



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
September 11th
October 9th

Dates to Remember
Mom's meeting - 7 pm on
September 25th @ Fry'n Pan
TCF National Conference -
Dallas, TX July 10-12, 2015

LOVE GIFTS
Paul, Kara Bailey & Family in
memory of their son, Nicholas Lee
Bailey
Donna Petersen in memory of her
son, Derek Petersen
We are deeply grateful for the LOVE
GIFTS given this month.
Our chapter and all chapters, are financed
solely through your Love Gifts.
Donations make this newsletter, postage,
books, tapes, etc. possible.
Thank you for your tax deductible gifts.

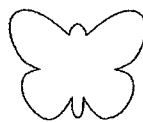
We would like to thank Clearwater Custom Cabinets (clearwatercustomcabinets.com) of Fargo, ND. They made the new frames for our picture boards by donating their time and cost. If you are looking for cabinets or any woodworking, check with them and give them your business. They are family of Chuck Klinkhammer, one of our members and our treasurer. Again thank you.

OUR CREDO

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

WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.

WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007



Butterfly Decals

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.

"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 p.m. 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, September 25th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-235-8158 or sherylc13@msn.com.

BUTTERFLIES AND VISIONS

The daughter of a friend of mine was killed in an auto crash a short time ago. In one of our telephone conversations she hesitantly told me that her surviving son had "a vision" of his sister. I could tell by the way she was telling the story that she wasn't sure just how I would react. She told me her son is an intelligent and stable person and wouldn't make up something like this. I could almost hear the relief in her voice when I told her that his experience is not an unusual one; a large number of grieving people report similar experiences.

Actually, nearly half of the grieving population have a sensory experience that involves their deceased loved one. Griefers report seeing, hearing or strongly feeling their loved one's presence. Others report an event or occurrence that assures them that their loved one is safe and happy.

Various theories attempt to explain this phenomenon, but none are conclusive. For those of us who have had these experiences, the only important conclusion we need is that the experience was real and meaningful to us. You may be able to explain the presence of a purple butterfly over the grave of my three-year-old granddaughter on a sunny afternoon, but for me it was a message from Emily saying:

"Grandma, I'm okay."

Coincidences might explain it, but this was certainly significant for me, considering that purple is a color I wear often and butterflies are one of my favorite things.

These experiences may be hallucinations or coincidences, but nonetheless, a lot of us are having them. Personally, I'm glad of it.

~ Margaret Gerner, TCF/St. Louis, MO

Musings

Isn't it strange that things we once took for granted, have changed so much? Things like the soft wings of a brilliant colored butterfly, or the radiant colors in the sky at dawn and sunset or perhaps a song we heard in passing or a movie, we once took for granted. But now, these very same things can bring on tears and leave us feeling a deep sense of longing. Why? Are these not the same as before? What changed? We did. The things we once took for granted are now viewed with much more than human eyes. We now experience these things through the eyes of a broken heart.

I believe grief gives us a very different view on things. A heart bruised and broken by loss has a new tenderness and compassion. Just look inside yourself at how your views have changed. I also believe this is our children speaking to us saying...look at the beauty and know that I am still near.

~ Sheila Simmons, TCF/Atlanta
reprinted from TCF Atlanta Newsletter July/August 2002

Gerard's Presence

It has been five years since we lost our son Gerard, but he continues to remind us of his everlasting presence in our family's lives.

On the morning of our daughter Nina's wedding day, she placed a flower arrangement along with her wedding invitation on the tomb of her brother Gerard. That invitation read: "To my brother, please hold my hand on this special day and give me a sign that I know you are with me. My wedding will be far from complete without you beside me, but I know you will be in my heart." Later that day, after the wedding mass had ended, everyone was given a butterfly to release in memory of my son. As each lovely butterfly escaped into Heaven's sky, only one unique butterfly remained on the front of Nina's wedding gown. Nina waited patiently for that butterfly to follow the rest, but it did not. She began to brush the butterfly away, and with great determination the butterfly just fluttered at her feet. Yes, Gerard was at her side that day making a special moment with his graceful spirit.

At our home, Gerard's picture is always kept on our kitchen table along with a dry rose. One day, as I returned home from work, my husband greeted me with a curious question, "how were you able to keep that rose attached?" Looking across the room, I noticed Gerard's rose resting on the handle of our coffee pot, which was located on the other side of the kitchen. Realizing that no one had been at our home that day, I knew it was just another one of his beautiful hello's to let us know that he is with us.

It has been five years, but every day is like the first. Time has not healed our hearts. Our lives remain so lonely, but we continue to cherish every memory of our happy times.

Our letter to Gerard,

Until we get together again, maybe you can do a special favor for Dad and me? While we are apart, I want you to keep us in your heart and in your mind. Just close your eyes and imagine us here. Imagine us smiling and thinking such thankful thoughts of you, for we spend so many quiet moments missing you and knowing how hard it is to be apart. Imagine us saying how wonderful it is that you're always with us and how much we look forward to feeling your warm touch. Gerard, you are cherished in our hearts. We love you and miss you, Mom and Dad

~ Patty Jackson - Gerard's mom, TCF/Orlando, FL

TO SEE THE GOLD

Autumn's here, when trees turn to gold,
It's the prettiest time of the year I'm told.
Then, I think back, Denny, to that September day,
When all of a sudden you were taken away.
That's when the color left the trees, for me,
And grief set in and I could not see.
But, now that years have passed, my Son,
The memories of you are happier one's
Even, the color of the trees,
Are beginning to unfold.
Now, I know someday soon,
I may see the gold.
~ Gwen Kearns, TCF/Valley Forge, PA

Troubled Child

I was so scared to tell them about you.
I felt so ashamed...
you were a "troubled child,"
not "perfect" like all the rest.
Stories of children loved by everyone...
sons and daughters with
such promising futures.
Even though you were not like them,
you were my baby.
Even though you got into trouble and took
drugs, I was always by your side.
Even though you spent time in jail,
you could not have been loved more.
At times you were so frustrating
and seemed all bad,
Then you would do something wonderful,
and I knew you loved us.
I don't need to feel ashamed any more,
it didn't matter what you did
or who you were.
You were my child,
and you did not deserve to die.
I love you,
Mom
~ Gretchen Wasson, TCF/ Bethany, OK

ANGEL BY MY SIDE

I hear a whisper in my ear.
It speaks of love without a tear.
I feel an aura next to me.
A gentle peace I cannot see.
It sends a shiver down my spine.
Because this I know, is an angel of mine.
~ Jana Houg

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.

Wings

Angel wings rising how can this be?
God, have you taken my baby from me?
Angel wings rising, surrounded in bliss.
What were You thinking? Did I deserve this?
Angel wings rising ... silent, delightful.
I have to ask You... God, are you spiteful?
Was my son TAKEN, or did you RECEIVE him?
I'm so confused about what I believe in.
Angel wings rising, gentle but swift.
I am so ANGRY! This was MY Gift.
Angel wings rising... bathed in bright light.
My heart is screaming that this isn't right!
Angels that whisper, "Child, do not fear.
Don't you remember that you came from here?"
Peaceful and glorious, sent from God's grace,
I can imagine the smile on your face!
Angel wings rising in spite of my pain.
God, help me to learn to start living again.
Hawk wings rising ... soaring, descending.
Letting me know he lives on, unending!

~ Beverly Walker
Mom to Don, Feb. 2004

Grieving is as natural as crying when you are hurt, sleeping when you are tired, eating when you are hungry, or sneezing when your nose itches. It is nature's way of healing a broken heart. A cut finger is numb before it bleeds. It bleeds before it hurts. It hurts until it begins to heal. It forms a scab and itches, until finally the scab is gone and a small scar is left where there once was a wound. Grief is the deepest wound you will ever have. Like a cut finger, it goes through stages and leaves a scar. When you try to help someone heal from their pain, chances are you are probably healing yourself. Listen to the words within your own heart.

~ By Patti Filion

JUST AN INFANT

We had a fine discussion, you and I, talking about those who don't understand our loss and how we feel. Peers in grief. Then you asked my son's age at death, and I could see your change of attitude as I replied "three months." Our talk was over.
Having lost an older child, you decided that what we both felt couldn't be the same, for your child was with you longer. My child was "just" an infant.
But our loss and pain are not that different, for through the death of our children, we have lost the same thing. Dreams of the future.
Yes, you have more memories than I, but we have both lost the tomorrows of our children, and that pain knows no minimum age. God, it hurts.
All the things we've wished for our children, with no regard to age, now will not come to pass. That future is gone.
Yes, my son was an infant, but that does not lessen the love that I have, as the age of your child does not affect your love. Love is an ageless emotion.
When my young son died, he carried away in his little hands as many dreams, hopes and love as your child did when he left. I miss you, Alex

- Doug Hughes, TCF/Cincinnati, OH

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED



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



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

LISA

What do I do I ask myself,
As I look at her picture standing on the shelf.
She was always laughing and so pretty,
why must it happen to her, why not me?
I am going to miss her oh so much,
that kind, gentle, loving touch.
God has now called Lisa to come,
up high into his beautiful kingdom.
I know that I will see her again,
in God's beautiful home known as heaven.

~ Michael Oetken - TCF/Sioux City, IA
In honor of my sister, Lisa Renae Oetken

My big brother was so good to me
When we were kids, he always let me go first.
The night he died, he looked up at me,
smiled his little crooked smile, and said,
"Sis, this time let me go first."
Connie Danson,
eulogy for her brother, Frank Darnell
from the book "Forever Remembered"

The Elephant in the Room

There's an elephant in the room.
It is large and squatting,
So it is hard to get around it.
Yet we squeeze by with "How are you?" And "I'm Fine."
And a thousand other forms of trivial chatter.
We talk about the weather.
We talk about work.
We talk about everything - except the elephant in the room.
There's an elephant in the room.
We all know it is there.
We are thinking about the elephant as we talk together.
It is constantly on our minds.
For you see, it is a very big elephant.
It has hurt us all.
But we do not talk about the elephant in the room.
Oh, please say her name.
Oh, please, say "Barbara" again.
Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room.
For if we talk about her death,
Perhaps we can talk about her life?
Can I say, "Barbara" to you and not have you look away?
For if I cannot, then you are leaving me
Alone...
In a room...
With an elephant

-Terry Kettering

Cancer is not God's will.
The death of a child is not God's will.
Deaths from automobile accidents
are not God's will.
The only God worth believing in
does not cause the tragedies,
but lovingly comes into the anguish
with us. -
~ Madeleine L'Engle

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

Monarch Butterflies



When we were children, Joe, you and I
were like caterpillars. We formed ideas,
learned our lessons, and wrapped our
cocoon. Then, as young adults, taking our
values, we emerged like butterflies set free.
Never losing faith and always remaining
patient, we sought the flowers of our youth.

The golden sun warmed us.

We flew side by side until you became sick with cancer. Your
soul remained strong.

Your spiritual wings glowed of the joys of Heaven. You flew
away with the angels, as I prayed for the strength to watch you go.

Then, I remembered, you are a Monarch in the presence of God.
My brother, Joe, you have become the most glorious butterfly of
all.

~ Mary Lario, TCF/Williamsport, PA

THE BITTER TEARS OF LOVE LOST

Peter Smith, age 15; sibling to Gregory Smith

Because of my status in society
I can look below to poverty
and realize no matter how frustrated I get,
I will always be very lucky to have a family
who loves and cares for me.
But still the tears roll down my face
and my cheeks are forever stained
because I know as long as I live
my heart will always be pained.
I was left in shock, pain, and fear,
left with your unspoken words which I will never hear
But in my days of sorrow when I feel that I will fall
I can only repeat the phrase to myself,
"It is better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all."

I was fortunate enough to attend the Compassionate Friends National Conference, which was held in Chicago in mid-July. I attended the Chapter Leadership Training Program on Thursday July 10th. It began at 8 a.m. and went until about 4:30 p.m. There were sessions on the role each chapter plays for bereaved families and how best to serve our chapter members, finances & fundraising, community outreach, meeting facilitation and what a steering committee is/does. It was a great opportunity to meet and network with other chapter 'leaders' from all over the United States. We exchanged ideas and email addresses.

On Friday and Saturday I attended several conference workshops. Since my son Matt died almost 10 years ago, I thought I would benefit most from workshops that were geared more toward healing. I attended one in which we made a collage from magazines that the workshop presenter had brought in. I was amazed at how many pictures and words just jumped out at me as I paged through looking for things that I might choose for my collage. The workshop included bereaved parents & grandparents at varying points in their grief journey, with children who died at a wide variety of ages, and of all different backgrounds and experiences. I was amazed at the richness of the collages that were presented at the end of the 1 ½ hour workshop. You could just feel the love and hope in the room. Later, I attended a workshop on Writing to Remember. Again, I was amazed at the words, phrases and memories that came forth during this workshop. There were so many workshops to choose from that it was often a tough decision to pick just one during each session time period....Pets & Grieving, Cultural and Gender Differences in Grieving, Panels for Teen's grief or Men's Grief or Women's Grief, Music & Grief, The First Years of Grief, Grief after 5 Years, Healing Gratitude, Grief in the Military, Signs from our Loved Ones, etc. Again, each workshop provided an opportunity to talk with people from all over and share Matt with them.

In addition to the workshops there were speakers at the opening and closing ceremonies and at the Friday luncheon and Saturday evening banquet. Alan Pedersen (the new Executive Director of TCF, singer/songwriter, and father of Ashley) opened the conference on Friday morning in his typical humorous and touching manner. He also sang a few of his songs at various times when we were all gathered. Eric Hipple (form NFL quarterback and father of Jeff) spoke about depression and about how he started out his grief process by drowning his feelings in liquor and prescription drugs. Dianne Gray (President of Hospice & Healthcare Communication and mother of Austin) talked about her experience as a grieving parent and as someone who works with grief on a daily basis. She encouraged us all when she said that grief & grieving are finally being recognized and discussed in public. Last, but certainly not least was Scarlett Lewis (author of Nurturing Healing Love and mother of Jesse, who died at Sandy Hook) who talked to us about hope and about forgiveness. Each speaker brought his/her own brand of comfort to the conference.

The conference culminated with a candle lighting ceremony following the banquet on Saturday and a Walk to Remember on Sunday morning. As expected the candle lighting was a very moving event. It's simply amazing to see 1000 candles lit in memory of our kids. The Walk to Remember was also amazing. Traffic was halted while about 1000 people walked about 1 ½ miles on the sidewalks of Rosemont, Illinois near the hotel.

The 2015 National Conference will be held July 10 - 12 in Dallas, TX. I highly recommend going to at least one National Conference. There will also be a Regional Conference in Rochester, Minnesota in October 2015.

~ Sheryl Cvijanovich, Secretary of the Fargo/Moorhead Chapter of TCF /Fargo, ND

Thoughts About Progress

One thing that is frequently discussed at our meetings is the despair of thinking you are on the road to "recovery," when all of a sudden you seem to be back at square one. But are you really?

Let's keep in mind most of us have had no previous experienced "recovering" from the loss of a child. Therefore, we have no point of reference—it's all new to us. Actually the "roller coaster" of emotions is perfectly normal. In the very beginning most of us seem to vacillate between dead numbness and excruciating pain. Constant crying, to not a tear left—just dried up and limp. We actually are living minute-to-minute.

After a couple of months we might actually have a few hours that we have not cried or felt that deep overwhelming despair. Then, WHAM—back to where we started. We tend to panic and think something is wrong with us. Let's be realistic! There is something wrong—terribly wrong: we have each lost a child.

Let's be fair to ourselves. We started to play a role to the outside world. Like the old song says, "laughing on the outside—crying on the inside." We want to be acceptable to society. "You are doing so well," we hear. If only they knew! We may feel we have to fool others, but let us really be honest about our feelings. To deny our feelings, particularly to ourselves, is to block the road to recovery. Remember that recovery in this case does not mean, "getting over it," it means to gain control of our lives again.

So, let's not worry about what other people think, say, or expect. Our friends (well meaning as they are), sometimes members of our family, even someone who has lost a child, should not sit in judgment. Each person grieves differently, due to a person's general make-up and the relationship with the dead child. Unless someone has totally withdrawn from everything and everybody over a lengthy period of time, the chances are all is in the realm of normalcy. Only after we have walked down the long road of grief and can look back, remembering those early days and weeks, can we see we really are not on square one again. We have just slipped backwards for a time. That is all. Allow yourself that, and then strive forward again. It takes time, a lot of time! We tend to expect too much from others, others expect too much from us, and therefore, we tend to expect too much from ourselves.

~ Mary Ehmann, TCF/Valley Forge, PA

"No one's death comes to pass without making some impression, and those close to the deceased inherit part of the liberated soul and become richer in their humaneness."

-Robert Oxton Bolt - English author, "Man for All Seasons"

When you are sorrowful look again in your heart,
and you shall see that in truth you are weeping
for that which has been your delight.

From The Prophet, by Kahlil Gibran

Letting Go and Holding On

By Dennis Klass, Advisor, TCF/St. Louis, MO

TCF National Newsletter - Summer 1985 - Vol. 8 No. 3

It seems to me that the one thing I see with bereaved parents is that they have a problem in that they need, somehow, to let go of their dead child and yet need very much to hold on to that child. How do you let go and still hold on?

What I see in The Compassionate Friends are people who let go by honestly facing the pain that the death and separation have brought. We let go when we let ourselves cry, when we let the pain, the missing, the loneliness and the questioning be experienced. When we allow ourselves to feel the pain, we feel the child being torn loose from us. We also let go when we look our world squarely in the face, when we see the world doesn't have our child in it, when we see the world as a different place, when we see that people are treating us differently, we KNOW our child is gone.

We let the child go when we, at some point, allow him to be a part of something bigger. For some of us, that means to say, "Okay, God, he's your. He's in Heaven." For others, that means when we look out at nature, when we look at the woods, when we look at the ground and we say the child is part of all nature and no longer belongs to just me. He is part of something bigger. When we say that, we let go. If we are to live as anything except as emotional cripples for the rest of our lives, we've got to know that our child died and is not coming back. That is a hard thing to do, but we must let go.

The other side of recovery is the need to hold on to our child. We can't simply let him go as if he never existed. I have observed that members of The Compassionate Friends learn how to hold on to their child, also.

The first way we hold on is with our memory. We remember child. Memory is making him part of our every day as if the child were simply in another city or away at school. At some point the child would have left home and we wouldn't have seen him every day. It is the same with our child who is dead. We remember him when we see something and we let the memory come. When we're walking in the store and we see a toy that reminds us of him or when we're walking down the street and we see a little child with a snow suit like his or we see a child on a bike the color of his, we remember. That memory is there and when we really resolve our grief, that memory is still there and it's a memory that feels good. We can have good memories and hold on to the child.

Sometimes we hold on to our child by simply giving ourselves back to the pain of the child's death by reading old letters, going through the album, going to the grave or going through their things again. I've noticed that many bereaved parents simply let the present go its own way and give themselves to the memory of the child when it occurs. That is a good healthy way to hold on to the child, by immersing yourself in the memories when they present themselves. Don't long for them but give yourself over to them when they show up. Then, after briefly visiting the past, you can say, "There, I was there. I don't need to do that again for a while, but I will do it again sometime."

The most profound way we keep our child is by sharing with others what we have shared with the child. That is the secret of TCF. We learn to take the love we had for the child and turn it outward, so that we're loving others. Perhaps, at first that love is directed only to other bereaved parents. As our healing progresses, that circle of caring and loving broadens. We give to the world some of what we gave to our child, and by so doing, are able to hold on to the essence of what we shared with our child.

A Reason To Live

My sorrow seems endless, my grief only grows
The life I knew ended; I'm caught in the throes
Of bereavement so painful that life's put on hold
As I struggle for meaning in a world now grown cold.

The delight of the past, the joy of the day
Captured in her sweet smile have been swept away
Now I search for a reason to live out my life
Though my soul wails in anguish
And each hour brings strife.
Through ME lives her memory! I'll keep it alive
Through my words and my pen, so her name will survive
And each day of my life I will send her my love...
I'll live now to remember my daughter up above.

Sally Migliaccio, TCF/Jupiter, FL
From *Tracy, an Extraordinary Child*
©1995 Sally Migliaccio

No matter how long we are on this earth, the more we
have to realize that life finds us living every day with the
unanswered. Faith helps us to live with the unresolved.
Trust helps us to accept...and go on with the work of
living.

~ Mark Connolly

The Timing of Grief

Folks say that there's been enough time
For me to be beyond my grief.
There are those who think it's a crime
That I have not complete relief.

I know I'm better, happier now
Than when bereavement came to me.
But life has trouble knowing how
To be as it was formerly.

I'm thankful folks can understand
That healing takes not months but years.
And yet some folks would now have banned
That I should ever be in tears.

Yes, grief will heal, though it be slow;
Yet, grief continues, though it's less.
But this our friends could only know
If they've been through it, I confess.

For once, I too, thought time would heal
And back to normal I would go
Now death and grief are very real!
But how, without them, can one know?

~ Robert Gloor, TCF/Tuscaloosa, AL

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
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**THE
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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 701-235-8158	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-235-8158
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
Duane Skramstad (daughter, 20 - car accident; son, 2 - drowning).....	701-437-2507
Lois Gangnes (son, 24 - accident)	701-282-4083
Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness)	701-730-0805
Mark & Hella Helfter (miscarriage & son, 35 - accident)	701-235-9622

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

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

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