



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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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 12th
June 9th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on May 26th @
Fry'n Pan
TCF National Conference -
Scottsdale, AZ July 8-10, 2016

LOVE GIFTS

Neil & Kathleen Prochnow in memory of their son, Reed Joel Prochnow
Joan & Steve Halland in memory of their son, Cole S. Halland Lyle, Tammy, Justin, Stacy, Hunter, Jersey, Jaime & Jordyn Helgeson in memory of their son/brother, Jared 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.

*We wish you a
Mother's Day of fond
memories of the love
your child gave to you
and those around
them.*

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 4th 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 May 26th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylc13@msn.com.

A Mother's Love

A mother's love for her child may begin with the very dream of becoming a mother...
A mother's love for her child may begin with the thought of maybe expecting the news...
A mother's love for her child may begin with the verification of her expectations...
A mother's love for her child may begin with the affirmation that the child lives within her...
A mother's love for her child may begin with her first sight of the new life that she has delivered into the world...
A mother's love for her child may begin...
But it may never end...

Not even death can steal away a mother's love for her child

A mother's love for her child knows no end!

~ Diana M. Rohrbaugh, TCF/Anne Arundel County, MD

It is never normal to act normal in an abnormal situation (during grief)

~ Joyce Francis Smith, Bereaved mother, Good Grief/Bad Grief Workshop; TCF 2007 Conference Oklahoma

WOULD THEY COME BACK?

We miss them so, but would they come back?

When I see the beauty of the birds souring ecstatically in the sky, somehow claiming the beauty as their own; I watch them carefully, sometimes they are playfully cutting into the wind to forge in their direction of choice.

I think of our loves ones up in heaven, and I feel they are as happy as the birds souring and dipping and floating with wings spread wide.

There too, however, they have important work to do: Greeting the new loved ones into the kingdom of heaven and acting as God's angels to watch.

I sense that they wouldn't come back if given a choice. It would be like a caged bird who had had his wings clipped to protect him from flying outside into an uncaring world: Walking on the floor in stoic resignation.

~ Bea Kroon, TCF/ Bradenton, FL

WHAT A GRANDMOTHER IS

A grandmother is a lady who has no children of her own, so she likes other people's little girls. A grandfather is a man-grandmother, he goes for walks with boys, and they talk about fishing and tractors and things like that.

Grandmas don't have to do anything except be there. They are old so they shouldn't play hard or run. It is enough if they drive us to the market where the pretend horse is and have lots of dimes ready. Or as they take us for walks they slow down past things like pretty leaves or caterpillars. They should never say "hurry up." Usually they are fat, but not too fat to tie the kid's shoes. They wear funny underwear and they can take their teeth and gums off. It is better if they don't typewrite or play cards except with us. They don't have to be smart, only answer questions like why dogs chase cats or how come God isn't married.

They don't talk baby talk, like visitors do, because it is hard to understand. When they read to us they don't skip words or mind if it is the same story again.

Everyone should try to have one, especially if you don't have television because grandmas are the only grownups who have got the time.

Thoughts of a 6 year old girl, TCF/Atlanta

Second Sunday of May

Many happy memories
Linger in our hearts this day
As we each remember our child
Who has left this earthly plane.
The day is bittersweet for us,
The mothers who have lost so much,
For to remove all pain could well
Erase the precious life we touched.
Tears will trace the memories of
Other, happier Mother's Days,
As we dwell in a quiet reverie
This Second Sunday of May

Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF/Katy, TX
In Memory of my son, Todd Mennen May 2006

A Mother's Prayer

Help me please
Oh Lord, I pray
To endure the trials
Of each new day.
Let me look them
Squarely in the face
And then put them
In their rightful place.
Give me patience
And strength to cope
But most of all God
Give me hope.
When all seems futile
Please let me say
"Look how far I've come
To reach this day".
Reach out Your hand
And pull me through
Cause, Lord, I'll never make it
Without You!

Jacquelyn M. Comeaux

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A MOTHER'S DAY GIFT TO GOD

Lord today is Mother's Day, but our hearts are split in two
Half is with the child still here,
the other with the child that is there with you.
All the lovely presents are a nice surprise
But the one thing we want most is missing, and tears fill our eyes.
We know when you sent them Lord, you didn't promise how long
they would stay,
All you said was to love them and treasure each and every day.
But Lord it crushed our hearts, when you called for their return
We feel like half a Mom, as we ache weep and yearn.
But Lord tell them we love them just as much as we did before
And could you please make a window, so they can see through
heaven's floor.
Let them see that they are missed and thought of with each breath
And that a Mother's love begins before life, and does not end with
death.
So on this Mother's Day the greatest gift we give to you
For Lord we know you missed them, and you love them too.
~ Sheila Simmons, TCF/Atlanta GA

And each day,
As I push forward,
I move a step ahead
And then back,
But still gaining
If even but a little

~ Mary Rappe, TCF/Grand Junction, CO

"Grief is like a journey one must take on a winding mountainside, often seeing the same scenery many times, a road which eventually leads to somewhere we've never been before."

~ Gladys M. Hunt

My Waiting Room

You've spent time in a waiting room, likely in a doctor's office. Routinely, there is little to do but pick up a worn magazine knowing that reading will be cut short mid-article when your name is called. The person sitting inches from your elbow may be anxious, sitting in silence. The more outgoing people converse while waiting. Good recipes (blueberry muffins and frosted maple drops) have come my way while waiting. I have been on the receiving end of facts about fire ants and when the purple hull peas will be in. I recently received a "have a blessed day and a blessed life" after a waiting room visit.

Since the instant of my daughter Sarah's death in 2005 I have been in a waiting room of another sort. Looking back eight years on my immediate disassociation with what had been my life, the disconnect with my familiar world no longer seems odd but inevitable.

My mind conjures up a row of three glass compartments. The life I lived before Sarah's death is behind me, impenetrable but still in sight. The glass compartment ahead of me is empty, a mystery about which I can only speculate. I stand in the glass chamber between the two. My waiting room.

One early realization of my detachment occurred after I returned to work. Standing in front of a large flat eighth floor glass window, I watched moving cars and delivery vans, people walking in and out of stores and restaurants onto the sidewalks, flags flying and trees moving with the breeze. Sealed off from street noise by the window pane, there was only silence. The disconnect was jarring, but my isolation then had a description, some comparison to help me visualize.

You likely understand why I discussed my feelings of detachment with less than a few people. Why make life even more hollow by describing complex emotions over which I had no control? Maybe you have experienced or are experiencing this same detachment.

So where do we go, to whom do we turn, when bewildered by our new world, fearful of the future and the remaining years of life? We struggle to rediscover some peace and contentment following the loss of our children. The business of living is difficult on the best of days.

Philippians 3:20 says in part that our citizenship is in Heaven. We are all waiting. For the time being, we have a life filled with well-purposed work to be done. Part of our new journey, a journey not of our choosing, is the rediscovery of ourselves and our efforts to gain understanding of what we are to be doing.

Do we find answers to all of our questions? Perhaps not this side of Heaven. There is solid comfort to be found in 1 Corinthians 13:12: "For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, **but then I shall know just as I am also known.**" It's worth the wait.

~ Carol Thompson, TCF/Tyler, TX
In Memory of my daughter, Sarah

Some Common Thoughts Following the Death of Your Child

- It is not uncommon to feel bitterness or a sense of injustice when one loses a child. So if you find yourself thinking, Why me?, Why my child?, Why our family?, You're in good company.
- Some parents describe "an irrational sense of self-blame" following the death of a child. I never was able to figure out what a rational sense of self-blame might be. But I do know that many of us blame ourselves. We replay the what-ifs of our child's life and death a thousand times a day. Almost always self-blame is misplaced.
- Grief over the loss of a child lasts longer than any other kind. It heals more slowly and causes the most monumental disruption for those who survive. This is because a child is a part of what psychologists call our internal psychological structure - meaning that in a way, part of the parent dies too.
- Most experts believe that loss and helplessness are the greatest tests any human can face. A child's death is off the charts in both categories.
- You may be strong, smart, and highly resilient. But nothing can prepare you for the loss of a child.
- One reason the loss feels so enormous is that a child's death violates an implicit generational contract that our own children will survive us.
- A child's death also challenges the fundamental instinct of parents to protect their child. That is what we are supposed to do, isn't it? To make the world safe? The feeling that we have failed to do so can haunt us, compounding our sadness.
- In an era of medical miracles, we are less culturally conditioned to expect a child's death than in previous generations. On the contrary, the prevailing assumption is that science and technology can and will work wonders.
- Some experts estimate that in the face of a child's death two years is a reasonable grieving period. Others double that figure. The truth is, it takes as long as it takes - sometimes a whole lifetime. But if you are lucky, the grief will transmute. Even its physical properties will transform. Its weighty presence abates. The grief becomes gentler - less terrifying - and sometimes, paradoxically, rather sweet.

Taken from *After the Darkest Hour the Sun will Shine Again*
By Elizabeth Mehren

**OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED
BIRTHDAYS**

CHILD	PARENTS
LUCAS ALLMENDINGER.....	35.....DEAN & JO ALLMENDINGER
DANNY LEE FOWLER	47.....CAROL & LIONEL KAIM
DAVID MARK KLEINGARTNER.....	52.....NORBERT & LUELLEA KLEINGARTNER
MICHAEL LEALLEN KRAIG.....	20.....JILL KRAIG & BRYAN MOFFET
BRANDON KUCK	29.....CRAIG & TARA KUCK
ERIC LARSON	29.....DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
JOSEPH CHRIS LARSON.....	59.....DALE & MARILYN LARSON
VALERIE MURCH.....	37.....PETER & LARAE MURCH
ERIC JOHN SCHAFFER.....	37.....BILL & LOIS SCHAFFER

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD	PARENTS
KONNIE JEAN CHAFFEE.....	4.....MARK & JEAN CHAFFEE
COLE HALLAND.....	6.....STEVEN & JOAN HALLAND
JARED SCOTT HELGESON	6.....LYLE & TAMMY HELGESON
DAVID KUEHL	9.....KEITH KUEHL
STAFF SGT. DAVID KUEHL	9.....LAURA KUEHL
JODIE MANSTON.....	2.....DELORIS BURNS
REED JOEL PROCHNOW.....	17.....NEIL & KATHLEEN PROCHNOW
JACOB RIEDMAN	2.....KASEY & JON SKALICKY
DYLAN ROMAINE	4.....AARON & TRICIA ROMAINE
CRAIG A SCHEER.....	4.....WILLIAM & ELAINE SCHEER
MATTHEW AARON THIBEDAU	7.....MARY & GALEN SCHROEDER
JEFFREY D VOLK	9.....JACK & JUNE VOLK
HEATHER WREN	5.....DEB WAYMAN

Please check out our Chapter website's page for 'Our Beloved Children'
(www.teffargomoorhead.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 tefl1313@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 Little Full Moon Meditation
 May all who cross your presence
 From now and ever after
 Be blessed by all you share
 In love and light and laughter-
 And when you have a moment
 When you find it hard to shine
 May your angels come embrace you
 And remind you you're Divine~
Jen Reich, Phoenix, AZ 1-15-14

SIBLING PAGE

A Tribute to my Sister - Lori Lee Smith

I Saw You

I saw you today in the morning dew
As brilliant as a sea of shimmering diamonds
I shared the most amazing sunrise with you today
A million shades of red so random in their perfection
I heard you today in the laugh of my children
An enchanting melody a thousand angels strong
I walked with you today and we talked about everything
 . . . and nothing all at once
I saw you today in the changing of the leaves
The colors of your life, the close of one season
 And the ushering in of another
I sat beside a stream with you today
The peaceful flow, steady and constant
I saw you today . . . and you were perfect
And rest assured . . . I shall see you again
 ~ Avery Smith, TCF/Ada Area Chapter

Why Can't I Let Go

You were always my hero.
I always wanted to be like you.
You were my younger brother,
Still, I always looked up to you.

You were always there for me,
Even when things were at their worst.
You helped me through my hardest trials,
And we always made it through.

Now as I sit here, writing these words,
Remembering you and times gone by, I'm
Trying to say good-bye.

Nineteen years are just too many,
To just let you go,
I can't believe you're gone, you died,
And left me here alone.

Some days I'm fine, some days I'm low,
But most days, I just miss you so.
It was you and me,
But now, what do I do?

Each night I ask why?
Why I'm so angry?
Why I can't cry?
Why I can't let you go?

I know we'll see each other again,
But the years seem so long.
I long for the day I'll see you again.
Waiting for me with open arms.

Brother, I love you and miss you so.
But now I need you most.
This time in my life is oh so hard,
I just can't let you go.

~ Stephen Welch, TCF/St Louis, MO

BELIEVE

In the rising of the sun
and in its going down,
We remember them.

In the blowing of the wind
and in the chill of winter,
We remember them.

In the opening of the buds
and in the warmth of summer,
We remember them.

In the rustling of the leaves
and the beauty of autumn.
We remember them.

In the beginning of the year
and when it ends,
We remember them.

When we are weary
and in need of strength,
We remember them.

When we are lost
and sick at heart,
We remember them.

When we have joys
we yearn to share,
We remember them.

So long as we live,
they too shall live,
for they are now a part of us
We remember them.

from *GATES of PRAYER*
Reform Judaism Prayer book

KITE MEMORIES

Brushed golden by the sun, a kite flies
free above a greening meadow.
Drifting lazily until it turns to catch the
motion of a flock of trumpeting geese
homeward bound.

Fragrance of early spring flowers
makes me giddy with the thought that
you too fly unfettered, to drift or chase
dreams beyond imagination,
unrestrained by life or expectations.
Now I cherish each kite that rises to
the wind, because it fills me with
memories of your gifts for love but -
only sometimes - I wonder whether
you remember, too.

~ Marchia Alig, TCF/Mercer Area Chapter, NJ

A View 14 Years Later—Facing Grief in the Workplace

Monday morning. I was down. As they say, "Rainy days and Mondays always get me down." But, this Monday was particularly despairing. Susan, our bright, blue eyed, blond haired 16-year-old child had died in an auto accident the previous Tuesday night. Having taken the customary three days funeral leave, this Monday was my first day back at the office.

It was awkward. Awkward for me and awkward for my fellow employees. People seemed apprehensive to talk about anything. How in the world does one co-habit with grief and work? There is no energy, no drive. How did other bereaved parents 'get on' with their lives and grieve?

I remembered Guy. His 16-year-old son died in a car accident. Immediately, he stopped associating socially with those that he worked with. I wondered why. They had had so much fun. Within a year I heard that he changed jobs.

I remembered Al. He was a banker. After his 18-year-old son died, he threw himself into his work. He was in his office by 7 a.m., and he was at the office or at a community meeting until after 9 p.m. Within a year he was elected President of the Chamber of Commerce and within two years he was President of his Rotary Club. I wondered if this was what "they" called 'denial'? The 'word about town' was that he and his wife were not getting along well. In conversations years later, he admitted that he absolutely refused to discuss the son. But, his wife had the need to share memories. He wished that he had been advised as to what to expect.

Within an hour, I was roused from this wondering by a visit from our senior vice president. He is a wonderful and compassionate fellow, and I am convinced that he meant well when he determinedly announced, "We have created several new programs and promotions for you to head up." Being a marketing manager, I should have found this an exciting and challenging opportunity. *Wrong.*

He obviously felt that I should have been kept busy so I would not mourn, or grieve. Little did he know that what I needed was rest. Or, that what I wanted was to have a heart attack. He could not have known that getting out of bed each morning and going to work was a major challenge. And, little did I know that I should have educated him and my fellow employees.

Lesson #1. I do not believe that we can hide from or run away from our grief by becoming workaholics, putting on an armor of 'busy' as a defense. I believe that we simply delay the inevitable grief. Further, I believe that changing jobs and losing whatever support system that may be at our jobs could be devastating. It certainly would have been for me.

So here it was that really awful Monday. Within minutes I would be asked the same question that has been asked probably a million times to every bereaved father around the world, in every nation, and in every language, "*How is your wife doing?*"

Lesson #2. People speak in code. Question: "How is your wife/husband doing?" Translation: "How are you?" "How are you doing?" I believe that people honestly care, but they do not know what to say. It is up to us to educate them. In an outstanding article, "Facing Grief" in the April, 1996 issue of *Personnel Journal*, it was reported that a significant 74% human resource managers interviewed acknowledged that they were at a loss for words or that they were self conscious about what to do for the bereaved.

Lesson #3. Acting as if nothing has happened does not work. I could not deny the existence of Susan Stanley. I remember standing in front of a mirror and saying over and over and over again, maybe five or ten minutes at a time: "*Our daughter died. Our daughter died.*" Why? Because in my job I meet new people constantly. And, I'll bet you know exactly the question that always comes up--that's right, "How many children do you have?" or, "Do you have children?" I had to be in a position of telling the truth. So, I had to confront myself with information.

Lesson #4. Since we have not control over our emotions and the circumstances, we must learn to accept and manage that change. Managing this change means realizing what is going on. For instance, we bereaved may express a shortness of temper toward our fellow employees when they talk about their children and grandchildren. We may think this completely thoughtless of them, especially about 2:30 each afternoon when the office phones light up with sons and daughters calling to tell mom that they have had a wonderful day at school.

Here we are in an office situation. Our fellow office worker was talking on the phone that morning to her married daughter about their newly born grandchild. That afternoon that same coworker asked if we will help her with something. Bingo. The "buckshot effect." We are mad with everybody and everything. We bereaved are depressed, and we scramble to find answers, to find peace, to find the 'quick fix'. Pending holidays are horrible and birthdays and anniversary dates are especially difficult times.

Lesson #5. I believe we should meet grief on its own terms, that we should take control. This may mean taking vacation days on birthdays and anniversary days. It may mean saving vacation time during the holidays to take a trip.

Being in control means, I believe, calling on our supervisor to establish priorities and communicate exactly how we are doing and what we are feeling. I remember finding it very difficult to concentrate and I remember being fatigued. Being unable to concentrate, I found it helpful to sit with that senior vice president occasionally and review what I was working on and to set intermediate goals and priorities.

Is there a possibility of telecommuting from home via phone, modem, fax? Does the company offer flextime? Coming to work earlier than others and therefore, leaving earlier? Or, are there others who can pick up some of the more involved duties for a time?

Lesson #6. The real paradox: Only by allowing ourselves to feel the most intense and shattering pain can we move toward a life in which pain is not the center.

So how do we co-habit with grief and our careers? Do you remember when you started your career? Or, do you remember your first day on your job? We looked good. Our shoes were polished, our hair fixed. Our clothes pressed. But, at the same time everything was so unfamiliar. Strange. We started, we took those baby steps. We set small goals.

Well, guess what? Here we are again. Starting all over. Taking those baby steps . . . trying to learn to live again . . . setting those small goals. There is the knowledge that the vast majority of us survive the painful bereavement process, and many find new meaning and purpose to our lives. Many will themselves become the company bereavement specialist, nurturing employees who suffer the loss of a loved one, and advising coworkers on how they can best support their teammate.

~ John H. Stanley, TCF/Southern Piedmont Chapter, NC
In Memory of my daughter, Susan Stanley

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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: _____

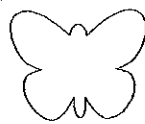
Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

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.

MOTHERS DAY AND GRADUATION

After my daughter Kyra died on November 14 of 2004, one of my first thoughts was I am no longer a mother, because Kyra was my only child. It didn't take me long to realize that that was not true; I am and always will be Kyra's mom. As I have walked my grief journey I have found myself referring to grief as labor. It then came to me that for me, losing Kyra was like giving birth in reverse. I experienced intense emotional and physical pain that I wondered if I could endure, similar to the physical pain of labor, only in grief it lasts for weeks, months and years. It took my breath away, brought me to my knees and often I found myself crying out in anguish and anger, like child birth. It has been over a year and a half since Kyra died and I have felt a break in the pain. It has started back up recently due to graduation but I know it will ease some after May. Some women experience false labor leading up to the birth of their child. I think that those intense pains that come from out of nowhere and last only a short time is something that I will forever experience. I now realize that in letting go of her death, I can embrace and carry her spirit with me always. So, I liken grief to giving birth in reverse.

I go from Mother's day to Graduation, because Kyra would have graduated from High School at the end of May. Graduation was something I knew would be hard for me to endure without her here, alive and being part of the celebration. I thought about what Kyra graduating would mean to me and it didn't take me long to come up with, it was going to be my day to celebrate. Kyra was an intelligent child with a low attention span, a need to talk, and lower than I would have liked motivation. It was a frustration that her teachers and I shared. So, homework time was a challenge and I used motivational charts, rewards and even punishment. But, I quickly found that you can't force someone to be motivated and went back to encouraging. I knew that she would come around and become motivated and I started seeing it her Junior year the year she died. I thought that graduation would be the reward for all the long nights and constantly trying to encourage and motivate. Well, it's not to be and I had to decide how will I endure graduation. I began to think about all she is missing. I believe in Heaven so I don't believe she is missing any joy or good times, because I believe she is now experiencing indescribable joy and unimaginable good times. The reality of what she is missing is, she is missing misery, pain, frustration, disappointment, a broken heart, grief, hopelessness and agony. And I am missing her incredible, joy and zest for life, her strong faith, beautiful smile and her wonderful heart.

As I close I remember when I was pregnant with Kyra, I took two helpings of food because I said I'm eating for two. Now I will try my best to live life to the fullest and be all that I can because now I'm living for two. Just as her living made me want to be a better person, her dying will make me a better person if I allow it, because I now carry her with me. I will strive to do and see life the way she would have if she could have stayed here longer.

~ Julie Short, TCF/Southeastern IL
In Memory of my daughter, Kyra

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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.