



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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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

June 13th
July 11th

Meeting Subjects:

June - Balloon Release, everyone is welcome
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

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.

LOVE GIFTS

Jamie, Sheri & Mandy Thoemke in memory of their son/brother, Tyler James Thoemke

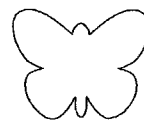
We are deeply grateful for the LOVE GIFTS given this month. Our chapter and all chapters, are financed solely through your Love Gifts. Donations make this newsletter, postage, books, tapes, etc. possible. Thank you for your tax deductible gifts.

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

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 June 27, 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!

FATHER'S DAY

Warm and sunny day in June Father's Day.
Children, small and grown give gifts to Father,
say thanks to father,
say I love you.

But there are fathers whose children are not here to give gifts
and say thanks
and say I love you.
Remember the fathers
whose children are gone
Because they will always be
fathers at heart.

~ Sascha Wagner, Aurora, CO
from Winterson, L.A.R.G.O. Press, 1996

Is It Father's Day Already?

Well, it's that time of year again. That awkward, often over-hyped day in which Dad is suppose to "relax" and spend time with the kids. We wake up sometimes to breakfast in bed, a card and a small gift or two (often a tool or gadget of some kind), and then are faced with the rest of the day. After the first hour most kids are bored and want to get on with whatever they had planned that morning for themselves. But they are reminded that this is a "Father's Day" and Dad decides what we are doing.

Before Stefanie died, this "holiday" was taken very lightly without much planning ahead of time. Since then it has taken on new meaning and starts to take on significance around the time Mother's Day arrives. We are being prepared for our day. As the day draws nearer we get more and more uneasy as we try to figure out what to do. Play golf?... Watch a ball game?... Work around the house? These are the stereotyped "dad things to do" on this "special day".

Well, this day is quite special to our bereaved fathers for many different reasons. The first few years can be quite difficult to face if one hasn't planned ahead of time. There is this incredible void of our other child or children who should be there with us. This is where the careful planning comes into play as I try to make this day special for my other daughter Hillary while keeping Stefanie's presence with us too. The best way to do this is to try and plan something new that involves the natural beauty we have around us. Taking a hike on a new trail, kayaking in the bay, playing golf with the family and not alone with the guys, a bike ride or maybe a day trip to the beach exploring tidal pools.

The options are endless if you use your imagination. The nice thing about doing something outside as opposed to say, a movie, is that it allows you to "feel" the presence of your other child. Places like Monterey, Point Reyes or anywhere along the coast give me a real sense of peace. If it happens to be foggy, then head inland towards some of the back roads of wine country. The sun is very important on this day, our day.

So rather than dreading this day, use it as a chance to reflect on all the wonderful memories of our children. Share the day with your family and allow their warmth, support and comfort to be a part of us.

~ Rob Jacobs, TCF/Marin, CA

THERE'S A NEW MAN IN TOWN

My son is dead. The moment I was told my son died in an auto accident, there was a new man in town. The old man would find a way to fix "it" or at least make "it" better. The new man couldn't fix a thing. Oh, he could make arrangements, settle accounts, acknowledge condolences as though he were really there but the new man was far off, living in a protective shell hardened by disbelief and shock. Yes, he did things, but he didn't feel in the old ways, he was far off being reborn.

My wife's grief would bring the new man back, at least for a while. There was no fixing her, just acknowledgement of the hurt and pain and helplessness we both felt. I was there for her as she was there for me and we bonded in our grief at depths we did not know existed. My son did not die to make our marriage better or worse and his death did not change what it fundamentally was and is. There is however a new level where we meet to hurt and heal together.

When a baby is born there are pain and tears followed by profound joy. If that baby dies before his parents, there is pain and tears and a longing for peace. No man can anticipate the number of tears that will flow during his rebirth. The half hour drive to work each morning was a time of nothing but tears and pain and guardian angels to provide safety for myself and those around me. The new man was every bit the good driver the old man was, but he wasn't there, he was far off being reborn in those unstoppable tears. Peace was nowhere to be found.

I am not going into detail into the many ways I think I have changed. Believe me, I have changed and so have you fellow bereaved father. I cannot believe my son died to make me a better man. I do believe that my son's death shocked me into holding dear all that was always precious to me with the new knowledge that "it" can all end in an instant, and neither the old man nor the new man can ever fix "it". The protective shell is fading away and real peace is finding its way into my heart and soul. But the shell will never be completely gone and the peace will never blend into complacency. We are new men with new priorities and new things to do. This does not mean we abandon all that was of the old man, the newness is in our attitudes and understanding and acceptance of vulnerability.

~ Dave Simone, Bereaved Father, Tampa, Florida

His Room

Sun splinters through the stained-glass unicorn
Still on the sill splattering black walls with color
Few things are as forlorn as a vacant room
Furniture gone, awaiting definition
Bare, yet there on the carpet imprints of chair and waterbed
And there is the hole he accidentally shot through the wall
And there and there and there nail holes that held pictures
and posters and eight-point antlers
And there... God, how can a place so empty, be so full?

~ Richard Dew - From *Rachel's Cry A Journey Through Grief*

ARE YOU A GRIEF VICTIM OR GRIEF SURVIVOR?

Being a victim is a state of mind dictated by others.
A survivor dictates their own state of mind.
A victim fears the moments of grief.
A survivor welcomes those moments!
A victim knows about feeling down and tries to stay up.
A survivor knows feeling down is okay.
A victim tries hard to hide the tears.
A survivor never leaves home without kleenex.
A victim struggles to maintain a state of normalcy.
A survivor knows normal no longer exists.
A victim gets caught in isolation.
A survivor reaches out when they need to.
A victim is afraid they, in time, will forget.
A survivor knows they never will!
A victim sometimes feels guilty laughing.
A survivor laughs through their tears.
A victim tries at times to block out the memories.
A survivor embraces memories of all kinds.
A victim wants someone to cure their grief.
A survivor just wants someone to share their journey.
A victim struggles to get over their grief.
A survivor fights to get through it.
A victim tries to get on with their life.
A survivor lives their life knowing nothing will ever be the same.
A victim says, "Oh I'm okay..." then secretly cries.
A survivor openly cries... and says, "I'm okay."

~ Author Unknown

A PENNY

I found a penny today
Just lying on the ground,
That's not just a penny
This little coin I've found.

Found pennies come from heaven
That's what my grandpa told me,
He said angels toss them down
Oh, how I loved that story.

He said when an angel misses you
They toss a penny down
Sometimes just to cheer you up
To make a smile out of your frown.

So don't pass by that penny
When you're feeling blue,
That's a penny from heaven
That an angel's tossed to you.

~ Author unknown

We Need Not Walk Alone Summer 2004

YOU MAY FORGET WITH WHOM YOU
LAUGHED, BUT YOU WILL NEVER
FORGET WITH WHOM YOU WEPT

IN RESPONSE TO A MESSAGE 'ONE BALLOON'

I too, have wondered who finds the balloons we send to our children. We released balloons last year for Melanie's first birthday in Heaven. But this year, being her 21st birthday we, Melanie's best friend Lisa and I, wanted to do something special to honor her. So, like last year we sent up balloons, but I borrowed an idea from another parent. Each balloon carried inside Forget-Me-Not flower seeds. I like to think that when the balloons burst that the seeds dropped to earth and Forget-Me-Not flowers will soon grow in memory of Melanie.

Then I remembered something that my oldest daughter had done when she was in the 2nd grade. Her class had a balloon send off with notes attached. The notes asked the person who found the balloon to please send it back to the student. The school wanted to see how far the balloons would travel and how many they would get back. I don't know how many were found but about a year and a half later Trinity's was returned. It had been found by a farmer ploughing his field.

So we attached notes, with a return address label, to each of the balloons. I was eager to find out if anyone would find one of our balloons. About a week later, I received in the mail, one of the balloons. It had been found the next day in a neighboring state. A bank president found it in his parking space. At first he said he thought it was just trash but discovered it was my balloon. He took the time out to mail the balloon back to me with a very nice letter.

He wrote that he took the note into the bank and shared the message with his co-workers. He said after reading the note that there wasn't a dry eye left in the house. That everyone had been moved by the message and what it stood for. He had just recently lost his father and was dealing with his own pain and grief. He said he had a young daughter and understood some of what I was feeling.

I hope in some small way that finding Melanie's message might have brought him some small comfort. And I gained some comfort knowing that my balloons were not sent up in vain. That they had reached out to someone else in pain.

~ Kathy Thompson, TCF/Broome Cty, NY

What Do You Say?

What do you say when a baby dies and someone says ...

"At least you didn't bring it home."

What do you say when a baby is stillborn
and someone says...

"At least it never lived."

What do you say when a mother of three says ...

"Think of all the time you'll have."

What do you say when so many say ...

"You can always have another..."

"At least you never knew it..."

"You have your whole life ahead of you..."

"You have an angel in heaven."

What do you say when someone says ...Nothing?

What do you say when someone says ..."I'm sorry."

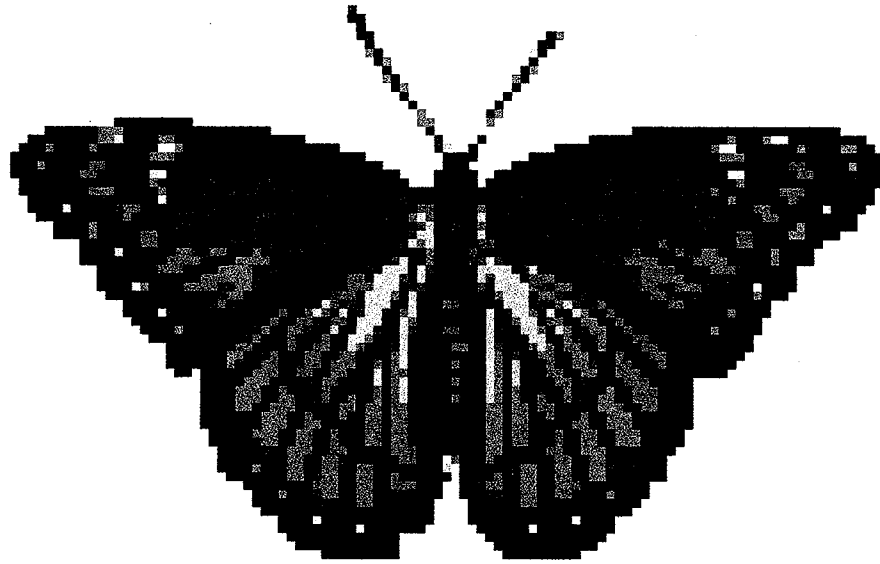
You say, with grateful tears and warm embrace,

"Thank you!"

by Rana Limbo and Sara Wheeler

from When a Baby Dies: A Handbook for Healing and Helping

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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

Hope is not an easy word for
grievors.
But we, more than most others,
need to understand
what hope can mean for us.
Hope means finding the strength
to live with grief.
Hope means nurturing with grace
the joy of remembrance.
Hope means embracing
with tenderness and pride
our own life
and the gifts left to us
by those we have lost.♥

SIBLING PAGE

One

It was only *1* 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 *1* 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*

THE BITTER TEARS OF LOVE LOST

Because of my status in society I can look below to poverty and realize no matter how frustrated I get, I will always be very lucky to have a family who loves and cares for me.

But still the tears roll down my face and my cheeks are forever stained because I know as long as I live my heart will always be pained.

I was left in shock, pain, and fear, left with your unspoken words which I will never hear

But in my days of sorrow when I feel that I will fall I can only repeat the phrase to myself, "It is better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all."

Peter Smith, age 15
sibling to Gregory Smith

~Tears are the silent language of grief~
Voltaire

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

I AM SO SAD

I am so sad, so very, very sad.
My brother died, died, died
When I was tiny, tiny, tiny.
Now im older, older older.
And he's still my older borhter.

~ Leah Kaminsky, TCF/Miami FL

What Now?

If you are reading this because your child died, I'm very sorry. If you are anything like me, you ask yourself regularly, "What now?"

When my son, Wilem, died in 1994, my world turned upside down. Simple, daily routines became baffling and overwhelming. All the color went out of life.

I had trouble sleeping. I had trouble eating. I had trouble leaving the house.

I cried all the time at sad things, at happy things, at nothing.

People tried to help, but they didn't know how. They didn't know what to say, and some of the things they did say made me feel worse.

I started feeling different, isolated, and hopeless. I didn't want to live and I didn't want to die. I just wanted the pain to stop.

But it didn't stop, not for a long time. Day after day, I asked, "Now what?"

Over time, I found some answers to this question. Here are some things I did to get through life one day at a time, until I could live again:

1. Stay sober. This might be the most important thing I did. The death of a child leaves you particularly vulnerable to becoming dependent on alcohol, prescription drugs and other mind altering substances. The makes things worse, not better.

Grieving means feeling the grief. If you numb yourself, you only postpone the feelings. Also, drinking can lead to isolation. I needed other people to help me heal, and other people, like my surviving child, needed me.

If you are having trouble getting sober or staying sober, get help.

2. Tell yourself you're not crazy; you're just out of your mind. Burying your child doesn't make sense. Our children are supposed to outlive us. Trying to make sense of something that doesn't make sense can make you feel crazy, and perhaps some people actually do go crazy.

It's awfully hard to comprehend what has happened to our children and our lives. When our minds can't supply an answer that makes sense, we don't stop searching. So we have to "go out of our minds" to find an answer.

I went outside of my mind in search of better minds. I investigated spiritual matters, grieving processes, and I went to a therapist. All of these helped. I also talked to a lot of other bereaved parents. I don't feel like I'm out of my mind anymore.

3. Remind yourself that you don't have to go to social events, or if you do, you can always leave early, and you don't owe anyone an explanation. This is particularly good information during the holidays, and around family events like birthdays and anniversaries. I had a hard time being in groups of people, especially when a good time was supposed to be had by all. Often, when I declined an invitation, or tried to leave a gathering early, people wanted an explanation, as if the death of my

child wasn't a self-evident excuse. Some of your friends and family may want you at a gathering because they think it's good for you to get out. That's for you to decide, not them.

4. Find a support group, or don't. Everyone grieves in his or her own way. There is no correct way to grieve, but there are things that help. Support groups can be uncomfortable, even painful, before they help you feel better, and it's up to you to decide how far you can go.

If you are a group person, find a support group. I went to The Compassionate Friends where I met other people whose children had died. I got real information about the grieving process, and a place to talk about how I felt where no one judged me or tried to change the way I felt. There are a number of other support groups for bereaved parents, as well.

If you don't see yourself as a group person, you don't have to put yourself through it. However, I do recommend that you find someone to talk to. Holding on to the pain can affect your health and make things worse.

5. Pain isn't always your enemy, and pleasure isn't always your friend. Sometimes, there is no choice but to hurt. And any search for pleasure just postpones the pain.

I came across a Turkish saying I like: Share the pain, it halves the pain. Share the joy, it doubles the joy.

6. Write. Get a notebook and start a journal. Write every day. Don't read what you write, just keep writing. Write to everyone who sent you a condolence card and thank them. Go into online chat rooms and write to other people who are grieving. Write poems, especially if you are not a poet. I'm not a poet, but here's a poem I wrote:

• THE WEIGHT •

*A big load
for such a little boy
you carried us all to your grave.
Strange place to come on your birthday
I bring a balloon and flowers
I polish your marker
try to wipe off the years
the sun flashes dull on the aging bronze
—no vacancy, no vacancy.
My heart so full
my world so empty
I dangle
in the hollow space between.*

7. Do something mundane in your child's name, and don't tell anybody. We are all familiar with public displays such as planting trees and creating foundations in the names of our children. These are important acknowledgments of their lives.

You can't plant a tree every day. But you do think of your child every day. You don't have to make a public statement to honor your child. Most of your grief is private and mundane.

Sometimes it's hard to get out of bed and go to work. But you can do it in your child's name. It's easy to get angry when someone tries to squeeze into your lane in traffic. I'll often let someone in while saying out loud, "Willie, that one's for you." Live your life in your child's name. But don't tell anyone.

These seven suggestions came to me over time, and they worked for me over time. They are a compilation of experience shared freely with me by other people, who, in their grief found compassion. And in their compassion they found it useful, sometimes necessary, to pass on what they had learned. I hope these tips help you, and if they do, that you find someone to whom you can pass them on.

~ Carl Yorke

We Need Not Walk Alone, Summer 2004

Strangers & Friends

Bereaved parents gather monthly and tell their stories again and again. The pain is evident on their faces yet strength comes deep from within. To simply attend these meetings is courageous. We enter as strangers, and we depart as friends. I've attended our group meetings for over four years. I never had the honor of meeting these children in life, yet I know them intimately—how each lived, and how each died.

Some of us were blessed to have our children several years, and others only a few. Some children lived just a few months, days or minutes—and some never took a breath. Still, our pain and emptiness is universal.

Our grief is universally unique. As individuals our journeys lead us in many directions, yet once a month we come together, to tell our stories again and again. These strangers, these people I call friends.

~ Kathy A, TCF/Fort Collins, CO

GRANDPARENTS' REMEMBRANCE

We are the grieving grandparents, the shepherds of our children and grandchildren's lives. Our grief is two-fold and at times we feel powerless to help. We seek to comfort our children in the depths of their grief and yet we need the time and space to face our own broken hearts. We have been robbed of the special tender touch a grandparent shares with a grandchild, and we have lost a symbol of our immortality. As we walk by our child's side, we both give and draw strength. We reach into their hearts to comfort them, and when they reach out to us in their distress, we begin the journey to heal together. We continue to be their guardians. We allow traditions to change to accommodate their loss. We support the new ones, which symbolize the small steps on their journey. It is in their healing that our hearts find comfort.

~ Susan Mackey, TCF/Rutland VT

Traveling with My Grief

I am writing this as I sit in a cabin in the forest of the Finnish north, the Laplands. This place is wild, gorgeous, and civilized, all at the same time. We have walked up a ski hill, seen bears, foxes, lynx, and the ever-present reindeer, and have gone on a boat ride through a beautiful canyon lake. Oh, and lest I forget, we have shopped!

Still, I miss Melissa. My longing for her never changes no matter where I am. I see all this beauty and experience a culture not my own. Yet one thing remains ugly and familiar; it is my grief. Melissa should be here. I take her spirit with me but of course, it is not the same as the living breathing Melissa.

So, what do I do with the ugliness in all of this beauty? I guess I keep practicing what I do at home. I live with it, accept it as part of me, and do my best not to let it overshadow the beauty.

As I said, it is familiar. I am half a world away from home and the ugliness of my grief is part of my connection to home. It is packed into my soul just as tightly as the clothes into my suitcase. To try to leave it behind would be traitorous and futile.

Tomorrow we will travel to the Arctic Circle, near the border of Russia, and take a river-rafting trip. My daughter will be with me there as well. Not the laughing, adventurous girl I once held, but the one who continues to live in my dreams. She will always be there, forever 13, forever mine.

~ Joanne Rademacher, TCF/Minot, ND

Thoughts from a Dad

It's been five years since my son Brendan died, It took me a year to be able to say the word "died" A year to look at his picture...

I've yet to look at his obituary, or a family video, My loss has brought me much closer to our Creator As I pray for inner strength to survive, to live on each day. I believe our Creator has blessed me, with a state of shock, sadness and inner strength Not anger or bitterness.

To buffer me from the wrenching pain of the greatest loss a human being can endure.

The Circle, that I've come to know, of The Compassionate Friends is truly a blessing

Of Compassion, Support and Understanding friends.

My wife Barb, her support and understanding is a blessing.

I have come to understand what "Forever" on this Earth means,

"Forever" is hard, very hard....

Fills one with tears and the proverbial "Whys?"

"Forever" is so difficult for the bereaved to come to terms with

In our most difficult journey in grief.

~ Gene Caligari, TCF/Mesa, AZ

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.