



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
48660 Pontiac Trl #930808  
Wixom MI 48393-7736  
Toll-free (877) 969-0010  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

F-M Area Chapter  
PO Box 10686  
Fargo ND 58106  
[www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org)  
May 2022

Volume 39 Number 5

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

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 12th

June 9th

#### Meeting Subject:

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

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on May 26th @ Denny's

TCF FM Chapter's 16th Annual Walk to

Remember - July 30, 2022

45th TCF National Conference

August 5-7, 2022 in Houston, TX

#### LOVE GIFTS

Dean & Diane Bauck in memory of their son, Davin Bauck

We are deeply grateful for the LOVE GIFTS given this month.

Our chapter and all chapters are financed solely through your Love Gifts.

Donations make this newsletter, postage, books, tapes, etc. possible.

Thank you for your tax-deductible gifts.

#### 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

"...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 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7 pm at the Denny's restaurant, 4437 13th Ave SW, Fargo. Our gatherings are very informal as we meet to talk about our children, books, recipes, jobs and whatever else comes up in conversation. We all have times when we need the listening heart of another mom or grandma. Please join us this month on Thursday May 26th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at [tcffargomoorhead.org](http://tcffargomoorhead.org).

#### NEWSLETTER BY EMAIL

We are asking, would you please receive your newsletter by email. We do not want to remove anyone from our newsletter mailing list who is benefitting from receiving it. We hope it is a help to you while going through your grief, giving you better understanding of your feelings and letting you know "We need not walk alone".

We consider this an important function of our program. If you have email, would you consider receiving your newsletter in email format. You will receive your copy earlier if you opt to receive it by email. If you wish to receive your newsletter by email, please email Nancy Teeuwen at [fmctcfnwtr@live.com](mailto:fmctcfnwtr@live.com) with your full name and your child's name. **Note:** If you are already receiving the newsletter by email, no action is required.

## Rebuilding Your Life One Piece At A Time

Posted on September 22nd, 2021(compassionatefriends.org)

Death, especially unexpected death, changes one's life in ways cannot be anticipated. With the death of someone close, one's world is forever changed.

One analogy I have found myself using with clients is the following: If you were to imagine the day before your loved one died, there was an intact picture of your life. The picture may not have been perfect, but it was there and it made sense. There was a beginning, a middle and an expected end. With death comes the destruction of that picture. It is as if the picture is taken out of your hands, smashed to the ground in a thousand pieces and then some of the most treasured pieces are forever taken away.

The challenge with grief is to then take all of those pieces which are left and attempt to make a new picture. The picture of the life you once had is impossible to recreate, as much as one may try, it cannot be recreated with pieces missing. A new picture must be assembled with the pieces that are left and with new pieces that are picked up along the way.

The process of putting the pieces back together is one that often feels chaotic and confusing. It may sometimes be surprising to find out how much thinking is involved in the grief process. Thoughts bounce around trying to connect what was with what is and struggle to make sense out of what seems to be incomprehensible.

With each piece, the bereaved, through trial and error, find where each piece belongs or even if it belongs at all. This process is different for every person and does not adhere to any kind of timeline. This (what feels like endless) thinking is the work that grief demands; it is the creation of a new picture of your life created one piece at a time.

~ Stephanie Elson

## Mother's Day

The person who first thought up Mother's Day knew that it was a good idea. But ... did they realize that:

It could cause great pain for mothers whose arms ache to hold the one who once called them "Mother"?

In order to get the title of Mother, one would have to be willing to risk great pain?

They don't print greeting cards for mothers from kids who can no longer send one?

Mothers would treasure and save little notes and scribbled pictures that say "I Love You, Mom"?

There would be mothers who sigh as they wait for the phone call that won't be coming?

Instead of getting flowers, some mothers would be giving them?

And, did they realize that, YES, even if we knew ahead of time that our hopes and dreams would be smashed and broken...we would do it again? We would, again, take that little one under our wing, wrap them in our deep, incredible, unrelenting love, and...give them all that we have to give.

Mother...another name for love.

~ Alice Monroe, TCF/Mesa, CO

*"The soul always knows what to do to heal itself. The challenge is to silence the mind."*

~Anonymous

## Time Heals

They told me that to comfort me When my child died. Four years and two children later I think maybe they lied.

Friends and family tried their best. God sheltered me under his wing. Still, the mother inside me Cries for that child, And time hasn't changed a thing.

The gaping wound granulated to a scar. The tears are now slower to spill, But deep in my heart there's an empty hole That only that child could fill.

No, I don't really think that it's true about time, For I know that the love bond remains. Time never heals the loss of a child, You just learn to cope with the pain.

~ Marsha Fredrickson, TCF/SD

## A Mother's Touch

My husband Jeff grew up in a family of hugging, kissing, foot-rubbing, back scratchers. Affectionate folks! In my family, on the other hand, we only scratched mosquito bites, and certainly not each other's. Although we loved one another fiercely, we weren't very demonstrative. A wink, a squeeze, a peck on the cheek, a poke in the ribs – that was mushy stuff for us. Touching another person was not something that came easily to me; that is, until my first child was born.

When the nurse placed that chubby cherub in my arms, the floodgates of my heart opened, and a torrent of overwhelming love poured out. I couldn't keep my hands off the little dumpling! I learned first-hand what it means to "smother with kisses." Caressing my precious baby came as naturally as breathing.

Other children came along, and I was reborn a certified, card-carrying cuddler. I learned how many of a mother's day-to-day interactions with her children require her touch. Touching became a way of life for me as I fed, bathed, dressed, tamed cowlicks, and kissed ouchies.

It's funny, but one of the things I missed most after my son Blake died was tying his shoes. When he was alive, that chore was the bane of my existence. Blake's shoes were perpetually untied or hopelessly tangled in knots that would have defied Houdini himself. I rejoiced when the shoe designers came up with Velcro closures, seeing an end to my nemesis. But would Blake wear those simple, convenient shoes? No way! Big boys wore shoes with laces, and most of all, he wanted to be like the big boys. So I armed my teeth, and kept tying and bending every fork in the house de-knotting. After Blake died, how my fingers ached to tie those little shoes one more time!

For most bereaved mothers I know, not being able to touch, to hold, to embrace our child is the most painful reality we have to face. The emptiness of our arms, the indescribable longing to have those arms filled again with our precious child, are almost more than we can bear. At first, when our grief is fresh, it may be hard, for us to touch anyone. We may close ourselves off emotionally, willing to touch or be touched, or to run the risk of being hurt so badly again. But mothers are touchers. With time, when the pain isn't so intense, we may want to reach out once more.

None of us ever outgrows the need to be touched, no matter how old we are. And what can be so comforting as a mother's touch! Today, if you can, touch someone. Do it in the memory of your beloved child.

~ Patricia Dyson, TCF/Beaumont, TX

## The Same – But Different

Have you ever seen that commercial with the little girl and the Ritz Bits crackers? The announcer is trying to get her to say whether Ritz Bits are the same as regular Ritz crackers or different.

The little girl tries various explanations. First, she tells him how they are alive. “So they’re the same?” he asks. “No silly,” she answers, “one’s little and one’s big.” “So they’re different,” he says. She rolls her eyes. Finally, in frustration, she says, “Don’t you get it?” What is obvious to her—but difficult to explain—is that they’re the same, but different.

That’s how grief is for parents who lose an infant—the same as other bereaved parents, but different. The shock, disbelief, horror, anger is the same. The pain in the chest is the same. The void is the same. The ache and longing and despair hurt just as much, for just as long. The *difference* is nobody believes any of that.

When Nicholas was diagnosed (shortly after birth) with a heart defect, he was given only a short time to live. We wanted to bring him home from the hospital, and we met some resistance from family and friends.

Many thought that bringing Nicholas home was a *terrible* idea. “Oh my, you’ll get attached to him, and it will be much harder on you when he dies,” was the common thread of their thoughts.

I don’t know how they thought we had avoided attachment to this point—he was our *child*, he looked just like our other children, he was our *son*! (Can you envision a world where people have to be talked into taking their new baby home? “Don’t worry, you’ll like him once you get him home and get attached to him.”)

People honestly think you can carry a child through pregnancy (to whatever stage the pregnancy ends), give birth to your child, hold him or her, and have no feelings about your child or yourselves as parents unless the child is alive & healthy.

When a baby is expected, we are told by everyone, including the media, that the birth of a baby is the most blessed of all life’s events, that this new person, who is different from all persons ever born, will change our lives forever.

And yet when this most blessed and unique person *dies*, everybody acts like it’s *nothing*. “Better luck next time.” “It’s better he died before you got to know him.” “You’ll have more babies.”

These are some of the things that make grieving for an infant child complicated—*different*. There is no permission given to even *feel bad*, because “you can’t have feelings for someone you didn’t know.”

So parents who lose a baby will generally try to hide their feelings of grief from others for fear of ridicule, disapproval or stern lectures about how lucky they are—to have other children or the *ability* to have new (and obviously improved) babies. On a tragedy scale, losing a baby ranks pretty low.

For people who will still say that it is “harder” to lose an older child, I say that these are people who are not currently pregnant or don’t have an infant, and that they have forgotten. They’ve forgotten the excitement, anxiety, fear and—ultimately—the miracle of birth. They’ve forgotten the purity of love, the wonder and amazement at the first glimpse of this brand new person, and the vow that every parent makes at that moment: “I’ll never let anyone or anything hurt you—ever!” Let them hold their own newborn in their arms once again, and they would remember.

Do I wish Nicholas died at birth instead of living six weeks? Of course not. It simply defies logic to think that any parent would want *less* time with their child instead of more.

People will say that grief over the death of an infant is nothing more than the loss of hopes and dreams for the future. That is certainly a part of it, as it is for any bereaved parent. (The fact that my brother lived 49 years doesn’t stop my mother from wishing to see him with his grandchildren.)

But we also miss that unique individual who was our first-born or second child, or only daughter or whatever. Even if I’d had another baby, Nicholas would still be my only child starting Kindergarten this year. He was his own person with his own place in our family.

When we speak of the death of a child, age has no place in the discussion of grief. Don’t you get it? It’s the *same*.

~ Linda Moffatt, BPUSA – St. Louis, MO

## But Your Son WANTED to Die – Mine Didn't

I cringed as once again I heard this remark, repeated so often since Warren took his life 3½ years ago. Even now, when I thought I had steeled myself to the harsh meaning of the words, they still left me hurt and demolished. Is it all that simple? Could anyone 'feeling good' just choose to die like that . . . if they knew the pain and suffering that then engulfs their surviving family?

How can I explain why he died when I do not really know myself? How can I make anyone understand his emotional pain, increasingly obvious to us, so skillfully masked from others? Our son was so handsome, intelligent and sensitive. It is still incredible that he shot himself one morning after returning from the hospital 'cured' of his terrible depression. Our beautiful first-born baby grew into a perfect son, but somewhere, somehow, our masterpiece had a flaw as cruel and as tenacious as any disease that strikes any other young person.

So, until research proves otherwise, we have to go along with the words of Professor Erwin Ringel that "SUICIDE CANNOT REALLY BE CHOSEN – since an intense and overwhelming inner compulsion renders any free choice null and void."

Our loss is as great as any other parent. We grieve just as deeply. Remember this and do not judge, we beg. We, and all the Survivors of Suicide suffer too much already from a horrendous tragedy that can, and does, happen to anyone.

Our Kids Loved Us – And We Love Them!

~ Maureen Hargreaves, TCF/Melbourne, Australia  
In Memory of my son, Warren



## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS


CHILD	AGE	PARENTS
JEFF "BONZO" BRENNAN.....	64.....	CLAYTON & GLORIA BRENNAN
JESS R FORD.....	39.....	SHELLEY FORD
DAVID MARK KLEINGARTNER .....	58.....	LUELLA KLEINGARTNER
CARMEN LALUM.....	42.....	RUSSELL & SHARON LALUM
ERIC LARSON.....	35.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Gp)
JOSEPH CHRIS LARSON.....	65.....	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
PAUL MORLOCK.....	58.....	DELLA MORLOCK
JESSICA ANNE NORBY .....	40.....	LAROY NORBY (Grandmother)
JOHN THORVAL PEARSON .....	61.....	EDNA MAE PEARSON
JUSTIN DONALD RUEDIGER .....	24.....	STEVE & CARISSA HAUGEN
LAURIE SATHER.....	62.....	PEGGY BULLIS
ERIC JOHN SCHAFFER.....	43.....	BILL & LOIS SCHAFFER
MELODY TUFTE .....	14.....	DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
MICHAEL ROBERT WAGNER .....	56.....	ROBERT WAGNER
AVA MARIE WEBER.....	1.....	TONIA KING & LUKE WEBER

## ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD	AGE	PARENTS
STEVEN M BACHMEIER.....	2.....	OPAL BACHMEIER
JODIE BREND.....	3.....	DORIS RHEAULT
KONNIE JEAN CHAFFEE.....	10.....	MARK & JEAN CHAFFEE
CHLOE LOVE CONN.....	5.....	JEROD & STACY CONN
HOLLY KAY ELLESTAD.....	4.....	WENDY BLAKENSHIP (SISTER)
JARRED FALLER.....	1.....	CONNIE JOHNSON
COLE HALLAND.....	12.....	STEVEN & JOAN HALLAND
KAMMI THORLAKSON LELAND.....	3.....	LYNDA & SVEN MICKELS
REED JOEL PROCHNOW.....	23.....	NEIL & KATHLEEN PROCHNOW
THERESA JANE RICHTER.....	1.....	RONALD & SUE OLSON
DYLAN ROMAINE.....	10.....	AARON & TRICIA ROMAINE
ANDREW SADEK.....	8.....	JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
MATTHEW ALBERT SELL.....	2.....	DONALD & PAULA SELL
MATTHEW ALBERT SELL.....	2.....	LINDA & RICK HINTON
RONDA L SMITH.....	1.....	DORLA HANSON
AVA MARIE WEBER.....	1.....	TONIA KING & LUKE WEBER
DILLON ANDREW WILSON.....	3.....	DENISE WILSON
HEATHER WREN.....	11.....	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.

*Regret is an appalling waste of energy. You can't build on it. It is only for wallowing in.*  
~Katherine Mansfield



# SIBLING PAGE

## 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

## 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

## Playing in the Shadows

We grew up together,  
Big sister, little brother.  
I took care of you  
Until you were old enough to care for yourself.  
Though you didn't say it,  
I knew you loved me.  
We played in the sunlight, you and I;  
Remember the games of “Mother-May-I” and “Hide-and-Seek”?  
Sure we had our fights as all siblings do,  
But through it all we never lost  
Our love for each other.  
Now you're gone.  
I'll never see you again except in the memories  
of those sunny days.  
You will forever be sixteen--  
Far too young to die.  
You had your whole life to live.  
I'll always grieve, but I must go on.  
Still, without you,  
I play alone in the shadows.

~ Cheryl Larson, TCF/Pikes Peak, CO

At times our own light goes out  
and is rekindled by a spark from another person.  
Each of us has cause to think with deep gratitude  
of those who have lighted the flame within us.

~ Albert Schweitzer

As we begin to climb the cliffs of the OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY, we begin to discover our hand is steadier, our decisions more sure. Our footholds are secure.  
~Darcie D Sims "Footsteps Through the Valley"

Hope is a rare gift that, if we are lucky, comes to us with the power to heal our lives. I've come to know that the deepest sense of hope often springs from the hardest lessons in life. It is in the darkest skies that the stars are best seen.... perhaps it is divine irony that within the darkest moments we are capable of revealing the greatest light, demonstrating what is best with humanity.

~ Richard Paul Evans

### Does our grief ever get better?

Whenever I watch a movie in which a young person dies, I find that 13 ½ years after my daughter Teresa died I can recall some of the same feelings as when it actually happened. I'm not sure if it's a good thing or a bad thing to revisit those feelings, but what I am sure of is that the feelings are not nearly as strong as they were when it really happened that long time ago. Although I don't like them, they let me know she will always be missed and I will always be hurting inside. It is not easy to tell newly bereaved parents that it gets easier (when in fact, it actually does) but that the hurt will never go away. I feel they may be thinking that when we say it gets better, we mean it goes away. It does not!! Well, anything at all is BETTER. When our child dies, it is the absolute worst. So from there on it's all better.

I recently watched the movie Steel Magnolias. Actress Julia Roberts happened to star in it, and she also happened to be Teresa's favorite movie star, so it was doubly meaningful to me. In the movie the character played by Julia suffered a coma and was put on life support, just as Teresa was. I could relate to her family, especially her mother, when she vented her anger and went through all the turmoil we parents have when we lose our child. She spoke the words I think we all do when our child dies, "We are supposed to die first, not our children!!"

This is why The Compassionate Friends is so helpful to me as well as to many others. I believe that support groups are needed to help us be able to say aloud what we are feeling. We need to talk it out; as it helps us in our healing.

~ Jackie Wesley, TCF/East Central Indiana website

### Family

A family has been described as a group of people whose trouble is that the youngsters grow out of childhood, but the parents never grow out of parenthood.

How true that is, and how painful when one is a grandparent whose grandchild has died. Grandparents carry dreadful burdens that are frequently never mentioned. When a child dies, grandparents bear the grief of the death of a loved boy or girl compounded by the pain of watching their own adult child, the dead child's parent, writhe in an agony they are powerless to ease.

It is a double grief.

~ Harriet Sarnoff Schiff

To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die.

~ Thomas Campbell

### Candles in the Night

Candles flame in darkness,  
flicker, steadily glow,  
bringing light from shadows  
and help to soothe me so.  
My daughter, like the candles,  
gave my life true light.  
I use the candle's beacon  
to connect us in the night.  
As I light the candles,  
my wish and my request  
is that she'll see my signal  
and know my love's expressed.  
As her light joins my lights,  
our worlds touch and flame.  
As I snuff out the candles,  
I softly say her name.  
Genesse Bourdeau Gentry  
from *Stars in the Deepest –  
After the Death of a Child*

## GRIEF STILLBIRTH, MISCARRIAGE, AND INFANT DEATH

The following information is for parents who have experienced a stillbirth, miscarriage, or the death of an infant. These guidelines have been gathered from the experiences of other bereaved parents, and from the studies and writings of professionals in GRIEF counseling.

- normal grieving, with many ups and downs, lasts far longer than society in general recognizes. Be patient with yourself.
- crying is a very acceptable and healthy expression of grief for both mothers and fathers which releases built-up tension; cry freely as you feel the need.
- consider whatever you do to be normal for you: don't be afraid of bizarre delusions (such as phantom crying and aching arms) - this is part of normal grief.
- whenever possible, put off major decisions (changing residence, changing job, etc.) for at least a year.
- when considering another pregnancy, give yourself sufficient time to mourn and to recover your physical and emotional strength.
- when you do have another pregnancy, choose new names; each child is unique and does not deserve to be a surrogate.
- because the "bonding" between mother and child begins long before birth, a father should expect the mother to have more intense feelings for a longer time; mourn with her and be supportive.
- learn to let others know how you feel and how you are working out your grief so they may be supportive to you.
- within three months, try to become involved with a group of parents having similar experiences.
- the anniversaries of a baby's birth and death can be a most stressful time for parents - be good to yourself and allow yourself some emotional space and special time for grieving.

**BEREAVED PARENTS AND THEIR FAMILIES  
CAN FIND HEALING AND HOPE FOR THE  
FUTURE.**



**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)



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

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

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

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

### **How Can Your Heart Forget?**

I have read many accounts of the devastating losses which ensue when you become a bereaved parent. Just about every single one of these accounts mentions that people you thought would be there for you after the death of your child may not be.

All the bereaved parents I know personally can immediately identify the friend or family member who abandoned them in their grief. Clearly, it is not a unique experience.

In some cases, the abandonment may occur virtually as soon as the funeral is over, if they even show up for the funeral. In other situations, it may be after the community mourning rituals are concluded.

In my experience, it has been a more drip by drip kind of water torture thing. More of a waning, a fading. No big bang. An ending that is harder to figure out.

But at some point, you realize that the phone doesn't ring, the emails have ceased (or have become so banal that you cannot even imagine yourself replying to such drivel), and the personal contact has evaporated.

In your bereavement, if you find it unbearable to participate in weddings, baby showers, cocktail parties, holiday celebrations, etc., it becomes obvious, over time, that quieter, less boisterous alternatives - like coffee or lunch dates or walks with the dogs or movie matinees - have not been offered. You may still receive the invitations to the traditional social settings - those with a fairly broad guest list - but not personal, intimate substitutions.

So the contact fades away. You find yourself trying to figure out when you were last together. Was it last year? Two years ago? Just when did I previously see this person I once considered a close friend? Was it lunch? Coffee? What was it? When was it?

The relationship is clearly over. You know it must be over. But *how* could it be over? Weren't you friends for forty years? Didn't you share vacations and many rites of passage? Didn't you consult with each other about child rearing and diets and which books to read? Didn't you visit in every home each of you ever occupied? Didn't you go to their parents' funerals? Don't you *still* use their recipes?

But now, nothing. So, you are not stupid. You know it has happened to you too. You didn't think it would, but it has. You have become alienated from people who mattered deeply to you.

You realize that you can't check the mailbox yet again or wait for the phone to ring or wonder when you'll be invited to one of those substitute things you might be able to manage.

You know that wishing for it makes no sense. Your brain, with the cognitive abilities that remain, has figured it out: it is over. They are gone.

But, how do you make your heart forget? How do you make your heart forget all that history, those tender images of so much shared? How do you make your heart forget?

You need to make your heart forget. You know you need to. But how?

And how do *their* hearts forget?

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

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

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



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

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

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

**FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD**

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

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