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

You can see pictures of the trailer with butterflies on our website at www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html.

"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 January 23rd. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or sherylc13@msn.com.

Holiday Angels that were not listed in December's Newsletter

<u>Given By</u>	<u>In Memory of</u>
Bill & Elaine Scheer	Craig Scheer
Larry & Mary Hanson.....	Michael Hanson
Sherry Lasse.....	Jayme Elizabeth Lasse

New Year's Wishes for Bereaved Parents

To the newly bereaved:

We wish you patience with yourselves in the painful weeks, months, even years ahead.

To the bereaved sibling:

We wish you and your parents a new understanding of each other's needs and the beginnings of good communication.

To those who are single parents:

We wish you the inner resources we know you will need to cope, often alone, with your loss.

To those experiencing marital difficulties after the death of your child:

We wish you a special willingness and ability to communicate with each other.

To those who have suffered the death of more than one child:

We wish you the endurance you will need to fight your way back to a meaningful life once again.

To those of you who have suffered the death of an only child or of all your children:

We offer you our eternal gratitude for serving as such an inspiration to the rest of us.

To those of you who are plagued with guilt:

We wish you the reassurance that you did the very best you could under the circumstances, and that your child knew that.

To those of you who are deeply depressed:

We wish you the first steps out of the "valley of the shadows."

To all fathers and those of you unable to cry:

We wish you healing tears and the ability to express your grief.

To those of you who are exhausted from grieving:

We wish you the strength to face just one more hour, just one more day.

To all others with special needs that we have not mentioned:

We wish you the understanding you need and the reassurance that you are loved.

~ Joe Rousseau, Former TCF President

"HOPE FOR THE DAY" from SilentGrief.com January 2, 2006

A new year holds personal meaning for everyone. Usually, a lot of time is taken for some inner reflection. As the old year ends and a new year begins, most people set new goals with lots of enthusiasm and a true spirit of wanting to do better. There is an honest attempt to forget past failures and focus on the future with feelings of bright hope.

When grief has been part of your daily life, it is a real challenge to be hopeful for a brighter new year. How do you heal broken relationships? How do you make a more secure financial future when beginning the new year without a job? How do you set lofty goals when you are sinking in a sea of depression? How do you begin to fill the hole in your heart that has been left when your child died?

A new year does not end all past pain.

A new year does not make every wrong thing right.

A new year will not restore broken dreams.

But, a new year is just that-new. It is the marking of an opportunity to begin again.

It takes great courage to look for a miracle when your dreams have been shattered. Every person alive has a seed of hope planted within the heart that is ready to come alive if given the opportunity. Look at the new year taking it one day at a time. With the breaking of each new dawn, claim one new promise of hope. When you do, your miracle will begin to happen!

"Every new day has the potential to give you a miracle!"

~ Clara Hinton

In the night of death, hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

~Robert Ingersoll

Myths About The Impact Of Grief On The Marriage of Bereaved Parents

MYTH 1: THE SAME CHILD DIED, SO EACH PARENT EXPERIENCES THE SAME LOSS.

Each individual mourns the relationship and person that has been lost. As parents, each of us has experienced our child differently and had a unique relationship with the child. Therefore, both parents are mourning different losses, and these will be what will influence what one misses. (e.g., one parent may miss the opportunity to talk with the child after school, while the other especially may miss watching football games on Sunday.)

MYTH 2: SPOUSES WILL TEND TO BE MORE SIMILAR THAN DISSIMILAR IN THEIR GRIEF.

At latest count, people grieve according to 32 different factors, each of which influences any one grief response. Grief is highly idiosyncratic, as individualistic as a fingerprint. Spouses are no more alike necessarily in their mourning than are strangers. Loving one another, or living in the same house, does not make individuals respond to loss similarly. Some of the major factors contributing to differences between parents include:

- type and quality of the relationship with the child;
- sexual conditioning;
- personality and coping behaviors;
- past experiences with loss;
- social, cultural, and religious backgrounds;
- social support received;
- reliance on drugs and alcohol;
- and physical health.

Spouses will have to give each other wide latitude for their differing experiences of grief.

MYTH 3: ONCE A COUPLE CAN LEARN TO MANAGE THEIR GRIEF, THEY WILL BE BACK TO THEMSELVES AGAIN.

A major loss always changes the bereaved somewhat. Parts of us die when someone we love very much dies, most of us continue on, but we are altered by the impact of the loss and to the adaptations to it that will have been required of us. We not only will have to learn to relate in a new way with our deceased child (i.e., we still can have a relationship with the child, but it must be a different type now that he or she is dead), we must also learn how to relate in a new way to the rest of the world, including our spouse, in new ways to accommodate the changes in us occasioned by the loss. Especially during the long period of acute grief, in which the absence of our child painfully teaches us repeatedly that he or she is gone, it may be very difficult to relate to our spouse because of our pain and distress. Couples who are successful in managing to weather this crisis together:

- (1) keep the communication open as much as possible,
- (2) recognize their distress and the changes in themselves, and work to express both in the healthiest possible fashions;
- (3) insure their expectations of one another are appropriate and give each other permission to grieve individually as necessary, and
- (4) find ways to slowly integrate all of the changes into the marriage.

The duration of mourning varies according to the particular loss, its circumstances, the mourner, and the conditions surrounding the mourner. Nevertheless, it is now known that mourning a beloved person may take years of acute grief and that the long-term mourning process takes much longer with some aspects of mourning never being entirely finished, i.e., there always may occur subsequent experiences which can trigger in us temporary upsurges in grief for our child (e.g., when his brother gets married and he is not there, or when it is Thanksgiving and her place at the table is empty.) It constitutes neither pathological nor unresolved grieving, nor does it mean that acute mourning still persists. Bereaved parents must recognize that mourning the loss of any major person, especially a child, will mean continuing throughout the rest of life to encounter times when the pain of the loss is brought back, and the absence made more acute at that moment, which causes a temporary upsurge in grief. As long as this does not interfere too long with you continuing to move adaptively into the new life without the loved one, such reactions need not be incompatible with healthy adaptation for the rest of your life.

MYTH 4: LOSS ONLY BRINGS PAIN AND DEVASTATION

Despite the agony of losing their child and the long term affect of such a loss, many bereaved parents have worked enormously hard to develop some positive gains out of their losses (e.g., beginning support groups, reordering their priorities, developing better family communication, establishing closer relationships, etc.). while they never would have chosen to lose their child to achieve these gains, they are determined to choose healthy responses to it - you can do this as well.

*~ Therese Rando Ph.D.
excerpts from TCF National Newsletter*

At the finest level of my being, you're still with me.
We still look at each other, at that level beyond sight.
We talk and laugh with each other, in a place beyond words.
We still touch each other, on a level beyond touch.
We share time together in a place where time stands still.
We are still together, on a level called LOVE.
But I cry alone for you, in a place called reality."

~ Richard Lepinsky

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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



SIBLING PAGE

One

It was only *I* second, *one* thought, *one* decision, *one* action in a lifetime of seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions. It was so fast, so permanent, so irreversible, so hopeless. This moment, this thought, this decision, this action do not define him, do not honor him, do not immortalize him. It is the preceding 946,080,000 seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions that define him, that honor him, that immortalize him.

I remember my brother in all of the other seconds, and thoughts, and decisions, and actions that preceded this *one*. I remember him coming home from the hospital, lip synching in the basement, falling out of the tree, biking across campus, coming home from school, from boot camp, from war... I remember him hiking, and skiing, and running, and laughing, and crying. I remember how safe I always felt when he was around. I knew he would take care, protect, defend. I don't remember exactly when my brother became an amazing human being – I just looked at him one day and knew he was.

I knew that nothing would make him change his mind about me. He was without judgment, without prejudice, without preconception. I knew my brother because we talked and he listened. I respected my brother most for his humanity – for being so sensitive, so vulnerable, so honest. I loved my brother for sharing the load when it was too hard for someone he loved to carry alone. I knew my brother because he left so much of him in me.

I trusted and respected my brother's decisions in the preceding 946,080,000 seconds, I have to trust and respect this *one* decision the same. I honor my brother by honoring myself. I do not dwell in that *one* moment, instead I celebrate and cherish all of the others. In that *I* second, *one* thought, *one* decision, *one* action, I found the strength he had given me and I will not let him down. I will not let that *one* moment be the only *one*.

By Michele Mallory

*Reprinted from This Healing Journey:
An Anthology for Bereaved Siblings*

TIME

To realize the value of a sister
Ask someone who doesn't have one.

To realize the value of ten years:
Ask a newly divorced couple.

To realize the value of four years:
Ask a graduate.

To realize the value of one year:
Ask a student who has failed a final exam.

To realize the value of nine months:
Ask a mother who gave birth to a stillborn.

To realize the value of one month:
Ask a mother who has given birth to a premature baby.

To realize the value of one week:
Ask an editor of a weekly newspaper.

To realize the value of one minute:
Ask a person who has missed the train, bus or plane.

To realize the value of one-second:
Ask a person who has survived an accident.

Time waits for no one.

Treasure every moment you have.

You will treasure it even more when
you can share it with someone special.

To realize the value of a friend or family member:

LOSE ONE.

TO BE A KID AGAIN...

I want to go back to the time when:

- Decisions were made by going "eeny-meeny-miney-mo."
- Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, "Do over!"
- "Race issue" meant arguing about who ran the fastest.
- Money issues were handled by whoever was the banker in "Monopoly."
- Catching the fireflies could happily occupy an entire evening.
- It wasn't odd to have two or three "best" friends.
- Being old referred to anyone over 20.
- The net on a tennis court was the perfect height to play volleyball and rules didn't matter.
- The worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was cooties.
- It was magic when dad would "remove" his thumb.
- It was unbelievable that dodge ball wasn't an Olympic event.
- Having a weapon in school meant being caught with a slingshot.
- Nobody was prettier than Mom.
- Scrapes and bruises were kissed and made better.
- It was a big deal to finally be tall enough to ride the "big people" rides at the amusement park.
- Getting a foot of snow was a dream come true.
- Abilities were discovered because of a "double-dog-dare."
- Saturday morning cartoons weren't 30-minute ads for action figures.
- No shopping trip was complete unless a new toy was brought home.
- "Oly-oly-oxen-free" made perfect sense.
- Spinning around, getting dizzy, and falling down was cause for giggles.
- The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team.
- War was a card game.
- Water balloons were the ultimate weapon.
- Baseball cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle.
- Taking drugs meant orange-flavored chewable aspirin.
- Ice cream was considered a basic food group.
- Older siblings were the worst tormentors; but, also the fiercest protectors!

~ Author Unknown

REMEMBRANCE

In the light of day
I awake with thoughts of you.
In the dark of night
I sleep with thoughts of you.
Is it grief or disbelief?

~ Evan Fillmore, Huntington, UT

Searching...

Once again, my list has vanished;
It was here, but now it's missing.
Keys and glasses disappearing;
books and letters -- overdue.
I'm forever searching, searching,
they must be here, and I need them!
Could it be that what is missing,
What I want this very minute--
could it be that what I'm really
searching for, my child, is you?

~ Joyce Andrews, TCF/Sugar Land TX

HOW MUCH MUSIC CAN YOU MAKE?

By Steve Goodier © 2002

On Nov. 18, 1995, violinist Itzhak Perlman, performed a concert at Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center in New York City. Stricken with polio as a child, Perlman painfully walked with the aid of two crutches to a chair in the middle of the stage. He carefully laid the crutches on the floor, loosened the clasps of his leg braces, extended one leg forward and the other underneath his chair, picked up his instrument and nodded to the conductor to begin.

But something went wrong. After only seconds of playing, one of the strings on his violin broke. The snap was a gunfire reverberating in the auditorium. The audience immediately knew what happened and fully expected the concert to be suspended until another string or even another instrument could be found.

But Perlman surprised them. He quietly composed himself, closed his eyes and then signaled the conductor to begin again. The orchestra resumed where they had left off and Perlman played -- on three strings. He played with passion and power. All the time he worked out new fingering in his mind to compensate for the missing string. A work that few people could play well on four strings Perlman accomplished on three.

When he finished, an awesome silence hung in the room. And then as one, the crowd rose to their feet and cheered wildly. Applause burst forth from every corner of the auditorium as fans showed deep appreciation for his talent and his courage.

Perlman smiled and wiped the sweat from this brow. Then he raised his bow to quiet the crowd and said, not boastfully, but in a quiet, pensive, reverent tone, "You know, sometimes it is the artist's task to find out how much music you can still make with what you have left."

Perlman should know. Polio left him with less stamina than he had before, yet he went on. Playing a concert on three strings is not unlike his philosophy of life -- he persevered with what he had left and still made music.

And isn't that true with us? Our task is to find out how much music we can still make with what we have left. How much good we can still do. How much joy we can still share. For I'm convinced that the world, more than ever, needs the music only you and I can make. And if it takes extra courage to make the music, many will applaud your effort. For some people have lost more than others, and these brave souls inspire the rest of us to greater heights.

So I want to ask, "How much music can you make with what you have left?"

From: TCF Atlanta Online

A New Year Wish

I wish you all a blessing
As the New Year approaches us all.
May this year bring gentle memories
Of our child that God has called.
I wish you all some sunshine
That clouds can cover on some days.
I pray your hearts will mend
As mine has along the way.
I thank God for our TCF "family"
And the Online Sharing each day,
For so many are always there
To help so many find their way.
I wish I could take each one of you

DEATH OF A DREAM

My baby is gone, and no one understands my sorrow. They said: "You were only seven weeks pregnant."

They didn't know I had already named the baby....Rachel for a girl, Joshua for a boy. They didn't know my twelve year old son had already promised to take care of that baby every day, and was considering even changing diapers. They didn't know my nine year old had been asking for a brother or sister for six years. They just didn't know all my hopes and dreams for this baby.

They said: "Don't worry....you'll get pregnant again." They didn't know it had taken six years to conceive this child. They didn't know this was a very special baby, conceived under a Christmas tree, with the man I love. This was a baby I wanted...not just any baby. I don't know if I will ever have the courage to try again.

They said: "You are young. Only thirty-two. You have many years yet to have a child. They didn't know my mother started menopause at thirty-six. Or that two of my aunts had hysterectomies for cancer, one at twenty-four and the other at thirty-six. Or that my cousin is at stage two with cervical cancer. Even now the clock is running out on me.

They said: "Miscarriages happen...nothing to worry about." They didn't know this was my fifth miscarriage, one a set of twins. They didn't know how losing my baby pulls my emotions inside out and leaves me feeling raw and tender. They didn't understand my fear that I will never have another baby.

They said that I was silly to cry. They didn't understand my grief. It was not a lump of flesh, it was my baby. They didn't understand the joy I felt, or the loss, or the emptiness I feel. They said: "These things happen for a reason. The baby probably hadn't formed properly." They said I should be grateful.

They can't understand the anger I feel....towards women trying desperately to rid themselves of unwanted babies, and towards the happy women awaiting the birth of their babies. They didn't understand my anger at my own body, for rejecting my baby and destroying my dream.

They said: "You already have two healthy children, consider yourself lucky." I am fortunate. Many women will never be able to have a child of their own. But it doesn't lessen my sorrow. My baby is gone and I am sad. Why won't they let me grieve?

~ Linda Young

The Complete Mother / Spring 1987 ; Lovingly lifted
from TCF Philippines Chapter web site

And show you what I've learned.
As time has helped my own heart
Your feelings are my concern.
The Holidays are the hardest
As you all very well know,
Yet we can find healing
As the New Year unfolds.
May you all know I'm thinking
About each and every one of you.
I give you all my blessing
And hope the New Year is gentle for you.
~ Sharon Bryant, TCF/Atlanta Online Sharing

DON'T BE STRONG

As children most of us were told over and over, "Big girls and boys don't cry, only Babies and Sissies cry." This fallacy is so deeply rooted in some of us that when our child dies we have to be strong. We push back, deny, and try to hide our grief.

This type of being strong is what I call the Stiff Upper Lip Syndrome. Suppressed grief and unshed tears are like a pressure cooker with a faulty valve; it can explode at any time. Pressure builds, and builds, and finally is released one way or another. We can either let our tears flow, admit our grief, and release our pressure in a natural way; or, we can plug that valve and wait for the time bomb.

You say, "Wait a minute, what will my family and other people think-if they see me cry?" Your family needs to know that you are human not made of steel. They need to know that you love, that you hurt, and that you also feel the loss. If you remain the strong one, you may be faced with anger, bitterness, broken communication, or indifference from your family members. Later you may be accused of being cold and uncaring. For someone trying to be strong for the rest of the family, someone hiding the hurt, this could be the final blow that causes the explosion.

Friends! Most of your friends and neighbors haven't known the grief of having a child die. They don't understand the pain of "no longer setting that place at the table; the stack of laundry no longer done; the silence; the graduation unattended; or, the grandchild that will never be." They don't understand the role of parenting that has stopped! They only see the physical absence of your child. No you shouldn't worry about being strong for them, because they can't even begin to contemplate the agony your child's death brings. You couldn't before you experienced. They can't because they haven't experienced. This leaves only a few people that are just insensitive beings too involved with themselves and their world to care about anything or anyone. Since they can't care, why then, should we be concerned with what they think.

Some people think that our tears are tears of self-pity, to an extent they are. We mourn the loss of a very beautiful part of ourselves. Our life will never again be completely the same. I have cried many times these last few years, and I'm sure there will be more tears. I don't cry so much for the child that is no longer here; as I do for myself, what could have been, and what used to be. I don't mean for you to drown yourself in pity and let grief completely disrupt your life. What I am saying is don't be afraid to show your emotions. When there is a need for tears, let them come.

As I see it you have a choice, you can either be human and show your emotions and help yourself; or, you can try to be superhuman, try to control your grief and one day run the risk of having something inside of you break or become badly bent. Don't say it won't happen because someday it will. There is no other way to deal with grief; you can't go around it, over it, or under it; you have to go through it. By suppressing your feelings you run the risk of distorting your personality for life; and harming or destroying your family and yourself emotionally.

The choice is yours. Only you can make the decision. Remember: It takes more strength and courage to admit and share feelings and pain with others, than it does to close yourself behind a wall and hide from your grief.

~ Sue Heisten, TCF/Columbia, MO

New Year Goals

The holidays are over and I bet you're glad about that. You did make it through, and by now maybe some of the stress of that powerful time has left you. Next year you will find you learned from this year, no matter how many years it has been, and I hope it will be easier for you, too, in the years ahead.

If you made New Year's resolutions, I hope they included:

- To try and take it one day at a time;
- To forgive yourself for whatever it is you feel you did wrong;
- To figure out ways to resolve your anger so you can let go of it;
- To concentrate on and value what you have left, as much as what you have lost;
- To risk reinvestment in life;
- To let those you value know how important they are to you.

These are important steps forward. Try to be good to yourself in the new year.

~ TCF/Long Beach Chapter, CA '94 newsletter

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)

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
OF THE F-M AREA
PO BOX 10686
FARGO ND 58106

NON-PROFIT
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PERMIT #1625
FARGO, ND

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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

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

FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	John Milligan..... 701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen 701-730-0805
Meeting Facilitator	Paul & Kara Bailey.....	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			

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 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.