



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
October 8th
November 12th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on October 22nd
@ Fry'n Pan
TCF Regional Conference -
Rochester, MN October 2-4, 2015
Angel of Hope Memorial Service -
October 4th, 7 p.m.
Speaker, Marshall Olson at October
8th meeting
Worldwide Candle Lighting -
December 13, 2015 @ 7 p.m.

LOVE GIFTS

Jim & Judy Kutter in memory of their daughter, Michelle Kutter
Robert Poehler in memory of his son, Ron R. Poehler
Charles & Sandra Klinkhammer in memory of their son, Alexander Klinkhammer
Delores Cooper in memory of her daughter & grandson
Donations in memory of Adyson Jean Knudsen from Tom & Cathy Knudsen & Michael & Kristin Knudsen
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

"OUR FAITH @ WORK?"

All are invited to hear Marshall Olson speak on Thursday, October 8, 2015 at 7:00 p.m. at our monthly meeting. Mr. Olson was a math teacher and coach for Crookston High School for 10 years and a business manager for the engineering firm WSN for 27 years.

"OUR FAITH @ WORK?" Is a Christian message about a family's journey after the death of their 17 year old son, Brock, in a car accident in 1997. The message tells about Brock's faith and how our priorities in life can be strengthened and straightened.

"Some say you're too painful to remember. I say you're too precious to forget."
Our Mom's group has been meeting on the 4th Thursday of the month at 7:00 pm at the Fry'n' Pan Restaurant, 300 Main Avenue, Fargo. Our gatherings are informal as we come together to talk about our children, books that we've read, recipes we've tried, our jobs and whatever else comes up during the course of the evening. We all have times where the listening heart of another mom or grandma is welcome (and necessary). Please join us this month on Thursday October 22nd. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylc13@msn.com.

PARTING IS NOT ALWAYS SUCH SWEET SORROW

by Louise Marie Gaskin TCF East Aurora NY
-lovingly lifted from "We Need Not Walk Alone"
TCF Newsletter Oak Brook IL. Vol 18, #3.

In February of 1990 my 14 year old daughter, Brigitte, died suddenly. One situation I found very difficult was sorting through her personal belongings. Knowing that we all grieve in our own way, you should never feel that you have to go through your child's belongings if you do not want to. You will know when and if the time is right. If you do decide that the time is right, the following suggestions are some that you might find helpful:

Golden Rules/Getting Started

1. DO NOT PUSH YOURSELF

When my daughter first passed away, I never thought I would touch anything in her room. Three months later I found myself going through her personal items. My normal spring cleaning and rearranging a room or two helped get me in the mood.

2. TAKE ONE STEP AT A TIME

Do not expect to do it all at once. As you begin sorting through your child's possessions, do not get upset if you cannot part with any of his or her belongings. It took me three attempts to just be able to stop crying long enough to go through them.

3. ASK FAMILY MEMBERS OR CLOSE FRIENDS FOR HELP

Having someone there to help is a good idea. I invited a friend to help me go through my daughter's hat and t-shirt collections. She sat and listened to the stories about how and where we acquired each hat and t-shirt. It was so much fun talking about my daughter and having someone there to listen. After it was all over, she thanked me for letting her help!

4. THE DECISION ON WHAT YOU WANT TO KEEP SHOULD BE YOURS

Do not feel guilty about what you want to do. I sold my home approximately a year and a half after my daughter passed away and once I began packing, I found that there were many items that I did not want to move. If you decide you want to part with some of your child's belongings, I suggest that you get them out of the house on the same day or very soon after. I found that if I left the items in my home more than two days after I had initially gone through them, I was going through them again and again. Remember, letting go is very difficult.

5. SET A PLAN FOR ACTION

Set up a schedule and write down the items that you would like to go through. It gives you something to start with. Be sure to note your progress! It will make you feel better.

For Those Items You Decide to Keep:

1. FIND NEW USES AND PLACES

My daughter's red wagon was converted into an indoor garden. A favorite worn-out sweatshirt of hers became a pillow cover. I had some of her gold jewelry melted down and made into a pendant that I wear often. A shelf in the guest room proudly displays her doll collection, her shell collection is in the family room, and one wall of my study proudly displays her pictures.

2. KEEP THEM NEAR AND DEAR

I bought a cedar chest that is filled with many little remembrances from my daughter. I organized some of the remembrances in clear storage boxes that I labeled so that they are easy to get to. The cedar chest is a beautiful addition to my home and it keeps many loving memories secure and near.

3. PACK THEM AWAY

There were some items that I needed to keep, if only for the comfort of knowing that I still had them. For the items, I packed them securely in boxes and then stored the boxes in a safe, dry place.

4. RECYCLE ITEMS

By recycling, I mean changing which items I leave out. My daughter collected small boxes, teddy bears, sea shells and other items. Sometimes I will have the teddy bears out on my bed or maybe her little boxes arranged nicely on my dresser. I find it comforting when I get to go through one of her collections.

NOTE: I keep a 3" x 5" card catalog with cards listing all of her items and where they are. This saves time and panic when I need to locate something of hers.

For Those Items You Decide To Give Away:

1. KEEP THE MEMORY.

Parting with many of my daughter's possessions was extremely difficult. I knew that once they were given away, I might not ever see or remember them again. Prior to giving some of her things away, I wrote down my thoughts and notes about the items in the 3x5 card catalog. Now, whenever I want or need a memory, I just go to my file and pick one.

2. SPECIAL OCCASIONS AND HOLIDAYS

Holidays and family affairs are always so difficult to get through without your child. Some of her handmade Halloween costumes were given away as presents along with a picture of her in the costume. They made for very special and unexpected presents. The children loved receiving the costumes and it helped me to get through Halloween. Her pearl earrings were given to my best friend's daughter for her First Holy Communion. It is still very difficult to attend these events without my daughter. As the little girl went around and showed everyone her earrings, I felt my daughter's presence there with us. My mother received her birthstone ring. It was over 12 years old and had been resized at least five times. I wrote a story to accompany the ring and gave it to my mom for Christmas. Although it was difficult to part with this ring, my mother takes great pride in wearing it and that has helped her to deal with the loss.

3. RETURN ITEMS TO THOSE THAT GAVE THEM.

Whenever I gave any items back to the people who originally gave them to her, they were overjoyed. Over the years some of my daughter's school friends had given her little stuffed animals, posters and other gifts. I asked the children if they would like to have these items back. They were so appreciative of my kindness. I know it helped them with their grief.

4. NOT-FOR-PROFIT ORGANIZATIONS

There are many not-for-profit organizations that help others. You may have some organizations that you are fond of or maybe one that your child chose to acknowledge. Whichever agency you choose, most are very grateful for any donated items. All donations to nonprofit organizations are tax deductible. Remember, there is no right way or wrong way when it comes to dealing with the loss of a child. Each person is unique and so is each person's grief. Maintain a network of honest friends and/or family members to whom you can talk. Above all, remember to be patient with yourself. You have been through a very difficult experience.

LOGIC VERSUS EMOTION

I was thinking recently about how our emotions play such a strong part in how we feel. After my daughter's death (2002), a few people pointed out to me that I shouldn't feel guilty about something I couldn't change. Their advice was logical. But humans aren't like Mr. Spock on Star Trek. You remember that Mr. Spock would frequently chide Captain Kirk for doing something illogical, something based on his feelings.

No, we humans are filled with emotional feelings. It's one of the things that separates us from animals. Even though someone might tell me not to linger in sadness or to feel guilty about my daughter's death because it wouldn't change what happened, I still had both feelings. Even though my logic might tell me to shrug off these unpleasant feelings, I couldn't, at least not for some time. And that's the point. Clear thinking, logical human beings are still subject to powerful emotions, even though those emotions will seem illogical to some people.

Do understand that strong feelings of sadness, loss, and guilt are normal after the death of a child, and at some point logic will allow those feelings to lessen. As our logical minds begin to prevail, we may seek positive ways to remember our child (scholarship funds, charitable donations, etc.) and we may seek positive ways of changing ourselves into better people. At this point our logical minds will push us in a constructive direction and we will feel better. So don't worry excessively about those strong, emotional feelings after the death of your child they're perfectly "logical".

~ David Haddock

DRIVING

You know how it is when you are driving: suddenly you realize you've driven several miles, but you don't remember getting there. With grief the miles are years. Driving is habit. The destination changes; you are to turn left, but you still turn right. When the child in the store calls, "Mom!" I turn the way I always did.

We detour to avoid obstacles. I drive blocks out of my way to bypass his playground. If you are old enough, you will see a car like one you owned when you were young, and you will travel back through time. Yesterday, I saw my child in the passenger seat of a small car approaching a red light. I changed lanes to get a better look. His head was the same, his blue eyes familiar. He was close, but his mother drove him away.

I should have driven forward, but I couldn't. Wiping my eyes, I could see in my rear-view mirror the driver behind me honking his horn, screaming, "What's the matter with you?" The question I was asking myself.

-- Shelly Wagner, *The Andrew Poems*, 1994.

"Perhaps the most compassionate thing you can do for yourself at this difficult time is to reach out for help from others."

"There is a light in the world, a healing spirit, more powerful than any darkness we may encounter. We sometimes lose sight of this force, when there is so much suffering and too much pain. Then suddenly, the spirit will emerge through the lives of ordinary people who care and answer in extraordinary ways."

Mother Theresa

New Traditions

New traditions are now permanently woven into the fabric of our lives. The catalyst for these traditions is not a happy addition to our lives; indeed, the catalyst marks a traumatic loss in our lives. That subtraction comes in the form of the death of our child. The finality is crushing. This overwhelming loss has redefined each of us, changed our perspective forever and brought us close to the abyss of insanity. The new traditions gradually pull us back from the abyss and may eventually provide a sense of comfort, serenity and peace.

And so in June we remember our children. We communicate with them, via a note from our hearts, written on a butterfly shaped paper and tied to balloon. We, the parents of the dead, gather and listen to a poem about our collective and individual loss. We the parents of the dead experience the haunting bagpipe as it fills our senses with the sound and the meaning of Amazing Grace. We, the parents of the dead, once again stand together and remember our children. We speak to them. Our butterfly messages become kisses on the wind as our balloons ascend into the sky, floating southward, floating higher and higher until, we imagine, our children can reach out and grab each message and read it and know that we love them deeply and miss them every day and every night. This is our tradition. Each of us views it from the depth of our souls; our love of our children is demonstrated openly as we weep without shame for the loss we have experienced.

A significant part of each parent died when our children died. Yet, a crucial part of each child lives in the hearts of every mother and father. Neither time nor death will erase that bond. It is solid, it is pure and it is forever.

We hope that one day we will each make some sort of peace with this monster, this nightmare, this void, this pain. We hope one day to heal our open wound but know we will always carry an invisible yet deep scar. The worst loss a person can ever experience has been thrust upon us. The only change will come from within each of us. We may one day feel a serenity that comes only through pure love, pure kindness and pure understanding. We will learn to remember yesterday, live today and anticipate tomorrow.

And we will always have our new traditions -- traditions that are now part of who we are, where we have been and where we are going in this life. Our traditions remind us that our children lived, laughed and loved. We linger in the moment for that is all we have.

~ Annette Mennen Baldwin



OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED
BIRTHDAYS

CHILD

PARENTS

TYLER JUSTIN EICHOLTZ.....	31.....	STEVE & LISA EICHOLTZ
TABATHA HUNTER.....	27.....	RORY & KAREN HUNTER
DILLON T KAPAUN.....	22.....	TODD & SUZIE KAPAUN
ALEXANDER BRENT KLINKHAMMER.....	28.....	CHARLES & SANDY KLINKHAMMER
AMY CHRISTINE LARSON.....	30.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
SUE ELLEN LARSON.....	52.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JAYME ELIZABETH LASSLE.....	30.....	SHERRY LASSLE
KAREN LAUMAN.....	44.....	FRANK LAUMAN
SONYA L NANKIVEL.....	55.....	DELORES COOPER
SOPHIA GREY-LYDIA PERRINE.....	8.....	LACEY PIKE
NICHOLAS J SADEK.....	29.....	JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
ALICIA SPURR.....	31.....	TAMMY SPURR
ALLISON SPURR.....	31.....	TAMMY SPURR
JASMINE ROSE WILSON.....	7.....	KAREN WILSON

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD

PARENTS

JASON ESKILDSEN.....	16.....	RICHARD & DENISE ESKILDSEN
JOHN CLAYTON JACKSON JR.....	2.....	NORMA JACKSON
JAY JOHNSON.....	2.....	BRUCE & BEV JOHNSON
JEFF KADLEC.....	4.....	FRANK & MAXINE KADLEC
DANA DAWN KEBLAR.....	16.....	DEBORAH FACEY
DAVID MARK KLEINGARTNER.....	11.....	NORBERT & LUELLE KLEINGARTNER
ANNIE PAGE LEGGIO.....	17.....	JOSEPH LEGGIO
VALERIE MURCH.....	15.....	PETER & LARAE MURCH
JUSTIN OLSON.....	2.....	CHERIE HARLAND & BILL BARTHOLOMAUS
MATTHEW ALLEN OLSON.....	8.....	DICK & LINDA OLSON
ALLISON SPURR.....	31.....	TAMMY SPURR
KATHY STRAND.....	1.....	MURIEL LYONS
BRUCE ALLEN ZAESKE.....	7.....	ALAN & CHARLEEN ZAESKE

THE LAST TRICK OR TREATER

It's late Halloween night, the candle in the pumpkin is nearly out. The candy is nearly gone, the door bell rings one last time. It's a little boy, in costume, with a jack-o-lantern for his treats. Only he has no candy and he has no one waiting for him in the dark. As he leaves he stops, turns around and waves to me. Could it be?

Barbara April, TCF/Richmond, VA

There is no pain so great as the memory of joy in present grief.
 Aeschylus; Ancient Greek Playwright

Our children were a part of our lives and no matter how brief or how long their life span, we shared in their lives as we anticipated their arrival, shared their entry into the world, or grew with them as they grew.

They existed, they were, and they will always live in our hearts and in our memories. No one can ever take away that specialness of having been allowed to give life to our children, who, in death, have given the miracle of life more meaning.

What if we had not had them at all?

~ JoAnn McAliley, TCF/Dothan, AL

Special Speaker Event

Our guest speaker will be Chris Jerry, bereaved dad and advocate for reducing preventable medical errors. He will speak about life as a bereaved parent and how his daughter's death has altered his life.



Chris's Introduction: "Thank you for the opportunity to share my daughter, Emily's, tragic story. This does not get any easier, in fact even though many years have gone by since her death, my life still seems so surreal. There is no pain greater than losing a child. My beautiful Emily's death was senseless and preventable. However, by establishing Emily's Foundation, I genuinely hope to prevent any other family from having to endure the pain that I live with every day."

Date: Sunday October 25, 2015

Time: 2:00 pm

Where: St. Anthony's Church social hall

710 10th Street S

Fargo, ND

There is no charge for this event.

SIBLING PAGE

My First Five Years as an Only Child

I've been without my brother for five years. I guess the hard part is over now. Sometimes I think I have aged 30 years in the past five. In a strange way, these past five years have been the best and worst years of my life. I have accomplished the many things of a typical young adult learning to drive, graduating from high school, going to college, and starting a career. Every one of my accomplishments has been clouded by the fact that my brother George is not here to share each milestone, and is not achieving any more milestones for himself. He was cheated of so many things. He will never graduate, get married, have children or travel. He will never grow old, and I will never have a brother to grow old with. I'll never have nieces and nephews. The sibling relationship, usually the longest relationship of one's life, has been cut short for us. In these five years, although I have learned to accept that he is not coming back, the difficult part is dealing with it day by day.

My relationship with George ended just when we started to become friends. The childish fights and other annoyances of having a big brother were changing to real conversations and to having an occasional ally. I am angry about all the things that we have missed and all the things that will never be, and I guess I always will be. Five years heals a lot of wounds, but the hurt will always be there, no matter how many years pass. In these past five years, I have been forced to grow up too fast. I have been forced into a new outlook on life. I have felt lonely and alone. I now realize that I will never be the same person as before. Maybe I am a better person because of what I have been through. Five years ago I never thought I would survive, but I am still here dealing with it every day. I don't know what the next five years will bring, but at least I have made it this far.

--Kristin Steiner, TCF/Staten Island, NY

AN EMPTY CHAIR

The first wedding was two years after Alan, my twin-brother, passed away. My second oldest brother was getting married. I was waiting for the question, "When was I going to get married?" I was never asked so I couldn't use my prepared response, "When Alan could be my best man."

I thought if I did get married I would have an empty chair next to me. If Alan couldn't be my best man, I didn't want anyone. My brother's name would appear in the program (that he would have designed) as honorary best man.

This year I turned thirty-six, it was my sixth birthday without Alan. At the restaurant we had made a mistake, the reservation had been made for one too many. I had ended up sitting next to an empty chair.

Although I thought, I was doing better, no longer crying at family events. I now realize that I will not have an empty chair at my wedding, if I can ever bring myself to get married without Alan being there. The loss I feel will always be there but it's much worse seeing an empty chair

Daniel Yoffee

It's the Thought That Counts

Often in times of trouble we
don't know what to say,
So we choose to say nothing,
and sometimes run away.

When friends are really hurting,
we don't know what to do,
So we offer weak excuses
or say we're hurting too.

It really doesn't matter
what kind of gift we bring;
We only need to be there
if we don't bring a thing.

It truly is amazing
what a hug can do,

When heartache numbs the senses,
and friends depend on you.

There's comfort just in knowing
that you are not alone,
When tears are overflowing,
and hearts are cold as stone.

It's the loving prayers of others
that balance our accounts,
For when we measure love,
it's still the thought that counts.

~ Clay Harrison, TCF/North Shore Boston

I Am Your Sister and Always Will Be

"I am your sister and always will be." That's how Susie signed her cards to me. After a while, she shortened it to, "I am..." And of course I knew the rest of it Susie was two and one-half years younger than I. She was alive one evening talking on the phone to Mom about the Oscars and to Dad about moving. The next day she was found. Whatever it was--it ended her life and changed mine forever.

There was a wonderful side of my sister that I didn't pay enough attention to. She was a kind and loving person, always ready to shelter lost animals and lost souls. When she was in a good mood, her smiles warmed my heart. Yet I spent most of my life wishing that things were different: wishing that she thought more of herself, wishing that she would take my advice, wishing that she were happier, wishing that we could accept each other.

Now, for two years, I've done nothing but wish she were here so we could have another chance to work at our relationship. Now, I wish that I had been able to give her my unconditional love & support. (She needed it and deserved it.) Now, I wish that I could have been with her that night so she would not have been alone. Now, I wish that I would have held her in my arms and told her how very much I loved her. Because, Susie, I am your sister and always will be.

-Michele Walters, TCF/Baltimore, MD

What My Daughter Taught Me in Two Days

~By Steve Bryant, TCF/Des Moines, Iowa

Anyone who knows me knows I believe that everything happens for a reason.

I do not know the reason for what happened to Bailey. So far the doctors don't know either. They say it could have been a virus that attacked and destroyed a perfect pregnancy. They say that we might never know what happened to her medically. I have spent countless hours trying to sort things out lately. But I don't think we will ever truly know why she was taken.

I do know, however that Bailey touched many lives in the short time she was here. And I'd like to share how she transformed my life in just two days; forever changing the way I look at things.

She made me realize that I need to slow down and cherish the "little things" in life that people talk about and I could not even see.

She makes me want to be a better father, a better husband, a better son, a better friend, and a better person.

She brought me new meanings to the words *compassion, caring, family, friendship, forgiving, unconditional love, selflessness, and thankfulness.*

Some of the things she taught me have to do with the way I look and "see" things. For example . . .

When I first heard we were pregnant, I was excited, of course. But I was also scared silly. I remember selfishly thinking in the first couple of months of the pregnancy about our life. I even asked my wife ". . . Why do we want a baby now?" We have three other kids; 16, 13, and 9. My God, I am 43 years old! We have the perfect life; we come and go as we want, we do what we want, we vacation when and where we want. Our other children are older and can pretty much take care of themselves. All I could think about was myself and how a baby would get in the way . . . *Now all I think about is her and how I would give anything to have her in my life.*

Recently, I was having lunch with a friend and there was a crying baby close by. I remember thinking how annoying it was and how I wished it would be quiet. I hate to admit it, but I was even questioning if I was ready for that noise again in my life . . . I never got to hear Bailey cry. *Now, I would give anything to hear my baby cry.*

I remember "teasing" Kim about changing the baby's diapers and that she would have to be in charge of that department. I would have helped her of course, but not really enjoyed it, and probably complained about it . . . *Now, I would give anything to change Bailey's diapers.*

We talked about daycare and complained about the high cost of daycare . . . *Now, I would give anything to write that check.*

I would not let Kim buy any diapers until just recently at Sam's Club, even though she wanted to buy the first diapers 6 months ago . . . Then, in those last hours, I hoped and prayed for Bailey to wet as it would have been a positive sign of recovery. *Now, I would give anything to get to pay for diapers.*

I had not been tucking in our other children at night as faithfully as I once did, thinking, They're old enough now . . . *Now, I will tuck them in until THEY tell me not to. I forgot how much that meant to them.*

I used to see children throwing temper tantrums when we were out and sometimes think, *Thank God my kids are older so I do not have to deal with that . . . Now, I would give anything to see Bailey throw a temper tantrum.*

We have brand-new white carpet in our house and I remember thinking and hoping that it would not get soiled with the new baby . . . *Now, I'd love to have that problem.*

I recently had a discussion with my wife about how we would deal with the night feedings. I thought to myself, *She is going to be a stay-at-home mom. That's her job. I need to be rested. And she even agreed that she would be doing most of that 'chore' . . .* Oh, how blind I was. *Now, I would be so thankful to be exhausted when I went in to work because I was up half the night with the baby.*

My friends at work have been teasing me and saying how my world was going to change soon with the baby coming. They were right, but for a different reason. Thanks to my daughter Bailey, my world and life have changed forever. I am so thankful I knew her and I am grateful for what she taught me in just two days.

I love you, Bailey. I thank you, and I will miss you forever.

Steven wrote and delivered this at Bailey's funeral. He and his wife, Kimberly, have three other children, Whitney, Taylor, and Jessica.

Reprinted from *We Need Not Walk Alone*, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends. Copyright 2005.

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

We must have your written permission on file to use your child's name in the newsletter. Permission may be withdrawn at any time by written request. This information is used to maintain our Chapter Database. It is confidential and is only utilized for Chapter activities such as the newsletter.

Your Name: _____

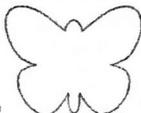
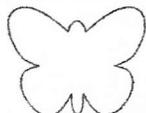
Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

Birth Date: _____ Death Date: _____

Date: _____

(Signature)

Please return to: The Compassionate Friends of F-M Area, P.O. Box 10686, Fargo ND 58106
(Please note that if you have already submitted a permission slip, you do not need to submit another one)



Butterfly Decals

Our trailer is beginning to look like a butterfly garden! The trailer was purchased in order to transport materials to our chapter activities but it has also helped make our local chapter better known in the Fargo-Moorhead community. Each butterfly decal holds the first and last name of one of our precious children.

Butterflies are still available in all five colors (yellow, pink, red, blue and green). The cost for 1 butterfly is \$25, 3 butterflies are \$65 and 4 butterflies are \$80. If you wish to purchase more than 4, please contact our chapter leader, John Milligan. Butterfly orders should include the child's name and color of the butterfly. Checks should be made payable to TCF of Fargo-Moorhead and the order mailed to PO Box 10686, Fargo, ND 58106.

You can see pictures of the trailer with butterflies on our website at www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html.

The Water Lily

A lonely young wife in her dreaming discerns
A lily-decked pool with a border of ferns
And a beautiful child, with butterfly wings,
Trips down to the edge of the water and sings;
"Come, mamma, come! Quick, follow me!
And step on the leaves of the water Lily!"
And the lonely young wife, her heart beating wild,
Cries, "Wait till I come, till I reach you, my child!"
But the beautiful child with butterfly wings
Steps out on the leaves of the lily and sings;
"Come, mamma, come! Quick, follow me!
And step on the leaves of the water Lily!"
And the wife in her dreaming steps out on the stream
But the lily leaves sink and she wakes from her dream.
Ah, the waking is sad, for the tears that it brings,
For she knows it's her dead baby's spirit that sings;
"Come, mamma, come! Quick, follow me!
And step on the leaves of the water Lily!"
"Come, mamma, come! Quick, follow me!
And step on the leaves of the water Lily!"

~ Henry Lawson

Tissues, Tears & Treasures

A circle of chairs and boxes of tissues,
A roomful of tears and emotional issues.
Frightening at first, I did not want to enter
Into this strange group, and be in the center.

What I soon learned, as we sat side by side,
We were bound by the love of our children who died.
Each shattered heart,
desperately seeking a moment of peace,
from the pain and weeping.

So many things different, and yet all the same,
Hearts lost in a fog of loss and pain.
Those who have journeyed, much further than me,
Reached out in comfort, listened quietly.
Each shattered heart spoke, and the tissues were passed,
We never avoid speaking of the past.

This circle of friends, have found a bond,
And here I'm still known
As "Tony's Mom."
Slowly, I've found
I can reach out to others
Who are newly bereaved, fathers and mothers.
Strength I have found in this
Circle of chairs,
To grieve and to heal
And to show that we care.

~ Diane Barta, TCF/Portland, OR
In Memory of my son, Tony

Moving on does not mean leaving them (our children) behind, it means figuring out how to take them with you.
Ann Hood, Bereaved mother, The Courage to Move On Workshop; TCF 2007 Conference Oklahoma

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
 OF THE F-M AREA
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**The
 Compassionate
 Friends**
Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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

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

FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	John Milligan..... 701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen 701-730-0805
Meeting Facilitator	Paul & Kara Bailey..... 701-261-0668	Newsletter Database	Mike Cvijanovich 701-235-8158
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-540-3287	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer 701-298-2929	Newsletter Printing	Joyce at Olivet Lutheran Church
Initial Contact	Jamie Olson 701-219-3865	Mailing Committee	Contact Us to Join
Librarian	Contact Us to Volunteer		

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

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

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

- John Milligan (son, 25 - car accident) 701-491-0364
- Lois Gangnes (son, 24 - accident) 701-282-4083
- Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness) 701-730-0805
- Mark & Hella Helfter (miscarriage & son, 35 - accident) 701-235-9622

Love gifts must be received by the 15th to be included in the next month's newsletter. If you wish to give a love gift please complete:

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

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