



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
 November 8th
 December 13th

Dates to Remember in 2012
 December 9th - Worldwide
 Candle Lighting 7 pm

If you have any pictures, stories, or poems of your child, grandchild or sibling that you would like to share on our website, please submit them to Sheryl Cvijanovich at SHERYLCV13@MSN.COM or mail them to the PO box listed on the back of the Newsletter. Anything sent to the PO Box will be scanned for the website and returned.

Normal day, let me be aware of the treasure you are.

Let me learn from you, love you, savor you, bless you before you depart.

Let me not pass you by in quest of some rare and perfect tomorrow. Let me hold you while I may, for it will not always be so.

One day I shall dig my nails into the earth, or bury my face in the pillow, or stretch myself taut, or raise my hands to the sky, and want more than all the world for your return.

by Mary Jean Irion

LOVE GIFTS

Jamie, Sheri & Mandy Thoemke in memory of their son/brother, Tyler James Thoemke

Neil & Kathleen Prochnow in memory of their son, Reed Joel Prochnow
 Mike & Sheryl Cvijanovich in memory of their son, Matthew Cvijanovich

Dean & Jo Allmendinger in memory of their son, Luke Allmendinger

Alan & Charleen Zaeske in memory of their son, Bruce Allen Zaeske

Clare & Richard Elless in memory of their daughter, Tari Elless Eller

Joan & Steven Halland in memory of their son, Cole Halland

Frank & Maxine Kadlec in memory of their son, Jeff Kadlec

Marlene, Allan & Nathan Ochsner in memory of their son/brother, Jacob Allan Ochsner

We are deeply grateful for the LOVE GIFTS given this month. Our chapter and all chapters, are financed solely through your Love Gifts. Donations make this newsletter, postage, books, tapes, etc. possible.

Thank you for your tax deductible gifts.

OUR CREDO

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

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.

WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007

Butterfly Decals

The F-M Chapter has recently purchased a trailer, in order to transport materials to our chapter activities. We are selling butterfly decals, which will be placed on the trailer. The butterflies are 4 x 6 and available in five colors: yellow, pink, red, blue and green.

Each butterfly will contain the first and last name of a child.

If you wish to purchase a butterfly in the memory of a child, please send your name, the name of the child, butterfly color, and a check payable to TCF of Fargo-Moorhead, P.O. Box 10686, Fargo, ND 58106.

Butterflies are \$25 each, 3 for \$65 or 4 for \$80. If you wish to purchase more than 4 butterflies, please contact our chapter leader, John Milligan.



PLEASE ASK

Someone asked me about you today. It's been so long since anyone has done that. It felt so good to talk about you to share my memories of you to simply say your name out loud.

She asked me if I minded talking about what happened to you or would it be too painful to speak of it? I told her I think of it everyday and speaking about it helps me to release the tormented thoughts whirling around in my head. She said she never realized that my pain would last this long. She apologized for not asking sooner. I told her, .Thanks for asking..

I don't know if it was curiosity or concern that made her ask, but I told her, Please do it again sometime soon..

~ Barbara Hudson Cincinnati, OH

COPING WITH MEMORIES

Memories are a bridge between the past and the present. In an abstract, though none the less real sense, you can teach your child, be with him or her, by crossing the bridge. remembering. but herein lies the pain — you have to go back to the past because he or she is not physically present.

The memories that you have of your child. whether of happy or unhappy times. or perhaps of how he or she looked, felt, sounded — all of these are precious. special, and sometimes can be so painful that you want to block them to escape the anguish. This is normal. natural. And yet the loss of your memories would leave a large gap. Perhaps the most difficult to deal with are the sudden, unexpected stabs that can occur at any time. When an association with your child comes out of the blue — perhaps a piece of music or a can of spaghetti in the supermarket — whatever it is that throws you. by to remember to breathe deeply and slow^{ly}, and it will help. Remembering is important because even when it is painful, healing is taking place.

~ Jenny Kander, TCF/Johannesburg, SA

BUTTERFLY

Butterfly flutter by.
Butterfly hear me cry.
Butterfly hear me sigh.
Butterfly say good-bye.
Good-bye,
Butterfly.
Goodbye.

Katrina Krauss, TCF/Anne Arundel Cty, MD

Wondering

When I look upon a star,
I pause to wonder how you are.
I know you are the brightest star
Shinning so bright
Trying to let me know You're walking
On those streets of gold.
Sharing them with other angels there in Heaven
And you are home in your permanent place.
Miss you and love you forever.

~ Mary Gonda, TCF/Space Coast, FL

Thanksgiving

I give thanks, Lord, for:

Time

The time I had with Tim, time to grow and learn even when I'm no longer young, and time which will one day reunite me with my child.

Friends

Those that I've known that time has taken from me, those I cherish now, and those I've yet to meet.

Answered Prayers

I asked for comfort and strength to face what I must face and You answered me — maybe not the way I wanted, but You always answered me.

For Family

And I find my family expanding with each day. I find relatives need not always be family and family need not always be relatives. Love makes families — not bloodlines.

For the Children

Those remaining — mine and everyone else's. And for the ones that remain only in memory.

For Love

Love that's been given so freely from hearts that were broken like mine, but still could offer inc strength and hope.
For all of you, I thank God.

~ Judy Dickey, TCF/Greenwood, IN

THE TACO TREE

The morning sun of spring smiled on
The little boy of three
With chocolate eyes and impish grin
Beneath the Taco Tree.
The gentle summer breeze caressed the
Spirit wild and free
The ten year old with cream puff dreams
Beneath the Taco Tree.
The bold young man, not quite eighteen
To keep his country free
Packed up his bags and waved good-by
Beneath the Taco tree.
Scarce the first cord had begun
Till his life's song had been sung
Gone the child of ten and three
gone the dreams that used to be
Barren is the Taco tree.
On misty days and stormy nights
I close my eyes and see,
The chocolate eyes, the impish grin the
Spirit wild and free,
And through the mist or through the storm
These words waft down to me,
"I'm waiting for you Mother,
Beneath the Taco tree."

- Alice Osborn, TCF/Rolla, MO

Look at yourself in the mirror. Say to yourself, "It is hard to lose a child." Say to yourself, "It is reasonable to hurt." Say to yourself, "Healing takes time." Be good to yourself

~ Sascha Wagner, TCF/ Des Moines, IA

Allowing Grief in our Society

One of the biggest problems I had with my grief was in allowing myself to grieve. I was caught up in the societal expectations I had grown up with: "Don't cry," "Be brave," "Keep a stiff upper lip." When I look back I can see how harmful that was. I was filled with "shoulds" and "should nots," "oughts, and ought nots." I never stopped and asked myself WHY I should not or ought not. If I had, I would have realized that I was only doing what society expected me to do. Society was telling me to do what was necessary to make it comfortable. Society couldn't handle my negative emotions. Society, for me, was my friends and relatives. I could laugh and be happy with them, but I dared not cry or show unhappiness with them. If I did, I made them uncomfortable, and I wasn't to do that.

My soul cried out for release of my emotions. I wanted to cry and scream and lash out at the world in my anger. I wanted to confess my guilts. I wanted to tell someone I hurt so terribly. I wanted to talk and talk and talk about Arthur. But I could not, I should not, I ought not. I was a victim of not only the most devastating thing that can happen to a person--his child's death---but also of a society that denied death and the emotions that resulted from the loss of the most important part of one's life.

Those were society's expectations in 1971. They are not much different today. There are some small breakthroughs being made in respect to how society looks at death, dying and grief by Elisabeth Kubler-Ross and others, and groups such as Make Today Count, SIDS, and, of course, The Compassionate Friends. But society is far from allowing negative emotions, much less allowing our sharing our pain with them. We can change that.

With every great change that society has made there had to be a beginning. There had to be small changes in people, and ideas grew until many people changed. So it is up to us, each in his own way, to work toward changing society's expectations for the grieving person. We can begin with our own family and friends. We must tell them of our needs in our grief and ask them to help us.

This will not be easy at first. We, too, are part of that death denying society. We, too, have in the past been uncomfortable with another's negative emotions., but we must try. Specifically, we must tell our relatives and friends that we need to talk about our child and our grief. At the same time, we must tell them we know it is uncomfortable for them. Honesty and openness are necessary. We must be patient with them. We are going to find friends or relatives who refuse to listen or allow us to discuss our feelings and emotions. Some will be completely unable to help us. Their own life experiences will not allow them to get close to our pain as we are asking them to do. With these people we must try not to be critical and think they are unfeeling or do not care. With gentle persistence we will at least have let them know how they can help us. Whether they help us or not must be their choice.

Our children's' deaths have made us painfully aware of the needs of bereaved parents. It has also made us aware that there is little knowledge in our society of these needs. Each of us can do something to raise this awareness in others. Hopefully, ten or twenty years from now society will look at the grieving person and say; "It's OK to cry," "Tell me about your loved one," "I'll listen to your angers, your guilts, and your fears and not judge," and we will be able to say that we were a part of that change.

~ Margaret Gerner, TCF/St. Louis, MO

Our Children Did Exist

I've lost two children, I hear myself say,
And the person I'm talking to just turns away.
Now why did I tell them, I don't understand.
It wasn't for sympathy or to get a helping hand.
I just wanted them to know we've lost something dear,
I want them to know that our children were here.
They left something behind which no one can see. They made
just two people into a family.
So, if I've upset you, I'm sorry as can be. You'll have to forgive
me, I could not resist.

I just wanted you to know that our children did exist.

~ Betty Schreiber, TCF/Ashtabula, OH

TURNING TRAGEDY INTO POSITIVE ACTION

It has been some time now since we lost Tom, --six years.

I still think of him every day, and wonder "what might have been".

I always have strong feelings that Tom was cheated. He never had a chance to do all the "growing up" things in life, drive a car, go fishing, college, marriage, children, etc.

He was a person who loved life and humor. He really enjoyed a good laugh. He was always the diplomat in our family. When there were any disruptions in our family, he was the problem solver.

We miss him . . . but know life goes on.

One thing that helps me accept his death is my work with Compassionate Friends. I know that Tom would want it this way. He loved people, young and old. He had a concern, a compassion for his fellow man.

I am proud to be associated with The Compassionate Friends because I know this is what he would want--to reach out and try to help others help them-selves.

~ Donald Bauman, TCF/Fairmont, MN

When God sends forth a tiny soul
To learn the ways of earth,
A mother's love is waiting here --
We call this wonder -- birth.

When God calls home a tired soul
And stills a fleeting breath,
A Father's love is waiting there,
This too is birth -- not death.

~ Author Unknown



OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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



SIBLING PAGE

DREAMY MEMORIES

Beckoning, dreamy memories
Call softly out to me,
Taking me back through the years
To the way it used to be.
 Carefree and happy was our Brad,
 The world was his shining toy,
 Sunny days and summer nights
 Two favorites of his joy.
He floated, drifting with the tide,
Never knowing care or sorrow,
Living each day as it came,
With no thoughts of tomorrow.
 I shed a tear for him today,
 My heart called out his name.
 I longed to hold him in my arms
 For a touch that never came.
I closed my eyes to see his face
And hoped to see his smile.
I waited to hear him say to me,
"I'll be back in just a while."
 And then my eyes, so filled with fear,
 My heart, so filled with pain,
 Came back to see he wasn't here—
 My wishes were in vain.

Wistfully my mind returns
To the present day again.
I find in pleasant sweet surprise,
His soul still lives within.
 Though he may not be here now
 In a body we can touch,
 His memory will grow each day—
 In our hearts that means so much.
So now I'll say the time will come
When we will be together again.
Until that day no good-byes we'll say,
Just "We love you. God bless."
 ~ Debbie Sadler Brown, TCF/ Nashville, TN

TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER

I never knew my brother,
Yet I knew him well.
Through my mother's eyes
I've known him,
And I love him still.
I'll grow tall and strong like him,
Yet not like him at all.
He'll be my guardian angel,
And we'll go through life together, as one.
I have his clothes and his toys
And his photos,
I hold them dear to me, But most of all,
I treasure the loving memories
My mother gave to me.
 ~ Karen Hoyland, TCF/Brisbane, Australia

Wild flowers recoup from winter's
desolation to decorate spring.
By Diantha Ain

ALL THE THINGS I MISS

I sometimes think about all the things I miss about my brother.
There are a lot—some painful, some I never would have
believed at the time that I would miss. And I find that what I
miss the most are the things that should have been.
I bought my first car the year he would have turned sixteen. He
should have been here to ask to borrow the keys—not that I
would have given them to him—but he
should have been here to ask.
He should have been a senior this year, getting ready to face a
world with no more summer vacations and deciding what to do
with his life.
All the things that should be:
He should be here when I fall in love to tease me and give his
opinion of the man I choose.
He should be here when I have a child to be godparent and
uncle, friend and confidant.
He should be here to get married and have kids of his own so
that I can be an aunt and a sister-in-law.
He should be here to celebrate when things are good and to
commiserate when things are bad.
My brother was my friend and my foe in a way that only little
brothers can be. And as I sit here and think about my brother,
what I think the most is he should be here.
I love and miss you little brother.
 ~ Shannon Odessa Stiener, Lowell, IN

Alone in the
Night sky,
God bless that child,
Every one loved him, I will
Love you too, Nathan, forever.

In memory of my brother,
Nathan Moyer Schewe
~ Written by Madeline Schewe, age 8

THANKSGIVING GRACE

I am supposed to say a Thanksgiving grace today at the table,
but I don't feel very thanksgiving...
What are we supposed to be thankful for? God took our baby
away and we're supposed to still believe in HIM?
The table is set, the turkey smells good and everyone is
gathering around...every that is except my baby brother. WHY
didn't HE let Austin live? WHY didn't HE help him get better
so he could grow up with me? I do not want to be alone. I want
to be a sister. I don't want two turkey legs!
Hey God. I'm talking to you! Can you hear me? WHY don't
you answer????
Or do you sometimes, I just can't hear? Well, anyway, I guess
I'm thankful for the little time Big A was her. We did have fun
sometimes.
So thanks, God, for that little while.

~by Alicia M. Sims from "Am I Still A Sister?"



How Will I Get Through The Holidays? **12 Ideas For Those Whose Loved One Has Died**

Accept the likelihood of your pain.

When you're facing your first holiday without the one who has been so close to you, a good starting point with this awareness; chances are it will be a painful time. You may wonder how you will ever make it through. It is equally important not to decide in advance that the approaching holidays will necessarily be horrendous. While it may have its difficult moments, the approaching holiday time does not have to be an absolute catastrophe. More often than not, people report that the experience itself did not turn out to be as trying as they feared. Chances are good that can be your experience, too. Yes, you will probably feel pain. Yes, you may wish this year's calendar would skip over November and December. But, no, it does not have to be awful. There are things you can do to help.

Feel whatever it is you feel.

You may be learning what many others have learned; some people will try to hurry you through your grief, Some may insist on continually cheering you up. Others may give you advice about what you should and shouldn't do or about how you should or shouldn't feel. Whatever else you do this holiday time, do your best to claim your own feelings. As much as you are able, own up to the fact that something terribly important has happened in your life, this naturally causes a reaction within you.

Express your emotions.

Acknowledging your feelings to yourself is one step, but another step is just as important; you must find a release for what is going on inside of you. There are many different ways to express yourself. Search for what is best for you. Some cry long and hard, and others cry hardly at all. People are different that way. Some prefer to talk a lot, and others tend to be more quiet. Some like to write, while others keep their hands busy in different ways. The secret for your best means of expression is simple: be yourself. Whatever method you choose, find a way to allow your feelings to move from within yourself to outside yourself. You'll feel better. You'll learn more. You'll gain perspective. And you'll be placing yourself squarely on the path that leads towards healing.

Plan ahead.

Perhaps the most practical advice is this; plan your day before it arrives. Realizing that this year's holidays, and maybe several year's holidays will not unfold the way you wish, you can make plans to do the best you can with circumstances you face. You can prepare yourself to deal with what you think will be the more difficult situations. You can give thought to how you will cope with those parts of your celebration that are especially emotional, or how you will handle those tasks or roles that were the special responsibility of your loved one. You can ask others to help you, both in thinking about what you'll do and in carrying out your ideas. When planning ahead, make decisions for the immediate holiday period only. You don't need to decide about the years ahead. And whatever you do, plan tentatively. You haven't been through this particular holiday while experiencing this particular loss. Give yourself the freedom to change your plans as you go.

Take charge where you can.

There is much in your life that has moved beyond your command. Yet there are some actions that you can take and some decisions that you can make that are within your authority. If the death you've experienced isn't too recent, this may be a good time to evaluate the holiday traditions you've established through the years. It might make sense to change your holiday meal routine, by dining out at a restaurant rather than at home, or by having the main meal in another's home, or by planning a new menu. Changes might be made in how holiday decorations are done. Or how gifts are given out, or when, or where. Take charge in little ways and you'll find they're not so little — they're very important.

Turn to others for support.

The holiday time, when emotions naturally run high and memories are especially strong, is a difficult time to be entirely alone. People who are bereaved can benefit greatly from the support and assistance of people who understand and care. Don't forget that often these people not only want to help, but they need to help. Be straightforward about what you think will assist you and what won't. Express your wishes, even if it's only to one other person. Word has a way of traveling. If it feels affirming to hear your friends speak the name of your loved one, let them know. If hugs feel good, say so. Or show it by hugging others first.

Be gentle with yourself.

One of the best things you can do is treat yourself lovingly. The holiday season has stresses and demands all its own. Add the extreme strain bereavement may cause and overload easily becomes a problem. Give yourself plenty of time to rest. Avoid committing yourself to doing more than you have the physical and psychological energy to handle. Accept invitations that feel right and kindly decline those that don't. Pace yourself on your "good" days and do what feels right. Give yourself lots of latitude on your "bad" days and accept that most people in grief have their full share of these times. There's no reason to feel guilty about having such days. They simple go with the territory. And the territory is grief.

Remember to remember.

You may feel comfort in finding specific ways to link yourself with the one who died. Some people create a small remembrance area in their home. You might choose to honor your loved one with a ritual of remembrance. Talking about your life together or looking at photographs or home movies may be a bittersweet experience. Remembering your loved one is a way of insuring that the past does not remain only in the past. It lives on still, in you and in others. One final point about remembering to remember is this; you may not feel up to it this year. That's not uncommon for someone new to grief. If that's the case for you, don't force yourself. You'll know when the time is right.

Search out and count your blessings.

Remain as open as you are able to what you have to appreciate and to what may be given you during the coming holiday season. One secret to handling the holidays is to stay in the present moment as much as possible. Savor what there is to savor, however small. Accept the warmth that is yours to receive, however fleeting. Cry if tears are near, then let them pass and see what else you will feel. And don't be afraid to laugh. There can be humor in both what you remember and in the events of these passing days themselves. Enjoy any laughter that flows. You won't be desecrating the memory of your loved one. You'll be consecrating what he or she has brought to your life, and you'll be doing your own mending at the same time.

Do something for others.

It only makes sense that people in grief can become centered on themselves. Their loss feels so overwhelming and the tasks facing them seem so demanding, they focus their attention almost exclusively on what has happened and how it affects them. Perhaps you have experienced that yourself. Early in the grief process, such a response is to be expected. Yet after a while it is helpful to place some of your attention outside yourself. One way of doing that is by doing something for others. Even if your grief weighs you down, you do not have to remain incapacitated by your loss. You can reach out and offer something of what you have and who you are. even if it feels like it is only a little.

Give voice to your soul.

A time of grief is a time for your soul. Anytime you suffer a serious loss, the spiritual side of you will be a part of whatever happens. You may not use words like "soul" or "spirit". You may not refer to the vocabulary or the beliefs of a particular faith. But some inner part of you is still involved, a part of you that is other than your body, or your mind or your feelings. Consider making room in your days for the expression of your soul. Depending upon what feels natural, this might mean times of prayer, or quiet meditation, or reading spiritual books, or talking with a religious professional. Learn how others have responded when their cries of grief and crisis of faith occurred simultaneously. And realize the answers you seek may not be mysteriously hidden far away. They may be waiting for you patiently, deep inside. You don't need to chase after them. All you need to do is sit still.

Harbor hope.

No one likes to grieve. Yet it is the very act of grieving that leads you back to life. It is only by allowing yourself to feel bad that you can finally come to feel good again. But until that feeling recurs, what can you do? Among other things, you can hope. You can hope that you will integrate this loss into your life, so that you are growing wiser as well as older, and so that you are more prepared to face other losses in your life, which will inevitably follow. Never forget that this is one of the most powerful tools you have. With hope, you can be yourself again. And with hope, you can find a way to carry with you the one you so miss and the one you so love.

How Will I Get Through The Holidays, by James E. Miller.
Permission to reprint excerpts granted by Willowgreen Publishing.

Cemetery Moms

Jessica's Mom found another elephant to perch on Jess' headstone. She sits on the next grave marker with her arms wrapped around her knees, rocking and telling the latest about the court case that plays out her agony in the local newspaper. It was one year ago that her daughter innocently hung out with her long-time friends, boys who stole a gun they didn't think was loaded. Dads, siblings, grandparents and friends come too, but today, only Cemetery Moms are here.

Music comes from Keith's section of Clinton Grove Cemetery, where Civil War soldiers rest with the county seat's first settlers, and now our children. Keith's mother brings a tape player to comfort her while she plants and prunes and fusses over every leaf and petal. The music he wrote and performed couldn't drown out the teasing, bullying and pressure of high school and, she tells us, he ended his life.

Not far, a different Jessica's mother plants purple- blue flowers to match her daughter's purple headstone- imported from Europe - favorite color of the girl who was expected to survive heart surgery.

A grave away from my son is John, who also ended the life that had overwhelmed him. He is Jessica-the-elephant-collector's cousin. In four years, I have never seen John's mother here.

She is the one who discovered her son in the garage. So we tend John's place, planting and watering around the statue representing John's pug dog.

My own little Steven lies in this section among the other young ones. He lost the battle with lifelong medical problems. I've come to change the poem in the outdoor frame next to Steven's blue headstone - blue for little boys and angels. Jessica's mom listens to how Steven "told" me to buy that little Raspberry Punch rosebush for the gravesite. (He "blew raspberries" when he was contented, which I believe he is now.)

We guess at who left some token of love for Jess. There are no car pools or school activities or passing off outgrown clothes to occupy our time and our talk. Not even the latest surgery or teenage crisis. In winter. I come Fridays, and eat my lunch in my car parked alongside our kids' section. Jessica's mom says not to worry if I don't get here every day this summer to water the impatiens; she comes every day with her sprinkling can. We are the Cemetery Moms.

~ Linda May, TCF/Troy, MI

WHERE ELSE

WHERE ELSE - can you come into a group of complete strangers and talk about the death of your child?

WHERE ELSE - can you know that you are not alone in your bereavement?

WHERE ELSE - can others sincerely say to you "I know how you feel . . .?"

WHERE ELSE - will you not hear "It's time you were over it and start getting on with your life" and other unwelcome advice?

WHERE ELSE - can you cry without feeling shamed or laugh without feeling guilty?

WHERE ELSE - can you just listen and not talk if you don't want to?

WHERE ELSE - can you reach out to newly bereaved parents who are experiencing the grief and pain you have felt?

WHERE ELSE - can you share the love and memories of your child(ren) with others?

WHERE ELSE - NOWHERE ELSE BUT AT THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS.

~ Dave Ziv, TCF/Warrington, PA

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!

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Librarian		Initial Contact	Kylene Milligan 701-282-4794
Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen 701-730-0805	Newsletter Database	Mike Cvijanovich 701-235-8158
Newsletter Printing	Joyce at Olivet Lutheran Church	Mailing Committee	Contact Us to Join

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) 701-282-4794
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.