



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
48660 Pontiac Trl #930808  
Wixom MI 48393-7736  
Toll-free (877) 969-0010  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

F-M Area Chapter  
PO Box 10686  
Fargo ND 58106  
[www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org)  
April 2022

Volume 39 Number 4

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

We will be social distancing during our meeting. Please wear a mask when entering the building and continue to wear it during the meeting

#### Upcoming Meetings

April 14th  
May 12th

#### 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 April 28th @ Denny's  
TCF FM Chapter's 16th Annual Walk to Remember - July 30, 2022  
45<sup>th</sup> TCF National Conference August 5-7, 2022 in Houston, TX

#### LOVE GIFTS

Dale & Bonnie Sayers in memory of their son, Dane Donovan Sayers "Red Horse" Also sent a butterfly request. 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.

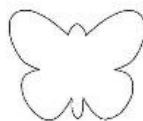
**WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.**

**WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007**

#### 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 Denny's restaurant, 4437 13th Ave SW, 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 28th. For more information, please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at [tcffargomoorhead.org](http://tcffargomoorhead.org).



#### 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 four colors (yellow, pink, red 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.

## ANGER

Don't tell me that you understand,  
Don't tell me that you know  
Don't tell me that I will survive,  
How I will surely grow.

Don't tell me this is just a test,  
That I am truly blessed,  
That I am chosen for this task,  
Apart from all the rest.

Don't come at me with answers  
That can only come from me,  
Don't tell me how my grief will  
pass... That I will soon be free.

Don't stand in pious judgment  
Of the bonds that I must untie.  
Don't tell me how to suffer, And  
don't tell me how to cry.

My life is filled with selfishness,  
My pain is all I see,  
But I need you, and I need your  
love unconditionally.

Accept me in my ups and downs,  
I need someone to share,  
Just hold my hand and let me cry,  
And say, "my friend, I care."  
~ Joannetta Hendel, TCF/Indianapolis IN  
Compassionate Friends newsletter  
Vol 18, No. 12-Dec, 2001

If love could have saved you,  
You would not have died.  
If tears could bring you back  
You'd be by our side.  
It broke our heart to lose you,  
But you did not go alone;  
For part of us went with you  
The day God called you home.  
God take us one by one  
And breaks the family chain,  
But somewhere in a better land  
Our chain will link again.  
~ John & Jill Gaffney

The death of a child is a fire in the mind. The mind burns with alternatives that never come to pass, with fantasies of remarkable recuperations, with dreams of adult accomplishment. If we let this fire burn compassionately within us, the grief of the mind, the fantasies, the burning of the spirit, begin slowly to melt away and the child comes more into our heart. Our anguish can be used to open more fully, to enter as completely as we can into this final sharing. And then, as Rabindranath Tagore wrote in the final lines of his poem, *The End*, "Dear Auntie will come with presents and will ask, 'Where is our baby, Sister?' And Mother, you will tell her softly, 'He is in the pupils of my eyes. He is in my bones and in my soul.'"

Steven Levine —From *Who Dies*

## Strange Words Welcome New Members

I am always amazed at the instant empathy we each feel as new members come to their first meeting. We have the strangest welcome for these parents: "We are so sorry you have to be here."

In other organizations the questions are probing: where did you go to school, where do you work, where do you live? All designed to "size up" the newcomer, put him or her in the proper perspective of a neatly ordered world. For us, this information is meaningless. We know the world isn't neat and orderly; we discovered that when we lost our children. We care about you, the newly bereaved parent, whose life was tossed into a cosmic blender when your child died. We care because we are you. We have been here a while, in this purgatory of pain. We have learned to live our lives in a different way, to place value on understanding and hope, the intangibles of the purest meanings of life. We have learned to value each other, to reach out and talk, to wait patiently during the silences needed to form thoughts. We listen intently as you quietly say your child's name, tell your child's story, speak of your heartbreak.

Yes, this is a different kind of welcome. But it is the most deeply sincere welcome we will ever receive. We are kindred souls, you and I. Each of us lives in the "after death" world of losing our child. Each of us has learned gradually that the hope we have attained has made life better, lessened the pain, moderated the isolation, tears, emotional devastation and pure mayhem that once overtook us. Each of us has learned this slowly, in our own time and in our own way.

Each month new parents who have suffered the most horrific loss that a human can endure are welcomed into our group. We reach out, we listen with our hearts and we remember.  
Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF/Katy, TX  
In memory of my son, Todd Mennen

## A Stranger...My Friend

I don't remember who, but someone called me to the phone that day. A lady said she didn't know me, but just wanted to say that she had lost her child, too, and would pray for my deep pain. My days that had been sunny were now filled with crashing rain. Her voice was kind and soothing as she spoke to me with care. I grasped each word intensely that the stranger was willing to share. Her child died in a way similar to mine, a passenger in a car. She knew my shocking sorrow and recognized my new, deadening scar. She said we have a mutual friend in the funeral director there, for he buried her child too and now mine – I could not bear. I cried and cried as she talked to me that sad, heartbreaking day. But she quickly instilled in my mind right then that crying was okay. She briefly spoke of brighter days to come somewhere along the way. She assured me, too, that God was there if only I could pray. I don't remember all she said, my mind was far away, but I thank God for sending her, a stranger – my friend – that day. She called me again a few days later to see if I was alive. Still in shock, I remembered her – the lady who has survived. Such grief, such devastating sadness, I was totally in despair. But my new friend called again, keeping me in her care. We came to meet, this lady and I, in life's ungracious bend. I love her now, this total stranger, she's my Compassionate Friend.

~ Diana Grider, TCF/Kokoma, IN

Blessed are those who realize the fragility of bereavement and handle it with an understanding shoulder and a loving heart.

~ Jackie Deems

## Love Never Goes Away

“Why does it hurt so much? Why is this grief so incapacitating? If only the hurt weren’t so crushing.” Sounds familiar? All of us have known hurts before, but none of our previous “ouchies” can compare with the hurt we feel. Nothing can touch the pain of burying a child.

Yet most of us have discovered that the sun still comes up. We still have to function. We did not die when our child did, even though we wished we could have, so—we are stuck with this pain, this grief, and what do we do with it? Surely we can’t live like THIS forever!

There are no magic formulas for surviving grief. There are a few recognized patterns for grief, but even those are only guidelines. What we do know is that the emptiness will never go away. It will become tolerable and livable—some day.

TIME—the longest word in our grief. We used to measure TIME by the steps of our child: the first word, first tooth, first date, first car—now we don’t have that measure any more. All we have is TIME, and it only seems to make the hurt worse.

So what do we do? Give ourselves TIME—to hurt, to grieve, to cry. TIME to choke, to scream. TIME to be “crazy” and TIME to remember. Be nice to yourself! Don’t measure your progress through grief against anyone else’s. Be your own timekeeper.

Don’t push. Eventually you will find the hours and days of grief have turned to minutes and then moments—but don’t expect them to go away. We will always hurt. You don’t get over grief—it only becomes tolerable and livable. Change your focus a bit. Instead of dwelling on how much you lost, try thinking of how much you had. Try letting good memories come over you as easily as the awful ones do. We didn’t lose our child—HE [SHE] DIED. We don’t lose the love that flowed between—it still flows, but differently now.

Does it help to know that if we didn’t love so very much, it would not hurt so badly? Grief is the price we pay for love. And as much as it hurts, I’m very glad I loved. Don’t let death cast ugly shadows, but rather warm memories of the loving times you shared. Even though death comes, LOVE NEVER GOES AWAY!

~ Darcie Sims, TCF/Abilene, TX

## A Stepparent’s Thoughts

I am a bereaved stepparent—stepfather to be exact. Robin Ann Craney, my stepdaughter, was killed at the hands of a drunk driver on June 8, 2001. She was 17 years old.

I have a son named Greg. His Mom remarried so I saw him on weekends, did the trips, and long summer visits as many divorced parents do. I did not get the chance to be a part of his life and see him every day. I got to hear about his activities and accomplishments all after the fact. When you marry someone with kids, you get another chance.

After several months of dating my (now) wife Cindy, I finally met her kids, Chris and Robin. Robin was almost 7 years old at the time. I remember that first meeting clearly because she wasn’t feeling so good. She ended up getting sick and had to go home. What a first meeting that was! After that, I became totally involved in the lives and activities of both of the children. I remember one of those nights well! Cindy and I attended parent-teacher conferences for both kids, a Cub Scout Pack meeting and a Girl Scout Brownie meeting—not bad for a single guy, who had been unmarried for 13 years!

Over the years, I got to know Robin’s likes, dislikes and all of her friends—and she had a lot of friends! I attended and participated in all of Robin’s activities, supporting her in her many endeavors—including gymnastics (her favorite). I was there when she had migraine headaches, running her to the doctor when her mother couldn’t, encouraging her, supporting her—all the things Dads do for their kids. I want to tell you in no uncertain terms, being a stepparent is so much harder. You get the responsibility and, often times it seems, none of the respect. “Mom said I could so I don’t have to listen to you” or “You can’t tell me what to do, you are not my dad” and so forth. I tolerated and dealt with her emotional outbursts when she became incensed at anything (sometimes it seemed everything) during the teen years. All Dads know how trying those times can be!

Now I am a bereaved stepparent—the one in a kind of “no man’s land.” I am not biologically connected to Robin; I sometimes feel like an outsider around people who were once a family—mother, father, son and daughter. Many of our friends have worried about Cindy and Chris. They often ask me “How is Cindy doing?” or “Is Chris OK?” Although I knew and lived with Robin for 10 years, very few ask, “How are you doing?” I am only the stepparent. The idea that this tragedy cannot be as devastating to me as it is to Robin’s “real family” is incomprehensible.

One definition for the word father is “father figure: one often of particular power or influence who serves as an emotional substitute for a father.” This is what I was for Robin. She loved to push my buttons—but that was part of our relationship—as frustrating as it could be. Robin is the only daughter I will ever have. I was every bit a father to her. I love her and I miss her. We, the stepparents of children who have died, grieve for our children too. Only society puts the “step” in the name. Parent is still the biggest part of who we are. We hurt because they were our children too—often without the support and understanding that is demonstrated towards the biologically connected parents. These beautiful children with whom we developed emotional bonds are now gone out of our lives; and we, too, endure the same feelings of loss and sadness.

~ Tony Cinocco, TCF/Denver, CO

## Free From Bondage

Your spirit is so soft even through tragedy all around.

Your body is a temporary sign of your existence.

Your essence is of pure love, which relieves all suffering.

Your spirit is almost free from this life

free to fly as an angel to unknown dimensions,

Most will never know.

~ Lisa Melaerts, TCF/Las Vegas, NV

**OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED  
BIRTHDAYS**

**CHILD**

**PARENTS**

JESSICA MARIE BALSTER.....	33.....	CARRIE BALSTER
NATHAN KEITH BEACH.....	31.....	LISA BEACH
RENEE ANN BERNIER.....	55.....	KENNETH & PATRICIA BERNIER
ANDREW HOWARD BRAUN .....	33.....	CRAIG & DEANNA BRAUN
ALLISON DEUTSCHER.....	46.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON
COREY ALEN FLEISCHFRESSER.....	35.....	ANNETTE & SCOTT ENGEN
SCOTT JAGER.....	65.....	BEVERLY JAGER
CLEO CAROL JORGENSEN.....	66.....	FRAN LEINGANG
LANNIE LEE KORNELIUS.....	62.....	LEROY & DONNA KORNELIUS
DAVID R KOSAK.....	30.....	BRUCE & MYRA KOSAK
AMELIA MARIE PRATT .....	11.....	TANDY PRATT
MARY-Alice MARIE PRATT .....	14.....	TANDY PRATT
KYLE KEVIN QUITTSCHREIBER .....	30.....	KEVIN & KATHY QUITTSCHREIBER
CARSON DENNIS RONEY .....	25.....	PAUL & RENAE RONEY
JENNIFER SCHUMACHER .....	43.....	ANTHONY & LORETTA SCHUMACHER
PATRICK SPENST .....	29.....	ALVINA SPENST
KRISTOPHER WEISS.....	44.....	HERMAN & RENNAE WEISS
HEATHER WREN.....	46.....	DEB WAYMAN

**ANNIVERSARIES**

**CHILD**

**PARENTS**

JOSEPH "JOEY" DARRIN BETTS .....	4.....	ADELE & TODD AASEN
ANNE CLEMENSON.....	6.....	MARVIN & DOROTHY CLEMENSON
STEVEN DUANE COOK.....	11.....	SHARON COOK
AARON JOSEPH DIEDRICH .....	2.....	RICHARD & PATTI DIEDRICH
MATTHEW TYLER HARRIS.....	6.....	WILLIAM & RACHAEL BODIN
VICKY HOLWEGER .....	5.....	ROSEMARY FESKE
KYLE KASSMAN.....	8.....	TOM & NANCY KASSMAN
ALEXANDER BRENT KLINKHAMMER.....	10.....	CHARLES & SANDY KLINKHAMMER
CARMEN LALUM.....	7.....	RUSSELL & SHARON LALUM
AMY CHRISTINE LARSON.....	23.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
ERIC LARSON.....	23.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
GAIL DIANE LARSON .....	23.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JOSEPH CHRIS LARSON.....	23.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JESSICA ANNE NORBY .....	5.....	LAROY NORBY (Grandmother)
CAITLIN JEAN POSCH.....	3.....	DEAN & JEANNIE LAMB
AMELIA MARIE PRATT .....	11.....	TANDY PRATT
MARY-Alice MARIE PRATT .....	14.....	TANDY PRATT
DANE TVEDT .....	12.....	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

## YOU WILL NEVER KNOW

You will never know  
How much I loved being your big sister  
How much I loved looking out for you.  
You will never know  
How I would lie in bed late at night  
And wait until you were home.  
You will never know  
How I would pretend to be asleep  
As I heard you say goodnight to Fudge  
And quietly pass by my door.  
You will never know  
How on that last night you left the house  
I waited wide awake listening for your familiar sound  
But that sound never happened and you never  
Passed by my door.  
The house is so quiet now and the only sound  
Is from myself - crying.  
Because you will never know how much I miss  
Being your big sister.

Elizabeth Cannon - TCF/N. Reading, MA  
Sibling Newsletter - Spring 1991

## #1 BROTHER

I've been wanting to write these words for so long  
But found it hard to say what I was feeling.  
Besides loneliness and feelings of forlorn,  
There's this missing piece in my life,  
A space in my heart  
That I know time can never heal.  
Some days when I'm thinking of you  
A smile comes easy.  
Other days, like today,  
It's my tears that fall like the rain.  
I'm missing you so much, big brother.  
I look for you in the face of a crowd.  
I search to find resemblance anywhere, in anyone,  
Hoping that seeing that slight  
Resemblance will numb the pain  
At least for a while,  
Maybe take away the ache in my heart  
And put that smile back on my face.  
I know you're watching out for me,  
And I know you're with me.  
And until the day when we are with each other,  
I'll have to learn to live with the memories  
And continue to search for your face in the crowd.

~ Suzanne Hemenway, TCF/Montgomery

I wish I could tell everyone who has lost a loved one how  
important it is to let themselves, and their family, remember.  
Forget, if you can, the sickness or tragedy that took them, but  
give them a place in your life. My family speaks very naturally  
of their father and their sister. We remember the fun, the love,  
and the closeness... We have memories to cherish, and we  
shouldn't cheat ourselves by not doing that. I don't mean that  
we should constantly talk about them, but when something  
we're doing reminds us of something good that happened when  
we were still a whole family, we don't hesitate to say so.

~ Lettie Petrie

## For Siblings: A Tribute

I think of you in silence,  
my feelings seldom show,  
but how it hurt to lose you,  
no one will ever know.  
I hope there is eternal life,  
so we can meet again.  
I not only lost my brother,  
I lost my very best friend.  
The reason you left so early,  
I'll never understand why.  
I just wish I'd known  
you were never coming back,  
'cause I would have said,  
"Good-bye."

~ Martha K., TCF/Concord, NH

## I'm Sorry For The Things I Didn't Do

It's too late to say "I'm sorry"  
for the things i didn't do.  
It's too late to say, "Forgive me, and I'll make it up to you"  
For you're gone now, forever, oh, if you only knew,  
"Kid Brother," just how much I miss you.  
no more teasing, no more pleasing,  
No more borrowing the car,  
No more promising to be careful,  
No more sneaking in the pickle jar.  
God in Heaven, please take care  
Of the brother of mine.  
He was so sweet, so tender, and kind.  
O, Dear God, when you see him  
Please tell him for me  
That I miss him something awful,  
Through I have my memories.  
And, Dear God, there is something  
That I'm asking of you -  
Ask Jimmie to please forgive me  
for the things i didn't do.  
~ Laura Mae Martin, TCF/Grand Junction, CO

## (This is a Sibling Story)

### It's a Family Affair

When a child dies, grief is a family affair. It hits mom, dad,  
and siblings with equal despair. Mom cries and cannot get out of  
bed. Dad holds in emotions and leaves much unsaid. Sister and  
brother simply cannot understand why death came and dealt this  
kind of hand. No one acts as they should and nothing is the  
same. The family wants to draw together but seems to only  
share pain. Someone must be responsible when a child dies.  
Each family member thinks in some way it's them, and cries.

But no one is responsible for things we cannot control. So  
reach out to each other and keep the family whole.

Don't let the differences in how each grieves change the love  
in your family or its belief. Be strong when you can and weak  
when you must, and love each other with kindness and trust. So  
treat the family with love and you will survive. For we who  
have been there and made it through together can say that  
holding on to each other makes love last forever.

~ Jackie Roxen, TCF/Broward, FL

## A Journey of Hope

A new widow asked me the other day (in a somewhat disapproving tone), “What do you mean when you talk about hope?” That’s a perfectly legitimate question – we talk about hope all the time but we do not often define just what we mean. Hope seems to be such a clear and simple concept, doesn’t it? But what exactly does ‘hope’ mean when you have lost children to death, when you and the world are a bundle of pain, when you feel as if you could never enjoy anything ever again?

Those who speak about hope wish first of all that the pain of your first grief will lessen. While no one can guess or calculate how long the phase of intense first grief will last, it always lasts longer than we want. This is the time when grief keeps you from thinking clearly, when you are confused about almost everything, even about things which have nothing to do with the tragedy. It is the time when you are always tired but can seldom sleep enough, the time when your energy seems to be drained by the sheer effort of staying alive. You find that nothing consoles you – life hurts, feeling hurts.

Whenever that time is over, you may be able to function reasonably well. What griever has not walked around doing a good job at the office, while feeling like an empty shell? At that point you may even be able, briefly, to concentrate on something other than your dead children. There is a small hope then, to wish for a little more strength, a little less pain, a good night’s rest. Perhaps this is the time when you can start talking more clearly to someone about the way you feel or what you think you might want to do for yourself and other grievers.

The schedule is different for each person. When we talk about hope, we start out with a wish for your recovery from what may have felt like a mental illness. Except – you need to remember that it was no mental illness at all; it was an almost insurmountable onslaught of pain.

The next step of hope comes when you realize (sometimes with regret) that you will continue living and that you actually want to do something with the life left to you. Often the notion of doing something in honor of the dead children feels sadly comfortable. This is the stage when you reach out deliberately to speak about grief, to address new tasks, to find the ‘small islands of peace’ in your sea of pain.

But most of the pain is still there. Rooms are left unchanged, clothing remains hanging in closets, you still cry when you see photographs or when you remember the days before the child died. There is no escape from the awareness of loss, which still dominates your daily existence, no matter what you plan or undertake. This is usually a long phase, and no amount of rational resolve or practical determination takes the ache away. However, you do sleep better.

Next on the journey of hope comes the first signal of comfort. While you still cry and hurt about the loss of your child, you sometimes find yourself thinking of soothing memories; you are even able to smile about things you remember. This is the time when a memory that makes you smile is often followed by tears. Your emotions are alive and powerful – and you realize that your reactions are quite natural. Not all feelings you have at that time are focused on the main event, the death of your children, but you begin to consider realistically that there are many other things in life. As heavy as this phase still is for most grievers, it is a great deal more manageable and gentle than the tearing pain of early grief.

The next step comes imperceptibly – there are moments at first, then hours, when your mind is not preoccupied with

remembering the dead children. You can think of other tasks and events without simultaneously thinking about a grief-related memory. Before, you may have been so closely connected to grief that you connected any experience to the children’s death, even if an event or a task had nothing at all to do with them. You may encounter a strange, almost surprised feeling like “This has nothing to do with my grief.” Such intervals are rare at first, and you never quite reach the point where you can totally divorce feelings and thoughts from your memories. Initially, all grieving parents find such a time difficult to imagine – and the inner quietness actually arrives before we are able to believe it.

But there is a balance that achieves itself – it gently eases itself into your days and nights. At this time a preponderance of pleasant memories makes itself at home in your heart. You smile at things remembered without crying, you can call up the details of a memory without being overwhelmed by heartache.

These are the most basic stages of hope – there are many fine and varied distinctions, and the stages do not clearly follow one after the other. But when we speak of hope, we generally mean the griever’s return to a less painful and more confident form of self.

We are not talking about denying the death or forgetting the child we lost. We are speaking of a change in feeling about them. Among the things we think of when we talk about hope is the time when we reach the ability to “recall our memories in tranquility.” The day when we realize that having children, even if only for a small part of our lifetime, was first and foremost a gift and a treasure. While we will always want to keep the awareness of our dead children, the time will come when we can live in peace, as helpers and friends to others in grief (perhaps deliberately to honor the memory of our dead children) or to find unencumbered enjoyments. When the sense of loss is overcome by a sense of acceptance and peace, when we find new things to do with our life, then we will have completed the journey of hope - from disbelief to struggle to achievement.

~ Sascha Wagner

### *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*

**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)

---

### What My Daughter Taught Me in Two Days

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.***

~By Steve Bryant, TCF/Des Moines, Iowa

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.

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
OF THE F-M AREA  
PO BOX 10686  
FARGO ND 58106

NON-PROFIT  
U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
PERMIT #1625  
FARGO, ND

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



**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
Newsletter Database	Sheryl Cvijanovich .....701-540-3287	Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer.....701-298-2929	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
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.