



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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Due to the Covid-19 Pandemic, we have decided for the safety of our members to cancel chapter meetings and Mom meetings for the summer.

We hope to resume meetings in September.

. The Walk to Remember has also been canceled this year.

LOVE GIFTS

Sharon and Denny Wateland in memory of their brothers, Roger Wateland and Donald "Duck" Rohrich"

Sherry Lassle in memory of her daughter, Jayme Lassle

Carol & Dan Winter in memory of their son, Matthew Winter

Pat and Dennis Wateland in memory of their daughter, Traci Wateland

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.

Three Grief Haikus

#1 - A tear shimmers down
 Looking out, late summerday
 Sunshine missing you

#2 - Tear down check slides soft
 Sorrow in heart heavy pain
 Pond so still, sunshine

#3 - Dream broken so fast
 Before and after so quick
 Tear, tears, and more tears
 ~ Melissa Anne Schroeter
 TCF/Rockland County, NY
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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

TIME

Ten years
 Came and went
 Quietness
 Emptiness
 Loneliness
 No laughter
 No conversations
 No hugs and visits
 No amount of time
 Can take away the pain
 Of losing you
 But time
 Filled my heart
 With loving you.
 Love you so much,
 Mom

~ Sherry Lassle, TCF/Fargo, ND
 In Memory of her daughter, Jayme

Hope For The Moment

There are times when it is hard to believe in the future, when we are temporarily just not brave enough. When this happens, concentrate on the present.

Cultivate le petit bonheur (the little happiness) until courage returns. Look forward to the beauty of the next moment, the next hour, the promise of a good meal, sleep, a book, a movie, the likelihood that tonight the stars will shine and tomorrow the sun will shine. Sink roots into the present until the strength grows to think about tomorrow.

~ Ardis Whitman, Reader's Digest

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.

The sessions last an hour and have trained moderators present. For more information, visit www.compassionatefriends.org, select "Find Support" and click "Online Support" in the Online Community column. Times are Central standard time, so during daylight savings time the meetings are an hour earlier.

MON	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 am – 10 am	First-Time Chatter Orientation 8:45 pm – 9:45 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 pm - 10 pm
TUE	First-Time Chatter Orientation 7:45 pm – 8:45 pm	Loss to Substance Related Causes 7 pm - 8 pm	Bereaved Less than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm Bereaved More than Two Years 8 pm - 9 pm
WED	First-Time Chatter Orientation 7:45 pm – 8:45 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 am - 10 am	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm
THU	First-Time Chatter Orientation 7:45 pm – 8:45 pm	No Surviving Children 7 pm - 8 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm
FRI	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 9 am - 10 am	Pregnancy/Infant Loss 7 pm - 8 pm Loss to Substance Related Causes 7 pm - 8 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm
SAT	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm		
SUN	Suicide Loss 7 pm - 8 pm	Parents/Grandparents/Siblings 8 pm - 9 pm	

EVEN IN THE DARKNESS THERE IS LIGHT

When your child died, you were thrown into the dark night of the soul. You can hide in fear and despair or you can make friends with the darkness. Begin on a clear, starry night. Preferably, not when it is 30 below zero!

If you live in the country, you are in the right place. If you live in the city, get out of town! Get away from the lights and sounds of the city. Go find "the middle of nowhere" and step into the darkness with no distractions. Close your eyes and listen. Hear the howling of the coyotes in the coulees, the wind caressing the prairie and the beat of your own heart. Even the eerie whir of electricity as the energy surges the length of the high lines.

Now open your eyes and look at the ground around you. Then let your eyes move upward and outward. Are there trees nearby creating shadows in the moonlight? Do you see a yard light or two from country homes? Do you see the glow of a distant town on the horizon?

From the horizon, let your eyes scan upward to nature's nightlights. There is no more majestic sight than the night sky as it stretches over the prairie in all its glory. The stars are endless and fascinating. The ever-changing moon glows in gentle radiance. And if you are lucky, the aurora borealis blesses you with an appearance. Remember, even in darkness there is light.

Feel and see the immensity of it all. Know the darkness. Feel the darkness. Wrap yourself in it and release your fears. Exchange them for familiarity with and knowledge of the night. Absorb the solitude and peace of the world around you. Just as your physical senses can make peace with the darkness in this world, so can your spiritual senses make peace with the

darkness in your soul. There are tears and anguish there, but there are also lessons to be learned and there is rest to be found.

Do not rush to leave the darkness. Be calm there. Feel it, absorb it. Let the darkness be a place where you learn to be patient with yourself and gain the wisdom and strength to go on. Let people you love and those who love and care about you provide the star-shine and moonlight.

Remember, even in darkness there is light. Know this, most of all: that the darkness in your soul is part of the cycle of life. You will again walk in the light of day where you will carry the remembrance of your child and live the lessons you learned in your soul's deepest night.

~ JoAnne Rademacher, TCF/Minot, ND

AND THE ROCKET'S RED GLARE

I watched the spectacular bursts of colors. It was always such a treat. The star bursts, the swirls, the straight ones, making their noisy banging trajectories into the night time sky.

Throughout these exciting displays, tears ran down my face. Inconceivable that I am here to enjoy this and you, my beautiful Cheryl, are not.

Then new thoughts rolled through my mind. Perhaps you are viewing thee fireworks and many more from a higher vantage point, where the colors and designs shine more vividly. Perhaps you are seeing and understanding things that I can neither see nor understand. Perhaps your world is filled with rainbows and flowers and butterflies. Perhaps you are surrounded by love, music, beauty and unbounded joy. Perhaps my love. I can only hope...

~ Carol Silverman, TCF/Elkins Park, PA

The Fear of Forgetting

When my daughter died just after turning four years old, one of my biggest fears has been that she will be forgotten. But lately, I've been asking myself what does that really mean? What am I really scared of?

The idea that she will be forgotten is actually two separate fears. The first is that due to the notion of "out of sight, out of mind," friends and even family will stop thinking of her and, in essence, "forget her." In reality, this is the natural course of life. I have beloved relatives and dear friends who have passed, and yet I rarely think of them. Does it mean they didn't exist, or had any less impact on my life? No. Nor does it mean I love them any less. What it does represent is that life goes on, and current matters occupy our minds.

I think my fear is actually rooted in the reality of family and friends no longer talking about my daughter or – from my perspective – thinking of her, which feels as though it further isolates me from the "normal" world. It has been years since she died, and yet the pain is ever present and my daily thoughts are still filled with memories and longing for my daughter. Other than the news sensationalizing death and destruction to grab our attention for ratings, our society tends to not want to talk about grief or the lingering pain of loss after the funeral is over. So I go about my business and lead two lives: the "normal" one that goes about living a "normal" life, and the "private" one where I still struggle to figure out how to work through the pain of grief while learning to once again embrace the love, joy, and adventures that surround me.

The second part of my fear has to do with me and my memory. With my daughter no longer physically here, memories of her have become precious commodities. Those few memories of specific moments captured in time allow me to momentarily remember not just who she was, but remember life before the pain of her death forever changed me and my world. But with every passing day, and with all the new information coming in, those memories tend to get crowded out and forgotten. All those everyday moments that I took for granted at the time have already faded into the abyss of memories lost to time. It makes me sad that her older brothers say that they have very few specific memories of her. It makes me sadder that her baby brother never had the chance to meet her, and will have to rely on our stories and descriptions of her if he ever wants to get to know her.

To combat this fear, I have tried to write down as many memories as I can – even if they are mundane. I keep them in a journal, and some I post to www.aliveinmemory.org to share them with others. This way I can refer back to them and share them with whoever is interested in reading them. Her brothers can read them and share them with their eventual families.

But lately, I wonder is my fear of forgetting my memories really necessary? Does it make me a bad mother that I can't remember more moments I shared with her? Of course not. Does it mean my love for her will fade with the memories? Absolutely not. While I wish I could remember more specific memories of time that I shared with her, I will try to be content knowing that I will never forget how much I love my daughter, or how much she means to me. I will never forget her personality quirks, her vivid imagination, and endless creativity. And I will never forget how her life – and her death – have helped me grow tremendously in my understanding of this life and how best to live it.

~ Maria Kubitz, TCF/Contra Costa County, CA

In memory of my daughter, Margareta

Take Your Time

The one phrase we hear more than any other is "It will take time for you to get over your child's death." We know that this is spoken with care and love. But little do we know at the beginning of our grief just what time means; the first time, the day time, the night time, the last time, all of these *times*. The one thing we can say is "take it." Take all the time you need. Grief is hard work, and we need to take the time for all of the aspects we talk so much about and really work through it.

Take the time to feel; it is hard but worth it. We can't just push those feelings aside because they are part of who we are, how we have managed, and the life we have had. All of our life experiences combine to affect our feelings.

Take the time to talk. Talk to anyone who seems to care about you. Ask your friends and family if they will take the time to listen. If you need a telephone listener, call the National Office or one of the local chapter listeners. We have time to listen.

Take the time to read. When you read the experiences of others, you will realize that you are not alone. Maybe a special book will help you understand what is happening to you during this time we call bereavement; take the time to read and re-read the paragraphs or chapters that help.

Take the time to take care of yourself physically. If you like to walk, jog or run, go out and use that time to help you feel better. Get enough rest, take the time to sleep late some days, or go to bed earlier if you need to. Sleeping may be an escape, but if it helps you, take the time for a few extra hours. Take care of yourself by eating better. Try to understand that food gives you some energy and that food helps to satisfy unmet needs. Food is always better for you than drugs or alcohol, and a small weight gain or loss is not unusual. Take the time to understand what is happening to your body.

Take the time to be angry or guilty without letting these feelings ruin your life. You may think that your life is ruined anyhow and who cares, but anger and guilt turned inward can destroy your self esteem faster than anything. Take time to sort through those feelings and acknowledge them, then let them go.

Know that when someone says, "It will take time," we can nod and try to accept that as part of our getting through these days, months and years.

Remember that someday you will take the time to help someone else, and that time will be the most satisfying time of all.

~Therese Goodrich, Executive Director, National Office 03/1997





OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS



CHILD	PARENTS
SANDRA DIANE CASELLA.....	52.....		RICHARD & DIANE MACGREGOR
CARTER CASEY.....	20.....		CARL CASEY
ANNE CLEMENSON.....	63.....		MARVIN & DOROTHY CLEMENSON
AARON DEUTSCHER.....	43.....		LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (In-Laws)
BABY DEUTSCHER.....	8.....		LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
JUSTIN L DIETRICH.....	35.....		TRACY & CAROL DIETRICH
WHYLIX EDWIN DITCH.....	1.....		LANCE & TASHARA DITCH
HOLLY KAY ELLESTAD.....	45.....		WENDY BLAKENSHIP (Sister)
RACHEL ELIZABETH ELLINGSON.....	38.....		PATRICIA & ERIC MONSON
ALEXANDER DANIEL HIRN.....	23.....		BEVERLY HIRN
JARAD NILLES.....	36.....		CAROLYN NILLES
ZANDYN LARRY MALHEIM OLAFSON.....	10.....		BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
NATE OLSBY.....	36.....		NANCY DODD
MATTHEW ALLEN OLSON.....	45.....		DICK & LINDA OLSON
LOGAN F RINKE.....	30.....		PAULINE RINKE
SHERYL ANN TOBAR.....	56.....		ANGIE SCHLIGHT
AUSTIN WAYNE WAGAR.....	25.....		JAMIE & SCOTT OLSON

ANNIVERSARIES



CHILD	PARENTS
JESSICA MARIE BALSTER.....	4.....		CARRIE BALSTER
BRENT M BARTSCH.....	5.....		LINDA BARTSCH
HALLIE CLARE BJELLAND.....	15.....		ANDY & RHONDA BJELLAND
ZANE SHANNON BUCHHOLZ.....	3.....		STEPHANIE DETZEN
CARTER CASEY.....	3.....		CARL CASEY
AARON DEUTSCHER.....	8.....		LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (In-Laws)
ALLISON DEUTSCHER.....	8.....		LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON
BABY DEUTSCHER.....	8.....		LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
BRIELLE DEUTSCHER.....	8.....		LYNN & DONNA MICKELSON (Grandparents)
MARC T HENDERSON.....	2.....		TOM & LINDA HENDERSON
SUE ELLEN LARSON.....	38.....		DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JAYME ELIZABETH LASSLE.....	10.....		SHERRY LASSLE
MICHAEL L LIVDAHL.....	7.....		ROBERT & TANYA LIVDAHL
ZANDYN LARRY MALHEIM OLAFSON.....	10.....		BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
NATE OLSBY.....	3.....		NANCY DODD
KENT ALAN PETERSON.....	1.....		DEWAYNE PETERSON
RAND LOREN PIERSALL.....	6.....		PERSYS PIERSALL
ANNIKA LORRAINE QUALLEY.....	6.....		RHONDA & MICHAEL QUALLEY
ANNIKA LORRAINE QUALLEY.....	6.....		MARLYS KESSEL (Great Grandmother)
NICHOLAS J SADEK.....	15.....		JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
DOUG E SCHENCK.....	16.....		HAROLD & IRENE SCHENCK
JENNIFER SCHUMACHER.....	2.....		ANTHONY & LORETTA SCHUMACHER
ALBERT C "SONNY" SKAR.....	4.....		DARLENE SKAR
ADAM JOSEPH SNYDER.....	7.....		ANNE SNYDER
TRACY ANN WATELAND.....	27.....		DENNIS & PAT WATELAND
TRACY ANN WATELAND.....	27.....		SHARON WATELAND (Godmother)
MATTHEW ALLEN WINTER.....	7.....		CAROL & DAN WINTER

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



SIBLING PAGE

Lament

Losing a sibling is like
Losing sight –
A certain vision is gone
A certain hope
Born in childhood has ended
You're left to love till the end –
There is an eternal fluidity
That is gone forever
Whereas before all you knew
Was for always –
There is a sadness
That remains constant
In the knowledge
That death brought
When your sibling is gone.
Ann Ley - TCF/San Francisco CA

July's Child

Fireworks race toward heaven
Brilliant colors in the sky.
Their splendor ends in seconds
On this evening in July.
"Her birthday is this Saturday,"
I whisper with a sigh.
She was born this month,
She loved this month
And she chose this month to die.
Like the bright and beautiful fireworks
Glowing briefly in the dark
They are gone too soon, and so was she
Having been, and left her mark.
A glorious incandescent life,
A catalyst, a spark...
Her being gently lit my path
And softened all things stark.
The July birth, the July death of
my happy summer child
Marked a life too brief that ended
Without rancor, without guile.
Like the fireworks that leave images
On unprotected eyes...
Her lustrous life engraved my heart...
With love that never dies.
Sally Migliaccio ~ TCF/Long Island, NY

BROTHERS

Brothers grow together with wind in their hair, wild
schemes in their heads, and with mud in their raggedy pants.
They look back into one another's eyes, with spirits burning
from a common flame. They wrestle life with such similar
hands.
No tree is too tall or hill too high to climb, for those whose
bonds are flesh and set together through time.
Yet the song ever told us that dragons live forever but not
the little boys.
Suddenly one of us is all alone, clinging to the memories of
wind and mud and hills of stone.
We're still together in our own way, if not but in a burning
little flame.

~ Ken, TCF/Salem, OR

SIBLINGS

Tomorrow,
I'll try to understand her,
Try to understand the excitement behind
Those piercing black eyes.
Try to understand her zeal for life,
Tireless energy, and love for others.
Tomorrow,
I'll sit down beside her and get to know
This sister of mine.
I'll get to know the skinny little girl
I grew up with and shared a bedroom with
For all our teen years.
Tomorrow,
We'll share secrets together
We'll go for long walks,
We'll just sit together for hours and laugh.
Tomorrow,
I'll ask her about her boyfriends,
I'll ask her about her girlfriends,
I'll even ask what her favorite subject is in school.
Today?
I'm too busy,
I have too much to do,
She's getting on my nerves.
Today,
She's borrow my precious clothes, ruining them.
Today,
She's using up all the gas in my car.
Today,
She's asking stupid questions
I just don't feel like answering.
Today,
I'm too tired.
But tomorrow,
I'll tell her how much I love her,
I'll hug her and tell her she's pretty,
I'll tell her I'm glad I have a sister . . . tomorrow.
Tomorrow
Has finally come and she is gone.
~written by Cindy, Kathi's sister
Taken from a book written by Kathi's mother called
"18, No Time To Waste."

For My Sister

Sisters are special
from young ones to old.
God gave me a sister
more precious than gold.
We shared many secrets,
the same mom and dad,
we shared lots of good times,
don't think of the bad.
Our memories we'll cherish,
with love without end,
I'm glad you're my sister,
I'm glad you're my friend.
~ Author Unknown

I am here. Let's heal together. ~ a friend

Helping Yourself by Helping Others

“Is it ever over?” I asked myself. It’s been twenty-two years since “forever” began. “Forever” being when six people came into my home to inform my husband and me that our seventeen-year-old son, Jimmy was dead; killed in an alcohol-related car crash. Just like that! In the blink of an eye, our lives were changed forever. But you know about that, don’t you; for you lost a child to death also. Know that my heart grieves for you too.

Being forced into a journey never anticipated, I realized I needed the support and encouragement of people who could understand the depth of my pain. I also needed to borrow their courage, for I didn’t want to, nor did I think I could live the rest of my life without Jimmy. After six months, my husband, my priest, and I formed a self-help group for grieving parents. It grew and I evolved with it. In order to be taken serious by professionals in the helping fields, I went to undergrad and grad school. My degrees are in human services and counseling. My reputation as a wounded healer grew, and I was asked to run a weekly support group for The Bereavement Center of Westchester. Their dedication to grieving people offers a warm light for the darkness of the soul.

Their programs benefit children and adults who have experienced grief. They have a school outreach program and offer individual bereavement counseling as well. My painful journey also affected my spiritual dimension. I questioned all my beliefs about God and the afterlife. I felt abandoned by God; I was angry and felt like I was broken in pieces. Looking back, I can see how I wasn’t abandoned. In fact, to help me, God sent many people who filtered in and out of my life. Three years after Jimmy died, I hit bottom both spiritually and emotionally. I think for the whole first year I was numb and the second year I began to “defrost” and get in touch with my anger.

Luckily, or as I think of it now, God placed a gift in front of me in the form of a wonderful Capuchin priest and counselor. Father Ray allowed and encouraged me to express all my negative thoughts and feelings about God, life, and anyone who could not understand the depth of my pain and the profound grieving process I was experiencing. There were so many people who couldn’t understand the length of time it takes a grieving parent to go through the process.

From my personal and professional experience, I would say it takes anywhere from seven to nine years before a bereaved parent can say, “OK, I know how to handle the bad days now, and I can live with this pain.” This is not to say that a grieving parent is in constant emotional pain for all those years. A healthy response to grief will initially include intense pain, which will eventually diminish over the years. It will never go away completely; I promise. Birthdays, holidays, and the yearly anniversary of the death will always be a reminder of the loss and will rekindle sadness and a sense of longing for what could have been; what should have been. One of the things that blest me was for me to help others. Somehow, my emptiness helped to fill up their emptiness and their emptiness filled up mine.

That wonderful priest and I developed a spiritual retreat for bereaved parents. I’ve heard it said that grief shared is grief diminished, and the weekend spent at the retreat helped do that for many people over the years. During the retreats, we would do “The Angels Walk.” It was a very healing visualization and meditation on what happened at the moment of death and how

the angels carried the child into the arms of a loving God. The evaluations received afterward spoke to how consoling and healing that experience was.

Looking back, I can see I reached out in many different ways to help myself. If I read about a child who died, I wrote a note to the parents. I shared with them that there were many other bereaved parents who knew what they were going through and would keep them in their thoughts and prayers.

I also made myself available to speak with anyone who needed encouragement and support. I even wrote a book called, *Healing Broken Hearts: A Book of Signs*. It is a collection of letters from bereaved parents who received signs from God and/or their deceased children, as well as chapters written by me and other professionals in the field. Writing was very cathartic for me.

If I could leave you with a thought, it would be this: you will help yourself by helping others. That was the lesson I learned from my painful journey. We are all here to help one another; try it.

~ Anne Byrnes

After

After all the pain
We still can feel the sun.
Not without pain though,
Not without recrimination.
After all the sorrow
The sun still shines.
Not without sorrow though,
Not without repercussions.
For nothing is the same
And everything is different
After

My eyes open each morning
But not to you.
Sun shines,
Rain falls,
The earth revolves,
The moon shines full each month.
But you’re still gone.

After.

The years go by,
On and on,

Milestones pass, but I can’t share with you,

After.

When death happens
There is an illusion of time stopping
Just an illusion
For the living go on
After all.

~ Melissa Anne Schroeter, TCF/Rockland County, NY
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Don't block a BAD MOMENT. When you feel a BAD MOMENT coming, just let it come. Accept it for what it is -- a BAD MOMENT. Deal with it and LET IT PASS.

~ Darcie Sims, Footsteps Through the Valley

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: _____

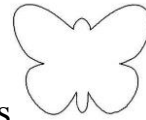
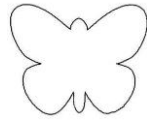
Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

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 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.

Grief Work is Hard Work

When I first began my journey of grief following the death my only child, Todd, I didn't comprehend that I would have to take an active role in what would come to be defined as “grief work.” All I knew was the pain, the shock, the sorrow, the desire to go to sleep and never awaken. My child was dead, and I had no desire to live.

As the months and then the years passed, I began to realize that I was, albeit unconsciously, doing grief work. Once I realized I could not walk this road alone, I became involved in our Compassionate Friends Chapter. That was the beginning of my “grief work.” A few months later I enrolled in a six week program for bereaved mothers. More grief work. I have since attended seminars, retreats and workshops. From each effort I gained something new, something insightful, something that eased my burden just a bit, something that helped me to cope with this, the worst, of all losses.

I consumed books. Some were about grief; others were about life. I watched movies, some about grief and some about life. I talked with friends.....sometimes about grief and sometimes about life.

Along the way I found that if I reached out to others, I was, once again, doing grief work. You see, I discovered that grief work is healing work. It doesn't dry my tears, nor does it mend my broken heart. Instead, it allows me to accept that I am in this place and living in this moment. That doesn't sound like much.....unless one has lost a child to death. Lost a child to death. What a horrifying thought. Yet now I can say it to others, talk with others who are raw and new in their grief and know that I have come to accept that my son is gone from this plane. My grief work will continue until I die.

When we attend workshops, seminars, special presentations, Compassionate Friends meetings and privately contemplate the depth of our loss and changes in our lives, we are doing grief work. Each of us travels this road differently, but we owe it to ourselves to do our grief work. Not easy work, not fun work, not immediately rewarding work, but this is work, just the same.

~ Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF/Katy, TX

“Some experts estimate that in the face of a child's death, two years is a reasonable grieving period. Others double that figure. The truth is, it takes as long as it takes—sometimes a whole lifetime.”

~ Elizabeth Mehren

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS
OF THE F-M AREA
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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 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.