



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office
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www.compassionatefriends.org

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

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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 12th
July 10th

Meeting Subjects:

June - Balloon Release, everyone is welcome

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on June 26th @ 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 June 26th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or sherylc13@msn.com.

LOVE GIFTS

Deborah & Brad Fraser in memory of their son, Cody Dean Conner Lyle, Tammy, Justin, Stacy, Hunter, Jersey, Jamie & Jordyn Helgeson in memory of their son/brother, Jared Scott Helgeson
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.

This year, the Fargo-Moorhead Chapter of the Compassionate Friends is celebrating 30 years of service to the Fargo-Moorhead area.

OUR CREDO

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

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.

WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007



Butterfly Decals



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

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

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

FOR SIBLINGS...

Happy Father's Day

Today is Father's Day, Daddy.

This is your special day.

I realize this is hard for you
since your son went away.

Today should be a happy day
for fathers far and near.

But for you it's not that way
because not everyone is here.

Along with the joy you feel
because you are a Dad,

comes the hurt you have
for the son you once had.

The rest of us kids realize
that Wade is on your mind.

The card looks so strange
without his name signed.

WE all miss him a lot, and
we really hurt for you.

Even though he is gone now,
his Dad is still you.

Although he can't tell you,
the rest of us can.

"Happy Father's Day, Daddy!"

We do understand.

-Delaine Reindel - TCF/Houston, TX

A FATHER'S PRAYER

I am a man, God, and I have been taught that I should be strong and show no weakness. My wife needs me to be strong; I cannot and I must not be weak and lean on her. It is only with you that I can be honest, Lord, and even with you I am ashamed to admit it, but I want to cry. I can feel the tears securely dammed up behind eyes that want to burst. There is a voice in me that shouts, BE STRONG! BE A MAN! SHOW NO WEAKNESS! SHED NO TEARS! But there is another voice inside that speaks softly and somehow I feel it is your voice, Father.

Is it you who tells me that I am also a feeling human being who can cry if I need to? Is it your voice that tells me that maybe my wife needs the tenderness of my tears more than she needs the strength of my muscles? You are right, Lord, as always. My wife needs to see my grief, she needs to feel the dampness of my tears and know the aching in my heart. Then, just as we became one to create this life, we become one in our grief which mourns this death. I think I understand now, Lord, it is in sharing the awful pain of my grief that I become an even stronger man. It is in sharing my tears that I share my true strength.

O God, help me communicate my deepest and most sensitive feeling to my wife so we may become whole together.

~ Norman Hagley, TCF/Omaha, NE

VALLEY OF THE BUTTERFLIES

There is a green, sun drenched valley --

Light with the scent of clover and lilacs -- Where the butterflies dance.

Leaping and swooping, they reflect colors of every hue and dimension.

There are Monarchs and Skippers, Swallowtails and delicate spring Azures. Each dances its unique pattern Of flits, circles and dives.

Stretching its fragile wings toward the clouds Or brushing its feet on the succulent grass.

There are no roads, paths, or gates To broach the valley's entrance;

Yet it is visited often in thoughts and dreams.

Every parent who has sent forth a child

And vainly waited for its return

Comes seeking in the Valley of the Butterflies

And there finds a beautiful spirit, Stretching its wings to the clouds

And brushing its feet on the grass

Dancing in swoops, flits and dives,

Drying its dewy wings in the warm sunshine of forever.

~ Marcia Augi, TCF/Trenton, NJ

THE WAVES OF GRIEF

I watched the waves break on the shore

I heard them crash and pound and roar,

Some broke a long way out at sea

And some washed right up over me.

And as I watched them ebb and flow

They seemed quite like the grief I know

They never stopped, yet there were those

Which carried me with them as they rose.

Other waves were very calm

And I could stand and not fall down.

While I watched the tide went out

And "Grief" retreated without doubt.

I knew that it would come again

And I would feel that awful pain,

But maybe not so often now

Will I be overwhelmed somehow.

Since David died the grief has changed

Not dimmed, but rather rearranged.

The waves of grief I'll always have

But this I know - I have survived.

~ Barb Patterson, TCF/Coquitlam, Canada

"Commitment to life and living for yourself, spouse and family, and commitment to your child's memory are four choices you must make. Each one requires perseverance and patience. Failure to make these commitments will extend the tragedy by increasing the loss." ~ Nancy Hogan

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

TAKE YOUR TIME

One of the hardest things about grief is the so-called "time table." You are told you should be feeling one way or the other. You are given a time to mourn by the outside world, and then you must be "over it." "Get on with your life." "Count your blessings." All of this can make you both angry and afraid. Angry because (a) you don't WANT to "get over it." (b) you are "getting on" with your life in the best way you know how, and (c) your "blessings" have nothing whatsoever to do with the pain of your loss! Afraid because you are not having some of the feelings you think you should be having because you are not reacting "normally." There is a period of extreme shock that can last from a few weeks to several months; you may not feel anything except numbness for awhile, That's OK!

The best advice is ... take your time. Be gentle with yourself. Do what you need to do, not what you think you should do. Don't clutter up your life with things that will exhaust you physically and weaken you emotionally. Remember, you are fighting the hardest battle you will ever have to face, so give yourself the best weapons you can. Rest; get in touch with your feelings, and talk. Say your child's name to anyone who will listen...take time,,,your time...to heal.

~ Sandra Young, TCF/Knoxville, TN

CAN'T YOU HEAR OUR HEARTS BREAKING?

You Say:

- You look great
- Time will heal
- He is in a better place
- You have so many good memories
- You are so strong

We think you lie.

How can we look great when we get no sleep, cry easily almost constantly?

Time is not healing - it may dull but never heal.

He is in a better place? - Where is the best place for any mother's child? Of course! In the mother's arms. Eventually we will all go to that better place but with all my heart I pray you go before your child.

It was God's will? - No, it was not God's will! It was David's will, David's anguish, David's despair. Oh, Davey! Why didn't you call me or just come home?

You have so many good memories. - We can't talk to a memory, hug a memory, or kiss a memory. A memory is just that - a memory.

You are so strong! - How dare you! Our insides crawl. Our minds explode, our memories haunt and you say "You are so strong." Listen closely, friends -

CAN'T YOU HEAR OUR HEARTS BREAKING?

~ Jeanne M. Barker, TCF/Chapter unknown
Mother of David who died from suicide in 1988

THE BIRTHDAY TABLE

No rustling tissue paper,
scattered ribbons, or burst balloons,
no shouts of Happy Birthday,
break the silence in this room.

Nonetheless, a birthday has rolled round again,
though the beloved children who reveled in the cheer

no longer blow the candles out

at the turning of the year

Loving hands may bring

a photograph of that precious life to share

and place it on the Birthday Table

with utmost tenderness and care

For though the world may not recall

the laughter or the joy

we treasure every memory

of our birthday girls and boys.

~ Frankie Wilford, TCF/Carrollton-Farmers Branch, TX

A Beginning

One day you wake up and realize that you must have survived it because you are still here, alive and breathing. But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get there. Your only awareness is that you have shed miles of tears on what seems to be an endless road of sorrow. One day - one glorious day - you wake up and feel your skin tingle again, and you forget just for an instant that your heart is broken and it is a beginning.

~ Susan Borrowman, TCF/Kingston, Ontario

"It takes TWO to speak the truth...one to talk and the other to listen...."

~ Henry David Thoreau

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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



SIBLING PAGE

What Siblings Think About

At a Pennsylvania chapter meeting, the brothers and sisters explored their feeling about a number of issues. Those siblings were kind enough to record their feelings on paper with others

I would like my parents to know....

That I am OK and would like to talk to them about my brother or sister whenever they feel like it
That I hurt too and loved my brother/sister.
That my love for my sibling will never go away.
How special my parents are and how proud I am of their love.
It's all right if they want to talk to me. I will listen and be sad with them
That they are not at fault.
That it's OK to cry together and that I'm there for them.
That I'll never forget my sibling, the good times and the hard ones.

I would like my father to know....

It helps to talk.
That if anything happened to him, I would feel the same way.
He is not alone and I want to laugh and cry with him again.
That his child knew that he loved him/her.
That it's OK to talk about my brother/sister when I am around.
I do cry, not a lot, but I do cry.

I would like my mother to know....

I love her.
It's OK to cry and I am there for her to talk to
That I will always love her.
She has been my example of giving love.
That my sibling is at peace with God
It's OK to talk about the past.
I cry. I knew my sibling in a different way. I think about those times and smile through the tears.

I would like my dead brother/sister to know....

We miss you.
That I love you and miss you and need you in my life.
That we are well, sharing all we have, and waiting to be with you again.
It's sad around here, but we remember you.
That we all love and miss you very, very much
That your life won't be forgotten.
That I try to be like you. I am in many ways.
One thing I'd like to say is that I go into your room for the memories.

The hardest part of losing my brother/sister is....

Having such a hole in our family.
Believing it actually happened and that I'll never see or talk to him/her again.
I will never have a sibling to talk to.
Not being able to look into your eyes, hug you and laugh with you
That I never told you personally that I loved you - it was

always assumed.

Losing my best friend.

Not having you there to complain at me for the things I do.

I like to remember my sister/brother by....

Looking at pictures.
Thinking of you when you would goof off with my children.
Going to the grave.
Playing my music loud, singing like you and laughing I listen to your favorite albums.
Talking about him and looking at his truck in the driveway.

I regret.....

Nothing
All the arguments we had and not having the chance to say good-bye.
Fighting with my brother/sister.
Not hearing your music play and the telephone busy.
Not sharing enough time with you.
Not telling you how much I loved you.
Not yelling at or hugging you one more time.
Not knowing when you were going to die.
Hugging you because you were the "big brother/sister."
Not spending time with you.
Being a massive pest.

The Sibling Group TCF, Lehigh Valley, PA

A Letter to My Sister:

Dear Jenny,

I feel so mixed up. I don't know what to think. Sometimes I'm really cross with you for dying and leaving me. I wanted to go on being your big sister. Sometimes I feel guilty too. I wasn't there with you when you died. Maybe I could have done something to save you.

Sometimes I just want to scream and scream to get the pain out. I cry too but mostly on my own. When I'm alone I think about you and imagine us having a coke, talking and laughing together like we used to. Then I remember so many happy memories of silly things we did together. Remember that wee "Jack in the Box" I gave you when you were little and how surprised you were when he jumped out?

Then sometimes right in the middle of a good memory when I'm feeling good...CLICK! I remember that you are not here anymore, that you're dead, yes DEAD, and it is AWFUL, TERRIBLE and my insides ache.

Some days I feel normal, happy and hardly think of you; other days I can't get you out of my head and it is so hard to go on without you. I want to have more days when I can remember you and smile with no pain. Will that happen? I hope so. Anyway, that's for me to find out.

No matter what, Jenny, remember that I love you and always will.

Your big sister,
Louise (16)

Lovingly taken from Treetops, Issue No 4
Sibbs, TCF UK, Autumn Issue 2001

The Golden Gate Bridge: Still Beautiful

On May 23rd, 1995 my son jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge [in San Francisco]. Tempting as it is to believe he'd still be alive had there been a barrier, I think it would be naive. In my despair I wanted to blame the psychiatrist who refused to see him because he'd missed some appointments, the girlfriend who'd ended their relationship just two days prior to his jump, the crisis center at the hospital where he'd gone for help and who could have kept him had they read the signs right, but didn't; myself, (especially myself), for flawed parenting. But never did I blame the bridge! In the end it was his decision. In his farewell note, he said he was going to electrocute himself. What made him change his mind? I don't know, but I believe it was the deed, not the method, that he was determined to execute. People who really want to die find a way. So while a barrier would deter suicides on the bridge, it would hardly deter suicides. Should we eliminate tall buildings, parking structures, automobile exhaust pipes, ropes?

In spite of very sad memories, I still appreciate the beauty of the bridge. People from all over the world enjoy the vistas from this compelling structure. Is it fair to impair the visibility in a futile effort to control deaths from the bridge? The bridge is for the living, too.

~ Carol Sheldon, TCF/Marin County, California

A Season of Mercy

To love is to risk losing. To lose is to risk finding something new. The cycle of the heart; birth, death, rebirth. Therefore, before my heart turns to stone, I will re-enter the cycle, and make up my mind again to risk living.

What is it that I have left to do with you?

I must gather up our memories and divide them into two boxes.

In the first I will lovingly set all those things that are gone and can never be replaced. These are the secret signs of our unique understanding. I will mourn these lost treasures as I have mourned you, and then I will give the box away. In the other I will collect all those things that remain to be shared again in another time and place. Each of these joys you have left to me, with a blessing, to be recreated with other, yet undiscovered loves. I will celebrate these gifts as I have celebrated you, and then this box, I will keep.

~Author Unknown

THE BEDROOM DILEMMA

There are many dilemmas affecting the life of a bereaved parent, but one that seems to cause one of the greatest amounts of stress and hand wringing is what we do with our children's (or siblings or grandchild's) bedroom. My daughter Nina's room was her sanctuary—a very messy one at that. Much to my chagrin, the more clutter surrounding her the better! However, as a teenager, that is where she could be found most often; lying on her daybed chatting on the phone with her friends, homework and soda cans scattered around her, clothes and shoes thrown every which way. Laughter emanated from her bedroom, my daughter's intermingled with her friends' shrieks of delight. Many evenings I sat on her bed as she told me of her adventures as a freshman at Park High, her latest crush, and regaled me with her tales of a day in the life of a typical 15-year-old girl. Much of my memories are to be found in that room, and the realization I would never have those experiences again with Nina were almost unbearable. Therefore, what I would do with her bedroom now that she was no longer here was of utmost importance to me.

Over the 12 plus years since Nina left this planet, and I have been a part of TCF sharing groups, I have heard various ways others have dealt with this issue. Interestingly, what seems to come into play again and again is what friends and family thought should be done with the child's room. More often than not, their school of thought is that we should empty it completely, give away their possessions, and change it into an office or guest bedroom just as quickly as possible. They believe keeping things as is are only constant reminders of our children's absence. In reality, we are thinking of them 24/7 anyway. Truly, they mean well and are only trying to find ways to help us. However, in the early stages of our grief most of us are not capable of making such an important decision, which is one that should be made only by us. With our loved ones gone, once we change something, there is no going back. To clear away her things and depersonalize her room felt to me as if I was somehow removing her from my life. What I learned from seasoned bereaved parents was that what are perceived as painful memories of their absence, while in early grief, will, in time, become cherished memories we will want to hold onto. When the numbing brain fog lifts we will more clearly begin to realize that, and only then make more rational decisions that are right for our situation.

I decided to leave Nina's room as it was, mostly from advice I received at a TCF meeting. I told myself that I would know when I was ready to tackle that decision. This is not always possible for everyone—maybe they had previously crowded conditions and needed that room for someone else or a variety of other reasons. What we need to remember again is that handling something like this is so personal; what feels right for one person may be entirely wrong for another. I think the key thing to remember is that if we are able to take our time that we try not to make a snap decision. We had no control over the fact that our child died; this might be something that we can make a choice about when we are ready and able to do so.

In my case, I waited for seven years before redoing Nina's room. I tried to do it at one and a half years and then again at five years, and found that I just could not. When I finally did at seven years, I took my time and spent many weeks sifting through her life. I cried a ton of tears, but at that stage I spent the majority of time smiling and laughing. I found things she wrote, what I call 'buried treasures', that in the early stages would have set me back weeks because of its emotional impact, but years later brought me peace, and a deep personal understanding of Nina's thoughts that rekindled our close relationship. I acknowledge that most people do not wait seven years to undertake the bedroom project; however, that is what worked for me. I made her room into a guest room that still included her daybed and many of her personal belongings. At that later stage, it became my private place where I would wrap myself in her handmade afghan, lie on her bed, look at the glow-in-the-dark stars on her ceiling (that are still there today), and I felt close to my daughter. The point here is that seven months or seven years, we must try not to let someone else force the issue, as well meaning as they may be, with something as important as what to do with our child's room. Everyone has different timetables. Only we will know what and when it is right for us. With gentle thoughts,

~Cathy L. Seehuetter, TCF/St. Paul Chapter

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)

Please check out our Chapter website's page for 'Our Beloved Children' (www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html).

If you would like your child's picture and a poem or story posted on this page, please submit them to us at tcf1313@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.

TO DAD — We wish you

H ope
A nswers
P eace
P ower
Y outh

F aith
A ctivity
T ears
H ealth
E mpathy
R ainbows
S miles

D reams
A mbition
Y earning

~ The Children, TCF/Niles, OH

Pieces of My Heart

I kneel beside you,
I tremble, I can't stop.
The tears pour from my eyes
watering your grave.
The scattered pieces of my heart
pull together one last time
to give me the courage to tell you ...
I love you. I miss you. I need you.
~ Karly Esther Falcon, TCF/Houston TX

A Gift for Fathers on Father's Day

You have memories – don't crowd them out
Think about them – Treasure them
And let them bring you solace
and a measure of joy.
~ TCF/Louisville, KY

My Child's Pictures

I set them out. I put them away. I get them out and start to go through them. I am filled with bleak wonder that the daughter pictured there is no longer going to call, or walk in the door, or send a card filled with love and humor. Cards that brightened my day, made me laugh, and always prompted me to call her and give her a big hug when she walked in the door.

Pictures. I get them out. I run my hand over her face, lingering on her lips, remembering. And suddenly, overcome with grief, I pull that picture to me, and I kiss her and tell her how much I love her, and how very much I miss her. Then I look again and see her eyes that sparkled and twinkled with mischief.

Pictures. At times I hate them. They show me what I don't have. They bring back memories of a time when she was healthy and happy—a time when life with her was a joy. I am not yet at a place in my healing where I can remember those times very well. I am still filled with memories of her pain, illness and death. I'm still at the place that I want all of those horrible memories to be a bad dream, a dream from which I will awake and hear her voice calling me to come outside to take some pictures.

~ Patty Fallen, TCF/Central OR

Who could have known the exquisite difference your brief life would make upon mine? Who could have known a tiny baby would show me the beauty of a sunrise, or the wonder of a rainbow, or the pain of a tear? Who could have known an innocent child would take away my fear of death, and point me in the direction of heaven? Who could have known that you would succeed where so many others have failed?

Dana Gensler, TCF/South Central, KY

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THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
OF THE F-M AREA
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FARGO ND 58106

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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 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.