



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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www.tcffargomoorhead.org
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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
July 11th
August 8th

Meeting Subjects:
August - Guest speaker Marshall Olson

Dates to Remember in 2013

National Conference July 5-7
Boston, MA
July 20, 2013-Fargo Chapter's 7th Annual WALK TO REMEMBER
(view flyer for more info)

If you have any pictures, stories, or poems of your child, grandchild or sibling that you would like to share on our website, please submit them to Sheryl Cvijanovich at SHERYLCV13@MSN.COM or mail them to the PO box listed on the back of the Newsletter. Anything sent to the PO Box will be scanned for the website and returned.

At times our own light goes out and is rekindled by a spark from another person.

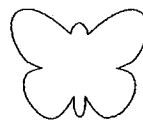
Each of us has cause to think with deep gratitude of those who have lighted the flame within us. ~ Albert Schweitzer

OUR CREDO

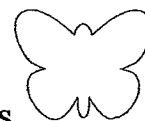
We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. 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



The F-M Chapter has recently purchased a trailer, in order to transport materials to our chapter activities. We are selling butterfly decals, which will be placed on the trailer. The butterflies are 4 x 6 and available in five colors: yellow, pink, red, blue and green. Each butterfly will contain the first and last name of a child.

If you wish to purchase a butterfly in the memory of a child, please send your name, the name of the child, butterfly color, and a check payable to TCF of Fargo-Moorhead, P.O. Box 10686, Fargo, ND 58106.

Butterflies are \$25 each, 3 for \$65 or 4 for \$80. If you wish to purchase more than 4 butterflies, please contact our chapter leader, John Milligan.

On Thursday July 25, 2013 at 7:00 p.m. a group of the ladies of TCF Fargo-Moorhead will meet at the Fryn' Pan at 300 Main Avenue in Fargo for coffee (or whatever), fellowship and conversation. This will be an informal gathering of moms, grandmas, aunts, sisters and friends who would like to chat in a more casual setting. If you have any questions please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or sherylc13@msn.com. Please join us!

To My Beautiful Angel (Jayme)

If I could pick a Star

It would be the one that sparkled brightest.

If I could paint a Rainbow

I would paint your favorite colors of pink.

If I could watch the Sunshine

I would wear some Big Styl'n' Shades
as I know you would...

The Stars

Sparkle as your smile glistens through.

The guiding light when the darkness sets in.

Rainbows

Are the colorful beauty of your caring, kindness
and giving which you always painted
with your smile.

They are the calm after a Storm
of you having to go.

But creating the beauty, the color
of how you fill my life.

The Sunshine

How bright the room

became as you entered

The warmth of your caring heart

that lightens the emptiness within.

Time

Stands still without your presence

But must go on as you guide

My Journey
of keeping your MEMORY alive.

I LOVE YOU MY BEAUTIFUL ANGEL!

You will never be forgotten.

~ Sherry Lassle, TCF/Fargo, ND

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

Vacations Are a Challenge

I'll bet that you never dreamed that there would be a time when you would not welcome vacation from work ... and the daily hassles of routine living. If you are a newly bereaved parent, you are probably not looking forward to the slow pace of summer, cook-outs, softball, and all the hoopla of summer, which probably includes a vacation or getaway.

Surrounded by summer fun, a bereaved parent need only to look around, and there are painful memories everywhere. When we are faced with all the living, loving, happy families with their children, the anger boils within, and we feel cheated. So this year we don't feel like going back to the beach cottage we visited for years or the favorite mountain retreat where we laid around for a week or two and relaxed, or the family-oriented amusement park where the kids had to ride every ride and see every attraction despite the temperature.

Those of us who have lost adult children also don't look forward to time away. Yes, we fear our memories, too much time to think--too many young people with their families and friends. We don't want to feel the emotions and pain this conjures up.

Yes, vacations can be a challenge to those of us who are newly bereaved and those of us who have been at it a long time. It takes effort to make plans and even feel good about going away ... and it won't ever be the same again without your loved one. While there are many suggestions to follow, ultimately all of us have to determine what is best for us.

For Brenda Holland and her family for the first few years, she consciously changed some of her routines in order to deal with her fears. She could not visit the same places she and her family visited when their son, Todd, was with them. So they tried new experiences, with new people, and in new places. That isn't to say that there were not some down times; however, the faster based vacations worked better because "I could not allow myself too much time to think."

For the first few summers, Brenda had to "dig in the yard, repaint lawn furniture, rearrange the garage, and took on a multitude of busy projects that were put off for lack of time. That was a better vacation for me, then forcing myself to go somewhere and be miserable."

If you can find some enjoyment and relaxation, relish it...you deserve it, and it does not mean you don't care. It simply means you are healing. After nine years it has gotten much easier. Now, I walk down the beach and enjoy the solitude, or laugh when I see a toddler, or listen to the joy of kids laughing. It warms my heart. Yes, I miss Todd, but I know he enjoyed every minute of this season. I know that's what he would want for me ... and thank God I can do it once more!

~ Brenda Holland, TCF/Concord, NC
& Barbara April, TCF/Pittsburgh, PA

Candles in the Night

Candles flame in darkness,
flicker, steadily glow,
bringing light from shadows
and help to soothe me so.
My daughter, like the candles,
gave my life true light.
I use the candle's beacon
to connect us in the night.
As I light the candles,
my wish and my request
is that she'll see my signal
and know my love's expressed.
As her light joins my lights,
our worlds touch and flame.
As I snuff out the candles,
I softly say her name.
Genesse Bourdeau Gentry
from *Stars in the Deepest –
After the Death of a Child*

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

To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die.

~ Thomas Campbell

As we begin to climb the cliffs of the OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY, we begin to discover our hand is steadier, our decisions more sure. Our footholds are secure.

~Darcie D Sims "Footsteps Through the Valley"

Hope is a rare gift that, if we are lucky, comes to us with the power to heal our lives. I've come to know that the deepest sense of hope often springs from the hardest lessons in life. It is in the darkest skies that the stars are best seen.... perhaps it is divine irony that within the darkest moments we are capable of revealing the greatest light, demonstrating what is best with humanity.

~ Richard Paul Evans

Does our grief ever get better?

Whenever I watch a movie in which a young person dies, I find that 13 ½ years after my daughter Teresa died I can recall some of the same feelings as when it actually happened. I'm not sure if it's a good thing or a bad thing to revisit those feelings, but what I am sure of is that the feelings are not nearly as strong as they were when it really happened that long time ago. Although I don't like them, they let me know she will always be missed and I will always be hurting inside. It is not easy to tell newly bereaved parents that it gets easier (when in fact, it actually does) but that the hurt will never go away. I feel they may be thinking that when we say it gets better, we mean it goes away. It does not!! Well, anything at all is BETTER. When our child dies, it is the absolute worst. So from there on it's all better.

I recently watched the movie *Steel Magnolias*. Actress Julia Roberts happened to star in it, and she also happened to be Teresa's favorite movie star, so it was doubly meaningful to me. In the movie the character played by Julia suffered a coma and was put on life support, just as Teresa was. I could relate to her family, especially her mother, when she vented her anger and went through all the turmoil we parents have when we lose our child. She spoke the words I think we all do when our child dies, "We are supposed to die first, not our children!!"

This is why The Compassionate Friends is so helpful to me as well as to many others. I believe that support groups are needed to help us be able to say aloud what we are feeling. We need to talk it out; as it helps us in our healing.

~ Jackie Wesley, TCF/East Central Indiana website

Family

A family has been described as a group of people whose trouble is that the youngsters grow out of childhood, but the parents never grow out of parenthood.

How true that is, and how painful when one is a grandparent whose grandchild has died. Grandparents carry dreadful burdens that are frequently never mentioned. When a child dies, grandparents bear the grief of the death of a loved boy or girl compounded by the pain of watching their own adult child, the dead child's parent, writhe in an agony they are powerless to ease.

It is a double grief.

~ Harriet Sarnoff Schiff

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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



LOVE GIFTS

Shandra Malheim & Billy Olafson in memory of their son, Zandyn Larry Malheim Olafson

Sharon Wateland in memory of her niece/goddaughter, Tracy Ann Wateland

Ethel & Ralph Hest in memory of their daughter, Nancy Hest

Grace Wolf in memory of her son, Justin Jay Wolf

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 7th Annual WALK TO REMEMBER

WHAT: 7th Annual Walk to Remember and Pot-luck

WHEN: Saturday, July 20th, 2013 at 10:00 am.

WHERE: South Shelter at Oak Grove Park (shelter # 1)

The Compassionate Friend of Fargo-Mhd will hold its 7th Annual Walk To Remember, on Saturday, July 20th, 2013, 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 Park to the Angel of Hope statue in Island Park and then back to Oak Grove. If you bring a balloon we will have a balloon release at Island Park. 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 following the walk. Please bring your favorite dish and join us for good food and conversation.

If you have any Questions please contact:

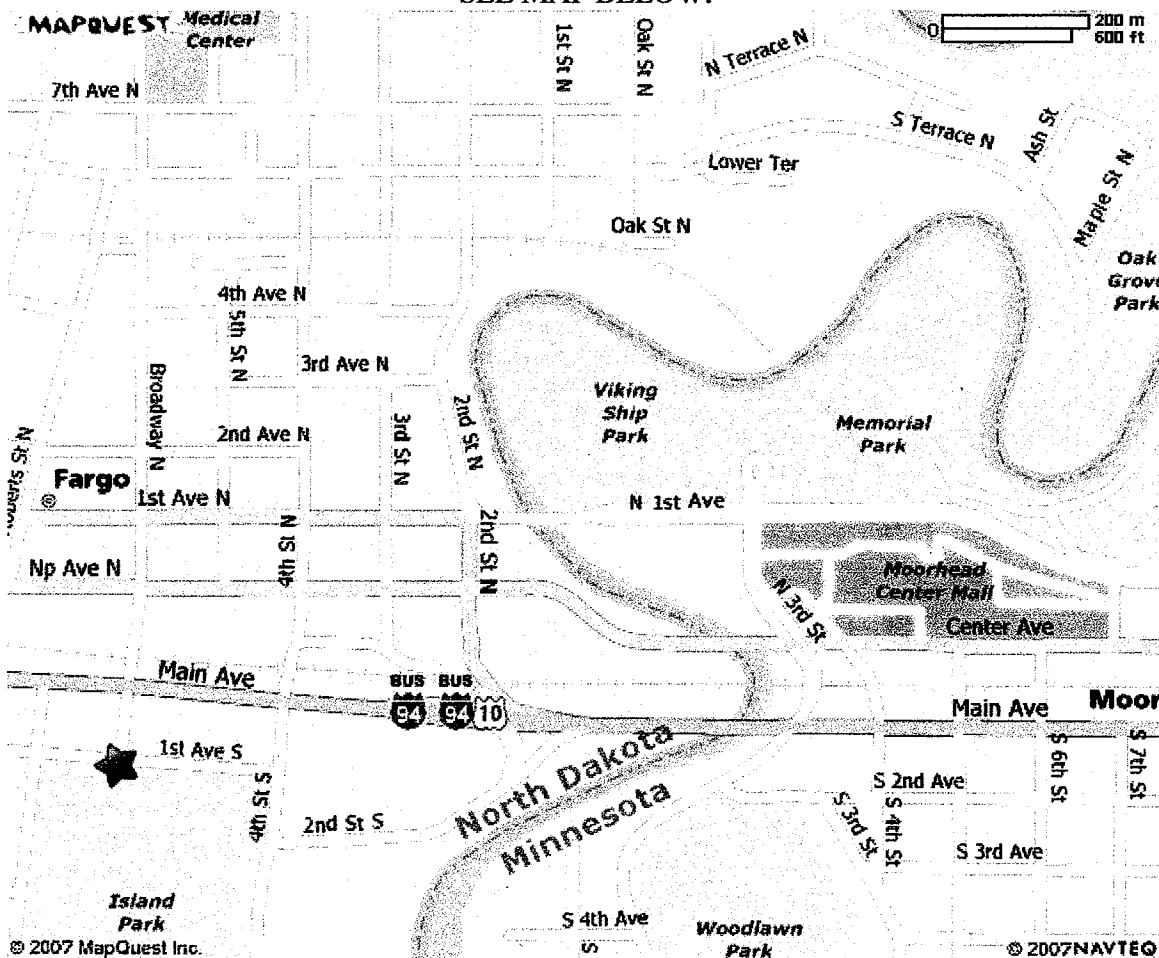
John Milligan (Chapter Leader) - 701-282-4794, email-patkylene@hotmail.com

Sheryl Cvijanovich - 701-235-8158 or email-sherylc13@yahoo.com

Lois Gangnes - 701-282-4083

Check our web page www.tcffargomoorhead.org for ongoing info.

SEE MAP BELOW.



We will also have "Walk To Remember" t-shirts available for \$5.00 each while supplies last. Everybody is welcomed; everybody has someone to remember that has been lost. The total walk is about three miles round trip.

SIBLING PAGE

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

There Are Times

There are times
When I see a fiery sunset
Or the silver glow of the moon,
And I see my brother and
feel the peace, as if he still exists.
But these times are few,
And most of what I see is -
What he is missing.
Cry now, my silent tears,
Quietly, so no one hears.
They don't know the pain I go through
Day after day,
And through the years.

Alissa Roeder - TCF/Pikes Peak, CO

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

AN EMPTY CHAIR

The first wedding was two years after Alan, my twin-brother, passed away. My second oldest brother was getting married. I was waiting for the question, "When was I going to get married?" I was never asked so I couldn't use my prepared response, "When Alan could be my best man."

I thought if I did get married I would have an empty chair next to me. If Alan couldn't be my best man, I didn't want anyone. My brother's name would appear in the program (that he would have designed) as honorary best man.

This year I turned thirty-six, it was my sixth birthday without Alan. At the restaurant we had made a mistake, the reservation had been made for one too many. I had ended up sitting next to an empty chair.

Although I thought, I was doing better, no longer crying at family events. I now realize that I will not have an empty chair at my wedding, if I can ever bring myself to get married without Alan being there. The loss I feel will always be there but it's much worse seeing an empty chair

~ Daniel Yoffee

"I've seen what a good laugh can do. It can transform tears into hope."

~ Bob Hope

TCF "Online Support Community" Offers Opportunity for Grief Sharing

The Compassionate Friends national website 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. There are general bereavement sessions as well as more specific sessions. These include "Pregnancy and Infant Loss," "Bereaved 2 Years and Under," "Bereaved 2 Years and Over," "No Surviving Children," "Survivors of Suicide." There are also sessions for surviving siblings.

The sessions last an hour and have trained moderators present. For more information, visit www.compassionatefriends.org and click "Online Support" in the "Resources" column.

MON	Parent/Grandparent/Sibling 8am - 9 am	Bereaved One Year or Less 8 pm - 9 pm	Parent/Grandparent/Sibling 9 pm - 10 pm
TUE	Bereaved Less than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm	Bereaved More than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm	Survivors of Suicide 8 pm - 9 pm
WED	Parent/Grandparent 8 pm - 9 pm	Parent/Grandparent 9 pm - 10 pm	
THU	No Surviving Children 7 pm - 8 pm	Parent/Grandparent/Sibling 8 pm - 9 pm	
FRI	Parent/Grandparent/Sibling 8 pm - 9 pm	Parent/Grandparent/Sibling 9 pm - 10 pm	
SAT	Parent/Grandparent/Sibling 8 pm - 9 pm	Parent/Grandparent/Sibling 9 pm - 10 pm	
SUN	Parent/Grandparent/Sibling 8 pm - 9 pm	Pregnancy/Infant Loss 8 pm - 10 pm	

MISCARRIAGE - The Unrecognized Tragedy

Though it's been almost three years since I experienced a miscarriage, it still evokes painful memories. My husband and I had two healthy daughters at the time and were eagerly anticipating the arrival of our third child. The little one was to complete our family.

But at 18 weeks gestation, things went awry, and we lost our wee son. I remember experiencing an overwhelming feeling of emptiness as I left the hospital without our baby. Denial, then shock, sadness and anger caused anguish over the "whys?" and "what ifs?" It wasn't long before I found out how miscarriage may be trivialized as an insignificant occurrence.

My physician, who had not been present when I delivered the baby, confronted me a few hours later. "It was a boy," I sobbed. "Oh," she remarked in an offhanded way, "I didn't see it." I vividly remember my anger toward her nonchalant manner and the way she referred to him as an "it." *Don't you know that was our baby, our little son?* I thought. *Please don't minimize our loss.*

"You have other children at home, don't you?" she continued. *Yes, I was screaming inside, but don't you realize that each child is unique and special in his or her own right? Having two at home doesn't in any way lessen the sorrow I feel for this baby.* "Go home and enjoy your summer," she added later. "You can start trying again in another three months." Enjoy my summer?! This miscarriage had literally knocked me off my feet. There I was, an adult mother of two, reduced to tears whenever I saw a pregnant woman or new baby. (They seemed to be everywhere I went!) There was no denying the intense emotions I felt. My husband and daughters, as well, were trying to deal with the loss in their individual ways. Even though I tried, it was not an enjoyable summer. Life didn't automatically revert back to normal.

Yet my heartache was misunderstood not only by my physician, but by others as well. I was given the impression that it was inappropriate and even abnormal to be mourning. There was a conflict between the way I actually felt and the way society expected me to feel. I began to think I must be losing it.

Fortunately, I had a deep need to find out all I could about miscarriage. I read avidly, attended support group meetings and talked to other women who had been through a similar experience. I was relieved to find out that my reactions were healthy and normal. Until then, I didn't know that I was going through the grieving process.

The tears, along with the questioning, the heart-to-heart talks with my family and friends, and the memorial service to say goodbye to our baby all helped me to heal.

A loss is a loss. Just because it's named "miscarriage" doesn't mean that it's insignificant. Nothing has ever affected me so deeply.... Though the deep sorrow I felt has since subsided, I realize that I'll never completely "get over" him. There are still times that I long to hold our son, to watch him grow, to love him.... I know I'll never forget.

~Sara Winslow, Bereavement Magazine, Colorado Springs, CO, grief@bereavementmag.com

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)

Two Viewpoints

The following letter, signed "Sibling," appeared in the Louisville, KY newsletter. It is a poignant expression of love and pain that is typical of siblings' reactions. It is hoped that, for those of you with teenagers, it will offer clues leading to freer communications and sharing of feelings.

Dear Parents of "Compassionate Friends":

I am writing to let you know how I feel and maybe how some of the other siblings feel. There have been times when my parents start really getting extra down about my brother. I usually leave the room. I feel that no matter how hard I try, I will say or do something that will hurt them more, or that they won't understand what I'm really trying to say. They already feel enough pain. I really love them and I understand enough about how they hurt, but I'm just not good at saying what I feel. It seems like it never sounds right. I also hold my emotions back from them. I always hear it is best to let it out, and I do, but not in front of my parents. I'm afraid they might try to hold their emotions back in front of me, so I won't get upset. I've had rough times for the past couple of years, and I'm still having hard times, so I'm always afraid they will hold back if they see me getting upset. I know that would just hurt them more when they try to hold it back. I love to talk about the good times my brother and I had, but I'd just rather be alone when I cry for him. Just once in a while my sister and I can talk about him, but that's the only person I can really talk to. I hope and pray with all my heart that my parents will understand, but I just can't talk to them. I miss my brother a lot, more than I think they really realize. I love and care for them too much to go and upset them even more. Maybe I'm wrong, but please parents, understand how I feel. May we always be close.

Love,
Sibling

Summertime

It sounds so easy. A soft, warm word -- time to run barefoot, time to leave windows open all night. Summertime. Somehow it seems, doesn't it, that it's especially meant for children. Children on beaches, children on swings, children in large pools, children in tiny tubs.

We who do not have all of our children with us may feel the summertime in two ways. One is to remember shared events and adventures -- there were so many. Long rides in a hot car, a nap in the back seat. The famous question, "Are we there yet?" Everything from a heat rash to ice cream cones and sand castles.

For us, another way to feel summertime is the special emptiness brought about by children who are no longer on this earth. They used to trot along on hikes in the hills; they used to gather wood for an evening fire. Now summer brings us again the melancholy awareness of their absence. Have you ever walked on some unfamiliar path, surprised about not having been there with the children? Even when there's nothing to remember, we are reminded of the children's absence.

We have been diminished by death. Some of us may still have living children. Other parents have no children left. They have lost an only child, perhaps. Or all of their children died. And here we are, grateful for the warmth of summer mornings, aware of the ripe beauty of nature, trying to deal with our children's absence with all the grace of which we are capable. Often we do not want to burden others with our grief. Or we may be convinced that others don't wish to share our distress. We have learned, after all, that the world around us is not always able to understand how we feel.

Besides, we were taught to be brave. Many of us will do everything we can to appear "normal" after our loss. But we were also taught to be honest. And when you feel the hurt, when you seem almost to be lost in the shadows of this golden summertime, don't hide your sorrow. The grief of your spirit can perhaps be kept a secret on the outside. Yet, your deepest feelings, unexpressed, can burn into your existence with harmful force.

You can be both brave and honest. You know that it's brave to share grief, be it old grief or new grief. And revealing that sorrow is also honest. Of course, nothing can wipe away much of your pain, but sharing grief is helpful. You will know that after you have expressed the painful sorrow you once kept hidden, and you find yourself, finally, smiling at the memories and the blessings of past summertimes.

~ Sascha Wagner

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	Secretary-Treasurer	Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-235-8158
Librarian		Initial Contact	Kylene Milligan 701-491-0364
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:

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.