



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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May 2017

Volume 34 Number 5

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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.

May Meeting Subject: Bring a memento of your child to share with the group
Upcoming Meetings
May 11th
June 8th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on May 25th @ Fry'n Pan
TCF National Conference - Orlando, Florida July 28-30, 2017
TCF FM Chapter's Annual Walk to Remember - August 12, 2017

LOVE GIFTS

Neil & Kathleen Prochnow in memory of their son, Reed Joel Prochnow
Lori & Larry Wiger in memory of Nathan Beach
Lyle, Tammy, Justin, Stacy, Hunter, Jersey, Jaime & Jordyn Helgeson in memory of their son/brother, Jared Helgeson
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.

"Be nice and smile to everyone you meet. You don't know what they are going through, and they may need that smile, and treasure it."
-Christine M. Huppert

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

"When our special sadness comes to call, when we remember more than we can bear, when courage falters - shadows everywhere: Then let us reach and touch and share, we, who are friends." ~ Sascha Wagner

Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4th 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 May 25thN. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylc13@msn.com.

WHO ARE WE?

The Compassionate Friends is a nonprofit, nonsectarian, mutual assistance, self-help organization offering friendship and understanding to bereaved parents and siblings.

Our primary purpose is to assist the bereaved in the positive resolution of the grief experienced upon the death of a child and to support their efforts to achieve physical and emotional health. The secondary purpose is to provide information and education about bereaved parents and siblings for those who wish to understand. Our objective is to help members of the community, including family, friends, employers, co-workers, and professionals to be supportive.

Meetings are open to all bereaved parents, grandparents and siblings. No dues or fees are required to belong to the Fargo-Moorhead Chapter of The Compassionate Friends.

Check out our updated website at www.tcffargomoorhead.org

Morning Kisses

May we find COMFORT in the deepest place where comfort is, may comfort grab the hand of CALM MOMENTS, may calm tap the shoulder of TENDERNESS and tenderness call up COURAGE, may courage whisper in the ear of SUPER NATURAL TRENNGTH. May they lock arms and gently come knocking at the door of our soul. Each time we feel fragile, like the tears won't stop or the tears come unannounced, and the missing is beyond what we can handle---may they guide us to a new place...His Strength. May we find energy to take His hand or if needed, look up and ask just to be carried into the new mercy moment that awaits us. May COMFORT, CALM MOMENTS, TENDERNESS, COURAGE, & SUPER NATURAL STRENGTH knock at the door of our soul till they become regular visitors.

May what was once a tentative opening to these travelers now become expected, needed, anticipated, welcomed companions.

May we not only open the door of our soul but the windows of our heart and the curtains of our spirit, so the SON can light the dark and dusty places with HIS HOPE, HIS LOVE, and HIS HEALING.

~ Pamela Hagens

In Memory of Samuel Christopher Hagens

Mother's Day Again

It is Mother's Day again.

The day that my first born son became an angel.

Time for remembering Mothers

Time to remember their love for their children

For me it is a reminder of the day you became an angel

And a piece of my heart went with you

Yes it is Mother's Day again.

It is Mother's Day again.

Time for me to put on my happy face

Time to celebrate me

Time to enjoy my daughter

Tell her how much I love her

Also time for me to remember

My beautiful son who has gone too soon

Pray he knows how much I love him

Yes it is Mother's Day again.

It is Mother's Day again

I will remember the good times with Kevin

I will remember his smiles

I will remember his hugs

I will remember his firsts

but I will remember most of all

His love for me, his sister and his daddy.

So yes it is Mother's Day again.

~ Kathie Kelly, TCF/Fredericksburg, VA

In Memory of my son Kevin

"Friends are those rare people who ask how we are and then wait to hear the answer."

~ Ed Cunningham, TCF/Savannah, GA

STEPPARENTS

Stepfathers are a rare breed, they are called upon to do the tough deeds.

Saying 'no' to the children when Mom wants to stay clean, Leaving you as the bad guy and also called mean.

No one stops to think of the love you have for the child, It's been going unnoticed for a long while.

It's time we speak up and let others know the children were also ours and we love them so.

In tough times, moms reply, "This is my child." We don't retaliate because that's not our style.

Yes, Mom, you gave them life, it's true, but we stepfathers gave our lives to them and to you.

Please remember biological does not mean love.

It's the gift of yourself spreading your wings like a dove, Protecting and nourishing the ones you love dear,

While comforting their hearts and eliminating their fears.

Just remember we are grieving, too, maybe as much as you; yes, it's true.

Your tears may seem to come more frequently, but ours come mostly in secrecy.

This is because we are grieving for two, our child and yes, a life anew.

We have lost our wives and the life we once knew, It's unbelievable, but unfortunately very true.

Just remember we love like you do, deep in our hearts and souls through and through.

There is no "step" in a father's love,

We are the guys God sent from above.

~ Wayne Bell, in memory of their daughter, Karen Reilly

PLEASE LET ME MOURN

I've never lost a child before, and I don't understand all these emotions I am feeling. Will you try to understand and help me?

Please let me mourn.

I may act and appear together, but I am not. Oftentimes it hurts so much I can hardly bear it.

Please let me mourn.

Don't expect too much from me. I will try to help you know what I can and cannot handle. Sometimes I am not always sure.

Please let me mourn.

Let me talk about my child. I need to talk. It's part of the healing.

Don't pretend nothing has happened. It hurts terribly when you do. I love my child very much, and my memories are all I have now.

They are very precious to me.

Please let me mourn.

Sometimes I cry and act differently, but it is all part of the grieving. My tears are necessary and needed and should not be held back. It even helps when you cry with me. Please don't fear my tears.

Please let me mourn.

What I need most is your friendship, your sympathy, your prayers, your support, and your understanding love. I am not the same person I was before my child died, and I never will be. Hopefully we can all grow from this shared tragedy.

Please let me mourn.

God gives me strength to face each day and the hope that I will survive with His help and yours. Time will heal some of the pain,

but there will always be an empty place in my heart.

Please let me mourn.

Please let me mourn and thank you for helping me through the most difficult time of my life.

~ Lonnie Forland, TCF/Northwood, IA



MAY: THE UNUSUALLY DIFFICULT MONTH

For the bereaved parent, May is frequently the cruelest month. The month of May offers the rest of the world a promise of another carefree summer, swimming, family vacations, relaxation, reading, cook outs and picnics, trips to the lake and so much that is inherent in our culture.

Yet May also brings memories of our children. The common denominator for mothers (and fathers) is Mother's Day. This tradition was wonderful when our children were alive; now the direct mail and newspaper advertising, sentimental television spots, in-store promotions, cards and letters and the countdown to the day itself are very cruel reminders of our lost children. Who will remember us on Mother's Day?

This will be my fourth Mother's Day without my son. I miss him terribly all year long, but May and December are the worst months for me. First we have Mother's Day, then my son's birthday and throughout the month I am bombarded with invitations for high school and college graduations each one reminding me of what once was. My son finishing grade school, high school, college, graduate school. Each was accompanied by a ceremony. All the ceremonies rush into my mind as I realize how much of myself is my memories and those memories are very entwined with my son's life. A big part of me died with him that night in December.

Three years ago I was overwhelmed, sobbing, still occasionally in deep shock. My mind was mush, my heart was crushed and I did not have the will to do much more than quietly weep. It was my first Mother's Day without my son, the first birthday that he wasn't here, the first Memorial Day Weekend without him. I was paralyzed. May would never be joyful for me again. What to do....what to do. I ask myself this question each April as we begin the ramp up to the longest month.

This year, I am counting out the last days of April and wondering how I will handle it. I am not worried about it; I am just wondering. I have gotten used to the transformation that has taken place in my mind, heart and soul. I experienced a slow spiritual awakening which accompanied a deep, deep sense of loss over which I have no control. I go with it.

There are questions that we must ask ourselves. The answers are unique to us. Collectively we know this is a month to dread; individually we have our own memories and our own methods of coping. Collectively we lean on each other for hope, comfort and support. Individually, we each walk our own road depending on how many circumstances of life are in our month of May: Mother's Day, Memorial Day, birthdays, death anniversaries, graduations, weddings, baptisms, first communions, confirmations, How we handled the beginning of summer, the end of the school year.....all of these events can bombard us in May.

The memories float into our minds like a mist that thickens into a heavy fog. We are enveloped in our fog of memories; the before death years come to us in a hodgepodge of the happiest times and clash with the reality of now. These are our memories, our children and ultimately our choices. And there seems to be little joy we can take from this month of memories.

Once again, we make the decision. If we are not ready to acknowledge Mother's Day, we shouldn't do it. If we are facing other days in May that will tear at our hearts, we must plan for it. Some of us prefer to be alone and isolated. Others of us prefer to be with friends or family. Some of us go to the cemetery, others go to the park. Some read, watch movies, sit on the deck or simply rest. Others take a weekend trip which puts them into a different state of reality.

There are as many choices as there are parents who have lost their children. Consider your options. Be honest with yourself. Don't be pushed into anything. Take control. We each move forward toward hope at a different rate and in a different way. This is not about meeting the expectations of others; this is a personal journey toward peace and hope. It is your journey.

I will always miss my son. I will always feel deep sorrow at his uncompleted life. But I know that he would want me to move forward, move back into the sunshine that is life on this earth. I'm working on it. Be patient with me. This is the most difficult road I have ever walked, but I am in motion, moving mostly forward and seeking something akin to peace, hope and tranquility. I will always be a work in progress.

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

Vulnerable

I have found in the years that have passed that **I am most vulnerable at times of remembrance.** The word "Anniversary" no longer holds a promise of celebration. Instead, holidays and birthdays, family gatherings and otherwise joyous occasions contain an undertow of sorrow. If I get caught up in it, I quickly get pulled under and wind up gasping for breath. It is ironic that the presence of the absence can be so emotionally devastating.

You'll excuse me if the bounce is gone from my step. Or the depth of my laughter has changed. Issues that were once monumental, now seem insignificant. Please excuse me if I don't commiserate that your car needs repair or the faucet leaks. My focus on life has forever changed.

You'll excuse me if my spirit seems lost during holidays of any kind. They are now days "to bear", rather than days to share and enjoy.

You'll pardon me if I bring you down or make you feel discomfort, and **I'll pardon you** for not understanding that my life will never be the same; that although I'll survive, there will always be sorrow.

~ Joan Fischer, TCF/Nassau County Chapter, NY

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

| CHILD | PARENTS |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| LUCAS ALLMENDINGER.....36 | DEAN & JO ALLMENDINGER |
| DANNY LEE FOWLER48 | CAROL & LIONEL KAIM |
| DAVID MARK KLEINGARTNER.....53 | NORBERT & LUELLA KLEINGARTNER |
| MICHAEL LEALLEN KRAIG.....21 | JILL KRAIG & BRYAN MOFFET |
| CARMEN LALUM37 | RUSSELL & SHARON LALUM |
| ERIC LARSON.....30 | DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents) |
| JOSEPH CHRIS LARSON.....60 | DALE & MARILYN LARSON |
| PAUL MORLOCK53 | DELLA MORLOCK |
| VALERIE MURCH.....38 | PETER & LARAE MURCH |
| ERIC JOHN SCHAFER38 | BILL & LOIS SCHAFER |

ANNIVERSARIES

| CHILD | PARENTS |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| KONNIE JEAN CHAFFEE.....5 | MARK & JEAN CHAFFEE |
| COLE HALLAND7 | STEVEN & JOAN HALLAND |
| JARED SCOTT HELGESON.....7 | LYLE & TAMMY HELGESON |
| DAVID KUEHL10 | KEITH KUEHL |
| REED JOEL PROCHNOW18 | NEIL & KATHLEEN PROCHNOW |
| JACOB RIEDMAN3 | KASEY & JON SKALICKY |
| DYLAN ROMAINE5 | AARON & TRICIA ROMAINE |
| ANDREW SADEK.....3 | JOHN & TAMMY SADEK |
| CRAIG A SCHEER.....5 | WILLIAM & ELAINE SCHEER |
| LOLA ELISE SINCLAIR.....2 | ANDREA & TJADEN SINCLAIR |
| MATTHEW AARON THIBEDEAU8 | MARY & GALEN SCHROEDER |
| HEATHER WREN6 | DEB WAYMAN |

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

Mother's Day...Father's Day... Graduations...Proms

Spring comes – and with it comes the uneasy awareness of difficult days ahead. For those who are still going through all the “firsts” without your child, we share with you some special ways other parents have coped and managed. Mother's Day...Father's Day...graduations...vacations... these are special family times which often catch us unaware and bring unexpected tears and painful memories of young lives cut short. It does get better! And you can make these special days better with some planning and with encouragement from those who have already been there.

Whatever the “special day” that lies ahead for your family, try to focus on doing something meaningful and tangible in remembrance of your child. Share as a family thoughts and suggestions about planting a tree or starting a rose garden, donating a book to the library or school, putting flowers on the altar, lighting a special candle or taking that long talked-of vacation. Tears and moments of sadness are okay, for they are expressions of love.

Remember:

- Take one day at a time.
- Keep things simple by playing down the holidays and special days, while they are so painful.
- Change your routine from past years.
- Make plans to be “busy” during at least part of the day (go out to lunch or to a movie, or visit friends)
- Give your older children some “space.” They not only feel your extreme sadness at these times; they also have their own feelings to deal with.
- The anticipation is often worse than the day itself!

From Fox Valley TCF Chapter, Aurora, Illinois

SIBLING PAGE

Graduation – A Time to Remember

I was driving down the road the other day, thinking of how the retail market makes any event an opportunity for revenue. Graduation seems to fall into that category, with cards and gifts for every Graduate. This time of year reminds me that my graduation from high school was a bittersweet time.

Really, it was the first time I had "surpassed" my older brother, David, in anything significant. I turned the age that he was when he died, 18, in the beginning of my senior year of high school. That year was difficult for me, as I felt that I was getting to move past where he had been cut short. Graduation day was no exception. I was happy to be getting out of high school, and looking forward to that coming August when I would go to college. But why was I getting to do these things, and not David? What made me so special that I got to stay here and experience these things? I still am not quite sure of the answer to those questions.

Graduation from high school was really just the first of many events which I have gotten to experience that David never will. College graduation, my wedding, and the birth of my two children are examples. And for me, each event has been a bit bittersweet.

The good news is this: that while time does make it easier to bear day-to-day activities without your sibling, each major event in your life presents itself as a new opportunity to remember your brother or sister, as well. For me, figuring that out was a huge relief, as it meant that my fear of forgetting David was not something I needed to worry about any more. His memory is just as alive for me today, 15-1/2 years later, as it was when I took that walk across the stage to accept my high school diploma.

~ Amy Baker Ferry, TCF/Longwood, FL

Searching...

Once again, my list has vanished;
It was here, but now it's missing.
Keys and glasses disappearing;
books and letters -- overdue.
I'm forever searching, searching,
they must be here, and I need them!
Could it be that what is missing,
What I want this very minute--
could it be that what I'm really
searching for, my child, is you?

~ Joyce Andrews, TCF/Sugar Land TX

I BELIEVE IN TOMORROW

I believe in tomorrow
Because of today,
Because my brother
Just slipped away.
I believe that tomorrow,
After the storm has passed,
I will once again find him,
Once again at last.
He made tomorrow,
Because tomorrow is another day,
And tomorrow I will find him,
Because he just slipped away.

~ Sally Grimes, TCF/Rogers, AR

"I've seen what a good laugh can do.
It can transform tears into hope."

~ Bob Hope

TIME

To realize the value of a sister
Ask someone who doesn't have one.
To realize the value of ten years:
Ask a newly divorced couple.
To realize the value of four years:
Ask a graduate.
To realize the value of one year:
Ask a student who has failed a final exam.
To realize the value of nine months:
Ask a mother who gave birth to a stillborn.
To realize the value of one month:
Ask a mother who has given birth to a premature baby.
To realize the value of one week:
Ask an editor of a weekly newspaper.
To realize the value of one minute:
Ask a person who has missed the train, bus or plane.
To realize the value of one-second:
Ask a person who has survived an accident.
Time waits for no one.
Treasure every moment you have.
You will treasure it even more when
you can share it with someone special.
To realize the value of a friend or family member:
LOSE ONE.

A Scar That Just Won't Heal

The room you once lived in...
Doesn't look the same.
The people who used to call you,
Never mention your name.
The car you used to drive,
They may not be made anymore;
All the things you once treasured,
Are boxed behind closet doors.

The clothes you set the trends by,
Are surely out of date.
The people you owned money to
Have wiped away the slate.
Things have changed and
Changed again since you went away.
But some things have
Remained the same, each and
Every day.

Like this aching in my heart,
A scar that just won't heal.
Or the way a special song
Can change the way I feel.
Brother, you must know that
The music bonds us and will
Always keep us close.
Because secretly I know deep in
My heart, it's the music you miss
The most.
So let the world keep on turning
And time can take it toll.
For as long as the music keeps
Playing, you'll be alive
And dancing in my soul.

~ Stacie Gilliam, TCF/Oklahoma City, OK

"In A Split Second"

We've always had fears of family tragedy
Seemingly distant, yet always so near
We prayed our family to pass through this life
Without tragedy's heavy burdens to bear
But then, on that day so brutal
So suddenly our lives turned into pain
Normal life we knew was gone
And never again would be the same
We lost two little Grand Daughters
In a split second they were taken forever to be
This day our life just turned upside down
Yes, we lost Loral and Macy you see
Now our lives, we must continue
It hurts, and wasn't supposed to be this way
Our souls yearn to reach that great destination
While weary and worn, we trod forth each day
We still find some happiness, but more often sadness
We sometimes laugh and sometimes cry
With grief and longing for our lost girls
Yes, with our faith, we know we'll get by
PawPaw
~ Donald Moyers, TCF/Galveston County, TX
In Memory of Loral and Macy

What would you be doing tonight, my son?

What would you be doing tonight my son
If your life wasn't cut short, and you were still here to have
fun
Would you be out on a date, or watching a movie
Or outside playing Frisbee with your sweet dog Buddy
What would you be doing in the morning my son
When the alarm clock goes off and the work day has begun
Whose computer would you fix whose disaster would you
resolve
Would your day go smooth and would you still love your job.
What would you be doing for lunch my son
Eating with your friends or grabbing something on the run
Would it be Mexican, Chinese, or some nice little place
Oh what I'd give once more just to see your face.
Who would have thought I would be writing you poems
Or sitting on your bed crying and in mourning
You were young and a great man my son
You will be missed until my day too is done.
~ Lydia F. Burns, TCF/Atlanta City, GA

SECOND SUNDAY OF MAY

Many happy memories
Linger in our hearts this day
As we each remember our child
Who has left this earthly plane.
The day is bittersweet for us,
The mothers who have lost so much,
For to remove all pain could well
Erase the precious life we touched.
Tears will trace the memories of
Other, happier Mother's Days,
As we dwell in a quiet reverie
This Second Sunday of May
Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF/Katy, TX

IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning we hurt so bad
We can't think straight.
Our days and nights run together,
As we cry out for relief
From the pain that has
Seemed to swallow us whole.
That pain now accompanies us everywhere.
There is no place to hide.
It has taken over our life.
It knows our name.
It knows where we live.
It knows that our loved one has died
And so do we
Sort of but not really.
We are still looking for them
To walk in the door,
To say our name,
To reach over and give us a hug.
With every day that passes
Our longing for them grows.
We do not want to believe that
They died and are not coming back.
That reality chases us relentlessly,
Until one day their empty chair
Speaks louder than our denial,
And the wall begins to break
Where we have hidden our heart.
~ Deb Kosmer, TCF/Portland, OR

A MOTHER'S GRIEF

I wanted to die, but I didn't! I thought I would go crazy, but I
didn't! MY SON IS DEAD.
I hated it when people said we still have his memory. I don't want
just the memory, I want him.
I hated it when told time would heal the pain. I wanted the pain.
Remembering him was painful, so if the pain goes away - would I
forget him? I was afraid so.
Now I realize that it isn't remembering him that brings me pain. It's
realizing a future without him in it that hurts. I can picture him so
easily, that certain smirk - quick wit and sense of humor. The smell and
texture of skin on his neck as I give him a motherly nuzzle.
Making progress in this business of grief doesn't make me untrue
to him memory, it actually lets me smile when I think of him and lets
me feel the LOVE I have for him, not just the pain. I need it to keep
cleansing me of this anger I feel when the uselessness of his death
washes over me. It's a step by step process and I feel I'm going in the
right direction.
All the Compassionate friends have made this healing process
more bearable. You came along just in time. Thank you - Friends of my
heart.
~ Karen Weber, TCF/Bismarck, ND

A Love Song

The mention of my child's name may bring
tears to my eyes, but it never fails to bring
music to my ears.
If you really are my friend, please don't
keep me from hearing the beautiful music
It soothes my broken heart and fills
my soul with love. Nancy
~ Seaman Williams, TCF/Central Jersey Chapter

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: _____

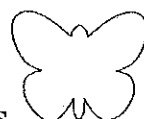
Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

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 John Milligan at 701-491-0364.

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

You can see pictures of the trailer with butterflies on our website at www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html.

Just Ten Weeks

For just 10 weeks
I had you to myself.
And 10 weeks seems too short a time
For you to have changed me so profoundly.
In just 10 weeks I came to know you . . .
And to love you.
You came to trust me with your life.
Oh, what a life I had planned for you!
Just 10 weeks.
Then I lost you.
I lost a lifetime of hopes,
Plans, dreams, and aspirations.
A slice of my future simply vanished overnight.
Just 10 weeks.
It wasn't enough time to convince others how
Special and important you were.
How odd, a truly unique person has died recently
And no one is mourning the passing.
Just 10 weeks.
And no "normal" person would cry all night over
A tiny 10 week fetus, or get depressed and withdrawn
Day after endless day.
No one would, so why am I?
You were just 10 weeks, my little one.
But it seems you only needed 10 weeks
To make my life so much richer and give
Me a small glimpse of eternity.

~ Susan Erling, TCF/St. Paul, MN

A Memory I Did Not Have

Many things have stepped off into half visibility
Since my son was born, but images of his handsome
Features, the smile that seemed always to be there
Even In the midst of great pain and sorrow,
The sound of his laughter that could brighten
Any day, are not numbered among them.

After he died I insisted that everything be left just as
He'd disarranged it...right down to the last conductor,
Piece of duct tape, wire and connector. I move very
Slowly within the spaces he left...if eternity should move
Even half so slowly as this day, it would be endless enough
To shadow and transform any mother's face.

Sometimes he visits me in my dreams but occasionally
He returns to me in a fragrant memory that
I did not actually have, but cherish all the same.
There are times I hear his voice so clearly I cry, and other
Times I see him standing tall and still, smiling but mute....
One minute short of telling me who he really was.

~ Sharon Peoples, TCF/Longmont, CO
In Memory of Rodney Alan Peoples

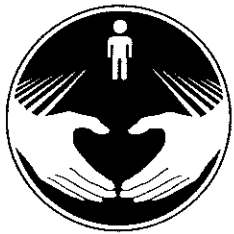
What the caterpillar
calls the end,
the rest of the world
calls a butterfly.

~ Lao Tzu

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

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U.S. POSTAGE PAID
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FARGO, ND

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



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

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

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

FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

| | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Chapter Leader | John Milligan 701-491-0364 | Newsletter Editor | Nancy Teeuwen..... 701-730-0805 |
| Meeting Facilitator | Paul & Kara Bailey 701-261-0668 | Newsletter Database | Mike Cvijanovich..... 701-235-8158 |
| Secretary | Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-540-3287 | Website Administrator | Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287 |
| Treasurer | Chuck Klinkhammer..... 701-298-2929 | Initial Contact | Jamie Olson..... 701-219-3865 |
| Mailing Committee | Contact Us to Join | Librarian | Contact Us to Volunteer |

LIBRARY INFORMATION: We have an extensive library available. Please feel free to check materials at our next meeting.

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

HAVING A BAD DAY OR NIGHT? Feel free to call and talk to any of the following:

John Milligan (son, 25 - car accident)..... 701-491-0364
Lois Gangnes (son, 24 - accident)..... 701-282-4083
Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness)..... 701-730-0805
Mark & Hella Helfter (miscarriage, son, 35-accident & son, 45-cancer) ... 701-235-9622

Love gifts must be received by the 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.