



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office
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www.compassionatefriends.org

F-M Area Chapter
PO Box 10686
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www.tcffargomoorhead.org
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Chapter Leaders - Paul & Kara Bailey 701-491-0364

Newsletter Editor - Nancy Teeuwen 701-730-0805

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

Upcoming Meetings

May 9th
June 13th

Meeting Subject:

May - Bring a memento of your child to share with the group
June - Balloon Release, everyone is welcome.

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

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on May 23rd @ Fry'n Pan
TCF National Conference July 19 - 21, 2019 in Philadelphia, PA
TCF FM Chapter's 13th Annual Walk to Remember - July 27, 2019

LOVE GIFTS

Rosemary Feske in memory of her son, Steven "Herman" Feske
Lisa Beach in memory of her son, Nathan Beach

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.

LOVE

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

Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4th Thursday of the month at 7 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 24th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylcvl3@msn.com.



"It has been said, time heals all wounds. I do not agree. The wounds remain. In time, the mind, protecting its sanity, covers them with scar tissue and the pain lessens. But it is never gone."

~ Rose Kennedy



Dear Mr. Hallmark,

I am writing to you from heaven, and though it must appear a rather strange idea, I see everything from here. I just popped in to visit your stores to find a card, a card of love for my mother, as this day for her is hard. There must be some mistake I thought. every card you could imagine except I could not find a card from a child who lives in heaven.

She is still a mother too, no matter where I reside. I had to leave. she understands, but oh the tears she's cried. I thought that if I wrote you, that you would come to know that though I live in heaven now. I still love my mother so.

She talks with me, and dreams with me; we still share laughter too, memories our way of speaking now, would you see what you could do? My mother carries me in her heart. her tears she hides from sight. She writes poems to honor me, sometimes far into the night. She plants flowers in my garden, there my living memory dwells. She writes to other grieving parents, trying to ease their pain as well.

So, you see Mr. Hallmark, though I no longer live on earth I must find a way to remind her of her wondrous worth. She needs to be honored and remembered too, just as the children of earth will do. Thank you, Mr. Hallmark, I know you'll do your best. I have done all I can do: to you I'll leave the rest. Find a way to tell her, how much she means to me until I can do it for myself, when she joins me in eternity.

~ Jody Seilheimer

A Mother's Love

I need no pictures to
Remember your warm smile;
the lines of your face are
embedded in my memory
of you.

I gave you life in one second
of pain, for which you
returned 13 years of
yourself...sometimes quiet,
sometimes noisy, but always
thoughtful.

Sometimes I hear a voice
that sounds like you, and I
pause.

That pang of hurt stems from
an empty spot you left in my
life.

I carried you in my womb,
then later in my arms, but
I will carry you in my heart
forever.

~ Joy Morning, TCF/Phoenix, AZ

A Message for Mother's Day

I remember the first Mother's Day I faced after losing our infant daughter, Dylan Rose. It seemed like the most painful day imaginable, with the reminder of the role of motherhood lost to me.

As we learn to redefine ourselves after the death of a child, I think it is important to learn to nurture ourselves. We can only expect to find a certain amount of help from external sources, and in time, need to develop our own private internal strength.

Your "homework" for this Mother's Day for Compassionate Friends is to think of something meaningful to do for yourself on this day (or in the near future). Buy yourself a flower or an outdoor plant, a book, music, or spend some time with a good listener to talk to. You're entitled to have as good of a day as possible!

By my helping I will be helped. If I accept your anger then my anger is accepted. By my caring I am cared for. When I listen I will be listened to. And all these things mean on the lonely road of grief I will not be alone. My recovery will be a little gentler, and my child will not be forgotten because the memory of him can be shared with you who understand how I feel --

My special Compassionate Friends

~ Shirley Egan, TCF/New South Wales, Australia

Let go of the mistaken idea that time heals. It isn't time that heals, it's the grief work you do while the clock ticks away that heals.

~ Margaret Gerner, TCF/Payson, AZ Aug 2007

THE SCENT OF MY BABY

When we think of babies

We think of that certain scent.

The scent that newborns seem to have,
or me-that came and went.

The scent of my baby
s a different one.

It's not shampoo or baby powders
It's not that "newborn scent".

But that of fresh cut flowers.

For God chose my son to be with Him
And leave me down below.

So the flowers I place upon his grave
Are the only scent I know.

So when I smell a flower
My son always comes to mind
And the delicate scent of a flower
Seems to suit my son just fine.

For my son touched and brightened my life
Just like a flower may.

And the true beauty of a flower
Was my son in every way.

~ Debby Root, TCF/Fox Valle

Riding the Beast

In grieving the loss of our child, we ride a wild, screaming beast. Suddenly out of nowhere we are forced to mount and ride until the day we reach the end of our own lives. The beast is a frightening, ugly, apocalyptic horse, a raging, unrelenting atomic animal. We cannot get a grip, no matter how we try to cope, rationalize, or pray. We wonder where and how our lives came to be like this. What happened? How is it that one day we are basically OK; we go to bed as we normally do and wake up to a hellish nightmare? How is it that we were going merrily along (more or less) in life - and now, in one fell swoop, we are attached to this beast forever? No matter how much this monster bucks or how high it rears its black mane, we cannot fall off. Occasionally we feel that the animal might quieten, but at any moment it may also try to throw us with a vengeance as (if not more) forceful as before. We know that even as it tries, we cannot be dislodged. We are bound with straps that are as unbreakable as the love that bonds us to our child in the first place; a love forged before our child was conceived. We have no choice; the beast must be ridden just as the work of grief must be done. It is only when we are able to guide the beast to the final stable that we will be reunited with our child and our Creator. Until then, we must continue to ride.

~ John Harris, TCF/Potomac, MD

His daughter Nichole Ashley Harris, died on 11/15/2002

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Help me please
Oh Lord, I pray
To endure the trials
Of each new day.
Let me look them
Squarely in the face
And then put them
In their rightful place.
Give me patience
And strength to cope
But most of all God
Give me hope.
When all seems futile
Please let me say
"Look how far I've come
To reach this day".
Reach out Your hand
And pull me through
Cause, Lord, I'll never make it
Without You!

Jacquelyn M. Comeaux

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AN UNEVENTFUL PREGNANCY

They said her birth defects were a surprise
after an "uneventful" pregnancy.

was it uneventful the day we knew
she was there inside—growing?

How about the day we saw her little body
on the ultrasound screen
and fell in love with her?

Was it uneventful the first time
I felt her kick?

Or the second?

What about the day we chose her name—Meg?
All those days we dreamed and hoped and loved her.

Those were the happiest days of our life with her.

Don't tell me it was uneventful. Please.

~ Felise Freeley-O'Brien, TCF/Hingham, MD

DRIVING

You know how it is when you are driving: suddenly
you realize you've driven several miles, but you don't
remember getting there. With grief the miles are years.

Driving is habit. The destination changes; you are to
turn left, but you still turn right. When the child in the
store calls, "Mom!" I turn the way I always did.

We detour to avoid obstacles.

I drive blocks out of my way to bypass his playground.

If you are old enough, you will see a car like one you
owned when you were young, and you will travel back
through time.

Yesterday, I saw my child in the passenger seat of a
small car approaching a red light. I changed lanes to get a
better look. His head was the same, his blue eyes familiar.
He was close, but his mother drove him away.

I should have driven forward, but I couldn't. Wiping
my eyes, I could see in my rear-view mirror the driver
behind me honking his horn, screaming, "What's the
matter with you?" The question I was asking myself.

~ Shelly Wagner, *The Andrew Poems*, 1994.

You left us so quickly;
there were no goodbyes.

How long this forever,
your death and our lives.

The sadness, the anger,
the loneliness of three,
preferring four always,
how small, this new we.

Genesse Bourdeau Gentry

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

~ Ed Cunningham, TCF/Savannah, GA

OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED *BIRTHDAYS*

CHILD		PARENTS
JONI ELLIOTT.....	51	SONNY ELLIOTT (Sibling)
DAVID MARK KLEINGARTNER.....	55	NORBERT & LUELLA KLEINGARTNER
CARMEN LALUM	39	RUSSELL & SHARON LALUM
ERIC LARSON.....	32	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
JOSEPH CHRIS LARSON.....	62	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
PAUL MORLOCK	55	DELLA MORLOCK
JESSICA ANNE NORBY	37	LAROY NORBY (Grandmother)
JOHN T PEARSON.....	58	EDNA MAE PEARSON
JUSTIN DONALD RUEDIGER	21	STEVE & CARISSA HAUGEN
ERIC JOHN SCHAFER	40	BILL & LOIS SCHAFER
MELODY TUFTE	11	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
DUSTIN CHARLES WROLSTAD.....	32	KIMBERLY LAVERDURE

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD		PARENTS
KONNIE JEAN CHAFFEE.....	7	MARK & JEAN CHAFFEE
CHLOE LOVE CONN	2	JEROD & STACY CONN
HOLLY KAY ELLESTAD	1	WENDY BLAKENSHIP (Sister)
JONI ELLIOTT.....	2	SONNY ELLIOTT (Sibling)
COLE HALLAND	9	STEVEN & JOAN HALLAND
JARED SCOTT HELGESON.....	9	LYLE & TAMMY HELGESON
REED JOEL PROCHNOW	20	NEIL & KATHLEEN PROCHNOW
JACOB RIEDMAN	5	KASEY & JON SKALICKY
DYLAN ROMAINE.....	7	AARON & TRICIA ROMAINE
ANDREW SADEK.....	5	JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
LOLA ELISE SINCLAIR.....	4	ANDREA & TJADEN SINCLAIR
HEATHER WREN	8	DEB WAYMAN
DUSTIN CHARLES WROLSTAD.....	2	KIMBERLY LAVERDURE

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

Do It Your Way

It is not possible to lose someone as vital as one's child and not have the pain of deep grief. You will find a great many non-bereaved people who will encourage you to play the old game of, "If you'll pretend you're okay and it's not really so bad, we'll let you come play with us. But if you're going to cry and talk about your dead child, then you can't play."

This is one time in your life you don't have to meet anybody else's standards. There is nothing more unique about you than the way you express your grief -- and you have the right however it is manifested. A great deal of how you go about it is determined by how you have handled previous losses.

So if someone tries to influence you to play the old game by rewarding you with attention because "you're doing so well," tell them you're not doing well. Tell them your child has died and you're hurting. Let them know it doesn't help you for them to pretend everything is okay. Do whatever it is you need to do to survive this trauma and don't worry about whether it pleases or displeases other people ...DO IT YOUR WAY!

~ Mary Cleckly, TCF/Atlanta, GA

SIBLING PAGE

Healing the Bereaved Child

Support groups help bereaved kids by:

*Countering the sense of isolation many bereaved children experience in our shame-based, mourning-avoiding culture.

*Providing emotional, physical and spiritual support in a safe, non-judgmental environment.

*Allowing them to explore their many thoughts and feelings about grief in a way that helps them be compassionate with themselves.

*Encouraging members to not only receive support and understanding for themselves, but also to provide help to others. (We know that children do not like to be different from peers and often resist being singled out for purposes of receiving help.)

*Offering new ways of approaching problems (e. Q. how to respond to the peer who makes fun of the fact that someone in their life has died).

*Helping them trust in what, for many, seems like an unsafe, uncaring world.

* Providing a supportive environment that can rekindle their love for life and living. In short, as bereaved children give and receive help, they feel less helpless and are able to discover continued meaning in life. Feeling understood by their peers and effective adult leaders brings down barriers between the bereaved child and the world outside. Our mourning-avoiding culture often invites children to keep their grief internalized and to adopt ways of avoiding the painful, but necessary, work of mourning. Support groups instead foster the experience of trusting and being trusted and have the potential of doing wonders in meeting the needs of bereaved children.

Excerpts from Dr. Alan D. Wolfert Bereavement Magazine
March/April 98
Bereavement Publishing, Inc.
8133 Telegraph Dr.
Colorado Springs, CO 80920

Twin Rainbows

Yesterday, I saw a glorious sight, a true vision of nature. I saw a double rainbow. The first rainbow, closest to earth, was very bright, colors clearly defined. The second rainbow, the one closer to heaven, was misty and loosely formed.

My dear brother, I thought of you. You represented the second rainbow. You were sent down to show me your presence, to show your closeness to me. I was told in a dream that you are never far away from me.

My life has changed. I have had to redefine and challenge myself - to make strong my weakness, because you always "took up the slack" for me. You always did for me what I could not do for myself.

This past year, one of our friends finally let go of his sorrow. He was able to talk and hug me, without breaking down or weeping over the memories of us. It has been difficult for our friends and family to separate you and me. They still say our names together. They have commented: "Where you see one, you'll soon see the other."

It has been hard for me to help all of these folks to heal; to let them know that they can still love me. I am the same person, but without you. At times, it has seemed an overwhelming task, but I can only try and be the friend that you taught me to be. Then, maybe, they'll see you are still here. All that you are - your spirit, love, and friendship - live through me.

Love, your sister,
Meria Rae Martin, Swinomish, WA

MOTHER OF SORROW

I hate to look at my mother
To see her in so much pain
Wrinkles hiding her countless tears
That would otherwise pour like rain.

I hate to see her hurt so much
But silently hold it in
Struggling to beat the heartbreak
When she knows that she can't win.

I hate to listen to her cries
Which she tries so hard not to show
Grasping on to everything
I wish she could let go.

I hate to watch her smile so bright
And know that it's all fake
Sure she's "Happy" every day
But she's acting for our sake.

I hate competing with the sorrow
And I can't bring back my brother
Drew is up there watching you
He living, loving and laughing--
Mother.

~ Kristy Sheldon, TCF/Ashtabula, OH

The Unfinished Path

When we were young, under your wing I was kept.
As I grew older, on your shoulder I wept.
With a problem I could come to you, day or night.
Just knowing your answers would always be right.
You joined the Marines and "*Semper Fidelis*" you barked.
I could see right then my path was marked.
It was a path to perfection or so I thought.
To be like you is what I sought.
Since your prints have ended, I don't know where to go.
I've asked Mom and Dad, but they don't quite know.
So I ask your advice just one more time.
Because your prints have ended,
The rest must be mine.
~ Tim Maloney, USMC, TCF/Hingham, MA
Printed with permission by the author

WHEN....

when we finally realize that you
are always going to be smiling
and dancing in our hearts,
then, our pain shall turn to joy.
~ Bob Walters, TCF/South Lake Tahoe, CA

REST, MY BROTHER

Rest, my brother, you now have peace.
The wars within you all have ceased,
And with the rising sun each day,
Upon the heaven you will play.
Until that day we meet again,
Know I love you, my brother, my friend.
~ Sandra Evans, TCF/Kearsarge, NH

The Significance of Mother's Day

I don't think I really appreciated the significance of Mother's Day until I myself became one. My life would never be the same and the death of my only child did not alter the fact that I am still a mother. I still have that intense feeling of love for my own child, a love greater than any I had known before. So as Mother's Day approaches, a day on which we recognize the love and pride of motherhood, I, too, want to be remembered as a mother.

~ Cindy Smith, TCF/Charlottesville, VA

EARLY GRIEF

Early Grief

I feel a light-less voice inside. It has no name. I know that others say I am in grief. But for me, it is without a name, a mortal distress beyond words.

At First

At first my very name was grief, my eyes saw only grief, my thoughts were grief, and everything I touched was turned to grief. But now I own the light of memories. My eyes can see you, and my thoughts can know you for what you really are; more than a young life lost, more than a radiance gone into night. Today you have become a gift beyond grief, a treasure to my world — though you have left my world and me behind.

Comparisons

It is useless to wonder what grief is larger or what grief is smaller. The death of children fills to ultimate endurance every human dimension for pain. There is no need to give rank to death. We only have to recognize that grief has filled a whole life to its ultimate borders.

Sascha W., Wintersun

Butterflies

I crawl alone along the ground
I creep along my way
I look up and I see the sky
I wish so hard that I can fly
And soar above the day
I'm shadowed by the swaying grass
And leaves on plants and trees
Between them all I see the sun
I dream of all the wondrous fun
Of flying on the breeze
I'm thinking that I'm all alone
When I discover here
Some others who, all just like me
Just wishing that they too were free
To find compassion near
They notice me, I notice them
We soar up to the skies
We glide on love's uplifting air
Within the kindness that we all share
We've become butterflies

by K.C. Fahel

"I've learned - that no matter how bad your heart is broken, the world doesn't stop for your grief"

~ Author Unknown

"There are no magic formulas for surviving grief. There are a few recognized patterns for grief, but even those are only guidelines. What we do know is that the emptiness will never go away. It will become tolerable and livable—some day."

~ Darcie D. Sims

WHERE ARE YOU?

I think of you constantly. I envision you standing before me, talking and joking as you always did.

I feel you in my heart as you always were and always will be.

Where is this other world that so many speak of? The afterlife or spirit world where, I am told, you are running free?

Your absence has left a huge cold void that I need to fill with memories of you...but the memories make my heart ache even more, knowing they are memories only and nothing more.

All you owned resides here in our home. The mementos that tell the story of your life: your high school hockey jacket, hanging in your closet, hockey sticks, snowboard, guitars, trophies, plaques, and lots of other gear in your room, the basement, and just about everywhere..

Your clothes; I can picture you in every one of them. It doesn't seem possible that you're not here to look so handsome in the black and beige striped sweater and Gap jeans that we all loved so much. New clothes, bought for a new life at college.

The harsh reality that you are not here and will never be again is too painful for a mother to bear. They say that you are near in some world parallel to this one...but where is this world? Where are you?

I keep searching...

~ Ellen Chowdhury, TCF/Syosset, NY

In loving memory of Aram, who died in 1994 at the age of 18 from injuries sustained in a car accident.

A Mother's Prayer

Let my baby be safe..
Guide his little feet
If he falls
Let me be there
to pick him up, and
kiss away the tears.
Let him grow straight and strong
Let him know only happiness and love
Shelter him from harm..
Help him know right from wrong.
If he should falter--
along the way...
Let me be there
to help him take the right path.
Never let him know pain and strife--
Let him only have
a joyful life
And when it comes time for us to part, please...
let me go first
...and not my heart.

~ Janet Decker, TCF/Syosset, NY

In loving memory of her son, John

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.

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

An Unfinished Mother Written by Clara Hinton

When child loss occurs, a mother goes through a difficult time of emotional turmoil and questioning. “Am I still a mother?” “Does my child still have a birthday each year, or does time stand still?” “Can the mother/child relationship continue to grow, or am I now an ‘unfinished mother?’”

Losing a child places a mother on a road that begins a lonelier journey than ever expected— one that can never really be explained. There was a beginning, but with the death of the child, there is no middle and no end. Everything seems so unfinished. Hopes and dreams were stopped far too soon. Joy was snatched away so suddenly. A mother is left with empty arms and an empty heart. Nothing can ever be complete when a child's life ends.

When the death of a child occurs, a mother is stopped in her tracks, and she suddenly feels inadequate and incomplete. She wears a new name. She is an “unfinished mother”, never being able to see the rest of the picture. She will never be able to watch her child mature into a young adult. She will never be able to see all the pieces fit together. The picture will always have part of the scenery missing. It is so painful to be an unfinished mother! Child loss makes everything seem so empty and incomplete.

The reality of child loss is devastating to a mother. There are overwhelming feelings of guilt, inadequacy, and most often feelings of failure. These feelings can overwhelm a mother for several months following the death of a child, and it can be quite difficult to build a support system to carry a mother through this roller coaster of emotions. Very few people will understand a mother's explanation of feeling like she is an unfinished mother.

There will come a critical point in this journey of grief when a mother must reach deep inside her inner resources and make a conscious decision to accept herself just as she is— a mother whose heart has been touched by the pain and grief of child loss. Only then can she start to put together some of the broken pieces and begin to feel like there will be a day when she will feel more like a complete mother than an unfinished mother.

When a child dies, life is suddenly thrown completely off balance. A mother is left feeling like her identity has been taken away. It is often a long difficult journey to find that place of identity as a mother again. It's hard to understand that there is unfinished living that will never be completed. Peace can finally come to a mother's heart when she realizes that there is a big difference between having unfinished business and being left feeling like an unfinished mother.

A mother is never “unfinished.” No matter how brief her time was with her child, the bond of love between mother and child was complete. A mother's love for her child is unending. Dreams may shatter and circumstances may change, but a mother's love remains strong. As a mother travels the path to healing, it is important for her to remind herself often that she is a mother forever. Her motherhood did not stop when her child died. This understanding of motherhood releases the feelings of guilt and failure and allows a mother to begin to see herself as a whole person again— a complete mother.

A mother is never an “unfinished mother.” A mother's love runs far too deep to ever be called unfinished!

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

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

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

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

FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	Paul & Kara Bailey 701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen.....701-730-0805
Co-Chapter Leader	Lori Wiger 701-446-7504	Newsletter Database	Sheryl Cvijanovich.....701-540-3287
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich 701-540-3287	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich.....701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer 701-298-2929	Initial Contact	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.