



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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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

September 9<sup>th</sup>  
October 14<sup>th</sup>

Weather cancellations will be posted on WDAY, KVLV, KFGO and the Fargo Forum online at [www.inforum.com!](http://www.inforum.com!)

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on September 23rd @ Denny's

Butterfly donation from:  
Dean & Diane Bauck in memory of their son, Davin Bauck

#### You Did Not Die

You live in the beautiful wind that blows. You live in the sound of birds that crow. You live in the sun that shines so bright. You live in the peaceful dark at night. You live in a star I see in the sky. You live in ocean waves that come in with the tide. You live in the smell of flowers and grass. You live in the summer that goes so fast. You live in my heart that hurts so much. You did not die, we only lost touch.

~ Shari Swirsky, TCF/Toronto, Ontario, Canada

#### OUR CREDO

We need not walk alone. We are The Compassionate Friends. We reach out to each other with love, with understanding, and with hope. The children we mourn have died at all ages and from many different causes, but our love for them unites us. Your pain becomes my pain, just as your hope becomes my hope. We come together from all walks of life, from many different circumstances. We are a unique family because we represent many races, creeds, and relationships. We are young, and we are old. Some of us are far along in our grief, but others still feel a grief so fresh and so intensely painful that they feel helpless and see no hope. Some of us have found our faith to be a source of strength, while some of us are struggling to find answers. Some of us are angry, filled with guilt or in deep depression, while others radiate an inner peace. But whatever pain we bring to this gathering of The Compassionate Friends, it is pain we will share, just as we share with each other our love for the children who have died. We are all seeking and struggling to build a future for ourselves, but we are committed to building a future together. We reach out to each other in love to share the pain as well as the joy, share the anger as well as the peace, share the faith as well as the doubts, and help each other to grieve as well as to grow.

**WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE.**

**WE ARE THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS. ©2007**

#### LOVE

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

Our Mom's group generally meets on the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7:00 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 September 23rd. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at [www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org).

#### LOVE GIFTS

Brenda Kluth in memory of her son, Brandon WT Kluth  
Paul & Kara Bailey in memory of their son, Nick Bailey  
Jim & Jody Kutter in memory of their daughter, Michelle Kutter  
Doug Hudson in memory of his son, Douglas Hudson II  
Dean & Diane Bauck in memory of their son, Davin Bauck  
Linda Forsberg in memory of her son, Darren Lee Forsberg  
Eileen & Anthony Tortorice in memory of their son, Erik Tortorice  
Shelley Ford in memory of her son, Jess Ford

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.

## To All Parents

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of Mine," He said.  
"For you to love him while he lives, and mourn for when I come  
to claim him.

It may be six or eight years or twenty-two or three.  
But will you, till I call him back, take care of him for me?  
He'll bring his charms to gladden you, and should his stay be  
brief,

You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.  
I cannot promise he will stay, since all from Earth return,  
But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.  
I've looked this wide world over in my search for teachers true,  
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes, I have selected you.  
Now will you give him all your love, nor think the labor vain,  
Nor hate Me, when I come to call to take him back again?"  
I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done.  
For all the joy Thy child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll  
run.

We'll shelter him with tenderness, we'll love him while we may,  
And for the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay.  
But should the angels call for him, sooner than we've planned,  
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand."  
by Edgar Guest

## THE TACO TREE

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

- Alice Osborn, TCF/Rolla, MO

## Remember

When you remember me, it means that you have carried  
something of who I am with you, that I have left some mark of  
who I am on who you are. It means that you can summon me back  
to your mind even though countless years and miles may stand  
between us. It means that if we meet again, you will know me. It  
means that even after I die, you can still see my face and hear my  
voice and speak to me in your heart.

~ Frederick Buechner, "Whistling in the Dark"

## I SAID I COULD NOT DO IT...BUT I DID

Exactly 8:05 A.M., Friday, July 9, 1971, was the last time  
I looked at my eight year old daughter with her eyes open. I  
walked beside her as they rolled her down the hall to the  
elevator that would take her down to the operating room for  
her simple, routine tonsillectomy.

At exactly 1:30 that afternoon, I was told that she was  
dead. I said then, I could not live a day without her. I just  
could not do it.

## BUT I DID

During the drive home, I said I would never be able to  
walk in that house without her. I said I could not do it.

## BUT I DID

As I walked in that empty house, someone quickly ran  
and shut her door—the door to her room, where she kept all  
the things she loved. The room where she played and slept. I  
said I could never go in there again. I said I could not do it.

## BUT I DID

When they said, "Come, let's go to the funeral, the  
Rosary, the Mass," I said I could not do it.

## BUT I DID

When, a few weeks later, a dear friend came to my door  
and said, "Come, let's go out and enjoy lunch." I said I could  
not do it.

## BUT I DID

For months that followed, I just knew my life would  
never be the same, and it wasn't. All the things I could not do,  
did get done. All the life I said I could not live, did get lived,  
differently, but I did live. Now comes today—16 years later. I  
have to admit, I had to look it up to be sure. Sixteen years.  
Palmer Ann would have been 24 years old. I had to stop and  
think about that, too.

I stood before her portrait and stared a long, long time,  
and yes, I remembered the pain with total recall of July 9,  
1971. I reached out, touching what's left of my memory of her  
and I offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to God—a prayer of  
gratitude, for giving me such a beautiful eight years with a  
lovely daughter, and most of all, the opportunity to be able to  
stand there and realize that I could not do it, but I did.

## YES I DID

And each month when I come to a Compassionate Friends  
meeting with you, the new member, I share the pain that I  
know you are feeling—that hopelessness of the future. I smile  
quietly to myself, because inside I know a secret—you will be  
okay. You will touch again, love again, laugh again, and live  
again. After all, I said I could not do it but I did and

## YOU WILL TOO!

~ Betz Crump, TCF/Fort Lauderdale, FL

## But It Hurts Differently...

There is no way to predict how you will feel. The  
reactions to grief are not like recipes with different ingredients  
and certain results. Each person mourns in a different way.

You may cry hysterically or you may remain outwardly  
controlled, showing little emotion. You may lash out in anger  
against your family and friends, or you may express your  
gratitude for their concern and dedication. You may be calm  
one moment --in turmoil the next. Reactions are varied and  
contradictory. Grief is universal. At the same time it is  
extremely personal.

HEAL IN YOUR OWN WAY. -- Rabbi Earl Groliman

## Anniversary Reaction

Every year there is an anniversary of your child's death, and every year you react to it. It doesn't make any difference if it's the first or the twenty-first. You *know* the date is approaching. Strangely, sometimes you will be deeply disturbed for weeks before the actual date. Other times the fact that an anniversary is nearing, won't seem to bother you much at all. The only thing consistent in the anniversary reaction, is that you *WILL* react. For years after Arthur was killed I would begin my anniversary reaction around Easter time. Easter Sunday, 1971 was the last "holiday" that we were together as a complete family. For many years Easter Sunday was the starting date for reliving that terrible Friday and the days following. For a number of years I experienced painful anniversary reactions, but generally, the farther I get from Arthur's death date, the less painful it is.

But, circumstances or events can make it painful, even years later. For example, on the eleventh anniversary, I was also grieving the death of my granddaughter. At that time Emily hadn't been dead a year yet. I saw the pain my daughter was experiencing and because I couldn't "kiss it and make it better" for MY child, I hurt even more.

There will be times when the coming of an anniversary will fill you with fear and pain. Other years it will come with just a ripple in your heart. Some years will be very hard, other years won't be. Accept that as normal. Know that however you feel is right for you. Be kind to yourself, you may need a lot of care at that time. For the times that you don't hurt deeply, be thankful that some of the pain is gone.

The time will come when you no longer hurt because X number of years ago your child died. Be glad of that. What won't go away until you die will be the lack of history continuing past his-her death date. You will be very aware that your child isn't graduating from high school, or being married, or having your grandchildren, and that will hurt. There will always be the questions, what would she/he look like? What would she/he be doing now? These thoughts and questions will forever be unanswered.

You will always react to your child's death date, because you will always love your child, and she/he will always be in your heart and mind.

But then, the anniversary will be over and life will take on sunshine again. However old your child was when she/he died is the mental picture you will have of her/him. And, Oh! What a beautiful picture it is.

By Margaret Gerner, MSW Certified Grief Counselor  
*Margaret Gerner is currently Director of the Chrysalis Center, a bereavement counseling & resource center. She is a bereaved parent, having experienced the loss of her son in 1971 & a bereaved grandparent in 1982 when her granddaughter died.*

A life is like a song we write in  
our own tone and key  
Each life we touch reflects a note  
that forms the melody  
We choose the theme and chorus  
of the song to bear our name.  
And each will have a special sound,  
no two can be the same.  
So when someone we love departs,  
in memory we find  
Their song plays on within

## LAUGH THERAPY

I have a bitter/sweet, funny/sad story to tell about my little girl, JENNY She was born with a heart defect, had one operation at five months of age and a second one at 2 1/2 years. She died 8 hours after the second operation.

I believed in life after death, so I knew her spirit would survive. It was a comfort when I sensed her spirit presence and others saw her impish form after death, but I was still in intense pain. One of the hardest challenges of life is to bury a child and still keep sane.

One day, a couple months after her death, I was reading a self-help book which encouraged the reader to try to look for "an element of fun, fantasy, absurdity or even a relieving silliness" in any distressing situation. I was still very much suffering from Jenny's death so I thought I would try to follow these instructions.

With eyes closed. I asked aloud "is it possible for me to laugh about Jennifer's. death?" I promptly burst into tears at the idea, but as the tears rolled down my cheeks, in my mind's eye, I could see Jenny hovering over me and pulling on my left arm, trying to lift what seemed like a lead weight. I heard her say, "That's the idea, Mom. Lighten up!"

Was that for real? It felt real to me. I've had other experiences of communicating with her spirit as well as that one and I don't think I'm crazy (not certifiably so, anyway). So I take that interchange as her way of encouraging me to recover from her death and to let humor brighten any dark corner of my existence.

- Anna Olson, TCF/Winnipeg, Canada

## I Don't Know Why

I don't know why.

I'll never know why.

I don't have to know why.

I don't like it.

I don't have to like it.

What I have to do is make a choice about my living.

What I do want to do is accept it and go on living.

The choice is mine.

I can go on living, valuing every moment

in a way I never did before,

or I can be destroyed by it and,

in turn, destroy others.

I thought I was immortal.

That my family and my children were also.

That tragedy happened only to others.

But I know now that life is tenuous and valuable.

So I am choosing to go on living,

making the most of the time I have,

valuing my family and friends

in a way never possible before.

~ Iris Bolton, From the book My Son, My Son

## Grief

Grief feels like a cave, an aimless groping into a black deepening void. Into your hand I press the only candle I have, a message to flicker in the darkness of your soul: Grief feels like a cave, but it is not a cave. Grief is a tunnel, a journey. The blackness is the same, the only difference is Hope.

Author unknown,  
LLF Loving Arms, Pregnancy & Infant Loss Centre  
Spring issue 1995



## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED BIRTHDAYS

### CHILD

### PARENTS

JORDAN AABERG.....	31.....	JANICE AABERG
JORDAN AABERG.....	31.....	RODNEY JENSEN
NATHAN ANDERSON.....	44.....	DIANE & JAY FENSKE
MICAH J CROSBY.....	41.....	CRAIG & GLORIA CROSBY
KENT ALAN HANSEN.....	32.....	DOUGLAS HANSEN
JAYSON P HAUGEN.....	39.....	PAULETTE HAUGEN
ADYSON JEAN KNUDSEN.....	7.....	KRISTIN & MICHAELKNUDSEN
ANNIE PAGE LEGGIO.....	23.....	JOSEPH LEGGIO
ALIVIA PAIGE MORTENSON.....	20.....	DANIELLE MORTENSON
SAMUEL JEROME NOESKE.....	16.....	JERRY & AMY NOESKE
PAUL A OLSON.....	47.....	SHIRLEY OLSON
DYLAN ROMAINE.....	10.....	AARON & TRICIA ROMAINE
SCOTT ANTHONY TOBOLT.....	45.....	JOHN & MARY TOBOLT
JEFFREY M WEBBER.....	50.....	JUANITA WEBBER

## ANNIVERSARIES

### CHILD

### PARENTS

JORDAN AABERG.....	1.....	JANICE AABERG
JORDAN AABERG.....	1.....	RODNEY JENSEN
NICHOLAS LEE BAILEY.....	12.....	PAUL & KARA BAILEY
DAVIN BAUCK.....	3.....	DEAN & DIANE BAUCK
MEAGAN (MARGHEIM) BAUER.....	1.....	SUSAN & BOB MARGHEIM
PAMELA KAYE BJERKE.....	3.....	DARLENE SKAR
JEFF "BONZO" BRENNAN.....	2.....	CLAYTON & GLORIA BRENNAN
KEVIN DILLENBURG.....	2.....	LOYSE PORTER
JOHN CHARLES FRISCH.....	2.....	ARLEEN FRISCH
BRANDON WILLIAM THOMAS KLUTH.....	6.....	BRENDA KLUTH
ADYSON JEAN KNUDSEN.....	7.....	KRISTIN & MICHAELKNUDSEN
DAVID R KOSAK.....	4.....	BRUCE & MYRA KOSAK
BENJAMIN KOTTA.....	19.....	ARLEN & JULIE KOTTA
MICHELLE KUTTER.....	16.....	JIM & JODY KUTTER
JAMIE CLIFFORD OLSON.....	9.....	GLENNIS OLSON
JOHN THORVAL PEARSON.....	3.....	EDNA MAE PEARSON
ASHLEY PERRINE.....	5.....	BRAD & BRENDA MERGENS
JOSE DANIEL SAUVAGEAU.....	5.....	MARY BJERKE
CORA WAGNER.....	2.....	DONNA J WAGNER

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.

"The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing, and face us with the reality of our powerlessness, that is the friend who cares." Henri Nouwen

# SIBLING PAGE

## TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER

I never knew my brother, Yet I knew him well.

Through my mother's eyes

I've known him, and I love him still.

I'll grow tall and strong like him,

Yet not like him at all.

He'll be my guardian angel,

And we'll go through life together, as one.

I have his clothes and his toys

And his photos, I hold them dear to me, But most of all,

I treasure the loving memories my mother gave to me.

~ Karen Hoyland, TCF/Brisbane, Australia

## MEMORIES

My little brother who loved winter and icicles that are clear,

My heart aches and I cry because you

are now gone forever. How did time go by so fast

with all the memories we made?

They are everlasting; but without you the world is lonely

And there are no new memories.

~ Renee Miller, TCF/Troy, ID

## IN LOVING MEMORY OF JOEL

I sometimes sit and wonder how

Life can go on without you now

Somehow this month it will be five years

Yet many nights I still shed tears

Siblings we were that much is true

But friends as well, that's hard to do

Sometimes your missed, more now than ever

The shock's worn off, the pain forever

Although for now, our journeys apart

Forever in my mind, my soul, my heart

~ Robyn Mather, Alberni BC

## MY BEST FRIEND

The fishing season's coming,

but no more fishing for me,

Because my best friend's not here,

to share his hooks with me.

We went fishing nearly every day.

Never hooked a thing.

But, oh, what fun we had,

Talking about the one that got away.

The garage holds all the fishing gear,

but I've no desire to fish.

It's not the same without him here.

Oh! If I could have one wish.

My wish would be

to bring my brother back to me,

so we could fish along the shore.

We'd have fun together,

And laugh once more.

All that's left are memories,

for me to think about.

I won't say goodbye;

I'll see you again.

But I will miss you forever,

**MY BEST FRIEND.**

By Ryan Auch, BP/USA Augusta, GA

for his brother Ronny

## COURAGE

My brother died three years ago, when he was seventeen years old. It was an accident, when he fell, while hiking in the mountains. I was fifteen and my brother was my hero. I would do anything to make him proud. When I lost him, I could have just given up. I have the courage to love people even though I know that I could lose them. I had many opportunities to just forget everyone else and lose myself. My brother was my best friend and when he died I could have too.

I decided that he would not have wanted me to throw my life away. I try my hardest to work hard in school and live up to what his expectations would have been. I am not living just for him. I am living for myself. A lot of people like to escape their problems by drinking or doing drugs. Alcohol and drugs only make problems worse because escaping a problem is not solving the problem. Self-respect means knowing who you are and treating yourself with dignity. I want people to look at me and to respect me. Staying in school and, working to my potential is essential for respect. People cannot respect those who do not respect themselves. As Shakespeare said: "This above all else, to thine own self be true."

I do not like choices based on what the popular decision is. I base my thoughts and ideas on what I believe are right and important. I know that my brother would have been proud of me, because I made it through the most difficult time in my life, without him. I kept living when I lost the most important person in the world to me. Courage is to keep fighting even though it looks like you are going to lose. When he died, I felt the world crash down on me. Everything I ever hoped for just seemed empty. Even now sometimes it will just hit me that my brother is gone.

I have to keep on living and facing the world because that is what life is all about. Sometimes things happen that seem impossible to face. If I do not face my problems, who will?

Life is not supposed to be easy but it is not devastating either. There are so many wonderful things that happen and I have to have the courage to realize it. Life is not just a long line of problems. It is also a long line of answers. I need courage and self-respect to find these answers. I have to trust myself and my future that everything will work out. It always does. The answers to life's problems can only be found through hard work and belief in yourself. My belief in myself comes from a big brother who always had faith in me.

In loving memory of my brother Sean, 1976 - 1993

~ Patricia Kelley, TCF/Richmond, VA

## DEATH

Death never comes when we are ready,

Often it sneaks up silently like an ocean wave covering rocks and sand,

Or as God's angels in the sky and wind.

Other times it wanders around like wild tears running down your face.

It doesn't seem to have very good feelings,

Leaving us with night and lives to go on with.

And yet it can be told quietly that death is memories and sadness.

- Linda Gayle Julian, age 11

Bereavement & Kids - Nov/Dec 1996

When the time comes for lighting festive candles – let them remind you, not only of what you lost, but also of what you had.

~ Sacha Wagner

## THE GRIEF OF A PARENT WHO HAS LOST AN INFANT

To experience the loss of an infant is to grieve for what never was. After all the months of anticipation and preparation, the actual birth of a child brings the feelings of hope and fulfillment. Should that child be stillborn, or die hours, days, or even months later, the unrealized dreams become a source of pain for parents. No parent ever expects to outlive his child; the death of an infant is often the loss of a child unknown even to his or her parents. The expected stages of grief (guilt, disbelief, anger, etc.) can have new directions for the parent who has lost an infant.

1. Share & Guilt - especially if the infant was stillborn or had a birth defect, the mother may feel she has failed as a woman. "Other women have live, normal babies, why can't I?" Should an infant die months after the birth, parents find it hard to resolve feelings that it was their fault.
2. No Memories - parents may only have "souvenirs of an occasion" (birth certificates, I.D. bracelet) by which to remember their child. If the infant was older, they may have pictures and a few belongings, but they may still feel they hadn't really gotten to know their child.
3. Loneliness in Grief - it is hard for friends and relatives to share your grief for a child they never knew. If the child was a newborn, they may give the impression that you are grieving unnecessarily over a non-person. They hope that you can "forget this baby" and "have another one."
4. Neglected fathers -too often the sympathies of professionals and friends are directed mainly to the mother. It is important to remember that the father had made plans for this baby too.
5. Mothers vs. fathers - since the mother had bonded with her child all during pregnancy, her grief may be much deeper than the father who only came to know the child after birth. It may be difficult for a father to understand why his wife's grief is so profound and so prolonged.

~Author Unknown, TCF/St. Louis, MO

## REMNANTS

Glimpses of you everywhere  
Often catch me unaware.  
Tell-tale remnants of the past,  
Care-free days that couldn't last,  
Echoes of a joyous laugh,  
Comic books, a photograph

Calliopes and carousels,  
Haunting songs weave mystic spells,  
Relics from the past will wane,  
But in my heart  
You'll still remain.

~ Lily DeLauder, TCF/North Hollywood, CA

## AFTER THE STORM COMES THE RAINBOW

Happiness does not depend on what happens outside of you, but rather on what happens inside of you. The spirit in which you meet the problems of life measures it.

The master secret of happiness is to meet the challenge of each new day in remember to look for the rainbows as assurance God is with us through the storms of life.

## IN OUR HEARTS FOREVER

We can't see you here,  
We can't talk to you here,  
But we can see and talk to you  
In our hearts forever.  
We can't touch you here,  
We can't kiss you here,  
But we can touch and kiss you  
In our hearts forever.

We will have aching hearts forever and ever,  
We will have pain and grief for all tomorrows,  
But we will always love you  
In our hearts forever.  
~ Marlene Kimmel Leff, TCF/Villanova, PA

## I AM A MAN

I hunt, fish, camp, drive a fast car, play football, basketball and baseball. I am tough! I went to war. I am the toughest two-legged mammal alive. I am a MAN!

While our son was still in the hospital, I cried alone so my wife wouldn't see me. At home I cried alone, in the shower, in the back yard, anywhere but in front of my wife. I had to be a rock.

After our son died, I helped support my wife in the best way I knew how. I was a rock for her to lean on. I was invincible. The rock caused more trouble than good. Soon we were not talking or getting along with each other and I didn't understand why. My wife became angry. She told me, "You act like you don't love J.J." (Because I didn't appear to be grieving.)

The rock became mush. I then realized what I had done. I had played MAN instead of just being a father and a husband. You see, a mother doesn't need a rock with no emotions. She needed me to show her I did indeed love our son and that I was hurting after his death, and that I did cry.

My wife comforted me that night, after we talked. I cried, she cried. We both needed it. I found out that it was good for me to cry and let my wife help me. I am a MAN. I am a grieving man, who now does not mind crying in front of anyone. I cry for myself and for our son J.J.

~ Jim Brown, in Grief Relief Magazine (1987)

## Temporarily out to Lunch

We look, but we don't see.  
We talk, but we don't hear.  
We reach, but we don't touch.  
We need, but we don't admit.  
You look, but were not the same.  
You talk, but we don't respond.  
You reach, but we can't feel you.  
You need, but we can't provide.  
We need your recognition.  
We need your conversation.  
We need your touch and feelings.  
We need your patience.  
We need time.

Will we ever again be normal?

Will we regain our senses?

Will we feel again, physically and emotionally?

Yes, with your help, patience and understanding.

~ Charles Brown, Reprinted from Survivors of Suicide

**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: \_\_\_\_\_

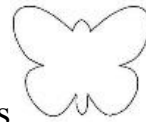
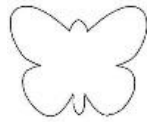
Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

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 Diamond

Once upon a time there was a king who ruled a small kingdom. It wasn't great, and it wasn't really known for any of its resources or people. But the king did have a diamond, a great perfect diamond that had been in his family for generations. He kept it on display for all to see and appreciate. People came from all over the country to admire it and gaze at it.

Then one day a soldier came to the king with the news that, although no one had touched the diamond, for it was guarded day and night, the diamond was cracked. The king ran to see, and sure enough, there was a crack right through the middle of the diamond!

Immediately the king summoned all the jewelers of the land and had them look at the diamond. One after another they examined the diamond and gave the bad news to the king; the diamond was irredeemably flawed. The king was crushed...So were the people. Somehow they felt they had lost everything.

Then, out of nowhere, came an old man who claimed to be a jeweler. He asked to see the diamond. After examining it, he looked up and confidently told the king, "I can fix it. In fact, I can make it better than it was before!" The king was shocked and a bit leery. The old man said, "Give me the jewel, and in a week I'll bring it back fixed."

Now the king was not about to let the stone out of his sight, even if it was ruined, so he gave the old man a room, all the tools and the food and drink he needed ..... and he waited. The whole kingdom waited. It was a long week. At the end of the week the old man appeared with the stone in his hand and gave it to the king. The king couldn't believe his eyes. It was magnificent!! The old man had fixed it, and he had made it even better than it had been before!!!

He had used the crack that ran through the middle of the stone as a stem and carved an intricate, full-blown rose, leaves, and thorns into the diamond. It was exquisite. The king was overjoyed and offered the man half of his kingdom. But the old man refused in front of everyone, saying, "All I did was to take something flawed and cracked at its heart...and turn it into something beautiful. You see,...it is in the crack that the light gets in."

And so it is that we see that often what appears to be worthless, useless, scarred and cracked holds value beyond words. Even in our darkest and weakest moment, there is a way to let the light in.

This ritual of remembering today can be a way of transforming our hurt and sorrow into something beautiful and worthwhile. By remembering we say farewell to the past and make peace with what life brings us today.

Author Unknown

“Giving yourself time to heal and creating space for the process allows the painful memories to be replaced gradually by more pleasant ones. When the pain subsides, one remembers the whole relationship not the most recent memories of illness, accidents and death. Eventually we need to make peace with that which will never be resolved.”

~ Anne Brener

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
OF THE F-M AREA  
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FARGO ND 58106

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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 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.