

The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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www.compassionatefriends.org

F-M Area Chapter
P.O. Box 10686
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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 11th
July 9th

Meeting Subjects:

June - Balloon Release, everyone is welcome

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on June 25th @
Fry'n Pan
TCF National Conference - Dallas, TX
July 10-12, 2015
TCF FM Chapter's 9th Annual Walk to
Remember - August 8, 2015
TCF Regional Conference -
Rochester, MN October 2-4, 2015

LOVE GIFTS

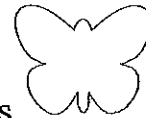
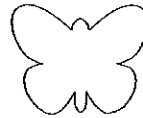
John & Kelly Borgen in memory of their daughter, Kari Borgen
Larry & Lori Wiger in memory of their daughter, Ashley Wiger
Lisa Beach in memory of her niece, Ashley Wiger
Lyle, Tammy Helgeson, Justin, Jaime, Hunter, Jersey, Stacy, & Jordyn in memory of their son/brother, Jared Scott Helgeson
We are deeply 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.

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.

"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 25th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylc13@msn.com.

I AM A MAN

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

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

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

The rock became mush. I then realized what I had done. I had played MAN instead of just being a father and a husband. You see, a mother doesn't need a rock with no emotions. She needed me to show her I did indeed love our son and that I was hurting after his death, and that I did cry.

My wife comforted me that night, after we talked. I cried, she cried. We both needed it. I found out that it was good for me to cry and let my wife help me. I am a MAN. I am a grieving man, who now does not mind crying in front of anyone. I cry for myself and for our son J.J.

~ Jim Brown, in Grief Relief Magazine (1987)

My Dad is a Survivor

My dad is a survivor too
which is no surprise to me.

He's always been like a lighthouse
that helps you cross a stormy sea.

But, I walk with my dad each day
to lift him when he's down.

I wipe the tears he hides from others;
he cries when no one's around.

I watch him sit up late at night
with my picture in his hand.

He cries as he tries to grieve alone,
and wishes he could understand.

My dad is like a tower of strength.

He's the greatest of them all!

But, there are times when he needs to cry...
please be there when he falls.

Hold his hand or pat his shoulder...
and tell him its okay.

Be his strength when he's sad;
help him mourn in his own way.

Now, as I watch over my precious dad
from the Heavens up above...

I'm so proud that he's a survivor...
and, I can still feel his love.

~ Kaye Des'Ormeaux

KISSES TO HEAVEN

Today I sent a kiss to heaven
I'm encouraging all of you to try
For if I have shared this with you
You have had a child die

This kiss came from down deep inside
And I know that it truly was received

Right after I had sent my kiss
A calming breeze surrounded me
Not only that, a wind chime rang

From where I do not know
But I felt my child smile at me
And say he loved me so

Take a kiss within your hands
And look up at the sky

Release that kiss with loving care
Now please try not to cry

Once the kiss is off to them
To Heavens gate above

Just look for any single sign
Of your child's precious love
I felt my kiss returned to me

And yours will do the same

It might not be from the breeze or chimes
but in the trees, the sun or rain

Now smile up to your child
In the clouds way up above

But most importantly tell

Your child, that they are always loved

~ Author Unknown

"Surrender"

Grief is the process of exhuming all that has been,
examining its precious contents, and lovingly preparing it
for reburial.

She grasped my hands tightly, staring into my eyes,
past the tears, both hers and mine, into the struggle of my
understanding.

"I'll cry with you," she whispered, "until we run out of
tears Even if it's forever. We'll do it together."

There it was ... a simple promise of connection. The
loving alliance of grief and hope that blesses both our
breaking apart and our coming together again.

Where once the scar left by death was a painful
reminder of lost love, that same love will someday claim
the power to transform that scar into a permanent
remembrance of joy.

After days of wandering in the uncertain pain of my
grief, of hiding from my fear, of begging to be brought
back safely, I have finally come home to face the occasion
of my wandering, and to dwell again in the certainty and
safety of myself.

- from Safe Passage by Molly Fumia

When one has tasted watermelon
He knows what the angels eat.

Mark Twain

Parable of Immorality

I am standing upon a seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch until at last she hangs like a speck of white cloud where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then someone at my side says—There she goes.

Gone where? Gone from my sight—that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of destination. Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says, “There she goes! there are other eyes watching her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, “Here she come!”

~Henry Van Dyke

Letting go of grief doesn't mean that you

No longer miss your loved one.

He is part of your life forever.

However, his role in your life changes.

~ Darcie D Sims, “*Footsteps Through the Valley*”

QUESTIONS

How do things look from your side of the rainbow?

Are the colors still the same?

Are they dull or bright?

Are the clouds white or gray?

What about the trees?

The grass?

The flowers?

Do you see me kneeling at your grave?

Mary Vandever, TCF/Long Beach, CA

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me

I remember how I used to watch over you,
Tried to teach you the things you should do.

I can remember the things I would say

As I tried to guide you along the way.

But since you've gone, and our lives have changed,

It seems the roles have been rearranged.

Sometimes it feels like it used to be,

Only you're the one watching over me.

I know in my mind that you're not here;

Yet there are times when you feel so near.

I've learned if I let the love flow through,

I'll get to keep a part of you.

For though death comes – the love never goes away.

You're presence is with me every day.

For my guardian angel you now will be,

And you're the some who'll watch over me.

~ Carolyn Bryan, TCF/Orange Park, FL

Remembrance

There is a journey called remembrance,

I take from time to time.

Its pathway winds through my heart

And sweet memories I always find.

Yes, memory is a journey,

Our minds can travel through.

Its pathway leads into my heart,

When I am missing you.

If you travel far inside,

You'll walk down memory lane;

It's filled with precious moments,

Some of pleasure, some of pain.

Years can't destroy the beauty,

As long as memory lives.

Time can't erase the pleasure,

That our memory gives.

Yes, memory paints a picture,

Of time I shared with you;

A journey called remembrance,

I'll travel my whole life through.

~ Judy O. Chapman, TCF/Greenville, SC

Seeds of Promise

Golden beams of joy

Illuminate the day

Transform to a fragile flower.

Intricate lacy patterns,

Woven with gossamer threads

of dreams.

Translucent desires,

Visible for those with feelings,

hidden from those with none.

Whispers on the breeze

of promise.

Seeds scatter

cast on the wind.

Spreading wishes and dreams.

Messengers of hope

and renewal.

A promise of new life,

of beginnings.

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www.JourneyofHearts.org

Separation

From where I stand

I cannot see

How far it is

From you to me.

At different times

It seems to be

A step or an infinity.

~ Richard Dew, MD

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

CHILD		PARENTS
RILEY MARK DAHLBERG.....	12.....	BLAKE & CHRISTINA DAHLBERG
DAVID MICHAEL HELFTER.....	47.....	MARK & HELLA HELFTER
JARED SCOTT HELGESON	32.....	LYLE & TAMMY HELGESON
RYAN W JENSEN.....	36.....	LARAE JENSEN
JEFF KADLEC.....	55.....	FRANK & MAXINE KADLEC
GAIL DIANE LARSON	57.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
CHERYL L SAMSON	52.....	DUKE & PATRICIA SAMSON
CRAIG A SCHEER.....	47.....	WILLIAM & ELAINE SCHEER
DOUG E SCHENCK.....	51.....	HAROLD & IRENE SCHENCK
DUANE SCHMITCKE	57.....	MARY ANN SCHMITCKE
ADAM JOSEPH SNYDER.....	32.....	ANNE SNYDER

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
CODY DEAN CONNER.....	3.....	DEBORAH & BRAD FRASER
DAVID GRAFSGAARD	8.....	ERNEST & BERDINE GRAFSGAARD
ALLEN HARRIS.....	5.....	DELORES HARRIS
KARLTON YORK HOFF.....	21.....	GORDON & VIRLIN HOFF
RYAN DEAN NELSON	16.....	BECKY NELSON
JOSEPH PETER ROEL.....	8.....	ROBERT & SANDRA ROEL
TOMMY ROESCH	1.....	DAVID & LINDA ROESCH
MICHAEL ROBERT SACKMAN	17.....	ROBERT & GLORIA SACKMAN
CHRISTIANA N SANDSTROM.....	2.....	ANDREW & SHAYNA SANDSTROM
KINLEY SNYDER	3.....	JEREMY & TERI SNYDER
TYLER JAMES THOEMKE	12.....	JAMIE & SHERI THOEMKE
ASHLEY WIGER	1.....	LARRY & LORI WIGER
PATRICK DAVID WILKIE	2.....	DAVID & SHAVONNE WILKIE

A Father Speaks

Driving to work with the radio on, I sit next to a fellow co-worker and friend in the passenger seat. It's early in the morning, and the conversation is light. A song reminds me of Jesse, my deceased son, so I tell a story about Jesse. A cloud of silence and dread fills the car. My friend shifts his position, and I can feel how uncomfortable he is. I swallow the memories of Jesse and switch the conversation to last night's ball game. Sound familiar? It's painful to your friends to hear about your deceased child, and it's painful for you to silence your memories, too.

Certain studies claim that women are social beings and are more able to communicate their emotions than are men. The same studies state that men are mostly competitive and tend to hide their negative emotions, such as sadness or grief, especially from other men. Does that mean that men have less need to deal with their emotions? I don't think so. From personal experiences and experiences of other men whom I have known, grief is one emotion that *demands* relief. Without grief recovery, grief can become a destructive force that at some point can consume you—your physical as well as your mental and spiritual health.

Bereavement support groups remind us that we need not walk alone. From a man's viewpoint, I think our support group's monthly gatherings offer an important avenue for men to work through the grief recovery process. Other doors are often shut to men who need to discuss their anger, guilt, sadness, and even happy memories concerning their deceased children. Let's talk with and listen to each other.

~ Jim Hobbs, Bereaved Parents of North Texas

SIBLING PAGE

DO I HAVE TO?

Mom, do I have to stop loving my brother, because he is not here?

Will I forget all about him because he's not near?

I remember all the things we did together, even though we were very young.

I laugh and feel warm each time I think of a particularly funny one.

Sometimes I get so angry that he's no longer here to share,

But I know he knows it's because of how much I still care.

I miss him so even though at times we didn't agree.

Just knowing he was there made things feel safe for me.

He always felt he had to be my strong protective big brother,

And that's a bond we'll always share with each other.

He tried to protect me even when he too was just as scared.

Those were the very special kinds of moments we shared.

No, I won't stop loving that big brother of mine,

Not now, not ever, not till the end of time.

He will always be a part of what makes me be me,

And that's the part of our love that will live eternally.

~ Jackie Rosen, TCF/North Dade, FL

LONELY HURTING CHILDREN

"How is your mom doing?"

Is the basic question asked.

Sometimes an inquiry about Dad,

But so sadly seldom

They do not ask about the siblings

They must be so sad.

True, the depth of our loss

Brings agony and pain.

But the children, the dear children

Really do hurt again and again.

They lost a brother or sis

Their pain is just as real

Frustration, anger and fear

They, too, go through hell.

Who is there to comfort them?

To give a word of care?

Everyone is more concerned

About the parents' welfare.

While the siblings drown in their hurt and pain

Not one to hold them near

And let them know they are not to blame.

To uplift and ease their minds from fear.

~ Linda J. Camper, TCF/Colorado Springs, CO

EVERY TIME THAT IT RAINS

I think of you every time that it rains.

When clouds fill the sky and storm winds blow,

Memories of you drop from the sky

Kissing my tulips and brushing my cheek.

I know you are there...

When the rainbow appears.

I love you and miss you with all of my heart

and I think of you every time that it rains.

~ Lorie Haacke, TCF/Billings, MT

In memory of her brother, Tony

"One whose sister or brother has died has a special view of this loss. There is the loss itself, hard enough to bear, and often no one inquires how a bereaved sibling is doing with the grief. And as I've heard one sibling put it, 'I lost my brother, and my parents are so changed that I feel as if I lost them too.' Much is changed within our surviving family. Many of us have found the company of other bereaved siblings to be very valuable, a group of listeners who truly and fully understand." -

~ Charley Kopp, Contra Costa TCF Sibling Member

DREAMY MEMORIES

Beckoning, dreamy memories

Call softly out to me,

Taking me back through the years

To the way it used to be.

Carefree and happy was our Brad,

The world was his shining toy,

Sunny days and summer nights

Two favorites of his joy.

He floated, drifting with the tide,

Never knowing care or sorrow,

Living each day as it came,

With no thoughts of tomorrow.

I shed a tear for him today,

My heart called out his name.

I longed to hold him in my arms

For a touch that never came.

I closed my eyes to see his face

And hoped to see his smile.

I waited to hear him say to me,

"I'll be back in just a while."

And then my eyes, so filled with fear,

My heart, so filled with pain,

Came back to see he wasn't here—

My wishes were in vain.

Wistfully my mind returns

To the present day again.

I find in pleasant sweet surprise,

His soul still lives within.

Though he may not be here now

In a body we can touch,

His memory will grow each day—

In our hearts that means so much.

So now I'll say the time will come

When we will be together again.

Until that day no good-byes we'll say,

Just "We love you. God bless."

~ Debbie Sadler Brown, TCF/ Nashville, TN

A STORM OF GRIEF

When a storm of grief grows in the heart,

Reach back for yesterday

To catch onto your memories.

The storm will calm, and for a brief moment

The lost feelings of happiness

Will shine through and through

~ Lori Pollard, TFC/Montgomery AL

OUR PRECIOUS CHILDREN

There's a special group of children
That society needs to be aware.
That are still so very important
Even though they are not here.
The only thing that isn't here
Are their bodies as we know them.
We're left with memories and
filled with love we want to show them.
So even though we can't reach out
and kiss their beautiful face,
their world must know in our
hearts they always have a place.
The tender tears, the memories we
live with every day.
Our precious children living in
our hearts really haven't gone away.
~ Tony Hamilton, TCF/McMinnville, OR

PONDERINGS ALONG THE PATH

Dear Compassionate Friends:

This month many of our children are starting new chapters in their lives, by graduating from high school or college, getting married or even becoming parents themselves. As much as we rejoice in their achievements and our optimism for the future, we mourn the loss of the old chapter. It's really hard to think about them moving on in life and realizing we will no longer be as big a party in their daily lives. We love the confident, kind, funny adults they have become, but mourn the loss of the trusting little child we rocked and nurtured and shared every little happy time or disappointment with. It is especially hard for bereaved families who have suffered the loss of a child through death to "let go" of their surviving children.

Our children have taught us unconditional love, courage, the strength to stand up for our values and the faith to keep going during adversity. They have also taught us patience, hope, confidence, the ability to dream and the unbelievable strength of family. Our children have taught us that life goes on. They have lived through the tremendous pain of losing a sibling and experience one of the most painful losses possible, but still find the courage to hope and dream for the future. They are anxious to spread their wings and experience life. We can only hug them tight, say a prayer and release them to find their way in the world, trusting them to make the right choices through the values we have taught them. We have so many dreams for them, but realize they have to have their own dreams and work to make those dreams come true. We hope that our faith, love and trust in them will carry them through any tough times, and that we will always "be there" for them.

I wish you comfort and healing, and the faith to get through these new chapters in your life.

In friendship,
Nadine Boyd

WHEN GRIEF IS NEW REMINDERS

- Try not to imagine the future; take one day at a time.
- Allow yourself time to cry, both alone and with your loved ones.
- Don't shut out other family members from your thoughts and feelings. Share these difficult times. You may all become closer for it.
- Try to be realistic about your expectations of yourself, your spouse, other family members and friends. If each of us is unique and different, how can there be perfect understanding?
- When a good day comes, relish it. Don't feel guilty and don't be discouraged because it doesn't last.
- Take care of your health. Even though the mind might not care, a sick body will only compound your troubles. Drink lots of water, take stress-type vitamins, rest (even if you don't sleep), and get moderate exercise. Help your body to heal as well as your mind.
- Share your feelings with other compassionate friends and let them share with you. You will find that as you begin caring about the pain of others, you will start to come out of your shell - a very healthy sign.

~Mary Ehmann, TCF/Valley Forge, PA

Nine Years or Nine Hundred

Sometimes it seems that nobody understands
The pain of losing your child
"Well," they say, "it's been nine years
Shouldn't you be over it by now?
My parents died (or my cousin - or my dog,)
And I did my grieving and got over it," they say.
Nine years— It seems like only yesterday
And I remember the horror:

- The police knocking at the door in the middle of the night
- Making funeral arrangements (funeral arrangements?) for my son.
- Asking his best friends — boys who were just yesterday playing ball and laughing with him — to be his pallbearers.
- That awful empty feeling in the pit of my stomach when the limousine from the funeral home; drove up to our house.
- Seeing his casket poised above the freshly-dug grave.
- Being pulled away from the graveside when the eternity of services was done.
- Waking up every morning for weeks and for a blessed split second thinking everything was right with the world, then the reality crashing in that he is dead.
- Fumbling my way, somehow, through the days and nights.

Yes, my friends, it's been nine years. And still it hurts to say his name.

To think what he might have been doing now with his life.

To realize what a waste of a young life it was.

So, please, don't expect me to be "over it" or "okay."

Not in nine years - Or in ninety - Or in nine hundred

Barbara Koontz Clarihew, TCF/Bucksmont 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.

A Father Mourns Too

I just watched another TV commercial for cologne, which is the first sign of the approach of Father's Day. Like other fathers, I know the gift I'd like to get this Father's Day, just as I know there is no way that it will happen—my son's life, an opportunity not to hurt when I see boys who are his age, a chance to dream those dreams for that little boy again.

But that's not going to happen. Instead I will get up on that day, having called my own father the night before to wish him a happy Father's Day, and I will go to the cemetery to place flowers on my son's grave. I will stand alone and cry for a time and then return home to my wife and new infant son.

This year we will have a greater measure of peace because of the birth of our son, but I shall always have a hole in my soul, a longing that I know I will have until I die.

Like many bereaved fathers, I have felt misunderstood about how a father should mourn and for how long. I do not understand how a society can have such a belief in the strength of maternal love and do such a good job ignoring the intensity of paternal love. From the people whose only question at my son's memorial service was how was my wife dealing with this tragedy, to the longtime friend who didn't understand my choking up after watching a Hallmark commercial, it seems that many around us have difficulty understanding a father's grief. So, support and love is needed and needed badly. Of course, we have Compassionate Friends, but something more personal and closer to home is needed. I hope that bereaved fathers will not be forgotten on Father's Day. It is often said that we don't often talk of our emotional needs and are reluctant to show our pain, but we too need love when we hurt.

Please remember us on Father's Day and remember that the cute little commercials that hurt mothers in May take their toll on fathers in June.

~ Doug Hughes, TCF/Las Vegas, NV

GRIEF AND VACATION TIME

Vacation time, like holidays, can be especially painful for bereaved parents. Vacations, especially the "take it easy" kind which release the mind to think, are sometimes very hard. For the first few years, you may find fast-paced vacations to be best. Places you have never been before, new experiences, new places, new people may refresh you and prepare you to pick up your grief work when you return. Our memories do travel with us, but somehow they seem less painful than at home. Remember to allow enough time for rest – an exhausted body will often lead to depression.

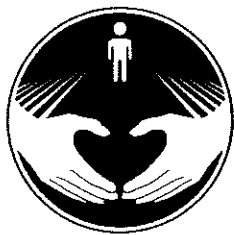
Some couples have even found an occasional separate vacation or weekend to be helpful. Allow space, since you are not grieving at the same rate. When you go alone, you do not take your mate's memories, only your own. It can be a time of sorting out and straightening priorities. The bottom line is, you must find your own way. Don't be afraid of change.

~ Leona Dooley, TCF/Amarillo, TX

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 701-540-3287	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-540-3287
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
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.