



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS NEWSLETTER

Volume 27 Number 7

Fargo ND/Moorhead MN

JULY 2010

PLEASE NOTE OUR MAILING ADDRESS ON THE BACK PAGE  
REGULAR MEETING: 7:30 P.M. SECOND THURSDAY OF EACH MONTH  
SIBLING MEETING 7:30 P.M. SECOND THURSDAY OF EACH MONTH

This month's meeting is on July 8th

Next month's meeting is on August 12th

FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH - 127 2ND AVE E - WEST FARGO, ND

Please enter on the West side (Elevator entrance). Our meeting is in the Fellowship Hall - lower level, west side.

## DATES TO REMEMBER:

August 14<sup>th</sup>, 2010 - Fargo Chapter's 4th Annual WALK TO REMEMBER

If you have topic ideas for future meetings, please let us know.

The Compassionate Friends National Office, P.O. Box 3696, Oak Brook, IL 60522-3696

Phone number: 877-969-0010 - E-mail: [nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org](mailto:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.org) - Web Site: [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

Website for the Fargo/Moorhead Chapter - [www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org)

If you have any pictures, stories, or poems of your child/grandchild/sibling that you would like to share on our website, please submit them to Sheryl Cvijanovich at [sherylev13@msn.com](mailto:sherylev13@msn.com).

Help us save money and paper.....

To receive the newsletters via email in a pdf format, please send an email to the newsletter editor, Nancy Teeuwen at [FMTCFNWLTR@LIVE.COM](mailto:FMTCFNWLTR@LIVE.COM). Please be sure to include your name in the email. Also add this email address to your contacts, so when the newsletter is sent to you, it does not go to your junk mail.

**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**

For information on other chapters: TCF National Office.....877-969-0010

## JULY LOVE GIFTS

Gordon & Norma Berntson in memory of their daughter, Ruth Stenson 4/1955 - 3/2009  
Sharon Wateland in memory of her niece/god daughter, Tracy Ann Wateland 12/1971 - 7/1993  
Michelle & Larry Shereck in memory of their son, Alexander Shereck 8/1994 - 11/1994  
Wallace & Sonia Wateland in memory of their son, Mark Wateland 7/1949 - 11/2001

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.



## Fargo Chapter's 4th Annual WALK TO REMEMBER

**WHAT:** 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Walk to Remember and Potluck

**WHEN:** Saturday, August 14, 2010 at 10:00 am.

**WHERE:** South Shelter at Oak Grove Park

The Compassionate Friend of Fargo-Moorhead will hold its 4th Annual Walk To Remember, on Saturday, August 14, 2010, at the South Shelter at Oak Grove Park, 124 N Terrace in Fargo.

The Walk To Remember begins at 10:00 am. We will walk from Oak Grove School to the Angel of Hope statue in Island Park and then back to Oak Grove. For those who prefer to walk one-way, rides from Island Park back to Oak Grove will be provided. There will be a pot-luck lunch in the Eid Center, following the walk. Please bring your favorite dish and join us for good food and conversation.

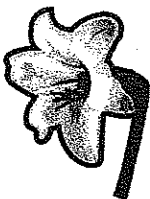
If you have any Questions please contact:

John Milligan (Chapter Leader) - 701-282-4794, email-[patkylene@hotmail.com](mailto:patkylene@hotmail.com)

Sheryl Cvijanovich - 701-235-8158 or email-[sherylc13@msn.com](mailto:sherylc13@msn.com)

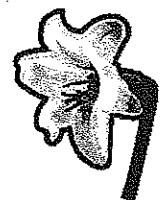
The Compassionate Friends offers "virtual chapters" through an Online Support Community (live chats). This program was established to encourage connecting and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings (over the age of 18) grieving the death of a child. The rooms supply support, encouragement, and friendship. The friendly atmosphere encourages conversation among friends; friends who understand the emotions you're experiencing. Times are listed in Central Time. Listed below is the topics that are available

<b>MON</b>	Parent/Grandparent 8am - 9 am	Parent/Grandparent 9 pm - 10 pm	Bereaved One Year or Less 9 pm - 10 pm	Parent/Grandparent/ Sibling 10 pm - 11 pm
<b>TUE</b>	Pregnancy/Infant Loss 8 pm - 9 pm	Bereaved Less than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm	Bereaved More than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm	Pregnancy/Infant Loss 9 pm - 10 pm
<b>WED</b>	Parent/Grandparent 8 pm - 9 pm	Parent/Grandparent 9 pm - 10 pm		
<b>THU</b>	No Surviving Children	Parent/Grandparent 8 pm - 9 pm	Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	
<b>FRI</b>	Survivors of Suicide	Parent/Grandparent 8 pm - 9 pm	Parent/Grandparent 9 pm - 10 pm	
<b>SAT</b>	Parent/Grandparent 8 pm - 9 pm	Parent/Grandparent 9 pm - 10 pmt		
<b>SUN</b>	Parent/Grandparent 8 pm - 9 pm			



*"It 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



## SIBLING PAGE

### July's Child

Fireworks race toward heaven  
Brilliant colors in the sky.  
Their splendor ends in seconds  
On this evening in July.  
"Her birthday is this Saturday,"  
I whisper with a sigh.  
She was born this month,  
She loved this month  
And she chose this month to die.  
Like the bright and beautiful fireworks  
Glowing briefly in the dark  
They are gone too soon, and so was she  
Having been, and left her mark.  
A glorious incandescent life,  
A catalyst, a spark...  
Her being gently lit my path  
And softened all things stark.  
The July birth, the July death of  
my happy summer child  
Marked a life too brief that ended  
Without rancor, without guile.  
Like the fireworks that leave images  
On unprotected eyes...  
Her lustrous life engraved my heart...  
With love that never dies.  
Sally Migliaccio ~ TCF/Long Island, NY

### A Letter to My Brother

Suddenly you're gone. I'm still here. Why? How can this be? Someone tell me the reason, the answer. How can I fill the void, the space once so full of life? What will I do? How will I be strong for others when the sting of pain is so real, so near? Though everyone seems calm, my soul screams at the injustice, the unfairness of losing you. I miss you. I think of you every day and feel you in my heart always. Whatever the reason for your leaving, I know your living had a reason. Despite the brevity of your life, you lived a lifetime's worth. You blessed us with your presence, your specialness. I have only to think of you to feel the joy you've left as a legacy. You shaped the purpose of my life. I can see the world through your eyes.

Robin Holemon ~ TCF/Tuscaloosa, AL

Don't try to destroy a beautiful part of your life because remembering it hurts. As children of today and tomorrow, we are also children of the yesterday. The past still travels with us and what it has been, makes us  
what we are.

~ Rabbi Earl Grollman

### 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

### What Candice Would Say

I'm sorry big sister, I can't play with you.  
I'm sorry grandpa, I can't go to the zoo.  
I'm sorry daddy, you can't kiss me goodnight.  
I'm sorry mommy, you can't hold me tight.  
No one knows why, no one can guess.  
But I can't play right now,  
I've gone to rest.

Mary Lingle ~ TCF/Tyler, TX

### Miss Me A Little, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road,  
And the sun has set for me.  
I want no tears in a gloom filed room,  
Why cry for a soul set free!  
For this is a journey we all must take,  
And each must go alone.  
Miss me a little, but not for long,  
And not with your head bowed low.  
When you are lonely and sick of heart,  
Go to the friends you know.  
Bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,  
Miss me a little, but let me go.

Author Unknown

### A Brother Means so Much

The gift of a brother  
Is a precious treasure.  
It is the love, tears, and  
Joys of a friendship that  
Has unbreakable bonds.  
The beauty of a brother  
Cannot be described,  
Measured or defined.  
For it is a wonderful legacy  
That will always be carried  
In a sister's heart.

Jill Hricik, TCF/Pittsburg, PA

### **Catching Butterflies**

It often hurts to come upon reminders of my son  
Tho' often since I lost him I would search around for one  
Which always brought on sadness and the tears that I'd shed  
Were caused by names or faces, all things that I'd dread.  
But then one day I came upon a man who'd lost his son  
I found that things I ran from, he wouldn't even shun.  
But rather he would treasure and I said I wondered why  
He told me that he called them "Catching Butterflies."  
This view of his intrigued me; I wanted to hear more  
And learned that he took all of them and carefully would store  
All of the reminders that I chose to push away  
He would tuck deep down inside his heart each and every day.  
Now a name or likeness when catching me off guard  
Does not upset me as it did and I don't find it hard  
For now instead I see these times as opportunities  
To see my son awakened in these new fresh memories.

Dottie Williams ~ TCF/Pittsburgh, PA

### **DRIVING**

You know how it is when you are driving: suddenly you realize you've driven several miles, but you don't remember getting there. With grief the miles are years. Driving is habit. The destination changes; you are to turn left, but you still turn right. When the child in the store calls, "Mom!" I turn the way I always did. We detour to avoid obstacles. I drive blocks out of my way to bypass his playground. If you are old enough, you will see a car like one you owned when you were young, and you will travel back through time. Yesterday, I saw my child in the passenger seat of a small car approaching a red light. I changed lanes to get a better look. His head was the same, his blue eyes familiar. He was close, but his mother drove him away. I should have driven forward, but I couldn't. Wiping my eyes, I could see in my rear-view mirror the driver behind me honking his horn, screaming, "What's the matter with you?" The question I was asking myself.

-- Shelly Wagner, *The Andrew Poems*, 1994.

### **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

### **I AM A MAN**

Jim Brown, in *Grief Relief Magazine* (1987)

I hunt, fish, camp, drive a fast car, play football, basketball and baseball. I am tough! I went to war. I am the toughest two-legged mammal alive. I am a MAN!

While our son was still in the hospital, I cried alone so my wife wouldn't see me. At home I cried alone, in the shower, in the back yard, anywhere but in front of my wife. I had to be a rock.

After our son died, I helped support my wife in the best way I knew how. I was a rock for her to lean on. I was invincible. The rock caused more trouble than good. Soon we were not talking or getting along with each other and I didn't understand why. My wife became angry. She told me, "You act like you don't love J.J." (Because I didn't appear to be grieving.)

The rock became mush. I then realized what I had done. I had played MAN instead of just being a father and a husband. You see, a mother doesn't need a rock with no emotions. She needed me to show her I did indeed love our son and that I was hurting after his death, and that I did cry. My wife comforted me that night, after we talked. I cried, she cried. We both needed it. I found out that it was good for me to cry and let my wife help me. I am a MAN. I am a grieving man, who now does not mind crying in front of anyone. I cry for myself and for our son J.J.

### **Waiting for Answers**

Years ago I left my first meeting of The Compassionate Friends and drove home in tears. My son, Max, had died a few short weeks before and I had been anxiously awaiting this evening. These people must have some answers, I thought. With paper and pen in purse, I was ready to take notes and do as they prescribed. I would do anything to ease the ache in my soul. But when I walked out into the spring air later that night, I felt betrayed. I hadn't heard any answers. Instead of learning how to leave my grief behind, it had been confirmed, made more real with expression. I knew I would miss Max forever. Now I wondered if I would grieve forever. Would it always be this way, a flash of pain aligned with every memory? During the next months and years, I attended TCF meetings and conferences, read books, raged, kept busy, sometimes spent the day in bed. I wrote, cried and talked about Max. Slowly, I discovered the answers I had long feared were true: yes, I will grieve forever, and yes, my memories will often provoke tears. But something had changed. My grief was now more forgiving, my tears almost sweet with memory. Max's life took shape again as the anguish of his death began to recede. If I would always miss him, I would also always have him with me in so many ways. I wanted to carry his memory into the future: the joy, the lessons, and the inevitable pain. How could I do otherwise? As I walked to my car after that first meeting, the TCF chapter leader caught up with me. "How can I stop this pain?" I asked. "Just do what feels right to you," she said, "Listen to your heart. And we'll be here to listen, too. Sometimes the best advice is none at all."

Mary Clark, TCF/Sugar Land TX

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

**MISSION STATEMENT:**  
 The mission of The Compassionate Friends is to assist families toward the positive resolution of grief following the death of a child of any age and to provide information to help others be supportive.



**THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS**

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.....701-282-4794	Secretary-Treasurer	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-235-8158
Librarian		Initial Contact	Kylene Milligan ..... 701-282-4794
Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen.....701-730-0805	Newsletter Database	Mike Cvijanovich..... 701-235-8158
Newsletter Printing	Joyce at Olivet Lutheran Church	Mailing Committee	Contact Us to Join

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:

Marc & Ann Engelbrektsen (son, 22 months - illness) .....701-293-5681  
 John Milligan (son, 25 - car accident).....701-282-4794  
 Duane Skramstad (daughter, 20 - car accident; son, 2 - drowning) .....701-437-2507  
 Cheri Eraker (son, 23 - accident) .....701-451-0045  
 Carol Nelson (son , 13 - leukemia) .....218-346-3854  
 Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness).....701-730-0805

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 \_\_\_\_\_