



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
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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

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

February 10th  
March 10th

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 February 24th @ Denny's

#### LOVE GIFTS

**January gift missed last month**  
Paul & Kara Bailey in memory of their son, Nick Bailey  
**February gifts**

Larry & Lois Gangnes in memory of their son, Brent M Gangnes  
Brenda Kluth in memory of her son, Brandon Kluth

#### Butterfly donation

Ruth Geske in memory of her daughter, Shereen Faber

We are deeply grateful for the LOVE GIFTS given this month.

Our chapter and all chapters are financed solely through your Love Gifts.

Donations make this newsletter, postage, books, tapes, etc. possible.

Thank you for your tax-deductible gifts.

#### OUR CREDO

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

**WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.**

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

#### LOVE

"...Grief is the price we pay for love. We did not lose our children. They died, taking with them our hopes and dreams for the future, but, never, never taking away their love. Though death comes, love will never go away. Hold it tight, the love our children gave us. Hold it tight through the storms of grief and bring it with you into today. Love never goes away..." ~ Darcie Sims

Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7 pm at the Denny's restaurant, 4437 13th Ave SW, Fargo. Our gatherings are very informal as we meet to talk about our children, books, recipes, jobs and whatever else comes up in conversation. We all have times when we need the listening heart of another mom or grandma. Please join us this month on Thursday February 24th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at [www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org).

#### My Cover-Up Mask

I wake in the morning with tears in my eyes. I have to face another day without my child. I prepare to go to work and put on my "cover-up mask" as I go out to face the world.

I get my work done and even chat and sometimes smile at my co-workers. And they say, "My, how well she seems to be handling her loss." If they only knew what I am suffering under my "cover-up mask." My workday is over, and I go home and remove my "cover-up mask," and the tears come again.

I go to bed, as the darkness of night envelopes me and sleep eludes me, the tears come again. I have gotten through another day with my child. I have learned I must take one day at a time for the rest of my life, since it will never be the same again.

~ Joan Watson, TCF/Salisbury, MD

## Love is Immortal

Many of us will resent the lengthening of time between our child's life and our own present. Others may welcome the increasing distance in the hope that time itself will be a balm to pain. Yet, all of us perceive, beyond all the hype and expectations, that new years and seasons are merely calendar events.

Whatever problems we have had in the past will follow us into the present. There is no inner demarcation with hurting behind and joy ahead.

Each of us has the same opportunities now as we had before. We can permit time to simply pass, or we can work to mold its passage into constructive growth.

In the deaths of our children, we have discovered with certainty that we lack the means to control the most cherished elements of our lives. But we also know that within each of us is the potential to rise above the debilitating anguish we have experienced.

Time continues to move forward and most of us have been too damaged to even play the games of resolutions and dance the rites of spring. We are beyond the futility of such exercises. But, let us each confront this moment and time with an inward commitment to recovery, to living the hours which comprise our existence with the fullness and love of which we are capable.

Hurting will ultimately lessen. Pain will slowly become more bearable. Fears and guilt will gradually pass away. But love, that inner dance of the heart which leaps to our child's name or the memory of an especially close experience that bears only the mantle of endless joy, will not pass away. All else, fame, fortune, distress and dismay, wealth and power, even ourselves, will at last be done. But love...Love is immortal... May the immortality of love grow secure and healthy again within each of us.

*~ Don Hackett, Plymouth, MA, from ALIVE ALONE*

## The Flight of the Sparrow

In the vast field, I spot a sparrow. It is floating overhead, with its wings slowly moving up and down like a leaf swaying in the breeze.

It is unusually quiet almost as if all the life has gone, but if you lay down and stretch out on the carpeted desert, you can hear the frogs croaking and the insects buzzing. The mice pattering and the snakes slithering.

I have drifted away from reality, I can see myself standing in a glittering palace filled with animals each making their own and unique sound.

Every direction I turned, there is a habitat for different animals. Desert, ocean, meadow, swamp, river, creek, mountain, rain-forest, forest, ice, trees.

I am awakened by the sound of a sparrow. It seems as though calling to someone, but it is only known to the spirits of the meadow.

I was surprised to see a cloud of sparrows soaring through the sky. Their wings flapping wildly at their sides.

I stared up in bewilderment at the angels of the meadow, all dancing through the sky.

I wanted to call out to one of them, ask them to take me with them on their extraordinary adventure. Over many meadows, oceans, deserts. How at that moment I wish I could fly!

Then, one came swooping low, too low, It seemed to be motioning to me to come and ride on its back.

I stood motionless, not knowing what to do. It didn't seem to want to waste any time. It glided through the air closer, closer...

And before I knew it, I was gliding up above the clouds,

on the back of a sparrow. All around me was blue, a cool breeze rippled through my hair. I was free! I had a new freedom.

When I had gotten over my sensation, we were in a glittering palace filled with animals, each making their own and unique sound...

Author Unknown, TCF/Atlanta, GA Summer 2006 Newsletter

## SHARED THOUGHTS ON HEALING

Healing is the one gift all bereaved parents & siblings are searching for. Because our pain is so all consuming and overwhelming, it makes us feel that it would be impossible to laugh or be happy again. We and all those around us want the impossible, which is to return to the way we were before the death of our child or sibling.

The shock of our loss usually insulates us, which helps us to get through those first few weeks of grief, but unfortunately that is about as long as some of our friends and family will hang in there with us. We are grieving for our child or sibling, but most friend's primary grief is for us and the pain we are going through, their tolerance for our extended grief wears thin. They want us to hurry and feel better so that their pain will go away.

About this time even we ask ourselves, "when will I feel better?" I can remember, after Doug's death, of wondering if the pain would ever ease. Life seemed so pointless and without hope. Just to survive a day seemed so difficult and demanded every ounce of strength I had.

Gradually, (and never as soon as we would like it to come), we do feel a glimmer of hope for some small interest in life again. No matter how small our accomplishment, we need to recognize this as healing. Little by little our empty feelings diminish, even though they are not gone. Since our healing time is proportionate to our loss, the road is very long and hard.

We at Compassionate Friends, have traveled the road. We never want to forget our loved ones. Our child or sibling died, but the love lives on, and whatever we were to one another, we still are. Healing is not forgetting, it's remembering without pain.

Our deep pain blocks our objectivity, but someday this agony (and the love for our child or sibling) will bring us new meanings about life. We have to choose our own path for peace and healing.

During your grief, if you feel more compassionate toward another's loss, refine your priorities, are less judgmental, want to ease someone's pain, or can remember your loved one without intense pain. You are healing!

Come share, we need one another to get to the other side of grief.

God Bless,  
Marie Hofmockel, TCF/Valley Forge, PA

## For My Compassionate Friends

How is it that I know you?  
How'd you get into my life?  
Sometimes when I look at you,  
It cuts me like a knife.  
I do not want to know you,  
I don't want to cross that line.  
Let's both go back into the past,  
When everything was fine.  
You've held me and you've hugged me,  
And dried a tear or two,  
Yet, you're practically a stranger,  
Why do you do the things you do?  
Of course, I know the reason,  
We are in this Club we're in,  
And why we hold on to each other  
Like we are long-lost kin.  
For us to know each other,  
We had to lose a kid,  
I wish I'd never met you,  
But, I'm so thankful that I did.  
~ Marilyn Rollins, TCF/Lake Porter, IN

## A Flicker in the Distance

In this time of grief,  
When the darkness is so great,  
And your heart is aching so,  
You feel that it may break.  
Remember that in this darkness  
There is a candle's light  
A flicker in the distance  
Small but intensely bright.  
That tiny little glow  
That seems so far away  
Will grow brighter and brighter  
With each passing day.  
Time does not heal, as they say,  
But it tends to numb  
The ache we feel inside our heart  
When that darkness comes.  
In time your heart will feel lighter  
And the memories won't bring such pain  
The tears won't flow as often  
And you will find laughter again.  
So keep your eye on that distant glow  
To see how far you came...  
Because at the end of the darkness  
That flicker becomes a flame.

~ Jacquelyn Comeaux, In Memory of Michelle, Jerry, and Danny  
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## My Angel Day

Yes Mom, this is my Angel Day  
From my earthly life, I know I left quite soon  
But only to enter my greatest reward in Glory  
Far beyond the moon  
Today you'll perform your loving rituals  
And do your best to keep my memory aware  
Yes Mom, this ritual is for both of us  
For I am both here and there  
~ Donald Moyers, TCF/Galveston County, TX

## NO VACATION

There is no vacation from your absence.  
Every morning I awake I am a bereaved parent.  
Every noon I feel the hole in my heart.  
Every evening my arms are empty.  
My life is busy now, but not quite full.  
My heart is mended, but not quite healed.  
For the rest of my life  
Every moment will be lived without you.  
There is no vacation from your absence.

~ Kathy Boyette, TCF/Gulf Coast, MS

## In Nancy's Garden

I know a place where Beauty lives  
If you happen upon it, what peace it gives  
I traveled there down a river of tears  
On the back of a dragon called "Rage and Fear"  
Its walls are made from iron-will parts  
But its gate is fashioned from a tender heart  
And there at that gate a voice in my ear  
Bid me to enter, "I'm so glad you are here"  
The rich scent of roses filled the air  
A riot of color was everywhere  
"Come and lie down on the soft, green grass  
In a moment all your confusion will pass"  
Then I heard her laugh, a small choir of bells  
Light silver notes that rose and fell  
I could almost see each one as it danced  
And I followed along like one in a trance  
As I lay down on the grass as she'd asked  
I sensed a shift in the air as near me she passed  
Felt the silk of her hair as it brushed cross my cheek  
And the warmth of her breath as she started to speak  
"I was a spirit in human attire  
And now I've come home and laid rest desire  
It's unfulfilled yearnings that steal away peace  
But here in this place, I've found release"  
"In your time you will join me, not early or late  
At just the right moment the eternal awaits"  
The sky there was dazzling, brilliant and white  
Tho no sun seemed to cast its light  
Then just for an instant in that magical place  
I caught a glimpse of her sweet, lovely face  
And she said, "From your grief, let your soul take pardon  
For I am so happy here inside my garden"  
Then she kissed me farewell, as I closed my eyes  
And when I awoke, to my surprise  
On the pillow on which I had been crying  
A single red rose was now lying.

~ Janna Jewel, TCF/Nashville, TN  
In Memory of Nancy Conway

## The Longest Road

The longest road...  
is the only road that goes to a time I do not know.  
The longest road...  
is the road I travel without you.  
The longest road...  
is the most painful road a person can bear.  
The longest road...  
is the only road that will bring me back to you.  
~ Linda Ihnen, TCF/Las Vegas, NV

## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED *BIRTHDAYS*

CHILD		PARENTS
DAVIN BAUCK.....	32.....	DEAN & DIANE BAUCK
PAMELA KAYE BJERKE.....	66.....	DARLENE SKAR
BRIAN BJERKEN.....	50.....	DENNIS & SHIRLEY BJERKEN
SHERI PETERSON BJORGAN.....	59.....	DEWAYNE PETERSON
KEVIN DILLENBURG.....	67.....	LOYSE PORTER
ISSAC JEREMY ENGELSTAD.....	26.....	SETH & DEVI ENGELSTAD
BRENT GANGNES.....	45.....	LARRY & LOIS GANGNES
DERRICK DENNIS JACOBS.....	34.....	TROY & DENISE JACOBS
RYAN PHILLIP JENSON.....	32.....	DALE & KELLY JENSON
TODD ALLAN JOHNSON.....	52.....	ANN JOHNSON
BRANDON WILLIAM THOMAS KLUTH.....	39.....	BRENDA KLUTH
BENJAMIN KOTTA.....	39.....	ARLEN & JULIE KOTTA
SCOTT LIMA.....	48.....	MARGARET LIMA
MATTHEW MILLIGAN-OLSON.....	47.....	JOHN & KYLENE MILLIGAN
AMANDA LEA PERKINS.....	34.....	DWIGHT & MARLENE PERKINS
JANZEN PETERSON.....	22.....	JULIE & JAY PETERSON
JONATHAN LEVI POITRA.....	40.....	SUZIE & JAMES HILL
TRAVIS JON MICHAEL ROBINSON.....	35.....	LARRY & MARY LEE ROBINSON
JOSEPH PETER ROEL.....	54.....	BOB & SANDI ROEL
ALEXANDER TUFTE.....	16.....	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE

## *ANNIVERSARIES*

CHILD		PARENTS
RYAN TODD AASEN.....	6.....	TODD & ADELE AASEN
NATHAN KEITH BEACH.....	8.....	LISA BEACH
BRENT GANGNES.....	21.....	LARRY & LOIS GANGNES
JAMES "JESSY" HABERMAN.....	4.....	JIM & HEATHER HABERMAN
ROBERT DEAN HANSON.....	3.....	STEVE & DIANE HANSON
KARL HELFTER.....	6.....	MARK & HELLA HELFTER
ROY DANA RICHMOND.....	13.....	THOMAS & AUDREY RICHMOND
CARSON DENNIS RONEY.....	5.....	PAUL & RENAE RONEY
ALEXANDER TUFTE.....	5.....	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
MELODY TUFTE.....	5.....	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
SPENCER TUFTE.....	5.....	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
CHAD VARRIANO.....	5.....	ANTHONY & KAREL VARRIANO

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.

"Grief is like a journey one must take on a winding mountainside, often seeing the same scenery many times, a road which eventually leads to somewhere we've never been before."

~ Gladys M. Hunt

## SIBLING PAGE

### MY BEST FRIEND

The fishing season's coming,  
but no more fishing for me,  
Because my best friend's not here,  
to share his hooks with me.  
We went fishing nearly every day.  
Never hooked a thing.  
But, oh, what fun we had,  
Talking about the one that got away.  
The garage holds all the fishing gear,  
but I've no desire to fish.  
It's not the same without him here.  
Oh! If I could have one wish.  
My wish would be  
to bring my brother back to me,  
so we could fish along the shore.  
We'd have fun together,  
And laugh once more.  
All that's left are memories,  
for me to think about.  
I won't say goodbye;  
I'll see you again.  
But I will miss you forever,  
**MY BEST FRIEND.**

~ Ryan Auch for his brother Ronny, BP/USA Augusta, GA

### A Brother Means so Much

The gift of a brother  
Is a precious treasure.  
It is the love, tears, and  
Joys of a friendship that  
Has unbreakable bonds.  
The beauty of a brother  
Cannot be described,  
Measured or defined.  
For it is a wonderful legacy  
That will always be carried  
In a sister's heart.  
~ Jill Hricik, TCF/Pittsburg, PA

### LISA

What do I do I ask myself,  
As I look at her picture standing on the shelf.  
She was always laughing and so pretty,  
why must it happen to her, why not me?  
I am going to miss her oh so much,  
that kind, gentle, loving touch.  
God has now called Lisa to come,  
up high into his beautiful kingdom.  
I know that I will see her again,  
in God's beautiful home known as heaven.  
~ Michael Oetken, TCF/Sioux City, IA  
In honor of my sister, Lisa Renae Oetken 1984 – 2002

I'll cry with you, she whispered,  
until we run out of tears.  
Even if it's forever.  
We'll do it together.

There it was a simple promise of connection.  
The loving alliance of grief and hope that blesses both our  
breaking apart and our coming together again.

~ Molly Fumia

### A Journey to the "New Normal"

May 31 marked seven years since my only sibling Dave died from cancer at age 32. This June 28 we would have been celebrating Dave's 40th birthday with a big party, and I'd be kidding him about going bald, just like all the Snepp men before him. Instead, I'll be getting ready for the TCF National Conference, at which I'll share memories of his brilliance, great smile, and sense of humor with those who will never have the pleasure of meeting him in person.

At this point in my grief journey, most will be good memories of how Dave lived, rather than bad memories of how he died. I can't recall the moment when that shift of perspective occurred, but I would like to share a few memories and milestones that have marked the way:

- Months after Dave died, I went to see the movie "Big", starring Tom Hanks, and "lost it" when his mother stared out the window wondering if she'd ever see him again. I watched the movie again recently and didn't lose it.
- It was three months before I felt up to sharing with anyone the details of the day my brother died at his home in Bellevue, Washington, in the company of Mom, Dad, and me. On the way home from that emotional conversation, I drove the wrong way down a one way street in downtown Chicago – it might be smart to have a friend drive you to your first few TCF meetings!
- I discovered that the grief path is not a straight line. A few good days can be followed by several bad ones. I've heard other TCF members call this their "roller coaster ride."
- For a year, I couldn't keep the radio on if "Wind Beneath My Wings" came on. For the next year, I kept it on but cried through it. Now, I can usually make it all the way through without any tears!
- With the help of TCF, I realized that despite friends expecting it to be possible, I'd never be "back to normal." My focus instead shifted to finding my "new normal". While I can't point to a time when that happened (probably after the 1990 TCF Conference), THAT was a milestone.
- For three Christmases after Dave died, I didn't put up a tree in my condo. For Christmas, 1991, as I was getting out ornaments for my first tree since his death, I came across a bunch of ornaments that he had had in his apartment. I came totally unglued then, but now I look forward to seeing those ornaments each Christmas.
- It was three years before I felt that I had enough emotional energy to pursue a relationship. Even now, I don't have a lot of tolerance for guys I go out with that gripe about their brothers or sisters.

My most vivid "landmark" to date along my grief journey came in February 1993. Following my Dad's father's death in December, 1992, we were in Atlanta cleaning out my grandfather's apartment, and I came across a pile of post cards and letters that Dave had written to my grandparents through the years. Earlier in my journey, a "blind side" such as that would have sent me into a tailspin. In this case, though, my immediate reaction was one of happiness, for I had found a part of Dave that I didn't know I still had! I saved a few of the post cards, sent a couple to my cousin who was referenced in some of the letters, and (amazingly) threw the rest away. It was fun to share the memories, but I didn't feel the need to hang onto them. It was at that point, nearly five years after Dave's death, that I truly felt as if I was closing in on that "new normal."

~ Karen Snepp, TCF, Frisco, Texas, from the TCF Stages Newsletter, Summer 1995

### **THE COPING HOURS**

Did you ever hear of a nightmare  
That occurred in the midst of day?  
Webster must have named it wrong  
It just doesn't happen that way.

It might be while I'm driving  
Or watching some T.V.  
Looking at your picture when  
This shock grabs hold of me.

Sleep is such a short time  
While the coping hours are long  
Day in, day out, I sort it out  
Somehow this all seems wrong.

So, nightmares aren't for night time  
It's the light of day I fear  
The ever-constant reality  
Is the fact that you're not her.

- Ellen Schick, "Bereavement" 1988

### **HUGGING**

Friends, I'm not a doctor, but I've got some very good news.  
I've got a new prescription for getting rid of the blues.

What you need is a great big hug from a relative, lover or  
friend. It may seem strange at first, but you'll feel better in  
the end.

Everybody needs hugging - child, woman or man. It give you  
something your body needs and does it like nothing else can.

It warms your heart and touches something in you that's  
very rare. It makes you feel secure and give you a feeling  
that someone cares.

Hugging is a two-way street, as you give you shall receive, So  
fill your hugs with genuine love, don't fake it, don't deceive.

Every human being has a basic need to touch. So pass you  
hugs around generously, you just can't hug too much.

So make today a hugging day and hug the next person you see,  
and just in case I miss you, hug someone for me,

And I will do the very same and hug someone for you, till  
hugging spreads throughout the land, and no one's ever  
blue.

~ Ernie Scott, Prairie View, IL

### **The Price**

It is not really a question  
of whether I could have wanted  
never to have you with me,  
if I had known  
how deeply your dying  
would break my life today.

There is only one certain truth:

Even if I had known  
That there would come to me  
The cruel grief I suffer today,  
I would endure it all again  
For the wonder of  
Having had you in my life.

By Sascha

### **PARENTS OF A SAINT**

A little bit of Heaven

Came to both of you one day,  
Then soon this little breath of God  
Was suddenly snatched away;  
The joy you built within your hearts  
Has now turned into grief,  
You feel that nothing found in life  
Could ever bring relief.

Nay, parents, if you'll meditate  
You'll find it otherwise,

The grief you have is really  
But a blessing in disguise;

The waters of eternal life,

Have freed your babe of taint,  
'Twas meant by God that you

Should be the parents of a saint.

~ Sr. Kathleen Gibbons, O.S.F. Breckenridge, MN

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### **This Too Shall Pass**

If I can endure for this minute

Whatever is happening to me,

No matter how heavy my heart is

Or how dark the moment may be-

If I can remain calm and quiet

With all the world crashing about me,

Secure in the knowledge God loves me

When everyone else seems to doubt me-

If I can but keep on believing

What I know in my heart to be true,

That darkness will fade with the morning

And that this will pass away, too-

Then nothing in life can defeat me

For as long as this knowledge remains

I can suffer whatever is happening

For I know God will break all of the chains

That are binding me tight in the darkness

And trying to fill me with fear-

For there is no night without dawning

And I know that my morning is near.

...Helen Steiner Rice

1900 - 1981

### **Terrible Twos**

Jenny,

Since your death, you have missed:

2 birthday anniversaries,

2 Halloweens,

2 Thanksgivings,

2 Christmases,

2 summers and swimming pool sessions,

2 school openings,

2 sizes of shoes and clothing,

2 children who died of heart conditions and

2 pictures of them now sit beside yours,

too many children who died too soon

too young.

Your Mom ~ Susan Privett

In memory of Jennifer Privett



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

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

### One Moment in Time

As bereaved parents, we have a line of demarcation in our lives. This line is like no other. Other people define their lives by that one big career step, move or degree. But in other people's lives, things are different. We are not like other people.

We experienced a clearly defined moment in time when everything changed. The tectonic plates of our lives shifted at one moment on one date of one year. Nothing will ever be the same. We definitely mark the time before and after our child died. Life was different before our child died. It was easy; it was filled with promises of tomorrow, accomplishments, setbacks, goals set and achieved and happiness that abounds in the natural order of life. But our basic assumptions were shattered, and our world turned inside out at that one moment in time when our child died.

Can we ever feel as optimistic about life as we did before that moment in time? Will we ever again believe that one day we will feel balanced, optimistic and serene?

We certainly can, and most parents certainly do. As you read the articles in this month's newsletter about the journey through grief, consider the gentle optimism that presents itself in these parents' words. Each of these parents has walked this lonely road. Each has come through the darkest, rockiest valley into a gauzy sort of light which gradually crystallized into a true sunshine as time moved forward. How did they do it?

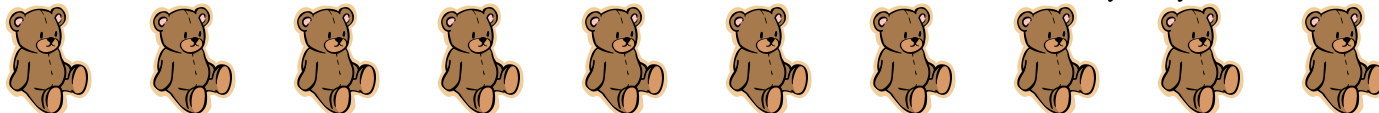
Insight is offered in these parents' stories. We must do our grief work, face our demons and stand them down. We must talk with others, set limits on what we will tolerate, and hold our line. We must seek counseling, attend seminars, attend TCF meetings or other offerings that give us the support of parents who have lost a child or help us in acquiring skills to cope with our pain and loss.

We must take grief breaks in the beginning and for the first year or two. We must take care of ourselves physically, mentally, and emotionally.

But most of all we must keep our child with us as we complete our life's journey. How we choose to complete our journey is unique. The common denominator that all of us share is the need to find a precious flicker of hope which we can nurture and coax to a radiant glow. We all find it in different ways and at different times on our grief journey. But, rest assured, we all find it. I call it "my little light."

One day you will feel the burden lifting. You will laugh about things your child said or did. That moment will gently envelop you. There is hope. Let your little light glimmer and then glow.

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



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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.