



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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Due to the Covid-19 Pandemic, we have decided for the safety of our members to cancel monthly chapter meetings until further notice.

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on October 22nd
@ Denny's
Annual Worldwide Candlelighting -
December 13, 2020 7 p.m. local time

LOVE GIFTS

Linda Forsberg in memory of her son, Darren Forsberg
Brenda Kluth in memory of her son, Brandon Kluth
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.

A Beginning

One day you wake up and realize that you must have survived it because you are still here, alive and breathing. But you don't remember the infinitely small steps and decisions you took to get there. Your only awareness is that you have shed miles of tears on what seems to be an endless road of sorrow. One day—one glorious day—you wake up and feel your skin tingle again, and you forget just for an instant, that your heart is broken... and it is a beginning.
- Susan Borrowman, TCF/Kingston, Ontario

"All things of grace and beauty such that one holds them to one's heart have a common provenance in pain. Their birth in grief and ashes."
~ Cormac McCarthy, *The Road*

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 7:00 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 October 22nd. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at www.tcffargomoorhead.org.

ON "PICKING UP THE PIECES"

Had someone say to me not too long ago that she was glad to see that I was "picking up the pieces and going on." Well, I am picking up the pieces all right -- but what she doesn't know is that they're almost a whole set of new pieces! I haven't been able to go on as though nothing about me has changed since my child died. I'm a different me, and I am still learning about how the new me reacts to old situations.

I am finding that this new set of pieces doesn't exactly fit together all nice and neat like a jigsaw puzzle. Some of the old pieces are still hanging in there, but they don't quite mesh with some of the new pieces. I am in the process of grinding off through edges now, hoping eventually for a better fit, one that I can live with more comfortably. Time, patience and hard work are helping me accomplish this.

How are the rough edges on your new pieces coming along?

~ TCF Valley Forge, PA

Halloween Memories

Most children enjoy Halloween, the costumes, the candy, the parties, trick or treat, the decorations and so much more. My son looked forward to Halloween with great anticipation. Until he reached the fourth grade, Todd was happy to pick out a costume at the discount store...usually the current movie or television monster.

He came home from school in fourth grade and told me that there was going to be a costume contest and he really wanted to have a unique costume. I asked him what he wanted to be, and I will never forget his response: "I want to be a vampire, Mom. A really cool vampire." So, I talked to a friend of mine who was into stage production, and we went to her house the night before the contest.

She had a vampire cape, a vampire body suit, a vampire collar and great makeup. Todd loved it. My friend stopped at the house early the next morning and applied the makeup and did the finishing touches on Todd's costume. He looked just like the vampires in the movies, He was so pleased. He really wanted to win first place in his class. I dropped him at school and told him to have a wonderful time. He was elated.

As the day progressed, I wondered how he was doing. He had never wanted to win a prize before; what if he didn't get first place in his class? I worried about him, knowing that his feelings were easily hurt by cruel children and sometimes by cruel teachers. He called me at 3:30 to let me know he was home. I could hear excitement in his voice, and I asked him how he did.

"Mom, you won't believe this", he said in a serious, low toned voice. "What happened?", I asked, now wondering about the day's events. "I won first place, Mom. First place in the whole school. I can't wait for Halloween. Wait till Grandpa sees me. He won't even recognize me. I even got a certificate for first place...I'm putting it up in my room." I was so happy that tears welled in my eyes. My son had tried his best, and he had won. He had put himself out there and he wasn't disappointed, disillusioned or discouraged.

That was the first of many accomplishments in my son's life. He went on to win in track in high school, restore a 1965 GTO from the ground up and receive numerous trophies and awards. He attained his BS and MBA and was successful and respected in business. He was a great father to his children, and his love for them was very deep. He never hesitated to tell them he loved them and how proud he was of them. He was a wonderful parent. He was always an amazing son. His death left a scar on my soul and a hole in my heart.

But his first success is forever in my mind. The little certificate which he brought home and hung on his bedroom wall is a treasure of his wonderful childhood. Halloween is still a happy holiday, and it is one of the few which I enjoy. I thank my son for that and for all the joy he gave me in his short 35 years of life.

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

EXPECTATIONS

Expectations play a large role in our grief. Certainly, expecting to feel better and to not always hurt is helpful, (although we tend to expect it to happen too soon) but other expectations can be hurtful. Some of these are the expectations we have of those around us - our friends and relatives.

We "expect" them to listen to us talk about our child and our pain. We "expect" them to be sensitive and aware that we are hurting more on a particular day or date. We "expect" that they will understand that it is normal to grieve for so long. We "expect" them to understand our mood swings. We "expect" and we "expect", and when they don't understand or provide what we need we are angry and hurt.

TO EXPECT IS TO PRESUME. When we expect a friend or relative to behave a certain way or say a particular thing, we presume they know what we want or need. **This is rarely possible.** Even if the other person is a bereaved parent, he cannot read our minds. What they needed in their grief may not be what you need in yours. If our friend or relative is not a bereaved parent, it is even less likely they will have any idea how to help us.

The problem with expecting understanding and help from another, is that we set ourselves up to be hurt. On page 452 of one of my favorite books, ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, it says, "my serenity is inversely proportional to my expectations." Of course, serenity doesn't exist for the bereaved parent, but the hurt we feel from others IS "inversely proportional to our expectations."

If we expect a friend or relative to do or say the right thing and they don't, we are hurt. But, on the other hand, if we do not expect their reaction and they react as we would like them to, we will be pleased. I think it would be better to be pleased now and then, rather than be hurt almost every time.

We need to remind ourselves over and over, that **others do not know how to help us.** They are not being cruel, uncaring or indifferent. **They simply do not know what to say or do.** Therefore, the responsibility to let them know of our needs lies with us. Not only must we tell them of our needs, after we have done that we must take it a step farther. In the future, if the individual does not react in the way we prefer, we must try to accept this and consider that, for reasons only they can know, they are either unable or unwilling to do as we ask. We can't know their innermost motivation anymore than they can know our innermost needs.

To eliminate the hurt we feel from others **we must let go of our expectations of them.** We can only be hurt if we **ALLOW** ourselves to be hurt by something that was done or said (or not done or said) in ignorance. **Remember, we ourselves did not know of bereaved parents needs** before our child died. There will be times we must simply say, "He or she doesn't know," or we might ask ourselves, "How important is it that that person is not supportive?" It is up to us to protect ourselves from any more hurt than we already have. **If we stop expecting what others may not or cannot give, we can stop some of the unnecessary hurt.**

~ Margaret Gerner, TCF/St. Louis, MO



Day's in the Valley

An early morning phone call brought news that irreversibly changed my life. My parents called to tell me my younger brother had been killed in a car accident. They wept as I spoke to them. I had never heard my Dad cry before. Numbly, I hung up the phone. I didn't cry. There was not time for tears. Flight plans had to be made, clothes packed. I had to think clearly and act quickly.

The 100-mile trip to the airport seemed especially long and dark as I drove alone that morning. Later, aboard the plane, I looked out the window and tried to comprehend what had happened. Maybe it wasn't him, I thought. Maybe they got him mixed up with someone else. I dreaded the scene that waited me at home, yet I couldn't get there quickly enough. I longed to comfort Mom and Dad, to be with them.

Arriving in Des Moines, I was met by relatives. At last I could let myself cry. When I reached my parents' home I was relieved to finally grieve with them, but a terrible pain was burrowing deep within as the reality of what happened began to sink in.

Funeral arrangements were made. People gave their condolences. Stacks of cards arrived daily. The pain remained. I sensed God's presence as friends and family gathered. Words meant nothing, but those who came and cried with us were the ones who gave comfort. They didn't quote Bible verses. They didn't try to explain why it happened. They just hugged us and cried.

For almost a year, I replayed again and again those events as if they had been stored on videotape. Every sight, every sound, every pain was as vivid as if it had happened the day before. Time has numbed the pain and faded the "tapes" to some degree, but my life will never be the same. There will always be a hole in our family that cannot be filled.

I see life differently now. I've learned things that have made me more mature. Tragic loss demands finding something meaningful in it or retreating into bitterness. When I said good-bye to my brother, I never dreamed it would be the last time I would see him. Words left unsaid echoed in my mind for many months. Now, taking time to say and do the things I used to put off is more important. Treating each opportunity to be with friends or loved ones as if it might be the last time I will see them give me the incentive to resolve conflicts and say the things that need to be said. Problems and disagreements are never insurmountable.

Experts say the grieving process should end with the acceptance of death. Instead of accepting my brother's death, however, I have only acknowledged it. Death, like an unwanted visitor, doesn't have to be catered to, but it does have to be acknowledged for the healing to begin. I can't say I understand why my brother was killed, but God has given me strength to go on. Though at times it appeared that there was no way out of the valley, time has brought me renewed strength. Time does not heal all wounds, but it does bandage those it cannot heal.

~ Rick Bunkofske TCF/Northern Central Iowa

Don't Take My Grief Away

"Grief is not an enemy. It is a friend.

It is a natural process of walking through the pain and growing because of the walk. Stand tall to friends and yourself and say, "Don't take my grief away from me. I deserve it, and I am going to have it."

~Rev. Douglas Manning

Hiding Behind the Mask

I think we as bereaved parents wear masks 12 months out of the year, not just on Halloween....perhaps on Halloween we should just wear our own grief stricken face and not be noticed.

How many masks do you wear - even in a week ... or a day. Do you wake up in the morning feeling the pain, with the knowledge that your child is no longer here? Do you "mask" that face with your old normal face to say good morning to your spouse? You can take the mask off and cry in the shower....it somehow feels so good to release some of those tears. Time to wake the children for school, put on the cheerful, positive mom mask. After dropping the children off at school you can once again remove the mask and feel. Soon you will be pulling into the parking lot at work....get the next mask out....the mask of the competent professional. WOW! That's a lot of mask changing in a short time.

Strange isn't it how the MONSTER pain of grief makes us put on masks to cover the pain often to those who really care and who perhaps are putting on their masks to cover their pain when they see us. Maybe we could all be so much better off if we removed our masks and let the monster pain out.

~lovingly lifted from Bereaved Parents USA

A DEATH BY SUICIDE

A death by suicide triggers great amounts of anger and guilt. However, some of those feelings can be balanced, by struggling to see that the suicide was not so much a deliberate, hostile act, but a gesture of utter hopelessness and despair. Reminders that the person was so driven by emotional whirlwinds that it was impossible to sense any ray of hope can temper, considerably, the emotional impact of a death by suicide.

One of the best responses to a suicide that I have ever heard came through a sermon delivered by the pastor, of a young man who shot himself. With great eloquence, his pastor was able to convey tremendous hope through these words:

"Our friend died on his own battlefield. He was killed in action fighting a civil war. He fought against adversaries that were as real to him as his casket is real to us. They were powerful adversaries. They took toll of his energies and endurance. They exhausted the last vestiges of his courage, and only God knows how this child of His suffered in the silent skirmishes that took place in his soul.

~Author Unknown

TO THOSE WHO REALLY HURT

KNOW . . . that your grieving is the most difficult thing you will ever have to do.

UNDERSTAND . . . that part of grief is bad days and bad nights. And intense pain and terrible sadness.

You must ACCEPT this as part of your healing.

But, KNOW ALSO . . . that there are gifts in your grief. They are not easy to find. And you will earn them with your tears. As you think about it . . . deep within your heart you KNOW that this is true.

THIS is why you can endure it.

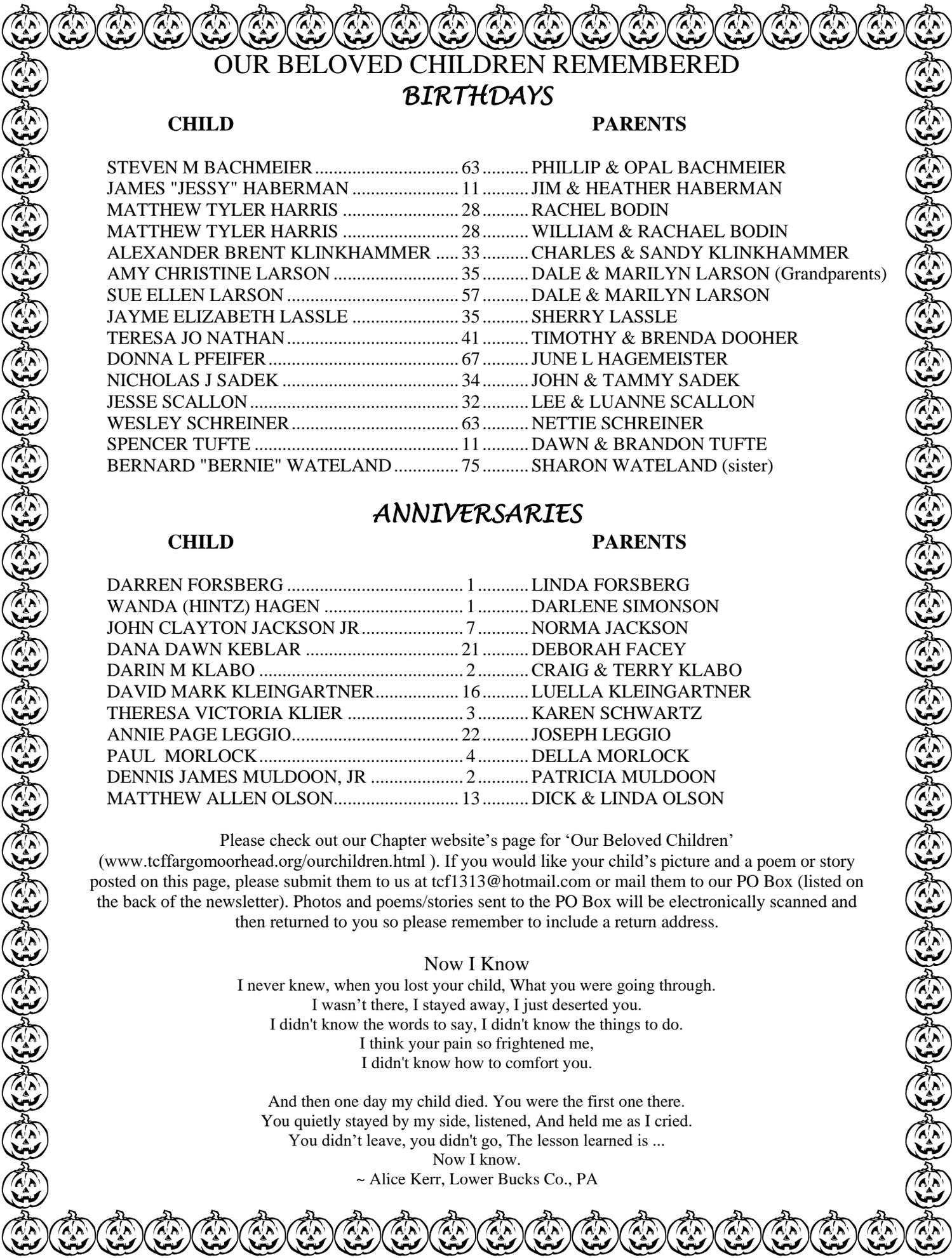
Slowly . . . you will find new patterns. You will force yourself to take first steps. You will accomplish little victories. (None of us will tell you it was easy.)

GRIEVE WELL, my friend.

For grief well-grieved is truly life well-lived. And once accomplished, you will discover untold new dimensions in your life. . .

BECAUSE a child died.

~ Shirley Melin, TCF/Aurora, IL



**OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED
BIRTHDAYS**

CHILD	PARENTS
STEVEN M BACHMEIER	63 PHILLIP & OPAL BACHMEIER
JAMES "JESSY" HABERMAN	11 JIM & HEATHER HABERMAN
MATTHEW TYLER HARRIS	28 RACHEL BODIN
MATTHEW TYLER HARRIS	28 WILLIAM & RACHAEL BODIN
ALEXANDER BRENT KLINKHAMMER	33 CHARLES & SANDY KLINKHAMMER
AMY CHRISTINE LARSON	35 DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
SUE ELLEN LARSON	57 DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JAYME ELIZABETH LASSLE	35 SHERRY LASSLE
TERESA JO NATHAN	41 TIMOTHY & BRENDA DOOHER
DONNA L PFEIFER	67 JUNE L HAGEMEISTER
NICHOLAS J SADEK	34 JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
JESSE SCALLON	32 LEE & LUANNE SCALLON
WESLEY SCHREINER	63 NETTIE SCHREINER
SPENCER TUFTE	11 DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
BERNARD "BERNIE" WATELAND	75 SHARON WATELAND (sister)

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD	PARENTS
DARREN FORSBERG	1 LINDA FORSBERG
WANDA (HINTZ) HAGEN	1 DARLENE SIMONSON
JOHN CLAYTON JACKSON JR	7 NORMA JACKSON
DANA DAWN KEBLAR	21 DEBORAH FACEY
DARIN M KLABO	2 CRAIG & TERRY KLABO
DAVID MARK KLEINGARTNER	16 LUELLE KLEINGARTNER
THERESA VICTORIA KLIER	3 KAREN SCHWARTZ
ANNIE PAGE LEGGIO	22 JOSEPH LEGGIO
PAUL MORLOCK	4 DELLA MORLOCK
DENNIS JAMES MULDOON, JR	2 PATRICIA MULDOON
MATTHEW ALLEN OLSON	13 DICK & LINDA OLSON

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.

Now I Know

I never knew, when you lost your child, What you were going through.
I wasn't there, I stayed away, I just deserted you.
I didn't know the words to say, I didn't know the things to do.
I think your pain so frightened me,
I didn't know how to comfort you.

And then one day my child died. You were the first one there.
You quietly stayed by my side, listened, And held me as I cried.
You didn't leave, you didn't go, The lesson learned is ...

Now I know.

~ Alice Kerr, Lower Bucks Co., PA

SIBLING PAGE

Who Am I Now?

You and I we're a Team,
It seems like we fought against the odds,
You and I, we'd paint rainbows when
The world would fall apart
We'd laugh and play all day,
And make angels in the snow.
We were two, You and I,
Me and You.
Who and I now without you,
Who will I turn out to be?
I stand alone, I'm broken in two
Doesn't anybody realize
How much I'm missing you?
You and I, we'd play the music box,
And giggle in the sand.
You and I, we'd look for shooting stars,
When our fears got out of hand.
We'd close our eyes real tight,
And make a secret plan.
We were two,
You and I,
Me and You.
You're still with me,
Like the air I breathe.
And the Sun that fills the Sky
Forever, You and I.
By Paul Alexander

A Letter to My Brother

Suddenly you're gone. I'm still here. Why? How can this be? Someone tell me the reason, the answer.

How can I fill the void, the space once so full of life? What will I do? How will I be strong for others when the sting of pain is so real, so near?

Though everyone seems calm, my soul screams at the injustice, the unfairness of losing you. I miss you. I think of you every day and feel you in my heart always.

Whatever the reason for your leaving, I know your living had a reason. Despite the brevity of your life, you lived a lifetime's worth. You blessed us with your presence, your specialness.

I have only to think of you to feel the joy you've left as a legacy. You shaped the purpose of my life. I can see the world through your eyes.

~ Robin Holemon, TCF/Tuscaloosa, AL

A Tribute

I think of you in silence
My feelings seldom show,
But how it hurts to lose you
No one will ever know.
I hope there is eternal life,
So we can meet again.
I not only lost my brother,
I lost my very best friend.
The reason you left so early
I'll never understand why.
I just wish I'd known
You were never coming back
'cause I would have said goodbye.
Martha King - TCF/Concord NH

Two Viewpoints

The following letter, signed "Sibling," appeared in the Louisville, KY newsletter. It is a poignant expression of love and pain that is typical of siblings' reactions. It is hoped that, for those of you with teenagers, it will offer clues leading to freer communications and sharing of feelings.

Dear Parents of "Compassionate Friends":

I am writing to let you know how I feel and maybe how some of the other siblings feel. There have been times when my parents start really getting extra down about my brother. I usually leave the room. I feel that no matter how hard I try, I will say or do something that will hurt them more, or that they won't understand what I'm really trying to say. They already feel enough pain. I really love them and I understand enough about how they hurt, but I'm just not good at saying what I feel. It seems like it never sounds right. I also hold my emotions back from them. I always hear it is best to let it out, and I do, but not in front of my parents. I'm afraid they might try to hold their emotions back in front of me, so I won't get upset. I've had rough times for the past couple of years, and I'm still having hard times, so I'm always afraid they will hold back if they see me getting upset. I know that would just hurt them more when they try to hold it back. I love to talk about the good times my brother and I had, but I'd just rather be alone when I cry for him. Just once in a while my sister and I can talk about him, but that's the only person I can really talk to. I hope and pray with all my heart that my parents will understand, but I just can't talk to them. I miss my brother a lot, more than I think they really realize. I love and care for them too much to go and upset them even more. Maybe I'm wrong, but please parents, understand how I feel. May we always be close.

Love, Sibling

KEITH - with all my love - Lisa

I love you and I miss you –
just wish I could kiss you.
I miss you every morning,
I miss you every day.
I miss you every night –
Just want to hold you tight.
I hope you know how much I care,
now your memory lives on around me,
each and every day.
Just wish you were here beside me,
listening to what I have to say.
~ Lisa Ann Kline, TCF/Valley Forge, PA
for brother Keith Kline 1974 - 1995

TO MY SISTER

You touched us all, you loved us all,
Forever giving, forever caring,
Forever forgiving.
Never wanting in return.
Blessed are those who shared your life
Rich are those who carry your memories.
Please rest now; your chores we will finish.
'Til we meet again . . .
~ Cindy Keltz, TCF/Arlington Heights IL

Pictures on a Mantle

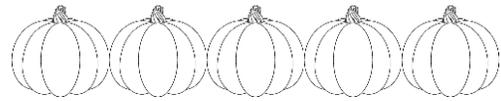
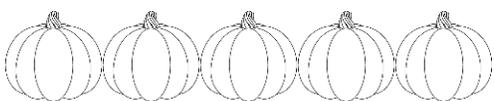
As I wake each morning, the first thing that I see
Your picture on our mantle smiling down at me.
I whisper good morning, I Love You Forev
Make a wish that can never be.
Here's your picture as an infant, sitting on my knee
Now you're a toddler, how daring you could be
First trip on the bus, your first day of school
All the new friends you met.
Your first dog, first trip to the beach
How much better could it get?
There's your soccer team, your baseball team
Oh the pride you made me feel
A bases clearing triple to end the game
Could this be for real?
Out of grade school, on to high school
Your innocence almost gone
Your first car, your first prom
A young man you've become
A bumpy road in high school
Trouble we couldn't see
Lots of jobs, two years of college
An Associate's Degree.
At last, you were close to being
The person you wanted to be.
When you left that fateful night
You said, "Dad, I'll see you then."
How could I have ever known
That I would never see you again?
I know you're out there somewhere
In a place we cannot see
Your picture on God's mantle now
Smiling down at me.

~ Tom Murphy, TCF/Cincinnati, OH
In Memory of my son, Brennan Murphy

In your gathering of memories,
Invite your courage to remember everything.
~ Sascha Wagner, TCF/Des Moines IA

Tiny Angels

Tiny Angels rest your wings
sit with me for awhile.
How I long to hold your hand,
And see your tender smile.
Tiny Angel, look at me,
I want this image clear...
That I will forget your precious face
Is my biggest fear.
Tiny Angel can you tell me,
Why you have gone away?
You weren't here for very long...
Why is it, you couldn't stay?
Tiny Angel shook his head,"
These things I do not know...
But I do know that you love me,
And that I love you so
~Author unknown



Dwelling on Our Loss

To an outsider, the idea of meeting with a group of people for the purpose of discussing death, our personal experiences with the death of our children, the "grief process," etc., may seem grim if not altogether morbid. All of us who are involved in The Compassionate Friends have run into someone who has asked, "Why do you do this?" or "Why don't you just try to let it go?"

The idea of "dwelling on the loss" is always stated with negative connotations, yet dwelling on the death of a child is not something we can avoid. Indeed, "dwelling" is part of the healing process. It's how we come to grips with the questions "Why, what if...?" that uncontrollably pop up in our minds, and it is how we learn to accept the unacceptable. Certainly, there is a wealth of information in books dealing with death and dying. Our faith, our pastors, priests, and rabbis have much to contribute to our healing. Psychologists, psychiatrists and therapy may be necessary.

The Compassionate Friends encourages grieving parents to utilize any or all of the above tools, but we also realize the value of learning to verbalize, openly, publicly, the grief and the loss we feel . . . not in the privacy of our doctor or minister's office, where we are very sheltered, but openly among people who know full well how hard it is to say, "My child is dead." We do not put any pressure on people attending our meeting to say anything, but the beautiful part of this group is that it enables you to see people who are "down the long road" a way further and to realize that you will be there in time.

Are we dwelling on our loss? Absolutely. But we are learning to dwell on it constructively, to dwell on it without guilt and without the isolation we have all felt. We learn how to reach out (in time) to others with a compassion that brings healing to others as well as to ourselves.
~ Philip Barker, TCF/California

Awkward Silence

I wish that someone would say his name.
I know my feelings they're trying to spare,
And so we go through the charade, the game,
Of dancing around the ghost that is there,
Trying to avoid evoking a tear,
Or stirring emotions too painful to bear.
That he be forgotten is what I fear,
That no one will even his presence miss,
As if there were no trace that he was here.
By referring to him, my purpose is
Not to stir pity or keep things the same,
But my heart will simply break if his
Memory will die like a flickering flame.
I just wish someone would say his name.

~ Richard D., M.D., TCF/Knoxville, TN

Pennies From Heaven

I found a penny today just laying on the ground.
But it is not just a penny this little coin I found...
Found pennies come from Heaven
that's what my Grandpa once told me. He said Angels toss them down .
Oh, how I loved that story...
He said when an Angel misses you, they toss a penny down.
Sometimes just to cheer you up and make a smile out of your frown.
So don't pass by that penny when you are feeling blue.
It may be a penny from Heaven that an Angel has tossed to you!

~Author Unknown

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: _____

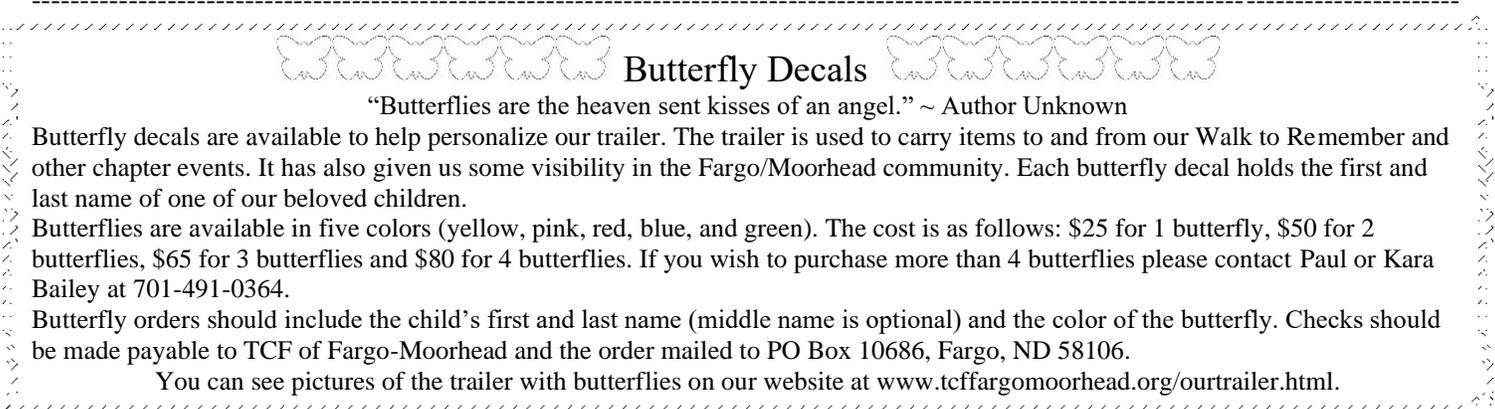
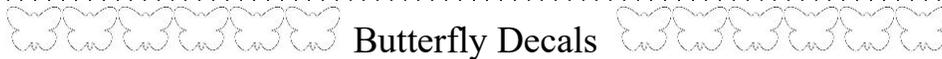
Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

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)

"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 or 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.

Beyond Surviving: "Twenty-Five Commandments"

Hundreds of books have been written about loss and grief. Few have addressed the aftermath of suicide for survivors. Here again, there are no answers; only suggestions from those who have lived through and beyond the event. I've compiled their thoughts.

1. Know you can survive. You may not think so, but you can.
2. Struggle with "why" it happened until you no longer need to know "why," or until you are satisfied with partial answers.
3. Know you may feel overwhelmed by the intensity of your feelings, but all your feelings are normal.
4. Anger, guilt, confusion, forgetfulness are common responses. You are not crazy – you are in mourning.
5. Be aware you may feel appropriate anger at the person, at the world, at God, at yourself.
6. You may feel guilty for what you think you did or did not do.
7. Having suicidal thoughts is common. It does not mean that you will have to act on these thoughts.
8. Remember to take one day at a time.
9. Find a good listener with whom to share. Call someone if you need to talk.
10. Don't be afraid to cry. Tears are healing.
11. Give yourself time to heal.
12. Remember, the choice was not yours. No one is the sole influence in another's life.
13. Expect setbacks. Don't panic if emotions return like a tidal wave. You may only be experiencing a remnant of grief; an unfinished piece.
14. Try to put off major decisions.
15. Give yourself permission to get professional help.
16. Be aware of the pain of your family and friends.
17. Be patient with yourself and with others who may not understand.
18. Set your own limits and learn to say no.
19. Steer clear of people who want to tell you what or how to feel.
20. Know that there are support groups that can be helpful, such as The Compassionate Friends, or Survivors of Suicide groups. If not, ask a professional to help start one.
21. Call on your personal faith to help you through.
22. It is common to experience physical reactions to your grief, i.e., headaches, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, etc.
23. The willingness to laugh with others and at yourself is healing.
24. Wear out your questions, anger, guilt, or other feelings until you can let them go.
25. Know that you will never be the same again, but you can survive and go beyond just surviving.

Iris Bolton, author of My Son, My Son

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

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FARGO, ND

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

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

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

FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	Paul & Kara Bailey.....701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen 701-730-0805
Co-Chapter Leader	Lori Wiger.....701-781-3931	Newsletter Database	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich.....701-540-3287	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer.....701-298-2929	Initial Contact	Sheryl Cvijanovich
Mailing Committee	Contact Us to Join	Librarian	Contact Us to Volunteer

LIBRARY INFORMATION: We have an extensive library available. Please feel free to check materials at our next meeting.

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

HAVING A BAD DAY OR NIGHT? Feel free to call and talk to any of the following:

- Sheryl Cvijanovich (son, 23 - illness)..... 701-540-3287
- Lois Gangnes (son, 24 - accident) 701-282-4083
- Nancy Teeuwen (daughter, 15 hours - illness) 701-730-0805
- Mark & Hella Helfter (miscarriage, son, 35-accident & son, 45-cancer)... 701-235-9622

Love gifts must be received by the 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.