



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office
PO Box 3696
Oak Brook IL 60522
Toll-free (877) 969-0010
www.compassionatefriends.org

F-M Area Chapter
PO Box 10686
Fargo ND 58106
www.teffargomoorhead.org
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Chapter Leaders - Paul & Kara Bailey (701)491-0364

Newsletter Editor - Nancy Teeuwen (701)730-0805

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

Upcoming Meetings
October 11th
November 8th

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 p.m. on October 25th @ Fry'n Pan
Annual Worldwide Candlelighting - December 9, 2018 7 p.m. local time

LOVE GIFTS

La Roy Norby in memory of her son, Michael Norby and her granddaughter, Jessica Norby
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.

Thank you for the gift donations from Korsmo Funeral Home and a family that wishes to remain anonymous.

Circle

How do you bear it all?
The cry came from a mother
Whose son had died only weeks before.
We were in a circle, looking at her,
Looking around, looking away,
Tears in our hearts, in our eyes.
How do we bear it?
I don't know,
But the circle helps.

Eva Lager, TCF/Western Australia

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 4th Thursday of the month at 7 p.m. 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 October 25th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or sherylcvl3@msn.com.

The name of your child
Is a magic word
Did you know?
At any given moment
Whether busy or still stop
And think or say that name
Something will happen
And whatever that something is --
Let it happen
Even if it be tears
The name of your child
Is a magic word
To heal your heart

~ Sascha Wagner, Wintersun

THE ROAD TO HEALING

We gather because our children have died. We assemble because something of ourselves died as well. But also, in those dreadful moments of their passing, something new was born within each of us a pain, an anguish, an agony that not only endures but which consumes the quality and tempo of our living for months and even years.

As compassionate friends we gather to confront that pain to address the absence of our children, to support one another to find the road to healing, to seek ways to live once more.

We seek healing, understanding that healing is not forgetting. We reach for wellness, knowing that wellness does not imply that our deceased child is dismissed from our thoughts for such is not the case. We seek to heal, knowing that we will never forget in either our hearts or our thoughts. And we know further that the touch of our children on our beings, or ours on theirs, will never be wholly entrusted to yesterday.

But each and every one of us seeks release from the bondage of our child's death. We desire repose, stillness and calm, that the beauty of our child's love might enfold us yet again. We thirst for awakenings free of pain, for minutes and hours free from unremitting torment. In our child's name, and for ourselves, we hunger for genuine and lasting emancipation from an overwhelming bereavement that consumes our living and threatens the continued vitality of our spirits.

My belief is that all these things are possible for us as long as we understand that our lives will never return to what we remember as normal before our child died. The experiences of countless bereaved parents assure us that we can learn to bear the unbearable, to overcome that which crushes our spirit, to move from darkness to light, to find our own lives and renew them on a road toward healing. We can learn to live once more.

Many undoubtedly wonder if this can possibly be true, and all of us who have endured well beyond the earlier stages of this long dark journey certainly understand that feeling.

Let me share a portion of my own loss with you. Olin was our only child. When he died at the age of seventeen, the happiness he wove into the pattern of my living seemed to become lost in a vast, consuming darkness. The lamp of life at the core of my soul was extinguished. I felt lost in a lonely, cold netherworld of the spirit.

His death isolated my being. I drifted, removed from life, and thus the value of existence itself became diminished within me. Olin had been the catalyst of laughter, the touchstone of joy. Now, both laughter and joy had become but ill-defined memories.

As I struggled ever downward, I started to realize that I was paying scant honor to Olin's life and its influence on mine. I had loved him still, with fierceness and tenacity. But my emotional state was such that I was labeling, unintentionally, his life's touch on mine as destruction, allowing no chance or opportunity for life or love to shine through.

I reached out for help, acknowledging my obligation to keep faith with Olin. I sought recovery and life as a part of my debt, my duty to him. It was months before I saw it also as an obligation to my wife, my family, or to myself. We often recognize our bond with the deceased before that which we share with the living.

In the months and years to follow, I was fortunate to find a pathway toward healing. In looking back with the keen sight of retrospection, three areas seem worthwhile to examine as essential elements of a successful healing journey.

1. To seek healing for more than just our deceased child, to extend that obligation to our families and to ourselves.
2. Forgiveness, of both ourselves and others.
3. To consciously make future decisions and commitments, to set realistic goals and actively pursue them.

Looking back. I see a moment with my father, two months after Olin died, as the first inkling that I might have an obligation to more than just Olin. He said to me. "Don, you've got to get over this. You've lost your zest, your energy, your interest in life. You've got to overcome this."

Most of us view moments such as this with anger. How could another person possibly understand? But he did. He also is a bereaved parent, having lost my sister only a year and a half before the death of Olin.

I cannot tell you that I paid heed to his concern right away. I did not. I could not. But I have never forgotten.

When I recall the love and concern in his voice and eyes, I always reflect on these words of Gibran from the *Prophet*: "You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth."

My only living arrow had fallen, and for a long while I was awash in darkness. But through that darkness, my father, who had himself cast four arrows to the future, who had already felt the fall of one, reached out to steady the flight of one who had faltered.

I have come at least to understand what he already knew - that I too, am a living arrow sent with love from my parent's bow into the future. And so are all the rest of us.

All of us have an obligation to complete the trajectory of our own flight, our own lives. We owe it to those who sent us forth and to those who share our journey now. And we owe it to ourselves, for if our flight, or life is to be true, we must find and give flower to love and caring in our souls.

The second area to address in healing is perhaps the most difficult: forgiveness.

We must forgive our children for abandoning us, for dying. We must forgive ourselves for letting them die, even if there was nothing we could have done to prevent it.

We believe parents preserve and protect and many of us initially regard ourselves as having failed in that regard. And even if we did fail them in many ways, we still must forgive ourselves their deaths, for we did not kill our children. Indeed, each of us would have saved our child, or even taken their place, had only such a chance presented itself. We deserve to forgive ourselves.

We must forgive ourselves our errors, even our wrongs, in child rearing. For all our failures, real and imagined, intentional or unintentional, we are still only human beings and we must find the strength to forgive ourselves.

Forgiveness is acceptance of our own and other's faults, wrongs and "humanness." It is also our victory over hate, bitterness and despair. It is as strong an act of love as we can make. Just as grief is the crying forth of love at parting, forgiveness is the balancing of love's power to both hurt and heal.

I am certain that forgiveness, in its many expressions and with its many demands, is a necessary forerunner to embracing the future.

And that brings us to our final area, to consciously make future decisions and commitments, to set realistic goals and actively pursue them. No matter how much it may hurt, the future awaits us all. Indeed, the future is the healing zone, that place where all efforts merge to produce a recovery that enables us to live once more. In our early bereavement this is nearly impossible to contemplate, for it is about all we can manage to confront the moment, the hour, the day. For a very long time, the future is just not a part of our consciousness.

Yet there comes a time on the healing road where decisions and commitments to the future are possible, frequently even necessary.

Perhaps you paint, coach soccer, are active in a bridge club, work with girl scouts, help newly bereaved families or work hard at raising your own family. There is more than ample room in these or in numberless other areas where future commitments can be made. Anything of value to ourselves will suffice.

It is setting and achieving goals that count, goals sensible and possible within the context of our own lives.

The road to healing is not easy, but few worthwhile things in our lives are easy. Yet healing really is not nearly as difficult as the task we have already met, the hour of our child's death and the weeks immediately following.

Our children danced joy in our lives and the memory of that joy is a song that continues in our hearts ~ it will ever be, but more that is good remains to be said.

The horror in our lives will pass away and the pain will ultimately perish. But our love for our children and their love for us shall not perish, nor pass away, or ever die. For love is immortal. It knows no season, nor comings or goings. It is and shall remain.

~ Don Hackett TCF

Bereaved Presidents

Did you know that 20 of our presidents and their wives were and are bereaved parents?

John Adams lost his son Charles, 20, while he was president.

Thomas Jefferson had six children and only two lived to adult-hood. A daughter, May, 26, died while he was president.

James Moore lost a son two years of age.

John Quincy Adams lost a daughter in infancy; a son died while Adams was president; and another son died 5 years later.

William Harrison had ten children; six died before he became president.

Zachary Taylor had six children; two died as infants and a daughter died three months after her wedding.

Millard Fillmore's daughter, Abigail died at 22.

Franklin Pierce lost two sons in infancy. History records his wife's grief so great that he resigned from the Senate. Two months before his inauguration to the presidency, their son, Benjamin, 11 years old, was killed in a railroad accident. Mrs. Pierce collapsed from grief and was unable to attend the inauguration. She secluded herself in an upstairs bedroom for nearly half of her husband's term in office.

Abraham Lincoln lost two sons during his lifetime. Edward, four years old, while Lincoln was in office, and William, 11 years old. He wrote, "In this sad world of ours, sorrow comes to all... it comes with bitterest agony..." The president's wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, unable to cope with the assassination of her husband and the death of yet another son, Thomas, 18 years old, was confined to a sanitarium. Although she was released after a few months, she was never to be well again.

Rutherford B. Hayes had eight children, three of whom died in infancy.

James Garfield had seven children; two died in infancy.

Chester Alan Arthur's eldest son died in infancy.

Grover Cleveland's oldest daughter, Ruth, died at age 13.

William McKinley lost both children: Ida, four months old, and Katherine, four years old. His wife became so overwhelmed with shock and grief that she became an invalid for the remainder of her life.

Theodore Roosevelt's son died at 21 years of age.

Calvin Coolidge had a son, Calvin Jr., who died at 16 while his father was in office. Recorded in his autobiography, the president said, "When he went, the power and glory of the presidency went with him."

Franklin Roosevelt's son, Franklin Jr., died in infancy.

Dwight Eisenhower's son, Doug Dwight "Icky," 3 years old, died at Camp Mead, MD. In President Eisenhower's autobiography written in 1969 (49 years after Icky died), he stated, "With his death a pall fell over the camp. When we started the long trip back to Denver for his burial, the entire command turned out in respect to Icky. We were completely crushed - it was a tragedy from which we never recovered. I do not know how others have felt when facing the same situation, but I have never known such a blow. Today when I think of it, even as I now as I write of it, the keenness of my loss comes back to me as fresh and terrible as it was in that long, dark day soon after Christmas, 1920."

John F. Kennedy and his wife Jackie lost their two-week old son Patrick in 1963 while he was president. The Kennedy's' first daughter was stillborn.

George H. W. Bush and his wife Barbara lost their daughter Robin, at 3 years old to leukemia.

--Author Unknown

The death of a child is a fire in the mind. The mind burns with alternatives that never come to pass, with fantasies of remarkable recuperations, with dreams of adult accomplishment. If we let this fire burn compassionately within us, the grief of the mind, the fantasies, the burning of the spirit, begin slowly to melt away and the child comes more into our heart. Our anguish can be used to open more fully, to enter as completely as we can into this final sharing. And then, as Rabindranath Tagore wrote in the final lines of his poem, *The End*, "Dear Auntie will come with presents and will ask, 'Where is our baby, Sister?' And Mother, you will tell her softly, 'He is in the pupils of my eyes. He is in my bones and in my soul.'"

~ Steven Levine —From *Who Dies*

**OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED
BIRTHDAYS**

CHILD	PARENTS
TODD TIMOTHY CLARK	46	JEFFREY & ANNA MARIE CLARK
QUENTIN LEE CLEMENTS	4	JAMIE KUROWSKI
TYLER JUSTIN EICHOLTZ	34	STEVE & LISA EICHOLTZ
VICKIE GROSSNICKLE	64	DELORES L HORN
TABATHA HUNTER	30	RORY & KAREN HUNTER
DILLON T KAPAUN	25	TODD & SUZIE KAPAUN
ALEXANDER BRENT KLINKHAMMER	31	CHARLES & SANDY KLINKHAMMER
AMY CHRISTINE LARSON	33	DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
SUE ELLEN LARSON	55	DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JAYME ELIZABETH LASSLE	33	SHERRY LASSLE
KAREN LAUMAN	47	FRANK LAUMAN
TERESA JO NATHAN	39	TIMOTHY & BRENDA DOOHER
STEVEN RENDON	31	ALEX & ALICE RENDON
NICHOLAS J SADEK	32	JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
ALICIA SPURR	34	TAMMY SPURR
ALLISON SPURR	34	TAMMY SPURR
JASMINE ROSE WILSON	10	KAREN WILSON

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD	PARENTS
JASON ESKILDSEN	19	RICHARD & DENISE ESKILDSEN
JOHN CLAYTON JACKSON JR	5	NORMA JACKSON
DANA DAWN KEBLAR	19	DEBORAH FACEY
DAVID MARK KLEINGARTNER	14	NORBERT & LUELLE KLEINGARTNER
THERESA KLIER	1	KAREN SCHWARTZ
ANNIE PAGE LEGGIO	20	JOSEPH LEGGIO
PAUL MORLOCK	2	DELLA MORLOCK
JUSTIN OLSON	5	CHERIE HARLAND & BILL BARTHOLOMAUS
MATTHEW ALLEN OLSON	11	DICK & LINDA OLSON
ALLISON SPURR	34	TAMMY SPURR
BRUCE ALLEN ZAESKE	10	ALAN & CHARLEEN ZAESKE

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

A Note To A Newly Bereaved Parent

Memories have no time spans,
one minute, one hour, one day.
The heart will hold forever
what time has taken away.
I know your pain will lift some
with every new minute, hour and day.
No one will replace them,
we will just have to wait.
But our memories will touch our hearts
till we can touch again!

We do survive, my friends, as God is my Witness!

Suzi Southworth, TCF/McMinnville, OR

SIBLING PAGE

What Siblings Think About

At a Pennsylvania chapter meeting, the brothers and sisters explored their feeling about a number of issues. Those siblings were kind enough to record their feelings on paper with others
I would like my parents to know....

That I am OK and would like to talk to them about my brother or sister whenever they feel like it
That I hurt too and loved my brother/sister.
That my love for my sibling will never go away.
How special my parents are and how proud I am of their love.
It's all right if they want to talk to me. I will listen and be sad with them
That they are not at fault.
That it's OK to cry together and that I'm there for them.
That I'll never forget my sibling, the good times and the hard ones.

I would like my father to know....

It helps to talk.
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 child knew that he loved him/her.
That it's OK to talk about my brother/sister when I am around.
I do cry, not a lot, but I do cry.

I would like my mother to know....

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

I would like my dead brother/sister to know....

We miss you.
That I love you and miss you and need you in my life.
That we are well, sharing all we have, and waiting to be with you again.
It's sad around here, but we remember you.
That we all love and miss you very, very much
That your life won't be forgotten.
That I try to be like you. I am in many ways.
One thing I'd like to say is that I go into your room for the memories.

The hardest part of losing my brother/sister is....

Having such a hole in our family.
Believing it actually happened and that I'll never see or talk to him/her again.
I will never have a sibling to talk to.
Not being able to look into your eyes, hug you and laugh with you
That I never told you personally that I loved you - it was always assumed.
Losing my best friend.
Not having you there to complain at me for the things I do.

I like to remember my sister/brother by....

Looking at pictures.
Thinking of you when you would goof off with my children.
Going to the grave.

Playing my music loud, singing like you and laughing I listen to your favorite albums.

Talking about him and looking at his truck in the driveway.

I regret....

Nothing
All the arguments we had and not having the chance to say good-bye.
Fighting with my brother/sister.
Not hearing your music play and the telephone busy.
Not sharing enough time with you.
Not telling you how much I loved you.
Not yelling at or hugging you one more time.
Not knowing when you were going to die.
Hugging you because you were the "big brother/sister."
Not spending time with you.
Being a massive pest.

The Sibling Group TCF, Lehigh Valley, PA

Healing the Bereaved Child

Support groups help bereaved kids by:

- *Countering the sense of isolation many bereaved children experience in our shame-based, mourning-avoiding culture.
- *Providing emotional, physical and spiritual support in a safe, non-judgmental environment.
- *Allowing them to explore their many thoughts and feelings about grief in a way that helps them be compassionate with themselves.
- *Encouraging members to not only receive support and understanding for themselves, but also to provide help to others. (We know that children do not like to be different from peers and often resist being singled out for purposes of receiving help.)
- *Offering new ways of approaching problems (e. Q. how to respond to the peer who makes fun of the fact that someone in their life has died).
- *Helping them trust in what, for many, seems like an unsafe, uncaring world.
- * Providing a supportive environment that can rekindle their love for life and living. In short, as bereaved children give and receive help, they feel less helpless and are able to discover continued meaning in life. Feeling understood by their peers and effective adult leaders brings down barriers between the bereaved child and the world outside. Our mourning-avoiding culture often invites children to keep their grief internalized and to adopt ways of avoiding the painful, but necessary, work of mourning. Support groups instead foster the experience of trusting and being trusted and have the potential of doing wonders in meeting the needs of bereaved children.

Excerpts from Dr. Alan D. Wolfert Bereavement Magazine

March/April 98

Bereavement Publishing, Inc.

8133 Telegraph Dr.

Colorado Springs, CO 80920

HOPE

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And signs the tune without the words
And never stops at all.

~ Emily Dickinson



**THE
COMPASSIONATE
FRIENDS**
Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

We hope you enjoy receiving our monthly newsletter. We currently mail out between 350 and 450 newsletters every month to families in the Fargo/Moorhead area. For quite a long time we have been fortunate to have been able to print and mail our newsletters at little to no cost due, in large part, to the generosity of Olivet Lutheran Church (until 2016) and Swanson Health Products (currently). Unfortunately this arrangement will end this December. We would like to change delivery of our newsletter from regular mail to email for as many members as possible.

We would appreciate your response. Please complete the form below and return it to us or complete and submit our online form found on our website at www.tcffargomoorhead.org.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

The Compassionate Friends of F-M Area

Please complete and return this form to The Compassionate Friends, PO Box 10686, Fargo, ND 58106 or email it to tcf1313@gmail.com

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip Code: _____

Please continue to send the newsletter by regular mail

I would like to switch to email delivery.

My email address is _____

I no longer wish to receive the newsletter

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.

My Witch and My Angel

For Zoë Halloween is just about as good as it gets. Not much in my daughter's world beats candy, costumes, friends, make-up, and staying up late even on a school night. Life at age six can be gloriously simple.

But I don't know much of what my son Max thought of Halloween. When he died at age two, he only had one real "trick-or-treat" to his credit. That year—1987—I dressed him in a pumpkin costume and we traipsed to a few neighbors. I took far too many pictures. Max was a fiend for sweets and with the candy ration lifted for the evening, he had to be living well.

I imagine that year would have been his last dressed as a mommy-pleasing pumpkin. At three or four I knew he would demand Ninja or pirate costumes; I would have laughingly bought them and maybe even the plastic sword. I would have let him paint grotesque stitches across his nose and wear fangs that glowed in the dark.

Instead, this is Zoë's year to cast aside the girly version of Max's pumpkin cap. The beloved pink princess frills and red nail polish are being exchanged for a witch hat and black glue-on fingernails sharpened into talons. For the first time, she wants to be Scary and Ugly. With mahogany lipstick and smoky eyes, she will fly out the door in less than a month to cross one more threshold that her brother did not.

I can see the evening now. As I assemble face paints on the counter, I will take a deep breath—the same one I take every year at every holiday and milestone. With my unsteady hand I will design witchy warts and create wrinkles on Zoë's perfect face. I will declare her the Scariest and Ugliest of All.

But as I help my little witch into her costume, I know my eyes will fill with tears. I will think about the years that were supposed to be: a young boy as Dracula, a 13 year-old teen in baggy clothes escorting his little witch-sister down the block. Who would he be now, the toddler we knew, the boy we lost? What would our life be like if the scary things were still just make-believe?

Zoë will see my tears, but she won't be alarmed: in our family's emotional lexicon, sad and happy often go together and crying is as OK as laughing. She will ask me why I'm sad and I will tell her the truth: I am thinking about Max and wishing he could be here.

And although she is now the mean and fierce Witch Zoë, she will nod her head with understanding. Her plastic nails will lightly graze my arm as she reaches to pat me. Suddenly the frown on her face will disappear and she repeats what has become her annual Halloween revelation: "Mommy, it's OK. Don't forget that Max can go 'trick-or-treat' as an angel." She describes a glittering figure, luminous wings aflutter, giant treat bag at the ready. I smile at the idea and the moment passes.

Later, I light the candle in the pumpkin and watch Zoë skip next door to show off her costume. She heads up the sidewalk, stopping halfway to turn and wave to me. She makes her scariest face and yells, "Mom—take my picture!" I raise my camera and look through the viewfinder. As the flash glows briefly in the dusk, I see a beautiful angel standing in the shadows beside her. But this angel doesn't wear white and his wings have been clipped. I am sure he never had a golden halo. He is a small chubby boy with a jack-o-lantern face on his tummy and chocolate on his fingers. It is 1987 and he is having a really great Halloween.

Just like his sister.

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 15th to be included in the next month's newsletter. If you wish to give a love gift please complete:

Love gift given in Memory/Honor of _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 Relationship _____ Born _____ Died _____

NOTE: By giving a love gift, you are giving us permission to include your child(ren) in our monthly birthdays and anniversaries.