



# The Compassionate Friends

## Fargo/Moorhead Area Chapter

### Supporting Family After a Child Dies

TCF's National Office  
48660 Pontiac Trl #930808  
Wixom MI 48393-7736  
Toll-free (877) 969-0010  
[www.compassionatefriends.org](http://www.compassionatefriends.org)

F-M Area Chapter  
PO Box 10686  
Fargo ND 58106  
[www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org)  
September 2022

Volume 39 Number 9

Chapter Leaders - Paul & Kara Bailey 701-491-0364

Newsletter Editor - Nancy Teeuwen 701-730-0805

The F-M Area Chapter of The Compassionate Friends meets the 2nd Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. at  
**FAITH LUTHERAN CHURCH**  
127 2ND AVE E  
WEST FARGO, ND

Please enter on the west side. Our meeting is in the Fellowship Hall - lower level, west side

**Upcoming Meetings**  
September 8th  
October 13th

#### Dates to Remember

Mom's meeting - 7 pm on September 22nd @ Denny's  
Annual Worldwide Candle lighting - December 11th 7 p.m. local time  
Angel Of Hope Memorial Service  
December 6th at 7 pm

#### LOVE GIFTS

Jim & Jody Kutter in memory of their daughter, Michelle Kutter  
Walter & Karie Cowden in memory of their children, William (Bill) Cowden, Kevin Scott Cowden, and Robin Vigdal Hosler.  
Dean & Diane Bauck in memory of their son, Davin Bauck  
Janice Aaberg in memory of her son, Jordan Aaberg  
Tammy Helgeson in memory of her son, Jared Helgeson  
Paul and Kara Bailey in memory of their son, Nicholas Lee Bailey  
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 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday of the month at 7 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 22nd. For more information please contact Sheryl at 701-540-3287 or visit our website at [www.tcffargomoorhead.org](http://www.tcffargomoorhead.org).

#### Solace

*In the smallest hour of your day,  
when you are alone  
with things remembered,  
questions unanswered  
and unfinished dreams, then:  
give to yourself  
the gifts of your kindness,  
bring to yourself  
the comforts of forgiving,  
share with yourself  
the mercy of your love.*

## LOSS HURTS

Losing a loved one is painful and traumatic. It can wound the soul and crush the heart.

We lose parents, siblings, relatives, friends, co-workers, and even children and grandchildren. We lose people to death, divorce, moves, disasters, or illness. We can lose them in an instant, or we can lose them over time.

Unfortunately, loss is a huge part of life. How we deal with it makes all the difference – both for ourselves and those around us.

Your grieving relative or friend is hurting. Their “normal” is gone. The disappearance of someone they love is affecting them deeply. Change has hit their heart and life. You may not feel or understand it, but their pain is very real. It really feels as if they’ve been hit by a bus. Life is no longer business as usual for them.

They need people who will be with them through this. Grief is lonely, but no one should have to endure this spot in the road alone.

Helping them may be different than you think. They need people who will hear their heart and meet them where they are. And where they are is different for every person.

They’re hurting. They’re supposed to be. Acknowledge and respect their pain. They’re getting hit over and over again. Venture out and sit beside them in the middle of the road. Your presence can be more comforting than you realize.

About the Author: Gary Roe is an author, speaker, and chaplain with Hospice Brazos Valley. He is the author of the award-winning bestsellers *Shattered: Surviving the Loss of a Child*, *Please Be Patient, I'm Grieving*, *HEARTBROKEN: Healing from the Loss of a*

*Spouse*, and *Surviving the Holidays without You* and the co-author (with New York Times Bestseller Cecil Murphey) of *Saying Goodbye: Facing the Loss of a Loved One*. Visit him at [www.garyroe.com](http://www.garyroe.com)

## September

If we are to believe the calendar, our years end in December and begin in January. But for most of us, our years from childhood on have been marked by the beginning and ending of each school year. The serious stuff of life commenced each September as first we, and then our children, began a new grade. The routine of our days from September until June was governed by the school calendar...

September—the autumn bridge between summer and winter, between resplendent life rich with green leaves and azure sky, and dull, gray-skied barren-treed winter. Oh, September—with your multi-colored beauty, Indian summer, clear blue skies—you are a wolf in sheep’s clothing.

For the bereaved, September can be particularly poignant. We believed that summer would last a little longer just this once. And in a way, it has. The long, warm days persist, and the beauty of nature continues. As green leaves are slowly replaced by rich gold, then reddish hues, there is a poignancy to the warmth and beauty of autumn. September is summer’s swan song, the final verse sung in full symphonic chorus. Savoring each lovely day, we delight in the beauty of the changing colors and cling to the vibrancy that will soon be replaced by the barren days of winter.

While schedules are remade and obeyed, vacations end and children return to school, there is a kind of comfortable “sameness” that begins in September and lasts until the following spring. In a way, this predictability is a kind of security.

Still, for those whose lives have been irrevocably changed by death, illness, separation or any other unasked-for life-altering situation, the knowledge that the rest of the world is settling down to “regular” life is an affront. For lives that have lost predictability, “sameness” is now fervently desired and pined for.

The door slams shut, but it is the wind that has closed the door. The footsteps that should follow never come. School buses once again criss-cross the September streets, but for bereaved parents, they are only a painful reminder of schedules that are gone, lunches that no longer need to be made, homework that will never be done and checked. Friends’ lives continue and go forward, their children grow and progress; but bereaved parents face September’s settling down to “real” life with leaden hearts...

Seeing other people planning and sharing their leisurely enjoyment of the season was hard enough in the summer. September can be worse. Hand-in-hand with that month’s almost unbelievable beauty is the knowledge that this beauty is the precursor to winter. During the summer months, the bereaved suffer from the loss of the happy, languid days that were. During September, the nightmare of lost dreams becomes reality. As the rest of the world settles in, the bereaved are left feeling adrift and apart from the mainstream. The rudders that had guided their lives are gone. The acrid smoke from autumn’s burning leaves only reminds them of what was and gives testament to the loss and bitterness that remain.

But what can the bereaved learn from the change of the seasons? What can any human being learn from the cycle that is nature? We change, and we remain the same. We grow and we bloom, but we also experience dormant periods. A plant grows and blooms and changes with the seasons. One month, a green, tender shoot; the next, a riot of color. In the next season, it can be bearing fruit for the future of its species, while at the same time beginning its own slowing down, preparing for its dormancy. The winter, barren of leaf, is a resting time, a dormancy, a preparation for the new growth that will occur in the spring.

A plant with strong roots can regrow after being pruned. It may grow in a different direction & into a different shape, depending on the sunlight, nutrients, and pruning. But in spring, after its long-frozen sleep, its tender shoots will reach out again toward the sun. And it will blossom again.

Shapes change. Lives change. Bereft human beings may feel uprooted and shaken to the very cores of their beings, but they must permit themselves a time of rest & dormancy in which to regain their strength and reassemble their resources. Then they must permit themselves to shed the beautiful rich leaves of the past, recognizing that the memory of that beauty will always live. They must go forward, albeit in new directions and with new purposes, to renewed growth and meaning.

We human beings believe that our loved ones are our roots and with their loss, we are rootless. It feels that way, but it is not really true. We, each and every one of us, are our own roots. We can continue on despite severe pruning...and we can grow if we permit ourselves.

*by Susan B. Arlen*

## School Starts

Strange things happen to you when **your** child dies. You'll fail **if you try** to make **sense** of most of it.

Both my children had finished high school when my son died, yet I found the beginning of school—especially that first year—to be difficult. The bus stops in front of my home for the neighborhood children. Suddenly, as they all gathered to wait for the bus, I found myself reliving those simpler, happier days of old; longing for them actually. It was a painful time.

Now, if I, whose children are grown and gone, had a problem with school starting, those of you who do have school age children must know that your pain is normal. It's another reminder that life goes on—with or without our children—and acknowledging that it hurts! I came to the conclusion that it was all right to pine for happier times and it was nothing to get upset about. As with many remnants of grief, I recognize it, allow it and then get on with my life.

Maybe you're like me, you'll always be a little nostalgic about school starting. That would probably have been true even if my son had lived. Maybe you, too?

~ Mary Cleckley, TCF/Stone Mountain, Georgia

## Am I Healing?

Am I healing? I'm able to gaze at her photograph without that tourniquet tightening around my throat, clamping memory...

I'm beginning to see her in her life, and not only myself bereft of her life...

Piece by piece, I re-enter the world. A new phase. A new body, a new voice. Birds console me by flying, trees by growing, dogs by the warm patch they leave behind on the sofa. Unknown people merely by performing their motions. It's like a slow recovery from a sickness, this recovery of one's self...

Toby Talbot, TCF/Volusia/Flagler, FL

## The Other Season

Look to the season of your memories—  
it fills the weather of your life  
with mildness.

It turns to laughter what your love remembers:  
the sound of words, invented new for singing,  
discovery of all-important secrets.

Look to the season of your memories—  
it sets an ordinary past to music.

It changes ordinary tears to treasure.

It gives your faded pictures shape  
and color:

the touch of eyes, a walk-in foggy twilight.

Look to the season of your memories—  
how rich you were and be how rich again.

Look to the season of your memories:  
mourn and recall the Child you love,  
you love—

until you lose yourself—  
to find yourself

There's this place in me where

Your fingerprints still rest, Your kisses still linger, and

Your whispers softly echo.

It's the place where a part of you will forever be part of me.

~ Gretchen Kemp

## GRANDPARENTS GRIEF

Grandparents have the loss of a beloved grandchild and the pain of seeing your child suffer and you can't "fix it". And so they must deal with their own grief and still try to be helpful to the child. It seems like two hard tasks, but must be handled at the same time. If you have had a child die yourself and/or a sibling this may bring back a flood of emotions to re-handle.

Grandparents may also have to deal with "survival guilt". Why did my grandchild die before really enjoying life and I'm still here?"

- Author Unknown

## Summer's End

September's arrival

Means one more year without you.

Some days it seems, like just yesterday.

Other days it seems like forever.

Our grief has dulled,

Not as sharp as before.

But it remains.

Our love has never lessened

It remains strong, and plentiful

We send you our love,

along with our prayers.

Love,

Mom and Dad

~ George Carafos, TCF/Rochester, NY

In loving memory of son, David George Carafos

## All I Need to Know

I am beginning to know your children

From the things I've heard you tell,

From the pictures that you've brought here

I think I know them well.

Our hurt and sorrow are immense

I'm not sure where to start.

Compassion after all is

Your pain in my heart.

My thanks to you for listening

To words wrung from my soul.

We are The Compassionate Friends

That's all I need to know.

~ Jack Brown, TCF/Louisville KY

## A Promise

The colors of life change as we go through grief.

We begin black and white;

Then gray settles over us, seeping into our pores,  
surrounding us,

Smothering us for a long period of time; then slowly  
the colors change.

We may not even be aware of their changing 'til one day  
we see a rainbow,

And know it was meant for us.

~ Faye Harden, TCF/Tuscaloosa, AL



## OUR BELOVED CHILDREN REMEMBERED *BIRTHDAYS*

### CHILD

### PARENTS

JORDAN AABERG.....	32.....	JANICE AABERG
JORDAN AABERG.....	32.....	RODNEY JENSEN
NATHAN ANDERSON.....	45.....	DIANE & JAY FENSKE
MICAH J CROSBY.....	42.....	CRAIG & GLORIA CROSBY
KENT ALAN HANSEN.....	33.....	DOUGLAS HANSEN
JAYSON P HAUGEN.....	40.....	PAULETTE HAUGEN
ADYSON JEAN KNUDSEN.....	8.....	KRISTIN & MICHAELKNUDSEN
ANNIE PAGE LEGGIO.....	24.....	JOSEPH LEGGIO
ALIVIA PAIGE MORTENSON.....	21.....	DANIELLE MORTENSON
SAMUEL JEROME NOESKE.....	17.....	JERRY & AMY NOESKE
PAUL A OLSON.....	48.....	SHIRLEY OLSON
DYLAN ROMAINE.....	11.....	AARON & TRICIA ROMAINE
SCOTT ANTHONY TOBOLT.....	46.....	JOHN & MARY TOBOLT
JEFFREY M WEBBER.....	51.....	JUANITA WEBBER

## *ANNIVERSARIES*

### CHILD

### PARENTS

JORDAN AABERG.....	2.....	JANICE AABERG
JORDAN AABERG.....	2.....	RODNEY JENSEN
NICHOLAS LEE BAILEY.....	13.....	PAUL & KARA BAILEY
DAVIN BAUCK.....	4.....	DEAN & DIANE BAUCK
MEAGAN (MARGHEIM) BAUER.....	2.....	SUSAN & BOB MARGHEIM
PAMELA KAYE BJERKE.....	4.....	DARLENE SKAR
JEFF "BONZO" BRENNAN.....	3.....	CLAYTON & GLORIA BRENNAN
KEVIN DILLENBURG.....	3.....	LOYSE PORTER
JOHN CHARLES FRISCH.....	3.....	ARLEEN FRISCH
BRANDON WILLIAM THOMAS KLUTH.....	7.....	BRENDA KLUTH
ADYSON JEAN KNUDSEN.....	8.....	KRISTIN & MICHAELKNUDSEN
DAVID R KOSAK.....	5.....	BRUCE & MYRA KOSAK
BENJAMIN KOTTA.....	20.....	ARLEN & JULIE KOTTA
MICHELLE KUTTER.....	17.....	JIM & JODY KUTTER
JAMIE CLIFFORD OLSON.....	10.....	GLENNIS OLSON
JOHN THORVAL PEARSON.....	4.....	EDNA MAE PEARSON
ASHLEY PERRINE.....	6.....	BRAD & BRENDA MERGENS
JOSE DANIEL SAUVAGEAU.....	6.....	MARY BJERKE
KORBIN KURT STEINWEHR.....	1.....	MAZY STEINWEHR
CORA WAGNER.....	3.....	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.

When one door of happiness closes, another opens; but often we look so long at the closed door that we do not see the one which has been opened for us.

~ Helen Keller



# 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

## An Essay On Love

Many things have affected my life during my short seventeen years. I have seen myself undergo several changes, and pass through different stages. However, the event that, without a doubt, has had the most profound effect on my life, was the death of my brother Doug on July 23, 1994. Because of this, I find myself to be a completely different person than I ever imagined I would be, and my entire outlook on life has changed.

At the time of Doug's death, he was only at the young age of 19. I was only five years younger at 14. Because I was at the age when I began to share many of the same interests as him, we had become closer than we had ever been. The memories of our playful wrestling-matches, and frequent games of softball or basketball, are forever implanted in my mind. He was more than just my brother; he was truly my best friend. There were so many things that I wanted to do with him, or anticipated to see him accomplish, and it all seems so unfair that he had to slip away just when we realized our special relationship.

Since Doug's death, I have come to realizations that some people take years to come to, and those that some people never will. The most important of these is that we must cherish every moment we have with those we love, because nobody is promised to be alive when they wake up. This may seem drastic, however, when I woke up at 1 in the morning and found out my brother was gone, it seemed anything but drastic. Looking back, I wish I could change words I spoke to him, and actions, which at the time seemed harmless. The only thing in life that I feel is necessary for everyone to learn is how to love without limits, and to appreciate what we have.

It has taken me much time, and many tears to accept this tragedy which has been placed so suddenly in my life. I fear, however, that I would never have been who I am now if the one I so dearly cherished had not fallen into God's grace. It is sad to realize that sometimes only a tragedy can change a person's heart forever.

~ Kari Brown, TCF/Warrington, PA

"A sister is a gift from God, sent from above to make life worthwhile here below"

-Author Unknown

## LOOKING TO THE LIGHT

It is difficult to articulate thoughts and feelings about a life-altering event such as the death of a brother. For a long time, the only thing I could do to find any solace was to read about the tragic experiences of others. I was often moved to tears, so strong was my identification with their anguish.

I never suffered from denial. My brother's death was always a very tangible thing. It was my grief. I owned it. In accepting it, I feel that the healing was somehow expedited. I don't mean to imply that I am now returned to the unaffected individual that existed prior to his death, that my acceptance of his death is now clear,

I don't think you ever "get over" such a loss. What happens is the incorporation of that loss into your daily life. In my case, that process brought a number of changes in attitude and priority which, as it turned out, were in my best interest. I had become centered on myself and my career to such an extent that I was armed against life's disappointments. When meeting me, it became clear to others that "career" was what it was all about.

I keep pictures of my brother all around so that I can see him several times each day. In doing so, I am alternately both comforted and saddened. But mostly, I am comforted. I know he is in heaven, and I believe he looks in on me and is aware of the magical events that have taken place in my life. When I look upward through my kitchen skylights, I can see the sky and the top of the big old elm in the lights. I talk to him in my heart and I know he is near. I still shed my tears, for I miss him and will the remainder of my life.

Given a choice, I wish he had never become ill and that he hadn't ended his life. Today, some two years after his death, I can accept it and understand his choice. The love we feel for a loved one never has to leave us, even though our loved one has departed physically.

~ Rhonda St. John, TCF/Grosse Pointe Woods, MI

## THE BITTER TEARS OF LOVE LOST

Peter Smith, age 15; sibling to Gregory Smith

Because of my status in society

I can look below to poverty

and realize no matter how frustrated I get,

I will always be very lucky to have a family

who loves and cares for me.

But still the tears roll down my face

and my cheeks are forever stained

because I know as long as I live

my heart will always be pained.

I was left in shock, pain, and fear,

left with your unspoken words which I will never hear

But in my days of sorrow when I feel that I will fall

I can only repeat the phrase to myself,

"It is better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all."

A lot of time!

A little space,

A kind of quiet resting place,

Are what I need at times like these,

A special spot where I can grieve.

~ Beth Pinion, TCF/Andalusia, AL

## **My Life Forever Changed**

Sometimes my mind sails to yonder days  
Seeking only times so mild  
And living the wonders of life  
As if I were still a child

Happy memories of all the good days  
Gave me the will to make a plan  
To live a fruitful life  
With the help God's mighty hand

Those days also had hardships  
Sadness, misfortune, and failure as well  
With burdens so heavy to carry  
Are the stories I'll someday tell

I've had many good things in life  
Also the burdens I've carried to and fro  
They've made it quite clear to me  
That life is not a picture show

I wanted to travel and find adventure  
So with the Navy I sailed the high seas  
Growing to manhood with my shipmates  
I found life's ways were not of ease

I've had a married life so pure  
I've experienced the birth of babies  
And changed dirty diapers  
I've even been bitten by a dog with rabies

I am a man who follows Christ My Savior  
To live and follow his way is my thirst  
I depend on his guidance  
As I travel this rough road on earth.

I made my career with intense dedication  
Working hard with a forward lean  
Always giving an honest days work  
With only a little rest in between

For adventure I earned my pilot's license  
With my own challenge into the air I flew  
To soar high up into the clouds  
It was for personal confidence I knew

Great days, my grandchildren started arriving  
They are all miracles that fill me with pride  
They are purely the blessing of life  
With their youth, always companions at my side

My wonderful grandchildren  
They're right in the center of my world  
They make me happy and full of joy  
Watching them grow and seeing their lives unfurl

I've had fears of family tragedy  
Seemingly distant, yet always so near  
I prayed my family to pass through this life  
Without tragedy's heavy burdens to bear

But then, on that day so brutal  
So suddenly my life turned into pain  
Normal life I knew was gone  
And never again would be the same

I lost two little Grand Daughters  
In a split second they were taken from me  
This day my life just turned upside down  
Yes, I lost Loral and Macy you see

Now my life, I must continue  
It hurts, and wasn't supposed to be this way  
My soul yearns to reach that great destination  
While weary and worn, I trod forth each day

I still find some happiness, but more often sadness  
I sometimes laugh and sometimes cry  
With grief and longing for my lost girls  
Yes, with my faith, I know I'll get by

I've yet to reach my Golden years  
And those years may never come  
I'll just walk my road and play the part  
Hopefully, I'll be an inspiration to some.

PawPaw

~ Donald Moyers, TCF/Galveston County, TX  
In Memory of Macy and Loral

## **Happy Birthday in Heaven**

Today we remember the day we were blessed with your birth.  
How wonderful to have your life to share upon this earth.  
Too few birthdays you spent with us, now another in heaven.  
We wonder what our lives would be if you were still here in them.  
But sadly it is not our fate to spend our days with you.  
So we will cherish our memories to help see us through.  
Our memories of your smile, compassionate, generous ways,  
The joy you brought to all you saw each and every day.  
Oh Son how we wish so bad we could be together,  
But always know we love you today, tomorrow and forever.  
Happy Birthday precious angel, may your spirit soar above,  
Mom, Dad, Sister, family and friends sending all our love.

~ Cindy McClain, TCF/Wabash Valley, IN  
In Memory of my son Dylan

## **Now Autumn**

What a strange time is autumn.  
More than a season,  
autumn can be like a mood.  
Softness and warmth and abundance  
drift from the sky like a smile.  
And you remember the seasons  
before the children died.  
They do seem far away sometimes,  
those seasons, now.  
But not the children—  
they are always here  
in this strange time, this autumn,  
when the softness and the warmth  
and the abundance  
of unseen children  
drift from the sky like a smile.

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

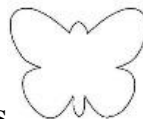
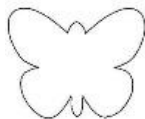
Child's Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship: \_\_\_\_\_

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 Tree in our Backyard

My daughter Lesa was a free-spirited child who always had something to say, who enjoyed school and loved life. One day, as part of a school project, she planted a tree in our back yard and announced that she had named the tree Angella. Lesa watered the tree daily, fertilized it, talked to it, and finally placed stakes in the ground to give it more support to help the tree grow straight. Lesa watched over this tree she named Angella with determination and a certain amount of pride that she was able to nurture a spindly, leafless tree into a blossoming lifegiving part of nature.

One day our daughter Leslie was mowing the lawn and accidentally hit the tree. Lesa witnessed this event from an upstairs window and immediately flew down the steps to confront her sister. A confrontation followed between the two girls, with Lesa demanding an apology. Leslie told me later that she did, in fact, go over to Lesa's tree, pat it on the trunk and apologize. Laughing, she told me it was not only the first time she had spoken to a tree but also the first time she had apologized to one.

Angella the tree continued to flourish and grow, watched over and nurtured by my daughter. Lesa, however, became ill with cancer. As her cancer worsened, she was unable to watch over Angella. Before our last trip to the hospital, Lesa visited the tree and discovered bumps on the leaves. We delayed our trip to spray the tree to reassure Lesa that her tree would be safe while she was in the hospital.

Lesa died on a hot summer day in August, two days before her eighth birthday. We moved away from that house, hoping to find some peace in a new environment and we transplanted Lesa's tree Angella to the back yard of our new home. We watched it closely, wondering if the tree would survive the transplant. Our special friends who knew the story of Lesa's tree shared its progress with us.

Several years later we sold our home, but this time Lesa's tree was too big to transplant. I wrote the story of Lesa's tree and how she named it Angella and how Lesa had died of cancer and I left it on the kitchen counter for the new owners, hoping they would take care of the tree.

Several months passed while I considered contacting the owners, and then one day I met the daughter of the family that now lives in our old home. She stopped to tell me that the story of Lesa's tree had been passed on to them and that they would guard Lesa's legacy for us. She described how her family had been touched by this story and they were planning to pass on the story should they move in the future.

So, the legacy of a child's love of nature and determination to take care of a special tree goes on. My daughter did not survive her cancer but the story of Angella the tree has touched the lives of every family that has lived in our house.

~ Pat Langford, TCF/North Platte, NE  
In Memory of my daughter, Lesa

THE COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS  
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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
Newsletter Database	Sheryl Cvijanovich .....701-540-3287	Secretary	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
Treasurer	Chuck Klinkhammer.....701-298-2929	Website Administrator	Sheryl Cvijanovich..... 701-540-3287
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.