



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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Due to the Covid-19 Pandemic, we have decided for the safety of our members to cancel chapter meetings and Mom meetings for the summer. We hope to resume meetings in September.

#### LOVE GIFTS

Keith & Sandra Kiser in memory of their son, Cordell Alan Kiser  
Richard & Clare Elless in memory of their daughter, Tari Elless Heller  
Dwight & Marlene Perkins in memory of their daughter, Amanda Perkins  
Sharon Wateland in memory of her niece, Tracy Ann Wateland

Butterfly donation from:  
Loyse Porter and family in memory of their son/brother, Kevin Dillenburg  
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.

“Grieving is not a short-term process; it's not even a long-term process; it's a lifelong process. 'Having a future' now means that although your life will flow again, it will flow differently as a result of the loss. Your grief will become incorporated into your life history, become a part of your identity. And you will continue now, and forever, to redefine your relationship with your deceased loved one. Death doesn't end the relationship, it simply forges a new type of relationship - one based not on physical presence but on memory, spirit, and love.” From *Transcending Loss* by Ashley Davis Bush

#### 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**

#### Grief Is Not Quicksand

Often, a survivor fears that if he shows his sadness, there will be no end to it. If you are among those who feel that you do not know how intense, lengthy or deep your expression of grief may be, you may find yourself thinking that it would be impossible—or at least very difficult—for you to pull out of grief's deep pit to do all the things you need to do before or after the death.

Being afraid of getting sucked down into a hollow of "no return" is not realistic. Grief is not quicksand. Rather, it is a walk on rocky terrain that eventually smooths out and provides less challenge—both emotionally and physically. For example, you may think: I will fall apart and won't be able to function if I start to show how I feel. Replace such thoughts with the more realistic: I will let go for a time, release what I feel, and will be able to function better as a result of having vented the feelings that are an ever-present burden.

~ Carol Staudacher

#### TCF

When a drunk driver killed my daughter, Allison, at age 19, it was a monumental effort to just breathe much less think my mind and body could survive. I was so dysfunctional that I lived everyday in just my pajamas. Going to my first support group meeting of The Compassionate Friends, I pulled a pair of jeans and sweatshirt over my pajamas. I listened as each parent spoke of their child and their grief I heard those whose child died months ago and those whose child died years ago. These were living, breathing people in the same room with me and not just names and stories in a newspaper or book.

It's 14 years later and, on occasion, I'll wear a pair of pajamas under my clothes when I go to a meeting just to remind myself of where I was and how far I've come in this journey I share with others.

~ Barbara Reboratti

## Loved and Missed Forever

Many people have asked me this question: "Does time heal?" I often say that I will grieve for my son for the rest of my life but I do believe that time softens the pain and the anguish. We can cope with the loss, but we never forget. The closer we are to our children, the harder it is when they leave us. Being a member of a TCF group can help us to see how our members cope differently with their grief and the way they feel after a period of time. Some have lost children less than one year ago and others ten years ago.

Talking things over in a group and knowing that you are not alone in your grief works wonders. Often family and friends listen to you for a few weeks after your child's death but then tell you to get on with your life. Little do they know that this is not possible.

I have listed below how I feel seven years after my son's suicide, and how I felt in the beginning of my grief. I do hope that this will help the newly bereaved and give them some hope for the future.

### Early Grief

1. Cried all day.
2. Could not concentrate.
3. Could not read.
4. Very bad memory
5. Did not want to go out.
6. Could not drive.
7. Would not go on holiday.
8. Dislike people.
9. Liked my own company.
10. Lonely. Missed him at family gatherings.
11. Wanted answers to "Why?"
12. Would not accept he had taken his own life.
13. Wanted to talk about him all the time.
14. Frightened that people would forget he lived.
15. Photos and videos are very important now.
16. Walked the house at night. Nightmares.
17. Hated shopping.
18. Jealous of other couples with a son.
19. Kept looking for him on railway stations.
20. Believed his spirit was with me always.
21. Wrote to Michael about special family events.
22. Had counseling for two years twice a week.

### Seven Years Later

1. I cry now and again.
2. Concentration much better.
3. Read many books.
4. Memory improved but not great.
5. Like to go out.
6. Drive a great deal.
7. Enjoy holidays.
8. Have accepted people's ignorance.
9. Still do.
10. Still the same.
11. "Why" is not important now.
12. Know that he did.
13. Still like to talk about him but people and places selective.
14. All that is important is that our family does not forget.
15. Still cry when I see them.
16. Sleep much better. Rarely have a nightmare.
17. Enjoy shopping now.
18. Still jealous.
19. No longer look for him.
20. Still believe he is with me always.
21. Wrote in a journal every day. Now realize how bad my grief was.
22. Now run a group for other bereaved parents

~ Author unknown

## The Not So Perfect Child

As much as you hear it proclaimed in the meetings, not all children who died were perfect. In this day and time you're fortunate if your children escape some of the horrors that are available to them. I've watched some of my friends and neighbors do a good job of parenting only to have the peer influence negate the positive input of the parents.

Many of our people have children die from incidents that were drug-related. These parents are often left with doubt about their parenting skills because of the guilt that is inherent in the grief process. It is easy for them to take all the blame onto themselves, losing sight of the fact that parents aren't all powerful people who can control all the good and bad things that happen to their children.

If you are out there feeling guilt or stigma because of the way your child lived and died, I hope you will begin today trying to forgive him and yourself. You have both been victims of the times, but it is up to see you aren't victims forever. There are good memories buried back there somewhere. Get in touch with them and remember all of the facets of your child's life - the good and the bad. We each have some of both, you know.

~ Mary Cleckley, TCF, Atlanta, GA

## Hidden Emotion

Hidden deep inside my breast is a longing that has been suppressed. The feeling is always there---longing---longing to see you, to hug you, to know who you are at this time in your existence. It stays hidden for a period of time and then---when I least expect it--- rises to the surface and must be tended to.

At times I feel as if I cannot breathe, as if I will suffocate trying to suppress the pain. At other times a tear comes from nowhere and trickles down my cheek. Occasionally, something inside of me explodes causing me to weep uncontrollably.

I can only guess what causes these unbidden emotions. Is it the song that's playing on the radio? Can it be the changing of the seasons? Do the budding trees beginning new life cause me to let down my guard? The longing never goes away.

I feel like a tight rope walker never knowing if I will make a misstep, causing me to fall into the stream of emotional pain that forces me to cry out, as I long to see you again.

With the passing of years, I have learned that if I can hang on for just a little longer, these emotions---strong as they are---will pass and I can live again with the longing hidden deep inside my breast.

~ Shirley Muller, TCF/Lafayette, IN

## **“You’re So Negative!”**

How many times have we - as bereaved parents, grandparents, and surviving siblings heard that comment from those around us? How many of our family members, friends, co-workers, or even mutual acquaintances have hinted or have been so bold as to say such a thing to us - particularly after we have just suffered the death of a child in our lives? Unfortunately, **THE DEATH OF A CHILD IS A NEGATIVE EVENT!**

I don’t think anyone can find one thing positive to say about the death of a child, although many have tried by using such common and irritating comments. We know they don’t understand because they can’t come close to how it feels.

But even after we have grieved and felt sorrow and tears for awhile, still our outlook on life is negative because we find it hard to see anything positive at the moment. “When will you get on and try to find something worthwhile to do with yourself? When are you going to find a happier moment? Why don’t you just dwell on the happier times?” and on and on.

What we really want to tell the world is this: **JUST SURVIVING THE DEATHS OF OUR CHILDREN IS THE FIRST POSITIVE STEP WE ARE TAKING TO GET THROUGH THIS TRAGEDY.** Living through one second, one minute, one hour, one day, one week, one month, one year are other positive steps toward recovery! Finding a moment of laughter or having loving, warm, and happier memories is another positive step that we are making it.

Co-existing with the deaths of our children is not something that any of us were given the choice of making. However, living and accepting this tragedy is another positive step towards learning to live some type of a life again: we learn to let the pain go. Sharing our grief, our sorrow, and our pain with other bereaved individuals is positive because not only does it help to comfort the other bereaved, it helps us to heal as well. We all benefit from one another in our pain and sorrow, in our comfort and hugs, in our ability to lean upon each other.

Yes, the death of a child is tragic. Negative. Painful. Whatever other adjectives one may use. But the idea of us being so negative? No, we’re not. The next time you hear that word, say instead “realistic,” because that is what we really are real. We were given a crash course of reality when our children died. We know now how precious life is, how important it is to savor every moment given to us. Take pride in the positive accomplishments you have made since the death of your child, because, not only have you worked so hard to attain them, you have more than earned them!!

~ Chris Gilbert, Editor BP USA - Tampa Bay

## **Survival Is Possible**

As you travel  
Through the maze of living  
Seared by the sorrows  
Life hands out  
You can survive  
You can recover  
Learn to live again  
Get familiar with your transformed self  
Discover new reasons to go on  
If only you will reach out.  
Helping others with their agonies.  
You will survive  
If you never lose sight of Hope.

~ Norma S. Grove, TCF/W. Central Iowa

## **My Secret**

Within days of my son’s tragic death helicopter crash, it became my sad duty to remove his belongings from his apartment. In the numbing fog of shock and denial, I sifted through every drawer, cabinet, and closet. The wrenching decisions of what to with his clothes, his video tapes—even his toothbrush—made my head swim.

Although I gave away many of the things to his roommate, other friends and family, and to “Goodwill,” I kept the “special” things for myself—school yearbooks, pictures, certain articles of clothing, and his collection of crazy T-shirts. I put this strange assortment of things in his footlocker, a remnant of his boarding school days.

What I didn’t tell anyone was that I never laundered the T-shirts I found in the dirty clothes hamper. I just folded them and put them in the The Compassionate Friends South Bay/L.A., CA July 2019 Page 5 footlocker with my other memories. And from time to time during those first months of agonizing pain, I would sit on the floor, open the footlocker and sort through the treasured remnants of a life that had been such a large part of mine.

Then I would take the unwashed T-shirts and bury my face in them, inhaling the combined scents of his cologne, deodorant, and perspiration, mixed with the wetness of my tears. It made me feel, for just moment that he wasn’t really so far away. “What a perverse thing to do!” I thought. I’m sure no one else would understand my doing such a thing—they would surely think I’d gone off the deep end. So I never told anyone about this strange behavior—and the odd comfort it gave to me.

Months later at a National Conference, I heard a speaker tell hundreds of bereaved parents assembled about a mother whose son had died suddenly and how she had refused to wash the soiled shirt he had been wearing, but found comfort in holding it close to her and smelling it. “My gosh,” I thought, “maybe I’m not so crazy after all.”

Since this experience I have discovered this is not as uncommon as I had once thought. The scents of a loved one are as much a part of them as the sound of a voice, the touch of a hand, or the tenderness of a kiss. There is nothing “perverse” in wanting to cling to these precious memories. Memories are what remain after the death of our child and there is comfort to be found in them.

~ Carole Ragland, TCF/Houston-West Chapter, TX

## **Finding Hope**

Some find hope in butterflies, and some in children's smiles.  
Some find hope in photographs, and some in walking miles.  
Some find hope in quietness and solitary reflection.  
Some find hope in helping others and sharing friendly affection.  
Some find hope in holding tight to all the old traditions.  
Some find hope in the creation of a special new variation.  
Some find hope in family gathered, and some in cherished friends.  
Some find hope in seeking God and feeling the peace worship brings.  
Beyond the sad and beyond the past,  
Beyond the ache that lasts and lasts,  
There is a path that winds its way into your future and a hopeful day.

~ Karen Pope

Behold the turtle. He makes progress only when  
he sticks his neck out.

~ James Bryan Conant



## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

<b>CHILD</b>		<b>PARENTS</b>
HALLIE CLARE BJELLAND .....	16.....	ANDY & RHONDA BJELLAND
DEREK R CHURCH .....	23.....	KELLY CHURCH
ROBERT DEAN HANSON .....	44.....	STEVE & DIANE HANSON
HEIDI HELLAND .....	33.....	JOHN & TERRI HELLAND
TARI L HELLER.....	65.....	RICHARD & CLARE ELLESS
CORDELL ALAN KISER .....	48.....	KEITH & SANDRA KISER
ERIC C LARSON .....	40.....	CRAIG & BARB LARSON
KELSEY GRACE MILLER.....	27.....	SHAWN & JIM MILLER
KYLE NELSON .....	26.....	JERRY & YVONNE NELSON
MICHAEL "MIKE" ROY NORBY .....	61.....	LAROY NORBY
CAITLIN JEAN POSCH.....	32.....	DEAN & JEANNIE LAMB
BRANDI ROSE IRENE TEEUWEN.....	18.....	JOHN & NANCY TEEUWEN
DANE TVEDT .....	32.....	TOMMY & LEAH TVEDT
DILLON ANDREW WILSON.....	27.....	DENISE WILSON

## ANNIVERSARIES

<b>CHILD</b>		<b>PARENTS</b>
MICAH J CROSBY .....	2.....	CRAIG & GLORIA CROSBY
WHYLIX EDWIN DITCH.....	1.....	LANCE & TASHARA DITCH
CORDELL ALAN KISER .....	8.....	KEITH & SANDRA KISER
JACOB LABER.....	4.....	DEBRA LABER
KELSEY GRACE MILLER.....	27.....	SHAWN & JIM MILLER
TONY MILLER.....	5.....	SHAWN & JIM MILLER
JOSH D NELSON.....	2.....	TERRI & RANDY GILBERTSON
SAMUEL JEROME NOESKE.....	3.....	JERRY & AMY NOESKE
DONNA L PFEIFER.....	2.....	JUNE L HAGEMEISTER
GREGORY SEARS .....	11.....	LORI & JERRY BRADY
GREGORY SEARS .....	11.....	PERSYS PIERSALL (Grandmother)
BRANDI ROSE IRENE TEEUWEN.....	18.....	JOHN & NANCY TEEUWEN
SCOTT ANTHONY TOBOLT.....	17.....	JOHN & MARY TOBOLT
ROBIN VIGDAL-HOSLER.....	15.....	WALTER & KARIE COWDEN
AUSTIN WAYNE WAGAR.....	8.....	JAMIE & SCOTT OLSON

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

### THE ANNIVERSARY

Let me be sad today, Give me this day to mourn.  
It's the date my little son died, And also the date he was born.  
Let me think back to his birth, The fear of viewing him, dead.  
Memories of holding him close, And cradling his little head.  
Allow me to visit his grave, To let a few balloons go,  
To place flowers lovingly, And trim the grass that does grow.  
Allow me tears to cry, Love fills my heart to the brim.  
Spilling it on those close by. While always longing for him

~ Elizabeth Dent, TCF/McMinnville, OR

## SIBLING PAGE

### What It's Like To Lose A Brother

This time last year, my world looked completely different. My girlfriend had just moved in with me, it was my first year going back to uni, and my family was closer than ever, and I thought that things in my life would keep working out for the best. How wrong I was. I had no idea that my brother Bren would be killed in a motorbike accident in Vietnam only several months later. He was kind, hilarious, and charismatic, and it's such a waste that he's gone.

I'll never forget the night that the police came to the house to tell us. Mum and Dad's pain - their sobbing, screaming, and crying, will never leave my memory. I was dumbstruck, I couldn't believe it, I just stood there staring at the policeman, not wanting to believe anything he was saying. That night turned my life completely upside down, and since then I've just been trying to make sense of this new world I'm in, where I don't get to see my brother anymore.

It's really tough to lose your brother, and unbelievably painful. It's so painful that it takes ages to actually accept it, you accept it gradually in bits and pieces over a period of months, because it's just not possible to take it all in at once. Losing Brendan the way we did was especially painful because he died during the overseas trip of a lifetime; he'd worked his butt off for all of 2015 to save up money to travel to Nepal, Burma, and Vietnam, and during his trip he kept us updated with Facebook posts with pictures and videos of all the fun he was having. Then he died.

We had to arrange for his remains to be flown home from Vietnam, before having his funeral. All of this was just like one big nightmare. I think that everybody processes grief differently, and that grief for parents and siblings looks different. For me, losing a brother feels like losing a piece of yourself; like a piece of yourself has died as well. I can never fully understand what Mum and Dad are going through, because I don't know what it's like to lose a son, but it's something that no parent should ever have to go through.

Grief is a monumental struggle, and if you've lost someone too I want you to know that you're not alone. If you feel like you're not coping at all, and you feel completely hopeless and empty, or that you can't work or sleep or eat, or if the pain is so bad that you are thinking about taking your own life, then it's OK to get help. Nobody can take away or fix your pain, but there are trained professionals, such as psychologists, who can give you useful techniques to stop the pain from completely dominating your life. The Compassionate Friends have been an instrumental part of our journey as a family and have walked along side us. We attend the monthly support meetings which have helped us all.

~ Josh Hobson (TCF QLD Member)

### Miss Me A Little, But Let Me Go

When I come to the end of the road,  
And the sun has set for me.  
I want no tears in a gloom filed room,  
Why cry for a soul set free!  
For this is a journey we all must take,  
And each must go alone.  
Miss me a little, but not for long,  
And not with your head bowed low.  
When you are lonely and sick of heart,  
Go to the friends you know.  
Bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,  
Miss me a little, but let me go.

Author Unknown

You are struggling...  
I see it, I feel it,  
I hurt for you.  
But I must tell you, dear friend,  
I believe with all my heart  
That you will emerge  
Somehow wiser, stronger,  
And more aware.  
Hold onto that thought,  
Tuck it away in a  
Corner of your heart  
Until the hurts melts enough  
For the learning to have meaning.

~ Sue Mitchell

### A THOUSAND FACES

I walked in wearing your jacket, my arms linked between  
Mom and Dad.  
My hand trembled around the folded pages of my speech.  
I could barely breathe as we sat down in front of your coffin.  
I had asked to speak first. One thousand sets of eyes watched  
every step of my careful pace to the podium.  
My heart pounded, my hands shook the unfolded pages, and  
tears began to stream down my cheeks.  
I stood beside your silence. And listened to the echo of my  
grief into the sobbing crowd.  
I wanted to fall to my knees, pound the wooden floor and  
scream for answers. I wanted to lay down into the  
madness that your death brought me to. But you had  
always taught me to be strong.  
I took a deep breath and continued as if you were standing  
beside me—  
I spoke of your sarcasm, your love for chicks, our childhood  
fights, and our developed friendship. And my memories  
were joined by a laughter that reminded me to remember  
your smile and not this day.  
I wiped my eyes and folded the pages that said goodbye to the  
sixteen years that I spent looking up to you.  
Your favorite song began and echoed from the walls of the  
same gymnasium that used to chant your name on game  
day.  
I watched your best friends file around you and looked into  
eyes that I had never seen shed tears until today.  
A thousand hearts broke for the shaken spirits of the boys that  
led your procession.  
My hand trembled around the folded pages of my speech.  
And I followed your lead for the last time.

~ Alexandra, TCF/Portland, OR

### SILENT GRIEF

I smile but remain silent.  
Do you not feel the ache  
That never leaves my heart?  
Can you not see the faraway look in my eyes,  
The tear that falls beneath the lowered lash?  
I look but do not see  
The goings-on around me;  
And time goes on,  
But I am standing still --  
Suspended in a moment of time.  
One year has passed.

~ Cathryn Haywood Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada

## **I'M HERE**

I cannot ease your aching heart,  
Nor take the pain away,  
But let me stay and take your hand  
And walk with you today.

I'll listen if 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.  
~ Jeanne Losey

## **The Empty Space On The Wall**

There's an empty space on our living room wall  
Where your senior picture should be  
Each time I pass by the empty space  
It seems to call to me.  
You left us to go live with the angels  
So a senior picture you never will be.  
Yet, I can't bear seeing that empty space  
That seems to call out to me.  
So, I'll frame your sophomore picture  
And hang it with loving care  
Then when I pass that space on the wall  
Your precious face will be there.  
Still I know each time I look at your face  
The tears are certain to start  
I'll have filled the empty space on the wall  
But I can't fill the one in my heart.

~ Maxna Atherton, In loving memory of my  
Grandson, Lee Dean Anderson

## **The Answer Is Because**

Early in the evening  
Reluctant to the dawn  
Scot would choose to die  
Before the early morn  
He chose the final method  
The one that hurts the worst  
He chose to die the loss  
The loss of his self worth.  
I miss him something terrible  
I wish he knew I cared  
I wish he knew I loved him  
And really would have shared.  
I hope he's happy now  
I hope he's found his peace  
I hope he's found the things he wants  
The things he really needs.  
~ Stacey Blumenthal, TCF/St. Louis, MO

## **Shattered**

I remember the day  
The policeman came to say  
There is just no good way  
To tell you your son died today  
A world SHATTERED.

To be without my first born  
I did not want to go on  
Why did God take him away?  
Oh the pain of that day  
I felt SHATTERED.

I felt my world come to an end  
I just did not know how to begin  
I knew I had to find a way  
Or from that fateful day  
I would stay SHATTERED.

Then slowly I begin to mend  
And learn to live without him  
To put my life back together again  
Would it be possible then  
To not be SHATTERED?

Yes the cracks are still there  
But by putting the pieces together with care  
With family and friends I learned to share  
To feel their love and their care  
Could I be less SHATTERED?

Although my grief is still real  
With the emptiness I can now deal  
I learned to live life again  
Yes, I will always miss him  
But no longer do I feel SHATTERED.

~ Betty Thoreson, TCF/Northern Nevada

## **Guilty As Sin**

A father's supposed to shield and protect his children from harm. Because of this I've tortured myself facing up to the fact that my child is dead and I'm still alive.

Was it punishment for some long past sin? Why didn't I warn him? I should have known. I might have prevented it if I had been there. At least he wouldn't have died alone.

At rare times when I laugh, I'm full of shame for having fun. I can easily see that logically I am not to blame, but I can't convince my psyche and me. In times of reflection I wonder why, if God can forgive me, then why can't I?

~ Dr. Richard A. Drew, in Rachel's Cry  
*A Journey Through Grief*

## **Do Your Mourning Now**

Don't postpone or deny or cover, or run from your pain. Be with that pain. NOW. Everything else can wait. An emotional wound requires the same priority attention as a physical wound. Set time aside for mourning. The sooner you allow yourself to be with your pain, the sooner it will begin to pass. If you resist the mourning, you will be interfering with the body's natural stages of repair. If you postpone the healing process, grief can return months or even years later to haunt you.

~ TCF/Oklahoma City, OK

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

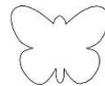
Birth Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Death Date: \_\_\_\_\_

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

(Signature)



Please return to: The Compassionate Friends of F-M Area, PO Box 10686, Fargo ND 58106  
(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.

### Newly Bereaved... Self Care and Health in Bereavement

I can remember in my very early days of grief wandering my home asking myself and whoever was in earshot "How do I do this?" How would I continue, heal, pick up the billions of pieces of me shattered across the universe? Over the past few years now, I have learned only a few things. I am certain I have more to learn. The camaraderie of The Compassionate Friends is built on sharing—among other things.

This is my "how" list, keep what works for you—round file the rest.

Eat when you can, things which sound or taste good. Be mindful that overindulging—eating your grief—will only bring poor health and extra pounds. Early on though, just make sure you eat to keep your health. Others need you well.

Sleep when and if you can. It will be hard and we all know that nightmares or just wakefulness can plague the bereaved parent. Sleep issues— if they impact your health or well being should be addressed with your health care provider.

Sometimes crying yourself to sleep is a means to an end. Crying in the shower or a soothing prebedtime bath might work as well. The crying is a given— as a sleep enabler, not horrible.

Water— drink enough. If you cry a lot, or a little— it depletes your stores. Replenish. Stress and mourning will rob you of hydration also. Replenish. Water helps us restore and heal. Make it a healthy habit.

Support group— monthly meetings, time in the company of nurturing friends, gathering in places of worship or meditation. There is strength and healing in these sacred circles.

Express— find healthy outlets to express your grief. Some yell, some cry, some rage, some paint, some journal, some read, some bake or cook, some pray, some serve the less fortunate. Find that activity or activities that soothes your soul and do them. Tend your soul and your broken heart.

Movement— find some way to move in your day. There is our walking group you could join, or many enjoy hiking. Others run or swim. Others— get out of bed. There are days that is enough, and quite an effort really. Finding a way to move when you seem rooted in one place is difficult but necessary for healing and health.

Ritual— most bereaved parents have rituals they do to honor their children and heal themselves. We often have small memorials set up, we create gardens or visit our child's grave sight. We find rituals to mark their birthdays and the anniversary of their death. Try to create rituals that don't become an added burden. Make an agreement with your self that when or if it becomes so, that it is not forbidden to let it go. Some rituals are simply only for a season. Some will bring you great comfort over the years.

Permission— give yourself permission to grieve. I firmly believe that mourning our children is sacred and an endeavor worth giving your all. After all— grief is love with nowhere to go. Allow and defend your right to mourn. Good heavens, no one should try to deny you that.

Choice— allow yourself to make healthy choices that you choose freely that will allow you to grieve, and heal. Choose the way you wish to grieve. Choose without forcing it to allow yourself to laugh and have joy as well— your child will not feel betrayed— I promise.

We love you and we want you well— with no demand to be silent or dry eyed.

~ Penny Daniel, Snohomish, WA

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.....701-781-3931	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.