



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
PO Box 3696  
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[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

F-M Area Chapter  
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Chapter Leaders - Paul & Kara Bailey 701-491-0364

Newsletter Editor - Nancy Teeuwen 701-730-0805

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**  
April 11th  
May 9th

**Meeting Subject:**  
April - Bring a memento of your child to share with the group  
June - Balloon Release, everyone is welcome.

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on Thursday April 25th @ Fry'n Pan  
TCF National Conference July 19 - 21, 2019 in Philadelphia, PA  
TCF FM Chapter's 13th Annual Walk to Remember - July 27, 2019

#### You Did Not Die

You live in the beautiful wind that blows. You live in the sound of birds that crow. You live in the sun that shines so bright. You live in the peaceful dark at night. You live in a star I see in the sky. You live in ocean waves that come in with the tide. You live in the smell of flowers and grass. You live in the summer that goes so fast. You live in my heart that hurts so much.  
You did not die, we only lost touch.

~ Shari Swirsky, TCF/Toronto, Ontario, Canada

#### OUR CREDO

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

**WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.  
WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007**

#### LOVE

"...Grief is the price we pay for love. We did not lose our children. They died, taking with them our hopes and dreams for the future, but, never, never taking away their love. Though death comes, love will never go away. Hold it tight, the love our children gave us. Hold it tight through the storms of grief and bring it with you into today. Love never goes away..." ~ Darcie Sims

Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7 pm at the Fry'n Pan restaurant, 300 Main Avenue, Fargo. Our gatherings are very informal as we meet to talk about our children, books, recipes, jobs and whatever else comes up in conversation. We all have times when we need the listening heart of another mom or grandma. Please join us this month on Thursday April 25th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or [sherylv13@msn.com](mailto:sherylv13@msn.com).

#### Ritual

A gaze thru blurry window when did it start to rain?  
Then realize it's just the eyes they're crying once again  
Emptiness is mighty deep within begins the ache  
Intense, this pain that surely will cause a heart to break  
Shoulders gently tremble a moaning soft and low  
Arms tightly wrapped about oneself body rocking to and fro  
A ritual of comfort a numbing of the mind  
A cleansing of the tortured soul a knowing eye made blind  
Thus begins the healing process of this I know so well  
Without you, I fall victim to this mindless cast of spell

~ aDonna Gerrior, TCF/ Pasco County, FL  
In Memory of Rob

## HOW MUCH MUSIC CAN YOU MAKE?

By Steve Goodier © 2002

On Nov. 18, 1995, violinist Itzhak Perlman, performed a concert at Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center in New York City. Stricken with polio as a child, Perlman painfully walked with the aid of two crutches to a chair in the middle of the stage. He carefully laid the crutches on the floor, loosened the clasps of his leg braces, extended one leg forward and the other underneath his chair, picked up his instrument and nodded to the conductor to begin.

But something went wrong. After only seconds of playing, one of the strings on his violin broke. The snap was a gunfire reverberating in the auditorium. The audience immediately knew what happened and fully expected the concert to be suspended until another string or even another instrument could be found.

But Perlman surprised them. He quietly composed himself, closed his eyes and then signaled the conductor to begin again. The orchestra resumed where they had left off and Perlman played -- on three strings. He played with passion and power. All the time he worked out new fingering in his mind to compensate for the missing string. A work that few people could play well on four strings Perlman accomplished on three.

When he finished, an awesome silence hung in the room. And then as one, the crowd rose to their feet and cheered wildly. Applause burst forth from every corner of the auditorium as fans showed deep appreciation for his talent and his courage.

Perlman smiled and wiped the sweat from this brow. Then he raised his bow to quiet the crowd and said, not boastfully, but in a quiet, pensive, reverent tone, "You know, sometimes it is the artist's task to find out how much music you can still make with what you have left."

Perlman should know. Polio left him with less stamina than he had before, yet he went on. Playing a concert on three strings is not unlike his philosophy of life -- he persevered with what he had left and still made music.

And isn't that true with us? Our task is to find out how much music we can still make with what we have left. How much good we can still do. How much joy we can still share. For I'm convinced that the world, more than ever, needs the music only you and I can make. And if it takes extra courage to make the music, many will applaud your effort. For some people have lost more than others, and these brave souls inspire the rest of us to greater heights.

So I want to ask, "How much music can you make with what you have left?"

From: TCF Atlanta Online

*The mind has a dumb sense of vast  
loss —that is all.*

*It will take mind and memory months and possibly  
years to gather all the details and thus learn and  
know the whole extent of the loss.*

~ Mark Twain

## SPRING'S TEARS

When the sun's sharp brilliance echoes in the luminescent blue  
A grim, oppressive darkness stabs my aching heart anew.  
Its golden glow upon my face, the warmth of winter's sun  
Holds the promise of renewal when the icy months are done.  
It is this vow of nature's of resurgence in the spring  
That bows my head, and breaks my heart; unlocks my suffering.  
For you will miss again the beauty of this time of year  
The growing warmth, the sunny days when life will reappear.  
For nature has no power over death that holds you still,  
And though I know, I still resent spring's early daffodil.  
Oh, would that I could speak to Mother Nature face to face!  
To beg she work her magic on your lonely resting place.  
Why can't it be YOUR rebirth when the gray, cold days are done?  
Why mightn't YOU not live again to see spring's fresh new dawn  
And feel the warmth of sunshine relish in the greening earth...  
To open arms, embracing life, why can't it be YOUR birth?  
You were so young, your life so new when death crept in the door,  
And in my grief, beloved child, I'll ask forever more  
The reason why the earth's renewed when spring comes 'round  
each year  
Yet in your grave you're silent still, and I condemned am here.  
Remembering Tracey, always

~ Sally Migliaccio, TCF/Babylon, NY

## A PhD in Pain

I didn't take an entrance examination. I didn't apply for admission. I didn't register for classes. I never completed any assignments. I didn't write or defend a dissertation.

I didn't wear a cap, gown, or hood at graduation. I didn't walk to "Pomp & Circumstance."

I don't have this diploma framed on my wall. I don't have letters I use after my name.

But my son died five years ago.

So, I have a PhD in Pain.

I never wanted one.

~ Peggi Johnson, TCF/Piedmont Chapter, VA

## Any Child's Death Diminishes Me

What difference does it make whether a child is stillborn or dies after some years of life? She spoke of the lack of memories because her child was stillborn. He commented on the deep pain brought by those very memories which remind one of what is lost!

When it comes to a child's death, does the type of death matter? Is a murder worse than an accident? Suicide worse than chronic illness? Teenage worse than the older adults? Stillborn worse than teenage?

I've tried to be thankful that Jeanie wasn't murdered. That she did not commit suicide. That she and those dear boys did not linger, comatose. Or die from prolonged illness. I could not find thankfulness though I have sought diligently for it within my deepest being!

The death of a child, whatever the age or circumstances, brings its own guilt and anger. Its own despair and questioning. Any child's death diminishes the parents who loved that child. And, for those bereaved parents, that death is surely the worst. Their grief the most severe!

~ Robert F. Gloor, TCF/Tuscaloosa, AL

## The Visit Home

There once was an old man who journeyed back to his hometown with the intent of reminiscing about the good times, as well as the sorrows he had experienced as a young father.

High on the list of places he intended to visit was the elementary school his daughter had attended.

First he would walk around the huge playground where he so often had brought his daughter to play. He would stop at the slide, then the swings, and finally the monkey bars, remembering the joy on his daughter's face as she had moved happily and carefree from one adventure to another.

Then he would enter the school building. His first stop there would be the kindergarten room. He could still see in his mind that memorable day almost 75 years before, his daughter's outstretched hand enclosed in his firm, yet tender, grip. As they searched for her classroom, their loving touch finally ended as she walked through the open door to a new stage in her life.

The old man's next stop would be the tiny gymnasium where his daughter had performed in the holiday pageant. How beautiful she had appeared, dressed in soft white as she sang *Silent Night, Holy Night*.

Finally he would stop at his daughter's third grade classroom. The old man clearly remembered the day he and his wife had stood outside the closed classroom door, tears streaming down their cheeks. Finally, gathering their courage they entered the room to comfort and talk with their daughter's classmates who, as yet, failed to comprehend why they would never again see alive the little girl they all considered their best friend.

The anticipation grew strong as he neared the street where the school stood. Arriving at the spot, the old man wept at what he saw. The plain white concrete structure he expected was no longer there—a sleek modern building in its place. An asphalt parking lot now covered the old grassy playground.

Now understanding that he would never be able to fulfill his mission, the old man started thinking about the transient nature of life—how nothing ever remains the same.

Communities change. Buildings are here today and gone tomorrow. Loved ones live—and die. Even nations rise and fall.

But then the old man had another thought: The love his daughter had passed onto him still remained within his heart—67 years after she had died.

He realized that it truly didn't matter if a day, a year, a decade, or a century were to pass. The candle of love would continue to burn bright in his heart.

And he thought how even an eternity from now the love he still carried for his daughter would have transcended his own death and been returned to her a thousand fold.

The old man turned his car around to head back toward the highway. There was no need to stop elsewhere. Taking one last glance in the rear view mirror at the new school, he understood that memories live on not because of a building, or a classroom, or a playground. They remain alive inside each of us because love outlasts even the sands of time.

A smile crossed his lips.

*His mission had been completed!*

~ Wayne Loder, Public Awareness Coordinator  
The Compassionate Friends/USA

## I Am Spring

I am the beginning.

I am budding promise.

I spill cleansing tears of life  
from cloudy vessels

creating muddy puddles

where single cell creatures abide

and splashing children play.

I am new green growth.

I softly flow from winter's barren hand.

On gentle breeze I fly – embracing sorrow.

With compassion, we feather nests

where winged voices sing winter-spring duets.

As frozen ice transforms to playful stream

I whisper truth – life is change.

I am spring.

I bless long, dark wintry days.

I crown mankind's pain

with starry skies

in deepest night

lighting solitary paths from sorrow to joy

as the wheel of life turns 'round and 'round.

*By Carol Clum*

*(written after attending a workshop presented by John Fox,  
author of 'Finding What You Didn't Lose' and 'Poetic  
Medicine')*

## SIMPLE WISDOM

The child asked, "Why do you cry?"

"Because I am sad," I said.

"Why are you sad?" Asked the child.

"Because Marc is dead and I miss him," I replied.

"but Marc has been dead for more than four years

Why are you still sad?"

"Because the longer he's gone, the more I miss him."

"Will you always be sad?" asked the child.

"Yes, I replied, "but only sometimes."

"Is this one of those times?"

"Yes," I said.

"I love you," said the child.

"I love you, too."

And then we both smiled.

~ Moe Beres, TCF/Babylon, NY

## Separation

From where I stand

I cannot see

How far it is

From you to me.

At different times

It seems to be

A step or an infinity.

~ Richard Dew, MD

Letting go of grief doesn't mean that you

No longer miss your loved one.

He is part of your life forever.

However, his role in your life changes.

~ Darcie D Sims, "*Footsteps Through the Valley*



## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

CHILD		PARENTS
JESSICA MARIE BALSTER.....	30	CARRIE BALSTER
NATHAN BEACH .....	28	LISA BEACH
RENEE ANN BERNIER .....	52	KENNETH & PATRICIA BERNIER
ANDREW HOWARD BRAUN .....	30	CRAIG & DEANNA BRAUN
ROGER ALAN BUTENHOFF.....	73	MURIEL G LARSON
ADELE BYE.....	68	MERLYN ANDERSON
ALLISON DEUTSCHER .....	43	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON
TRAVIS FREED.....	37	RANDY & DEBBIE FREED
TYLER JAY FREED.....	37	RANDY & DEBBIE FREED
DAVID GRAFSGAARD.....	59	BERDINE GRAFSGAARD
THERESA VICTORIA KLIER.....	30	KAREN SCHWARTZ
LANNIE LEE KORNELIUS.....	59	LEROY & DONNA KORNELIUS
DAVID R KOSAK .....	27	BRUCE & MYRA KOSAK
DEBORAH CHERYL KYLLO .....	66	B MICHAEL & GENEVA KNUDSON
ALEX RAY PATNAUDE .....	32	SHARLENE PATNAUDE
AMELIA MARIE PRATT.....	8	JASON & TANDY PRATT
MARY-ALICE MARIE PRATT .....	11	JASON & TANDY PRATT
CARSON DENNIS RONEY .....	22	PAUL & RENAE RONEY
JENNIFER SCHUMACHER.....	40	ANTHONY & LORETTA SCHUMACHER
JERIMIAH PAUL "JP" SOLHJEM.....	13	JANA SOLHJEM
BRUCE C THORNBY .....	58	JANET & HOWARD GALLAGHER
HEATHER WREN .....	43	DEB WAYMAN

## ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
ROGER ALAN BUTENHOFF.....	2	MURIEL G LARSON
ANNE CLEMENSON .....	3	MARVIN & DOROTHY CLEMENSON
STEVEN DUANE COOK .....	8	SHARON COOK
TRAVIS FREED.....	37	RANDY & DEBBIE FREED
ALEXANDER DANIEL HIRN.....	2	BEVERLY HIRN
KYLE KASSMAN .....	5	TOM & NANCY KASSMAN
ALEXANDER BRENT KLINKHAMMER.....	7	CHARLES & SANDY KLINKHAMMER
CARMEN LALUM .....	4	RUSSELL & SHARON LALUM
AMY CHRISTINE LARSON.....	20	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
ERIC LARSON.....	20	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
GAIL DIANE LARSON.....	20	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JOSEPH CHRIS LARSON.....	20	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JESSICA ANNE NORBY .....	2	LAROY NORBY (Grandmother)
ALEX RAY PATNAUDE.....	2	SHARLENE PATNAUDE
AMELIA MARIE PRATT.....	8	JASON & TANDY PRATT
MARY-ALICE MARIE PRATT .....	11	JASON & TANDY PRATT
DANE TVEDT .....	9	TOMMY & LEAH TVEDT

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

## SIBLING PAGE

### 20 Questions

It is smaller than a breadbox. It is larger than a car.  
It is rain bowed, striped, and polka-dotted  
but colorless by far.  
Its memory's like an elephant. It's forgetful as a fish.  
It's emotional as a postcard  
and hopeful as a wish.  
It is busy as an ant. It is lazy as a bee.  
It is weak as flavored gelatin  
but hardy as a snow-pea.  
It's hated as a jelly fish. It's loved as family.  
It's plain as a doughnut  
yet hidden as your keys.  
It is ordinary as paper. It is creative as a kid.  
It is loose as a shoe and stuck as a lid.  
It is Grief.  
It is Love.  
It is Hope.

~ Jacqui McPeck, TCF/Spokane, WA  
In Memory of my brother Zachary Ian McPeck

### A Sibling's Feelings

The pain of a sibling is so real we sometimes hide it deep inside of ourselves. As we watch our parents hurting we see the pain in their eyes. We are also hurting not only for the loss of our brother or sister but also for our own parents. We need to reach out to each other to let each other know we are hurting inside.

Our lives have all changed forever. I know they lost a son but I lost my younger brother I loved, and as siblings we share a special bond that will never have anymore for he no longer lives...my brother, my friend.

I will always miss you and I will never forget you for you will always live in my heart, and I have wonderful memories no one can ever take away from me. In my heart you will stay, love you forever.

~ Marie Porreca, TCF/Rockland County, NY

### Re-Entering School After the Death of a Sibling

Going back to school after the death of your brother or sister is a hard thing to go through. At first there are three groups of people to deal with: People who give you a lot of support, people who don't know what to say, and those who give you weird looks and stay away from you. This lasts for a little while. After a short time, changes with each group occur. Those who didn't know what to say start to speak or begin to talk. The group who kept away, stops ignoring you. The people who gave you a lot of support slowly return to their own affairs. After about a month and a half, everything goes back to normal and is over to everyone except you. This is very difficult to accept and makes you feel all the more alone. After a long while, the shock for you goes away and it is then when you need the support from your friends, peers, and teachers. This month is the first anniversary of the death of my brother. Most people will have forgotten, and everything is right with the world. But it is not! Certainly not to my mother and me.

~ Jordan Ely

### THE EMPTINESS

The emptiness is what fills up inside of you when you give up hope.  
The emptiness means different things to different people.  
It is understood inside that person and that person only.  
It is the cold sadness lurking inside.  
Always there but seems to hide.  
Covered up by happiness, but surely finds its way back inside.  
The emptiness is not evil, it is only sadness.  
The emptiness is the feeling you get when you have lost someone close to you.  
The emptiness is when your heart aches.  
The emptiness is when you feel you can't face another day.  
The feeling you get when you are all alone.  
When no one understands.  
When your fate is in your hands.  
You take a deep breath and face another day.  
For that is what everyone expects.  
That is the emptiness.  
~ Christine Santoleri, TCF/Valley Forge, PA

"One whose sister or brother has died has a special view of this loss. There is the loss itself, hard enough to bear, and often no one inquires how a bereaved sibling is doing with the grief. And as I've heard one sibling put it, 'I lost my brother, and my parents are so changed that I feel as if I lost them too.' Much is changed within our surviving family. Many of us have found the company of other bereaved siblings to be very valuable, a group of listeners who truly and fully understand." -

~ Charley Kopp, Contra Costa TCF Sibling Member

### There Are Times

There are times  
When I see a fiery sunset  
Or the silver glow of the moon,  
And I see my brother and  
feel the peace, as if he still exists.  
But these times are few,  
And most of what I see is -  
What he is missing.  
Cry now, my silent tears,  
Quietly, so no one hears.  
They don't know the pain I go through  
Day after day,  
And through the years.  
Alissa Roeder - TCF/Pikes Peak, CO

### SHE'S HERE...BUT NOT

She's here but she's there.  
She's with us, but she's not.  
She's right around the bend,  
But then she's gone again.  
She's far away but so near.  
It's like she's gone but here again.  
Stacy Sharp - TCF/Defiance, OH

## **Death Takes a Back Seat**

There was a time, not so long ago, when the only focus I had was on the death of my child. The loss of his life and his absence from the physical plane swept over me like a tsunami. I lived his death every waking moment. The sorrow was devastating, and the waves of pain kept coming and coming, crashing over me, with no end in sight.

Each of us has experienced our grief in a unique way, and each of us has done what is necessary to cope. But at some point in my grief, I began perceiving my son's death as only one moment in his life. I believe that was when I began to find hope.

The shock had worn off; the tsunami of pain had subsided. I began remembering the events and everyday activities with joy instead of sorrow. I remembered his birth, his first steps, his first word, and his development as a toddler and then as a young child. I remembered his first day of school. I remembered the anxiety I felt as he blithely slipped out of the car and walked up that big sidewalk by himself for the first time. "I love you, Mom,"

he said as he grabbed his lunchbox, crayons and tablet. He looked so cute and confident that day. He knew he was going to learn to read.

I remembered his trips to the barber with my dad, the fun they had together, the first ride in Grandpa's new convertible, the obvious love they shared. I remembered the day my dad cried when Todd asked him, "Grandpa, have you ever loved someone so much that you just want to be a part of them? That's how much I love you." He was six years old, dad was the hardened WWII Marine, and dad's eyes filled with tears as the impact of this tremendous break through my son had given him touched him. Dad was always a gentler, more open man after that innocent statement of emotion by his grandson.

I remembered the many Christmas celebrations, the anticipation that filled Todd's heart each year. The holidays were very special to him.

I remembered our move to Houston when Todd was just 12 years old; he got a paper route, a heavy duty Schwinn bike and he was earning money for his first car. Every Sunday I would drive him on his paper route at about 4:00 am because the papers were too heavy for the bike. Todd would make my coffee and wake me up, and off we would go. Those were special times when it was just Todd and I talking easily about his life, his dreams and the future. I thought about Todd's high school years, his graduation, the promise of the future and the tears in my dad's eyes as he watched the ceremony marking yet another milestone in his special grandson's life. I remembered the birth of Todd's son, the nights we sat talking while he fed his baby, and the discussions about the best way to raise a child. I remember the day he married, the birth of each of his daughters, the deep love and devotion he had for them.

Then I recalled the day when Todd received his MBA from Texas A&M. My dad stood proudly in the aisle watching the ceremony and listening to the Aggie fight song, tears in his eyes as he looked at his grandson, grown-up and ready for life.

I remembered my son's first house-a fixer upper. My husband and I gave him money for the down payment, and he put plenty of sweat equity into it. After his daughters were born, he chose to move to a larger home, selling his first home with no small amount of sadness. For this was where his adult life started. This home had marked his first real step in responsibility and the world of the adult.

All the good times come flooding back now, the memories as vivid as the moments were in time. Yes, there is still sadness, but my heart tells me that I must celebrate the 35 years Todd had on this earth. He lived a good life, laughed, loved and worked hard. He was a lot like his grandpa in that respect.

Now when I tell a story about Todd, there is a returning joy in my heart. And now, each day when I come home from work, I remember how good it was to see him after a stressful day and to reach out and hug my child....whether he was 3 years old or 35 years old. We have a bond, a bond I have felt every day since his birth. The bond between mother and child does not end at death.

Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF/Katy, TX

## ***My Grief Rights***

1. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE MY OWN UNIQUE FEELINGS ABOUT THE DEATH. - I may feel mad, sad, lonely, scared or relieved. I may be numb or sometimes nothing at all.
2. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO TALK ABOUT MY GRIEF WHENEVER I FEEL LIKE TALKING. I will find someone who will care and listen. If I don't want to talk, that's ok too.
3. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO SHOW MY FEELINGS OF GRIEF IN MY OWN WAY. I may get mad and scream, or I might cry. I might want time alone.
4. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO NEED OTHER PEOPLE TO HELP ME WITH MY GRIEF, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO CARE ABOUT ME. Please pay attention to me, to what I am saying and feeling. Love me no matter what.
5. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO GET UPSET ABOUT NORMAL, EVERYDAY PROBLEMS. I might feel grumpy and have trouble getting along with others.
6. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE "GRIEFBURSTS". These are sudden, unexpected feelings of sadness that just hit me even long after the death; these feelings can be very strong.
7. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO USE MY BELIEFS ABOUT MY GOD TO HELP ME DEAL WITH MY FEELINGS OF GRIEF. Praying might make me feel better, closer to the person who died.
8. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHY THE PERSON I LOVE DIED. It's okay if I don't find the answer.
9. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO THINK AND TALK ABOUT MY MEMORIES OF THE PERSON WHO DIED. Memories might be happy or they might be sad. Either way, these will keep alive my love for the person who died.
10. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO MOVE TOWARD AND FEEL MY GRIEF AND, OVER TIME TO HEAL. I'll go on to live a happy life, but the life and breath of the person who died will always be a part of me.

**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: \_\_\_\_\_

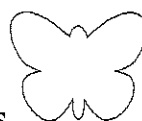
Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

Birth Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Death Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

(Signature)

Please return to: The Compassionate Friends of F-M Area, PO 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

“Butterflies are the heaven sent kisses of an angel.” ~ Author Unknown

Butterfly decals are available to help personalize our trailer. The trailer is used to carry items to and from our Walk to Remember and other chapter events. It has also given us some visibility in the Fargo/Moorhead community. Each butterfly decal holds the first and last name of one of our beloved children.

Butterflies are available in five colors (yellow, pink, red, blue and green). The cost is as follows: \$25 for 1 butterfly, \$50 for 2 butterflies, \$65 for 3 butterflies and \$80 for 4 butterflies. If you wish to purchase more than 4 butterflies please contact Paul and Kara Bailey at 701-491-0364.

Butterfly orders should include the child's first and last name (middle name is optional) and the color of the butterfly. Checks should be made payable to TCF of Fargo-Moorhead and the order mailed to PO Box 10686, Fargo, ND 58106.

You can see pictures of the trailer with butterflies on our website at [www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html).

### DEATH OF A DREAM

My baby is gone, and no one understands my sorrow. They said: “You were only seven weeks pregnant.”

They didn't know I had already named the baby....Rachel for a girl, Joshua for a boy. They didn't know my twelve year old son had already promised to take care of that baby every day, and was considering even changing diapers. They didn't know my nine year old had been asking for a brother or sister for six years. They just didn't know all my hopes and dreams for this baby.

They said: “Don't worry....you'll get pregnant again.” They didn't know it had taken six years to conceive this child. They didn't know this was a very special baby, conceived under a Christmas tree, with the man I love. This was a baby I wanted...not just any baby. I don't know if I will ever have the courage to try again.

They said: “You are young. Only thirty-two. You have many years yet to have a child. They didn't know my mother started menopause at thirty-six. Or that two of my aunts had hysterectomies for cancer, one at twenty-four and the other at thirty-six. Or that my cousin is at stage two with cervical cancer. Even now the clock is running out on me.

They said: “Miscarriages happen...nothing to worry about.” They didn't know this was my fifth miscarriage, one a set of twins. They didn't know how losing my baby pulls my emotions inside out and leaves me feeling raw and tender. They didn't understand my fear that I will never have another baby.

They said that I was silly to cry. They didn't understand my grief. It was not a lump of flesh, it was my baby. They didn't understand the joy I felt, or the loss, or the emptiness I feel. They said: “These things happen for a reason. The baby probably hadn't formed properly.” They said I should be grateful.

They can't understand the anger I feel....towards women trying desperately to rid themselves of unwanted babies, and towards the happy women awaiting the birth of their babies. They didn't understand my anger at my own body, for rejecting my baby and destroying my dream.

They said: “You already have two healthy children, consider yourself lucky.” I am fortunate. Many women will never be able to have a child of their own. But it doesn't lessen my sorrow. My baby is gone and I am sad. Why won't they let me grieve?

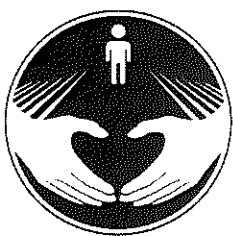
~ Linda Young

The Complete Mother / Spring 1987; Lovingly lifted  
from TCF Philippines Chapter web site

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	Paul & Kara Bailey ..... 701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen..... 701-730-0805
Co-Chapter Leader	Lori Wiger ..... 701-446-7504	Newsletter Database	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-540-3287	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer..... 701-298-2929	Initial Contact	Sheryl Cvijanovich
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:  
 Sheryl Cvijanovich (son, 23 - illness)..... 701-540-3287  
 Lois Gangnes (son, 24 - accident)..... 701-282-4083  
 Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness)..... 701-730-0805  
 Mark & Hella Helfter (miscarriage, son, 35-accident & son, 45-cancer) ... 701-235-9622

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

Love gift given in Memory/Honor of \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Relationship \_\_\_\_\_ Born \_\_\_\_\_ Died \_\_\_\_\_

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