

# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
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F-M Area Chapter  
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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**  
July 13th  
August 10th

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on July 27th @ Fry'n Pan  
TCF National Conference - Orlando, Florida July 28-30, 2017  
TCF FM Chapter's Annual Walk to Remember - August 12, 2017  
See insert for more information

When our special sadness comes to call, when we remember more than we can bear, when courage falters – shadows everywhere: Then let us reach and touch and share, we, who are friends." ~ Sascha Wagner  
Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7:00 pm at the Fry'n Pan restaurant, 300 Main Avenue, 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 July 27th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylc13@msn.com.

YOU MAY FORGET WITH WHOM YOU LAUGHED, BUT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET WITH WHOM YOU WEPT

#### 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 GIFTS

Steve & Joan Halland in memory of their son, Cole Halland  
Pat & Denny Wateland in memory of their daughter, Tracy Ann Wateland  
Sharon Wateland in memory of her niece/goddaughter, Tracy Ann Wateland  
Persys Piersall & Karen Ugelstad in memory of Rand Piersall  
Jim & Phil Nelson in memory of their daughter, Jane Nelson Snyder  
Lynn & Donna Mickelson in memory of their family, Aaron, Allison, Brielle and Unborn Baby Deutscher

Sherry Lassel in memory of her daughter, Jayme Lassel  
Madonna Sweeney in memory of her son, Tim Sweeney

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

#### LITTLE BY LITTLE

I once thought that my only link to you was my grief. I couldn't let go. I knew if I did I would lose us both. But one day when I couldn't take the pain anymore, I decided to try. So, slowly and carefully I let go of my deathline to you, and I was surprised to find myself being held by God.

Little by little, step by step, I learned that I didn't need to hang on to the death to remember the life.

What a joyous discovery!

~ Kittie Brown McGowin, TCF/Montgomery, AL

## BUTTERFLIES AND RAINBOWS

You came to me on a butterfly's wing so very long ago.  
What God had in His plan for us how could we possibly know.  
I watched you laugh and play and dream as you grew into a man.  
How beautiful you were to me as you chased rainbows in the sand.

It's incomprehensible to think that you have gone away.  
And you won't be coming back again not even for a day.  
Two years have come and gone since then and the sun still rises in the sky.  
Butterflies and rainbows still exist and I have stopped asking why.

Your light shines brightly in my heart and always will my dear.  
You are with the rainbows there and I'm with the butterflies here.  
~ Robyn Bell, TCF/Valley Forge, PA

### Give It Time

Give it time,  
Give it time,  
Give your lonely heart some time.  
In your deepest depths of sorrow  
When your soul cries out for mercy;  
In the grip of fear unyielding  
When the sun shines always black,  
Give it time.  
In the ravages of chaos  
When you think that you will die,  
Let your pain come screaming out,  
Let the world know you hurt,  
And give it time.  
Give it time,  
Give it time,  
Give your lonely heart some time.  
As joy peeks from the darkness  
And your tears turn to a trickle;  
When you feel a touch of comfort;  
And your heart begins to heal,  
You gave it time.  
When your memories form a smile  
And your child's life is what you see;  
When joy comes into focus  
And laughter's in your soul,  
You gave it time.  
So, if you think your heart is forever broken  
And hope is a long lost friend,  
Give it time,  
Give it time,  
Give your lonely heart some time.

~ Rob Anderson

*(reprinted with permission from Bereavement Publishing, Inc.)*

### Lacy

Everyone's forgotten you, Lacy.  
Everyone but me...  
Your mother, a mother without  
a child. What am I? I had  
a baby, but she's gone. Am  
I a mother? What am I?

Sue Chaidez, GriefworksBC.com

## HOW CAN I TELL THEM?

How can I tell them that the grief they feel today will fade with the merciful, steady march of time? They won't, nay, can't, believe--as I did not when I was told. Shall I say to them, "While memories never die, the sharp and bitter edges blur.?" And there will come a time to them as it has come to me, when happy memories transcend the bad, and life again is good. I know so well the hurt they feel, and also know that each of us must find their own way out. No matter how deeply friends may care, it is a private struggle we must wage.

~ Mary N. Moore, TCF/Toms River, NJ

### He Only Took My Hand

Last night while I was trying to sleep,  
my son's voice I did hear.  
I opened my eyes and looked around,  
but he did not appear.  
He said "Mom you've got to listen,  
you've got to understand.  
God didn't take me from you, Mom  
He only took my hand."  
When I called out in pain that night,  
the instant that I died,  
He reached down and took my hand,  
And pulled me to His side.  
He pulled me up and saved me,  
from the misery and pain.  
My body was hurt so badly inside,  
I could never be the same.  
My search is really over now,  
I've found happiness within.  
All the answers to my empty dreams  
and all that might have been.  
I love you all and miss you so,  
and I'll always be nearby.  
My body's gone forever,  
but my spirit will never die!  
And so, you must all go on now...  
Live one day at a time,  
just understand--  
God did not take me from you,  
He only took my hand.

~ Author unknown

### OPENNESS

I cannot survive my grief with a closed mind, a closed heart, or a closed fist. I must open my ears, my thoughts, my feelings of all kinds, and speak and listen to sharing and caring compassionate friends and my arms to comfort and HUG the grieving and newly bereaved. For it is not possible to heal and help yourself to survive the loss of a child if you cannot receive ... For a clenched fist is not able to give or receive.

~ Ed Kuzela, TCF/Atlanta, GA

## TCF "Online Support Community" Offers Opportunity for Grief Sharing

The Compassionate Friends national website offers "virtual chapters" through an Online Support Community (live chats). This program was established to encourage connecting and sharing among parents, grandparents, and siblings (over the age of 18) grieving the death of a child. The rooms supply support, encouragement, and friendship. The friendly atmosphere encourages conversation among friends; friends who understand the emotions you're experiencing. There are general bereavement sessions as well as more specific sessions. These include "Pregnancy and Infant Loss," "Bereaved 2 Years and Under," "Bereaved 2 Years and Over," "No Surviving Children," "Survivors of Suicide." There are also sessions for surviving siblings.

The sessions last an hour and have trained moderators present. For more information, visit [www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org), select "Find Support" and click "Online Support" in the Online Community column.

<b>MON</b>	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 am - 9 am	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	
<b>TUE</b>	Bereaved Less than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm	Bereaved More than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm	Bereaved Siblings 9 pm - 10 pm
<b>WED</b>	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm		
<b>THU</b>	No Surviving Children 7 pm - 8 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	
<b>FRI</b>	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 am - 10 am	Pregnancy/Infant Loss 8 pm - 9 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 pm - 10:30 pm
<b>SAT</b>	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 pm - 10 pm	
<b>SUN</b>	Survivors of Suicide 7 pm - 8 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	

### When Will The Pain End?

When I look back over my grief journey, I marvel at how far I have come and yet at how poignant and permanent the loss of my son will always be for me. How can this dichotomy exist within one person's mind?

The horror of the news of my son's death, the shock that slammed my mind into numbness, the unremembered conversations, the platitudes that followed the memorial service and the first two months of living in a complete fog of disbelief are very vivid in my mind. The horror is too real to forget. The next six months of melancholy, miserable mourning are forever locked in my mind. The pure physical pain, the piercing jolts when I momentarily thought of something beyond my child's death and was mercilessly slammed back into the finality of death's amputation of my son's smile, laughter and physical presence on this earth are etched for eternity in my soul. My mind simply couldn't accept that Todd was gone from this plane. The first anniversary of his death was a horrifying day worsened by a very bleak and foreshadowing conversation with my son's widow. Life would be much different for my husband and me from this point forward. There were no bridges to the past. She made that clear. I was inconsolable from the impact of her wicked words.

But I made it through the first and second years with help from my Compassionate Friends Chapter. I could cry and scream about the injustice of my loss and all that followed, and each parent understood. Eventually I had told my story enough times to enough people that I subconsciously accepted Todd's death and all the changes in my life that followed.

At some point in my second year of grief I began reaching out to others. Helping others, seeing their pain, hearing their tearful words, had become cathartic for me. The more I helped, the more I was helped.

Yes, my son is still with me in my heart and in my memories. The movies of his life play in my mind almost daily. I have made new friends. I have walked away from old acquaintances. I have learned to separate the meaningful from the meaningless. And I have learned that I will always feel the pain of my son's death, yet I must always move forward into hope. Each day brings more hope as I accomplish another piece of my lifelong grief work.

So the dichotomy exists within me. In my heart, mind and soul my child will live forever. The memories of the full measure of each day of his life are there to give me peace and solace. Yet, the brutal pain of my son's death is there, too. Unlike any other love in life, a parent's love is unconditional and transcends all. There is a peace in knowing that. The pain doesn't end. It simply reshapes itself into a quiet, soft ache that gives us a gentle, often tearful, reminder that our child will always be with us. And perhaps that is as it should be.

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

When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives meant the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead of giving advice, solutions, or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a warm and tender hand. The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares."

~ Henri Nouwen




## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

CHILD		PARENTS
SANDRA DIANE CASELLA.....	49.....	RICHARD & DIANE MACGREGOR
ANNE CLEMENSON.....	60.....	MARVIN & DOROTHY CLEMENSON
AARON DEUTSCHER.....	40.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (In-Laws)
BABY DEUTSCHER.....	5.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
JASON ESKILDSEN.....	43.....	RICHARD & DENISE ESKILDSEN
NANCY DIANE HEST.....	66.....	RALPH & ETHEL HEST
JARAD NILLES.....	33.....	RALPH & CAROLYN NILLES
ZANDYN LARRY MALHEIM OLAFSON.....	7.....	BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
JUSTIN OLSON.....	29.....	CHERIE HARLAND & BILL BARTHOLOMAUS
MATTHEW ALLEN OLSON.....	42.....	DICK & LINDA OLSON
LOGAN F RINKE.....	27.....	TIM & PAULINE RINKE
MATTHEW ROBERT SAUNDERS.....	12.....	ROBERTS & MARY SAUNDERS
TERRY STAIGER.....	68.....	CLARA STAIGER
AUSTIN WAYNE WAGAR.....	22.....	JAMIE & SCOTT OLSON
MARK ALAN WATELAND.....	68.....	SONIA WATELAND

## ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
JESSICA MARIE BALSTER.....	1.....	CARRIE BALSTER
BRENT M BARTSCH.....	2.....	DON & LINDA BARTSCH
AKSEL JAMES BIRCH.....	6.....	STACY & AARON BIRCH
HALLIE CLARE BJELLAND.....	12.....	ANDY & RHONDA BJELLAND
AARON DEUTSCHER.....	5.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (In-Laws)
ALLISON DEUTSCHER.....	5.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON
BABY DEUTSCHER.....	5.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
BRIELLE DEUTSCHER.....	5.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
TABATHA HUNTER.....	12.....	RORY & KAREN HUNTER
DEBORAH CHERYL KYLLO.....	2.....	B MICHAEL & GENEVA KNUDSON
JAMES ALLEN LAMBRECHT.....	32.....	VICTOR & LORETTA LAMBRECHT
SUE ELLEN LARSON.....	35.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JAYME ELIZABETH LASSLE.....	7.....	SHERRY LASSLE
MICHAEL L LIVDAHL.....	4.....	ROBERT & TANYA LIVDAHL
JOSHUAH G NELSON.....	4.....	JOHN & DARCY NELSON
ZANDYN LARRY MALHEIM OLAFSON.....	7.....	BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
RAND LOREN PIERSALL.....	3.....	PERSYS PIERSALL
ANNIKA QUALLEY.....	3.....	MARLYS KESSEL (Great Grandmother)
ANNIKA LORRAINE QUALLEY.....	3.....	RHONDA & MICHAEL QUALLEY
NICHOLAS J SADEK.....	12.....	JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
DOUG E SCHENCK.....	13.....	HAROLD & IRENE SCHENCK
ADAM JOSEPH SNYDER.....	4.....	ANNE SNYDER
TIMOTHY J SWEENEY.....	2.....	MADONNA SWEENEY
TRACY ANN WATELAND.....	24.....	DENNIS & PAT WATELAND
TRACY ANN WATELAND.....	24.....	SHARON WATELAND (Godmother)
MATTHEW ALLEN WINTER.....	4.....	CAROL & DAN WINTER

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.





## Fargo Chapter's Annual WALK TO REMEMBER

WHAT: Annual Walk to Remember and Pot-luck

WHEN: Saturday August 12, 2017 at 10:30 am.

WHERE: South Shelter at Oak Grove Park (Main Shelter)

The Compassionate Friends of Fargo-Moorhead will hold its 9th Annual Walk To Remember, on Saturday, August 12, 2017 at the South Shelter at Oak Grove Park, 124 N Terrace in Fargo.

The Walk To Remember begins at 10:30 am. We will walk from Oak Grove Park to the Angel of Hope statue in Island Park and then back to Oak Grove. If you bring a balloon we will have a balloon release at Island Park. For those who prefer to walk one-way, rides from Island park back to Oak Grove will be provided. There will be a pot-luck lunch following the walk. Please bring your favorite dish and join us for good food and conversation.

If you have any questions please contact:

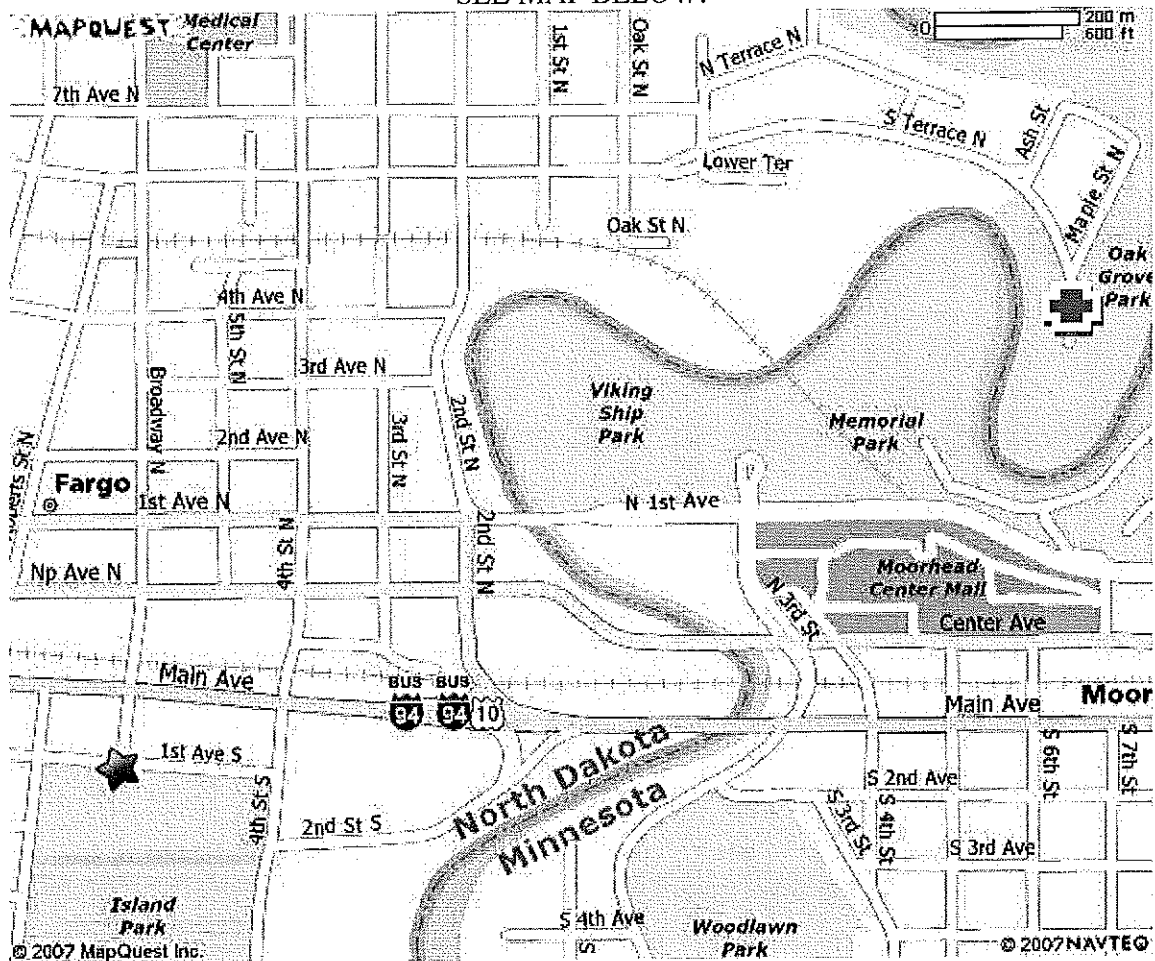
John Milligan (Chapter Leader) - 701-491-0364, email [patkylene@hotmail.com](mailto:patkylene@hotmail.com)

Sheryl Cvijanovich - 701-235-8158, email [sherylc13@msn.com](mailto:sherylc13@msn.com)

Lois Gangnes - 701-282-4083, email [lrgangnes@gmail.com](mailto:lrgangnes@gmail.com)

Check our web page [www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org) for ongoing info.

SEE MAP BELOW.



We will also have "Walk To Remember" t-shirts available for a donation while supplies last. Everybody is welcomed; everybody has someone to remember that has been lost. The total walk is about three miles round trip.

## SIBLING PAGE

### Playing in the Shadows

We grew up together,  
Big sister, little brother.  
I took care of you  
Until you were old enough to care for yourself.  
Though you didn't say it,  
I knew you loved me.  
We played in the sunlight, you and I;  
Remember the games of "Mother-May-I" and "Hide-and-Seek"?  
Sure we had our fights as all siblings do,  
But through it all we never lost  
Our love for each other.  
Now you're gone.  
I'll never see you again  
except in the memories  
of those sunny days.  
You will forever be sixteen--  
Far too young to die.  
You had your whole life to live.  
I'll always grieve, but I must go on.  
Still, without you,  
I play alone in the shadows.  
~ Cheryl Larson, TCF/Pikes Peak, CO

### What About Me?

Have you ever felt that, as a surviving brother or sister, we are often forgotten? I have felt this way quite often in the last 6 years. Over time, the feeling becomes less and less. Our parents' grief is so much different from ours. No more or less hurtful than ours, but different. They lost their child. I hope that, in my lifetime, I never have to know how that feels. I know how painful it was when Sean died. I don't want to know the pain of having a child die. But, oftentimes, we are "the forgotten mourners." I love my brother very much, and miss him just as much. I think that people sometimes forget that we are hurting also. My parents were offenders of that too.

I know they know my sister and I were hurting, but they were so wrapped up in what they were feeling that they didn't have time to worry about what we were feeling. I tried so hard to make my parents well again that I neglected my own grief. Pretty much denied it. We really want to make our families "normal" again.

I have had some awful things said to me over the last 6 years. Two weeks after Sean died, someone said to me, "Well, you do still have a sister." Well, yes, I do still have a sister, but that doesn't lessen the pain of my brother's death, and my sister can't possibly replace my brother. Probably the worst thing anyone has said to me is "Why aren't you over this? Sean has been dead for 6 months." Well it is not something you just "get over." I have learned a lot of things over the years, and if I hadn't been in such a state of shock, maybe I would have had some good responses. When I think back on it, I wish I had. I have decided that, from what I have learned, I need to educate people and make them understand that siblings and friends have the right to grieve too.

As surviving siblings and friends, we also have to realize that we need to find a new "normal." We also need to know that it's okay to feel all of the things that we feel — be it anger, sadness, guilt, or any other emotion.

Just know that you're not crazy or wrong to grieve. Know also that it is all right to think and talk about them when you're ready, not when someone else says or thinks you should be ready. Death and grieving are, unfortunately, a part of life.

~ Traci Morlock, BPUSA, St. Louis, MO

### To My Sister

Not long ago  
In fact, just the other day.  
I saw a young girl  
Who looked my way.  
I glanced several times  
As she stood by my side.  
It sent cold chills  
Up and down my spine.  
Her eyes just like yours  
Danced and sparkled in the light.  
Bold and fearless they showed  
No evidence of fright.  
Her smile was friendly.  
Anybody could see  
She was a special friend  
Like you used to be.  
As I watched her leave  
Dragging her feet and shuffling away,  
I could remember when  
You walked the same way.

This was a special  
And extraordinary day.  
When out of the blue  
This girl came my way.  
Once again I was reminded  
Of the never-ending sorrow  
That is with me today  
And every tomorrow.

I wish I could tell the driver  
That chose to drive drunk that day,  
The pain, sorrow, and anguish  
That never goes away.  
Although I try to remember  
You're in a place far better than I  
Still there's so many things to tell you.  
Most of all.

"I love you and goodbye"

-by Lori Zimmer, MADDvocate, summer 1992

### FOREVER 13

He would have been a junior  
He should have been on the football team  
He could have been a wrestler  
He might have been....  
He would have been 17 this year  
He should have been laughing and running  
about  
He could have been chasing the girls  
He might have been....  
He would have been blowing his French horn  
He should have been giving his teachers  
a hard time  
He could have been learning how to drive  
He might have been....

Except now he is forever 13....

~ Lorie Beyl, TCF/Colorado Springs, CO



## Closure: Is it a Reality?

The use of the word "closure" is often heard in public circles or in the media especially after a tragedy and implies finality. The word comes with the sense that there will be a time, day, or event like a funeral that marks when a grieving person will be "healed" or "over it," as though it were a disease and you could magically take a pill to be cured. There is an expectation that when the eulogies are said and the casseroles are gone, the grief somehow magically goes away. *The truth is that those of us who are in TCF realize that the death of a child or sibling changes our lives forever, and we will never truly "be over it."*

Yes, we will not have the intensity of the pain and sorrow we had at the beginning of our grief. We will go on with life and find a new normal for us, but life will never be as it was before the death, and we will never be fully "healed." Sometimes those around us have attempted to comfort us by pointing to deadlines, replacements, or "at leasts." We have heard it said, "At least you have other kids," or "You can have another baby," or "Hasn't it been 6 months?" Many see "comfort giving" as a short-term support effort, and soon we will be "over it" as we are kept busy returning to the tasks of daily living and focusing on our blessings. These comments hurt rather than provide the comfort they are meant to provide. Grief follows no plan, no stages, timetable, formula, or schedule. There are no road maps; there are no absolutes.

We learn in TCF that everyone grieves differently. Grief is like being lost. The familiar things we relied on to live each day are gone. We must find new anchors or stabilizers along the way and learn a new way of relating to the world and people around us. We are forced to live without our child or sibling. The reality of our loss often far outweighs what we have remaining. Grief is all consuming, distorts reality, and we begin to mark time in "before or after our loved one died." No one can hurry the process of grief; no one can do it for us. Not even our spouses, parents, or other children can help us in those early days. The truth is that when our grief is new, we feel exhausted physically, emotionally, and spiritually. We barely have enough energy to breathe.

We feel as though we have no control over our lives anymore, nor do we care. We realize on some level we are helpless. We might even feel hopeless or purposeless. Some of us feel isolated, lonely, and misunderstood. Some feel like everything is trivia compared to the loss we have experienced. Some feel as if the world is spinning on around us, and nobody really cares that our child, sibling, or grandchild died. All of these feelings are normal and part of the grieving process. *And yes, we also need to realize it is a process—a very long, gradual, and difficult process.* Time does not heal all wounds, but time softens the intensity of the grief. What helps is finding those who will listen with their hearts and give us hope and understanding. Those who will spend hours, days, and months with us as we tell our story over and over so we can somehow believe it ourselves. What helps is to surround ourselves with those patient people and meaningful activities that comfort and support.

Gradually, the cold darkness of grief begins to give way to the warmth of the memories, acceptance, purpose, and reinvestment in life. We learn to speak of our loved one without crying, and to begin to accept that whatever time we had with him or her, we would have taken even if just but a moment. We learn that grief is the price we pay for loving our child or sibling so much, and we wouldn't want it any other way. Our relationships with family, friends, and yes, even God can be strengthened or challenged as we look for new ways to connect with them. We may lose old friends who don't really understand. We learn that problems in life are not overwhelming. We are handling the worst thing that can happen to us; what else can happen? We learn to more deeply cherish those we love. We help others in grief without batting an eye. Sometimes we pick up "gifts" along the way by becoming more caring, compassionate toward others, and appreciative for what is important in life. New strengths can develop as we find our new selves along the way. Life will be different as we learn to cope, but still have meaning.

For those of you who are new in your loss, we hope that you will continue to share your sorrow with us and learn from those further ahead on the path of grief. Someday it won't hurt as much as it does now, and you won't always feel "this elephant on your chest." We encourage you to ask the family and friends around you for what you need and tell them when their expectations for you are too high. We hope you will explain to them that your grief is not on a timetable and will probably not ever reach what society calls "closure." Explain to them that you will always miss your child or sibling, but you will learn to live with a broken heart. We hope you will inform them that the mention of your child's name is music to your ears and it's okay to talk about him or her. Your TCF friends will be with you and hold your hand every step of the way.

*Carole J. Dyck RN became a bereaved parent in 1989 when her son Chris died in an automobile accident. Carole was a co-leader of the Verdugo Hills TCF Chapter, Glendale, CA for several years and served on the National Board of Directors of The Compassionate Friends. Summer 2003, We Need Not Walk Alone, the national magazine of The Compassionate Friends*

### My Angel

Deep in the woods a meadow lies  
this is the place where sorrow hides  
In this clearing there is a pool  
filled with tears I've cried for you  
And from this pool springs forth a stream  
that leads me to the land of dreams  
This is the place I long to be  
The place where you can be with me  
Thou I know this cannot be  
I also know you'll wait for me

And one day when my time has come  
I'll find you smiling in the sun  
And together joyfully we'll run  
through meadows made of memories,  
of love, of hope, and happy things  
Until then I shall carry on  
With you as my angel to lean upon

Tracy Smith  
In Memory of my niece Madison Lynne Smith



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

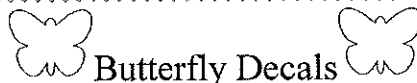
Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

(Signature)

Please return to: The Compassionate Friends of F-M Area, P.O. 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 John Milligan 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.

You can see pictures of the trailer with butterflies on our website at [www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html).

The Angel of Hope has installed new pavers on the south side of the statue. Once again, the 8 x 16 bricks are available for engraving. We will also be installing a granite slab bench (36L x 36W x 19H) in this new area. The bench will be in amongst the pavers that we will begin to engrave this year. We have an opportunity to engrave each of the 4 sides of the bench (36" width x 19" high). If you're interested please email [angelofhopefargo@gmail.com](mailto:angelofhopefargo@gmail.com) for more information.

### The Cherry Tree

Dad cut down the old cherry tree today

'It needs to come down,' I had to say

So he would notice it was true,

Diseased and riddled with bugs too.

Later that night, I started to cry...

I didn't quite understand why.

Tears spun like a tornado to my core

Leaving me crying an hour, two, then more.

Now there's an empty place in our yard

Where the cherry tree once stood guard.

But if I close my eyes I can still see

The four of you picking cherries from that tree.

Those were happier days...they went by so fast.

I always knew they couldn't last...

For the four of you grew much like the tree.

So beautiful...you mean the world to me.

Now, my lovely son, four years dead —

Thoughts of you always fill my head.

Your short lifetime...only eighteen years.

Not long enough say my endless tears.

You are so deeply mourned by your sisters and brother,

But I can't know their grief...only that of a mother.

A grief so unrelenting I can't move on —

So instead, I cry when a cherry tree's gone.

~ Diane Royer, BP/USA Annapolis, Maryland,

In memory of Aaron S. Royer

### Do You Ever Feel Like Me?

Do you ever feel like me? Right now I am utterly tired of grief. I am sick of it. I can't get away from the always aching pit in my heart and soul. I search for understanding. I do all I can in the memory of my child who is gone and the others who are like her. I try to move into life again. I smile. I laugh but inside I ache, my soul literally burns inside my body.

Some say it gets better WHEN???? That is what I want to know, when in this life am I going to feel better. Oh what I would give for the bliss of ignorance once more.

~ Jean Stewart, from TCF Atlanta Online Sharing

### Closure

This brings me to the dreaded "C" word.

A word hated by the bereaved, "closure".

I hate that word. I am offended by that word.

Most of the bereaved I know dislike it too.

There is no such thing as closure - you never get over it and quit expecting us to.

People need to learn to say something else...

These things are so true-

You close a book,

you close a closet,

you may even close a chapter of your life.

But you never close the life of your child,

a loved one. There is never "closure."

Permission granted to reprint by Patricia Unzicker,

[www.geocities.com/davidsplaceinheaven](http://www.geocities.com/davidsplaceinheaven)



THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
 OF THE F-M AREA  
 PO BOX 10686  
 FARGO ND 58106

NON-PROFIT  
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 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	John Milligan..... 701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen.....701-730-0805
Meeting Facilitator	Paul & Kara Bailey..... 701-261-0668	Newsletter Database	Mike Cvijanovich.....701-235-8158
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-540-3287	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich.....701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer..... 701-298-2929	Initial Contact	Jamie Olson.....701-219-3865
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:

- John Milligan (son, 25 - car accident).....701-491-0364
- 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.