

# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
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Chapter Leaders - Paul & Kara Bailey (701)491-0364

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

**Upcoming Meetings**  
November 8th  
December 13th

**Meeting Topics**  
**November** - Grief Support Coordinators, Sonja Kjar and Ann Jacobson from Boulger Funeral Home  
**December** - Candlelighting Ceremony, bring your child's or your favorite Christmas treat to share

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on November 29th @ Fry'n Pan  
Annual Worldwide Candlelighting - December 9, 2018 7 p.m. local time

#### LOVE GIFTS

Sheryl Cvijanovich in memory of her son, Matt Cvijanovich  
Jerry & Yvonne Nelson in memory of their son, Kyle Irvin Nelson  
Neil & Kathleen Prochnow in memory of their son, Reed Joel Prochnow  
Darlene Skar in memory of her daughter, Pamela Bjerke  
Lee & Luanne Scallon in memory of their son, Jesse Daniel Scallon  
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 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 November 29th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylc13@msn.com.

#### ANGEL OF HOPE MEMORIAL SERVICE

The Angel of Hope will be holding an annual Candlelight Memorial on Thursday, December 6th at 7 p.m. The Angel of Hope in Fargo was dedicated in 2005, and serves as a place for healing and love for all who have lost children. The Angel of Hope is located on the north in Island Park off of 1st Avenue South between 4th and 7th Streets. Attendees are invited to bring a white flower to place at the base of the statue in memory of loved ones.



## THIS I CAN SHARE WITH YOU

By Marilyn W. Heavlin

I have not experienced the death of my only child,  
But some of us have.  
I have not experienced a child dying by suicide,  
But some of us have.  
I have not watched my child fight a terminal illness,  
But some of us have.  
None of us would dare say,  
"I know just how you feel".  
Even if our experiences are similar,  
No two situations are exactly alike.  
But I can say  
I remember the pain when my child died.  
I remember the feelings of insanity.  
I remember the feelings of aloneness.  
I remember wishing I could die.  
I remember wanting to share something with my Child, but  
he wasn't there.  
So, my friend, our experiences have parts in Common, and  
parts that are different!  
So, why should we listen to each other?  
Do we have anything to share?  
Do you know what heartbreak feels like? All of us do.  
Do you know the numbness of grief? All of us do.  
Do you know what it's like to have empty arms?  
All of us do.  
So, let's learn what we can of our commonalities.  
We loved a child, but our child left too soon.

### THIS WE CAN SHARE WITH YOU

Reprinted from Bereaved Parents Of The USA  
[www.bereavedparentsusa.org](http://www.bereavedparentsusa.org)

#### First Thanksgiving

The thought of being thankful  
fills my heart with dread.  
They'll all be feigning gladness,  
not a word about her said.  
These heavy shrouds of blackness  
enveloping my soul,  
pervasive, throat-catching,  
writhe in me, and coil.  
I must, I must acknowledge,  
just express her name,  
so all sitting at the table,  
know I'm thankful that she came.  
Though she's gone from us forever  
and we mourn to see her face,  
not one minute of her living,  
would her death ever replace.  
So I stop the cheerful gathering,  
though my voice quivers, quakes,  
make a toast to all her living.  
That small tribute's all it takes.

~ Genesse Bourdeau Gentry  
from Stars in the Deepest Night –  
After the Death of a Child

## Daisies in Huge Handfuls

"Pick more daisies" was the most popular expression in our family. I picked it up from a magazine article about a 94 year old lady in Kentucky who, when asked what she would do differently if she had her life to live over, responded "I would take more chances; I would eat more ice cream and less beans; I would have more real troubles but fewer imaginary ones; I would climb more mountains; I would swim more rivers, and I would pick more daisies."

Our son, Mark, seized the daisy expression as the theme both for his life and his entrance exam essay at UCLA. It helped him live his brief 18 years; his essay helped him get an academic scholarship.

Daisies became our family flower. They marked our attitude about living. And they marked our son's memorial service. After it was over, his friends and fraternity brothers each threw a daisy into the ocean. Daisies still mark his grave every week. It has taken me almost two years to return to really thinking about daisies and what that quote by a 94-year-old lady really means. During that time I made a pretty big mess of things. I did the best I could, but I was often going through the motions outside, but empty inside.

To me, what this quote means is we really do have to pull ourselves together again and go on. Dr. Charles Heuser, a former pastor at our church, notes "going through the steps of grief is like walking through the valley and shadow of death. Keep walking, but don't camp there."

Our children would not want us to "camp there," but to go pick more daisies—to somehow live an even more meaningful life in their name. As I go on I am truly a different person. I don't suffer fools or superficiality very well any more. As one of my best friends said..."I get tired of beige people." Yet, I will drop everything to help another bereaved parent. I certainly have more "real troubles and fewer imaginary ones." But it's OK—I like myself better that way.

And I am returning to embrace life each day again. But this time I am following my heart instead of my expected career. I am taking more chances, climbing more unfamiliar mountains, and picking daisies in huge handfuls.

Mark would want it so.

~ Rich Edler, TCF/South Bay, CA  
In Memory of my son Mark Edler

#### GRIEF

When a storm of grief grows in the heart; reach back to yesterday to catch onto your memories.

The storm will calm and, for a brief moment, the lost feeling of happiness will shine through and through.

~ Lori Pollard, TCF/Montgomery, AL



**The Compassionate Friends**  
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

Light a candle for all  
children who have died

## Worldwide Candle Lighting®

... that their light  
may always shine.

Sunday, December 9, 2018  
7 PM Around the Globe



## Worldwide Candle Lighting

The Compassionate Friends Worldwide Candle Lighting, held annually the second Sunday in December, this year December 9, unites family and friends around the globe as they light candles for one hour to honor and remember children who have died at any age from any cause. As candles are lit at 7 p.m. local time, creating a virtual wave of light, hundreds of thousands of persons commemorate and honor the memories of children in a way that transcends all ethnic, cultural, religious, and political boundaries.

Now believed to be the largest mass candle lighting on the globe, the Worldwide Candle Lighting, a gift from TCF to the bereavement community, creates a virtual 24-hour wave of light as it moves from time zone to time zone. Hundreds of formal candle lighting events are held and thousands of informal candle lightings are conducted in homes as families gather in quiet remembrance of children who have died, but will never be forgotten.

### MISCARRIAGE - The Unrecognized Tragedy

Though it's been almost three years since I experienced a miscarriage, it still evokes painful memories. My husband and I had two healthy daughters at the time and were eagerly anticipating the arrival of our third child. The little one was to complete our family.

But at 18 weeks gestation, things went awry, and we lost our wee son. I remember experiencing an overwhelming feeling of emptiness as I left the hospital without our baby. Denial, then shock, sadness and anger caused anguish over the "whys?" and "what ifs?" It wasn't long before I found out how miscarriage may be trivialized as an insignificant occurrence.

My physician, who had not been present when I delivered the baby, confronted me a few hours later. "It was a boy," I sobbed. "Oh," she remarked in an offhanded way, "I didn't see it." I vividly remember my anger toward her nonchalant manner and the way she referred to him as an "it." *Don't you know that was our baby, our little son?*, I thought. *Please don't minimize our loss.*

"You have other children at home, don't you?" she continued. *Yes, I was screaming inside, but don't you realize that each child is unique and special in his or her own right? Having two at home doesn't in any way lessen the sorrow I feel for this baby.* "Go home and enjoy your summer," she added later. "You can start trying again in another three months." Enjoy my summer?! This miscarriage had literally knocked me off my feet. There I was, an adult mother of two, reduced to tears whenever I saw a pregnant woman or new baby. (They seemed to be everywhere I went!) There was no denying the intense emotions I felt. My husband and daughters, as well, were trying to deal with the loss in their individual ways. Even though I tried, it was not an enjoyable summer. Life didn't automatically revert back to normal.

Yet my heartache was misunderstood not only by my physician, but by others as well. I was given the impression that it was inappropriate and even abnormal to be mourning. There was a conflict between the way I actually felt and the way society expected me to feel. I began to think I must be losing it.

Fortunately, I had a deep need to find out all I could about miscarriage. I read avidly, attended support group meetings and talked to other women who had been through a similar experience. I was relieved to find out that my reactions were healthy and normal. Until then, I didn't know that I was going through the grieving process.

The tears, along with the questioning, the heart-to-heart talks with my family and friends, and the memorial service to say goodbye to our baby all helped me to heal.

A loss is a loss. Just because it's named "miscarriage" doesn't mean that it's insignificant. Nothing has ever affected me so deeply.... Though the deep sorrow I felt has since subsided, I realize that I'll never completely "get over" him. There are still times that I long to hold our son, to watch him grow, to love him.... I know I'll never forget.

~Sara Winslow, Bereavement Magazine, Colorado Springs, CO, [grief@bereavementmag.com](mailto:grief@bereavementmag.com)

### EACH LIFE IS LIKE A SONG

A life is like a song we write  
In our own tone and key,  
Each Life we touch reflects a note  
That forms the melody.  
We choose the theme and chorus  
Of the song to bear our name,  
And each will have a special sound,  
No two can be the same.  
So when someone we love departs,  
In memory we find  
Their song plays on within the hearts  
Of those they leave behind.

By Elma Burns Semko,  
Mother to Bobby Burns

*Lovingly lifted from the Northshore/Boston Chapter*

**OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED  
BIRTHDAYS**

<b>CHILD</b>	<b>PARENTS</b>
OLIVIA MAE BUTH.....20	TIM & MEL BUTH
MATTHEW ISAAC CVIJANOVICH .....37	MICHAEL & SHERYL CVIJANOVICH
RANDY J CYR.....43	JANICE & JAMES SHELDON
RYAN P GOERTZ .....40	JAMES & CHERI GOERTZ
COLE HALLAND .....33	STEVEN & JOAN HALLAND
KYLE KASSMAN .....33	TOM & NANCY KASSMAN
LIAM PAUL KUMMER.....3	BLAINE & MEGAN KUMMER
RYAN DEAN NELSON .....38	BECKY NELSON
RAND LOREN PIERSALL .....63	PERSYS PIERSALL
REED JOEL PROCHNOW .....43	NEIL & KATHLEEN PROCHNOW
CHLOE GRACE RONGEN .....7	CONNIE & BARRY RONGEN (Grandparents)
ANDREW SADEK.....25	JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
KINLEY SNYDER.....8	JEREMY & TERI SNYDER
JUSTIN DANIEL TANGEN .....29	TODD & LEAH TANGEN
TYLER JAMES THOEMKE.....27	JAMIE & SHERI THOEMKE

**ANNIVERSARIES**

<b>CHILD</b>	<b>PARENTS</b>
LUCAS ALLMENDINGER.....9	DEAN & JO ALLMENDINGER
BRIAN BJERKEN.....12	DENNIS & SHIRLEY BJERKEN
RILEY MARK DAHLBERG .....12	BLAKE & CHRISTINA DAHLBERG
GREGORY S GROOTERS .....2	LARRY & HAZEL GROOTERS
MICHAEL L HANSON .....10	LARRY & MARY HANSON
HEIDI HELLAND.....7	JOHN & TERRI HELLAND
TARI L HELLER.....11	RICHARD & CLARE ELLESS
LANNIE LEE KORNELIUS.....11	LEROY & DONNA KORNELIUS
ERIC C LARSON.....16	CRAIG & BARB LARSON
KEVIN DEANE MAESSE .....2	HELEN MAESSE
KYLE NELSON .....4	JERRY & YVONNE NELSON
CHLOE GRACE RONGEN .....7	CONNIE & BARRY RONGEN (Grandparents)
TERRY STAIGER.....6	CLARA STAIGER
THOMAS LEE THOEMKE.....8	JEAN & BILL THOEMKE
MARK ALAN WATELAND .....17	SONIA WATELAND

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

**SNOW**

Every snowflake that falls is unique and has its own individual design. There are beautiful patterns in each snowflake and even the tiniest of flakes have their own markings. These patterns change again and again even after the flake touches the ground. Each snowflake is a cause for wonder, each flake is one of a kind. No two are exactly alike. Like the snowflake, our beautiful children were each unique and special; some we only dreamed about and some danced upon the earth. They filled our lives with wonder and transformed our world. We held them too briefly, but we will hold them in our hearts forever. We shall remember them always. At this time of remembering, it may help to reflect upon how our lives have been enriched by the love we have given and the love we have received from our children. Our children leave treasures behind that time can never take away.

Written by Denise Falzon, TCF Lake Area, MI  
In loving memory of her son, Brian Falzon

## SIBLING PAGE

### JUST FOR SIBLINGS: WHAT SIBLINGS THINK

These thoughts were recorded by a TCF sibling group as they explored their feelings about the death of their sibling. I will print their comments here to help siblings know they are not alone and parents to better understand what their surviving children are feeling.

#### I would like my father to know:

- It helps to talk.
- What really happened.
- That if anything happened to him, I would feel the same way.
- He is not alone and I want to laugh and cry with him again.
- That his son/daughter knew that he loved him/her.
- That it's okay to talk about my brother or sister when I'm around.
- I do cry, not a lot but I do cry.

#### I would like my mother to know:

- I love her.
- It's okay to cry and I'm there for her to talk to.
- That I will always love her.
- She has been my example of giving and love.
- That my sibling is at peace with God.
- It's okay to talk about the past.
- I cry.
- I knew my sibling in a different way.
- I think about those times and smile through my tears.

Sibling Group - TCF Lehigh Valley, PA

### TO COLLEEN

To a wonderful sister, who was special in every way.  
I miss you greatly, but know you are with me everyday.

We had many good times together; those memories  
I will treasure forever.

What happen is hard to believe, because it was  
much too soon for you to leave.

God needed another angel and we had no clue, all  
those years he was watching you.

Now you are in heaven, eternal paradise a place that  
always sounded so nice and where we  
will meet someday.

Until then, for each of us you will pray, because God  
wanted it that way.

Love always, Shaun Hingham - TCF

### MEMORIES OF YOUR FACE

I woke this morning  
Finding everything in a haze  
Wiping tears from my eyes  
I saw your smiling face.  
I reached out and touched you  
Yet all I could feel was pain  
You felt nothing  
From your life within a frame.  
I spoke--receiving no reply  
I told you that I loved you  
I asked you  
Why?  
I'll never have another  
No one to take your place  
All I have, Little Brother, are memories  
And the picture of your face.

~Lisa Walmsley, TCF/Sarasota, FL

### I Am Your Sister and Always Will Be

"I am your sister and always will be." That's how Susie signed her cards to me. After a while, she shortened it to, "I am..." And of course I knew the rest of it Susie was two and one-half years younger than I. She was alive one evening talking on the phone to Mom about the Oscars and to Dad about moving. The next day she was found. Whatever it was--it ended her life and changed mine forever.

There was a wonderful side of my sister that I didn't pay enough attention to. She was a kind and loving person, always ready to shelter lost animals and lost souls. When she was in a good mood, her smiles warmed my heart. Yet I spent most of my life wishing that things were different: wishing that she thought more of herself, wishing that she would take my advice, wishing that she were happier, wishing that we could accept each other.

Now, for two years, I've done nothing but wish she were here so we could have another chance to work at our relationship. Now, I wish that I had been able to give her my unconditional love & support. (She needed it and deserved it.) Now, I wish that I could have been with her that night so she would not have been alone. Now, I wish that I would have held her in my arms and told her how very much I loved her. Because, Susie, I am your sister and always will be.

-Michele Walters, TCF, Baltimore, MD

### Reflections

With the death of my sister came some painful realizations: that life isn't always fair or predictable; that sometimes even my best still isn't good enough; and that from the day of her death, the happy events in my life would always be tinged with sadness. Despite the pain and loss, death has also left me with some valuable lessons and precious gifts. As a result of my sister's death, I have a greater appreciation of life and a greater compassion for those who hurt. I have learned to be a survivor and to have a successful career and productive life in the face of tremendous grief and loss. I have been gifted with good friends and special people to help me through the rough times. But most of all, I have been given the gift of time – time to heal and time to replace those painful memories of death with priceless memories of my sister's life.

Cathy Schanberger

from *This Healing Journey – An Anthology for Bereaved Siblings* ©The Compassionate Friends

### Get Well Soon Poem

I know our loss is very great  
but I'm sure many people can  
relate  
I know its hard to say good-bye  
don't hold back your tears! It's ok  
to cry  
Just hold my hand and we will  
stand up high  
We will gather strength from one  
another  
hugging and holding each other  
we will find each other and  
together we will be  
once again, a family

By Alyssa Flora, age 13

In memory of her brother Bryson, age 9

## PLEASE ASK

Someone asked me about you today. It's been so long since anyone has done that. It felt so good to talk about you to share my memories of you to simply say your name out loud.

She asked me if I minded talking about what happened to you or would it be too painful to speak of it? I told her I think of it everyday and speaking about it helps me to release the tormented thoughts whirling around in my head. She said she never realized that my pain would last this long. She apologized for not asking sooner. I told her, "Thanks for asking."

I don't know if it was curiosity or concern that made her ask, but I told her, Please do it again sometime soon..

~ Barbara Hudson Cincinnati, OH

## COPING WITH MEMORIES

Memories are a bridge between the past and the present. In an abstract, though none the less real sense, you can teach your child, be with him or her, by crossing the bridge. remembering. but herein lies the pain — you have to go back to the past because he or she is not physically present.

The memories that you have of your child. whether of happy or unhappy times. or perhaps of how he or she looked, felt, sounded — all of these are precious. special, and sometimes can be so painful that you want to block them to escape the anguish. This is normal. natural. And yet the loss of your memories would leave a large gap. Perhaps the most difficult to deal with are the sudden, unexpected stabs that can occur at any time. When an association with your child comes out of the blue — perhaps a piece of music or a can of spaghetti in the supermarket — whatever it is that throws you. by to remember to breathe deeply and slow, and it will help. Remembering is important because even when it is painful, healing is taking place.

~ Jenny Kander, TCF/Johannesburg, SA

## BUTTERFLY

Butterfly flutter by.  
Butterfly hear me cry.  
Butterfly hear me sigh.  
Butterfly say good-bye.  
Good-bye,  
Butterfly.  
Goodbye.

Katrina Krauss, TCF/Anne Arundel Cty, MD

## Wondering

When I look upon a star,  
I pause to wonder how you are.  
I know you are the brightest star  
Shinning so bright  
Trying to let me know You're walking  
On those streets of gold.  
Sharing them with other angels there in Heaven  
And you are home in your permanent place.  
Miss you and love you forever.

~ Mary Gonda, TCF/Space Coast, FL

## Thanksgiving

I give thanks, Lord, for:

### Time

The time I had with Tim, time to grow and learn even when I'm no longer young, and time which will one day reunite me with my child.

### Friends

Those that I've known that time has taken from me, those I cherish now, and those I've yet to meet.

### Answered Prayers

I asked for comfort and strength to face what I must face and You answered me — maybe not the way I wanted, but You always answered me.

### For Family

And I find my family expanding with each day. I find relatives need not always be family and family need not always be relatives. Love makes families — not bloodlines.

### For the Children

Those remaining — mine and everyone else's. And for the ones that remain only in memory.

### For Love

Love that's been given so freely from hearts that were broken like mine, but still could offer inc strength and hope.  
For all of you, I thank God.

~ Judy Dickey, TCF/Greenwood, IN

## THE TACO TREE

The morning sun of spring smiled on  
The little boy of three  
With chocolate eyes and impish grin  
Beneath the Taco Tree.  
The gentle summer breeze caressed the  
Spirit wild and free  
The ten year old with cream puff dreams  
Beneath the Taco Tree.  
The bold young man, not quite eighteen  
To keep his country free  
Packed up his bags and waved good-by  
Beneath the Taco tree.  
Scarce the first cord had begun  
Till his life's song had been sung  
Gone the child of ten and three  
gone the dreams that used to be  
Barren is the Taco tree.  
On misty days and stormy nights  
I close my eyes and see,  
The chocolate eyes, the impish grin the  
Spirit wild and free,  
And through the mist or through the storm  
These words waft down to me,  
"I'm waiting for you Mother,  
Beneath the Taco tree."

- Alice Osborn, TCF/Rolla, MO

Look at yourself in the mirror. Say to yourself, "It is hard to lose a child." Say to yourself, "It is reasonable to hurt." Say to yourself, "Healing takes time." Be good to yourself

~ Sascha Wagner, TCF/ Des Moines, IA

**We must have your written permission on file to use your child's name in the newsletter.** Permission may be withdrawn at any time by written request. This information is used to maintain our Chapter Database. It is confidential and is only utilized for Chapter activities such as the newsletter.

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_

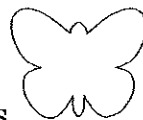
Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

Birth Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Death Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

(Signature)

Please return to: The Compassionate Friends of F-M Area, P.O. Box 10686, Fargo ND 58106  
(Please note that if you have already submitted a permission slip, you do not need to submit another one)



### Butterfly Decals

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

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

Butterflies are available in five colors (yellow, pink, red, blue and green). The cost is as follows: \$25 for 1 butterfly, \$50 for 2 butterflies, \$65 for 3 butterflies and \$80 for 4 butterflies. If you wish to purchase more than 4 butterflies please contact 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](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html).

### A Box of Coins

My husband Bruce and my stepdaughter Jess drove to our son's apartment to retrieve his things shortly after his death. They returned with clothing, bed linens, lots of CD's, his backpack, and a computer desk that he and I assembled together at his new apartment. They brought back the computer, kitchen items, and a New Balance shoebox.

I recognized the box. We gave him shoes as a parting gift as he left for college that fall. His college expenses stressed our budget. I second guessed most purchases but not the shoes. He needed them. I wondered why he had kept the box.

It was filled with coins and a red cup. Jess said the cup had been on his desk. Apparently at day's end our son Art emptied his pockets of loose change into the cup. Eventually Arthur poured the contents of the cup into the shoebox. The boy had a savings plan.

I saved the box of coins. I could not toss them into a change counter. He had touched each one. I stored the box under a bed that he had used as a youngster.

After four years, I pulled out the box and spent a quiet evening counting coins. \$74.14. I wrote a note from Art to an anticipated nephew or niece that he would never met and slipped it in the box. "Use these coins for college." From Art.

The box slid under the bed again. I would find the right place for those coins—maybe a charity, maybe the scholarship initiated in memory of Arthur. Not now.

Last month Jess called me with a funny story about her toddler son, my first grandchild. Jess and Brandon had taught their young son to drop coins into a big red piggybank. They were scrounging for coins because their son liked the game so much.

Perfect! Those shoebox coins just found a new home! That weekend I delivered the box of coins to them. The next time I babysat, I pulled a few coins from the shoebox and handed them to my grandson, one by one. Mason giggled as he touched each one and dropped it squarely into the piggybank. We both smiled at each other.

The boy has a savings plan. Must be genetic!

I am grateful for the gift of time with my son's possessions. TCF monthly meetings taught me to be patient with myself until I found my new balance. It took almost seven years. I gave away my son's coins with no regrets.

~ Monica Colberg, TCF/Minneapolis, MN  
In Memory of my son Art

### B A B Y

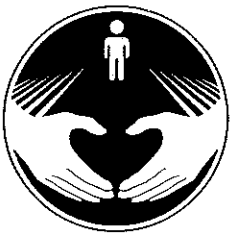
I used to hold you in my arms, baby. A pleasant weight.  
Now I hold flowers, sweet like you. A bundle so very, very light,  
But oh, so heavy a burden.

(Lifted with love) from the Pikes Peak Chapter, TCF, Col. Springs

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 ..... 701-446-7504	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	Mary Bjerke
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.