



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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Newsletter Editor - Nancy Teeuwen 701-730-0805

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

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

We will be social distancing during our meeting. Please wear a mask when entering the building and continue to wear it during the meeting

#### Upcoming Meetings

May 13<sup>th</sup>

June 10<sup>th</sup>

#### Meeting Subject:

June - Balloon Release, everyone is welcome.

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 May 27th @ Denny's  
TCF FM Chapter's 15th Annual Walk to Remember - July 31, 2021

#### 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

#### 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

Edna Mae Pearson in memory of her son, John Pearson  
Lisa Beach & Jeff Amundson in memory of their son, Nathan Beach  
Carol & Wally Blomberg in memory of their daughter, Bridget Nicole Chisaka  
Neil & Kathleen Prochnow in memory of their son, Reed Joel Prochnow  
Jessica & Josh Jordan in memory of their sons, Jasper & Jackson Jordan

#### Butterfly donation from:

Jeanette Holland in memory of her daughter, Katie Marie Hanson  
Carol & Wally Blomberg in memory of their daughter, Bridget Nicole Chisaka

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 meets the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7 pm at Denny's restaurant, 4437 13th Ave SW, Fargo. Our gatherings are 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 27th. For more information, please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at [www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org).

## WISDOM

As bereaved mothers, we know the joys and the pain of Mother's Day. Through the life and death of our child, we have loved much and lost much. We are far better people because of our children. Our wisdom surpasses anything we could have considered possible before our child died, for now we know loss, the darkest places of the human psyche, the deepest valley of the soul and the depths of insurmountable pain. This wisdom was not chosen by us. It is, nevertheless, our wisdom and experience to share with others as we choose. It is ours to keep in our minds as we live a life without our child. It is the purest wisdom one finds on this side of the moon.

We will continue to learn much about life as we live on after our child has gone. We were active participants in the lives of our children; we must be active participants in the mourning and grief following the deaths of our children. From this experience we grow...it is painful growth, but it is absolute growth of mind and spirit. As our growth increases exponentially, we find that, wondrously, we have come full circle.

One day we choose to focus on the life of our child. When that day comes, as it does for each of us, we are released from the darkness and despair and gently enter into the ambient glow of the light hope. Tentatively we take our first steps into the light. Then gradually we move with more confidence. The light glows brighter as we accept the healing it provides to us. As we heal, we reach out, we return to life, we work a little harder, love more deeply, and give freely to others. Our perspective turns outward. We will still reflect, but we will not be enveloped by our grief. We will laugh again, we will smile. We will even act spontaneously on occasion. We will live...live in the shining light of hope.

And so, gentle mother, as you mark Mother's Day, 2008, think of your child's life. Think of love. Think of times passed and those to come. Think of your journey. Think about your vast wisdom. Think about hope. You are a remarkable work in progress. Think about that. Peace to you on Mother's Day,

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

## Love Lives On

Every second of every minute, of every hour, of every day ... I think of you!  
Why you left? What I could have done? ... And now, what do I do?  
For the first eight months you left me ... my heart knew it was true,  
But my mind kept saying "you're not gone" ... the pain made me the fool!  
For the second eight months, I told myself ... that you were just away.  
I knew that you were coming home ... and I waited for that day.  
These last few months I've seen the truth ... you will not be coming home!  
For God has called you to his side ... and left me on my own.  
If I'd have known you'd be gone this long ... I'd have tried to face my fears.  
That only my dreams would hold the door ... where I see you through the years.  
We're not meant to bury our babies ... it's life's most tragic flaw.  
For it takes a piece of each of us ... and the wounds ... so deep ... so raw.  
It's been two years since you chose to leave ... I pray God holds you near.  
I hope he knows the man you are ... gentle and sincere!  
I'm not sure what to do with my life ... now that you are gone.  
Each day is filled with emptiness ... and the pain continues on.  
The sleepless nights are much the same ... as the numbness brought by day.  
I walk the walk ... talk the talk ... let life bring what it may.  
The two years that you've been away ... I've searched my heart and soul.  
I've learned that I must carry on ... to keep your memory whole.  
So I pray to God he keeps you safe ... until he brings me home.  
For I promise, Son, in life or death ... you will never stand alone.  
Moving on is unimaginable ... but it's what I have to do.  
I know that God will hold my hand ... and, in time, bring me home to you.  
It truly is a walk for one ... one that no one else can share.  
Just promise me, when my time comes ... you'll be waiting for me there.  
I love you Brice, more than words can say ... and this I know is true.  
That when my journey comes to end ... I'll be standing there with you!

~ Betsy P. Rush Kron, TCF/Anchorage, AK  
In Memory of my son, Brice Bobby Kron

And each day,  
As I push forward,  
I move a step ahead  
And then back,  
But still gaining  
If even but a little

~ Mary Rapke, TCF/Grand Junction, CO

## Something to Think About As Mother's Day and Father's Day Approaches

Parental love involves a never-ending commitment and plenty of opportunities to care for and assume responsibility for your child. Parental grief challenges you to find a way to live with the frustration of being robbed of the opportunity to directly care and be responsible for your child.

Parental love involves having plenty of opportunities for emotional and physical contact with your child. Parental grief challenges you to find a way to continue loving your child without that continued contact.

Parental love involves having dreams and expectations for the future of your child. Parental grief challenges you to find solace and meaning in a life briefly lived.

Parental love involves knowing where your child is. Parental grief challenges you to find a safe place for your child.

Parental love involves attending to your child's needs when he is in your presence. Parental grief challenges you to learn how to look after your own needs when you sense your child's presence or struggle with his absence.

Parental love involves learning to live with your child's natural and gradual absence as she grows up and leaves home. Parental grief challenges you to find ways to deal with your child's unnatural and sudden absence.

Parental love involves an expanded capacity for love and life. Parental grief challenges you to find a use for that expanded capacity, to not let it go to waste or to wither away.

Because parental love is never ending, so too is parental grief. You don't really get over the death of a child, you just learn to live with it. And so, on this special day when you celebrate your role as a mother or father, be kind to yourself. Give yourself a hug. Give yourself some time alone. Give yourself permission to remember, to cry, to miss your child, to tell others how you feel. But most important of all, remember to celebrate the special gift of parental love, the lasting gift that your child has given you, a gift that not even death can take away.

~ Karen Martin, TCF/Rockville Center, NY

### A Mother's Love

A mother's love for her child may begin with the very dream of becoming a mother...

A mother's love for her child may begin with the thought of maybe expecting the news...

A mother's love for her child may begin with the verification of her expectations...

A mother's love for her child may begin with the affirmation that the child lives within her...

A mother's love for her child may begin with her first sight of the new life that she has delivered into the world...

A mother's love for her child may begin...

But it may never end...

Not even death can steal away a mother's love for her child

A mother's love for her child knows no end!

~ Diana M. Rohrbaugh, TCF/Anne Arundel County, MD

**YOU MAY FORGET WITH WHOM YOU  
LAUGHED, BUT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET  
WITH WHOM YOU WEPT**

~ Arab Proverb

## A FRIEND

I need a friend to sit with me,  
To help me struggle through  
The sadness and the anger,  
The crying I will do.

I need a friend to sit with me,  
To help me work this out,  
The guilt and all the anguish,  
The times I'll want to shout.

I need a friend to sit with me,  
To help me through my pain,  
The longing and the emptiness,  
The need to speak his name.

~ Lilly Barstow, TCF/Abbotsford, BC, Canada

## A Mother's Tear

A single tear trickles down my cheek.

It tells a tale I cannot speak

Of days gone by that have been stilled.

It tells of dreams left unfulfilled.

Its wetness holds "what might have been."

Not going to the Senior Prom.

No more "I love you, Mom."

No cap and gown on graduation day.

No wedding bells in the month of May.

No more family birthday celebration,

No voting for the leader of our nation.

Gone, the dream of horse and farm,

Never mine, to hold her babes in arm.

You've followed the path of my lonely tear,

It speaks of one that I hold most dear.

Now, you'll hear this mother cry,

"Why God, Why did my daughter die?"

~ Karen Bell, Bereavement Magazine

## To My Dearest Wife

I searched to find a card for you,

One with something special to say.

They were all very trite.

I decided to write

My own, for this Mother's Day.

To wear the name "Mother" is an honor.

It requires a heart loving, giving and true.

In all the world, there is no one else

Deserves this more than you.

You carried her for ten and a half months.

We wanted, worried, then wept.

When she was born, she also died.

There is no measure for our pain's depth.

She changed our lives so totally,

We will never be the same.

The truth of this shows in what I deeply know:

You are a mother in more than just name.

I remember when we laid her to rest.

I said, "We've buried a part of us."

But in my mind and heart I feel

A part of her lives within us.

If I could, I'd bring her back,

So you could hear our baby say,

"I love you, mom.

I'm doing fine. Happy Mother's Day."

~ A bereaved father, TCF/Salem, OR

## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

<b>CHILD</b>		<b>PARENTS</b>
JEFF "BONZO" BRENNAN.....	63 .....	CLAYTON & GLORIA BRENNAN
DAVID MARK KLEINGARTNER.....	57 .....	LUELLA KLEINGARTNER
CARMEN LALUM .....	41 .....	RUSSELL & SHARON LALUM
ERIC LARSON .....	34 .....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
JOSEPH CHRIS LARSON .....	64 .....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
PAUL MORLOCK.....	57 .....	DELLA MORLOCK
JESSICA ANNE NORBY .....	39 .....	LAROY NORBY (Grandmother)
JOHN THORVAL PEARSON .....	60 .....	EDNA MAE PEARSON
JUSTIN DONALD RUEDIGER .....	23 .....	STEVE & CARISSA HAUGEN
LAURIE SATHER .....	61 .....	PEGGY BULLIS
ERIC JOHN SCHAFFER.....	42 .....	BILL & LOIS SCHAFFER
MELODY TUFTE.....	13 .....	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE

## ANNIVERSARIES

<b>CHILD</b>		<b>PARENTS</b>
STEVEN M BACHMEIER.....	1 .....	OPAL BACHMEIER
JODIE BREND.....	2 .....	DORIS RHEAULT
KONNIE JEAN CHAFFEE .....	9 .....	MARK & JEAN CHAFFEE
CHLOE LOVE CONN .....	4 .....	JEROD & STACY CONN
HOLLY KAY ELLESTAD .....	3 .....	WENDY BLAKENSHIP (Sister)
COLE HALLAND.....	11 .....	STEVEN & JOAN HALLAND
KAMMI THORLAKSON LELAND .....	2 .....	LYNDA & SVEN MICKELS
REED JOEL PROCHNOW .....	22 .....	NEIL & KATHLEEN PROCHNOW
DYLAN ROMAINE.....	9 .....	AARON & TRICIA ROMAINE
ANDREW SADEK .....	7 .....	JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
DILLON ANDREW WILSON .....	2 .....	DENISE WILSON
HEATHER WREN.....	10 .....	DEB WAYMAN

Please check out our Chapter website's page for 'Our Beloved Children'  
([www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourchildren.html) ). If you would like your child's picture and a poem or story posted on this page, please submit them to us at [tcf1313@hotmail.com](mailto:tcf1313@hotmail.com) or mail them to our PO Box (listed on the back of the newsletter). Photos and poems/stories sent to the PO Box will be electronically scanned and then returned to you so please remember to include a return address.

### A Bereaved Mother Is...

- A BEREAVED MOTHER IS someone who stands at a grave wondering how she is going to live the rest of her life without this child.
- A BEREAVED MOTHER IS someone who thinks she will spend the rest of her life with this horrendous feeling inside.
- A BEREAVED MOTHER IS someone who has to learn how to live all over again.
- A BEREAVED MOTHER IS someone who wishes they would take Mother's Day out of the calendar.
- A BEREAVED MOTHER IS someone who has to learn to accept the loss of her beloved child and uses what she has learned to help others.
- A BEREAVED MOTHER IS someone who can again learn to smile, to look forward to the future and get excited again because her Compassionate Friends were there when she needed them.

~ Zel Hester, TCF/Atlanta, GA

# SIBLING PAGE

## It's the Music that Bonds the Souls

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 make them anymore;  
And 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 owed 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 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 its toll.

For as long as the music keeps playing  
You'll be alive and dancing in my soul

~ Stacie Gilliam, TCF/N. Oklahoma City, OK

## YOU'RE HERE, NOW YOU'RE GONE

You're here.

Now you're gone.

It went just that fast.

Where'd it begin? Where'd it end?

Like a flash of lightning in the sky.

So bright and full of life.

Now gone and full of emptiness.

How'd it start? Why didn't it stop?

No one knows, but everyone cares.

Your spirit is flowing in the air.

You're not here, but you'll never be gone.

You will always rise with the morning dawn

You hold my heart

It will never be torn apart. ...

~ Catherine Ludlow, in memory of her sister, Cynthia, who died  
by suicide in 1993.

Reprinted from Obelisk, Vol. 15, No. 45, a publication of  
Catholic Charities LOSS Program, Chicago, Illinois

Two years,

has it been that long?

Seems like only yesterday.

I think the pain, is here to stay.

I loved you then. I love you now.

Tears for you then. Tears for me now.

Flowers for you then. Flowers for me now.

Thoughts of you. Fill each new day

I wish it wasn't you, they took away.

~Beebe Adam-Hammack, TCF/ Louisville, KY

## I WISH

I wish I could watch you work on cars, preparing for a race  
and being with our friends.

I wish I could hear Mom attempt to wake you up, pounding  
on the floor, hoping you're downstairs.

I wish you would ask to borrow money (and never plan to  
pay it back) or con me out of my car for the night.

I wish you could go up north with Dad or be with us on  
family vacations.

I wish you'd be there when I come home on weekends, or  
come and visit me when I'm at school.

I wish I could hear your dry sense of humor or see the look  
when you're trying to hold back a laugh.

I wish you were here to keep the stories going, so I wouldn't  
need to keep memories alive.

I wish I could set a place for you for Thanksgiving dinner  
or draw your name for Christmas.

I wish you could hold your sister's new baby or be the best  
man at your brother's wedding.

I wish I could see your hopes and dreams come true, and  
we could be there when we need each other.

I wish I could hear you say, "I love you" just one more  
time.

~ Lisa Dubois, TCF/Grand Rapids MI

## MY BROTHER

My brother is an angel and he can fly---

I'll get to see him when I die.

I love Him I love Him---

~ Matthew McGowin, age 5, TCF/Montgomery, AL

## KITE MEMORIES

Brushed golden by the sun, a kite flies  
free above a greening meadow.

Drifting lazily until it turns to catch the  
motion of a flock of trumpeting geese  
homeward bound.

Fragrance of early spring flowers  
makes me giddy with the thought that  
you too fly unfettered, to drift or chase  
dreams beyond imagination,  
unrestrained by life or expectations.

Now I cherish each kite that rises to  
the wind, because it fills me with  
memories of your gifts for love but -  
only sometimes - I wonder whether  
you remember, too.

~ Marchia Alig, TCF/Mercer Area Chapter, NJ

## WHEN MY SIBLING DIED I FELT:

- that a part of me died and that I was all alone

- very angry at everything - alone

- my childhood had died, too - terrible

- angry and sad that my family life as I had known it was over

- terrified that I would lose someone else that I loved

- cheated that I didn't have a brother

- angry at how it happened - I wanted to cry

- afraid to get close and let anyone in

- I felt angry, depressed, confused, drained, worried

- why did it happen to him and not someone else

- I wanted him back

~ Author Unknown

## Bread Crumbs—Finding Our Way Back

Bread crumbs are all we have.

They are what is left behind after the death of our child. They are our memories and our mementos.

A bread crumb is the little answering machine cassette tape that says “Hi, it’s me. Leave a message at the beep.” We may be the only people with a cassette tape in our safe deposit box. It’s not much, a few quick words, but it’s his voice—a small crumb from the original.

A bread crumb is his favorite shirt that I still can’t part with, so I wear it for good luck on special days. A bread crumb is the last Father’s Day card he wrote in his own hand before he went off to college.

Thanks for everything Dad, especially the \$. My years at home were better than words can say and I never took anything for granted. I’ve had the best childhood anyone could have. Thank you for the ideas and opportunities I grew up with. I love you. Mark

I call these things crumbs because they are a disappointing piece of the real thing, but treasured because they are all we have.

I also think there is a second way of looking at this. Bread crumbs are a part of children’s stories symbolizing signposts along the way to help lead us out of the forest—to find our way back to the land of the living, at least if the birds don’t eat them

I like to think that the return from grief is like finding our own way out of the forest. The way is marked by great changes or signposts if we will only follow the bread crumbs. I think of them as gifts left behind by our children. They change us and they lead us out of the forest—but at a very different place than we first went in. Here are three I have found. Maybe you will find others.

**Crumb One** - We pick up a new sense of what is important and what is not. We suffer fools, superficial cocktail parties, and convenience friends poorly. We seem to develop an immediate impatience for the meaningless and the trivial. On the other hand, we pick up an incredible sensitivity to the world around us that we did not have before. We watch the news differently. We value people more than things. We live more in the moment and less in the future because we know that sometimes “tomorrow doesn’t come.”

**Crumb Two** - We find our real self on the road back. After the loss of a child and a period of emptiness, we do eventually come back. But we come back differently—and I believe better—than the person that entered that awful forest. With our new understanding of priorities, we listen again to “that still small voice” that we silenced in the race to climb the career ladder or have the “perfect life” or do what our parents or teachers thought we “should” do. We find new courage to be the person we really are.

We begin living from the inside out instead of the other way around—from a sense of what is important, not what is expected. From a life of “what’s in it for me?” to “how can I help you?” We discover new and compassionate friends, and sometimes drift away from old ones. We go from a thousand name Rolodex of contacts to a handful of people we love.

We often also find our spiritual center and an inner peace. We become unafraid to die, at the same time we are beginning to live again.

**Crumb Three** - We pick up one more gift that I have noticed. We seem to get anointed with an ability to help someone else. You know what I mean. We didn’t want it. We didn’t ask for it. But we got it, anyway. It’s almost like a giant invisible radar screen gets mounted on our head and we now pick up vibrations from other people in need. And we find that we really can help. People seek us out. People who don’t know what to say when a child dies call us and ask: “Could you please go over?” We know we can and will, if only to listen I am reminded of the story of a little boy who arrived home late from school. “Where have you been?” his mother asked. “I was helping Timmy who broke his bike,” the child answered. “But, Honey,” the mother said. “You don’t even know how to fix a bike.” “I know Mom,” came the reply, “But I was just helping him cry.”

Sometimes we can just help someone else cry, and that is enough. Unlike most other people, we can walk directly up to a bereaved parent or sibling, look them in the eye, and say, “I know how you feel.” That is what TCF is all about. And in helping another person, we help ourselves heal too.

So, what do we do with these new gifts or bread crumbs left along the way for us? New priorities. A new sense of self. And the ability to help someone else.

These are definitely good things. They did not come from the death of our child. Nothing good comes from the death of a child. As Rabbi Harold Kushner said in Seattle: “there is no silver lining.” But there is change. These changes come after the death, when we recognize that we can’t change what happened, but we can change what we do about it.

One day our surviving son, Rick, put his arms around us in a family hug and said: “Okay Mom and Dad, now that we are a family of three instead of four, we each have to live our lives one-third better.” That, more than any other moment in our grief, marked our turning point.

My wife has a reoccurring dream. She is in Heaven many years from now and she greets our son. “Okay, Mom,” Mark says, “So tell me everything you did after I died?” On that day she will be proud to answer: “I lived the rest of my life one-third better in your name.”

I suspect most bereaved parents divide their lives into those two distinct stages of time: before and after the death. What we do in State Two we do in our child’s name.

And because we do it, the world after our child died in some small way is changed forever. And when the world in some small way is changed forever, then our child’s life continues to make a difference.

And when our child’s life continues to make a difference, he or she is never entirely gone.

~ Rich Edler, In Memory of my son, Mark

Rich and his wife Kitty are founding members of the South Bay/LA Chapter of The Compassionate Friends. Son Mark died in 1992 and Rich’s first book “If I Knew Then What I Know Now” is dedicated to him. His following book, “Into the Valley and Out Again” is the story of a father’s grief after the loss of his son and the changes in priorities and approaches to life that follow.” Rich served on

TCF’s National Board of Directors for several years as has his wife, Kitty. He died in February of 2002.

©Rich Edler 1996. Permission to reprint granted by the family

**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.

## Parents: A Thank You

Everyone has one, but not everyone is one. Sometimes we love them. Sometimes we hate them. Sometimes they feel the same about us. Sometimes we are embarrassed by them, sometimes they'd rather not claim us. Sometimes we can hardly wait to talk with them. Sometimes they call us, while sometimes the hugs go both ways. Was your childhood filled with laughter and smiles or sadness and tears? They are a part of our past, part of our present and a whisper of our future. And now in this season of blooming days and gentle nights, it is time to remember our mothers and fathers. Mother's day and Father's day are days to remember those who gave us life. Perhaps they did not give you happiness, but you are in charge of that anyway. They gave us breath and that's enough. The rest of the story is ours to write. And so, on this Mother's Day, and on this Father's Day, I will say "Thank you" for giving me life and all of it's challenges. I learned about love from my mother and father, though they taught me in different ways. We each have been given a gift, an opportunity to live. And know too, that perhaps you are not alone on your journey. Are you following or leading? We were once someone's future, then we became the present and perhaps we are the past for someone new. Thanks Mom for the meatloaf. Thanks Dad for the stories.

~ Darcie Sims

*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

## The Cherry Tree

Dad cut down the old cherry tree today  
'It needs to come down,' I had to say  
So he would notice it was true,  
Diseased and riddled with bugs too.  
Later that night, I started to cry...  
I didn't quite understand why.  
Tears spun like a tornado to my core  
Leaving me crying an hour, two, then more.  
Now there's an empty place in our yard  
Where the cherry tree once stood guard.  
But if I close my eyes I can still see  
The four of you picking cherries from that tree.  
Those were happier days...they went by so fast.  
I always knew they couldn't last...  
For the four of you grew much like the tree.  
So beautiful...you mean the world to me.  
Now, my lovely son, four years dead —  
Thoughts of you always fill my head.  
Your short lifetime...only eighteen years.  
Not long enough say my endless tears.  
You are so deeply mourned by your sisters and  
brother,  
But I can't know their grief...only that of a mother.  
A grief so unrelenting I can't move on —  
So instead, I cry when a cherry tree's gone.  
~ Diane Royer, BP/USA Annapolis, Maryland,  
In memory of Aaron S. Royer

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

~ Ed Cunningham, TCF/Savannah, GA

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
OF THE F-M AREA  
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**The  
Compassionate  
Friends**  
*Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter*  
**Supporting Family After a Child Dies**

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

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

**FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD**

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	Paul & Kara Bailey .....701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen..... 701-730-0805
Co-Chapter Leader	Lori Wiger.....701-781-3931	Newsletter Database	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-540-3287
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich.....701-540-3287	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck 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 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.