



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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F-M Area Chapter
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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 12th
December 10th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on November 19th @ Fry'n Pan
For November & December Mom's meeting will be the 3rd Thursday TCF National Conference - Scottsdale, AZ July 8-10, 2016

LOVE GIFTS

Mike & Sheryl Cvijanovich in memory of their son, Matthew Isaac Cvijanovich
Donna Holley in memory of her nephew, Matthew Isaac Cvijanovich
Joan & Steve Halland in memory of their son, Cole Halland
Allan & Marlene Ochsner in memory of their son, Jacob Allan Ochsner
Neil & Kathleen Prochnow in memory of their son, Reed Joel Prochnow
Clare & Richard 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.

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard
No more.
~ W. Wardsworth

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

Thank you very much to the following Pride of Dakota members who so graciously and generously donated items for the silent auction baskets that the Fargo/Moorhead Chapter brought to the Rochester Regional Conference. We had enough products to make 4 very nice baskets.

Donor List and website/Facebook page links:

Chipperz Delights - www.chipperzdelights.com
Dot's Pretzels - www.dotspretzels.com
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Maple River Winery - www.mapleriverwinery.com
Mare's Creations - www.facebook.com/MaresCreations?fref=ts
Northern Lights Honey - www.facebook.com/Northern-Lights-Honey-871728802851872/timeline
RBJ's Spreadable Fruit - www.spreadablefruit.com
ND Dept of Agriculture - Pride of Dakota - <http://store.ndgifts.com>

"Some say you're too painful to remember. I say you're too precious to forget."
Our Mom's group will be meeting on the 3rd Thursday of the month in November and December due to the holidays. The Mom's group meets at 7:00 pm at the Fry'n Pan Restaurant, 300 Main Avenue, Fargo. Our gatherings are informal as we come together to talk about our children, books that we've read, recipes we've tried, our jobs and whatever else comes up during the course of the evening. We all have times where the listening heart of another mom or grandma is welcome (and necessary). Please join us this month on Thursday November 19th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylc13@msn.com.

Thanksgiving Prayer

I'm thankful this Thanksgiving
That my grief is not so new.
Last year it was so painful to
Think of losing you.
Death can't claim my love for you
Tho we are far apart,
Sweet memories will always be
Engraved upon my heart.
Time can never bring you back
But it can help me be
Thankful for the years of joy
You brought our family.
To all the parents with grief so new
I share your loss and sorrow
I pray you find with faith and time
The blessings of each tomorrow.
~ Charlotte Irick, TCF/Idaho Falls, ID

Thankful vs. Thankless

This is the time of year when many bereaved parents start saying out loud what newly bereaved parents have been thinking for weeks and weeks—"I really am dreading the holidays." And why not? When your grief is so new, you haven't had the necessary time to accept life as it is for you now.

On the other hand, there are those of us who have had that necessary time and the proper support who are able to observe the holidays in a less painful way. We have kept some of the old traditions that warm our hearts and thrown out those that are either too painful or meaningless now. We have created a life that doesn't include someone who was a vital part of who and what we were. We're different now, doing different things because losing a child forces you into that position if you are to survive in an emotionally healthy way.

The words *thankful* and *thankless* follow one another in my dictionary; so close together in a book, yet so far apart in meaning. When you think about it, the difference between the two words is *full* and *less*. Though those of us who have had more time do, like the more newly bereaved, have less in the way of family, our lives still do have a fullness because we have learned to be thankful and appreciate that which we have left in the way of people and memories—more so than we ever thought possible.

As you approach this Thanksgiving, if you haven't yet been able to make your adjustment, I hope you will feel what you must for now because whatever you are feeling is okay. It isn't until you have reached the place in your grief where the ability to make good choices returns to your life that you can make some important changes in how you approach the holidays.

I hope the transition from thankless to thankful will be soon in coming for you, for that will mean some peace has returned to your life. Above all, I do wish you peace during this holiday season. I wish you more of the same in the new year.

~ Mary Cleckley

You'll Excuse Me

You'll excuse me if the bounce is gone from my step. Or the depth of my laughter has changed. Issues that were once monumental now seem so insignificant.

Please excuse me if I don't commiserate that your car needs repair or the faucet leaks; my focus on life has forever changed.

You'll excuse me if my spirit seems lost during holidays of any kind. They are now days "to hear," rather than days to share and enjoy.

You'll pardon me if I bring you down or make you feel discomfort, and I'll pardon you for not understanding that my life will never be the same; that although I'll survive, there will always be sorrow.

~ Joan Fischer, TCF/Nassau County Chapter, NY

SNOW

Every snowflake that falls is unique and has its own individual design. There are beautiful patterns in each snowflake and even the tiniest of flakes have their own markings. These patterns change again and again even after the flake touches the ground. Each snowflake is a cause for wonder, each flake is one of a kind. No two are exactly alike. Like the snowflake, our beautiful children were each unique and special; some we only dreamed about and some danced upon the earth. They filled our lives with wonder and transformed our world. We held them too briefly, but we will hold them in our hearts forever. We shall remember them always. At this time of remembering, it may help to reflect upon how our lives have been enriched by the love we have given and the love we have received from our children. Our children leave treasures behind that time can never take away.

Written by Denise Falzon, TCF Lake Area, MI
In loving memory of her son, Brian Falzon

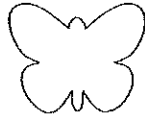
Crying

When your heart says "cry" but your mind says "don't," listen to your heart. It could be your pride, not your mind, that is saying don't cry: for tears are hard for one's pride to accept. Crying because your child has died does not mean you are not a strong person. Tears do not mean you are having problems with emotional instability. You are crying because you are hurt. You are in love with your child and now the child is dead. Not letting it out little by little through tears may mean you are bottling it all inside. Is this good? Next time your heart says "cry," listen to it. You'll feel better for it in the long run.

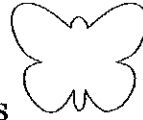
When God sends forth a tiny soul
To learn the ways of earth,
A mother's love is waiting here --
We call this wonder -- birth.

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



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.

MISCARRIAGE - The Unrecognized Tragedy

Though it's been almost three years since I experienced a miscarriage, it still evokes painful memories. My husband and I had two healthy daughters at the time and were eagerly anticipating the arrival of our third child. The little one was to complete our family.

But at 18 weeks gestation, things went awry, and we lost our wee son. I remember experiencing an overwhelming feeling of emptiness as I left the hospital without our baby. Denial, then shock, sadness and anger caused anguish over the "whys?" and "what ifs?" It wasn't long before I found out how miscarriage may be trivialized as an insignificant occurrence.

My physician, who had not been present when I delivered the baby, confronted me a few hours later. "It was a boy," I sobbed. "Oh," she remarked in an offhanded way, "I didn't see it." I vividly remember my anger toward her nonchalant manner and the way she referred to him as an "it." *Don't you know that was our baby, our little son?* I thought. *Please don't minimize our loss.*

"You have other children at home, don't you?" she continued. *Yes, I was screaming inside, but don't you realize that each child is unique and special in his or her own right? Having two at home doesn't in any way lessen the sorrow I feel for this baby.* "Go home and enjoy your summer," she added later. "You can start trying again in another three months." Enjoy my summer?! This miscarriage had literally knocked me off my feet. There I was, an adult mother of two, reduced to tears whenever I saw a pregnant woman or new baby. (They seemed to be everywhere I went!) There was no denying the intense emotions I felt. My husband and daughters, as well, were trying to deal with the loss in their individual ways. Even though I tried, it was not an enjoyable summer. Life didn't automatically revert back to normal.

Yet my heartache was misunderstood not only by my physician, but by others as well. I was given the impression that it was inappropriate and even abnormal to be mourning. There was a conflict between the way I actually felt and the way society expected me to feel. I began to think I must be losing it.

Fortunately, I had a deep need to find out all I could about miscarriage. I read avidly, attended support group meetings and talked to other women who had been through a similar experience. I was relieved to find out that my reactions were healthy and normal. Until then, I didn't know that I was going through the grieving process.

The tears, along with the questioning, the heart-to-heart talks with my family and friends, and the memorial service to say goodbye to our baby all helped me to heal.

A loss is a loss. Just because it's named "miscarriage" doesn't mean that it's insignificant. Nothing has ever affected me so deeply.... Though the deep sorrow I felt has since subsided, I realize that I'll never completely "get over" him. There are still times that I long to hold our son, to watch him grow, to love him.... I know I'll never forget.

~Sara Winslow, Bereavement Magazine, Colorado Springs, CO, grief@bereavementmag.com

THE LITTLE THINGS

Often, even the simple tasks of everyday living seem to drain every ounce of one's energy. Remember going to the grocery store even months after your child's death and the feelings you had as you passed up his or her favorite cereal? Or watching another child the same age as yours in a restaurant and trying to swallow your food – you probably didn't even taste it. Or hearing a certain song in public and fighting back the tears? Sometimes even getting through the day in your own home makes you feel like you've run a marathon and leaves you in worse shape. You probably never dreamed that doing the family laundry could make you cry or that getting a piece of mail in your child's name could suck your breath away.

Even the best of friends and families can't possibly know the strength you must summon day after day after day. We shouldn't expect them to understand completely, but it does get lonely. Perhaps this quote puts it in a nutshell:

One sad thing about this world is that the acts that take the most out of you are usually the ones that other people will never know about.

~ Anne Tyler, TCF/Sacramento Valley, CA

**OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED
BIRTHDAYS**

CHILD

PARENTS

MATTHEW ISAAC CVIJANOVICH.....	34	MICHAEL & SHERYL CVIJANOVICH
MICHAEL W CZICHOTZKI	44	MARK & LAVERNE CZICHOTZKI
COLE HALLAND.....	30	STEVEN & JOAN HALLAND
JAY JOHNSON.....	50	BRUCE & BEV JOHNSON
KYLE KASSMAN	30	TOM & NANCY KASSMAN
RAYELLE KATHLEEN KLOSTERMAN.....	1	TYLER KLOSTERMAN & CRYSTAL LUOMA
RYAN DEAN NELSON	35	BECKY NELSON
RAND LOREN PIERSALL	60	PERSYS PIERSALL
REED JOEL PROCHNOW.....	40	NEIL & KATHLEEN PROCHNOW
CHLOE GRACE RONGEN.....	4	CONNIE & BARRY RONGEN (grandparents)
MICHAEL ROBERT SACKMAN	41	ROBERT & GLORIA SACKMAN
KINLEY SNYDER	5	JEREMY & TERI SNYDER
KATHY STRAND	67	MURIEL LYONS
AMANDA JO SWANSON	25	CURT & CHRISTI SWANSON
TYLER JAMES THOEMKE	24	JAMIE & SHERI THOEMKE

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD

PARENTS

LUCAS ALLMENDINGER.....	6	DEAN & JO ALLMENDINGER
BRIAN BJERKEN	9	DENNIS & SHIRLEY BJERKEN
MICHAEL W CZICHOTZKI	8	MARK & LAVERNE CZICHOTZKI
RILEY MARK DAHLBERG.....	9	BLAKE & CHRISTINA DAHLBERG
MICHAEL L HANSON	7	LARRY & MARY HANSON
HEIDI HELLAND.....	4	JOHN & TERRI HELLAND
TARI L HELLER	8	RICHARD & CLARE ELLESS
LANNIE LEE KORNELIUS.....	8	LEROY & DONNA KORNELIUS
BRANDON KUCK	2	CRAIG & TARA KUCK
ERIC C LARSON.....	13	CRAIG & BARB LARSON
KYLE NELSON	1	JERRY & YVONNE NELSON
JACOB ALLEN OCHSNER.....	5	ALLAN & MARLENE OCHSNER
SOPHIA GREY-LYDIA PERRINE.....	8	LACEY PIKE
CHLOE GRACE RONGEN.....	4	CONNIE & BARRY RONGEN (gp)
TERRY STAIGER	3	CLARA STAIGER
AMANDA JO SWANSON	9	CURT & CHRISTI SWANSON
THOMAS LEE THOEMKE.....	5	JEAN & BILL THOEMKE
MARK ALAN WATELAND.....	14	SONIA WATELAND

Please check out our Chapter website's page for 'Our Beloved Children'
(www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html). If you would like your child's picture and a poem or story posted on this page, please submit them to us at tcf1313@hotmail.com or mail them to our PO Box (listed on the back of the newsletter). Photos and poems/stories sent to the PO Box will be electronically scanned and then returned to you so please remember to include a return address

SIBLING PAGE

Get Well Soon Poem

I know our loss is very great
but I'm sure many people can
relate
I know its hard to say good-bye
don't hold back your tears! It's ok
to cry
Just hold my hand and we will
stand up high
We will gather strength from one
another
hugging and holding each other
we will find each other and
together we will be
once again, a family
By Alyssa Flora, age 13
In memory of her brother Bryson, age 9

TO COLLEEN

To a wonderful sister, who was special in every way.
I miss you greatly, but know you are with me everyday.
We had many good times together; those memories
I will treasure forever.
What happen is hard to believe, because it was
much too soon for you to leave.
God needed another angel and we had no clue, all
those years he was watching you.
Now you are in heaven, eternal paradise a place that
always sounded so nice and where we
will meet someday.
Until then, for each of us you will pray, because God
wanted it that way.
Love always, Shaun Hingham - TCF

What can you do?

What do you do when someone dies?
Do you celebrate or do you cry?
Do you cry because you won't see them again?
Or do you celebrate knowing that they are in heaven?
What can you do, where can you go?
Somewhere, anywhere to just be alone!
It's ok to cry, it's ok to feel sad,
It's even ok to be a little mad.
Go to someone you trust or someone you love.
Cry with them, feel sad with them,
Yet feel good that the person is now
Watching over you from above.
How do I know this you're probably wondering why?
It happened to me; I wish I could've said good-bye.
~ Michael Oetken
- brother of Lisa Renae Oetken

JUST FOR SIBLINGS: WHAT SIBLINGS THINK

These thoughts were recorded by a TCF sibling group as they explored their feelings about the death of their sibling. I will print their comments here to help siblings know they are not alone and parents to better understand what their surviving children are feeling.

I would like my father to know:

- It helps to talk.
- What really happened.
- That if anything happened to him, I would feel the same way.
- He is not alone and I want to laugh and cry with him again.
- That his son/daughter knew that he loved him/her.
- That it's okay to talk about my brother or sister when I'm around.
- I do cry, not a lot but I do cry.

I would like my mother to know:

- I love her.
- It's okay to cry and I'm there for her to talk to.
- That I will always love her.
- She has been my example of giving and love.
- That my sibling is at peace with God.
- It's okay to talk about the past.
- I cry.
- I knew my sibling in a different way.
- I think about those times and smile through my tears.

Sibling Group - TCF Lehigh Valley, PA

THANKSGIVING GRACE

I am supposed to say a Thanksgiving grace today at the table, but I don't feel very thankful...
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?"

LOVE AND TIME

Time lets you heal.
Love lets you remember.
Give thanks for love and time.
Sasha - TCF/Des Moines, IA

IF TOMORROW NEVER COMES

If I knew it would be the last time
that I'd see you fall asleep,
I would tuck you in more tightly
and pray the Lord, your soul to keep.
If I knew it would be the last time
that I see you walk out the door,
I would give you a hug and kiss
and call you back for one more.
If I knew it would be the last time
I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise,
I would video tape each action and word,
so I could play them back day after day.
If I knew it would be the last time,
I could spare an extra minute or two
to stop and say "I love you,"
instead of assuming you would KNOW I do.
If I knew it would be the last time
I would be there to share your day,
well I'm sure you'll have so many more,
so I can let just this one slip away.
For surely there's always tomorrow
to make up for an oversight,
and we always get a second chance
to make everything right.
There will always be another day
to say our "I love you's",
And certainly there's another chance
to say our "Anything I can do's?"
But just in case I might be wrong,
and today is all I get,
I'd like to say how much I love you
and I hope we never forget,
Tomorrow is not promised to anyone,
young or old alike,
And today may be the last chance
you get to hold your loved one tight...
So if you're waiting for tomorrow,
why not do it today?
For if tomorrow never comes,
you'll surely regret the day,
That you didn't take that extra time
for a smile, a hug, or a kiss
and you were too busy to grant someone,
what turned out to be their one last wish.
So hold your loved ones close today,
whisper in their ear,
Tell them how much you love them
and that you'll always hold them dear,
Take time to say "I'm sorry," "please forgive me,"
"thank you" or "it's okay".
And if tomorrow never comes,
you'll have no regrets about today

Anonymous

Pretty much all the honest truth telling there is in the world
is done by children. ~ Oliver Wendell Holmes

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 noc, 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*

November Again

Leaves are turning the shades of autumn,
Then falling, one by one, to the misted ground below.
Summer flowers have faded and died,
The sun hides behind dark and dreary clouds.
It is November again.
Was it so long ago that this month brought warm
Thoughts of THANKSGIVING together?
The smell of wood burning, walks in the nippy air?
This is the month you left us
And all the warm glow of November went with you.
All that remains are the chrysanthemums
Planted in a special memorial garden for you
Ready to burst into beautiful shades of yellow and orange.
They symbolize one more year without you
But our love has not diminished.

~ Pat Dodge, TCF/Sacramento, CA

He Only Takes the Best

God saw they were their happiest and someone would not
let that be. So He put his arms around them and whispered
"Come with Me".

With tear filled eyes we watched them, suffer and fade
away. Although we loved them deeply, we could not make
them stay.

A golden heart stopped beating, hard working hands put to
rest. God broke our hearts to prove to us, He only takes the
best.

~Author Unknown~

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)

THE GRIEF OF A PARENT WHO HAS LOST AN INFANT

To experience the loss of an infant is to grieve for what never was. After all to the months of anticipation and preparation, the actual birth of a child brings the feeling of hope and fulfillment. Should that child be stillborn, or die hours, days or even months later, the unrealized dreams become a source of pain for the parents. No parent ever expects to outlive his child; the death of an infant is often the loss of a child unknown even to his parents. The expected stages of grief (guilt, disbelief, anger, etc.) can have new directions for the parents who have lost an infant.

1. SHAME & GUILT -- Especially if the infant was stillborn or had a birth defect, the mother may feel she has failed as a woman, "Other women have live, normal babies, why can't I?" Should an infant die months after birth, parents find it hard to resolve feelings that it was their fault.

2. NO MEMORIES -- Parents may only have "souvenirs of an occasion" (birth certificate, I.D. bracelet) by which to remember their child. If the infant is older they may have pictures and a few belongings, but they may still feel they hadn't really gotten to know their child.

3. LONELINESS IN GRIEF -- It is hard for friends and relatives to share your grief for a child they never knew. If the child is a newborn they may give the impression that you are grieving unnecessarily over a non-person. They hope that you "forget this baby" and "have another one."

4. NEGLECTED FATHER -- Too often the sympathies of professionals and friends are directed mainly to the mother. It is important to remember that the father had made plans for this baby too.


5. MOTHERS vs. FATHERS -- Since the mother has bonded with her child all during pregnancy, her grief may be much deeper than the father who only came to know this child after birth. It may be difficult for a father to understand why his wife's grief is so profound and so prolonged.

By Claire McGaughey and Sue Shelley
TCF Infant Group, St. Louis, MO

Worldwide Candle Lighting

The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting unites family and friends around the globe in lighting candles for one hour to honor the memories of the sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and grandchildren who left too soon. As candles are lit at 7:00 p.m. local time, hundreds of thousands of persons commemorate and honor the memory of all children gone too soon.

Now believed to be the largest mass candle lighting on the globe, the 19th annual Worldwide Candle Lighting, a gift to the bereavement community from The Compassionate Friends, creates a virtual 24-hour wave of light as it moves from time zone to time zone. TCF's WWCL started in the United States in 1997 as a small internet observance, but has since swelled in numbers as word has spread throughout the world of the remembrance. 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 Compassionate Friends
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Light a candle for all
children who have died

**Worldwide
Candle
Lighting®**

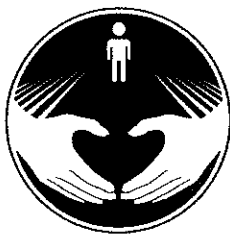
... that their light
may always shine.

**Sunday, December 14, 2014
7 PM Around the Globe**

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 FARGO ND 58106

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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 & Heila 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.