



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
P.O. Box 3696  
Oak Brook IL 60522  
Toll-free (877) 969-0010  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

F-M Area Chapter  
P.O. Box 10686  
Fargo ND 58106  
[www.teffargomoorhead.org](http://www.teffargomoorhead.org)  
March 2016

Volume 33 Number 3

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.

**Meeting Topic** - Making buttons, so please bring a picture of your child

**Upcoming Meetings**  
March 10th  
April 14th

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on March 24th @  
Fry'n Pan  
TCF National Conference -  
Scottsdale, AZ July 8-10, 2016

#### LOVE GIFTS

Jim & Jody Kutter in memory of their daughter, Michelle Kutter  
Lisa Beach in memory of her son, Nathan Beach  
John & Kylene Milligan in memory of their son, Matthew Milligan-Olson  
Lori & Larry Wiger in memory of Ashley Wiger & Nathan Beach  
Jim & Shawn Miller in memory of their daughter, Hazel Satrom  
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.

Sympathy sees and says, "I'm sorry."

Compassion feels and whispers, "I will help."

#### 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

"When our special sadness comes to call, when we remember more than we can bear, when courage falters - shadows everywhere: Then let us reach and touch and share, we, who are friends." ~ Sascha Wagner

Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7:00 pm at the Fry'n Pan restaurant, 300 Main Avenue, Fargo. Our gatherings are very informal as we meet to talk about our children, books, recipes, jobs and whatever else comes up in conversation. We all have times when we need the listening heart of another mom or grandma. Please join us this month on Thursday March 24th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or [sherylc13@msn.com](mailto:sherylc13@msn.com).

**Helpful Websites** - Listing of sites does not imply an endorsement by TCF and is included to provide sources of useful information for bereaved families.

Alive Alone - Designed to benefit bereaved parents whose only child or all children have died by providing a self-help network and newsletter to promote communication and healing ..... [www.alivealone.org](http://www.alivealone.org)  
BabySteps - named for the long and difficult road to recovery from the loss of a child. No parent, relative or friend is immune from the pain that results from the loss of a young loved one ..... [www.babysteps.com](http://www.babysteps.com)  
Bereavement Magazine ..... [www.bereavementmag.com](http://www.bereavementmag.com)  
Child miscarriage and child death support ..... [www.silentgrief.com](http://www.silentgrief.com)  
MADD - Mothers Against Drunk Drivers has a mission to stop drunk driving, support victims of violent crime, and prevent underage drinking ..... [www.madd.org](http://www.madd.org)  
SOS - Survivors of Suicide helps those who have lost a loved one to suicide to resolve their grief and pain in their own personal way ... [www.survivorsofsuicide.com](http://www.survivorsofsuicide.com)

### **I Don't Know Why**

I don't know why.

I'll never know why.

I don't have to know why.

I don't like it.

I don't have to like it.

What I have to do is make a choice about my living.

What I do want to do is accept it and go on living.

The choice is mine.

I can go on living, valuing every moment

in a way I never did before,

or I can be destroyed by it and,

in turn, destroy others.

I thought I was immortal.

That my family and my children were also.

That tragedy happened only to others.

But I know now that life is tenuous and valuable.

So I am choosing to go on living,

making the most of the time I have,

valuing my family and friends

in a way never possible before.

From the book, *My Son, My Son*, by Iris Bolton, whose son

Mitch died by suicide.

### **SPRING'S TEARS**

When the sun's sharp brilliance echoes in the luminescent blue

A grim, oppressive darkness stabs my aching heart anew.

Its golden glow upon my face, the warmth of winter's sun

Holds the promise of renewal when the icy months are done.

It is this vow of nature's of resurgence in the spring

That bows my head, and breaks my heart; unlocks my suffering.

For you will miss again the beauty of this time of year

The growing warmth, the sunny days when life will reappear.

For nature has no power over death that holds you still,

And though I know, I still resent spring's early daffodil.

Oh, would that I could speak to Mother Nature face to face!

To beg she work her magic on your lonely resting place.

Why can't it be YOUR rebirth when the gray, cold days are done?

Why mightn't YOU not live again to see spring's fresh new dawn

And feel the warmth of sunshine relish in the greening earth...

To open arms, embracing life, why can't it be YOUR birth?

You were so young, your life so new when death crept in the

door,

And in my grief, beloved child, I'll ask forever more

The reason why the earth's renewed when spring comes 'round each year

Yet in your grave you're silent still, and I condemned am here.

Remembering Tracey, always

~ Sally Migliaccio, TCF/Babylon, NY

*The mind has a dumb sense of vast loss—that is all.  
It will take mind and memory months and possibly years  
to gather all the details and thus learn and know the  
whole extent of the loss.*

~ Mark Twain

### **Any Child's Death Diminishes Me**

What difference does it make whether a child is stillborn or dies after some years of life? She spoke of the lack of memories because her child was stillborn. He commented on the deep pain brought by those very memories which remind one of what is lost!

When it comes to a child's death, does the type of death matter? Is a murder worse than an accident? Suicide worse than chronic illness? Teenage worse than the older adults? Stillborn worse than teenage?

I've tried to be thankful that Jeanie wasn't murdered. That she did not commit suicide. That she and those dear boys did not linger, comatose. Or die from prolonged illness. I could not find thankfulness though I have sought diligently for it within my deepest being!

The death of a child, whatever the age or circumstances, brings its own guilt and anger. Its own despair and questioning. Any child's death diminishes the parents who loved that child. And, for those bereaved parents, that death is surely the worst. Their grief the most severe!

~ Robert F. Gloor, TCF/Tuscaloosa, AL

### **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

### **YOU DID NOT DIE**

You live in the beautiful wind that blows.

You live in the sound of birds that crow.

You live in the sun that shines so bright.

You live in the peaceful dark at night.

You live in a star I see in the sky.

You live in ocean waves that come in with the tide.

You live in the smell of flowers and grass.

You live in the summer that goes so fast.

You live in my heart that hurts so much.

You did not die, we only lost touch

~ Shari Swirsky, TCF/Toronto, ON

### **Beginnings**

The incredible pain of some ritual of the daily....

Your clothes came back from the cleaners. Your dentist appointment is still tacked onto the refrigerator. The spaces in my calendar are full not only of the things we have done, but the things we still have to do. How could I have been so fooled? When I noted each event on the page, I had thought its certainty to be assured.

As I touch again and again the still warm body of life we had, I torture myself with longing for the lost reality. Yet I endure each pain patiently, believing somehow that a new, more gracious reality awaits me.

Sleeping, which used to relieve the fullness of the day, has become just another difficult task.

I first avoid my bed, knowing that if I stop moving, memories will sneak into my fading consciousness and force asob up into my throat.

Other nights I lie awake for hours - feeling nothing, but still unable to capture sleep. Or I wake in the pre-dawn darkness, hoping desperately that the clock has moved toward morning.

I was not prepared for sleep to be an enemy. What I need now is a friend, and a way to rest my weary spirits.

From TCF Atlanta Website Reflections

### **Mom Is a Survivor**

My mom is a survivor, or so I have heard it said. But I can hear her crying at night when all others are in bed.

I watch her lay awake at night and go to hold her hand. She doesn't know I am with her to help her understand.

But like the sands on the beach that never wash away...I watch over my surviving mom who thinks of me each day.

She wears a smile for others...a smile of disguise! But through Heavens door I see tears flowing from her eyes.

My mom tries to cope with death to keep my memory alive. But anyone who knows her knows it is her way to survive.

As I watch over my surviving mom through Heaven's open door...I try to tell her that angels protect me forever.

I know it doesn't help her...or ease the burden she bears. So If you get a chance, go visit her...and show her that you care.

For no matter what she says... no matter what she feels. My surviving mom has a broken heart that time won't ever heal.  
~ Kaye Dess' Ormeaux

### **Is it Easing?**

I heard your name today and my heart did not skip a beat, nor was my mind flooded with the emotion of losing you. I heard your name today and it did not bring back the terrible hurt feelings of when you first left me.

I heard your name today with a calmness that surprised me. Many another child carries your name, and it had been torture hearing it and seeing the smiling faces on those little girls.

But today I knew—I found out—what others in my footsteps found out and tried to tell me. The hurt will ease; but the memories, the love, the good times will never go away.

~ Phoebe C. Redman, TCF/Bradenton, FL

### **SEASONS OF THE HEART**

Your special days are unchanging

Seasons of the heart I celebrate.

Your birth, forever spring,

Tender memories relate,

New and green, a dream

From which too soon I awake.

The summer of your life was bright

Laughter needed no reason,

Seemingly endless days of sharing.

Sixteen summers. Short in season.

Your death brought winter without warning,

What sense in all this can be found?

Summer dreams replaced with mourning.

Where is hope now?

But the heart knows what

The mind cannot accept

That when all is lost,

It is love that is left.

Love knows no barriers

Time or distance recognize.

Love does not diminish,

But is constant in our lives.

And like a summer breeze

Uplifts and inspires us

With healing memories.

~ Peggy Walls, TCF/Alexander City, AL

### **An Uneventful Pregnancy**

They said her birth defects were a surprise after an "uneventful" pregnancy.

was it uneventful the day we knew she was there inside—growing?

How about the day we saw her little body

on the ultrasound screen

and fell in love with her?

Was it uneventful the first time

I felt her kick?

Or the second?

What about the day we chose her name—Meg?

All those days we dreamed and hoped and loved her.

Those were the happiest days of our life with her.

Don't tell me it was uneventful. Please.

~ Felise Freeley-O'Brien, TCF/Hingham, MD

### **Grief**

Grief feels like a cave, an aimless groping into a black deepening void. Into your hand I press the only candle I have, a message to flicker in the darkness of your soul: Grief feels like a cave, but it is not a cave. Grief is a tunnel, a journey. The blackness is the same, the only difference is Hope.

Author unknown,

LLF Loving Arms, Pregnancy & Infant Loss Centre

Spring issue 1995

## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

CHILD		PARENTS
BRENT M BARTSCH.....	34	DON & LINDA BARTSCH
KARI RAE BORGEN.....	44	JOHN & KELLY BORGEN
KEVIN MICHAEL FERRIS.....	51	MICHAEL & SHARON FERRIS
MICHAEL L HANSON.....	33	LARRY & MARY HANSON
ALLEN HARRIS.....	57	DELORES HARRIS
DARRYL ROBERT INFELD.....	55	ROBERT & ELEANOR INFELD
JOHN CLAYTON JACKSON JR.....	68	NORMA JACKSON
KRISSY KEELAN.....	36	DONNA QUAM
MICHELLE KUTTER.....	27	JIM & JODY KUTTER
JAMES ALLEN LAMBRECHT.....	51	VICTOR & LORETTA LAMBRECHT
CHRISTOPHER LOE.....	44	MARGARET "MUGS" LOE
ZAYNE WILLIAM MALHEIM OLAFSON.....	7	BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
JAMIE C OLSON.....	38	GLENNIS OLSON
ROY DANA RICHMOND.....	51	THOMAS & AUDREY RICHMOND
TOMMY ROESCH.....	21	DAVID & LINDA ROESCH
DAVID J VOLK.....	54	JACK & JUNE VOLK
ANGELA MARIE WENTZ.....	45	DAVID WENTZ
KATHRYN (KATIE) ELIZABETH WHELTLE.....	34	SHARON & MARK WHELTLE
ASHLEY WIGER.....	29	LARRY & LORI WIGER
PATRICK DAVID WILKIE.....	29	DAVID & SHAVONNE WILKIE

## ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
NANCY PRATT COASH.....	12	PATTI PRATT
KEEGAN M DERHEIM.....	9	RICK & TAMMY DERHEIM
KEVIN MICHAEL FERRIS.....	3	MICHAEL & SHARON FERRIS
LEE A HALVORSON.....	7	DOREEN HALVORSON
DAVID MICHAEL HELFTER.....	12	MARK & HELLA HELFTER
DARRYL ROBERT INFELD.....	7	ROBERT & ELEANOR INFELD
TODD ALLAN JOHNSON.....	1	RUSSELL & ANNE JOHNSON
KRISSY KEELAN.....	2	DONNA QUAM
RAYELLE KATHLEEN KLOSTERMAN.....	1	TYLER KLOSTERMAN & CRYSTAL LUOMA
BENJAMIN GAFFREY KNIER.....	2	FRANK KNIER & MARY GAFFREY KNIER
KAREN LAUMAN.....	4	FRANK LAUMAN
SARAH DEWITZ MARTINSEN.....	6	DEB DEWITZ
MATTHEW MILLIGAN-OLSON.....	16	JOHN & KYLENE MILLIGAN
JARAD NILLES.....	4	RALPH & CAROLYN NILLES
ZAYNE WILLIAM MALHEIM OLAFSON.....	7	BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
CASANDRA (CASY) PERRHUS.....	1	RAYMOND & JAN MILLER
GABRIEL "GABE" THOMPSON.....	13	FRANK & JANE THOMPSON

Please check out our Chapter website's page for 'Our Beloved Children'  
([www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html)). If you would like your child's picture and a poem or story posted on this page, please submit them to us at [tcfl313@hotmail.com](mailto:tcfl313@hotmail.com) or mail them to our PO Box (listed on the back of the newsletter). Photos and poems/stories sent to the PO Box will be electronically scanned and then returned to you so please remember to include a return address

## SIBLING PAGE

### MEMORIES OF YOUR FACE

I woke this morning  
Finding everything in a haze  
Wiping tears from my eyes  
I saw your smiling face.  
I reached out and touched you  
Yet all I could feel was pain  
You felt nothing  
From your life within a frame.  
I spoke. Receiving no reply,  
I told you that I loved you  
I asked you  
Why?  
I'll never have another  
No one to take your place  
All I have, little brother, are memories  
And the picture of your face.  
~ Lisa Walmsley, TCF/Sarasota, FL

### YOU'RE HERE, NOW YOU'RE GONE

You're here.  
Now you're gone.  
It went just that fast.  
Where'd it begin? Where'd it end?  
Like a flash of lightning in the sky.  
So bright and full of life.  
Now gone and full of emptiness.  
How'd it start? Why didn't it stop?  
No one knows, but everyone cares.  
Your spirit is flowing in the air.  
You're not here, but you'll never be gone.  
You will always rise with the morning dawn  
You hold my heart  
It will never be torn apart. ...  
~ Catherine Ludlow, in memory of her sister, Cynthia, who  
died by suicide in 1993.  
Reprinted from Obelisk, Vol. 15, No. 45, a publication of  
Catholic Charities LOSS Program, Chicago, Illinois.

### REMINISCING

I thought about you today  
As I bade farewell for school.  
I thought about you today  
When I heard a certain song.  
I thought about you today  
As the teacher passed the test.  
I thought about you today  
When the kids jumped in the leaves.  
I thought about you today  
As a stranger passed my way.  
I thought about you today  
When I got drenched in the rain.  
I thought about you today  
As I sat in church and prayed.  
I thought about you today  
When I embraced an old friend.  
I thought about you today  
As the day turned into night.  
I will think of you again  
When I close my eyes and dream.  
~ Lori Phillips, TCF/Scranton, PA

### WHEN A BROTHER OR SISTER DIES...

Sometimes you might think you have to fill that empty place left in your family. You don't have to be just like your sister or brother - we are all unique and have good points that are worthwhile.  
It's okay....to cry and feel depressed. You've lost a great deal. If the feelings get too scary or overwhelming, find a caring friend (no matter what age) to talk it out.  
It's okay....to want to copy some of your brother or sister's habits and interests, but be yourself, too.  
It's okay....to live "in the past" for awhile. It is one way to keep alive the memory of your brother or sister. However, you have a life, too. one that should be lived to the fullest.  
It's okay....to have fun and enjoy life, to laugh again.  
It's okay....to forgive yourself for the fights, arguments, and mean things that you said or did to your brother or sister.  
It's okay....to go on living.  
But it is NOT okay to ease the pain and hurt-  
\* by using drugs or alcohol. It will take longer to accept the hurt It only can hide the pain, not heal it.  
\* by acting out your frustration with reckless driving or skipping school.  
\* by doing things out of anger to hurt others because *you* hurt so much yourself.  
\* by experimenting with sex just to get close to someone.  
\* by protecting your parents by not letting them know what is bothering *you*.  
\* by being a scapegoat or bad guy so you'll appear tough. By dropping the things that once meant so much to *you*.  
~ TCF/Waterville/Toledo, OH

### SIBLING POEM

Will we ever meet again?  
And what will be our first reaction?  
Will we hug?  
Or will we cry?  
Will we laugh?  
Or will we just hold each other?  
Will you remember me as the last time you saw me?  
Or will you try to imagine how I have changed?  
Will we reminisce about the good old days?  
And cry about all of the bad days?  
The ultimate question is:  
Will we ever meet again?  
Jenny McDermott  
In loving memory of her sister, Meggan McDermott  
1976-1991

### SILENT GRIEF

I smile but remain silent.  
Do you not feel the ache  
That never leaves my heart?  
Can you not see the faraway look in my eyes,  
The tear that falls beneath the lowered lash?  
I look but do not see  
The goings-on around me;  
And time goes on,  
But I am standing still --  
Suspended in a moment of time.  
One year has passed.  
~ Cathryn Haywood Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada



## SUGGESTIONS TO AID MARRIAGE



1. Don't expect spouse to be a tower of strength when he or she is also experiencing grief.
2. Be sensitive to your spouse's personality style. In general he or she will approach grief with the same personality habits as they approach life. It may be very private, very open and sharing or someplace in between.
3. Find a "sympathetic ear" (not necessarily our mate's) --someone who cares and will listen.
4. Do talk about your child with your spouse. If necessary set up a time to talk about the child.
5. Seek the help of a counselor if depression, grief or problems in your marriage are getting out of hand.
6. Do not overlook or ignore anger causing situations. It is like adding fuel to a fire. Eventually there is an explosion. Deal with things as they occur.
7. Remember you loved your spouse enough to marry. Try to keep your marriage alive: go out for dinner or an ice cream cone; take a walk; go on a vacation.
8. Be gentle with yourself and your mate.
9. Join a support group for bereaved parents. Attend as a couple, come by yourself or with a friend. It is a good place to learn about grief and to feel understood. Do not make it a pressure on your spouse to attend with you if it is not his/her preference.
10. Join a mutually agreeable community betterment project.
11. Do not blame yourself or mate for what you were powerless to prevent. If you blame your spouse or personally feel responsible for your child's death seek immediate counseling help for yourself and your marriage.
12. Realize that you are not alone. There are many bereaved parents. In 2 1/2 years our mailing list has grown from 50 parents to over 700 parents.
13. Choose to believe again in the goodness of God and of life. Search for you and laughter.
14. Recognize your extreme sensitivity and vulnerability and be alert to tendency to take things personally.
15. Read about grief, especially the books written for bereaved parents.
16. Take your time with decisions about child's things, change of residence, etc.
17. Be aware of unrealistic expectations for yourself or your mate.
18. Remember there is no timetable. Everyone goes through grief differently, even parents of the same child.
19. Try to remember that your spouse is doing the best he or she can.
20. Marital friction is normal in any marriage. Don't blow it out of proportion.
21. Try not to let little everyday irritants become major issues. Talk about them and try to be patient.
22. Be sensitive to the needs and wishes of your spouse as well as yourself. Sometimes it is important to compromise.
23. It is very important to keep the lines of communication open.
24. Work on your grief instead of wishing that your spouse would handle his/her grief differently. You will find that you will have enough just handling your own grief. Remember when you help yourself cope with grief, it indirectly helps your spouse.
25. As Harriet Schiff states, "Value your marriage. You have lost enough."
26. Hold on to HOPE. With time, work and support, you will survive. It will never be the same but you can learn again to appreciate life and the people in your life.

### 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

### A Prayer for Spring

Like spring time, let me unfold and grow fresh and anew from this cocoon of grief that has been spun around me. Help me face the harsh reality of sunshine and renewed life as my bones still creak from the winter of my grief. Life has dared to go on around me and as I recover from the insult of life's continuance, I adjust my focus to include healing and growth as possibility in my future. Give me strength to break out of the cocoon of my grief, but may I never forget it is the place where I grew my wings, becoming a new person because of my loss.

~ Janis Hiel, Bereaved Parents/USA, Ocala, Fl. 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)



### Butterfly Decals



"Butterflies are the heaven sent kisses of an angel." ~ Author Unknown

Butterfly decals are available to help personalize our trailer. The trailer is used to carry items to and from our Walk to Remember and other chapter events. It has also given us some visibility in the Fargo/Moorhead community. Each butterfly decal holds the first and last name of one of our beloved children.

Butterflies are available in five colors (yellow, pink, red, blue and green). The cost is as follows: \$25 for 1 butterfly, \$50 for 2 butterflies, \$65 for 3 butterflies and \$80 for 4 butterflies. If you wish to purchase more than 4 butterflies please contact John Milligan at 701-491-0364.

Butterfly orders should include the child's first and last name (middle name is optional) and the 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](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html).

### LAUGH THERAPY

I have a bitter/sweet, funny/sad story to tell about my little girl, JENNY She was born with a heart defect, had one operation at five months of age and a second one at 2 1/2 years. She died 8 hours after the second operation.

I believed in life after death, so I knew her spirit would survive. It was a comfort when I sensed her spirit presence and others saw her impish form after death, but I was still in intense pain. One of the hardest challenges of life is to bury a child and still keep sane.

One day, a couple months after her death, I was reading a self-help book which encouraged the reader to try to look for "an element of fun, fantasy, absurdity or even a relieving silliness" in any distressing situation. I was still very much suffering from Jenny's death so I thought I would try to follow these instructions.

With eyes closed. I asked aloud "is it possible for me to laugh about Jennifer's. death?" I promptly burst into tears at the idea, but as the tears rolled down my cheeks, in my mind's eye, I could see Jenny hovering over me and pulling on my left arm, trying to lift what seemed like a lead weight. I heard her say, "That's the idea, Mom. Lighten up!"

Was that for real? It felt real to me. I've had other experiences of communicating with her spirit as well as that one and I don't think I'm crazy (not certifiably so, anyway). So I take that interchange as her way of encouraging me to recover from her death and to let humor brighten any dark corner of my existence.

- Anna Olson, TCF/Winnipeg, Canada  
TCF/WPG Nov-Dec 1993

### THOUGHTS ON SUICIDE CONCERNING GUILT

Many survivors feel guilt, blame, anger, shame and sometimes relief. It is important to realize that although you can do a good deal to help the person who is not entirely certain he wants to seek death, no one can prevent someone else from killing himself if he has firmly decided to do so. You may have been able to prevent the preventable; don't berate yourself for failure to prevent the unpreventable.

None of us in any of our relationships with anybody, could bear the sort of scrutiny that the survivor-victims turn on their relationships. We have all done and said things that are regrettable, especially with the pernicious wisdom of hindsight, once someone had died. But we have not killed anyone by so doing. We must forgive ourselves for having had a normal human relationship, and look also at the constructive and creative aspects of it.

- From "The Facts of Death" by Michael A Simpson

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
 OF THE F-M AREA  
 PO BOX 10686  
 FARGO ND 58106

NON-PROFIT  
 U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
 PERMIT #1625  
 FARGO, ND

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



**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 15<sup>th</sup> to be included in the next month's newsletter. If you wish to give a love gift please complete:

Love gift given in Memory/Honor of \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Relationship \_\_\_\_\_ Born \_\_\_\_\_ Died \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: By giving a love gift, you are giving us permission to include your child(ren) in our monthly birthdays and anniversaries.