



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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F-M Area Chapter
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May 2014

Volume 31 Number 5

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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
May 8th
June 12th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on May 22nd
@ Fry'n Pan
June 12th Annual Balloon Release - every welcome
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, May 22nd. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or sherylc13@msn.com.

OUR CREDO

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

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.

WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007

LOVE GIFTS

Neil & Kathleen Prochnow in memory of their son, Reed Joel Prochnow
Dean & Jo Allmendinger in memory of their son, Luke Allmendinger
Mark & Jean Chaffee in memory of their daughter, Konnie Jean Chaffee
Craig & Tara Kuck in memory of their son, Brandon Kuck
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.

Join us at the Mary-Alice & Friends 5K for Stillbirth Awareness on Saturday May 31st at Lindenwood Park in Fargo. Proceeds benefit research efforts to prevent stillbirth. The event includes a 5K, 1-Mile Walk, and Kids Fun Run. The Fargo/Moorhead Chapter of The Compassionate Friends will be there with the Butterfly Trailer. Register at www.starlegacyfoundation.org/mary-alice-friends-5k or on Facebook at www.facebook.com/maryalice5k.

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.

Mothers and Fathers

A mother's love for children is a very special thing. Filled with all the many days that motherhood can bring. Days when children misbehave and try your patience so. Days when they are sweet and kind and let their loving feelings show. A father's love for children is very strong and pure. There's no problem that a child may have which a father cannot cure.

A parent's love for children is a never-ending thing. It lasts from day to day and year to year, through summer, winter, fall, and spring. That special love continues still when someone's child has died. For the feelings that a parent has is impossible to hide.

~ Jean Hotopp, TCF/Fox Valley, IL

MEMORIAL DAY

For each grave where a soldier lies at his rest;
For each prayer that is said today out of love;
For each sigh of remembering someone who died;
Let us also give thought to the mothers and
fathers, the brothers and sisters,
the friends and the lovers,
whom death left behind.

~ Sascha Wagner

MISSING GRADUATE

Parents' happy faces all around me, with a glow from within, Pomp and Circumstance is playing, now the program will begin.

The graduates are lined up, they are coming down the aisle, some have serious faces, yet some have a little smile. I look down the aisle, hoping for your face to come into sight. This is your class, it was to be your graduation night.

All the graduates pass by, but none of them are you. A tug of my heart tells me, you are not here - your death is true.

God called you home...I wanted you here in such a bad way. Looking into your classmates' faces, do they recall you, missing this day?

Memories, sweet memories, now fill my mind and heart. There will be no golden tassel, this day for my Sweetheart. The class is Oh! So happy, this isn't the time to be blue, now I must go shake a hand, and get a hug or two.

~ Emma Valenteen, TCF/Valley Forge

MEMORIES ARE TREASURES NO ONE CAN
STEAL
DEATH IS A HEARTACHE NOTHING CAN HEAL
SOME MAY FORGET YOU,
NOW THAT YOU ARE GONE
BUT WE WILL REMEMBER NO MATTER HOW
LONG!

*Lovingly Lifted from Pekin Chapter Newsletter
Sept. '96*

INFANT DEATH

A family was gathered in the hospital where a couple's twelve-hour-old infant daughter had died. The sister of this couple said, "It's so hard to hold her, it makes it all so real." She had spent only hours with her niece and already was feeling the impact of this child's death. If it takes only hours for an aunt to feel the loss, how can we begin to explain the impact on the parents?

Miscarriage, stillbirth and infant death are not thought to be significant because the parents didn't really know the baby. Even with a loss early in pregnancy, the parents know the baby. Once a pregnancy is confirmed, the parents think about the baby all the time. This child is a part of their daily lives. They form a mental picture of the baby and plan what college he or she will attend. Names are chosen and rooms are decorated. In the book, *Swimmer in the Secret Sea*, a couple walks through the woods and pretends the baby has already been born and is swinging along between them holding onto their hands. After their son is stillborn the doctor says, "The baby looks perfectly normal. There's no reason why you can't have another child." Laski (the father) listened numbly. "He thinks that's what has been at stake, our wish for a child, any child, not this particular child who swung down the road between us. They can't know how special he is. The point to the future. But we're here, forever, now."

Parents are sometimes encouraged to have another baby as soon as possible in the belief that they will then forget about the baby that died. Most parents do go on to have another child, if able, simply because they are in the family-building part of their lives. They know it will not take away the pain or replace the child that died.

Some parents need to get pregnant again right away, & others want to wait for a while. As long as the mother is healed physically, whenever the parents feel ready for another pregnancy is the right time.

Occasionally parents experience some difficulty getting pregnant again, and it takes longer than it did before. Others have no difficulty achieving a pregnancy, but find even a few months a stressful wait.

Getting through the next pregnancy can be an emotional roller coaster. On one hand is joy and hope for the new baby; on the other hand is vulnerability and fear that what happened before may happen again. However, because they feel so exposed, parents now worry about everything that could happen, not only what caused the previous loss.

There is little support for parents who experience an infant death. Because many people see infant loss as insignificant and easily forgotten, they offer either no support or support only in the first few days or weeks. After that time parents are assumed to have healed and forgotten. If there are other children in the family, it is seen as being easier. "At least you have other children," is what these parents are told, as if that makes the loss easier. Since grief is overwhelming and takes so much energy, parents with other children may need extra help with caretaking. If no one offers, frequently parents find it difficult to ask for the help they need.

Parents need to know that it is okay to ask for help or to take life easy and be good to themselves. Remember, grief can heal only if you let it.

~ JoAnne Matzke, TCF/ Hinsdale, IL

Suicide Note

The following letter was written by David John Bernreuter before he died by suicide on May 12, 1987. David, an astute 22-year-old, was unusually well-informed about his illness. By his own description of his feelings, myths and assumptions about suicide are shattered, and we are allowed an insight into his motivation to end his life. In granting permission for its use, it is the hope of David's family that the loved ones of other victims may find comfort in David's words.

Dear Mom, Dad, and Stephany:

First, some facts:

1. I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH.

2. I KNOW YOU LOVE ME VERY MUCH. If love alone would have made me better, I would be the most well adjusted man on earth. Please don't feel that you neglected to tell or show me how much you loved me.

3. YOU WERE NOT TO BLAME FOR MY CONDITION. I believe my mental illness was the result of a chemical imbalance in the brain. A certain percentage of people, from all types of family situations have a major mental illness. It was just the luck of the biological draw that I happened to be one of them. Whether it was Major Depressive Disorder, Schizoid Personality Disorder, Manic Depressive Disorder, or Schizophrenia, my mental illness made my "life" unlivable. But you are not to blame for that. So please don't let yourselves feel guilty.

4. I KNOW THAT YOU WILL MAKE IT THROUGH THIS. It won't be easy, but you will have a lot of support from a lot of friends and relatives. Don't be like me, the ultimate schizoid loner. Count on the support of your friends and relatives. If you only knew what goes on inside my head. I know you will say that I "didn't try long enough or hard enough." I have been emotionally disturbed since late childhood. I now have a major mental illness. I tried as long and as hard as I could. I've had all sorts of suggestions, like: "Repeat positive phrases over and over again. Don't eat foods with yeast. Take Haldol. Don't take Haldol. Accept Jesus as my 'personal Savior.' Quit smoking. Get a girlfriend." And the list goes on and on...

I know that the above suggestions were made with the best intentions, but they lack an understanding of what mental illness is all about. That's why I found something in common with other people who are mentally ill. When they told me how being mentally ill affects their life, I understood, because my illness affected me in the same way. If I were to tell Uncle Ray that I had bought a gun, that I felt suicidal, he would have no alternative but to call the hospital and the police. And before you know it, I'd be back in the hospital. I'd rather be dead. It's not like I killed myself because I didn't get an A on an exam or because I broke up with my girlfriend. Those are the kinds of depression that have a reason to happen. My depression comes without any help from the outside. Nothing bad has happened to make me depressed except my depression. It's not like I did this "on a lark." I've had over a year to think it over. But I can hardly expect you to understand about something I myself don't understand. I don't know why I am the way I am. 'The man who didn't see it through.' That is what this is. If given a chance to choose between an eternity in heaven or another go-round as a human of earth, I'm certain I would choose the latter.

And now for the business part of this suicide note: Cremate and scatter me (I don't care where). All my money goes to you. Everything else, too. Do with it what you will, but may I suggest sending a portion of my worldly goods to a mental health research foundation of your choice."

As David requested, the family sent a donation to a mental health organization in hopes that someday a cure will be found.

Permission to reprint from the February 1989 issue granted by Bereavement Magazine February 1989 (888)604-4673.

MOTHER'S DAY

Our day... a very special day. A day that is set aside especially to honor all Mothers.

Mother... a beautiful word. What other word could you use to best describe giving birth to, nursing, loving and caring for a tiny helpless human being? A gift of life to treasure.

But weren't we taught that once you gave a gift to someone, you should never take it back? What went wrong? Mine was taken away from me. Does that mean that I wasn't worthy to be a Mother, that I was failing, that I didn't appreciate the gift?

The gift was too precious to be given for keeps. It was only loaned to me for a short while.

Even in my sorrow, I feel special, for I know the true meaning of the word Mother. I have reached the ultimate... from the joy of birth to the sorrow of death. I belong to a special group who truly know the meaning of the word, "Mother."

Would I have not accepted the gift if I had known the terrible loss I would feel by having it taken away from me? No... I would still hold out my hands and accept such a precious gift, for to love and to cherish, even for a short while, is worth every tear.

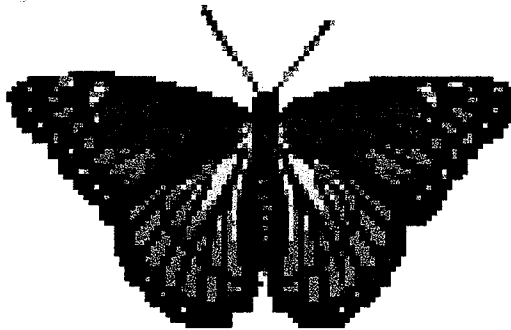
This year on Mother's Day, I'll shed my tears but let them be as soft as summer rain... a rain that nourishes the earth... tears that heal and cleanse my heart.

~ Vera Babb, TCF/St. Louis, MO

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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



Do It Your Way

It is not possible to lose someone as vital as one's child and not have the pain of deep grief. You will find a great many non-bereaved people who will encourage you to play the old game of, "If you'll pretend you're okay and it's not really so bad, we'll let you come play with us. But if you're going to cry and talk about your dead child, then you can't play."

This is one time in your life you don't have to meet anybody else's standards. There is nothing more unique about you than the way you express your grief -- and you have the right however it is manifested. A great deal of how you go about it is determined by how you have handled previous losses.

So if someone tries to influence you to play the old game by rewarding you with attention because "you're doing so well," tell them you're not doing well. Tell them your child has died and you're hurting. Let them know it doesn't help you for them to pretend everything is okay. Do whatever it is you need to do to survive this trauma and don't worry about whether it pleases or displeases other people ...DO IT YOUR WAY!

~Mary Cleckly, TCF/Atlanta, GA

Bereaved Parents

Different ages
Different stages
Different issues
Same pain
Daily strain
Occasional tissues
Our children have died
Often is all we know
A fact we fear to hide
Despite our ever-present woe
We live with pride
Though broken-hearted
To love, remember, and grow

~ Victor Montemurro, TCF/Medford, NY

For some moments in life there are no words.

~David Selter, Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory

SIBLING PAGE

SIBLINGS THOUGHTS & FEELINGS

He is gone
And he's never coming back
I hope he knows
How much he's missed.
He touched so many people
They loved him too
But they have no idea
What I'm going through.
I cover up my feelings
As much as I can
Nobody has to know
The pain I have inside.
Sometimes I just can't hold back
My feelings of loneliness and
despair
I love him so much
This world is not fair.
Why Him?
He was such a good brother
I still don't understand
Why did it happen to him?
I can't handle these feelings
They have become too much
I just want to be with him
Am I asking too much?
I love him, I always will
But one day we'll be together - forever.
~ Selina Lepinski, TCF/Winnipeg

I REMEMBER YOU

I remember the way you laughed,
You meant so much to me
I remember the way you smiled,
You were the way a Christian should be
You were so smart,
Your presence could light up any room
We all miss you so much,
We wonder why you left so soon
Memories of you make me smile,
While others make me cry
I wish you could have stayed for one more day,
Now all I have is the question, "Why?"
The day that you were called
Was sad for everyone,
We tried and tried to save you
But nothing could be done
I know that you are in Heaven,
And I know that you are free
But when I'm sad I stop and wonder,
Do you remember me?
Now all that I have left,
Are memories of what you would do
Some are happy, some are sad,
But I remember you.

Sara Knauss, TCF/Phoenix, AZ
In memory my brother, Dalton William Knauss
1984 - 1999

COMPASSIONATE SIBLINGS

I had a prayer answered today, one I'd like to share.
I found I'm not alone in my grief, I found someone to care!
I've been in pain for quite awhile, but kept it deep inside,
But now I know there are people in whom I can confide!

They'll let me cry or scream or yell, and they know just how I feel.
You see they also know that pain and know it's very real.
Each one has suffered a loss, one like I have known;
Yet now we stand together.
This unique group of siblings is bonded, you might say,
And strength to carry on is for what each one must pray.

One by one we keep going, although painful it might be,
And the emptiness we feel, many will never see;
Because we choose what face to show the world and courage keeps
us going,
We have a constant ache inside,
No matter what the outside is showing.

And whether it takes me a year or two,
Time is all that can heal;
So I've been sent some "Compassionate Siblings"
Who know just how I feel.

Bless those who need to be understood
When tears come and go without warning.
May we help heal the wounds so deep that are hurting all the hearts
left empty by the death of sibling.
- Stacie Gilliam, TCF/N. Oklahoma City, OK

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

Yesterday

You were here and I took it for granted that you would always be here. Telling you I loved you and was proud of you seemed unimportant. There would be time for that when we were older - when we fought less and talked more.

Today

I know that time will never come, and I will never have the chance to say these things face-to-face. So I write them and think them and hope you know I mean them now and have always felt them.

Tomorrow

Each day the pain and regrets of things left unsaid get easier to deal with. I have begun to realize that you knew how I felt because you felt the same way. And as more tomorrows turn into yesterdays, I will find peace in that knowledge. Someday, somewhere, we will meet again and I will have my chance then.

-Shannon Odessa Stiener, TCF/Lowell, IN

WHAT I NEED

A lot of time!
A little space,
A kind of quiet
Resting place,
Are what I need
At times like these
A special spot
Where I can grieve.

~ Beth Pinion, TCF/Andalusia, AL

The Significance of Mother's Day

I don't think I really appreciated the significance of Mother's Day until I myself became one. My life would never be the same and the death of my only child did not alter the fact that I am still a mother. I still have that intense feeling of love for my own child, a love greater than any I had known before. So as Mother's Day approaches, a day on which we recognize the love and pride of motherhood, I, too, want to be remembered as a mother.

~ Cindy Smith, TCF/Charlottesville, VA

EARLY GRIEF

Early Grief

I feel a light-less voice inside. It has no name. I know that others say I am in grief. But for me, it is without a name, a mortal distress beyond words.

At First

At first my very name was grief, my eyes saw only grief, my thoughts were grief, and everything I touched was turned to grief. But now I own the light of memories. My eyes can see you, and my thoughts can know you for what you really are; more than a young life lost, more than a radiance gone into night. Today you have become a gift beyond grief, a treasure to my world — though you have left my world and me behind.

Comparisons

It is useless to wonder what grief is larger or what grief is smaller. The death of children fills to ultimate endurance every human dimension for pain. There is no need to give rank to death. We only have to recognize that grief has filled a whole life to its ultimate borders.

Sascha W., Wintersun

Butterflies

I crawl alone along the ground
I creep along my way
I look up and I see the sky
I wish so hard that I can fly
And soar above the day
I'm shadowed by the swaying grass
And leaves on plants and trees
Between them all I see the sun
I dream of all the wondrous fun
Of flying on the breeze
I'm thinking that I'm all alone
When I discover here
Some others who, all just like me
Just wishing that they too were free
To find compassion near
They notice me, I notice them
We soar up to the skies
We glide on love's uplifting air
Within the kindness that we all share
We've become butterflies

by K.C. Fahel

"I've learned - that no matter how bad your heart is broken, the world doesn't stop for your grief"

~ Author Unknown

"There are no magic formulas for surviving grief. There are a few recognized patterns for grief, but even those are only guidelines. What we do know is that the emptiness will never go away. It will become tolerable and livable—some day."

~ Darcie D. Sims

WHERE ARE YOU?

I think of you constantly. I envision you standing before me, talking and joking as you always did.

I feel you in my heart as you always were and always will be.

Where is this other world that so many speak of? The afterlife or spirit world where, I am told, you are running free?

Your absence has left a huge cold void that I need to fill with memories of you...but the memories make my heart ache even more, knowing they are memories only and nothing more.

All you owned resides here in our home. The mementos that tell the story of your life: your high school hockey jacket, hanging in your closet, hockey sticks, snowboard, guitars, trophies, plaques, and lots of other gear in your room, the basement, and just about everywhere..

Your clothes; I can picture you in every one of them. It doesn't seem possible that you're not here to look so handsome in the black and beige striped sweater and Gap jeans that we all loved so much. New clothes, bought for a new life at college.

The harsh reality that you are not here and will never be again is too painful for a mother to bear. They say that you are near in some world parallel to this one...but where is this world? Where are you?

I keep searching...

~ Ellen Chowdhury, TCF/Syosset, NY

In loving memory of Aram, who died in 1994 at the age of 18 from injuries sustained in a car accident.

A Mother's Prayer

Let my baby be safe..
Guide his little feet
If he falls
Let me be there
to pick him up, and
kiss away the tears.
Let him grow straight and strong
Let him know only happiness and love
Shelter him from harm..
Help him know right from wrong.
If he should falter--
along the way...
Let me be there
to help him take the right path.
Never let him know pain and strife--
Let him only have
a joyful life
And when it comes time for us to part, please...
let me go first
...and not my heart.

~ Janet Decker, TCF/Syosset, NY
In loving memory of her son, John

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: _____

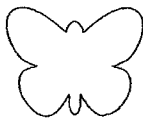
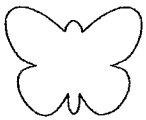
Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

Birth Date: _____ Death Date: _____

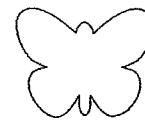
Date: _____

(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



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.

An Unfinished Mother

Written by Clara Hinton

When child loss occurs, a mother goes through a difficult time of emotional turmoil and questioning. "Am I still a mother?" "Does my child still have a birthday each year, or does time stand still?" "Can the mother/child relationship continue to grow, or am I now an 'unfinished mother'?"

Losing a child places a mother on a road that begins a lonelier journey than ever expected—one that can never really be explained. There was a beginning, but with the death of the child, there is no middle and no end. Everything seems so unfinished. Hopes and dreams were stopped far too soon. Joy was snatched away so suddenly. A mother is left with empty arms and an empty heart. Nothing can ever be complete when a child's life ends.

When the death of a child occurs, a mother is stopped in her tracks, and she suddenly feels inadequate and incomplete. She wears a new name. She is an "unfinished mother", never being able to see the rest of the picture. She will never be able to watch her child mature into a young adult. She will never be able to see all the pieces fit together. The picture will always have part of the scenery missing. It is so painful to be an unfinished mother! Child loss makes everything seem so empty and incomplete.

The reality of child loss is devastating to a mother. There are overwhelming feelings of guilt, inadequacy, and most often feelings of failure. These feelings can overwhelm a mother for several months following the death of a child, and it can be quite difficult to build a support system to carry a mother through this roller coaster of emotions. Very few people will understand a mother's explanation of feeling like she is an unfinished mother.

There will come a critical point in this journey of grief when a mother must reach deep inside her inner resources and make a conscious decision to accept herself just as she is—a mother whose heart has been touched by the pain and grief of child loss. Only then can she start to put together some of the broken pieces and begin to feel like there will be a day when she will feel more like a complete mother than an unfinished mother.

When a child dies, life is suddenly thrown completely off balance. A mother is left feeling like her identity has been taken away. It is often a long difficult journey to find that place of identity as a mother again. It's hard to understand that there is unfinished living that will never be completed. Peace can finally come to a mother's heart when she realizes that there is a big difference between having unfinished business and being left feeling like an unfinished mother.

A mother is never "unfinished." No matter how brief her time was with her child, the bond of love between mother and child was complete. A mother's love for her child is unending. Dreams may shatter and circumstances may change, but a mother's love remains strong. As a mother travels the path to healing, it is important for her to remind herself often that she is a mother forever. Her motherhood did not stop when her child died. This understanding of motherhood releases the feelings of guilt and failure and allows a mother to begin to see herself as a whole person again—a complete mother.

A mother is never an "unfinished mother." A mother's love runs far too deep to ever be called unfinished!

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

FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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

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

FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	John Milligan.....	701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen	701-730-0805
Meeting Facilitator	Paul & Kara Bailey.....	701-261-0668	Newsletter Database	Mike Cvijanovich	701-235-8158
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich	701-235-8158	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich	701-235-8158
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer	701-298-2929	Newsletter Printing	Joyce at Olivet Lutheran Church	
Initial Contact	Jamie Olson	701-219-3865	Mailing Committee	Contact Us to Join	
Librarian	Contact Us to Volunteer				

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

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

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

John Milligan (son, 25 - car accident)	701-491-0364
Duane Skramstad (daughter, 20 - car accident; son, 2 - drowning).....	701-437-2507
Lois Gangnes (son, 24 - accident)	701-282-4083
Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness)	701-730-0805
Mark & Hella Helfter (miscarriage & son, 35 - accident)	701-235-9622

Love gifts must be received by the 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.