



The Compassionate Friends

Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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F-M Area Chapter
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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

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

Upcoming Meetings

October 14th

November 11th

Weather cancellations will be posted on WDAY, KVLV, KFGO and the Fargo Forum online at www.inforum.com!

Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on October 28th @ Denny's

Annual Worldwide Candlelighting - December 12, 2021 7 p.m. local time

LOVE GIFTS

PJ Haugen in memory of her son, Jayson Paul Haugen
Dale & Kelly Jenson in memory of their son, Ryan P Jenson
Russ & Sharon Lalum in memory of their daughter, Carmen Lalum

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 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 28th. For more information, please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at www.tcffargomoorhead.org.

Upward, Inward, Outward

We are not born into relationships. We enter life with both hands up in the air and fists clenched tightly. We are born emptyhanded. There are no hands to hold but our own. We learn to reach out, but only after we have had a chance to reach inward and upward. It is the upward reach of the spirit and the inward reach of the soul that enables the outward reach of the body.

Our losses change us and change the course of our lives. It's not that one can never again be happy following an experience of loss. The reality is simply that one can never again be the same.

~ Ann Kaiser Sterns

NEWSLETTER BY EMAIL

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

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

HOPE...

I saw a husband-and-wife last night, standing close to one another to better see and to show the pictures of their son. The pictures were in a little flip folder which had a hard paper cover and was a little bent around the edges. They must have shown these pictures many, many times. Their son, such a nice-looking boy, was about 18. I watch how the husband put the picture folder away in this pocket. It must have been in and out of there many, many times. Still, he handled it so gently, so tenderly, almost with reverence. Their son was dead.

They were attending their first meeting of HOPE, acronym for Helping Other Parents Endure, a chapter of The Compassionate Friends. It's a place where they could mention their son. Other fathers with boys 18 can laugh about their sons latest hijinks and grin knowingly. But what does a man say about his son who is dead? or a daughter.

And what does a mother talk about? What does a mother do with the mementos of her child that remind her of the funny tender stuff of childhood? The time he or she was not yet two and dressed for church and found the only muddy place out front. The trophy won by mistake. The homely TV lamp they bought thinking how much I would love it. And there it sits in the closet. And it will never go to Goodwill. And there will never be another. And we will never sit and laugh together over stories of "when you were little."

The one thing about The Compassionate Friends is that the mention of your child's name won't cause an awkward gap. You know, the kind that makes you feel somehow you shouldn't have said anything. How can anyone else know that your child is still real? That they were real and are real? I want to scream sometimes that my boys are real? See, he's here in my heart. Oh, and when I stopped at a traffic light today, there was boy in a car next to me who put his hand to chin, just like my son did. It was amazing - that gesture, that hand - just like my son's.

The little one is not so clear in my mind anymore, but he's real. How many children do I have? Three. My daughter is married and living in New York. And the boys? Well, one will always be four and a half. I heard him laugh the other day in the giggles of some preschoolers. And my oldest son? I told you he got his black belt, didn't I? And that he made sergeant? And that I saw him this morning in the gesture of a boy waiting at a traffic light?

~ LaVergne Dunn, TCF/Ottuma, IA

HALLOWEEN, THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS, AND EVEN NEW YEAR'S DAY

Once again the time of celebrations is upon us. Ghosts, goblins, and a wicked witch or two express our farewell to October and prepare us for the turkey, family reunions and pumpkin pie that marks Thanksgiving. Then comes a most cherished holiday - Christmas followed by New Year's Day.

For many parents these occasions are almost unbearably difficult because our memories give us glimpses of excited costumed children voicing a timid "trick or treat" at neighbors' doors. We remember the fondness of a family Thanksgiving and chuckle at recalling best clothing smeared the color of cranberry. But, perhaps most of all, we live again the search for that favorite toy of book, or the vibrancy of a child's eyes drinking in the Christmas tree.

It is wonderful to remember, but in the first years at least, the pain overshadows most of the happiness we have in recall. But even for those along in years and growth from the time of bereavement, there is a longing that is forever barren, a hope that cannot be realized. The pain may be less wrenching, less totally consuming, but it is always there.

There are ways to help yourself if you wish, but it is very hard at first. You can curse the darkness, holding the pain close to you to protect what little seems to remain of you, and we who are also bereaved will understand, for we have gone that lonely road as well. Plan to give yourself lots of latitude and learn to tolerate your own behavior. If you spend all, one or two of these days in tears, depression or yearning, it simply means that you are not ready to face the task that the holidays have become. Perhaps in the future you will.

When I think of my son Olin, or the children we all have lost, I think of light and dreams, joy and laughter. There is no holiday memory or activity, beautiful present, or well-intentioned relative that will compensate for the life, the light, or the splendid future lost to eternity. Yet, as I grow older in my grief, I also remember that my child's light and dreams gave birth to my own joy and laughter. These wee gifts he gave me every holiday together with a limitless love that defies all time and space, even death itself.

So I have promised him a laugh back this Christmas, at least, and on the other holidays if I can. It's not a gift to put in a box or stocking and the packaging will still be the same old me. But he'll have my gift this year - a smile, a laugh, some joy from me. As I write this it seems very strange, for that gift is but a return of many he gave me, colorful packages, invisible to all but me, nestled in splendor beneath our tree. ~ Don Hackett, TCF/Hingham, MA

THE TEARS

The tears streamed down, and I let them flow as freely as they would, making a pillow for my heart. On them I rested. Thank you, Lord, for the healing gift of tears.

Augustine, "Confession" IX:12

Feelings

We feel sad for what we have lost.
We feel happy for what we had.
We feel poor for the empty places.
We feel rich for we have each other.
We will cry for what we can't have.
We will laugh for our memories abound.
We will hurt for the love we can't give.
We will rejoice for the love we have received.
We will be restless for our lives are not whole.
We will be peaceful for we know it is not forever.
We will love and miss you forever and always.

Flora A. Cocora and Christina Cocora Hebert, TCF/Livonia, MI
In loving memory of 3 generations that passed away in just over
six months:

Nicholas Eugene Cocora, Jr. (son), Blaise Christian Hebert
(grandson), George Nicholas Subu (brother)
Remember not how they died, but how they lived

GRIEF IS LIKE A RIVER

My grief is like a river,
I have to let it flow,
but I myself determine
just where the banks will go.
Some days the current takes me
in waves of guilt and pain,
but there are always quiet pools
where I can rest again.

I crash on rocks of anger;
my faith seems faint indeed,
but there are other swimmers
who know that what I need
Are loving hands to hold me
when the waters are too swift,
and someone kind to listen
when I just seem to drift.

Grief's river is a process
of relinquishing the past.

By swimming in hope's channels,
I'll reach the shore at last.

~ Cynthia G. Kelley, www.goodgriefresources.com

French Toast

I stand here before the stove. All the ingredients are here. The eggs, the milk, vanilla, cinnamon, and sugar. The frying pan is heating slowly, melting the butter and still I stand in my robe and slippers.

I pick up an egg to break it in the bowl, but I just can't do it. I want so much to fix french toast because my husband loves it so. Just like my son did all his life, right up until he died. I've lived this scene so many times since then, always with a tear and a sigh.

We'd had french toast at least once a week for more years than I can remember. How they ate! I'd laugh and complain because I had to cook so much.

Once, in Florida when we had french toast for breakfast in a restaurant with friends, he said. "This is ok, but you ought to taste my mom's!" I can still hear him saying it.

Now I just can't do it, I cannot cook french toast! My husband never asks, and while I stand before the stove and weep he pretends not to notice. But I know he understands. I just can't cook french toast...NOT YET.

~ Fay Harden, "Songs from the Edge"

IF TOMORROW NEVER COMES

If I knew it would be the last time
that I'd see you fall asleep,

I would tuck you in more tightly
and pray the Lord, your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time
that I see you walk out the door,

I would give you a hug and kiss
and call you back for one more.

If I knew it would be the last time
I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise,
I would video tape each action and word,
so I could play them back day after day.

If I knew it would be the last time,
I could spare an extra minute or two
to stop and say "I love you,"

instead of assuming you would KNOW I do.

If I knew it would be the last time
I would be there to share your day,
well I'm sure you'll have so many more,
so I can let just this one slip away.

For surely there's always tomorrow
to make up for an oversight,
and we always get a second chance
to make everything right.

There will always be another day
to say our "I love you's",

And certainly there's another chance
to say our "Anything I can do's?"

But just in case I might be wrong,
and today is all I get,

I'd like to say how much I love you
and I hope we never forget,

Tomorrow is not promised to anyone,
young or old alike,

And today may be the last chance
you get to hold your loved one tight...

So if you're waiting for tomorrow,
why not do it today?

For if tomorrow never comes,
you'll surely regret the day,

That you didn't take that extra time
for a smile, a hug, or a kiss

and you were too busy to grant someone,
what turned out to be their one last wish.

So hold your loved ones close today,
whisper in their ear,

Tell them how much you love them
and that you'll always hold them dear,

Take time to say "I'm sorry," "please forgive me,"
"thank you" or "it's okay".

And if tomorrow never comes,
you'll have no regrets about today

Anonymous

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



OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED
BIRTHDAYS

CHILD	PARENTS
CALVIN JACOB ARMBRUST	29..... DAN & SHELLY ARMBRUST
CALVIN JACOB ARMBRUST	29..... KIM ARMBRUST
STEVEN M BACHMEIER	64..... OPAL BACHMEIER
JAMES "JESSY" HABERMAN.....	12..... JIM & HEATHER HABERMAN
MATTHEW TYLER HARRIS.....	29..... RACHEL BODIN
MATTHEW TYLER HARRIS.....	29..... WILLIAM & RACHAEL BODIN
ALEXANDER BRENT KLINKHAMMER.....	34..... CHARLES & SANDY KLINKHAMMER
AMY CHRISTINE LARSON.....	36..... DALE & MARILYN LARSON (Grandparents)
SUE ELLEN LARSON.....	58..... DALE & MARILYN LARSON
JAYME ELIZABETH LASSLE.....	36..... SHERRY LASSLE
DONNA L PFEIFER.....	68..... JUNE L HAGEMEISTER
KYLE ROOS	44..... CHUCK ROOS
NICHOLAS J SADEK.....	35..... JOHN & TAMMY SADEK
JESSE DANIEL SCALLON	33..... LEE & LUANNE SCALLON
MATTHEW ALBERT SELL.....	45..... DONALD & PAULA SELL
MATTHEW ALBERT SELL.....	45..... LINDA & RICK HINTON
RONDA L SMITH.....	15..... DORLA HANSON
SPENCER TUFTE.....	12..... DAWN & BRANDON TUFTE
BERNARD "BERNIE" WATELAND.....	76..... SHARON WATELAND (sister)

ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD	PARENTS
BRIDGET CHISAKA.....	1..... WALLY & CAROL BLOMBERG
DARREN FORSBERG.....	2..... LINDA FORSBERG
WANDA (HINTZ) HAGEN.....	2..... DARLENE SIMONSON
JOHN CLAYTON JACKSON JR.....	8..... NORMA JACKSON
DANA DAWN KEBLAR	22..... DEBORAH FACEY
DARIN M KLABO.....	3..... CRAIG & TERRY KLABO
DAVID MARK KLEINGARTNER.....	17..... LUELLE KLEINGARTNER
ANNIE PAGE LEGGIO.....	23..... JOSEPH LEGGIO
PAUL MORLOCK.....	5..... DELLA MORLOCK
DENNIS JAMES MULDOON, JR.....	3..... PATRICIA MULDOON
MATTHEW ALLEN OLSON.....	14..... RICHARD & 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.

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS is the hospital where my broken bones were reset and my wounds cared for and dressed with healing ointment. My fears were eased. Now I have been thrust into the hurting and wounded, and I find the grace is there to touch, to hug, to dress a wound. I want to say "thank you" my compassionate friends.

~ Kathi Barnhill

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

WHERE DOES THE SISTER COME IN?

MY brother was killed

He was murdered for no reason at all

My pain is so sharp, so close.

But THEY think I shouldn't

be suffering as much...

As much as his wife,

who grieves for her love and her future.

As much as his son,

who will never know his daddy.

As much as his parents,

who have lost their only son,

their first born, their child.

I have lost my closest friend, the man I

Admired most in my world: he person I

Spent most of my free time with—only

For the company; the person I played

Yahtzee with until 2 a.m., knowing

I'd beat him soon: the boy I grew up

With and followed around constantly; the

Love that only a brother and a sister can

Know; the respect he had for me; the talks

And the personal jokes.

I have lost my brother.

It hurts just as much.

~Bridgette Huard

REMEMBRANCE

In the light of day

I awake with thoughts of you.

In the dark of night

I sleep with thoughts of you.

Is it grief or disbelief?

~ Evan Fillmore, Huntington, UT

AN EMPTY CHAIR

The first wedding was two years after Alan, my twin-brother, passed away. My second oldest brother was getting married. I was waiting for the question, "When was I going to get married?" I was never asked so I couldn't use my prepared response, "When Alan could be my best man."

I thought if I did get married I would have an empty chair next to me. If Alan couldn't be my best man, I didn't want anyone. My brother's name would appear in the program (that he would have designed) as honorary best man.

This year I turned thirty-six, it was my sixth birthday without Alan. At the restaurant we had made a mistake, the reservation had been made for one too many. I had ended up sitting next to an empty chair.

Although I thought, I was doing better, no longer crying at family events. I now realize that I will not have an empty chair at my wedding, if I can ever bring myself to get married without Alan being there. The loss I feel will always be there but it's much worse seeing an empty chair

Daniel Yoffee

It's the Thought That Counts

Often in times of trouble we

don't know what to say,

So we choose to say nothing,

and sometimes run away.

When friends are really hurting,

we don't know what to do,

So we offer weak excuses

or say we're hurting too.

It really doesn't matter

what kind of gift we bring;

We only need to be there

if we don't bring a thing.

It truly is amazing

what a hug can do,

When heartache numbs the senses,

and friends depend on you.

There's comfort just in knowing

that you are not alone,

When tears are overflowing,

and hearts are cold as stone.

It's the loving prayers of others

that balance our accounts,

For when we measure love,

it's still the thought that counts.

~ Clay Harrison, TCF/North Shore Boston

TO THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW

If you could imagine the loneliest moment in your entire life, remember exactly how your body felt in that moment, empty those feelings into an expanding pill and swallow it, then you could begin to imagine what it feels to live through loss.

I would have one hand in happiness...the memories we made together, and one hand in isolation...the world without my brother. I constantly push and pull in an attempt to firmly remember yet triumphantly live a positive life.

~ Scott Mastley for his brother Chris

TCF/Atlanta, GA



JUST AN INFANT

We had a fine discussion, you and I, talking about those who don't understand our loss and how we feel. Peers in grief. Then you asked my son's age at death, and I could see your change of attitude as I replied "three months." Our talk was over.

Having lost an older child, you decided that what we both felt couldn't be the same, for your child was with you longer. My child was "just" an infant.

But our loss and pain are not that different, for through the death of our children, we have lost the same thing. Dreams of the future.

Yes, you have more memories than I, but we have both lost the tomorrows of our children, and that pain knows no minimum age. God, it hurts.

All the things we've wished for our children, with no regard to age, now will not come to pass. That future is gone.

Yes, my son was an infant, but that does not lessen the love that I have, as the age of your child does not affect your love. Love is an ageless emotion.

When my young son died, he carried away in his little hands as many dreams, hopes and love as your child did when he left. I miss you, Alex

- Doug Hughes, TCF/Cincinnati, OH

"THE AFTER LOSS CREDO"

I need to talk about my loss

I may often need to tell you what happened -

Or to ask WHY it happened.

Each time I discuss my loss, I am helping myself

Face the reality of the death of my loved one.

I need to know that you care about me.

I need to feel your touch, your hugs

I need you just to be with me.

(and I need to be with you.)

I need to know you believe in me and in my ability to get through my grief in my own way and in my own time.

Please don't judge me now

or think that I am behaving strangely.

Remember I am grieving.

I may be in shock.

I may feel afraid, I may feel deep rage.

Don't worry if you think I am getting better

And then suddenly I seem to slip backward.

Grief makes me behave this way at times.

And please don't tell me you know how I feel

or that it's time for me to get on with my life.

What I need now is time to grieve and to recover.

Most of all, thank you for being my friend.

Thank you for your patience.

Thank you for your caring.

Thank you for helping, for understanding.

Thank you for praying for me.

And remember, in the days or years ahead,

After your loss, when you need me as

I have needed you, I will understand!

And then I will come and be with you.

~ Barbara Hills LesStrang

Submitted by Tammy Thompson, TCF/Northeast Louisiana

DEPRESSION

Depression is a natural result of grief. It comes to all of us. You may experience all or just some of the following. We hope that recognizing the symptoms and then working on the suggestions for coping will enable you to work through it. It can be done.

Symptoms And Solutions

A key symptom of depression is a feeling of deep pervasive sadness and hopelessness that lasts for longer than two weeks.

Other typical symptoms may be:

- Loss of appetite or overeating
- Insomnia or sleeping much more than usual
- Inability to enjoy anything
- Apathy/restless or anxious behavior
- Preoccupation with thoughts of suicide, or wishing to be dead
- Loss of interest in sex
- Difficulty in concentrating and making decisions
- Poor memory
- Can't cry/ won't cry/ can't stop crying
- Feelings of guilt
- Withdrawal from friends and relatives
- Headaches/ backaches (more frequent illness or colds)
- Self-criticism, pessimism, discouragement
- Neglect of appearance
- Irrational anger
- Alcohol and drug use to "medicate"

Some Suggestions For Coping With Depression

- Acknowledge your depression
- Accept responsibility for alleviating it
- Depression serves a purpose, face it and work through it
- Talk, it could help avoid serious depression
- Redirect energy into constructive channels to help create more pleasure in your life (trips, night out, etc)
- Exercise. It helps you to relax, work off tension and sleep better
- Lean into your pain. Allow yourself to experience the many feelings you get such as anger and guilt. Express them! Scream, hit a pillow, cry!
- Get involved with others, volunteer
- Try deep breathing, it stimulates physical energy
- Good nutrition is very important
- Think pleasant thoughts as hard as that may be, just one moment at a time
- Avoid alcohol as it is a depressant
- Work on self-esteem; do something that you do well; be kind to yourself
- Remember, you do have a choice. Depression is manageable and does not have to ruin your life

If the depression becomes so severe that suggestions such as these do not help you, PLEASE don't hesitate to seek professional help.

From *Support Newsletter POMC, Inc.*
TCF/Greater Cincinnati Chapter

"We are not alone, and by truly caring for one another we can help each other go way beyond 'just surviving,' or 'getting over it.'

We are truly sorry for your loss and we extend ourselves to you with compassion and love."

~ Sharon Steffke

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

Your Name: _____

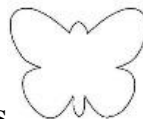
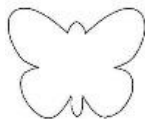
Child's Name: _____ Relationship: _____

Birth Date: _____ Death Date: _____

_____ Date: _____

(Signature)

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



Butterfly Decals

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

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

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

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

The Seven "T"'s of Grief

1. **Truth:** Tell it, regardless of how terrible the facts may be and how hard it is to talk about. Don't hide the truth about how you lost the person you loved. This generally applies to all kinds of tragedy.
2. **Trust:** Allow it. Don't let the painful circumstances surrounding the death of your child prevent you from talking with friends about your loss. It's very important to find people to trust to whom we can talk about what's going on in our lives.
3. **Therapy:** Which some completely believe in—not only traditional therapy of the talking kind, but also body therapy, massage, art therapy, music therapy, physical therapy, which can be therapy without even having the tag on it. Because loss can be a physical shock as well as a mental and emotional shock.
4. **Treasure:** Hold on. Don't stop treasuring your child.
5. **Thrive:** Keep looking at life with your eyes wide open. Don't give in to the temptation to use alcohol or other addictive substances to blunt or blur your sadness. Tremendous loss is also the opportunity for a fill in your life. It could be learning compassion for other people. It could be learning compassion for yourself.
6. **Treat:** nurture yourself. Give yourself the gift of kind understanding and taking care of ourselves when we're in a fragile circumstance and when we have miles to go, because these things don't end in a week. They stay with us.
7. **Transcend:** The work always reminds me of spring because the earth transcends from the apparently dead circumstances. The spring comes and the sun comes, and the flowers start to bloom, and the world really transcends death.

HALLOWEEN

Halloween has always been a special holiday to me. I regret that our son only had a one-time experience at this magical time of year. I remember, as though it were yesterday, the wonder in his face, how he tried to eat the candy through his make, how he said "Thank you." without any coaxing.

Then, I think of all the parents whose child never had the opportunity, and I am grateful for that one time. It's hard watching all the other children trick-or-treating, and yet, there is something special about this season that comforts me. As I watch the trees around me, I am reminded that there is a beauty, even in their dying leaves. There's a special aroma, a breathtaking color scheme, and if you listen, a rustling in the air.

I believe there is a message in Fall. I believe God wants us to know that death is like a change of seasons, that our children now know far more beauty than we can ever imagine. Like the tree that lives on through the barren winter and comes alive again in Spring. Our children are not gone. They live!

~ Nancy Cassell, TCF/MonmouthCounty, NJ

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

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

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

FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

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

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

TELEPHONE FRIENDS

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

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

Love gifts must be received by the 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.