



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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The F-M Area Chapter of The Compassionate Friends meets the 2nd Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. at  
**FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH**  
127 2ND AVE E  
WEST FARGO, ND

Please enter on the west side. Our meeting is in the Fellowship Hall - lower level, west side

**Meetings for 2023 will be quarterly instead of monthly**

**Next Meeting & Topic**  
March 9, 2023 - Bring a Memento

Weather cancellations will be posted on WDAY, KVLV, KFGO and the Fargo Forum online at [www.inforum.com](http://www.inforum.com)!

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on March 23rd @ Denny's  
46th TCF National Conference July 7-9, 2023 in Denver, Colorado

"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 will meet this month on Thursday March 23rd at 7 pm at the Denny's restaurant, 4437 13th Ave SW, Fargo. Our gatherings are very informal as we meet to talk about our children, books, recipes, jobs and whatever else comes up in conversation. We all have times when we need the listening heart of another mom/grandma. For more information, please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at [tcffargomoorhead.org](http://tcffargomoorhead.org).

#### 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

Carol & Wally Blomberg in memory of their daughter, Bridget Chisaka  
Rosemary Samuelson, in memory of her son, Millard Samuelson,  
Linda Bartsch in memory of her son, Brent Michael Bartsch  
James & Wendy Mehus in memory of their daughter, Ahna Wendy Mehus  
Anthony & Karel Varriano in memory of their son, Chad Varriano  
Brenda Kluth in memory of her son, Brandon Kluth  
Larry & Lois Gangnes in memory of their son, Brent M Gangnes  
Jim & Jody Kutter in memory of their daughter, Michelle Kutter  
Dale & Bonnie Sayers in memory of their son, Dane Donovan Sayers  
Dean & Diane Bauck in memory of their son, Davin Bauck

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.

#### Ritual

A gaze thru blurry window when did it start to rain?  
Then realize it's just the eyes they're crying once again  
Emptiness is mighty deep within begins the ache  
Intense, this pain that surely will cause a heart to break  
Shoulders gently tremble a moaning soft and low  
Arms tightly wrapped about oneself body rocking to and fro  
A ritual of comfort a numbing of the mind  
A cleansing of the tortured soul a knowing eye made blind  
Thus begins the healing process of this I know so well  
Without you, I fall victim to this mindless cast of spell

~ Donna Gerrior, TCF/ Pasco County, FL  
In Memory of Rob

## Grief Is Not Quicksand

Often, a survivor fears that if he shows his sadness, there will be no end to it. If you are among those who feel that you do not know how intense, lengthy or deep your expression of grief may be, you may find yourself thinking that it would be impossible—or at least very difficult—for you to pull out of grief's deep pit to do all the things you need to do before or after the death.

Being afraid of getting sucked down into a hollow of "no return" is not realistic. Grief is not quicksand. Rather, it is a walk on rocky terrain that eventually smooths out and provides less challenge—both emotionally and physically. For example, you may think: I will fall apart and won't be able to function if I start to show how I feel. Replace such thoughts with the more realistic: I will let go for a time, release what I feel, and will be able to function better as a result of having vented the feelings that are an ever-present burden.

~ Carol Staudacher

## Shattered

I remember the day  
The policeman came to say  
There is just no good way  
To tell you your son died today  
A world SHATTERED.

To be without my first born  
I did not want to go on  
Why did God take him away?  
Oh the pain of that day  
I felt SHATTERED.

I felt my world come to an end  
I just did not know how to begin  
I knew I had to find a way  
Or from that fateful day  
I would stay SHATTERED.

Then slowly I begin to mend  
And learn to live without him  
To put my life back together again  
Would it be possible then  
To not be SHATTERED?

Yes the cracks are still there  
But by putting the pieces together with care  
With family and friends I learned to share  
To feel their love and their care  
Could I be less SHATTERED?

Although my grief is still real  
With the emptiness I can now deal  
I learned to live life again  
Yes, I will always miss him  
But no longer do I feel SHATTERED.  
~ Betty Thoreson, TCF/Northern Nevada

“The best thing about the future is that it only comes one day at a time.”

~ Abraham Lincoln

## Somewhere, Just Over There

Sometimes I dream  
Sometimes I try to see  
Sometimes I cannot believe  
How this loss came to be

Some things make me smile  
Some things are not spoken  
Some things give me hope  
Yet my way still seems broken

Somehow I must walk forward  
Somehow I must thrive  
Somehow I must hold my head up  
Somehow I will survive

Someone said that I am still strong  
Someone said just try to do your best  
Someone said I'll find perspective  
Someone said I'll pass grief's big test

Somewhere I dream to be  
Somewhere just over there  
Somewhere a place for me  
I've already paid my fare

Someday, I'll take my flight  
Someday up to the light  
Someday I'll arrive and be  
Someday there, in Eternity  
~ Donald Moyers, TCF/Galveston County, TX

## PRACTICE HUGGING.

### HUG ONE PERSON EVERY DAY

### HUG YOURSELF!

“Footsteps Through the Valley” - Darcie D. Sims

### What Do You Say?

What do you say when a baby dies and someone says ...

“At least you didn't bring it home.”

What do you say when a baby is stillborn  
and someone says...

“At least it never lived.”

What do you say when a mother of three says ...

“Think of all the time you'll have.”

What do you say when so many say ...

“You can always have another...”

“At least you never knew it...”

“You have your whole life ahead of you...”

“You have an angel in heaven.”

What do you say when someone says ...Nothing?

What do you say when someone says ...“I'm sorry.”

You say, with grateful tears and warm embrace,

“Thank you!”

by Rana Limbo and Sara Wheeler

from *When a Baby Dies: A Handbook for Healing and Helping*

## Bereaved Presidents

Did you know that 26 of our 45 presidents and their wives were or are bereaved parents to at least one of their children?

- John Adams, lost his one-year-old daughter, Grace; stillborn daughter, Elizabeth; and 20-year-old son Charles (Charles died while he was president.)
- Thomas Jefferson, had six children and only two lived to maturity. Three of his children died in infancy and one daughter, Mary, 26, died while he was president.
- James Monroe, lost a son at 16 months of age.
- John Quincy Adams, lost a daughter in infancy; a son died while Adams was president; and another son died five years later.
- Martin Van Buren, an unnamed daughter was delivered stillborn and a son, Winfield Scott, died in infancy.
- William Harrison, had 10 children; six died before he became president.
- John Tyler, his daughter Anne died in infancy and his ninth unnamed child died at birth.
- Zachary Taylor, two children died as infants and a daughter died three months after her wedding.
- Millard Fillmore, whose daughter Abigail died at 22.
- Franklin Pierce, lost two sons in infancy. Two months before his inauguration to the presidency, their only living child, Benjamin, 11 years old, was killed in a railroad accident.
- Abraham Lincoln, lost two sons during his lifetime: Edward, four years old, and William, 11 years old (who died while President Lincoln was in office.)
- Rutherford B. Hayes, had eight children, three of whom died in infancy.
- James Garfield, had seven children; two (their first and last) died while still infants.
- Chester Alan Arthur, eldest son died in infancy.
- Grover Cleveland, eldest daughter, Ruth, died at 12 years of age.
- William McKinley, lost both of his children: Ida, four months old, and Katherine, four years old. It is said that his wife, Ida, descended into a deep depression after the death of her daughters and never fully recovered from the losses.
- Theodore Roosevelt, son died at 21 years of age.
- Calvin Coolidge, had a son, Calvin Jr., who died at 16 while his father was in office
- Franklin Roosevelt, whose son Franklin Jr., died in infancy.
- Harry Truman, and his wife, Bess, experienced two miscarriages prior to having their daughter, Margaret.
- Dwight Eisenhower, whose son, Doug Dwight "Icky," three years old, died at Camp Mead, Maryland.
- John F. Kennedy, and his wife Jackie, suffered a miscarriage in 1966, a stillbirth in 1956 (daughter Arabella) and in 1963, son, Patrick, died after two days due to complications at birth.
- Lyndon Johnson, and wife, Lady Bird, suffered three miscarriages before giving birth to two daughters.
- Ronald Reagan, whose newborn daughter, Christine, died. Her birth was apparently 4 weeks premature, and sources differ as to whether she was stillborn or whether she lived for a few hours after birth.
- George H.W. Bush, lost his daughter Robin at the age of three to leukemia in 1953.
- Joe Biden, whose first wife, Neilia, and infant daughter, Naomi, died in a car accident shortly after Joe became a US Senator-elect.

~ Author Unknown

Web Sites of Interest - Listing of sites does not imply an endorsement by TCF and is included to provide sources of useful information for bereaved families

- AARP - American Association of Retired People Grief and Loss program includes online articles, publications, support groups, and discussion boards on coping with the loss of a family member .....<https://www.aarp.org/home-family/friends-family>
- Bereavement Magazine ..... <https://www.bereavementmag.com/>
- BPUSA - Bereaved Parents of the USA offers support, care, and compassion for bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents .....<https://www.bereavedparentsusa.org/>
- Hospice Foundation of America - Includes information about hospice care and programs including bereavement support for families using hospice.....<https://hospicefoundation.org/>
- MADD - Mothers Against Drunk Drivers has a mission to stop drunk driving, support victims of violent crime, and prevent underage drinking ..... <https://www.madd.org/>
- National SIDS Resource Center - provides information services and technical assistance on sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS) and related topics. .... <https://www.sidscenter.org/>
- Parents Of Murdered Children - provides support and assistance to all survivors of homicide victims while working to create a world free of murder. .... <https://pomc.org/>
- SHARE Pregnancy and Infant Loss Support - SHARE's mission is to serve those who are touched by the tragic death of a baby through miscarriage, stillbirth, or newborn death ..... <http://nationalshare.org/>
- SOS - Survivors of Suicide helps those who have lost a loved one to suicide to resolve their grief and pain in their own personal way .....<http://www.survivorsof suicide.com>
- SUDC - Sudden Unexplained Death In Childhood Program offers support, information, advocacy, and research opportunities for those touched by the sudden and unexplained death of a child (over 12 months of age). .... [sudc.org](http://sudc.org)
- TAPS - Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors is made up of, and provides services to, all those who have lost a loved one while serving the country in the Armed Forces ..... [www.taps.org](http://www.taps.org)

**OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED  
BIRTHDAYS**

<b>CHILD</b>		<b>PARENTS</b>
BRENT M BARTSCH.....	41.....	LINDA BARTSCH
JOHNNY LEVI GREY.....	42.....	DOERAE PRANTE
TAMARA JO "TAMMY" HINES.....	58.....	SHARON COOK
DARIN M KLABO.....	39.....	CRAIG & TERRY KLABO
MICHELLE KUTTER.....	34.....	JIM & JODY KUTTER
TYLER JAMES LARSON.....	38.....	KEVIN & CHERYL LARSON
ZAYNE WILLIAM MALHEIM OLAFSON....	14.....	BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
JAMIE CLIFFORD OLSON.....	45.....	GLENNIS OLSON
ANNIKA LORRAINE QUALLEY.....	12.....	RHONDA & MICHAEL QUALLEY
ROY DANA RICHMOND.....	58.....	THOMAS & AUDREY RICHMOND
DANE DONOVAN SAYERS.....	35.....	DALE & BONNIE SAYERS
JESSE SKOW.....	42.....	KRISTI & JASON MCSPARRON
CARLA RAE TRUITT.....	59.....	LORETTA KEISACKER
CHAD VARRIANO.....	51.....	ANTHONY & KAREL VARRIANO
ROBIN VIGDAL-HOSLER.....	52.....	WALTER & KARIE COWDEN
PAIGE WIGHTMAN.....	33.....	DAVID & MICHELLE WIGHTMAN
MELINDA JOY WINTERROTH.....	41.....	MONTY & JOANNE WINTERROTH

**ANNIVERSARIES**

<b>CHILD</b>		<b>PARENTS</b>
RUSS T BOYLE.....	2.....	TOM & CHERYL BOYLE
NANCY PRATT COASH.....	19.....	PATRICIA PRATT
KEVIN SCOTT COWDEN.....	5.....	WALTER & KARIE COWDEN
JUSTIN L DIETRICH.....	5.....	TRACY & CAROL DIETRICH
STEVEN "HERMAN" FESKE.....	5.....	ROSEMARY FESKE
JAYSON P HAUGEN.....	6.....	PAULETTE HAUGEN
DAVID MICHAEL HELFTER.....	19.....	MARK & HELLA HELFTER
KEVIN GENE HUELSMAN.....	2.....	EMMA HUELSMAN
MATTHEW MILLIGAN-OLSON.....	23.....	JOHN & KYLENE MILLIGAN
STEVEN J NEWARK JR.....	5.....	JANET & JOHN OURADNIK
JARAD NILLES.....	11.....	CAROLYN NILLES
ZAYNE WILLIAM MALHEIM OLAFSON....	14.....	BILLY OLAFSON & SHANDRA MALHEIM
AMANDA LEA PERKINS.....	4.....	DWIGHT & MARLENE PERKINS
CONNER SANDER.....	4.....	KELLY SANDER
LAURIE SATHER.....	4.....	PEGGY BULLIS
JEFFREY M WEBBER.....	6.....	JUANITA WEBBER

Please check out our Chapter website's page for 'Our Beloved Children' ([tcffargomoorhead.org/?page\\_id=577](http://tcffargomoorhead.org/?page_id=577)). 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.

**Companion Sojourners**

The dictionary defines the word "sojourn" as temporary place where one may stop, rest, visit, dwell, abide and lodge. The Compassionate Friends is an organization of fellow sojourners. At our monthly meetings we stop for a while to find respite from a world that does not understand what it means to lose a child. We find a safe dwelling where there are others who are just like us. We don't need to have any special skills to be a sojourner. As bereaved parents we instinctively reach out to one another. Those of us who have been on our journey for a while are drawn to comfort the others who have more recently embarked on their path of grief. We don't need to say any special words. A discerning look, a listening ear, or a gentle touch can be balm the other person needs to give them a moment's solace. We are companion sojourners, wounded healers and compassionate friends.

~ Janet Reyes, TCF/Alamo Area Chapter, TX

# SIBLING PAGE

## THE EMPTINESS

The emptiness is what fills up inside of you when you give up hope.  
The emptiness means different things to different people.  
It is understood inside that person and that person only.  
It is the cold sadness lurking inside.  
Always there but seems to hide.  
Covered up by happiness, but surely finds its way back inside.  
The emptiness is not evil, it is only sadness.  
The emptiness is the feeling you get when you have lost someone close to you.  
The emptiness is when your heart aches.  
The emptiness is when you feel you can't face another day.  
The feeling you get when you are all alone.  
When no one understands.  
When your fate is in your hands.  
You take a deep breath and face another day.  
For that is what everyone expects.  
That is the emptiness.  
~ Christine Santoleri, TCF/Valley Forge, PA

"One whose sister or brother has died has a special view of this loss. There is the loss itself, hard enough to bear, and often no one inquires how a bereaved sibling is doing with the grief. And as I've heard one sibling put it, 'I lost my brother, and my parents are so changed that I feel as if I lost them too.' Much is changed within our surviving family. Many of us have found the company of other bereaved siblings to be very valuable, a group of listeners who truly and fully understand." -  
~ Charley Kopp, Contra Costa TCF Sibling Member



## A Wish

I wish upon a rainbow  
In every single dream,  
And hope with my entire heart  
You will be here again.  
I wish upon its colors  
That together we will be,  
For you are my brother  
And I want you here with me.  
It's the way the color blends  
That gets in hopes so high.  
I know you didn't mean it  
When you left without a good-bye.  
We didn't understand your feelings  
Or how sad you were inside.  
You drank until it killed you  
And your friend right by your side.  
If only the world could be a rainbow  
Maybe they would see,  
But even though you're gone  
You're forever a part of me.  
~ Chasitie Sharp Marion, OH

## 20 Questions

It is smaller than a breadbox. It is larger than a car.  
It is rain bowed, striped, and polka-dotted  
but colorless by far.  
Its memory's like an elephant. It's forgetful as a fish.  
It's emotional as a postcard  
and hopeful as a wish.  
It is busy as an ant. It is lazy as a bee.  
It is weak as flavored gelatin  
but hardy as a snow-pea.  
It's hated as a jelly fish. It's loved as family.  
It's plain as a doughnut  
yet hidden as your keys.  
It is ordinary as paper. It is creative as a kid.  
It is loose as a shoe and stuck as a lid.  
It is Grief.  
It is Love.  
It is Hope.

~ Jacqui McPeck, TCF/Spokane, WA

In Memory of my brother Zachary Ian McPeck

## A Sibling's Feelings

The pain of a sibling is so real we sometimes hide it deep inside of ourselves. As we watch our parents hurting we see the pain in their eyes. We are also hurting not only for the loss of our brother or sister but also for our own parents. We need to reach out to each other to let each other know we are hurting inside.

Our lives have all changed forever. I know they lost a son but I lost my younger brother I loved, and as siblings we share a special bond that will never have anymore for he no longer lives...my brother, my friend.

I will always miss you and I will never forget you for you will always live in my heart, and I have wonderful memories no one can ever take away from me. In my heart you will stay, love you forever.

~ Marie Porreca, TCF/Rockland County, NY

## Re-Entering School After the Death of a Sibling

Going back to school after the death of your brother or sister is a hard thing to go through. At first there are three groups of people to deal with: People who give you a lot of support, people who don't know what to say, and those who give you weird looks and stay away from you. This lasts for a little while. After a short time, changes with each group occur. Those who didn't know what to say start to speak or begin to talk. The group who kept away, stops ignoring you. The people who gave you a lot of support slowly return to their own affairs. After about a month and a half, everything goes back to normal and is over to everyone except you. This is very difficult to accept and makes you feel all the more alone. After a long while, the shock for you goes away and it is then when you need the support from your friends, peers, and teachers. This month is the first anniversary of the death of my brother. Most people will have forgotten, and everything is right with the world. But it is not! Certainly not to my mother and me.

~ Jordan Ely

## THE ROAD TO HEALING

We gather because our children have died. We assemble because something of ourselves died as well. But also, in those dreadful moments of their passing, something new was born within each of us a pain, an anguish, an agony that not only endures but which consumes the quality and tempo of our living for months and even years.

As compassionate friends we gather to confront that pain to address the absence of our children, to support one another to find the road to healing, to seek ways to live once more.

We seek healing, understanding that healing is not forgetting. We reach for wellness, knowing that wellness does not imply that our deceased child is dismissed from our thoughts for such is not the case. We seek to heal, knowing that we will never forget in either our hearts or our thoughts. And we know further that the touch of our children on our beings, or ours on theirs, will never be wholly entrusted to yesterday.

But each and every one of us seeks release from the bondage of our child's death. We desire repose, stillness and calm, that the beauty of our child's love might enfold us yet again. We thirst for awakenings free of pain, for minutes and hours free from unremitting torment. In our child's name, and for ourselves, we hunger for genuine and lasting emancipation from an overwhelming bereavement that consumes our living and threatens the continued vitality of our spirits.

My belief is that all these things are possible for us as long as we understand that our lives will never return to what we remember as normal before our child died. The experiences of countless bereaved parents assure us that we can learn to bear the unbearable, to overcome that which crushes our spirit, to move from darkness to light, to find our own lives and renew them on a road toward healing. We can learn to live once more.

Many undoubtedly wonder if this can possibly be true, and all of us who have endured well beyond the earlier stages of this long dark journey certainly understand that feeling.

Let me share a portion of my own loss with you. Olin was our only child. When he died at the age of seventeen, the happiness he wove into the pattern of my living seemed to become lost in a vast, consuming darkness. The lamp of life at the core of my soul was extinguished. I felt lost in a lonely, cold netherworld of the spirit.

His death isolated my being. I drifted, removed from life, and thus the value of existence itself became diminished within me. Olin had been the catalyst of laughter, the touchstone of joy. Now, both laughter and joy had become but ill-defined memories.

As I struggled ever downward, I started to realize that I was paying scant honor to Olin's life and its influence on mine. I had loved him still, with fierceness and tenacity. But my emotional state was such that I was labeling, unintentionally, his life's touch on mine as destruction, allowing no chance or opportunity for life or love to shine through.

I reached out for help, acknowledging my obligation to keep faith with Olin. I sought recovery and life as a part of my debt, my duty to him. It was months before I saw it also as an obligation to my wife, my family, or to myself. We often recognize our bond with the deceased before that which we share with the living.

In the months and years to follow, I was fortunate to find a pathway toward healing. In looking back with the keen sight of retrospection, three areas seem worthwhile to examine as essential elements of a successful healing journey.

1. To seek healing for more than just our deceased child, to extend that obligation to our families and to ourselves.
2. Forgiveness, of both ourselves and others.
3. To consciously make future decisions and commitments, to set realistic goals and actively pursue them.

Looking back. I see a moment with my father, two months after Olin died, as the first inkling that I might have an obligation to more than just Olin. He said to me. "Don, you've got to get over this. You've lost your zest, your energy, your interest in life. You've got to overcome this."

Most of us view moments such as this with anger. How could another person possibly understand? But he did. He also is a bereaved parent, having lost my sister only a year and a half before the death of Olin.

I cannot tell you that I paid heed to his concern right away. I did not. I could not. But I have never forgotten.

When I recall the love and concern in his voice and eyes, I always reflect on these words of Gibran from the *Prophet*: "You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth."

My only living arrow had fallen, and for a long while I was awash in darkness. But through that darkness, my father, who had himself cast four arrows to the future, who had already felt the fall of one, reached out to steady the flight of one who had faltered.

I have come at least to understand what he already knew - that I too, am a living arrow sent with love from my parent's bow into the future. And so are all the rest of us.

All of us have an obligation to complete the trajectory of our own flight, our own lives. We owe it to those who sent us forth and to those who share our journey now. And we owe it to ourselves, for if our flight, or life is to be true, we must find and give flower to love and caring in our souls.

The second area to address in healing is perhaps the most difficult: forgiveness.

We must forgive our children for abandoning us, for dying. We must forgive ourselves for letting them die, even if there was nothing we could have done to prevent it.

We believe parents preserve and protect and many of us initially regard ourselves as having failed in that regard. And even if we did fail them in many ways, we still must forgive ourselves their deaths, for we did not kill our children. Indeed, each of us would have saved our child, or even taken their place, had only such a chance presented itself. We deserve to forgive ourselves.

We must forgive ourselves our errors, even our wrongs, in child rearing. For all our failures, real and imagined, intentional or unintentional, we are still only human beings and we must find the strength to forgive ourselves.

Forgiveness is acceptance of our own and other's faults, wrongs and "humanness." It is also our victory over hate, bitterness and despair. It is as strong an act of love as we can make. Just as grief is the crying forth of love at parting, forgiveness is the balancing of love's power to both hurt and heal.

I am certain that forgiveness, in its many expressions and with its many demands, is a necessary forerunner to embracing the future.

And that brings us to our final area, to consciously make future decisions and commitments, to set realistic goals and actively pursue them. No matter how much it may hurt, the future awaits us all. Indeed, the future is the healing zone, that place where all efforts merge to produce a recovery that enables us to live once more. In our early bereavement this is nearly impossible to contemplate, for it is about all we can manage to confront the moment, the hour, the day. For a very long time, the future is just not a part of our consciousness.

Yet there comes a time on the healing road where decisions and commitments to the future are possible, frequently even necessary.

Perhaps you paint, coach soccer, are active in a bridge club, work with girl scouts, help newly bereaved families or work hard at raising your own family. There is more than ample room in these or in numberless other areas where future commitments can be made. Anything of value to ourselves will suffice.

It is setting and achieving goals that count, goals sensible and possible within the context of our own lives.

The road to healing is not easy, but few worthwhile things in our lives are easy. Yet healing really is not nearly as difficult as the task we have already met, the hour of our child's death and the weeks immediately following.

Our children danced joy in our lives and the memory of that joy is a song that continues in our hearts ~ it will ever be, but more that is good remains to be said.

The horror in our lives will pass away and the pain will ultimately perish. But our love for our children and their love for us shall not perish, nor pass away, or ever die. For love is immortal. It knows no season, nor comings or goings. It is and shall remain.

~ Don Hackett TCF

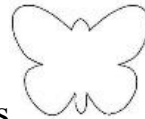
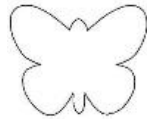
No one is asking us to forget, to turn away from all that we loved and cherished in the one we have lost. We couldn't do that even if we wanted to.

The task before us - and it can take a very long time - is to incorporate this grief and loss into the rest of our lives, so that it doesn't continue to dominate our lives. It's no longer the first thing we think of when we wake up in the morning, or the last thing we relinquish before we sleep.

A child said to his mother, in regards to the outpouring of kindnesses after his father's death. "There are so many good things. There's just one bad thing."

The "bad thing" will always be there, but when it begins to take its place among the good things life offers, we're on our way. Even in my sadness I will be open to new adventure.

Elisabeth Kubler Ross, Taken from TCF online June 2006



### Butterfly Decals

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

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

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

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

**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. A submitted permission slip is valid for four years from the month received.

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  
(If you have already submitted a permission slip within the past 4 years, you do not need to submit another one.)

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

NON-PROFIT  
U.S. POSTAGE PAID  
PERMIT #1625  
FARGO, ND

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



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

**MISSION STATEMENT:** When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. The Compassionate Friends provides highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, or a grandchild, and helps others better assist the grieving family.

A SINCERE WELCOME TO ALL COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. We are a nonprofit self-help organization offering friendship and support to families who have experienced the death of a child. We offer group support, understanding and friendship. Our purpose is to promote and aid parents and siblings in the positive resolution of the grief they are experiencing and to foster physical and emotional health. If you have questions or wish to talk directly to a member of the Fargo-Moorhead Compassionate Friends, please call any of the numbers listed.

**FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD**

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	Paul & Kara Bailey.....701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen ..... 701-730-0805
Newsletter Database	Sheryl Cvijanovich .....701-540-3287	Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer.....701-298-2929	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Initial Contact	Sheryl Cvijanovich	Mailing Committee	Contact Us to Join

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 for a period of 18 months.