



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
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[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

F-M Area Chapter  
P.O. Box 10686  
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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.

**Meeting Topic - Speaker Alan Pedersen**

**Upcoming Meetings**  
September 13th  
October 11th

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on September 27th @ Fry'n Pan  
Annual Worldwide Candlelighting - December 9, 2018 7 p.m. local time

#### LOVE GIFTS

Jim & Jody Kutter in memory of their daughter, Michelle Kutter  
Sonia Wateland in memory of her son, Mark Wateland  
Glennis Olson in memory of her son Jamie Clifford Olson  
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.

"There is a light in the world, a healing spirit, more powerful than any darkness you may encounter. We sometimes lose sight of this force, when there is so much suffering and too much pain. Then suddenly, the spirit will emerge through the lives of ordinary people who care and answer in extraordinary ways.

~ Mother Theresa

**Please note that the time for September 13th meeting is changed to 6:30 p.m. This change is only for the September meeting due to the speaker - Alan Pedersen - Angels Across the USA Tour**

#### 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**

#### Alan Pedersen Bio

Alan Pedersen is an award-winning speaker, songwriter and recording artist. His inspirational message of hope and his music have resonated deeply with those facing a loss or adversity in their lives. Since the death of his 18-year-old daughter Ashley in 2001, Alan has traveled to more than 1,300 cities speaking and playing his original music. Alan also successfully served four years as the Executive Director of The Compassionate Friends, the largest grief organization in the world.

Alan is currently on the road with The Angels Across the USA Tour where he will speak and perform in over 100 U.S. cities in 2018.

#### LOVE

"... Grief is the price we pay for love. We did not lose our children. They died, taking with them our hopes and dreams for the future, but, never, never taking away their love. Though death comes, love will never go away. Hold it tight, the love our children gave us. Hold it tight through the storms of grief and bring it with you into today. Love never goes away..." ~ Darcie Sims

Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7:00 pm at the Fry'n Pan restaurant, 300 Main Avenue, Fargo. Our gatherings are very informal as we meet to talk about our children, books, recipes, jobs and whatever else comes up in conversation. We all have times when we need the listening heart of another mom or grandma. Please join us this month on Thursday September 27th. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or [sherylc13@msn.com](mailto:sherylc13@msn.com).

## **Alan Pedersen - The Angels Across the USA Tour**

The Angels Across the USA Tour 2018, is all about hope, featuring the message and music of Alan Pedersen. The Tour is supported by hundreds of families and organizations who sponsor butterfly decals bearing the names and home towns of their loved ones who have died, which adorn the Angels Across the USA van.

The Tour works with organizations large and small who are reaching out to those in grief and offers to present a program for them regardless of their financial ability to pay. The Angels Tour will travel to more than 100 cities in 2018.

### **Sponsor A Butterfly Decal on The Angels Across the USA Van**

Thank you for your interest in supporting the tour by sponsoring a butterfly decal. We are honored to have your angel travel with us as we strive to bring hope to those in grief across this country. The Tour begins on January 31, 2018 in Newport Beach, California.

Please follow us on Facebook at [www.Facebook.com/AngelsAcrossTheUSA](http://www.Facebook.com/AngelsAcrossTheUSA) To sponsor a butterfly decal and have your angel travel with us. Please reply by email with the following information:

What color decal would you like? Blue, Green, Purple, Pink, Yellow or Orange

What name do you want on the decal?

NOTE: Up to 25 characters works best. If we add more letters it forces us to make the font smaller.

What hometown (City and State) do you want on the decal?

For example: Mine will say, Sean Patrick Sullivan – Roseville, CA

Please provide us with: Your Name Your Address, City and State Your phone number

There are a few ways to pay, let me know which payment method works best for you

1. We can send you an invoice through PayPal.
2. You can call us with your credit card information 720-218-6238
3. You can mail a check:

Angels Across the USA  
PO Box 151  
Roseville, CA 95661

You can follow the tour, see photos, videos and find links and upcoming events posted on our Facebook page at [Facebook.com/AngelsAcrossTheUSA](http://Facebook.com/AngelsAcrossTheUSA) and you can also visit our website at [AngelsAcrossTheUSA.com](http://AngelsAcrossTheUSA.com) (available to view soon) For More information: Email: [alanpedersentour@gmail.com](mailto:alanpedersentour@gmail.com) Telephone: 720-218-6238

### **A Stranger...My Friend**

I don't remember who, but someone called me to the phone that day. A lady said she didn't know me, but just wanted to say that she had lost her child, too, and would pray for my deep pain. My days that had been sunny were now filled with crashing rain. Her voice was kind and soothing as she spoke to me with care. I grasped each word intensely that the stranger was willing to share. Her child died in a way similar to mine, a passenger in a car. She knew my shocking sorrow and recognized my new, deadening scar. She said we have a mutual friend in the funeral director there, for he buried her child too and now mine – I could not bear. I cried and cried as she talked to me that sad, heartbreaking day. But she quickly instilled in my mind right then that crying was okay. She briefly spoke of brighter days to come somewhere along the way. She assured me, too, that God was there if only I could pray. I don't remember all she said, my mind was far away, but I thank God for sending her, a stranger – my friend – that day. She called me again a few days later to see if I was alive. Still in shock, I remembered her – the lady who has survived. Such grief, such devastating sadness, I was totally in despair. But my new friend called again, keeping me in her care. We came to meet, this lady and I, in life's ungracious bend. I love her now, this total stranger, she's my Compassionate Friend.

~ Diana Grider, TCF/Kokoma, IN

### **MEMORIES OF OUR CHILD ARE LIKE A ROSE**

When a child dies, our memories are held tightly with lots of pain, just like the tightly folded petals of the rose but with the many thorns and pricks causing pain.

As we talk about our child and share memories with others, we begin to open ourselves to healing as the rose petals start to open ever so gradually.

Just as a rose becomes more beautiful as it blooms, so do the memories of our child.

Yes, the thorns are still there and will hurt when touched, but oh how beautiful the rose and oh, how beautiful the memory of our children!

Share the memory of your child, so that memory can start to bloom to become as beautiful as the rose.

~ Julie Timmerman, TCF/ Tulsa, OK

## 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](http://www.goodgriefresources.com)

You don't heal from the loss of a loved one because time passes;  
You heal because of what you do with the time.

~ Carol Crandall

## 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

## 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

## 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

"Commitment to life and living for yourself, spouse and family,  
and commitment to your child's memory are four choices you  
must make. Each one requires perseverance and patience.  
Failure to make these commitments will extend the tragedy by  
increasing the loss."

~ Nancy Hogan

## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

CHILD	PARENTS
NATHAN ANDERSON.....41	DIANE & JAY FENSKE
REAGAN NICOLE COLLINS.....1	NICOLE UHLICH & JACOB COLLINS
ROBERT (BOB) TODD DUGGAN.....56	GARY & CAROL DUGGAN
MATTHEW JOHN GAFFNEY.....36	JOHN & JILL GAFFNEY
KENT ALAN HANSEN.....29	DOUGLAS HANSEN
JAYSON P HAUGEN.....36	PAULETTE HAUGEN
ADYSON JEAN KNUDSEN.....4	KRISTIN & MICHAELKNUDSEN
ANNIE PAGE LEGGIO.....20	JOSEPH LEGGIO
SARAH DEWITZ MARTINSEN.....30	DEB DEWITZ
HENRY LUCAS NERAT.....3	LUKE & MORGAN NERAT
DEETTA LOUISE NICHOLS.....69	RAMONA A KADOUN
DALE G NYGARD.....56	JOANN NYGARD
PAUL A OLSON.....44	SHIRLEY OLSON
RONALD ROBERT POEHLER.....49	ROBERT POEHLER
DYLAN ROMAINE.....7	AARON & TRICIA ROMAINE
ALBERT C "SONNY" SKAR.....65	DARLENE SKAR
SCOTT ANTHONY TOBOLT.....42	JOHN & MARY TOBOLT

## ANNIVERSARIES

CHILD	PARENTS
NICHOLAS LEE BAILEY.....9	PAUL & KARA BAILEY
KELLY ANN BOYES.....10	KAREN BOYES
REAGAN NICOLE COLLINS.....1	NICOLE UHLICH & JACOB COLLINS
BRANDON WILLIAM THOMAS KLUTH.....3	BRENDA KLUTH
ADYSON JEAN KNUDSEN.....4	KRISTIN & MICHAELKNUDSEN
DAVID R KOSAK.....1	BRUCE & MYRA KOSAK
BENJAMIN KOTTA.....16	ARLEN & JULIE KOTTA
MICHELLE KUTTER.....13	JIM & JODY KUTTER
JEFF MUNIGHAN.....8	JERALD & ARLENE MUNIGHAN
HENRY LUCAS NERAT.....3	LUKE & MORGAN NERAT
JAMIE C OLSON.....6	GLENNIS OLSON
ASHLEY PERRINE.....2	BRAD & BRENDA MERGENS
RONALD ROBERT POEHLER.....4	ROBERT POEHLER
JOSE DANIEL SAUVAGEAU.....2	DANIEL SAUVAGEAU & MARY BJERKE
JERIMIAH PAUL "JP" SOLHJEM.....3	JANA SOLHJEM
SCOTT WARNECKE.....18	DOUG & JOAN WARNECKE

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

Grieving is as natural as crying when you are hurt, sleeping when you are tired, eating when you are hungry, or sneezing when your nose itches. It is nature's way of healing a broken heart. A cut finger is numb before it bleeds. It bleeds before it hurts. It hurts until it begins to heal. It forms a scab and itches, until finally the scab is gone and a small scar is left where there once was a wound. Grief is the deepest wound you will ever have. Like a cut finger, it goes through stages and leaves a scar. When you try to help someone heal from their pain, chances are you are probably healing yourself. Listen to the words within your own heart.

~ By Patti Filion

## SIBLING PAGE

### Going Back to School

Going back to school after the death of your brother or sister is a hard thing to go through. At first there are three groups of people to deal with: people who give you a lot of support, people who don't know what to say, and those who give you weird looks and stay away from you. This lasts for a little while.

After a short while, changes with each groups occur. Those who did not know what to say start to speak or begin to talk. Those who kept away stop ignoring you. The people who gave you a lot of support slowly return to their own affairs. After a while, everything goes back to normal, and it is over to everyone except you. This is difficult to accept and makes you feel all the more alone.

After a long while, the shock for you goes away, and it is then that you need the support from your friends, peers and teachers. This month is the first anniversary of the death of my brother. Most people will have forgotten, and everything is right with the world. But it is not! Certainly not for my mother and me.

~ Jordan Ely, TCF/Albany/Delmar NY

### I Will Miss You

I feel great anxiety now that your time is growing short.  
Seven weeks since we first heard the word "Cancer".

The time is way too early—

Days, weeks, and years too early.

What of our plans?

I love you. I want you to stay.

Please Lord let her stay with us.

But I also feel your pain.

I see it on your face.

I see it in your body.

Your sad eyes say you want to stay.

With all your might you want to stay.

But the pain is great—overpowering.

How helpless I feel.

Sitting by your bed.

Holding your hand.

Watching you sleep.

I will miss you.

Memories come to me.

I smile then sadness washes over me.

I cry.

Finally I realize...

Your breathing is quieter and much slower now.

Peace has relaxed the anxious lines on your face—

Your beautiful face.

At last relief has come to you...but not to me.

Your soul spirit is lifted.

He has taken you home.

I will miss you. Oh, how I'll miss you.

~ Linda Jo Palo

In loving memory of my sister, Corinne (1950 – 2007)

"One whose sister or brother has died has a special view of this loss. There is the loss itself, hard enough to bear, and often no one inquires how a bereaved sibling is doing with the grief. And as I've heard one sibling put it, 'I lost my brother, and my parents are so changed that I feel as if I lost them too.' Much is changed within our surviving family. Many of us have found the company of other bereaved siblings to be very valuable, a group of listeners who truly and fully understand." -

~ Charley Kopp, Contra Costa TCF Sibling Member

I wish I could tell everyone who has lost a loved one how important it is to let themselves, and their family, remember. Forget, if you can, the sickness or tragedy that took them, but give them a place in your life. My family speaks very naturally of their father and their sister. We remember the fun, the love, and the closeness... We have memories to cherish, and we shouldn't cheat ourselves by not doing that. I don't mean that we should constantly talk about them, but when something we're doing reminds us of something good that happened when we were still a whole family, we don't hesitate to say so.

~ Lettie Petrie

### TO BE A KID AGAIN...

I want to go back to the time when:

- Decisions were made by going "eeny-meeny-miney-mo."
- Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, "Do over!"
- "Race issue" meant arguing about who ran the fastest.
- Money issues were handled by whoever was the banker in "Monopoly."
- Catching the fireflies could happily occupy an entire evening.
- It wasn't odd to have two or three "best" friends.
- Being old referred to anyone over 20.
- The net on a tennis court was the perfect height to play volleyball and rules didn't matter.
- The worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was cooties.
- It was magic when dad would "remove" his thumb.
- It was unbelievable that dodge ball wasn't an Olympic event.
- Having a weapon in school meant being caught with a slingshot.
- Nobody was prettier than Mom.
- Scrapes and bruises were kissed and made better.
- It was a big deal to finally be tall enough to ride the "big people" rides at the amusement park.
- Getting a foot of snow was a dream come true.
- Abilities were discovered because of a "double-dog-dare."
- Saturday morning cartoons weren't 30-minute ads for action figures.
- No shopping trip was complete unless a new toy was brought home.
- "Oly-oly-oxen-free" made perfect sense.
- Spinning around, getting dizzy, and falling down was cause for giggles.
- The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team.
- War was a card game.
- Water balloons were the ultimate weapon.
- Baseball cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle.
- Taking drugs meant orange-flavored chewable aspirin.
- Ice cream was considered a basic food group.
- Older siblings were the worst tormentors; but, also the fiercest protectors!

~ Author Unknown

## **GRIEF FOLLOWS NO SCHEDULE**

Society has a tendency to limit the time of mourning that is considered acceptable. That time may be 3 days, 3 weeks, or 3 months. But sooner or later the grieving person gets the message that it is time to stop grieving and start living. People become uncomfortable with the grieving person. They grow weary of hearing of the pain over and over. This is natural. People not in grief don't want to be reminded of death. They want to get back to their lives and happier thoughts. The grieving person, however, needs to tell their story over and over. There is no timetable for grief. Each person grieves in his or her own way and takes the time needed to resolve the grief.

What then is the grieving process? Grief counselors state that raw grief (uncontrolled sobbing at least once a day) may last months. This is the time of overwhelming emotions. The grieving person has sleeplessness, loss of appetite or overeating, often physical pain in the stomach or heart area, inability to concentrate, feelings of confusion, numbness or anger.

Later, and the time will vary from person to person, the heaviness of grief will lessen. There will still be difficult days, sometimes for no reason at all, but there will also be some "good" days. This is the time for "reinvesting" where the grieving person begins to build a new life. Sadness still continues and there may be crying, but more and more energy is devoted to getting on with living. That shift is one that happens naturally and cannot be forced. The timetable of grief is an individual one, requiring love and patience.

~The Bear House Chronicles, The Dougy Center, Portland OR

## **THE BACK TO SCHOOL PRESSURE COOKER**

Labor Day can put siblings into their own back to school pressure cooker. Whether this is the first year, or later, our kids may be dealing with questions and comments from peers, teachers, and/or counselors about their brother or sister. Or perhaps no one is talking, because no one knows what to say. Feelings of loneliness, being different, being left out, can surface, and sibling rivalry? Remember if you will how intense it could get between all your children. What kind of competition existed between them during the school year, or what comparisons were made: athletics, grades, friendships, extra activities?

That kind of emotion is often forgotten when a child dies. But as your children go back to the classroom, to the athletic field, they may see those reminders each day. When they bring home these feelings, positive and negative, they need a place to express them without being judged, or compared to their sibling.

We want to remember good. But we have to remember that no child was always good! To forget that is to make a martyr of our dead child - possibly at the expense of our living children. Our surviving children need special support at this time of year, too. They need to be reassured that they are still lovable - that they can be forgiven for any anger or resentment they may feel toward their brother or sister... that perfection is not a requirement for loving. They need to be reassured that they are separate, unique individuals, not imperfect replacements for the child who died. They need a safe place to talk, to let out their own concerns and anxieties and fears. They too are grieving and need a lot of support, especially during this back to school rush.

~ Cindy Cooper, TCF/St. Louis

## **The Secret of The Compassionate Friends**

The secret of the Compassionate Friends is simple. There is no line between the helper and the being helped. In the early months of people's membership in TCF, it seems that most of the time is spent absorbing ideas, crying, and letting the grief flow, and "learning the ropes" of being a bereaved parent. The next step is reaching out to others and helping them. It is not a big step, for listening to another person sort out his life helps us to sort out our lives, too. But it is an important step because it is the first point at which the movement is reversed. All the energy has been going inward. We had been feeling so empty inside that we kept withdrawing into ourselves. But at the point when we turn around is the point when we first listen to another, speak the words of comfort and hope, share our pain instead of just feeling our pain. At that time, the real healing has begun.

~ Dennis Klass, PH.D., Advisor, TCF/St. Louis, MO

## **EVEN IN THE DARKNESS THERE IS LIGHT**

When your child died, you were thrown into the dark night of the soul. You can hide in fear and despair or you can make friends with the darkness. Begin on a clear, starry night. Preferably, not when it is 30 below zero!

If you live in the country, you are in the right place. If you live in the city, get out of town! Get away from the lights and sounds of the city. Go find "the middle of nowhere" and step into the darkness with no distractions. Close your eyes and listen. Hear the howling of the coyotes in the coulees, the wind caressing the prairie and the beat of your own heart. Even the eerie whirl of electricity as the energy surges the length of the high lines.

Now open your eyes and look at the ground around you. Then let your eyes move upward and outward. Are there trees nearby creating shadows in the moonlight? Do you see a yard light or two from country homes? Do you see the glow of a distant town on the horizon?

From the horizon, let your eyes scan upward to nature's nightlights. There is no more majestic sight than the night sky as it stretches over the prairie in all its glory. The stars are endless and fascinating. The ever-changing moon glows in gentle radiance. And if you are lucky, the aurora borealis blesses you with an appearance. Remember, even in darkness there is light.

Feel and see the immensity of it all. Know the darkness. Feel the darkness. Wrap yourself in it and release your fears. Exchange them for familiarity with and knowledge of the night. Absorb the solitude and peace of the world around you. Just as your physical senses can make peace with the darkness in this world, so can your spiritual senses make peace with the darkness in your soul. There are tears and anguish there, but there are also lessons to be learned and there is rest to be found.

Do not rush to leave the darkness. Be calm there. Feel it, absorb it. Let the darkness be a place where you learn to be patient with yourself and gain the wisdom and strength to go on. Let people you love and those who love and care about you provide the star-shine and moonlight.

Remember, even in darkness there is light. Know this, most of all: that the darkness in your soul is part of the cycle of life. You will again walk in the light of day where you will carry the remembrance of your child and live the lessons you learned in your soul's deepest night.

~ JoAnne Rademacher, TCF/Minot, ND

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

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

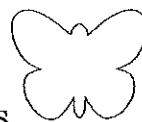
Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

(Signature)

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



### Butterfly Decals

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

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

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

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

You can see pictures of the trailer with butterflies on our website at [www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org/ourtrailer.html).

### BUTTERFLIES AND VISIONS

The daughter of a friend of mine was killed in an auto crash a short time ago. In one of our telephone conversations she hesitantly told me that her surviving son had "a vision" of his sister. I could tell by the way she was telling the story that she wasn't sure just how I would react. She told me her son is an intelligent and stable person and wouldn't make up something like this. I could almost hear the relief in her voice when I told her that his experience is not an unusual one; a large number of grieving people report similar experiences.

Actually, nearly half of the grieving population have a sensory experience that involves their deceased loved one. Grievors report seeing, hearing or strongly feeling their loved one's presence. Others report an event or occurrence that assures them that their loved one is safe and happy.

Various theories attempt to explain this phenomenon, but none are conclusive. For those of us who have had these experiences, the only important conclusion we need is that the experience was real and meaningful to us. You may be able to explain the presence of a purple butterfly over the grave of my three-year-old granddaughter on a sunny afternoon, but for me it was a message from Emily saying:

"Grandma, I'm okay."

Coincidences might explain it, but this was certainly significant for me, considering that purple is a color I wear often and butterflies are one of my favorite things.

These experiences may be hallucinations or coincidences, but nonetheless, a lot of us are having them. Personally, I'm glad of it.

~ Margaret Gerner, TCF/St. Louis, MO

### ANGEL BY MY SIDE

I hear a whisper in my ear.  
It speaks of love without a tear.  
I feel an aura next to me.  
A gentle peace I cannot see.  
It sends a shiver down my spine.  
Because this I know, is an angel of mine.  
~ Jana Houg

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

NON-PROFIT  
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 FARGO, ND

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



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

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

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

**FARGO-MOORHEAD COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS BOARD**

YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE BOARD AT ANY TIME!

Chapter Leader	Paul & Kara Bailey ..... 701-491-0364	Newsletter Editor	Nancy Teeuwen.....701-730-0805
Co-Chapter Leader	Lori Wiger ..... 701-446-7504	Newsletter Database	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich ..... 701-540-3287	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer..... 701-298-2929	Initial Contact	Mary Bjerke
Mailing Committee	Contact Us to Join	Librarian	Contact Us to Volunteer

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

**TELEPHONE FRIENDS**

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

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

Love gifts must be received by the 15<sup>th</sup> to be included in the next month's newsletter. If you wish to give a love gift please complete:

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

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