



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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F-M Area Chapter
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The F-M Area Chapter of The Compassionate Friends meets the 2nd Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. at FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH 127 2ND AVE E WEST FARGO, ND
Please enter on the West side. Our meeting is in the Fellowship Hall - lower level, west side.

Upcoming Meetings
August 9th
September 13th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on August 23rd
@ Fry'n Pan

LOVE GIFTS

Clare & Richard Elless in memory of their daughter, Tari Elless Heller

We are deeply grateful for the LOVE GIFTS given this month. Our chapter and all chapters, are financed solely through your Love Gifts. Donations make this newsletter, postage, books, tapes, etc. possible. Thank you for your tax deductible gifts.

Memories

Memories are flowers growing in the heart, flowers picked on happy days that time arranges in bouquets to warm the heart in tender ways by feelings they impart. Memories are pictures taken through the years, pictures of a smiling face, a happy time, a favorite place. These pleasures time cannot erase, they are kept as souvenirs.

~ Laura Rogers, TCF/Northfield, NJ

Memories are like threads of gold, they never tarnish or grow old.

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 4th Thursday of the month at 7:00 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 August 23rd. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylc13@msn.com.

PLEASE ASK

Someone asked me about you today. It's been so long since anyone has done that. It felt so good to talk about you to share my memories of you to simply say your name out loud.

She asked me if I minded talking about what happened to you or would it be too painful to speak of it? I told her I think of it everyday and speaking about it helps me to release the tormented thoughts whirling around in my head. She said she never realized that my pain would last this long. She apologized for not asking sooner. I told her, .Thanks for asking..

I don't know if it was curiosity or concern that made her ask, but I told her, Please do it again sometime soon..

~ Barbara Hudson, TCF/Cincinnati, OH

Let's Go Home

Let's go home –
My eyes pleaded to my husband.
We don't belong here.
This is crazy – these people are still hurting.
Two, five years later and they are still coming here.
Let's go home. We don't belong here.
We won't, we can't be like that. Perhaps –
If I don't speak,
If I don't tell them why we came –
It won't be true.
But wait... Why are they laughing?
They all lost children, yet they are laughing
at something somehow.
And wait... Why am I nodding at what he's saying?
Why do I feel I must say something to that couple
who are in this nightmare even less time than we?
They all seem to know what I'm feeling –
without my even saying it –
Just not flinching at my tears.
That steady, endless stream of tears that seems to never stop.
Perhaps – One day I'll join their laughter –
Let's wait – Perhaps we shouldn't leave just yet.

~ Sandy Fein, TCF/ Manhasset, NY

BUTTERFLY

Butterfly flutter by.
Butterfly hear me cry.
Butterfly hear me sigh.
Butterfly say good-bye.
Good-bye,
Butterfly.
Goodbye.

Katrina Krauss, TCF/Anne Arundel Cty, MD

The "Veteran" Bereaved Parent

Have you ever attended a TCF meeting to see a "veteran" bereaved parent shed a tear or openly show grief, and have wondered why after all that time?

Please don't get the wrong idea—the wrong idea being:

1. You won't ever cry after ten years.
2. You won't feel a need to still attend TCF meetings.
3. You won't feel like sticking with TCF in case a newly bereaved parent needs you.
4. You won't care enough to stay and help organize future meetings.
5. You won't feel compassionate enough to hear a newly bereaved parent talk of their grief.

Yes, some veteran bereaved parents move on and I wish them peace. But I am personally grateful for veteran bereaved parents who stay with TCF. What would newly bereaved parents do if they attended their first meeting and no one was there?

~ Sandy Smith, TCF/, Greater Cincinnati Area, OH

Look at yourself in the mirror.
Say to yourself, "It is hard to lose a child."
Say to yourself, "It is reasonable to hurt."
Say to yourself, "Healing takes time."
Be good to yourself.

~ Sasha Wagner, TCF/Des Moines, IA

SHARED THOUGHTS ON REMEMBERING THE SAD AS WELL AS THE HAPPY TIMES

February is the month we express our love to those significant persons in our lives. For many bereaved parents and siblings, it can be a time of increased pain. We miss the exchange of love from the person who has died. Our Douglas died on February 7th. Valentine's day has always been a difficult time, because of being so close to his anniversary. Both holidays and anniversaries can renew our personal grief.

Our love does not end with the death. There still is a need to talk of our deceased, and how much they mean to us. Caring relatives and friends that will listen without judging, can be very helpful. We need to express our feelings, and feel understood, when we are both happy and sad. It is important to tell those trying to help us, that remembering that very special person who was such a significant part of our life is essential to our healing. They also need to know the importance of remembering the sad times for tears, as well as the happy times for laughter and smiles. Most non-bereaved feel only happy memories heal. Perhaps, this is because that is what feels most comfortable for them.

There is no way of knowing what another bereaved person is really experiencing. There are times we all hide our feelings. Often, we are concerned about family members close to us, and are afraid of adding to their suffering, so consequentially we avoid talking about the issue. We must remember they too may need to share their feelings, whether it be good or bad memories. We can offer comfort, understanding, and give them permission to express themselves.

Siblings tend to consider their parents the primary grievers, and often try to "be strong" for them. No one needs to be strong for another family member. The pretense of "holding it together" can be very damaging, and even deepen our depression. Depression can cause us to withdraw, so everyone needs to put effort into working very hard in keeping communications open.. Frequently, it is much more comfortable for siblings to share with peers, on any subject. When we sense we are pressuring them to talk, we must back off, and respect their wishes, or this can lead to their avoiding family gatherings. Sharing cannot be forced.

Many times our support has come from the people we would least expect. Everyone must choose those they feel most comfortable with when sharing their grief. Give our children the same privilege when sharing such a personal part of their life.

One of the ways we can help our family most, is to do our own grief work. This means saving time for ourselves to face our pain, and not run away from it. If we heal and gain some normality back into our lives, it will make it easier for the rest of our household.

~ Marie Hofmockel, TCF/Valley Forge

Wondering

When I look upon a star,
I pause to wonder how you are.
I know you are the brightest star
Shinning so bright
Trying to let me know You're walking
On those streets of gold.
Sharing them with other angels there in Heaven
And you are home in your permanent place.
Miss you and love you forever.

~ Mary Gonda, TCF/Space Coast, FL

IMPOSSIBLE WISH

I cannot always face the truth
Of death's finality;
It's easier to just pretend
He'll soon come home to me.
And yet, my spirit knows the son
I loved so much has died;
Reality, though harsh and cruel,
Must never be denied.
I want him back! I want my son!
I want to see his face!
How will my broken heart survive
With this hollow, empty space?
I must allow the tears to fall,
Allow my heart to grieve;
To close my mind to fact is but
To cripple and deceive.
With agony and sorrow,
This world of mine is rife;
My soul is struggling, battling the
Worst nightmare of my life.
In bitterness, I'm much aware
Of all that I now lack;
In utter pain, I can but cry
"Oh, God, I want him back!"
~ Peggy Kociscin, TCF/Albuquerque, NM

YOU WILL

You will live. Although you feel like you are dying. You will laugh once again. Although you feel that emotion is lost forever. You will think clearly again. Although you feel very confused most of the time.

You will celebrate your child's life. Although now you are enveloped in the whys and if onlys of your child's death. You will somehow work your way through this rough work called grieving.

Although today you feel you are slipping backwards. You will find love, understanding and caring with The Compassionate Friends.

Although today you are lonely, isolated and withdrawn. Choose the **You Will**. I did, and it is helping with that large hole in my heart.

~ Carol J., TCF/Fort Lauderdale, FL

YOU CAN GO ON

You can shed tears that they are gone
Or you can smile because they lived.
You can close your eyes and pray that they'll come back
Or you can open your eyes and see all they've left you.
Your heart can be empty because you can't see them
Or your heart can be full of the love they've shared.
You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.
You can remember them and only that they're gone
Or you can cherish their memory and let it live on.
You can cry and close your eyes, be empty and turn back
Or do what they want: smile, open your eyes, love, and go on.
Author Unknown

"Perhaps they are not stars in the sky, but rather openings where our loved ones shine down to let us know they are happy."

~ Eskimo Legend

Day Dreams

Sometimes I wander to a distant corner of my mind
Where I find myself in a place so serene
That I can erase today's pain and sadness
And there I'll just dream

I imagine I'm so near you and watching
As you're doing all the things little Angels do
You are so happy and so beautiful
With your snow white wings and halos too

This wondrous place you're in is heaven
Warm with love and nestled in the rainbow's array
Your softness and heavenly glow is a joy to see
As you play and sing praises to the Lord each day

I see you cradled in the Master's loving arms
I imagine your eternal bliss and glory
Where in this place you have no burdens
And each day you tell the Lord's great story

I'll dream of your beautiful mansion
Beside the streets paved with gold
Standing on the banks of the river of life
What a beautiful sight to behold

All these things dwell somewhere deep within my mind
Taking me so far away from all my sadness and grief
I can only believe that while in these secret moments
My little Angels are sending me this blessed relief

Macy and Loral, I know you feel my presence
As my mind drifts into this distant somewhere
I can hear your sweet Angel voices singing
"MeMaw and PawPaw, we'll be waiting for you up here"
~ "PawPaw" Donald Moyers, TCF/Galveston County, TX
In Memory of Macy and Loral

Holding Onto Love

Trees and flowers seem suddenly reborn,
As another spring arrives fresh and new,
Surrounded by such beauty,
My thoughts turn to you.
As another college graduation looms,
Great excitement fills the air,
Glancing at the smiling students,
I still search for strawberry blonde hair,
No matter what I do in life
You are always there,
I feel your presence constantly,
As each new experience we share.
Though physically, you have left us,
Your love remains here to stay,
A bond so strong and nourishing,
It gets us through another day.

~ Chuck Collins, TCF/Burke/Springfield/Fairfax Chapter

Those of us who have walked through our grief – and found there is a future – are the ones who must meet others in the valley of darkness and bring them to the light.

~ Rev. Simon Stephens, Founder, TCF- Coventry, England



OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

CHILD		PARENTS
HALLIE CLARE BJELLAND	14	ANDY & RHONDA BJELLAND
ASHLEY RAE HAINES	30	WILLIAM HAINES III
HEIDI HELLAND	31	JOHN & TERRI HELLAND
TARI L HELLER.....	63	RICHARD & CLARE ELLESS
CORDELL ALAN KISER.....	46	KEITH & SANDRA KISER
ERIC C LARSON.....	38	CRAIG & BARB LARSON
KELSEY GRACE MILLER.....	25	SHAWN & JIM MILLER
JESSICA FAYE MOEN	26	BRAD & JACKIE MOEN
JOSHUAH G NELSON.....	27	JOHN & DARCY NELSON
KYLE NELSON	24	JERRY & YVONNE NELSON
BRANDI ROSE IRENE TEEUWEN	16	JOHN & NANCY TEEUWEN
DANE TVEDT	30	TOMMY & LEAH TVEDT
MICHELLE WARNECKE.....	51	DOUG & JOAN WARNECKE

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
TAMERA KAY CHAPUT	12	GERALD & DELORES BEYERS
VICKIE GROSSNICKLE.....	1	DELORES L HORN
CORDELL ALAN KISER.....	6	KEITH & SANDRA KISER
MICHAEL LEALLEN KRAIG.....	5	JILL KRAIG & BRYAN MOFFET
SANDREA LIZABETH KUEBLER.....	9	RICHARD & DELAINE KUEBLER
JACOB LABER.....	2	DEBRA LABER
KELSEY GRACE MILLER.....	25	SHAWN & JIM MILLER
TONY MILLER.....	3	SHAWN & JIM MILLER
MATTHEW ROBERT SAUNDERS	13	ROBERTS & MARY SAUNDERS
GREGORY SEARS	9	LORI & JERRY BRADY
GREGORY SEARS.....	9	PERSYS PIERSALL (Grandparent)
BRANDI ROSE IRENE TEEUWEN	16	JOHN & NANCY TEEUWEN
SCOTT ANTHONY TOBOLT.....	15	JOHN & MARY TOBOLT
AUSTIN WAYNE WAGAR.....	6	JAMIE & SCOTT OLSON
JASMINE ROSE WILSON.....	7	KAREN WILSON

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.

FRIEND

I cannot ease your aching heart, Nor take your pain away,
But let me stay and take your hand. And walk with you today!
I'll listen when you need to talk; I'll wipe away your tears
I'll share your worries when they come; I'll help you face your fears.
I'm here and I will stand by you, Each hill you have to climb,
So take my hand, let's face the world; Live one day at a time!
You're not alone, for I'm still here.
I'll go that extra mile, And when your grief is easier,
I'll help you learn to smile!

We bereaved parents wish we could share this with our friends, don't we?

SIBLING PAGE

Dear Bubby, I Miss You...

I never got a chance to say goodbye,
To tell you how much I love you
And needed you in my life.
Even though your body has left this Earth and my pain is rife,
I have no doubts you will be with me the rest of my life.
I miss you...

I am grateful to have so many joyful memories
Mostly I will miss you making me laugh until I cannot breathe,
Your intoxicating smile and charming personality,
Even your teasing,
Although somehow for you, I imagine it was much too pleasing!
I miss you...

I will no longer be able to help you pick out an outfit or fix your hair,
Be your best wingman
Or have you hold me in your arms when I need a hug.
You were my best friend for so long,
And in just one phone call, you were gone.
I miss you...

I know we didn't always get along
But somehow we always got past it
And our love for each other was undeniable.
I am proud to call you my big brother,
But it pains me to know I will never have another.
I miss you...

It rips me apart to think how much anguish you were in
And that, as your sister, there was nothing I could do.
I just wanted to be there, a shoulder to cry on
To ease your hurt, your pain, your ache
But there is nothing I can do now; you are never again to wake.
I miss you...

I simply just want you back,
But I know this is a want that can never be fulfilled.
You will always be a part of me
No one, not even you, can take that away.
My body aches, and nothing I do seems to ease the pain, which is lately all I can convey.
I miss you...

My heart is bleeding and I don't know how to make it stop,
I just want someone to wake me up and tell me this is all a dream
But it is not.
I feel as though our family is missing a piece and is not whole
We are no longer five but only four.
I miss you...

I am angry and destroyed inside,
I feel pain, I feel sorrow, I feel empty.
I am mad at you for leaving me in this world without my big Bubby,
For making me deal with this pain.
Sometimes it is too much and I cannot restrain.
I miss you...

But that is me being selfish because I know, deep down
That this is what you needed to do.
To end your suffering (which no one could have understood),
And finally you can be at peace with yourself and the world and be happy,
You can finally sleep now, my big Bubby.
I miss you...

I will mourn your death until I can no longer breathe
And know the days will get easier (although I don't see how).
But know you have left an impact on my life, as well as many others'
You have made me stronger
I couldn't have asked for a better big Brother.
I miss you...

I never doubted your love for me,
And I know you knew
That I never, nor will I ever, stop loving you.
My life will not be the same without you, so I must forge on
Goodbye does not mean that you are gone.
I miss you...

I wish I could have been there to hold your hand,
To comfort you
Your one last breathe
Go in peace, take a bow
Sleep, my Bubby, and rest now.
I will ALWAYS miss you...
~ Kara Marie Sheehan, TCF/Cincinnati-East, OH
In Memory of my brother, Eric Collin Sheehan (Bubby)

LOOKING TO THE LIGHT

It is difficult to articulate thoughts and feelings about a life-altering event such as the death of a brother. For a long time, the only thing I could do to find any solace was to read about the tragic experiences of others. I was often moved to tears, so strong was my identification with their anguish.

I never suffered from denial. My brother's death was always a very tangible thing. It was my grief. I owned it. In accepting it, I feel that the healing was somehow expedited. I don't mean to imply that I am now returned to the unaffected individual that existed prior to his death, that my acceptance of his death is now clear,

I don't think you ever "get over" such a loss. What happens is the incorporation of that loss into your daily life. In my case, that process brought a number of changes in attitude and priority which, as it turned out, were in my best interest. I had become centered on myself and my career to such an extent that I was armed against life's disappointments. When meeting me, it became clear to others that "career" was what it was all about.

I keep pictures of my brother all around so that I can see him several times each day. In doing so, I am alternately both comforted and saddened. But mostly, I am comforted. I know he is in heaven, and I believe he looks in on me and is aware of the magical events that have taken place in my life. When I look upward through my kitchen skylights, I can see the sky and the top of the big old elm in the lights. I talk to him in my heart and I know he is near. I still shed my tears, for I miss him and will the remainder of my life.

Given a choice, I wish he had never become ill and that he hadn't ended his life. Today, some two years after his death, I can accept it and understand his choice. The love we feel for a loved one never has to leave us, even though our loved one has departed physically.

~ Rhonda St. John, TCF/Grosse Pointe Woods, MI

Another Death Anniversary

It has been three years since my son died. On the anniversary of his death, I went through the morning saying very little. In the afternoon I left work and went for a drive. I drove past the park we used to love for those special talks and special events. I drove past the high school he attended. I drove around the neighborhood thinking of him peddling his heavy-duty bike as he delivered his papers seven days a week. I remembered the good times and some of the "teaching moments". I drove past the first house that he bought and remembered how proud he was of his purchase and all the work he did making that house a home for his child and wife.

As I drove, I felt the deep burning in my eyes of tears so long repressed. Has it really been three years since he left us? I remembered the day he died, the days that followed his death and months of withdrawal after his memorial service. I remembered all the firsts...the first Christmas, the first Easter, the first Mother's Day, the first birthday, the first Thanksgiving and the first anniversary of his death. I remembered the agony, the heartache, the gut churning shock of losing my child to death. How did I survive this? I wondered why I am still here.

How can any mother whose only child has died begin to get a grip on sanity? Have I gotten a grip on sanity? How could I accept losing my son's daughters to the long-term, seething hatred of my husband and me by my former daughter-in-law? How did I endure the protracted pain of the wrongful death suit she filed against my husband and me in the accidental death of my child? What did I say in all those depositions? Who were those lawyers? Were they thinking of my child or just the money they would receive? How can I help my child's son as he moves forward into adulthood? How do I take the endless days of longing for my child's voice, his hug, his special "I love you, mom"? How can I stand hearing other parents talk about taking flowers to their children's grave or putting candles next to their child's urn, when I don't even know what my former daughter-in-law did with my son's cremated remains?

The answer is not simple, yet it is not complex, either. The answer is in honoring my child in a way that exemplifies his life - gently, persistently and without reservation. The twisting road to this discovery has been made much smoother with the help of my Compassionate Friends group. I listen. They talk. They listen. I talk. The dialogue has grown to be part of who I am now. The conversations help me to chart my way on this stormy sea that is now my life. Without these gentle, understanding parents, I probably would have lost my mind. But they are there for me, month after month. They are there daily if I need them. They help me, and I help them. Each of us does our best in the hope of giving and gaining peace and solace.

I finished the anniversary day by purchasing a small wind chime. I took it to the little bench and marker that are surrounded by a small garden which our Compassionate Friends group maintains in memory of our beautiful children. When I hung it on the branch of a bush, I listened as the chimes sang their beautiful song.....a song for my child. Briefly I thought that someone might take it. But then I thought, I don't care. This is for today. This is my way of reaching out to my son today.....on the third anniversary of his death. If it's gone next week, I will be sorry, but it won't matter. I have honored my son on this sad day. The gentle song of these chimes will float upwards and reach him today. That is what matters. It is in this little garden that I visit my son today. This is where a little bit of peace touches my soul. Once again, I thank my Compassionate Friends for providing an answer.

Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF/Katy, TX
In memory of my son, Todd Mennen

Cemetery Moms

Jessica's Mom found another elephant to perch on Jess' headstone. She sits on the next grave marker with her arms wrapped around her knees, rocking and telling the latest about the court case that plays out her agony in the local newspaper. It was one year ago that her daughter innocently hung out with her long-time friends, boys who stole a gun they didn't think was loaded. Dads, siblings, grandparents and friends come too, but today, only Cemetery Moms are here.

Music comes from Keith's section of Clinton Grove Cemetery, where Civil War soldiers rest with the county seat's first settlers, and now our children. Keith's mother brings a tape player to comfort her while she plants and prunes and fusses over every leaf and petal. The music he wrote and performed couldn't drown out the teasing, bullying and pressure of high school and, she tells us, he ended his life.

Not far, a different Jessica's mother plants purple- blue flowers to match her daughter's purple headstone- imported from Europe - favorite color of the girl who was expected to survive heart surgery.

A grave away from my son is John, who also ended the life that had overwhelmed him. He is Jessica-the-elephant-collector's cousin. In four years, I have never seen John's mother here.

She is the one who discovered her son in the garage. So we tend John's place, planting and watering around the statue representing John's pug dog.

My own little Steven lies in this section among the other young ones. He lost the battle with lifelong medical problems. I've come to change the poem in the outdoor frame next to Steven's blue headstone - blue for little boys and angels. Jessica's mom listens to how Steven "told" me to buy that little Raspberry Punch rosebush for the gravesite. (He "blew raspberries" when he was contented, which I believe he is now.)

We guess at who left some token of love for Jess. There are no car pools or school activities or passing off outgrown clothes to occupy our time and our talk. Not even the latest surgery or teenage crisis. In winter. I come Fridays, and eat my lunch in my car parked alongside our kids' section. Jessica's mom says not to worry if I don't get here every day this summer to water the impatiens; she comes every day with her sprinkling can. We are the Cemetery Moms.

~ Linda May, TCF/Troy, MI

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

Your Name: _____

Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

Birth Date: _____ Death Date: _____

Date: _____
(Signature)

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



"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.

TCF "Online Support Community" Offers Opportunity for Grief Sharing

The Compassionate Friends national website offers "virtual chapters" through an Online Support Community (live chats).

This program was established to encourage connecting and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings (over the age of 18) grieving the death of a child. The rooms supply support, encouragement, and friendship. The friendly atmosphere encourages conversation among friends; friends who understand the emotions you're experiencing. There are general bereavement sessions as well as more specific sessions. These include "Pregnancy and Infant Loss," "Bereaved 2 Years and Under," "Bereaved 2 Years and Over," "No Surviving Children," "Survivors of Suicide." There are also sessions for surviving siblings.

The sessions last an hour and have trained moderators present. For more information, visit www.compassionatefriends.org, select "Find Support" and click "Online Support" in the Online Community column.

MON	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 am - 9 am	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	
TUE	Loss to Substance Related Causes 7 pm - 8 pm	Bereaved Less than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm	Bereaved More than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm
WED	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm		
THU	No Surviving Children 7 pm - 8 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	
FRI	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 am - 10 am	Pregnancy/Infant Loss 8 pm - 9 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 pm - 10:30 pm
SAT	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 pm - 10 pm	
SUN	Suicide Loss 7 pm - 8 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	

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

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 FARGO, ND

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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	Mary Bjerke
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 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.