



# THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

## FARGO/MOORHEAD AREA CHAPTER

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

National Headquarters  
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Toll-free (877) 969-0010  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

F-M Area Chapter  
P.O. Box 10686  
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The F-M Area Chapter of The Compassionate Friends meets the 2nd Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. at FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH 127 2ND AVE E WEST FARGO, ND  
Please enter on the West side. Our meeting is in the Fellowship Hall - lower level, west side.

Upcoming Meetings  
November 14th  
December 12th

**Dates to Remember**  
Mom's meeting - November 21st  
@ 7 p.m. Fryn' Pan  
Worldwide Candle Lighting® -  
7 p.m. December 8th  
TCF National Conference -  
Chicago, IL July 11-13, 2014

Please check out our Chapter website's page for 'Our Beloved Children' ([www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html)). If you would like your child's picture and a poem or story posted on this page, please submit them to us at [tcf1313@hotmail.com](mailto: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.



### B A B Y

I used to hold you in  
my arms, baby.  
A pleasant weight.  
Now I hold flowers,  
sweet like you.

A bundle so very, very light,  
But oh, so heavy a burden.  
(Lifted with love) from the  
Pikes Peak Chapter, TCF,  
Col. Springs

### 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

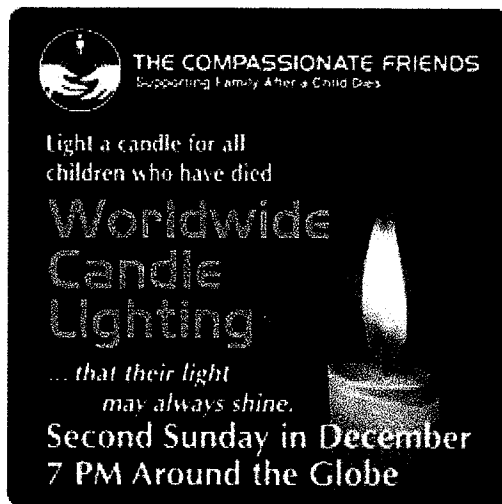
Sonia Wateland in memory of her son, Mark Wateland  
Dean & Jo Allmendinger in memory of their son, Lucas Allmendinger  
Steven & Joan Halland in memory of their son, Cole Halland  
Neil & Kathleen Prochnow in memory of their son, Reed Joel Prochnow  
Frank & Maxine Kadlec in memory of their son, Jeff Kadlec  
Allan & Marlene Ochsner in memory of their son, Jacob Allan Ochsner  
Mike & Sheryl Cvijanovich in memory of their son, Matthew Cvijanovich  
Richard & Clare Elless in memory of their daughter, Tari Elless Heller

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.

At the finest level of my being, you're still with me.  
We still look at each other, at that level beyond sight.  
We talk and laugh with each other, in a place beyond words.  
We still touch each other, on a level beyond touch.  
We share time together in a place where time stands still.  
We are still together, on a level called LOVE.  
But I cry alone for you, in a place called reality.

~ Richard Lepinsky





## Worldwide Candle Lighting

The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting, held annually the second Sunday in December, this year December 8th, unites family and friends around the globe as they light candles for one hour to honor and remember children who have died at any age from any cause. As candles are lit at 7 p.m. local time, creating a virtual wave of light, hundreds of thousands of persons commemorate and honor the memories of children in a way that transcends all ethnic, cultural, religious, and political boundaries.

Now believed to be the largest mass candle lighting on the globe, the Worldwide Candle Lighting, a gift from TCF to the bereavement community, creates a virtual 24-hour wave of light as it moves from time zone to time zone. Hundreds of formal candle lighting events are held and thousands of informal candle lightings are conducted in homes as families gather in quiet remembrance of children who have died, but will never be forgotten.

## THE GIFT OF THE TCF WORLD WIDE CANDLE LIGHTING

May 11, 1995: 45 years after I had taken my first breath of life would now sadly and incomprehensibly mark my precious daughter's last. Blisteringly hot day six of our family vacation in Orlando on a freeway many hundreds of miles from our home in Minnesota, an alcohol-impaired driver fell asleep at the wheel crashing into the side of the car where Nina was seated thereby ending the promising life of my vibrantly beautiful 15-year-old daughter, killing her instantly. A week that began in joyful family togetherness ended in unspeakable tragedy.

Brokenhearted, we returned home to begin the daunting task of learning to live without Nina. We catatonically walked through the mind-numbing chore of making arrangements for our daughter's funeral, our house filled with people aiding us however they could. But soon after the service, the silence in our home was deafening. My son wondered aloud where everyone had gone. Though hard to conceive that the sun still rose and set every day; that people continued to work, breathe, laugh and love, I undoubtedly knew the answer to his question; they had returned to the normalcy of their untainted existence while our lives felt irreparably shattered.

While others had gone back to the "real world", even in the midst of my cavernous grief I knew I had to preserve Nina's memory; I needed to find others who also desired their loved ones not be forgotten, realizing that it had to be another bereaved parent. I also needed reassurance there was hope that the raw pain of my loss would not continue forever, and that I was not alone on this most difficult of journeys. Thankfully, the funeral director in our city led me to The Compassionate Friends (TCF), a self-help group for bereaved parents, siblings and grandparents. There I found the support and understanding that I so desperately craved, along with many distinctive, creative ways from seasoned grievers to ensure that Nina would be forever remembered.

This became particularly important as I neared the first Christmas without Nina. They showed me I could bring her into the holiday season she loved so much by attending our chapter's annual holiday candle lighting. A few short years later, I became involved in chapter leadership. During that time, the TCF Worldwide Candle Lighting (WCL) came into existence and culminated into what is believed to be the world's largest candle lighting. Held the second Sunday of December at 7:00 p.m. in each time zone around the world candles are lit for one hour. As the candles burn down in one time zone, they are lit in the next, creating a virtual 24-hour wave of light around the globe.

The past few years I have been the MC for our chapter's program in conjunction with the WCL. From my vantage point, I clearly see each tear-stained face. Though the room is dimly lit in the beginning, as each flame is lit for a child gone too soon, the room gradually becomes bathed in a warm and peaceful glow. The candles are held proudly aloft in a show of fortitude and solidarity, with the belief that our children look down and see our lights of love and hope lifted heavenward, signifying that though gone is the life, never is their light.

The TCF Worldwide Candle Lighting is the gift I give myself (and Nina) each holiday season, and many family members and friends gift me with their presence at the chapter event or light a candle at 7 p.m. in remembrance of Nina. For all of us whose precious children have died it is a beautiful and special way to ensure forevermore "...that their light may always shine."

With gentle thoughts over the holiday season, and always,  
~ Cathy L. Seehuetter, TCF/St. Paul Chapter

## THIS I CAN SHARE WITH YOU

By Marilyn W. Heavlin

I have not experienced the death of my only child,  
But some of us have.  
I have not experienced a child dying by suicide,  
But some of us have.  
I have not watched my child fight a terminal illness,  
But some of us have.  
None of us would dare say,  
"I know just how you feel".  
Even if our experiences are similar,  
No two situations are exactly alike.  
But I can say  
I remember the pain when my child died.  
I remember the feelings of insanity.  
I remember the feelings of aloneness.  
I remember wishing I could die.  
I remember wanting to share something with my Child, but  
he wasn't there.  
So, my friend, our experiences have parts in Common, and  
parts that are different!  
So, why should we listen to each other?  
Do we have anything to share?  
Do you know what heartbreak feels like? All of us do.  
Do you know the numbness of grief? All of us do.  
Do you know what it's like to have empty arms?  
All of us do.  
So, let's learn what we can of our commonalities.  
We loved a child, but our child left too soon.

### THIS WE CAN SHARE WITH YOU

Reprinted from Bereaved Parents Of The USA  
[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org)

#### First Thanksgiving

The thought of being thankful  
fills my heart with dread.  
They'll all be feigning gladness,  
not a word about her said.  
These heavy shrouds of blackness  
enveloping my soul,  
pervasive, throat-catching,  
writhe in me, and coil.  
I must, I must acknowledge,  
just express her name,  
so all sitting at the table,  
know I'm thankful that she came.  
Though she's gone from us forever  
and we mourn to see her face,  
not one minute of her living,  
would her death ever replace.  
So I stop the cheerful gathering,  
though my voice quivers, quakes,  
make a toast to all her living.  
That small tribute's all it takes.

~ Genesee Bourdeau Gentry  
from Stars in the Deepest Night –  
After the Death of a Child

## Daisies in Huge Handfuls

"Pick more daisies" was the most popular expression in our family. I picked it up from a magazine article about a 94 year old lady in Kentucky who, when asked what she would do differently if she had her life to live over, responded "I would take more chances; I would eat more ice cream and less beans; I would have more real troubles but fewer imaginary ones; I would climb more mountains; I would swim more rivers, and I would pick more daisies."

Our son, Mark, seized the daisy expression as the theme both for his life and his entrance exam essay at UCLA. It helped him live his brief 18 years; his essay helped him get an academic scholarship.

Daisies became our family flower. They marked our attitude about living. And they marked our son's memorial service. After it was over, his friends and fraternity brothers each threw a daisy into the ocean. Daisies still mark his grave every week. It has taken me almost two years to return to really thinking about daisies and what that quote by a 94-year-old lady really means. During that time I made a pretty big mess of things. I did the best I could, but I was often going through the motions outside, but empty inside.

To me, what this quote means is we really do have to pull ourselves together again and go on. Dr. Charles Heuser, a former pastor at our church, notes "going through the steps of grief is like walking through the valley and shadow of death. Keep walking, but don't camp there."

Our children would not want us to "camp there," but to go pick more daisies—to somehow live an even more meaningful life in their name. As I go on I am truly a different person. I don't suffer fools or superficiality very well any more. As one of my best friends said..."I get tired of beige people." Yet, I will drop everything to help another bereaved parent. I certainly have more "real troubles and fewer imaginary ones." But it's OK—I like myself better that way.

And I am returning to embrace life each day again. But this time I am following my heart instead of my expected career. I am taking more chances, climbing more unfamiliar mountains, and picking daisies in huge handfuls.

Mark would want it so.

~ Rich Edler, TCF/South Bay, CA  
In Memory of my son Mark Edler

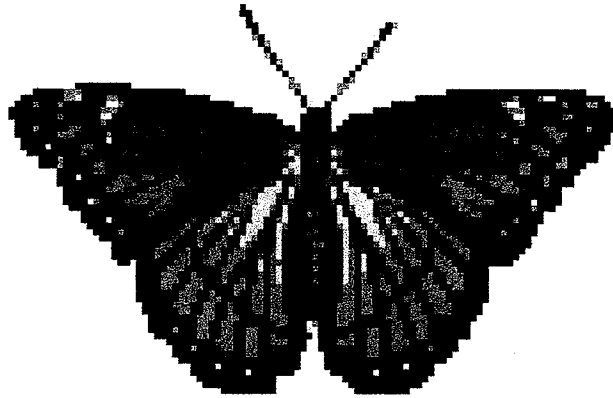
#### GRIEF

When a storm of grief grows in the heart; reach back to yesterday to catch onto your memories.

The storm will calm and, for a brief moment, the lost feeling of happiness will shine through and through.

~ Lori Pollard, TCF/Montgomery, AL

## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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



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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: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature) \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

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)

## SIBLING PAGE

### A THOUSAND FACES

I walked in wearing your jacket, my arms linked between Mom and Dad.  
My hand trembled around the folded pages of my speech.  
I could barely breathe as we sat down in front of your coffin.  
I had asked to speak first. One thousand sets of eyes watched every step of my careful pace to the podium.  
My heart pounded, my hands shook the unfolded pages, and tears began to stream down my cheeks.  
I stood beside your silence. And listened to the echo of my grief into the sobbing crowd.  
I wanted to fall to my knees, pound the wooden floor and scream for answers. I wanted to lay down into the madness that your death brought me to. But you had always taught me to be strong.  
I took a deep breath and continued as if you were standing beside me—  
I spoke of your sarcasm, your love for chicks, our childhood fights, and our developed friendship. And my memories were joined by a laughter that reminded me to remember your smile and not this day.  
I wiped my eyes and folded the pages that said goodbye to the sixteen years that I spent looking up to you.  
Your favorite song began and echoed from the walls of the same gymnasium that used to chant your name on game day.  
I watched your best friends file around you and looked into eyes that I had never seen shed tears until today.  
A thousand hearts broke for the shaken spirits of the boys that led your procession.  
My hand trembled around the folded pages of my speech.  
And I followed your lead for the last time.

~ Alexandra, TCF/Portland, OR

### MY THOUGHTS OF YOU

Another holiday without you  
Another wedding without you  
Another birthday without you  
Another graduation without you  
Another day without you.  
I miss your goofy laugh  
I miss your temper tantrums  
I miss your bugging me for money  
I miss your punches in my arm  
But most of all I miss you.  
So I will remember  
Our good and bad times  
And share them with others  
So that I can keep you  
Alive in my heart.  
You were supposed to be here always  
Or till the world came to an end.  
I know that we argued and  
Seemed to disagree,  
But I could always count on you

~De Ann Kouse, TCF/Louisville, KY

### UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

You left us so suddenly that I think most of us just felt shock. Did you know of everyone's love for you? We used to have lots of fun playing basketball, talking about diesel trucks and dragsters, and playing videos. You lived for scouting, you lived for animals and nature -- you lived for us all. I got to know your corny jokes, your adolescent fears (although for you they were understandably real), the simplest way with which you saw life, the joy you placed in other's hearts.

How could it be that you're gone now while others seemingly less deserving live on? I'm not sure. Life isn't fair - everyone has said it - but why? Why does the sun rise? Why are we here? What is the purpose of life? I haven't been alive very long, but the only response I can come up with is love. Love has to be the answer to this question.

I love you. We all love you. We shall meet again someday, and that day will be a day of joy for me, a day that we shall again be companions. By that time, we will have a lot to share. It already seems a lifetime since you've gone. So it goes.

We live, we love, we learn. Our biggest task to learn is to let you go and never Forget.

~ Scott T. Anderson, TCF/Omaha, NE

### A Scar That Just Won't Heal

The room you once lived in...

Doesn't look the same.

The people who used to call you,

Never mention your name.

The car you used to drive,

They may not be made anymore;

All the things you once treasured,

Are boxed behind closet doors.

The clothes you set the trends by,

Are surely out of date.

The people you owned money to

Have wiped away the slate.

Things have changed and

Changed again since you went away.

But some things have

Remained the same, each and

Every day.

Like this aching in my heart,

A scar that just won't heal.

Or the way a special song

Can change the way I feel.

Brother, you must know that

The music bonds us and will

Always keep us close.

Because secretly I know deep in

My heart, it's the music you miss

The most.

So let the world keep on turning

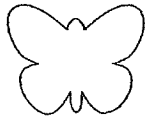
And time can take it toll.

For as long as the music keeps

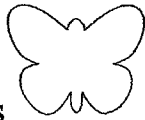
Playing, you'll be alive

And dancing in my soul.

~ Stacie Gilliam, TCF/Oklahoma City, OK



## 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](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html).

## FROM A GRANDMOTHER'S VIEWPOINT

Death was not something I thought about when my grandchildren were born. Thirteen months after our fifth grandchild came into this world, I was standing in the snow holding my daughter's arm and looking down at a tiny white box containing him.

The grief came in waves, sometimes bearable ... sometimes not. As well as dealing with the loss and watching my daughter, her husband, and two sons grieve, I felt helpless to ease their pain. When you lose a grandchild, you also lose the people your daughter and her family were. They no longer look at life the same - they change. Grief does that - it changes the entire family and all those the family touches.

Unless one has lost a child or grandchild, you cannot even imagine what life is like in this grieving process. It has been six years since Kyle died. We are still healing, yet have come a long way. We are stronger and closer for having come thus far. **WE WILL NEVER FORGET THIS CHILD!**

~ Kyle's Grandmother, TCF/Central CT

Some say you're too painful to remember. I say you're too precious to forget."

Our Mom's group meeting will be held this month on the 3rd Thursday due to Thanksgiving at 7:00 pm at the Fryn' 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 November 21st. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or [sherylc13@msn.com](mailto:sherylc13@msn.com).

## STANDING

*People say "Oh you are doing so well,  
you are so strong, you are an inspiration!"*

*We do not feel strong.*

*We feel shaken to the core,*

*Saddened beyond belief,*

*Pain beyond comprehension,*

*Forever changed.*

*What do they see that we can not see?*

*"That a horrible storm, unexpectedly ripped through  
our lives and we are still standing"*

*They are amazed - We are paralyzed*

*Still Standing*

*~ Julie Short, TCF/Southeastern Illinois Chapter  
In Loving Memory of Kyra*

## Rosebush Full of Blooms

On a rosebush full of blooms, there is occasionally one rose more fragile than the rest. Nobody knows why. The rose receives the same amounts of rain and sun as its neighboring blooms: it receives the same amounts of food and water from the earth, of clipping and tending and gentle encouragement from the gardener. Its time on earth is neither more nor less significant than that of the other blooms alongside it. It has all the necessary components to become what it is intended to be: a beautiful flower, fully open, spreading its petals and fragrance and color for the world to see.

But for some reason, once in a while, a single rose doesn't reach maturity. It's not the gardener's fault, nor the fault of the rose. So it is that sometimes, despite the best growing conditions, the best efforts of the gardener, the best possibilities for a glorious blooming season, a particularly fragile rose will share its growth for awhile, then fade and die. And the gardener and the rosebush and the earth and all around grieve.

We are never ready for a loss, not for the loss of a promising rosebud, whose life appears ready to unfold with brilliant color and fulfillment. In the midst of our grieving, we can remember the glimpses of color and fragrance and growth that was shared. We can love the fragile rose and the fragile soul for the valiant battles won and the blooming that was done. And as our own petals unfold, we can remember the softness and beauty of those who touched us along the way.

~ Ernestine Clark, TCF/Oklahoma City, OK

## OUR LOVE

*We created you, With our love...*

*We cared for you, With our love....*

*We nurtured you, With our love....*

*We honored you, With our love...*

*We buried you, With our love...*

*We remember you, With our love.*

*~ Alice & Otto Weening, TCF/Cincinnati, OH*

### Who Suffers More?

Suppose you had two jars from your supermarket that you wanted to re-use, but you need to remove their labels first. One of the jars has a pressure-sensitive label which peels right off without a trace of residue. The other one has a label that refuses to budge regardless of soaking, scraping or general pleading. The removal does not depend upon the qualities of the label or the jar. It is the kind of bonding that determines the kind of separation. Only the adhesive involved matters.

Neither the size of the label and jar, nor the length of time they have been joined together will determine how great a struggle there will be in separating the two from each other.

So it is with love and death. Therefore, let us always keep in mind as we experience our own separation pain that it is not relevant how old the child was who died -- we don't love our children more as they grow and develop. (Sometimes the more obscure label has the more tenacious bond!) The *only* measure of our grief is the intensity of our attachment.

Unbonding is not necessarily a visible or obvious process. Just as you cannot tell by looking at a jar whether its label is readily removable, you cannot tell just by looking at a parent how much suffering is caused by the unbonding process. For some parents the attachment is firm even before their children are born. For others it cements more totally with time.

None of us can judge for another. We can only extend to others the same comfort, support and understanding that we hope to receive for ourselves. Remember, we're all rowing in the same storm, and we all intend the same destination: the safe harbor of healing and peace.

~ Andrea Gambill, TCF/Indianapolis, IN

### Love Always Remembers

May tender memories soften your grief  
May fond recollections bring you relief  
And may you find comfort and peace in the thought  
Of the joy of knowing your loved one brought  
For time and space can never divide  
Or keep your loved one from your side  
When memory paints in colors true  
The happy hours that belonged to you.

~ Helen Steiner Rice, South Shore, Hingham, MA

### You Will Feel Better

Sorrow comes to all... it comes with bitterest agony...  
Perfect relief is not possible except with time.  
You cannot now realize that you will ever feel better...  
And yet this is a mistake  
You are sure to be happy again,  
To know this, which is certainly true, will make you some  
less miserable now. I have had  
experience enough to know what I say.

~ Abraham Lincoln

### Thanksgiving

Our time together was too brief,  
Your life on earth numbered in but days.  
Yet, how could I have loved you more if I had  
held you through the seasons of your life?  
When does love begin?

For me the day you first moved within me  
Wrapped me in such warmth that it can still  
keep out the cold as here I stand missing you  
and all that we could have shared.

Death has robbed me of your softness and of  
all the dreams I had for you,  
But not of my love.

Not even death can take that from me -- from us.  
And for that, I am thankful.

- Karen Nelson, TCF/ Brigham City, UT

### Meditation

The main impact is just the loss, the incredible  
loss. The expectations just were gone. The old age  
that I expected is different. It just never occurred to  
me that she would not be in the next rocker... At  
the Catholic school that I went to the motto was *hic et nunc*, Latin for "here and now." What they meant  
was you do what is necessary—here and now.

~Cokie Roberts

Cokie Roberts was commenting on the death of her sister.

All of us who have suffered the untimely death of a  
loved one could echo her words. We have to begin again to  
learn about our own growing old.

But the real lesson of untimely death—or any death, is,  
Pay attention to today. "Do what is necessary—here and  
now." The compliment you mean to give, the time together  
you keep putting off, the resolution of an old pain you yearn  
to talk about but haven't got around to—these are the things  
you attend to before it's too late.

If it's too late to talk to one already gone, then play  
through in your imagination both sides of the conversation  
you never had. You may be surprised at how healing this  
exercise can be. And then find the people for who it's not too  
late and tell them what you want them to know.

*This is the only day I have for sure. May I use it well.*

~Martha Whitmore Hickman, From *Healing After Loss*

### TAKE ME TO WHERE THE WATERMELON GROWS

Take me to where the watermelon grows  
stretched out over years ago  
Take me to where memories live, and sorrow  
never casts its shadow  
Show me the grass where laughter thrives  
where little boys and girls dance  
Take me to those rich fields of yesterday  
ripe with the memories  
...basking in sunlight,  
waiting for me to smile  
as I remember my child.

~ Alice J. Wisler

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	Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-235-8158
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer ..... 701-298-2929	Initial Contact	Jamie Olson ..... 701-219-3865
Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen ..... 701-730-0805	Newsletter Database	Mike Cvijanovich ..... 701-235-8158
Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-235-8158	Librarian	
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) .....	701-491-0364
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 15<sup>th</sup> to be included in the next month's newsletter. If you wish to give a love gift please complete:

Love gift given in Memory/Honor of \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Relationship \_\_\_\_\_ Born \_\_\_\_\_ Died \_\_\_\_\_

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