



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
 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
 January 13th
 February 10th

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 January 27th @ Denny's

LOVE GIFTS

Dan & Carol Winter in memory of their son, Matthew Allen Winter
 Scott & Ruth Blilie in memory of their daughter, Nicole Anne Blilie
 Jason & Kristi McSparron in memory of their son, Jesse Skow
 Paul & ReNae Roney in memory of their son, Carson Roney
 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.

Grief is not a sign of weakness, nor loss of faith. It is the price of love.
 ~ Author Unknown

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 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 January 27th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at www.tcffargomoorhead.org.

Holiday Angels that were not listed in December's Newsletter

<u>Given By</u>	<u>In Memory of</u>
Harold & Irene Schenck.....	Doug Schenck
Lee & Luanne Scallon.....	Jesse Scallon
Scott & Ruth Blilie.....	Nicole Anne Blilie
Jerome & Ramona Gunderson	Sarah F Gunderson

Add you own footprints from here on ... the path ahead belongs to you and you alone. I cannot walk it for you, nor can anyone else. But you do not have to travel alone. Come with me, across the stepping stones of grief.
 ~ Darcie D Sims, "Footsteps through the Valley"

NEWSLETTER BY EMAIL

We are asking, would you please receive your newsletter by email. We do not want to remove anyone from our newsletter mailing list who is benefitting from receiving it. We hope it is a help to you while going through your grief, giving you better understanding of your feelings and letting you know "We need not walk alone".

We consider this an important function of our program. If you have email, would you consider receiving your newsletter in email format. You will receive your copy earlier if you opt to receive it by email. If you wish to receive your newsletter by email, please email Nancy Teeuwen at [fntcfnltr@live.com](mailto:fmtcfnltr@live.com) with your full name and your child's name. **Note:** If you are already receiving the newsletter by email, no action is required.

The Myth of Managing Grief

Not long ago, a friend in New York said that she often feels cut off from the rest of the country because Sept. 11 is still so much with most New Yorkers.

"We've all gotten on with our lives, and if you don't go down to the (World Trade Center) site, there are no visible traces," she said. "But there's still so much grief and sadness hanging in the air."

People outside of New York can't really understand, said my friend.

"You talk with them and, if you didn't lose someone directly in the twin towers, it's like their tone says, 'Hey, shouldn't you be moving on?' They don't get that there's a collective grief. I actually prefer it when people don't even ask how it's going. It's easier." Our American culture boasts many virtues and several strong suits, but grieving - collectively or individually - isn't one of them.

Unlike older societies, we have few formal grieving rituals in place to guide us. So, we try to tackle grief in our typical American way - as if it's a problem to be solved, an illness to be cured, an unnatural, machine-gumming breakdown that needs to be fixed, ASAP. Perhaps more phobic about suffering than any society in history, Americans tend to start the clock ticking early in "managing" grief. While solicitous and caring of the newly bereaved, we encourage heartbroken mates and parents to medicate themselves so they can "keep it together" through the funeral.

This ignores the fact that wailing and keening and "losing it" are a pretty accurate rendering of what humans inside feel like when someone we love dies or leaves us. But, in our culture, public wailing and keening are considered bad forms; they are seen as unwelcome reminders of pathology among "healthy" people.

Even the most devastating loss - that of a child by a parent - seems to carry an unwritten statute of limitations on grief, something I learned several years ago when I reported on an international organization called Compassionate Friends.

Founded in England in the late 1960s, the massive support network's chapters provide something that bereaved parents and siblings can't get from the rest of the world: "unconditional love and understanding" (as its informal credo states) with no expiration date.

As one member told me, she knew that a Compassionate Friends meeting was the one place she could go and never hear the unintentionally accusing question, "How many years ago did you say your child died?" Grief is not like an illness, to be fought and cured with medicine or chemotherapy and radiation.

Generalizations can be made about human behavioral tendencies, and time lines can be drawn for predicted "healing," but each person's grieving process is unique.

Some people never "get better." And nobody survives grief unchanged.

As Stephanie Ericsson wrote in "Companion Through the Darkness," grief is "a tidal wave that overtakes you, smashes down upon you with unimaginable force, sweeps you up into its darkness, where you tumble and crash against unidentifiable surfaces only to be thrown out on an unknown beach, bruised, reshaped."

Or, as a man who lost his 7-year-old son once confided, "I'd always thought of myself as a happy man, but that's gone now. We have moments of happiness, some of them long and filled with laughter, but the sense of what is lost is never far away."

In her book, Stephanie Ericsson also warned:

"Grief makes what others think of you moot. It shears away the masks of normal life and forces brutal honesty out of your mouth before propriety can stop you. It shoves away friends and scares away so-called friends and rewrites your address book for you."

Stephanie Salter

San Francisco Chronicle - Sunday April 7, 2002

(Reprint permission to TCF, with proper acknowledgment)

A GRIEVING PARENT IS...

A grieving parent is someone who will never forget their child no matter how painful the memories are.

A grieving parent is someone who yearns to be with their dead child but cannot conceive leaving their living ones.

A grieving parent is someone who has only part of a heart as the rest of it is buried with their child.

A grieving parent is someone who begs for relief from the memories which plague them and then feels guilty when they get it.

A grieving parent is someone who pretends to be happy and enjoying life when they really are dying inside.

A grieving parent is someone who holds the lives of their remaining children as the most precious gift they have.

A grieving parent is someone who can cry or laugh at the drop of a hat whenever they remember their beloved child.

A grieving parent is someone who feels as if they just lost their child yesterday no matter how much time has passed.

A grieving parent is someone who fears for their remaining family because they cannot bear to have any more loss.

A grieving parent is someone who sits by their child's gravestone and feels a knife stabbing their heart.

A grieving parent is someone who wants to help others who have lost loved ones because somehow their loss is theirs all over again.

~ Judy Skapik,

Sept. 2004 Newsletter of the Tampa Bay Chapter of BP/USA

This Mixed-Up Grief

Have you ever noticed the many mixed-up, confusing emotions involved in grieving? On the one hand, you feel restless; on the other hand, you feel like you don't want to move at all. You feel desperately alone, yet you don't want anyone around. You feel scatterbrained, forgetful, and yet frantically meticulous. You feel like crying at nothing, and sometimes laughing at anything. (Or do I have that backwards?) Being in a crowd of people is fine as long as they don't talk to you. And yet, if they don't talk to you, you feel as if nobody cares. You want so desperately for someone to mention your child, to remember the life that once was. And yet it can make you furious if ALL they want to talk about is the dead one, and never even mention the living ones.

Grief settles over you like a hot blanket. You're as cold as the winter snow. Grief presses on you like a steamroller. You're floating in a bubble above yourself. Grief boxes you in on four sides and introduces you to a pain no one should have to know. But then, once again, you begin to feel compassion. You relate to other parents who have had an experience similar to your own. And eventually, in a moment as sharp as a sunburst, you hear yourself saying your child's name with an unfamiliar smile on your face. You remember some of the funny times and feel laughter building in your throat.

One morning you notice the sun is shining. Many days, months, and possibly years have passed unnoticed—and somehow, you are still here. Even though your child is still—there. You feel your heart swell with a love you never even knew could exist. And you find a place in your life for something called (dare I say) peace.

And then, ever so gently, the memories enfold you in a warmth as soothing as a cool shower on a hot summer day, so you find you WANT to remember. And tender memories of love lift you to unreachable heights, to the brightest of stars, to the loveliest touch of your child.

~ Dana Gensler, TCF/Kentucky

Journey Through Grief

Why should I, who never did neglect my grief,
Who began this journey so resolutely,
Determined to accept each step and see it through,
Find myself beginning on this path again
As if from the very start of it?
Did I not face this tragedy straight on,
And look death in the face and feel its touch?
Do I not understand that each soul, soon or late,
Returns to God? Why then, in a sudden unexpected moment
Does the shock of this death confront me,
As if I had never known of it at all?
Why do I, who was recipient of such love,
Of caring and compassion that abound -
Who was encompassed in the arms of family and friends,
And know that my loss is shared by many,
Feel such an individual grief?
And why do I, who let my tears flow free,
Who felt them wash upon my heart, my mind, my soul,
Who has screamed the scream of primal desperation,
And, through blurred eyes, has set my gaze upon the present,
Find that in some unsuspected moment,
Tears rage and gush, as if I'd never cried?
Because I am the mother of a child who died!

by Vivian Dean, TCF/Fort Bragg CA

Where Are You Now?

where are you now
but in my heart
your voice clear in my mind
I know we're never far apart
mind to mind
heart to heart
and, maybe, if I'm fortunate,
soul to soul
we connect
you, watching over me
me, so unaware
but, oh, to actually see you
how you've grown and changed
still, oh, to embrace you
feeling your strength and youth
breathing in your life
now held only within
mind's eye
heart of hearts
and lonely soul
~ Victor Montemurro, TCF/Medford, NY

Just Say "I'm Sorry"

You don't know how I feel – please don't tell me that you do
There's just one way to know – have you lost a child too?
"You'll have another child" – must I hear this each day?
Can I get another mother too, if mine should pass away?
Don't say it was "God's will" – that's not the God I know.
Would God on purpose break my heart, then watch while my tears
flow?
"You have an angel in heaven – a precious child above."
But, tell me, to whom on earth shall I give this love?
"Aren't you better yet?" Is that what I heard you say?
No! A part of my heart aches – I'll always feel some pain.
You think that silence is kind, but it hurts me even more.
I want to talk about my child who has gone through death's door.
Don't say these things to me, although you do mean well.
They do not take my pain away – I must go through the hell.
I will get better slow but sure – and it helps to have you near.
But a simple "I'm sorry you lost your child" is all I need to hear.

~ Gail Fasoloe, TCF/St Albert, AB
Cape Cod and the Islands Chapter July-August 2010

For All Our Lost Children

I will see you again, in the fullness of time,
You will reach out your hand, I will take it in mine.
As together we walk, all the sorrow-filled years
Will dissolve in a cloud, in the midst of our tears.
I will see you again, we will laugh as before,
I will kiss your dear face, as I pass through the door
To a place where you are, and a bright shining sun
Will assure my glad heart that my life has begun.
I will see you again, though the journey be long,
I will try, for your sake, to sing some kind of song.
And for you, I'll endeavor to live through my pain,
'Til the moment, dear child, when I see you again.

~ Betty Kenna, TCF/UK



OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

CHILD		PARENTS
NICHOLAS LEE BAILEY	29	PAUL & KARA BAILEY
KONNIE JEAN CHAFFEE.....	49	MARK & JEAN CHAFFEE
NANCY PRATT COASH	63	PATRICIA PRATT
WILLIAM "BILL" COWDEN	55	WALTER & KARIE COWDEN
BRIELLE DEUTSCHER.....	11	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
PAMELA JO ERICKSON.....	63	VIRGIL & LUELLE SCHLUETER
GREGORY S GROOTERS	62	LARRY & HAZEL GROOTERS
ERIK HINZPETER	42	JOHN & LEANN RINDT
MATTHEW R HOLLAND	26	CHAD & RHONDA HOLLAND
DANA DAWN KEBLAR.....	44	DEBORAH FACEY
MICHAEL L LIVDAHL	28	ROBERT & TANYA LIVDAHL
CHAD MICHAEL RINNELS	47	MIKE & CHERYL RINNELS
MATTHEW ALLEN WINTER.....	35	CAROL & DAN WINTER

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
SHERI PETERSON BJORGAN	22	DEWAYNE PETERSON
ANDREW HOWARD BRAUN	16	CRAIG & DEANNA BRAUN
OLIVIA MAE BUTH.....	4	TIM & MELANIE BUTH
SANDRA DIANE CASELLA.....	10	RICHARD & DIANE MACGREGOR
MATTHEW ISAAC CVIJANOVICH	17	SHERYL CVIJANOVICH
RACHEL ELIZABETH ELLINGSON	3	PATRICIA & ERIC MONSON
NATHANIEL "NATE" HAALAND.....	1	SUSAN PETRY
MATTHEW R HOLLAND	7	CHAD & RHONDA HOLLAND
DERRICK DENNIS JACOBS	4	TROY & DENISE JACOBS
JESSE DANIEL SCALLON	4	LEE & LUANNE SCALLON
ERIC JOHN SCHAFER	7	BILL & LOIS SCHAFER
JANESSA "JAYE" NICOLE (GOHDES) SMITH.....	2	KEITH & MARY GOHDES
SHERYL ANN TOBAR.....	3	ANGIE SCHLICHT
CARLA RAE TRUITT	5	LORETTA KEISACKER
LARISSA UNGER	2	JON & CYNTHIA UNGER

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.

Daily message from Healing After Loss

We found that our circle of friends shifted...We were surprised and disappointed that people we thought were good friends became distant, uneasy, and seemed unable to help us. Others who were casual acquaintances become suddenly close, sustainers of life for us. Grief changes the rules, and sometimes rearranges the combinations.

by Martha Whitmore Hickman

"Next time you feel lonely, take a walk under the stars and feel the magic of not being alone".

~ Joe A. Perez

SIBLING PAGE

The Elephant in the Room

There's an elephant in the room.
It is large and squatting,
So it is hard to get around it.
Yet we squeeze by with "How are you?" And "I'm Fine."
And a thousand other forms of trivial chatter.
We talk about the weather. We talk about work.
We talk about everything - except the elephant in the room.
There's an elephant in the room.
We all know it is there.
We are thinking about the elephant as we talk together.
It is constantly on our minds.
For you see, it is a very big elephant. It has hurt us all.
But we do not talk about the elephant in the room.
Oh, please say her name. Oh, please, say "Barbara" again.
Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room.
For if we talk about her death,
Perhaps we can talk about her life?
Can I say, "Barbara" to you and not have you look away?
For if I cannot, then you are leaving me
Alone... In a room... With an elephant

~Terry Kettering

I Carried Him

I went into the school.
I felt cold, a feeling of death in the air.
My body shook, my knees gave way.
I stumbled to his locker. The halls were empty.
I looked at the locker. Took too many tries to open it.
In front of me were his books, jackets, and papers.
As I cleaned out his locker, tears came.
Never felt so alone. Gathered his stuff in my arms.
Tears covered my face. Slowly walked down the hall.
A feeling- I felt him. He was in my arms.
It felt like I was carrying his body.
I cried, many tears filled my eyes.
Thoughts entered my mind - He was no more.
~ Donald Freeman, TCF/Brunswick, ME

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

You left us so suddenly that I think most of us just felt shock. Did you know of everyone's love for you? We used to have lots of fun playing basketball, talking about diesel trucks and dragsters, and playing videos. You lived for scouting, you lived for animals and nature -- you lived for us all. I got to know your corny jokes, your adolescent fears (although for you they were understandably real), the simplest way with which you saw life, the joy you placed in other's hearts.

How could it be that you're gone now while others seemingly less deserving live on? I'm not sure. Life isn't fair - everyone has said it - but why? Why does the sun rise? Why are we here? What is the purpose of life? I haven't been alive very long, but the only response I can come up with is love. Love has to be the answer to this question.

I love you. We all love you. We shall meet again someday, and that day will be a day of joy for me, a day that we shall again be companions. By that time, we will have a lot to share. It already seems a lifetime since you've gone. So it goes.

We live, we love, we learn. Our biggest task to learn is to let you go and never Forget.

~ Scott T. Anderson, TCF/Omaha, NE

Siblings - Tribute to My Sister

You always held within your heart a strength and purpose that few others would have known. My success in life and joy I owe to you for helping me along the way. In the eighteen years that I was blessed to have you in my life, you taught me so many things. You gave me new challenges, and a new place was created in my heart the day you were born. You were there when I stumbled and fell, and you gently helped me up again. Your little hand I held while rocking you to sleep at times. At darker times it was you who held my hand, always a beacon of light for me to focus on. And, always, when I needed a friend, you were there.

Throughout the years you were always my family. You honored me with your love and trust, and though different than you, always accepted me just as I was. More than my own flesh and blood, you were my sister, and I will always cherish the time we had together. We have laughed, complained, and sometimes wept, but we always persevered. The good times, the bad times, the joy and sorrow, will always bind our hearts as long as I am able to draw my breath.

We traveled together for awhile and our journey was fulfilling, but now our paths have diverged and we had to say goodbye. To my years with you, I bid farewell. Ahead of me lies a life without you, a new definition of myself. For all that I may someday become, you will always be a part of me.

On some distant day, when something reminds me of you, I will lovingly think of you and remember the smile you had. From time to time, I will remember the years spent with you and what we have shared. I will always miss your sweet voice and your unconditional support and endless companionship. May we carry that beyond the grave.

For all the smiles and tears, for all of the love and laughter, and, above all, for being the person that you were, I will carry you in my heart. I will always, always love you.

~from Lisa Sockwell Meredith, Snellville, GA

The Rose

Some say love it is a river
that drowns the tender reed
Some say love it is a razor
that leaves your soul to bleed
Some say love it is a hunger
an endless aching need
I say love it is a flower
and you it's only seed
It's the heart afraid of breaking
that never learns to dance
It's the dream afraid of waking
that never takes the chance
It's the one who won't be taken
who cannot seem to give
and the soul afraid of dying
that never learns to live
When the night has been too lonely
and the road has been too long
and you think that love is only
for the lucky and the strong
Just remember in the winter
far beneath the bitter snows
lies the seed that with the sun's love
in the spring becomes the rose
~ Amanda McBroom
Sung by Bette Midler

The New Year: A Time of Hope

Another New Year has slipped into our lives, radically changing some things and leaving other things to evolve naturally. For bereaved parents a new year marks another year on the calendar without their precious children. It is a new year, but not much has changed since the old year. Why is that?

We act as the catalysts of change for ourselves. We choose to help our selves; we choose to stay in a specific place in our grief. We choose to reach out for hope or we choose to withdraw into the familiar and postpone facing life and hope another day. There are no set rules or specific timetables in bereavement. We are each unique in our grief.

Eventually we all find hope. We find it in different ways and in different times. There will be no one moment of epiphany for bereaved parents. Instead, there are a series of minutes, hours, weeks, months and often years until we realize that we can truly say we feel the power of hope coming alive from deep within us. This moment will come for each of us. It will come in its own time and its own way.

Even those of us who have found hope and who shine its light on the paths of newly bereaved parents, still regress and withdraw into the dark sadness of our loss. And that is as it should be. For we have lost the most precious gift of our lives...our children's presence with us and their future in this life. Our children live in our hearts and our memories and our dreams. They do not share this plane with us. It is normal and it is good to think of our children often and to shed some tears for all that has been lost. These aren't setbacks as much as sweet memories that bring cathartic tears.

The element we find in these memories is a closeness to our child and our child's life. This, too, is healthy. An often-expressed fear is that our children will be forgotten. Worry not, gentle parent, your child will be remembered for all of your days and for many days thereafter. You will never forget your child. Others who knew your child will never forget. The proof of this is in our memories...sweet memories that take us back to another time when our child was with us.

So this New Year's, whether you are a few months, a few years or many years in your grief, think about hope. You have not forsaken your child when you reach for hope. Your hope brings your child back in a positive way that will warm your heart. Reach for that hope. As you move forward in your grief in the New Year, reach for hope. Your child will still be with you. And one day you will find that your child's presence is sweeter when hope is within you.

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

Crying

When your heart says "cry" but your mind says "don't," listen to your heart. It could be your pride, not your mind, that is saying don't cry: for tears are hard for one's pride to accept. Crying because your child has died does not mean you are not a strong person. Tears do not mean you are having problems with emotional instability. You are crying because you are hurt. You are in love with your child and now the child is dead. Not letting it out little by little through tears may mean you are bottling it all inside. Is this good? Next time your heart says "cry," listen to it. You'll feel better for it in the long run.

What Do I Do With My Child's Things?

This is a problem that faces all bereaved parents. We discuss it from time to time at our meetings. Some of us keep the child's room just as it was before the death. We don't want anything touched or moved. Some of us find solace in giving things away to close friends or relatives. Knowing that someone we love is wearing our child's clothes or playing with his or her toys brings us comfort. Some of us find we can deal with only a few items at a time: clothes one month, books another, and perhaps toys a few months later. Some of us find that as time goes on and we would have gotten rid of the things anyway, it becomes easier. For instance, after awhile, we may realize that if our child were still alive, he/she would have outgrown the clothes. Then it may be easier to give them away. Or he/she would have graduated college this year and would therefore no longer be using a study desk or clock radio. We can give these things away in the normal time sequence. The important thing is to not let ourselves feel guilty about the amount of time it takes us to make these types of decisions and equally important not to let others rush us into something we are not yet ready to do. When the time is right, we will know what to do.

Nancy Mower, TCF/Honolulu, HI

Borrowed Hope

Lend me your hope for a while
I seem to have mislaid mine.
Loss and the hopeless feelings accompany me daily.
Pain and confusion are my companions.
I know not where to turn.
Looking ahead to the future times
Does not bring forth images of renewed hope.
I see mirthless times, pain filled days, and more tragedy.
Lend me your hope for a while.
I seem to have mislaid mine.
Hold my hand and hug me.
Listen to all my ramblings.
I need to unleash the pain and let it tumble out.
Recovery seems so far distant.
The road to healing, a long and lonely one.
Stand by me. Offer me your presence.
Your ears and your love.
Acknowledge my pain, it is so real and ever present.
I am overwhelmed
With sad and conflicting thoughts.
Lend me your hope for a while.
A time will come when I will heal.
And I will lend my renewed hope to others.

~ Eloise Cole, TCF/Phoenix, AZ

When God sends forth a tiny soul
To learn the ways of earth,
A mother's love is waiting here --
We call this wonder -- birth.

When God calls home a tired soul
And stills a fleeting breath,
A Father's love is waiting there,
This too is birth -- not death.

~ Author Unknown

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: _____

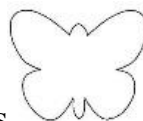
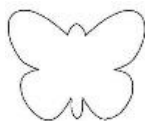
Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

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.

THINGS TO DO WHEN DESPERATE

1. Breathe.
2. Get my teddy bear.
3. Call other bereaved people (keep their phone numbers easily available).
4. Call close friends (keep their phone numbers easily available, too).
5. Call a counselor.
6. Call a hot-line.
7. Get in my rocking chair. Get in any chair and let it support me.
8. Take a hot bath.
9. Run around the block three times.
10. Listen to soothing music.
11. Put on a relaxation tape.
12. Ask someone to hold me.
13. Cry.
14. Yell into my pillow
15. Join a support group.
16. Say to myself, “Others love me,” or, “I have the right to survive,” or, “Others have gotten through this, I can too.”
17. Stroke the dog or cat.
18. Watch an old movie on TV or read a book.
19. Hug a tree.
20. Stand or lie on the floor and feel the floor support me.
21. Pray.
22. Start again at the top.

Edited by Anne Pieper, from *The Courage to Heal*,
By Ellen Bass and Laura Davis

New Year Goals

The holidays are over and I bet you're glad about that. You did make it through, and by now maybe some of the stress of that powerful time has left you. Next year you will find you learned from this year, no matter how many years it has been, and I hope it will be easier for you, too, in the years ahead.

If you made New Year's resolutions, I hope they included:

- To try and take it one day at a time;
- To forgive yourself for whatever it is you feel you did wrong;
- To figure out ways to resolve your anger so you can let go of it;
- To concentrate on and value what you have left, as much as what you have lost;
- To risk reinvestment in life;
- To let those you value know how important they are to you.

These are important steps forward. Try to be good to yourself in the new year.

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 Bailey701-491-0364	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 Klinkhammer701-298-2929	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.