



The Compassionate Friends
Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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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

February 13th
 March 12th

Weather cancellations will be posted on WDAY, KVLV, KFGO and the Fargo Forum online at www.inforum.com!

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on February 27th @ Denny's
 TCF National Conference July 24-26, 2020 in Atlanta, GA

LOVE GIFTS

Paul and Kara Bailey in memory of their son, Nick Bailey
 Loyse Porter in memory of her son, Kevin Dillenburg
 Diane Fenske in memory of her son, Nathan Anderson
 Dan & Jayne Olsgaard in memory of their son Jordan Olsgaard
 Jim & Suzie Hill in memory of their son Jon Poitra
 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 4th 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 February 27th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylcvl3@msn.com.

Holiday Angel that were not listed in previous newsletters

<u>Given By</u>	<u>In Memory of</u>
Samson Family	Duke Samson
.....	Cheryl & Chris Samson
Terri & Randy Gilbertson	Joshua Nelson
Rosemary Feske	Steve Feske
.....	Vicky Holweger
Irene & Harold Schenck	Doug Schenck

Butterfly decal purchase - Fran Leingang in memory of her daughter, Cleo Carol Jorgensen

Faded Memories

I remember the first time I realized that my sense of my son, Jeremy, was beginning to fade.

I was losing his smell, the exact color of his hair, the tone of his voice when he said, "Oh, Mom," the feel of his arms around me when I got a too-seldom sixteen year-old hug.

Until my son's death, it had never occurred to me that I knew him through all of my senses. I believe the profound sense of loss I've experienced results in part from this total cut-off from his being. It's not just that I can't physically see him, but the essence of who he was is gone.

Perhaps that explains why I would often go to his room when I wanted to recapture a connection with him. Some nights I would sleep in his bed. I would wear his tee shirts. I would make a cocoon of an afghan that wrapped around him many times. Somehow, I felt his energy about me. I smelled his smell.

At other times, I'd get out the Ziplock bag; the one with snippets of his hair that was cut when they had to screw the "halo" in his head to secure his neck and severed spinal cord. I'd study the color of his hair, memorizing the shades of light brown.

And the sounds? Only one. I found a cassette tape that he had recorded himself accompanying a favorite band. I listened to that for hours, eyes closed, trying to capture the vision of those moments.

Although my behaviors might seem odd to some, the fear of fading memories eased.

Tom Robbins, in his book *Jitterbug Perfume*, says "Death is impatient and thoughtless. It barges into your room when you are right in the middle of some-thing. It doesn't even bother to wipe its boots." True. I was in the middle of parenting my only child. Death not only left the dirty mess of grieving for me to clean-up, but I had no warning.

Had I had warning that a three-quarter ton pick-up truck was going to run head-on into my son's Toyota Celica, I would have long before bought a camcorder and taken hours of audio and video. Lights. Camera. Action. The opening scene is me yelling, "Can you quiet down a little? You're sounding great, but those drums are going to drive the neighbors crazy." No answer.

Next scene. In his room, head-set on, eyes closed, tongue showing, intensity high, drumsticks alive with action.

Next scene: At the soccer field. I'm feeling the pride of watching my half-back move the ball down the field, demonstrating his years of experience.

Next scene: Middle of the night. I wake up to go to the bathroom; pass by his room. I see the light from the computer screen. "Jeremy, you've got to go to school in the morning. Turn that thing off." Fade out. Regrets. I didn't have a camcorder.

Often, just when I'm struggling with trying to remember the details, the minute details, I'll have one of those experiences. It's something that I'm hesitant to tell anyone about, partly because it feels so private and partly because I fear I won't be understood.

I'll be sleeping, and he'll come to me. Instantaneously my senses take in his presence; all of who he is. I feel the weight of his body against me as we hug. I see his eyebrows that almost, but not quite, meet. I smell that smell that is his alone. I hear his voice, oh so familiar. I find myself surprised that he is so real.

I used to awaken disappointed that it was "only" a dream. Today, nine years after his death, I treasure these infrequent experiences. While I don't understand it, and I have no explanations, each time it happens I believe I have spent a brief time in the presence of my son.

I thank God I don't have to rely only on faded memories.

~ Judi Simmons Estes, Prairie Village, Kansas

In Memory of my son Jeremy

This article appeared originally in the May/June 1998 issue of Bereavement magazine and is reprinted with permission of Bereavement Publishing, Inc., 5125 North Union Boulevard, Suite 4, Colorado Springs, CO 80918

THE SEASON OF THE HEART

This is the Season of the Heart! Yet many of us will be asking how to live during this season with a heart that is broken. Just what is it that our hearts are knowing during these days?

What are the feelings that pulsate and ebb and flow? Is it-

- the Heart that catches its breath on a memory and is overwhelmed?
- the Heart that feels it absolutely cannot hold one more ounce of pain?
- the Heart that knows the fleeting smile of a loved one?
- the Heart that catches a fragment of joy and is warmed?
- the Heart that knows pain, and keeps on loving?
- the Heart that is tempted to lie still and lonely?
- the Heart that searches for the acceptance of a friend?
- the Heart that is one day, suddenly surprisingly single?

Questions arise! Why is a heart red, and why does it have two lobes? A response might be-

- A Heart is so vulnerable; so easily bloodied.
- A Heart consists of opposites; changed by sorrow and by joy.
- A Heart, when whole, includes all emotions.
- A Heart can lie cold and sad and broken...
- A Heart can grow and heal and love...

We each have our choices to make!

~ Marie Andrews, TCF/Southern Maryland Chapter, MD

**In Loving Memory of Dana Dawn Keblar
1978 - 1999**

You would be a 30-year-old woman now;
How we wish we could turn back time
To the place when you were here with us,
When there were not only memories, but life.
We wanted you to fulfill your dreams;
It's not fair you didn't have that chance.
Always wondering where you would be now
If not for tragic circumstance.
Our lives are going on without you;
We once thought it would never be true.
We have precious memories to sustain us,
And every day holds a remembrance of you.
Grateful for the precious time we had;
Your big smile forever bright.
We hold you dear to our hearts,
Our lovely Angel in the Light.

~ Debby Facey, TCF/Fargo, ND
Written in 2008

Valentine's in Heaven

Are there Valentines in Heaven?
Are there Red Hearts everywhere?
Do they line the golden streets,
Or is that very rare?
I wish that I could send you one,
Right through Heaven's Gate,
To say how much we miss you,
On this special date.
I'd like to send a Candy Heart,
That is printed, "I Luv U,"
And maybe you would whisper back,
"I know, I Luv U too."

~ Marilyn Rollins, TCF/Lake Porter, IN
For All Our Children

Prayers

Each morning
When I awake and rise
I thank the Lord above
For my time in the girls lives

Each day at noon
I take a moment alone
To thank the Lord above
For the strength to carry on

Each evening
When I get home
I thank the Lord above
That Loral and Macy are not alone

Each night at bedtime
I ask the Lord above
To please hear my prayers
Then send Macy and Loral my love

PawPaw
~ Donald Moyers, TCF/ Galveston County, TX
In Memory of Loral and Macy

Love Always Remembers

May tender memories soften your grief
May fond recollections bring you relief
And may you find comfort and peace in the thought
Of the joy of knowing your loved one brought
For time and space can never divide
Or keep your loved one from your side
When memory paints in colors true
The happy hours that belonged to you.

~ Helen Steiner Rice, South Shore, Hingham, MA

Why Don't You Call Me Anymore?

She calls to talk and asks how I am
And so I tell her: gut-wrenching days,
Questions of "why"?
Longing to hold my son again.

Quickly, she lets me know how she is
Parties and vacations,
New friends and clubs and hanging up,
I miss what I had and loathe what I am.

I read the books,
I meet others like me
Who yearn to kiss their cherub's face
Who exist in this horrendous, bottomless pit.

And I learn life is: cruel, unfair, senseless
But through it all I become more real.
Holding a deeper faith
That works even in this pit.

After time, I call her
To see how she is and want to tell her
About Death and Living
But life is still an extended picnic.

So, we have a pseudo conversation,
I cannot explain
For she is not able to understand the beauty of who I am
And now I accept why my phone doesn't ring.

From We Need Not Walk Alone
Spring, 1998

The Shadows of the Night

I sit alone in the shadows of the night.
Looking up at the stars that shine so bright
I think of you somewhere far up above
I remember all the laughter, happiness, and love.
The full moon shines bright in the sky
Staring at the fall moon, I start to cry
From the face of the moon above the tree
I see your face staring back at me.
Then it starts to rain and the sky turns gray
I remember what happened two years ago in May
It continued to rain the whole night through
I think the rain meant that you were crying too.

~ Lisa Johnson, TCF/Baltimore, MD

"Grief can be the garden of compassion. If you keep your heart
open through everything, your pain can become your greatest ally
in your life's search for love and wisdom." ~ Rumi

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED *BIRTHDAYS*

CHILD		PARENTS
DAVIN BAUCK.....	30	DEAN & DIANE BAUCK
PAMELA KAYE BJERKE	64	DARLENE SKAR
BRIAN BJERKEN.....	48	DENNIS & SHIRLEY BJERKEN
SHERI PETERSON BJORGAN.....	57	DEWAYNE PETERSON
KELLY ANN BOYES	39	KAREN BOYES
KEVIN DILLENBURG.....	65	LOYSE PORTER
BRENT GANGNES	43	LARRY & LOIS GANGNES
TODD ALLAN JOHNSON.....	50	RUSSELL & ANNE JOHNSON
BRANDON WILLIAM THOMAS KLUTH.....	37	BRENDA KLUTH
BENJAMIN KOTTA.....	37	ARLEN & JULIE KOTTA
KEVIN DEANE MAESSE.....	64	HELEN MAESSE
MATTHEW MILLIGAN-OLSON.....	45	JOHN & KYLENE MILLIGAN
JONATHAN LEVI POITRA.....	38	SUZIE & JAMES HILL
TRAVIS JON MICHAEL ROBINSON	33	LARRY & MARY LEE ROBINSON
JOSEPH PETER ROEL.....	52	BOB & SANDI ROEL
ALEXANDER TUFTE.....	14	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
NATHAN BEACH.....	6	LISA BEACH
QUENTIN LEE CLEMENTS.....	5	JAMIE KUROWSKI
MATTHEW JOHN GAFFNEY.....	15	JOHN & JILL GAFFNEY
BRENT GANGNES	19	LARRY & LOIS GANGNES
JAMES "JESSY" HABERMAN.....	2	JIM & HEATHER HABERMAN
ROBERT DEAN HANSON	1	STEVE & DIANE HANSON
KARL HELFTER.....	4	MARK & HELLA HELFTER
ROY DANA RICHMOND	11	THOMAS & AUDREY RICHMOND
CARSON DENNIS RONEY	3	PAUL & RENAE RONEY
ALEXANDER TUFTE.....	3	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
MELODY TUFTE.....	3	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
SPENCER TUFTE.....	3	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
CHAD VARRIANO	3	ANTHONY & KAREL VARRIANO

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

A SPECIAL VALENTINE

A touch of your hand a smile on your face;
another time, another place.

You are my girl, I was your Mom. Together we met the world head on --

Death cannot dim the memories so fine.

Your place is there this world is mine.

But, you will always be

MY SPECIAL VALENTINE!

~ Arlene Burroughs, TCF/Pikes Peak

SIBLING PAGE

A First-Timer's Perspective:

Thoughts on the 2005 National Conference

When my father began going to the national Compassionate Friends meetings several years ago, I thought it was wonderful. When my mother joined him a few years later, I was ecstatic. The idea of the two of them being surrounded by other bereaved parents in an environment that allowed them to share their experiences seemed nothing short of brilliant. My sister Lynn and I agreed that it showed definite progress on their part in dealing with the loss of our older brother Rich. We were their cheerleaders, taking care of the house and the dogs while they did their thing in Atlanta, Salt Lake City, and Hollywood, CA. For our part, we wanted nothing to do with it. We always managed to find an excuse not to attend...the meetings were too far away. We had to work that weekend. We just weren't ready to go yet. Last summer we learned that the 2005 National Conference was to be held in Boston...a mere twenty minutes from our house. We were stuck; we had to go.

If I had been hesitant to attend the other conferences, the sudden death of my sister this past November did nothing to increase my desire to go. I had no problem helping in *preparation* for the conference, but I tried to think of every possible way out of actually going. However, the bottom line was that Lynn and I had agreed to go—if for no other reason than to support our parents—and so I went. Alone. And it was scary.

Having had literally no exposure to Compassionate Friends meetings, I didn't know quite what to expect. I knew that the men and women who flocked to our house in late November were extraordinary. They felt the pain of my parents as we stumbled blindly through Thanksgiving night and Christmas morning; they looked at me saw the pain of their surviving sons and daughters who had lost their brothers and sisters. I could take them in small doses, but disregarded them in part because they were there for my parents. No one really knew what it was like to lose a brother or a sister...let alone both. I dreaded going to the conference because I didn't want to deal with the consequences of opening the door. I worried that once I started dealing with all my grief I wouldn't be able to stop. And I was right. From the outset of the conference, I was overcome with sorrow and sadness for all the people who had suffered losses as bad, if not worse than my own. I couldn't see past the sadness and senselessness of all the loved ones who had been lost.

As the weekend progressed, however, I came to see that while it is indeed overwhelming, the very essence of this beautiful support system is found in its awe inspiring numbers. While the workshops I attended ranged from slightly boring to extremely stirring and inspiring, no part of the weekend moved me as much as the Candle Lighting ceremony and the Walk to Remember. These two events embodied the TCF belief "We need not walk alone". Looking around the room at the hundreds and hundreds of candles that were lit in honor of those we have lost roused a feeling like no other I have ever experienced. It was sad and tragic, yet beautiful in the communality of the pain we all shared. Walking among the mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters, down the beautiful streets of Boston on Sunday morning was amazing. Each person displayed names and pictures of those they had lost, proud to have their loved ones be known. Perhaps most satisfying of all was to take part in this walk, not as the lonely trio my parents and I have become, but as part of a larger family. To see my father walking with his new friends, my mother a short distance behind with others she had recently met, and even me...walking not with my sister and brother as I would've liked, but rather *for* them, beside my new friend as well.

Throughout the weekend, I heard it said many times that TCF is a family, and though it's a family no one would ever choose to be part of, it is remarkable nonetheless. Are the conferences for everyone? No. I didn't want to go because I was scared and it was inconvenient. The truth is, there is no convenient time to fall apart. You will always be able to come up with an excuse that prevents you from dealing with things. While the weekend was hard at times and left me utterly exhausted at the end, it was worth it. For those of you who are too busy/too tired/too anxious to go to a conference, I hope for your sake you "get stuck" going like I did. It's an experience you'll never forget and one that cannot be conveyed through words.

~ Libby Mirabile
In Memory of my brother, Rich and my sister, Lynn

CHOCOLATE ANGEL

I attended my first TCF (Compassionate Friends) national conference in Philadelphia, Alan's second hometown, in 1995, shortly after the third anniversary of his death. The first workshop, for siblings, was called Dreams and Visions. Here I had hoped to learn how to live my future without Alan. There was a typo in the program; it should have been called Dreams and Visitations. I was about to walk out. I had dreamt for months after Alan's death that he was still alive but was not ready for the unknown.

A few years later, during tropical storm Floyd while walking to my car during heavy rain and winds, I suddenly got very worried, and upset thinking that the storm could damage Alan's stone at the cemetery. Then I stepped on a Hershey Bar wrapper and immediately stopped worrying. Alan and I had visited Hershey, PA very often, including a two-night stay, by ourselves, at age 14. I felt that this was his way of telling me not to worry.

Recently I was worried about another problem. I took my nephew to Burger King; where they advertised Hershey Park. The next day I saw a girl wearing a Hershey Chocolate t-shirt. The following day someone from Hershey checked into my hotel. I finally decided what to do about my problem; I like to think, with assistance from Alan.

I was once asked by a fellow TCF member to visit a medium. I am not sure if it's just by chance, but I like my way of hearing.

~ Daniel Yoffee, In Memory of my brother, Alan

What Grieving People Want You to Know

- **I am not strong.** I'm just numb. When you tell me I am strong, I feel that you don't see me.
- **I will not recover.** This is not a cold or the flu. I'm not sick. I'm grieving and that's different. I will not always be grieving as intensely, but I will never forget my loved one and rather than recover, I want to incorporate his life and love into the rest of my life. That person is part of me and always will be, and sometimes I will remember him with joy and other times with a tear. Both are okay.
- **I don't have to accept the death.** Yes, I have to understand that it has happened and it is real, but there are just some things in life that are not acceptable.
- **Please don't avoid me.** You can't catch my grief. My world is painful, and when you are too afraid to call me or visit or say anything, you isolate me at a time when I most need to be cared about. If you don't know what to say, just come over, give me a hug or touch my arm, and gently say, "I'm sorry." You can even say, "I just don't know what to say, but I care, and want you to know that."
- **Please don't say, "Call me if you need anything."** I'll never call you because I have no idea what I need. Trying to figure out what you could do for me takes more energy than I have.

So, in advance, let me give you some ideas: *Bring food. *Offer to take my children to a movie or game so that I have some moments to myself. *Send me a card on special holidays, birthdays (mine, his or hers), or the anniversary of the death, and be sure to mention her name. You can't make me cry. The tears are here and I will love you for giving me the opportunity to shed them because someone cared enough about me to reach out on this difficult day. *Ask me more than once to join you at a movie or lunch or dinner. I may say no at first or even for a while, but please don't give up on me because somewhere down the line, I may be ready, and if you've given up, then I really will be alone.

~ Virginia A. Simpson, news@beyondindigo.com

"DON'T STEAL MY GRIEF"

Don't try to make me feel better,
By quipping your cute jokes.
Don't try to rob me of my pain,
When I need it as my cloak.
I know you probably think,
You're doing me a favor,
But what you don't understand,
Is that my sadness is my savior.
Don't try to steal my right,
To express my grief in my own way.
You see, I lost my child,
And grief is the price that I must pay.
I need to feel the hurt and pain,
As it beats inside my chest.
Don't try to steal my grief,
When it's the only feeling I have left.

~Faye McCord, Co-Chapter Leader, TCF/Jackson, MS
In loving memory of my son, Lane McCord

"When you come to the edge of all the light you know, and are about to step off into the darkness of the unknown, faith is knowing one of two things will happen: There will be something solid to stand on, or you will be taught how to fly."

-Barbara J. Winter

How Long Will I Hurt

How long will I hurt
And carry this pain
That seems to come and go
Like a summer rain
How long will I cry
With my heart breaking in two
How long will it hurt
That I live without you?
How many years
Can a heart feel like this
Knotted up and tight
Like a boxer's fist
How long will I think
Of how things used to be
When we were together
Just you and just me
How much can a mother
Stand this type of pain
That comes on as quickly
As the warm summer rain?
To hurt is to love
Those who are not here
To love is to hold
Memories we hold dear
I will hurt forever
This I now know
And cry softly
Like a soft winter snow
How long will I hurt?
As long as I love...
The child God sent to me
From heaven above
My hurting will stop
When it's turn to leave
I'll depart this world softly
Like a warm summer breeze
And Glory will be the day
When we're together again
Mother and child
My love has no end
~ Sharon Bryant

In memory of Andy Dunbar 1972 - 1977
TCF Website - Reprinted by permission of author

What am I

I have only one son.
And I am grateful to be so lucky.
But to others that one is none.
What am I?
He has a day of birth.
But he did not move, he did not cry.
He never had a life on this earth.
What am I?
Now I have nothing.
No dirty diapers, no midnight feedings.
But I have the pain the death of a child can bring.
What am I?
My son did live!
For those nine long months inside of me.
We learned because he had so much to give.
I am a mother!
~ Page Hassman, TCF/Austin, TX

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)



"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.

Our hidden problem!

Nothing has such a devastating affect on our families like Family Addiction. Most family members never even think about addiction in this way. Why would we. We aren't the person that is using. For some it can be years before they realize that they are also a part of it.

Many family members say that the only problem in the family unit is the one that is using, but this is far from the truth. Denial has a big part in this. The bad affects are there even if you don't want to believe it.

Here are a few signs:

1. Does my spouse and I fight more? Do we have a really hard time agreeing on what needs to be done?
2. Do the other members of the family feel left out because their sibling gets all the attention? Are they acting out when they never did it before?
3. Are you losing sleep to the point it's affecting others?
4. Are others in the family covering the problems up so no one else in the family knows?

There are many more examples, but the bottom line is: If a love one in your family is suffering from addiction then so is the family unit.

What can we do to get rid of the problems that come with Family Addiction all together? The truth of the matter is we can't get rid of it, we can only minimize the affect of the family.

Each person in the family unit will need to come to terms with the damage that's been caused by both the user and other family members. This isn't easy and some never do. The nightmare is played out daily as what has become a dysfunctional family with some hiding, some running and some fighting. It was one of our biggest nightmares.

Well what can we do? Here are few things we can work on.

1. First the parents must be on the same page. This is really important. When we're not, it sends mixed messages and it also gives our love one the opportunity to play each one on the other. If you can't do this then offer up going to counseling. Also please find a meeting for you. It shows to the using love one you're serious.
2. Take time with the other family members. Do something with them. Please don't talk about your love one with them unless they bring it up. This is suppose to be their special time together. Find joy in it.
3. Find time for yourself. Don't sit at home and continue down the path of depression because that is what it will turn into. You're only hurting, robbing yourself and doing no one any good. Take the time to do something you like. Get your nails done, fishing or whatever it is.
4. We can only change us. That's all we're truly in charge of. So let's work on what we can do about us and the remaining family members.

I've seen divorce, damaged relationships with our children, sickness both mentally and physically come from family addiction. But we can do something about it before it's too late. Stand up - You do Matter !

~ Ed Brazell

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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 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.