



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

## FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
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Toll-free (877) 969-0010  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

F-M Area Chapter  
P.O. Box 10686  
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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 10th  
August 14th

### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on July  
24th @ Fry'n Pan  
TCF National Conference -  
Chicago, IL July 11-13, 2014  
August 2, 2014 - Fargo Chapter's  
8th Annual WALK TO  
REMEMBER

"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, July 24th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or [sherylc13@msn.com](mailto:sherylc13@msn.com).

*Blessed are those who realize the fragility of bereavement and handle it with an understanding shoulder and a loving heart. ~ Jackie Deems*

### 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**

### LOVE GIFTS

Carol & Dan Winter in memory of their son, Matthew Winter  
Anne Snyder in memory of her son, Adam Snyder  
Sherry Lasse in memory of her daughter, Jayme Lasse  
Sharon Wateland in memory of her niece, Tracy Ann Wateland  
Gordon & Virlyn Hoff in memory of their son, Karlton Y Hoff  
Denny, Pat Wateland & Family in memory of their daughter, Tracy Ann Wateland

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.

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 [tcfl313@hotmail.com](mailto: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.

"Some experts estimate that in the face of a child's death, two years is a reasonable grieving period. Others double that figure. The truth is, it takes as long as it takes—sometimes a whole lifetime."

~ Elizabeth Mehren

## 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](http://www.compassionatefriends.org), select "Find Support" and click "Online Support" in the Online Community column.

<b>MON</b>	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8am - 9 am	Bereaved One Year or Less 8 pm - 9 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 pm - 10 pm
<b>TUE</b>	Bereaved Less than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm	Bereaved More than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm	
<b>WED</b>	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 pm - 10 pm	
<b>THU</b>	No Surviving Children 7 pm - 8 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	
<b>FRI</b>	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 am - 10 am	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm Pregnancy/Infant Loss 8 pm - 10 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 pm - 10 pm
<b>SAT</b>	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 pm - 10 pm	
<b>SUN</b>	Survivors of Suicide 7 pm - 8 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	

## Helping Yourself by Helping Others

"Is it ever over?" I asked myself. It's been twenty-two years since "forever" began. "Forever" being when six people came into my home to inform my husband and me that our seventeen-year-old son, Jimmy was dead; killed in an alcohol-related car crash. Just like that! In the blink of an eye, our lives were changed forever. But you know about that, don't you; for you lost a child to death also. Know that my heart grieves for you too.

Being forced into a journey never anticipated, I realized I needed the support and encouragement of people who could understand the depth of my pain. I also needed to borrow their courage, for I didn't want to, nor did I think I could live the rest of my life without Jimmy. After six months, my husband, my priest, and I formed a self-help group for grieving parents. It grew and I evolved with it. In order to be taken serious by professionals in the helping fields, I went to undergrad and grad school. My degrees are in human services and counseling. My reputation as a wounded healer grew, and I was asked to run a weekly support group for The Bereavement Center of Westchester. Their dedication to grieving people offers a warm light for the darkness of the soul.

Their programs benefit children and adults who have experienced grief. They have a school outreach program and offer individual bereavement counseling as well. My painful journey also affected my spiritual dimension. I questioned all my beliefs about God and the afterlife. I felt abandoned by God; I was angry and felt like I was broken in pieces. Looking back, I can see how I wasn't abandoned. In fact, to help me, God sent many people who filtered in and out of my life. Three years after Jimmy died, I hit bottom both spiritually and emotionally. I think for the whole first year I was numb and the second year I began to "defrost" and get in touch with my anger.

Luckily, or as I think of it now, God placed a gift in front of me in the form of a wonderful Capuchin priest and counselor. Father Ray allowed and encouraged me to express all my negative thoughts and feelings about God, life, and anyone who could not understand the depth of my pain and the profound grieving process I was experiencing. There were so many people who couldn't understand the length of time it takes a grieving parent to go through the process.

From my personal and professional experience, I would say it takes anywhere from seven to nine years before a bereaved parent can say, "OK, I know how to handle the bad days now, and I can live with this pain." This is not to say that a grieving parent is in constant emotional pain for all those years. A healthy response to grief will initially include intense pain, which will eventually diminish over the years. It will never go away completely; I promise. Birthdays, holidays, and the yearly anniversary of the death will always be a reminder of the loss and will rekindle sadness and a sense of longing for what could have been; what should have been. One of the things that blessed me was for me to help others. Somehow, my emptiness helped to fill up their emptiness and their emptiness filled up mine.

That wonderful priest and I developed a spiritual retreat for bereaved parents. I've heard it said that grief shared is grief diminished, and the weekend spent at the retreat helped do that for many people over the years. During the retreats, we would do "The Angels Walk." It was a very healing visualization and meditation on what happened at the moment of death and how the angels carried the child into the arms of a loving God. The evaluations received afterward spoke to how consoling and healing that experience was.

Looking back, I can see I reached out in many different ways to help myself. If I read about a child who died, I wrote a note to the parents. I shared with them that there were many other bereaved parents who knew what they were going through and would keep them in their thoughts and prayers.

I also made myself available to speak with anyone who needed encouragement and support. I even wrote a book called, *Healing Broken Hearts: A Book of Signs*. It is a collection of letters from bereaved parents who received signs from God and/or their deceased children, as well as chapters written by me and other professionals in the field. Writing was very cathartic for me.

If I could leave you with a thought, it would be this: you will help yourself by helping others. That was the lesson I learned from my painful journey. We are all here to help one another; try it.

~ Anne Byrnes

## **Upward, Inward, Outward**

We are not born into relationships. We enter life with both hands up in the air and fists clenched tightly. We are born emptyhanded. There are no hands to hold but our own. We learn to reach out, but only after we have had a chance to reach inward and upward. It is the upward reach of the spirit and the inward reach of the soul that enables the outward reach of the body.

Our losses change us and change the course of our lives. It's not that one can never again be happy following an experience of loss. The reality is simply that one can never again be the same.

~ Ann Kaiser Sterns

## **EVEN IN THE DARKNESS THERE IS LIGHT**

When your child died, you were thrown into the dark night of the soul. You can hide in fear and despair or you can make friends with the darkness. Begin on a clear, starry night. Preferably, not when it is 30 below zero!

If you live in the country, you are in the right place. If you live in the city, get out of town! Get away from the lights and sounds of the city. Go find "the middle of nowhere" and step into the darkness with no distractions. Close your eyes and listen. Hear the howling of the coyotes in the coulees, the wind caressing the prairie and the beat of your own heart. Even the eerie whir of electricity as the energy surges the length of the high lines.

Now open your eyes and look at the ground around you. Then let your eyes move upward and outward. Are there trees nearby creating shadows in the moonlight? Do you see a yard light or two from country homes? Do you see the glow of a distant town on the horizon?

From the horizon, let your eyes scan upward to nature's nightlights. There is no more majestic sight than the night sky as it stretches over the prairie in all its glory. The stars are endless and fascinating. The ever-changing moon glows in gentle radiance. And if you are lucky, the aurora borealis blesses you with an appearance. Remember, even in darkness there is light.

Feel and see the immensity of it all. Know the darkness. Feel the darkness. Wrap yourself in it and release your fears. Exchange them for familiarity with and knowledge of the night. Absorb the solitude and peace of the world around you. Just as your physical senses can make peace with the darkness in this world, so can your spiritual senses make peace with the darkness in your soul. There are tears and anguish there, but there are also lessons to be learned and there is rest to be found.

Do not rush to leave the darkness. Be calm there. Feel it, absorb it. Let the darkness be a place where you learn to be patient with yourself and gain the wisdom and strength to go on. Let people you love and those who love and care about you provide the star-shine and moonlight.

Remember, even in darkness there is light. Know this, most of all: that the darkness in your soul is part of the cycle of life. You will again walk in the light of day where you will carry the remembrance of your child and live the lessons you learned in your soul's deepest night.

~ JoAnne Rademacher, TCF/Minot, ND

"Grief is like a journey one must take on a winding mountainside, often seeing the same scenery many times, a road which eventually leads to somewhere we've never been before." ~ Gladys M. Hunt

## **MEMORIES OF OUR CHILD ARE LIKE A ROSE**

When a child dies, our memories are held tightly with lots of pain, just like the tightly folded petals of the rose but with the many thorns and pricks causing pain.

As we talk about our child and share memories with others, we begin to open ourselves to healing as the rose petals start to open ever so gradually.

Just as a rose becomes more beautiful as it blooms, so do the memories of our child.

Yes, the thorns are still there and will hurt when touched, but oh how beautiful the rose and oh, how beautiful the memory of our children!

Share the memory of your child, so that memory can start to bloom to become as beautiful as the rose

~ Julie Timmerman, TCF/ Tulsa, OK

## **AND THE ROCKET'S RED GLARE**

I watched the spectacular bursts of colors. It was always such a treat. The star bursts, the swirls, the straight ones, making their noisy banging trajectories into the night time sky.

Throughout these exciting displays, tears ran down my face. Inconceivable that I am here to enjoy this and you, my beautiful Cheryl, are not.

Then new thoughts rolled through my mind. Perhaps you are viewing these fireworks and many more from a higher vantage point, where the colors and designs shine more vividly. Perhaps you are seeing and understanding things that I can neither see nor understand. Perhaps your world is filled with rainbows and flowers and butterflies. Perhaps you are surrounded by love, music, beauty and unbounded joy. Perhaps my love. I can only hope...

~ Carol Silverman, TCF/Elkins Park, PA

## **You Know You're Making Progress When—**

- You can remember your child with a smile--
- You realize the painful comments others make are made in ignorance---
- You can reach out to help someone else--
- You stop dreading holidays--
- You can sit through a church service without crying
- You can concentrate on something besides your child--
- You can find something to thank God for--
- You can be alone in your house without it bothering you--
- You can talk about what happened to your child without falling apart--
- You no longer feel you have to go to the cemetery every day or every week--
- You can tolerate the sound of a baby crying--
- You don't have to turn off the radio when his or her favorite music comes on--
- You can find something to laugh about--
- You can drive by the hospital or that intersection without screaming--
- You no longer feel exhausted all the time--
- You can appreciate a sunset, the smell of newly-mowed grass, the pattern on a butterfly's wings--

~ Judy Osgood, TCF, Carmel/Indianapolis, IN

## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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



## SIBLING PAGE

### I BELIEVE IN TOMORROW

I believe in tomorrow  
Because of today,  
Because my brother  
Just slipped away.  
I believe that tomorrow,  
After the storm has passed,  
I will once again find him,  
Once again at last.  
He made tomorrow,  
Because tomorrow is another day,  
And tomorrow I will find him,  
Because he just slipped away.  
~ Sally Grimes, TCF/Rogers, AR

### 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 you  
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 Holeman, TCF/Tuscaloosa, AL

### LITTLE BROTHER

Someone took you away from me  
And I wonder if they cared  
About the ones' they left behind  
And the pain that each must bear  
Why did you have to leave me  
When there was so much left to do  
I'm not sure if I can go on  
If I have to go on without you.  
But life dictates the rules  
There are things that I can't change  
When you left, my heart was torn in two  
My life got rearranged.  
I have to believe I'll see you again  
It keeps the hope alive and new  
So until we meet again, little brother  
Never forget that I love you.

~ Jenny, TCF/Indianapolis, IN

### BROTHERS & SISTERS

Be it your brother or your sister,  
their presence is taken for granted.  
When together, you fight and argue.  
But also together, you stand against all others.  
Then, one day you stand alone.  
Gone the friend, the confidante, the rock.  
You regret the last fight.  
You wish to hear the voice, share your secrets.  
The memories are sweet -  
remember the laughs and jokes.  
They now await to be your guide.

~ John W. Hollinshead, Lockport, NY

### SIBLINGS

Tomorrow,  
I'll try to understand her,  
Try to understand the excitement behind  
Those piercing black eyes.  
Try to understand her zeal for life,  
Tireless energy, and love for others.  
Tomorrow,  
I'll sit down beside her and get to know  
This sister of mine.  
I'll get to know the skinny little girl  
I grew up with and shared a bedroom with  
For all our teen years.  
Tomorrow,  
We'll share secrets together  
We'll go for long walks,  
We'll just sit together for hours and laugh.  
Tomorrow,  
I'll ask her about her boyfriends,  
I'll ask her about her girlfriends,  
I'll even ask what her favorite subject is in school.  
Today?  
I'm too busy,  
I have too much to do,  
She's getting on my nerves.  
Today,  
She's borrow my precious clothes, ruining them.  
Today,  
She's using up all the gas in my car.  
Today,  
She's asking stupid questions  
I just don't feel like answering.  
Today,  
I'm too tired.  
But tomorrow,  
I'll tell her how much I love her,  
I'll hug her and tell her she's pretty,  
I'll tell her I'm glad I have a sister . . . tomorrow.  
Tomorrow  
Has finally come and she is gone.  
~written by Cindy, Kathi's sister  
Taken from a book written by Kathi's mother called  
"18, No Time To Waste."

### REFLECTIONS

With the death of my sister come some painful realizations;  
that life isn't always fair or predictable; that sometimes even  
my best still isn't good enough; and that from the day of her  
death, the happy events in my life would always be tinged with  
sadness.

Despite the pain and loss, death has also left me with some  
valuable lessons and precious gifts. As a result of my sister's  
death, I have a greater appreciation of life and a greater  
compassion for those who hurt. I have learned to be a survivor  
and to have a successful career and productive life in the face  
of tremendous grief and loss. I have been gifted with good  
friends and special people to help me through the rough times.  
But most of all, I have been given the gift of time - time to heal  
and time to replace those painful memories of death with  
priceless memories of my sister's life.

Cathy Schanberger

## **FIREWORKS ARE LIKE THE LOVE IN OUR HEARTS**

July brings Central Oregonians lingering blue skies, lazy afternoons and the Fourth of July celebration, complete with the grand fireworks finale bolting from the top of Pilot Butte. This was one of my son's favorite holidays. When he was six I asked him why fireworks were so special to him. He said, "The lights explode in the dark and make the whole sky light up!" That was obvious. I said "Hum?" he gave me one of his "Oh Mom" looks, then went on to say "The fireworks are like the love in our hearts, we should always try to spread our love out to others." I know then and I still am aware today that profound wisdom comes from the lips of our children. From that summer on, in my mind, fireworks have been a triumphant testament of love's enduring power and wonder. I miss my son, Joshua, terribly. I comfort myself knowing that his wisdom and kindness were precious gifts in my life.

Wherever you are on the Fourth of July, I hope that the splendor of sparkling fireworks might comfort as you acknowledge that the love you hold dear for your child is the light that is able to shine through you. We all have known grief well, yet as compassionate friends we need not walk alone in the darkness. We can lighten the path for others.

Grief can cripple and destroy us, but as we gather to share each other's burden, we are able to gain strength. Love for our children is our common flame, sharing and caring keep the flames afire. I look forward to our next meeting and the opportunity to hug and listen to my comrades.

~ Jane Oja, TCF/Central Oregon Chapter

### **THE SUN SHINES**

Our friend Beth  
Was so loving and caring  
She shared sunshine  
To all she knew.

The Mountains of Tucson  
Smiled on Beth  
And the Sun will  
Shine on you.

And when Beth heard  
The Angels singing  
Her favorite song,  
She knew it was time.

Don't cry for me  
For I'm at peace.  
I'm here hugging  
Brian, my brother,  
I'm happy to meet.

You will never be alone.  
For all my love, smiles  
And laughter will always  
Be in your heart,  
As the Sun Shines on.

~ Peggy Nielsen, Panama City, FL

When your mind cannot find an answer,  
open your heart and ask for peace.  
~ Sascha Wagner, TCF/Des Moines, IA

"It isn't for the moment that you are stuck that you need courage, but for the long up hill battle to faith, sanity, and security."

-Anne Morrow Lindbergh - (who lost her first born son in a kidnapping and murder in the early 20th century.)

## **The Strength of Butterflies**



They didn't want to change. Their lives were full. The caterpillars crawled happily through the green leaves, played and rested in the sun, and ate their fill. Yet, through the darkness and quiet mystery, they did change. Their luminous beauty now lights the skies, their colors are vibrant, their airy flight is delightful.

They didn't want to change. Their lives were full. They laughed and worked and sang and played; our children loved their lives. Yet, through the darkness and quiet mystery, they did change. Beyond our own imaginings they now live in indescribable harmony and perfect joy. Their new lives are a color invisible to us, but it is the color of eternity.

We didn't want to change. Our lives were full. We cared and nurtured and disciplined and laughed and mothered and fathered; we loved their lives and them. Yet, through the darkness and quiet mystery, we have changed. Though fragile in our forever-longing for them, we are gifted with a growing strength of spirit called HOPE. We are a resilient and enduring new color as well, held close to our children by unbreakable threads of love that keep us tethered for awhile yet between earth and heaven.

~Mary Sue Zercher, TCF/Marietta, GA

### **Newly Bereaved —**

#### **Thoughts When You Are Depressed**

Don't ever try to understand everything;  
some things will just never make sense.  
Don't ever be reluctant to show your feelings,  
when you're happy, give in to it.  
Don't ever be afraid to try to make things better,  
you might be surprised at the results.  
There is always somebody there for you to reach out to.  
Don't ever forget that you can achieve so many of the things  
you can imagine. Imagine that!  
Don't ever stop loving;  
don't ever stop believing and  
don't ever stop dreaming your dreams.

TCF ~ Orange Coast, CA

### **Hope For The Moment**

There are times when it is hard to believe in the future, when we are temporarily just not brave enough. When this happens, concentrate on the present.

Cultivate le petit bonheur (the little happiness) until courage returns. Look forward to the beauty of the next moment, the next hour, the promise of a good meal, sleep, a book, a movie, the likelihood that tonight the stars will shine and tomorrow the sun will shine. Sink roots into the present until the strength grows to think about tomorrow.

~ Ardis Whitman, Reader's Digest

**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)

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### **WE ARE SURVIVORS**

In the beginning we are survivors groping and clawing merely to rise and face each day without our children  
**WITHOUT OUR CHILDREN**

Intellectually we know the reality we have gone through funerals wakes/shivas memorials

### **WE KNOW THE REALITY**

but emotionally we cannot (nor should we) come to terms with this reality

one cannot make this emotional commitment called parenting then abruptly shut it off after a funeral  
whether our child was six months or sixty our love our sacrifice our future cannot be measured by a chronological clock  
thus we cling to the hope that this is a bad dream a mistake that soon there will be a knock at the door

the phone will ring we'll hear their footsteps upstairs

and they will be back where they belong

### **BACK WHERE THEY BELONG**

In the beginning we face each day with disbelief we plod on but we want our children back  
not their pictures not their clothes not their memories

### **WE WANT OUR CHILDREN BACK**

As months turn into years, years into years our lives start to "normalize"

(although we will never be the same again)

emotions begin to catch up with intellect

we gradually grudgingly come to realize that they are never coming back to the way they were

(we seek out psychics to connect with them where they are now)

As parents we have the need to nurture

(I will ALWAYS be your parent you will ALWAYS be my child)

we are compelled to make an emotional compromise and

keep them alive in different ways

like the caterpillar transforming into a butterfly our children take on new lives

to be sure it is not the way we want it to be but now

in our hearts and in our heads we say

"this is the way it is this is the way it is going to be"

now

we are parents again and they are our children

we have paid the ultimate price for wisdom strength and courage

and though we will never be the same again

we will BE

~ Phyllis and Moe Beres, TCF/Babylon, NY

When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives meant the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead of giving advice, solutions, or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a warm and tender hand. The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares.

~ Henri Nouwen

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
OF THE F-M AREA  
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## THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

**FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER**  
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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

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

### FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	John Milligan..... 701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen ..... 701-730-0805
Meeting Facilitator	Paul & Kara Bailey..... 701-261-0668	Newsletter Database	Mike Cvijanovich ..... 701-235-8158
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-235-8158	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	Contact Us to Volunteer		

**LIBRARY INFORMATION:** We have an extensive library available. Please feel free to check materials at our next meeting.

### TELEPHONE FRIENDS

HAVING A BAD DAY OR NIGHT? Feel free to call and talk to any of the following:

John Milligan (son, 25 - car accident) ..... 701-491-0364  
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 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.