



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

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Newsletter Editor - Nancy Teeuwen (701)730-0805

The F-M Area Chapter of The Compassionate Friends meets the 2nd Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. at FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH 127 2ND AVE E WEST FARGO, ND  
 Please enter on the West side. Our meeting is in the Fellowship Hall - lower level, west side.

**Upcoming Meetings**  
 July 12th  
 August 9th

**JULY MEETING TOPIC:**  
 Speaker from Core Health Chiro

**Dates to Remember**

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on July 26th @ Fry'n Pan  
 TCF FM Chapter's 12th Annual Walk to Remember - July 28, 2018  
 41st National Conference  
 July 27-29, 2018 St Louis, Missouri

**LOVE GIFTS**

Persys Piersall in memory of her son, Rand L Piersall  
 Sherry Lassle in memory of her daughter, Jayme Lassle  
 Denny & Pat Wateland in memory of their daughter, Tracy Ann Wateland  
 Sharon Wateland in memory of her niece/goddaughter, Tracy Ann Wateland  
 Celine Hennix in memory of her nephew, Alexander D Hirn  
 Don & Linda Bartsch in memory of their son, Brent Michael Bartsch  
 Carol & Dan Winter in memory of their son, Matthew Winter  
 We are deeply grateful for the LOVE GIFTS given this month.  
 Our chapter and all chapters, are financed solely through your Love Gifts.  
 Donations make this newsletter, postage, books, tapes, etc. possible.  
 Thank you for your tax deductible gifts.

**OUR CREDO**

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

**WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.**  
**WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007**

**LOVE**

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

Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7:00 pm at the 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 28th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or [sherylcv13@msn.com](mailto:sherylcv13@msn.com).

My apologies for a missed birthday in the June newsletter  
**CHILD PARENTS**  
 ASHLEY PERRINE ..... 2 ..... BRAD & BRENDA MERGENS

NO - We will never be ok.  
 We will never be the same.  
 Living life  
 Once filled with  
 Excitement and laughter  
 Becomes Dark and Empty  
 But  
 Love we shared and continue to  
 Share is forever in my heart.  
 ~ Sherry Lassle, TCF/Moorhead, MN



## Fargo Chapter's 12th Annual WALK TO REMEMBER

WHAT: 12<sup>th</sup> Annual Walk to Remember and Pot-luck

WHEN: Saturday, July 28, 2018 at 10:30 a.m.

WHERE: South Shelter at Oak Grove Park (shelter #1)

The Compassionate Friends of Fargo-Mhd will hold its 12<sup>th</sup> Annual Walk to Remember, on Saturday July 28<sup>th</sup>, 2018 at the south shelter at Oak Grove Park, 124 N Terrace in Fargo.

The Walk will begin at 10:30 a.m. and will walk from Oak Grove Park to the Angel of Hope statue in Island Park and then back to Island Park. We will have a balloon release at Island

Park, please bring a balloon if you would like to participate in the release. We will also be having a butterfly release, Butterflies will be provided by TCF. For those who prefer to walk one-way, rides from Island park back to Oak Grove will be provided. There will be a potluck lunch following the walk and we ask that you please bring your favorite dish to share and PLEASE BRING IT IN A COOLER so we can keep it cold while we are on the walk.

Walk to Remember T-shirts will be available with a suggested donation of \$5.00 per shirt.

We ask that you please PRE-REGISTER beforehand but we will have a registration table at the Walk from 9:45 a.m. to 10:15 a.m. We will need your name, number of walkers & your loved ones name.

Pre-Registration – [www.teffargomoorhead.org](http://www.teffargomoorhead.org) or you can text Kara at 701-261-0668

\*\*Please bring a picture (no bigger than 5x7 please) or a small memory item to hang up during the walk. Please remember to grab it when you leave.

\*\*This year we will be holding a silent auction with the proceeds going towards the next phase of the Angel of Hope.

\*\*We will be having face painting for the kids

\*\*There will be a magic show for the children to enjoy after the pot-luck

If you have any questions please contact:

Kara Bailey (Chapter Leader) 701-261-0668

Lori Wiger (Co Chapter Leader) 701-446-7504

Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-540-3287, email [sherylc13@msn.com](mailto:sherylc13@msn.com)

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

### Two Butterflies

The loss of one's child to death is the single most defining moment in our lives. Our lives are shattered, our minds are numbed by the totality of this pain. As members of Compassionate Friends, we discover a new way of viewing the world; we share the same emotional space, the same loss.

When one of our members lost another child to death, the agony became exponential to each of us. We know this parent, we know this child. We know this parent's journey and the strides she made after the death of her son. Now she will walk this painful road again with the death of her daughter. We find ourselves asking how this could possibly happen.

When I visited Robin on the day after the third anniversary of the death of her son, Chris, she was mourning the death of her daughter, Dawn, who had died just six days earlier. Robin was reserved and serenely quiet.

"Let's look at Chris's garden," Robin said. And so we set under the trellis in the shade of the vines looking at the lovely Irish garden that Robin had made for Chris. Not much was said. "The rest of the family is coming in later today and tomorrow," Robin told me. The memorial service was scheduled for Sunday afternoon. Robin didn't know how she was going to face yet another death. Dawn was a veteran. I didn't know that.

Quietly we sat and looked at the garden, sheltered under the beautiful flowering vines. The Celtic crosses that connect us both to our Irish heritage were there. A sweet angel was placed in the flowerbed. Robin mentioned that Dawn had picked out another angel statue for Chris's garden. She said she would be putting it in the garden in a few days. "This is Chris and Dawn's garden now," she commented. I agreed. "I'll need to rearrange some things, add some plants and put something in especially for Dawn," she remarked. "I can't believe this is happening again, my daughter is dead. My son is dead. Dawn's memorial service will be on the same date as we held Chris's memorial service." I didn't know that, I told her.

Robin's dogs joined us. They sensed the mood of quiet reflection and simply relaxed in the shade. I asked Robin if she was still in shock. She thought she probably was. "That's good," I told her.

Two butterflies joined us. They danced in front of us, playing above the trellis and over the garden. The butterflies perched next to Robin for a few seconds, then began their dance of freedom again. They lingered for quite some time as we watched them. Two perfect tears slowly rolled down Robin's cheek. "That's Chris and Dawn visiting us," Robin whispered. Yes, I believe it was Chris and Dawn.

~ Annette Mennen Baldwin

In Memory of Chris Wilson and Dawn Wilson-Shafer  
Robin's Beautiful Children

## The Color of My Joy

It was not planned, yellow meaning so much to us. First, a yellow scarf, given to me by one of Tom's high school teachers, a thoughtful gift to wrap me up through my grief. Then the question asked, "What was Tom's favorite color?" When he was young, it was yellow (or "lellow," as he said before speech therapy). Finally, the realization during that first week of loss, yellow is the color for suicide prevention. So yellow became forever tied to the memory of my beautiful son who left this world too soon. Now everywhere I see yellow, whether natural or human-made, magnificent or mundane, I am reminded of him

Flowers in the yard, cemetery, or in vases given to us by those who continue to care for us.

The fire hydrant in our yard.

The bracelet I wear in his memory.

The Pikachu alarm clock and giant stuffed Pikachu, both in our Toffice (Tom's room + now our office).

The owl kitchen timer.

The ribbon pinned to his favorite stuffed animal, Bubby.

The teardrop gem necklace I am wearing right now.

The stuffed duck dropped off a few days ago along with a heartfelt card.

The cookies a student gave me last week.

The crocheted afghan, a gift from a student, placed lovingly on a chair in our family room where Tom spent most of his time.

The Dollar Tree crown resting on the head of his Mariners stuffed teddy bear.

The heart painted on a sign made for us.

The yellow ribbon bow, quietly placed on the bannister leading up into my high school classroom.

The blown glass heart, a gift after his passing, showcased in our shadow box of Tom's special items.

A sunset.

Just yesterday I realized anew I will never see him or hold him, hear his laugh, or roll my eyes at his bad puns again, at least in this life. But he lives on in me and around me in so many ways. So although blue is the color of my grief, yellow is the color of my joy, because when I see it, I am reminded of him and that others remember and miss him, too. Despite the fact he is no longer here with me, he is everywhere, every day.

~ Kimberly Starr, TCF/Facebook Loss to Suicide Group  
In Memory of my son Tom

## The Color of My Grief

(this is a companion piece to The Color of My Joy)

I imagine various significant and emotional losses may be expressed as distinct colors on the color wheel with the death of a parent, grandparent, step-parent, friend, or child falling at different places. Today I decided the color of grief for the loss of a child is blue.

Anyone who has lost a child experiences blue - the constant yearning for things not to be what they now are. But how the loss occurs informs the shade of blue. A loss by miscarriage is not the same shade as a loss due to illness. A loss by suicide is not the same as the loss from an accident. And although we cannot distinguish the exact shade of blue other parents who have suffered loss are experiencing, we recognize it as blue, just like our own. We don't compare our blues, angling to see whose is darker or richer because we can only comprehend our own loss and its color. But we know the feeling of losing our most important gift, the piece of ourselves which was supposed to live beyond us, and we recognize that in others. In our loss, we all experience blue together.

~ Kimberly Starr, TCF/Facebook Loss to Suicide Group  
In Memory of my son Tom

## TELL + LISTEN = HEALING

The fastest way through grief is to *tell* your story many times and *listen* to many others tell their story. Do these two things and you will begin to heal.

Ah, but you say, "People don't want to hear my story again. They look away when they see me coming." What do you think our Compassionate Friends meetings are for? Come tell your story over and over. We will listen.

## Honoring Unhappiness

I have re-read the book *Man's Search for Meaning* by Viktor Frankl more times than I can count. In it, Frankl quotes from a paper written by Edith Weisskopf-Joelson, who had been a professor at the University of Georgia. She wrote, "Our current mental-hygiene philosophy stresses the idea that people ought to be happy, that *unhappiness* is a symptom of maladjustment...in the present day culture of the United States, the incurable sufferer is given very little opportunity to be proud of his suffering and to consider it ennobling rather than degrading...so that he is not only unhappy, but also ashamed of being unhappy."

It is my hope that all bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings will have the chance to feel that our unhappiness is honored and respected by others suffering similarly. I hope we will find validation, whether from the embrace of others at chapter meetings, from words read in a newsletter, or from conversations with other bereaved parents and siblings. I hope we will not be ashamed of being unhappy. And when our time is right, I hope we may find some moments of joy and peace even as we keep our grief for our lost children and siblings.

~ Peggi Johnson, TCF/Piedmont Chapter, VA

## 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

Grief has given me a new time-frame. I measure things in NOW, not next week or next month or next summer. I catch as many moments as I can.

"Footsteps Through the Valley" By Darcie D Sims



# OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED

## BIRTHDAYS

### CHILD

SANDRA DIANE CASELLA.....	50	.....	RICHARD & DIANE MACGREGOR
ANNE CLEMENSON.....	61	.....	MARVIN & DOROTHY CLEMENSON
AARON DEUTSCHER.....	41	.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (In-Laws)
BABY DEUTSCHER.....	6	.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
HOLLY KAY ELLESTAD.....	43	.....	WENDY BLAKENSHIP (Sister)
JASON ESKILDSEN.....	44	.....	RICHARD & DENISE ESKILDSEN
NANCY DIANE HEST.....	67	.....	RALPH & ETHEL HEST
ALEXANDER DANIEL HIRN.....	21	.....	BEVERLY HIRN
JARAD NILLES.....	34	.....	RALPH & CAROLYN NILLES
ZANDYN LARRY MALHEIM OLAFSON.....	8	.....	BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
JUSTIN OLSON.....	30	.....	CHERIE HARLAND & BILL BARTHOLOMAUS
MATTHEW ALLEN OLSON.....	43	.....	DICK & LINDA OLSON
LOGAN F RINKE.....	28	.....	TIM & PAULINE RINKE
MATTHEW ROBERT SAUNDERS.....	13	.....	ROBERTS & MARY SAUNDERS
TERRY STAIGER.....	69	.....	CLARA STAIGER
AUSTIN WAYNE WAGAR.....	23	.....	JAMIE & SCOTT OLSON
MARK ALAN WATELAND.....	69	.....	SONIA WATELAND

### PARENTS

## ANNIVERSARIES

### CHILD

JESSICA MARIE BALSTER.....	2	.....	CARRIE BALSTER
BRENT M BARTSCH.....	3	.....	DON & LINDA BARTSCH
AKSEL JAMES BIRCH.....	7	.....	STACY & AARON BIRCH
HALLIE CLARE BJELLAND.....	13	.....	ANDY & RHONDA BJELLAND
AARON DEUTSCHER.....	6	.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (In-Laws)
ALLISON DEUTSCHER.....	6	.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON
BABY DEUTSCHER.....	6	.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
BRIELLE DEUTSCHER.....	6	.....	LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
TABATHA HUNTER.....	13	.....	RORY & KAREN HUNTER
DEBORAH CHERYL KYLLO.....	3	.....	B MICHAEL & GENEVA KNUDSON
JAMES ALLEN LAMBRECHT.....	33	.....	VICTOR & LORETTA LAMBRECHT
SUE ELLEN LARSON.....	36	.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JAYME ELIZABETH LASSLE.....	8	.....	SHERRY LASSLE
MICHAEL L LIVDAHL.....	5	.....	ROBERT & TANYA LIVDAHL
JOSHUAH G NELSON.....	5	.....	JOHN & DARCY NELSON
ZANDYN LARRY MALHEIM OLAFSON.....	8	.....	BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
RAND LOREN PIERSALL.....	4	.....	PERSYS PIERSALL
ANNIKA QUALLEY.....	4	.....	MARLYS KESSEL (Great Grandmother)
ANNIKA LORRAINE QUALLEY.....	4	.....	RHONDA & MICHAEL QUALLEY
NICHOLAS J SADEK.....	13	.....	JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
DOUG E SCHENCK.....	14	.....	HAROLD & IRENE SCHENCK
ALBERT C. "SONNY" SKAR.....	2	.....	DARLENE SKAR
ADAM JOSEPH SNYDER.....	5	.....	ANNE SNYDER
TRACY ANN WATELAND.....	25	.....	DENNIS & PAT WATELAND
TRACY ANN WATELAND.....	25	.....	SHARON WATELAND (Godmother)
MATTHEW ALLEN WINTER.....	5	.....	CAROL & DAN WINTER

### PARENTS

## SIBLING PAGE

3/14/04

Time heals all wounds  
Everyone's quick to say  
When death comes along  
And stands in the way.  
But I understand  
That some loss is too much  
To ever be healed  
By Father Time's touch.  
I've experienced a hurt  
An eternity won't heal.  
There will be no end  
To the grief that I feel.  
Everyone knows now,  
But nobody sees  
The darkness that lives  
With no light set free  
The sorrow they feel  
Is simple and shallow  
The platitudes are words,  
Empty and hollow.  
Time heals all wounds  
Is just what they say,  
To steer my mind  
And guide my way.  
Time, however,  
Can never erase  
The pain that I feel  
And forever must face.

~ Angela Mason, Sister of Doug Mason  
TCF/Cincinnati 2004

### LONELY HURTING CHILDREN

"How is your mom doing?"  
Is the basic question asked.  
Sometimes an inquiry about Dad,  
But so sadly seldom  
They do not ask about the siblings  
They must be so sad.  
True, the depth of our loss  
Brings agony and pain.  
But the children, the dear children  
Really do hurt again and again.  
They lost a brother or sis  
Their pain is just as real  
Frustration, anger and fear  
They, too, go through hell.  
Who is there to comfort them?  
To give a word of care?  
Everyone is more concerned  
About the parents' welfare.  
While the siblings drown in their hurt and pain  
Not one to hold them near  
And let them know they are not to blame.  
To uplift and ease their minds from fear.  
~ Linda J. Camper, TCF/Colorado Springs, CO

Wild flowers recoup from winter's  
desolation to decorate spring.  
By Diantha Ain

### Second Anniversary

Yes, I'm an adult over 40  
And Tom, little brother, was 25  
When he died returning from his bar exam.  
So what? Does grief have an end age?  
Does someone 40 plus not die too losing a sweet small playmate?  
I see him learning to roller skate  
I'm running beside the bike;  
First game of the Cardinals' season  
And, scared, in the stands,  
A "gorilla" running wild.  
Sleepy, at a drive-in, running around the zoo.  
All that, and as an adult, I knew him too.  
At graduations,  
Proud in his own pad  
Pouring Spanish champagne.  
Tireless breaking wood feeding a hungry campfire  
Cooking eggs for all, sharing dreams.  
This sibling remembers and grieves.  
~ Jeanne Brady, TCF/Olathe, KS

### I Will Miss You

I feel great anxiety now that your time is growing short.  
Seven weeks since we first heard the word "Cancer".  
The time is way too early—  
Days, weeks, and years too early.  
What of our plans?  
I love you. I want you to stay.  
Please Lord let her stay with us.  
But I also feel your pain.  
I see it on your face.  
I see it in your body.  
Your sad eyes say you want to stay.  
With all your might you want to stay.  
But the pain is great—overpowering.  
How helpless I feel.  
Sitting by your bed.  
Holding your hand.  
Watching you sleep.  
I will miss you.  
Memories come to me.  
I smile then sadness washes over me.  
I cry.  
Finally I realize...  
Your breathing is quieter and much slower now.  
Peace has relaxed the anxious lines on your face—  
Your beautiful face.  
At last relief has come to you...but not to me.  
Your soul spirit is lifted.  
He has taken you home.  
I will miss you. Oh, how I'll miss you.

~ Linda Jo Palo  
In loving memory of my sister, Corinne (1950 – 2007)

### WHAT I NEED

A lot of time!  
A little space, A kind of quiet  
Resting place,  
Are what I need At times like these  
A special spot  
Where I can grieve.  
~ Beth Pinion, TCF/Andalusia, AL

## What Now?

If you are reading this because your child died, I'm very sorry. If you are anything like me, you ask yourself regularly, "What now?"

When my son, Wilem, died in 1994, my world turned upside down. Simple, daily routines became baffling and overwhelming. All the color went out of life.

I had trouble sleeping. I had trouble eating. I had trouble leaving the house.

I cried all the time at sad things, at happy things, at nothing.

People tried to help, but they didn't know how. They didn't know what to say, and some of the things they did say made me feel worse.

I started feeling different, isolated, and hopeless. I didn't want to live and I didn't want to die. I just wanted the pain to stop.

But it didn't stop, not for a long time. Day after day, I asked, "Now what?"

Over time, I found some answers to this question. Here are some things I did to get through life one day at a time, until I could live again:

**1. Stay sober.** This might be the most important thing I did. The death of a child leaves you particularly vulnerable to becoming dependent on alcohol, prescription drugs and other mind altering substances. This makes things worse, not better.

Grieving means feeling the grief. If you numb yourself, you only postpone the feelings. Also, drinking can lead to isolation. I needed other people to help me heal, and other people, like my surviving child, needed me.

If you are having trouble getting sober or staying sober, get help.

**2. Tell yourself you're not crazy; you're just out of your mind.** Burying your child doesn't make sense. Our children are supposed to outlive us. Trying to make sense of something that doesn't make sense can make you feel crazy, and perhaps some people actually do go crazy.

It's awfully hard to comprehend what has happened to our children and our lives. When our minds can't supply an answer that makes sense, we don't stop searching. So we have to "go out of our minds" to find an answer.

I went outside of my mind in search of better minds. I investigated spiritual matters, grieving processes, and I went to a therapist. All of these helped. I also talked to a lot of other bereaved parents. I don't feel like I'm out of my mind anymore.

**3. Remind yourself that you don't have to go to social events, or if you do, you can always leave early, and you don't owe anyone an explanation.** This is particularly good information during the holidays, and around family events like birthdays and anniversaries. I had a hard time being in groups of people, especially when a good time was supposed to be had by all. Often, when I declined an invitation, or tried to leave a gathering early, people wanted an explanation, as if the death of my child wasn't a self-evident excuse. Some of your friends and family may want you at a gathering because they think it's good for you to get out. That's for you to decide, not them.

**4. Find a support group, or don't.** Everyone grieves in his or her own way. There is no correct way to grieve, but there are things that help. Support groups can be uncomfortable, even painful, before they help you feel better, and it's up to you to decide how far you can go.

If you are a group person, find a support group. I went to The Compassionate Friends where I met other people whose children had died. I got real information about the grieving process, and a

place to talk about how I felt where no one judged me or tried to change the way I felt. There are a number of other support groups for bereaved parents, as well.

If you don't see yourself as a group person, you don't have to put yourself through it. However, I do recommend that you find someone to talk to. Holding on to the pain can affect your health and make things worse.

**5. Pain isn't always your enemy, and pleasure isn't always your friend.** Sometimes, there is no choice but to hurt. And any search for pleasure just postpones the pain.

I came across a Turkish saying I like: Share the pain, it halves the pain. Share the joy, it doubles the joy.

**6. Write.** Get a notebook and start a journal. Write every day. Don't read what you write, just keep writing. Write to everyone who sent you a condolence card and thank them. Go into online chat rooms and write to other people who are grieving. Write poems, especially if you are not a poet. I'm not a poet, but here's a poem I wrote:

### • THE WEIGHT •

*A big load  
for such a little boy  
you carried us all to your grave.  
Strange place to come on your birthday  
I bring a balloon and flowers  
I polish your marker  
try to wipe off the years  
the sun flashes dull on the aging bronze  
—no vacancy, no vacancy.  
My heart so full  
my world so empty  
I dangle  
in the hollow space between.*

**7. Do something mundane in your child's name, and don't tell anybody.** We are all familiar with public displays such as planting trees and creating foundations in the names of our children. These are important acknowledgments of their lives.

You can't plant a tree every day. But you do think of your child every day. You don't have to make a public statement to honor your child. Most of your grief is private and mundane.

Sometimes it's hard to get out of bed and go to work. But you can do it in your child's name. It's easy to get angry when someone tries to squeeze into your lane in traffic. I'll often let someone in while saying out loud, "Willie, that one's for you." Live your life in your child's name. But don't tell anyone.

These seven suggestions came to me over time, and they worked for me over time. They are a compilation of experience shared freely with me by other people, who, in their grief found compassion. And in their compassion they found it useful, sometimes necessary, to pass on what they had learned. I hope these tips help you, and if they do, that you find someone to whom you can pass them on.

~ Carl Yorke

*We Need Not Walk Alone, Summer 2004*

### Separation

From where I stand I cannot see  
How far it is From you to me.  
At different times It seems to be  
A step or an infinity.

~ Richard Dew, MD

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

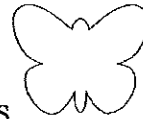
Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

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)



### Butterfly Decals

"Butterflies are the heaven sent kisses of an angel." ~ Author Unknown

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

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

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

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

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

### ***Guidelines for Grieving Couples***

Realize the death of your child will hurt more than you imagined. It will rearrange your life and world view. Your relationship with your partner will be stretched. There are some things you can do to reduce strain on your relationship.

You and your partner will grieve differently. Let go of the assumption that you "ought" to do it alike. Respectfully make room for each other's style.

Realize you cannot meet all your partner's needs. You have limits. You are both overextended. Do seek appropriate outside support when you need it. Focus on what you need. Let go of trying to get your partner to do something different about his or her own grief.

Grief takes its time and is not very predictable. Let go of trying to conform to anybody else's idea of how you ought to be doing.

Women, if you don't see "Dad" grieving in ways you recognize, stay clear of the trap of deciding this means he doesn't care about the baby (or you) very much. Ask him what he does with his sadness and sense of helplessness. Remember you both hurt. You will both feel it and show it in different ways.

Men, if your partner needs to talk about the baby and her grief is more than you can absorb, encourage her to find additional places to talk. Show her you care in other ways. Keep clear of the trap of thinking you aren't doing it "right". Let go of trying to get her "through it" easier or faster.

Remember other parents have survived this much pain. Life will be meaningful again. Keep remembering, life will become meaningful again

*from "Coping with infant or fetal loss: The Couple's Healing Process" by Gilbert and Smart*

### ***Someday***

Someday, it won't hurt so bad and I'll be able to smile again. Someday, the tears won't flow quite as freely whenever I think of what might have been. Someday, the answers to "why" and "what if" won't be quite as important. Someday, I'll be able to use what your death has taught me to help others with their grief. Someday, I'll be healed enough to celebrate your life as much as I now dwell on your death. And someday, maybe tomorrow, I'll learn to accept the things I cannot change.

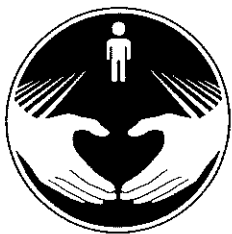
But for today ... I think I'll just be sad.

~ Steven L. Channing, TCF/Winnipeg, MB

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

NON-PROFIT  
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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 ..... 701-446-7504	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	Mary Bjerke
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.