



# 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)  
August 2021

Volume 38 Number 8

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

August 12<sup>th</sup>  
September 9<sup>th</sup>

Weather cancellations will be posted on WDAY, KVLV, KFGO and the Fargo Forum online at  
[www.inforum.com!](http://www.inforum.com!)

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on August 26<sup>th</sup> @ Denny's

#### LOVE GIFTS

Richard & Patti Diedrich in memory of their son, Aaron Diedrich

Janice Aaberg in memory of her son, Jordan Aaberg

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

Constance Graber in memory of her son, Bradley Graber

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 7:00 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 August 26<sup>th</sup>. For more information, please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at [www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org).

No one is asking us to forget, to turn away from all that we loved and cherished in the one we have lost. We couldn't do that even if we wanted to.

The task before us - and it can take a very long time - is to incorporate this grief and loss into the rest of our lives, so that it doesn't continue to dominate our lives. It's no longer the first thing we think of when we wake up in the morning, or the last thing we relinquish before we sleep.

A child said to his mother, in regards to the outpouring of kindnesses after his father's death. "There are so many good things. There's just one bad thing."

The "bad thing" will always be there, but when it begins to take its place among the good things life offers, we're on our way.

Even in my sadness I will be open to new adventure.

Elisabeth Kubler Ross, Taken from TCF online June 2006

### ***A Mother's Love***

I need no pictures to  
Remember your warm smile;  
the lines of your face are  
embedded in my memory  
of you.

I gave you life in one second  
of pain, for which you  
returned 13 years of  
yourself...sometimes quiet,  
sometimes noisy, but always  
thoughtful.

Sometimes I hear a voice  
that sounds like you, and I  
pause.

That pang of hurt stems from  
an empty spot you left in my  
life.

I carried you in my womb,  
then later in my arms, but  
I will carry you in my heart  
forever.

Joy Morning, TCF/Phoenix, AZ

### **THE FIX-IT MAN**

Being a “jack of all trades and master of none” all my life,  
our children thought I could fix anything that they broke. I myself  
thought that anything that was made could be fixed, and maybe  
even fixed better than when it was new. Many times one of our  
children would bring me something that had broken, though they  
didn’t know how it got broken, and asked me if I would attempt  
to fix whatever it was, and one way or another, I would succeed.

Then one day something broke that I never will be able to fix.  
One of our children died. This time, the something that broke, I  
could not fix. There are no tools to bring a dead child back to life.

All I can think and wonder is, how and why did I end up with  
something I cannot fix? Since that time, it is hard for me to fix  
something that breaks. It brings to mind the one big thing I will  
never be able to fix, the death of our child.

Bill Krieglestein, TCF/Fox Valley

### **A Penny**

I found a penny today  
Just lying on the ground,  
That’s not just a penny  
This little coin I’ve found.

Found pennies come from heaven  
That’s what my grandpa told me,  
He said angels toss them down  
Oh, how I loved that story

He said when an angel misses you  
They toss a penny down  
Sometimes just to cheer you up  
To make a smile out of your frown.

So don’t pass by that penny  
When you’re feeling blue,  
That’s a penny from heaven  
That an angel’s tossed to you.

~Author unknown

### **TAKE ME TO WHERE THE WATERMELON GROWS**



Take me to where the watermelon grows  
stretched out over years ago

Take me to where memories live, and  
sorrow

never casts its shadow

Show me the grass where laughter thrives  
where little boys and girls dance

Take me to those rich fields of yesterday

ripe with the memories

...basking in sunlight,

waiting for me to smile

as I remember my child.

~ Alice J. Wisler

### **Give It Time**

Give it time,

Give it time,

Give your lonely heart some time.

In your deepest depths of sorrow

When your soul cries out for mercy;

In the grip of fear unyielding

When the sun shines always black,

Give it time.

In the ravages of chaos

When you think that you will die,

Let your pain come screaming out,

Let the world know you hurt,

And give it time.

Give it time,

Give it time,

Give your lonely heart some time.

As joy peeks from the darkness

And your tears turn to a trickle;

When you feel a touch of comfort;

And your heart begins to heal,

You gave it time.

When your memories form a smile

And your child’s life is what you see;

When joy comes into focus

And laughter’s in your soul,

You gave it time.

So, if you think your heart is forever broken

And hope is a long lost friend,

Give it time,

Give it time,

Give your lonely heart some time.

~ Rob Anderson

(reprinted with permission from Bereavement Publishing, Inc.)

### **Is it Easing?**

I heard your name today and my heart did not skip a beat, nor  
was my mind flooded with the emotion of losing you. I heard your  
name today and it did not bring back the terrible hurt feelings of  
when you first left me.

I heard your name today with a calmness that surprised me.  
Many another child carries your name, and it had been torture  
hearing it and seeing the smiling faces on those little girls.

But today I knew—I found out—what others in my footsteps  
found out and tried to tell me. The hurt will ease; but the memories,  
the love, the good times will never go away.

~ Phoebe C. Redman, TCF/Bradenton, FL

## SUGGESTIONS TO AID MARRIAGE

1. Don't expect spouse to be a tower of strength when he or she is also experiencing grief.
2. Be sensitive to your spouse's personality style. In general he or she will approach grief with the same personality habits as they approach life. It may be very private, very open and sharing or someplace in between.
3. Find a "sympathetic ear" (not necessarily our mate's) --someone who cares and will listen.
4. Do talk about your child with your spouse. If necessary set up a time to talk about the child.
5. Seek the help of a counselor if depression, grief or problems in your marriage are getting out of hand.
6. Do not overlook or ignore anger causing situations. It is like adding fuel to a fire. Eventually there is an explosion. Deal with things as they occur.
7. Remember you loved your spouse enough to marry. Try to keep your marriage alive: go out for dinner or an ice cream cone; take a walk; go on a vacation.
8. Be gentle with yourself and your mate.
9. Join a support group for bereaved parents. Attend as a couple, come by yourself or with a friend. It is a good place to learn about grief and to feel understood. Do not make it a pressure on your spouse to attend with you if it is not his/her preference.
10. Join a mutually agreeable community betterment project.
11. Do not blame yourself or mate for what you were powerless to prevent. If you blame your spouse or personally feel responsible for your child's death seek immediate counseling help for yourself and your marriage.
12. Realize that you are not alone. There are many bereaved parents. In 2 1/2 years our mailing list has grown from 50 parents to over 700 parents.
13. Choose to believe again in the goodness of God and of life. Search for you and laughter.
14. Recognize your extreme sensitivity and vulnerability and be alert to tendency to take things personally.
15. Read about grief, especially the books written for bereaved parents.
16. Take your time with decisions about child's things, change of residence, etc.
17. Be aware of unrealistic expectations for yourself or your mate.
18. Remember there is no timetable. Everyone goes through grief differently, even parents of the same child.
19. Try to remember that your spouse is doing the best he or she can.
20. Marital friction is normal in any marriage. Don't blow it out of proportion.
21. Try not to let little everyday irritants become major issues. Talk about them and try to be patient.
22. Be sensitive to the needs and wishes of your spouse as well as yourself. Sometimes it is important to compromise.
23. It is very important to keep the lines of communication open.
24. Work on your grief instead of wishing that your spouse would handle his/her grief differently. You will find that you will have enough just handling your own grief. Remember when you help yourself cope with grief, it indirectly helps your spouse.
25. As Harriet Schiff states, "Value your marriage. You have lost enough."
26. Hold on to HOPE. With time, work and support, you will survive. It will never be the same but you can learn again to appreciate life and the people in your life.

## CEMETERY VISITS

Are you one of those people who have a need to go to the cemetery often?

The non - bereaved frown on that, as a rule. Many people feel there is something morbid about those visits; that you're obsessing.

Unless you know the pain of losing someone you love better than yourself, you can't understand that need.

Some people need to visit every day; others go now and then, and still some never go back once the funeral is over.

There are no rules. If it makes people uncomfortable when you make your cemetery visits, go alone. Don't feel you need to get anybody's permission or approval. Call a friend who won't judge you by the number of miles you travel to and from.

It is important for you to know that how often you go to the cemetery has absolutely nothing to do with the length and depth of your expression of your grief. It is important to know that you have the right to do whatever comforts you. It may not seem right to your sister, your brother-in-law or your friends, but that's their problem.

If you try to please everybody by the things you do and say, you'll find you are not taking care of your needs - and there are no more important ones right now.

You won't always required visits this often, and when you no longer feel this urge to go so often, don't feel guilty. It just means you are getting better. Accept is as that and move forward with your life when you are able. For right now, do what make you feel better.

~ Mary Cleckley, TCF/Atlanta, GA

"You once did something for me more meaningful than the greatest of deeds;  
you held me in your arms and let me cry."

Bonnie Jison, TCF/Topeka, KS



## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS




<b>CHILD</b>		<b>PARENTS</b>
KASIE JOANN BERG.....	41 .....	KIMBERLY FOLSTROM
JOSEPH "JOEY" DARRIN BETTS.....	32 .....	ADELE & TODD AASEN
HALLIE CLARE BJELLAND.....	17 .....	ANDY & RHONDA BJELLAND
DEREK R CHURCH.....	24.....	KELLY CHURCH
AARON JOSEPH DIEDRICH.....	46.....	RICHARD & PATTI DIEDRICH
DARREN FORSBERG .....	51 .....	LINDA FORSBERG
ROBERT DEAN HANSON.....	45 .....	STEVE & DIANE HANSON
HEIDI HELLAND.....	34.....	JOHN & TERRI HELLAND
TARI L HELLER .....	66.....	RICHARD & CLARE ELLESS
KEVIN GENE HUELSMAN .....	50.....	EMMA HUELSMAN
CORDELL ALAN KISER .....	49.....	KEITH & SANDRA KISER
TRAVIS KOENIG.....	34.....	LAUREL KOENIG
ERIC C LARSON.....	41 .....	CRAIG & BARB LARSON
KELSEY GRACE MILLER.....	28.....	SHAWN & JIM MILLER
KYLE NELSON.....	27.....	JERRY & YVONNE NELSON
MICHAEL "MIKE" ROY NORBY .....	62.....	LAROY NORBY
CAITLIN JEAN POSCH.....	33.....	DEAN & JEANNIE LAMB
BRANDI ROSE IRENE TEEUWEN.....	19.....	JOHN & NANCY TEEUWEN
DANE TVEDT .....	33.....	TOMMY & LEAH TVEDT
CORA WAGNER.....	21.....	DONNA J WAGNER
DILLON ANDREW WILSON .....	28.....	DENISE WILSON

## ANNIVERSARIES

<b>CHILD</b>		<b>PARENTS</b>
MICAH J CROSBY .....	3.....	CRAIG & GLORIA CROSBY
WHYLIX EDWIN DITCH.....	2.....	LANCE & TASHARA DITCH
DOUGLAS C HUDSON II.....	1.....	DOUG & SUE HUDSON
CORDELL ALAN KISER .....	9.....	KEITH & SANDRA KISER
JACOB LABER.....	5.....	DEBRA LABER
GREGORY MICKELSON.....	2.....	ROSELLA MICKELSON
KELSEY GRACE MILLER.....	28.....	SHAWN & JIM MILLER
TONY MILLER .....	6.....	SHAWN & JIM MILLER
JOSH D NELSON .....	3.....	TERRI & RANDY GILBERTSON
SAMUEL JEROME NOESKE.....	4.....	JERRY & AMY NOESKE
DONNA L PFEIFER.....	3.....	JUNE L HAGEMEISTER
KYLE KEVIN QUITTSCHREIBER .....	3.....	KEVIN & KATHY QUITTSCHREIBER
GREGORY SEARS.....	12.....	LORI & JERRY BRADY
GREGORY SEARS.....	12.....	PERSYS PIERSALL (Grandmother)
BRANDI ROSE IRENE TEEUWEN.....	19.....	JOHN & NANCY TEEUWEN
SCOTT ANTHONY TOBOLT .....	18.....	JOHN & MARY TOBOLT
ROBIN VIGDAL-HOSLER.....	16.....	WALTER & KARIE COWDEN
AUSTIN WAYNE WAGAR.....	9.....	JAMIE & SCOTT OLSON
KRISTOPHER WEISS.....	3.....	HERMAN & RENNAE WEISS

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

### What Are We Waiting For?

My brother-in-law opened the bottom drawer of my sister's bureau and lifted out a tissue-wrapped package. "This," he said, "is not a slip. This is lingerie." He discarded the tissue and handed me the slip. It was exquisite: silk, handmade, and trimmed with a cobweb of lace. The price tag with an astronomical figure was still attached. "Jan bought it the first time we went to New York eight or nine years ago. She never wore it. She was saving it for a special occasion. Well, I guess this is the special occasion."

He took the slip from me and put it on the bed with the other clothes we were taking to the funeral home. His hands lingered on the soft material for a moment. He slammed the drawer shut and turned to me. "Don't ever save anything for a special occasion. Every day you're alive is a special occasion."

I remembered those words through the funeral and the days that followed when I helped him attend to all the sad chores that follow an unexpected death. I thought about them on the plane returning home. I thought about all the things she hadn't seen or heard or done. I thought about the things that she had done without realizing that they were special.

I still think about his words and how they've changed my life. I read more and dust less. I sit on the deck and admire the view without fussing about the weed in the garden. I spend more time with my family and friends and less time in committee meetings. Whenever possible, life should be a pattern of experience to savor, not endure. I try to recognize those moments now and cherish them. I don't save anything. We use our good china for every special event—such as losing a pound, getting the sink unstopped, or discovering the first camellia blossom. I wear my good blazer to the market if I feel like it. I don't save my good perfume for special parties. "Someday" and "one of these days" are losing their grip on my vocabulary. If it's worth seeing, hearing, or doing, I want to see, hear, and do it now.

I am not sure what my sister would have done had she known that she wouldn't be here for the tomorrows we all take for granted. I think she would have called family members and a few close friends. She might have called a few former friends to apologize and mend fences for past squabbles. It's these little things left undone that would make me angry if I knew my hours were limited—angry because I put off seeing good friends, angry because I hadn't written certain letters that I intend to write, angry and sorry that I didn't tell my husband and daughter often enough how much I truly love them. I am trying not to put off, hold back, or save anything that would add laughter and luster to our lives. Every morning when I open my eyes, I tell myself that it's a special day.

~ Ann Wells, TCF/Laguna Niguel, CA

### I BELIEVE IN TOMORROW

I believe in tomorrow because of today,  
Because my brother just slipped away.

I believe that tomorrow,  
After the storm has passed,  
I will once again find him, once again at last.

He made tomorrow,  
Because tomorrow is another day,  
And tomorrow I will find him,  
Because he just slipped away.

~ Sally Grimes, TCF/Rogers, AR

### WHEN A BROTHER OR SISTER DIES...

Sometimes you might think you have to fill that empty place left in your family. You don't have to be just like your sister or brother - we are all unique and have good points that are worthwhile.

It's okay....to cry and feel depressed. You've lost a great deal. If the feelings get too scary or overwhelming, find a caring friend (no matter what age) to talk it out.

It's okay....to want to copy some of your brother or sister's habits and interests, but be yourself, too.

It's okay....to live "in the past" for awhile. It is one way to keep alive the memory of your brother or sister. However, you have a life, too. one that should be lived to the fullest.

It's okay....to have fun and enjoy life, to laugh again.

It's okay....to forgive yourself for the fights, arguments, and mean things that you said or did to your brother or sister.

It's okay....to go on living.

But it is NOT okay to ease the pain and hurt-

\* by using drugs or alcohol. It will take longer to accept the hurt It only can hide the pain, not heal it.

\* by acting out your frustration with reckless driving or skipping school.

\* by doing things out of anger to hurt others because *you* hurt so much yourself.

\* by experimenting with sex just to get close to someone.

\* by protecting your parents by not letting them know what is bothering *you*.

\* by being a scapegoat or bad guy so you'll appear tough.

By dropping the things that once meant so much to *you*.

~ TCF/Waterville/Toledo, OH

### My Silent Companion

I see you in my dreams--

Laughing happily, free from sorrow

And safe from life's misfortune.

The joy that lights your eyes fills me with comfort,

And I know that every step I make,

You also take.

Guiding me down life's path,

through obstacles in my way--

You are my silent companion.

When God took you back - it changed our lives,

And our perspective.

We now see the vibrant glow

That lives in every one of His creations,

And it reminds us of you.

I hear you laugh in the crashing surf

and feel warmed by your hugs in the soaking sun.

You are everywhere--

You are my silent companion.

Though I want to reach out to you

And hold you tightly in my sorrow,

I know you can feel my tears on your shoulder

As you surround me in your soul.

You sprinkle my life with tokens and treasures,

Reminders and reassurances of how much you love me.

I know you'll live inside my heart

And walk with me until I can join you--

Forever as my silent companion.

~ Jennifer Forrest, TCF/Orange Coast, CA

## Vacations Are a Challenge

I'll bet that you never dreamed that there would be a time when you would not welcome vacation from work ... and the daily hassles of routine living. If you are a newly bereaved parent, you are probably not looking forward to the slow pace of summer, cook-outs, softball, and all the hoopla of summer, which probably includes a vacation or getaway.

Surrounded by summer fun, a bereaved parent need only to look around, and there are painful memories everywhere. When we are faced with all the living, loving, happy families with their children, the anger boils within, and we feel cheated. So this year we don't feel like going back to the beach cottage we visited for years or the favorite mountain retreat where we laid around for a week or two and relaxed, or the family-oriented amusement park where the kids had to ride every ride and see every attraction despite the temperature.

Those of us who have lost adult children also don't look forward to time away. Yes, we fear our memories, too much time to think--too many young people with their families and friends. We don't want to feel the emotions and pain this conjures up.

Yes, vacations can be a challenge to those of us who are newly bereaved and those of us who have been at it a long time. It takes effort to make plans and even feel good about going away ... and it won't ever be the same again without your loved one. While there are many suggestions to follow, ultimately all of us have to determine what is best for us.

For Brenda Holland and her family for the first few years, she consciously changed some of her routines in order to deal with her fears. She could not visit the same places she and her family visited when their son, Todd, was with them. So they tried new experiences, with new people, and in new places. That isn't to say that there were not some down times; however, the faster based vacations worked better because "I could not allow myself too much time to think."

For the first few summers, Brenda had to "dig in the yard, repaint lawn furniture, rearrange the garage, and took on a multitude of busy projects that were put off for lack of time. That was a better vacation for me, then forcing myself to go somewhere and be miserable."

If you can find some enjoyment and relaxation, relish it...you deserve it, and it does not mean you don't care. It simply means you are healing. After nine years it has gotten much easier. Now, I walk down the beach and enjoy the solitude, or laugh when I see a toddler, or listen to the joy of kids laughing. It warms my heart. Yes, I miss Todd, but I know he enjoyed every minute of this season. I know that's what he would want for me ... and thank God I can do it once more!

~ Brenda Holland, TCF/Concord, NC  
& Barbara April, TCF/Pittsburgh, PA

Hope is not an easy word for grievers.

But we, more than most others,  
need to understand

what hope can mean for us.

Hope means finding the strength  
to live with grief.

Hope means nurturing with grace  
the joy of remembrance.

Hope means embracing  
with tenderness and pride  
our own life

and the gifts left to us by those we have lost.♥

## THOUGHTS FROM A PARENT WHO LOST AN OLDER CHILD

Perhaps, I had my child longer than you had yours, but thirty-eight years does not seem long. Perhaps, there are more memories to hold in my heart, but I know yours are just as dear to you as mine are to me even if your memories are memories of only one or two days.

Your dreams for your child are gone. So are mine. Never did I imagine that I would have to deal with my child's death instead of him having to deal with mine.

In thirty-eight years there was time to give me a legacy of three grandchildren. This is a very special blessing and one that I do not take for granted.

My child died from a terminal illness that is not one of the "acceptable" diseases. My child died of alcohol and drug addiction. The tools for remission of this disease are placed in the hands of the person who has the disease. Even with help of four treatment centers the recovery was not to be.

One day at a time my recovery is taking place. The pain, after two and one half years has gone to a place where it can be tolerated. My mission is to sustain the relationship with my three granddaughters who now live three thousand miles away from me.

My story and my age may be different from yours, but the bottom line is the same! My child has gone to a place where I cannot go and I miss him so much. The pain of grief is still there, but I am living life one day at a time enriched because my son came through my body into my life.

~Helen Godwin, TCF/Orange Park – Jacksonville Chapter

## 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 every day

And speaking about it

Helps me to release

The tormented thoughts

Whirling around in my head.

She said she never realized the 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 Taylor Hudson, Kansas City Chapter,  
Parents of Murdered Children ~ [www.pomc.com](http://www.pomc.com)

"There is a light in the world, a healing spirit, more powerful than any darkness we may encounter. We sometimes lose sight of this force, when there is so much suffering and too much pain. Then suddenly, the spirit will emerge through the lives of ordinary people who care and answer in extraordinary ways."

~ Mother Theresa



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

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_

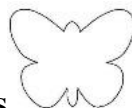
Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

(Signature)

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



### Butterfly Decals

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

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

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

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

### The Death Anniversary

On June 1, 2007, my 82-year old aunt unexpectedly and suddenly died. She and I had always talked frequently, even though she lived in Washington and I live in Texas. The last time I saw her was at my Dad's funeral in 2000. But we kept in touch, and shared a mutual interest in the family genealogy. Many nights I would call her and we would talk for hours about the death of my son, Todd. She would always reassure me that I was the best mother a child could have. Her opinion meant much to me as she raised three sons who became very responsible, loving adults. Her life was well lived, her advice always sound.

In the spring of 2006, my aunt lost her husband of 60 years. Her three sons helped her for a while then she suggested that they get on with their lives. Moms are like that. But she and I talked about her loss, my loss and the differences between the two.

When the first anniversary of my uncle's death was approaching, I sent her a card. I wanted her to know that I remembered this sad anniversary date. I wrote about her husband, their relationship, how much I admired them, and that I was keeping her in my thoughts and prayers on this sad day.

She e-mailed me right after she received the card. She thanked me over and over for the card and reiterated her absolute certainty that I was a good mother for Todd. Her sons had called to talk with her. However, they didn't bring up the anniversary, even though it was obvious that they were thinking about it. “Men are like that”, she told me. Her sisters called and talked to her about her husband, the anniversary and more. My dad's sisters are special people. I'd like to think that I have learned from them. We must talk about our feelings; death cannot be ignored. If one of us breaks down and cries, the “girls” are there with an understanding that transcends distance. They listen; they talk about the loss, the life, and the sadness. They encourage us to take our loved one with us. That's what they did when they lost children, parents and their husbands to death.

Bereaved parents understand the importance of death anniversaries to the family, especially to each parent. When we have lost a child, that date takes on a significance that cannot be measured. That is a date that we will never forget. A month before the date, bereaved parents begin anticipating the anniversary date. Anxiety sets in. Depression can sweep over us. We count days until the date finally arrives. Then we go with it. We let the day take us where it will. We receive cards from our Compassionate Friends. We receive some telephone calls. Sometimes our families call or send a card. Sometimes friends come over and talk. Sometimes we hear from very few people and find that to be just fine. This is a day for us, the parents who have endured the worst, to reflect, to cry, to remember, to honor our child.

Each month I read the names and death anniversary dates of the children of our Compassionate Friends. Each month I sigh, shed tears for the upcoming pain and then begin to edit the newsletter. Yet each month I feel as if, somehow, we are each lightening the burden of the others. Our presence, our concern, our acceptance of each grief journey...no matter how that road twists and winds, are meant to give each parent the light of hope.

We don't walk this road alone. We are connected to each other with an invisible golden thread that touches each heart. This is our journey.

~ Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF/Katy, TX

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
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.