



The Compassionate Friends

Minneapolis Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

8701 36th Ave N
New Hope, MN 55427

Meeting Schedule

We meet 7:00–8:30 pm on the third Monday of each month.

St. Joseph Parish Community
8701 36th Ave N., New Hope, MN

Bereaved Sibling Group Meeting

A bereaved sibling facilitates the group. Siblings (14+) meet separately, but at the same location/time as our Chapter meeting.

Monday, February 17

“People Say the Darndest Things”

How have we responded to situations and questions that might be awkward or uncomfortable? How have you dealt with...? What have you said when...?

Monday, March 16

“Journaling”

A journal entry is a private space to record a day in your life. Pages become mile markers over time as the expression of grief changes. Seasoned grievers will share impressions of how journaling helped them along their journeys.

Monday, April 20

“How Our Loved One Lived Their Best Life”

We have so many beloved memories and much to share about how our loved one lived their best life. Join us to share stories of your loved ones – their amazing abilities, adventures, escapades and experiences that continue to touch so many.

We Need Not Walk Alone

The Compassionate Friends is a self-help organization offering friendship, understanding, and hope to bereaved families. Anyone who has experienced the death of a child at any age, from any cause, is welcome. Our meetings give parents the opportunity to talk about their child and feelings as they go through the grieving process. Our meetings are also open to grandparents, older siblings, and extended family. There are no membership dues. There is no religious affiliation.

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

The Secret of TCF's Success is Simple: As seasoned grievers reach out to the newly bereaved, energy that has been directed inward begins to flow outward, and both are helped to heal.

To Our New Members: Coming to your first meeting is the hardest thing to do. But, you have nothing to lose, and much to gain. Try not to judge your first meeting as to whether or not TCF will work for you. The second, third, or fourth meeting might be the time you find the right person...or just the right words spoken that will help you in your grief work.

To Our Members Further Down the ‘Grief Road’: We need your encouragement and your support. Each meeting, we have new parents. Think back, what would it have been like for you at your first meeting if there had not been any TCF “veterans” to welcome you and share your grief?

About Our Meetings: Please don't stay away from a meeting because the scheduled topic does not interest you. At each meeting there will be time to discuss and share whatever is on your mind. We welcome your participation, but it is not required.



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Resources

Visit our Chapter Website:
tcfmpls.org



Our Local Chapter Is On Facebook.

Join our Minneapolis Chapter's private Facebook community online: [TCF Mpls](https://www.facebook.com/groups/TCFMpls)
Or log onto Facebook and search: TCF Mpls
www.facebook.com/groups/TCFMpls

National Organization Resources may be found by visiting:
www.compassionatefriends.org

Click "Find Support" tab.

- National Magazine, *We Need Not Walk Alone*®
- Monthly E-Newsletter
- Online Grief-Related Webinar Series
- Online Support Community
- Facebook Closed (Private) Groups
[TCF/USA National Facebook Page](https://www.facebook.com/TCFUSA)
www.facebook.com/TCFUSA

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Lisa Gross Crees

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Gail Hokemeir

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Pat Reller

Co-Librarians

Tasha Feigh & Mary Feigh

Special Events Committee

Lisa Crees, Mary Jo Peterson, Pat Reller

Sibling Facilitator

Maggie Bauer

Steering Committee Meetings

Held quarterly to plan events and Chapter direction. Next meeting: April, date TBA.

TCF NATIONAL OFFICE

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E-mail:nationaloffice@compassionatefriends.orgwww.compassionatefriends.org**Facebook:** www.facebook.com/TCFUSA**Twitter:** <https://twitter.com/TCFofUSA>**REGIONAL COORDINATOR**

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Those who have **SUFFERED**
UNDERSTAND SUFFERING
and therefore



Articles printed in this newsletter reflect the author's personal views, and not necessarily the opinion of the newsletter editor or The Compassionate Friends.

SURROUNDING AREA ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS**Chapter Locator tool is available on TCF National Website**[Find Chapter Here](#)compassionatefriends.org**The St. Paul Chapter**

Meets at Beaver Lake Lutheran Church at 2280 Stillwater Ave. in Maplewood.

Second Thursday each month, 7 pm.

Cathy, (612) 991-9954

The Monticello ChapterMeets at St. Henry's Catholic Church at 1001 7th St. E in Monticello.

Second Monday of the month, 7 pm.

Beth Hill, (763) 295-3610.

The South of the River Chapter

Meets at Shepherd of the Valley Lutheran Church at 12650 Johnny Cake Ridge Rd., Apple Valley.

Third Tuesday each month, 7 pm.

Sue, (952) 797-6346

TCF National Conference July 24-26, 2020

Save the date and plan to attend the
43rd TCF National Conference in Atlanta, GA.



43rd TCF National Conference
July 24-26, 2020 • Atlanta, GA

A national conference of The Compassionate Friends is unlike any other conference you may ever attend. It is a place where you can go and know that you truly are not alone as you travel your grief journey. Every person attends for the same reason: a child/grandchild/sibling has died. It is a place where "friendship, understanding and hope" are more than just words.

You'll find a friendly, warm, safe atmosphere surrounded by compassionate people. It's a weekend of hopeful and

healing activities. At each conference there are many activities for parents, grandparents, and siblings, but you decide what is right for you. There are almost 100 workshops, sharing sessions and craft activities gives you time for intentional grieving and learning. Many areas of grief are covered by the workshops. Interesting and well-known speakers address the Opening and Closing Sessions and the banquets. A special candle lighting ceremony concludes the Saturday evening banquet. A Walk to Remember closes the conference on Sunday.

Registration for the Conference and hotel rooms will open in early February. A block of hotel rooms has been set aside at the conference site, Marriott Marquis Hotel in Atlanta. Watch for updates with details to be posted soon on TCF national website, www.compassionatefriends.org, as well as on TCF/USA Facebook Page, and our Chapter's FB page as they become available.

Don't miss the opportunity to participate in a great conference with lots of activities and workshops for bereaved parents, siblings, and grandparents, just like you.

Mailing List Database Housekeeping

For all update requests: email tcf.mpls.editor@gmail.com

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**Save a Tree & Postage**

If you receive this newsletter in the mail, and would be ok with it arriving instead via email, please let us know.

**Unsubscribe**

If no longer interested and would like to stop receiving our newsletter, please advise.

The Holidays Are Behind Us

It is the New Year. The holidays are behind us. We did with them what we could. Whether they were a time of sorrow, a time of joy, or a combination of each, they are now a part of our memories. In a strange way, as a memory in our hearts and in our minds, our child's place is there amongst all the other memories of the season. There is hurt along with the memory, but also thankfulness for the memory.

Now we look out on a winter landscape. The earth is cold, the land sharply defined. Yet underneath the hard crust, the great energy and warmth of our earth is guarding and providing life to all that grows.

We may personally know the coldness and hardness of a grief so fresh that we feel numb; a grief so hurtful that our body feels physically hard; our throats tight from the muscles pulled by tears, shed or unshed; our chests banded tightly by the muscles of a mourning heart.

If we are not now experiencing this, our memories recollect so easily those early days. Yet, as we live these days, like the earth from which we receive our sustenance, we, too, in our searching, find places of warmth and change and love and growth, deep within.

Let our hearts and minds dwell in these places and be warmed and renewed by them, and let us have the courage and love to share them with our loved one, to talk about even the first time shape of new hope, or of new acceptance, or of new understanding, or of new love.

These are the new roots, born of our love of our child, forming and stirring within, gathering strength so that our lives, at the right time, can blossom once again and be fruitful in a new and deep way.

by Marie Andrews
TCF Southern Maryland

"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

Leader's Corner

A chance meeting in a grocery store a few years ago led me, my partner and another couple to stop and puzzle over where, exactly, did we know each other. The easy back and forth banter between two couples changed when the husband suddenly recalled that I was a TCF chapter leader.

Vivid memories of their time in our chapter meetings filled me with enormous emotions. I stumbled through the rest of the conversation. We parted shortly afterwards, not sharing our names.

I found them two aisles later and asked their names. They smiled. They had forgotten my name, too. Rob and Joy and I exchanged names. I asked them the name of their child. "It's Sawyer," she said, with full emotion.

We are cemented to each other through TCF. Out of context and over time, we forget the names of one another. However, we remember the grief we share. TCF meetings produce powerful friendships.

Every now and then I think of you two, Rob and Joy, wherever you are, and your deep lasting love for Sawyer.

Monica Colberg, Art's Mom and Chapter Leader
TCF Minneapolis, MN

Free Button Pin

We will make each member a free button pin using your child's, grandchild's, or sibling's photo. You may provide a photo in person at a meeting, or email it. See important instructions below.

- Email a hi rez.jpg of the photo to tcf.mpls@gmail.com. Please note if there are any special instructions.
- Or, bring a print or photocopy of your child's photo to a meeting. The print or photocopy must be on regular (20 lb.) copy paper. It's important to not use any heavier paper.
- For best results, your photo image should be 3½" in diameter (black dashed line as shown in layout below).
- It will be placed on a 3-inch button (white solid line). The additional background of the photo is folded to the backside under the plastic cover.
- Because slight shifting may occur, the desired image area should be within a 2⅞" diameter (red dotted line).
- Button image below is not actual size



A Portuguese Fishing Village Helped Me Journey from Grief Toward Hope

Sesimbra, Portugal, is a place with history. She's known grief and loss. Her cracked cobblestones are soaked with centuries of tears. History is seeped into her narrow, steep streets, but she doesn't mourn for those lost. She knows that death is part of life. Nothing surprises her. Nothing defeats her. She simply bears witness and remains.

When my grief was still too acute to feel, I went in search of a place to be alone—a refuge where I could hurt and heal, without hurting others. I was aimless and drifting when Sesimbra caught me in her nets and brought me to her shores. This small fishing village wrapped me in her warmth and held me close until I felt safe enough to let myself shatter.

I was numbed by my son's death when I arrived, but grief soon crashed over me. My pain stormed and screamed and tore me to shreds. My anger would flare and I'd want to crush the universe and everything in it for being unfair and unfeeling. Without warning, guilt would smash me in the gut with a wallop, leaving me curled on the floor, breathless. I'd ask myself, endlessly: "Should I have...?" "Could I have...?" "Would it have made a difference?"

In its gentler moments, grief reminded me of times I shared with Tristan. I remembered his radiant grin, overflowing into a goofy belly laugh that washed us all clean. I smelled his young-man scent, distinctive through the mist of tobacco and Axe body wash. I tasted the love in his hand-rolled gnocchi, prepared specially for his grandma on her birthday. I was proud of his gold medals, and black belts and sobriety fobs. I felt his solid warmth as he hugged me and said, "Love you, Mom," on his way out in the morning.

I thought about his sensitive heart, fragile and fractured, so affected by the wounds of the world. So quick to self-blame. And self-harm. And I remembered how inspired I was by his bravery and strength as he fought to heal himself.

I sifted through 22 years of priceless memories, good and bad, grateful for the sharp stab of each one of them. Alone, I immersed myself in pain, unresisting. It was the only way I knew to spend time with Tristan.

Sesimbra, like any place formed around mountains and ocean and sky, neither judged me nor coddled me. With infinite patience and loving indifference, she simply let me be. Sometimes, though, she whispered that there is still joy in the world. She greeted me each morning with a warm kiss of sunshine and her evening waves soothed me in gentle lullaby.

I walked to the market once a week to buy swordfish fillets, vegetables and fresh bread because, somehow, I still needed to eat. I braved the crowds and ignored vendors who held out cabbages or oranges for my inspection. I'd find the quieter stalls and, not knowing the language, point to items I wanted, trusting the vendors to give me correct change. The market was overwhelming—too many people and glassy-eyed fish on ice—so I never lingered. In and out, eyes down, get the job done. Eventually, though, I began to notice the women behind the market stalls, laughing and gossiping with each other. I envied them a little bit.

In the afternoons, I'd nestle my feet deeply into the cool white sand and let the glistening ocean blind me. I'd hold my grief close,

like a worry stone. At first, if I noticed people at all, they were simply part of the backdrop. But one day, I saw two small children laughing at the shoreline, searching for pebbles and shells, screeching as the waves lapped their feet, two tiny packages of overflowing joy. They reminded me of my granddaughter, Ava, who I suddenly missed terribly. I thought of Ava, back home, mourning her uncle as a three-year-old will, with questions and confidence on her way to the playground.

I discovered a restaurant where I could sit on the patio, overlooking the ocean, eating mussels and fresh bread, drinking sangria or sparkling water. Sometimes an orange tabby cat slept on the chair across from me, a perfect dinner companion.

The owner of the restaurant was a tiny, radiant woman about my age who spoke a bit of English. One day, she asked what brought me to Sesimbra. I told her about Tristan and my need to be alone. She listened without comment and then shared her own story of grief to let me know that she understood. That we were connected. And I was so grateful for that human connection.

One day, as I watched the gulls squabble on the water, I realized that life was all around me and I was still part of it, decades of sunrises and sunsets ahead of me. I thought back to when Tristan started his recovery journey and I started mine. To that moment when I realized that where there's life, there's hope. I remembered the freedom that hope brings, the joy of possibility. I couldn't hope for Tristan any more, but perhaps I could hope for myself. Maybe, I could hope to laugh again with my friends, like the ladies in the market. Or hope to lose myself in the innocent joy of decorating cupcakes with Ava one more time. Just maybe, I could hope to feel the fullness of human connection again.

As I sat on the beach with my back against the coolness of a stone wall, centuries old, I began to feel hope for my life after his death.

About a week before heading home to spend that first Christmas with my family, without Tristan, I watched the sun spread its crimson glow across the water and knew, with sudden



certainty, that hope was something I was not willing to give up. Hope was a message I needed to carry. I have a story to tell and it's a story of hope.

A story of how I finally discovered hope, after years of living in fear and ignorance of Tristan's addiction. How I learned there was hope for him, for others who struggle and for me. Hope that I could be okay, no matter what. And it's a story of how Tristan discovered hope, bright enough, at times, to dispel his shame and obsession, to light a pathway back to himself. Of how his hope was a life-saving beacon for others who struggled. Hope is Tristan's legacy.

And so, I began to write.

Kathy Wagner, New Westminster, B.C.

TCF Kamloops, B.C., Canada

Contributed to The Globe and Mail, Published Aug. 20, 2019

Our Children Remembered...on Their Birthdays

Loved...Missed...Forever in Our Hearts



February

CHILD	MEMBER
Kimberly	Donna W.
J. D.	Cathy Bailly
Ian Stevens	Kristine & Dale DeWitt
Steven Eric Hanson	Meg Hanson
Elyse Mary Stern	Robin Stern
Corey Fetzer-Londer	Cheryl Fetzer
Charlotte	Jon & Angie Downing
Brandon	Melanie Lawrence-Smith
Brandon (Sibling)	Maya Lawrence
Brianna Hager (Grandchild)	Marge & Paul Modell
Alice	Suzanna Bess & Carrie Johnson
Christopher Bormann	Susan Bormann
Claire Richards	Gail Manning & David Richards
Benjamin	Todd & Debbie Huberty
Troy Perron	Gin Johnson
Michael Gebhard	Allan & Evelyn Gebhard
Noah Tweed	Dennis & Sandee Tweed
Kevin Williams	Shirley Williams
Kevin Williams (Sibling)	Kim & Ken Williams
Amanda	Dave & Deb Nordgaard
Lori Jensen	Christine Jensen
Harriet	Stephen & Fiona Burgdorf
Chris (Sibling)	Maggie Bauer
Christopher	Mary & Bruce Bauer
Aiden	Mary Sullivan
Paul Just (Sibling)	Sarah Barrett
Paul Just	Kelly Barrett

April

CHILD	MEMBER
Samantha	Julie & John Bangsund
Chad Goodspeed (Sibling)	Brenna Goodspeed
Chad Goodspeed	Betty Udseth
Ashley	Michon Jenkin & Randy Segal
Peter	Eric Strommen
Michael	Jean Shilinski
Matthew (Matt)	Stephen & Carol Hawk
Stefanie	Jayne Darling
Andy	Debbie Stifter
Seth	Lynn Argetsinger & Roger Friedell
Aaron Ginsberg (Sibling)	Leonora Ginsberg
Cristian	Sara & John Schmidt
Cora	Danielle Grinsel
Mark Frain (Sibling)	Michael & Terri Frain
Mark Frain	Donna Frain

Birthday Table

Birthdays are given special recognition at our monthly meetings. During your child's birthday month, you are invited to bring photos and memorabilia to share and display on our Birthday Table. Some like to sign up to bring a favorite snack or treat (even birthday cake) to celebrate the birthday of their child.

March

CHILD	MEMBER
Zachary	Darcie Rummel
Renee	Pat & Roy Schulz
Adam	Kathryn & Waters
Harry Richards	Winnie Visco
John Michael Morgan (Sibling)	Jane Morgan
Christopher	Lynnette Orkin
David (Sibling)	Gabrielle Robbins
David	Christiane Robbins
Robby Andrew Wallenberg Bragg	Linda Wallenberg
Murdoch	Cory Crust
Ashley Cochran	Lisa Cochran
Caleb	Paul & Perla Morley
Alexander	Susan & Ed Herrmann
Murdoch	Nicole Crust

A Winter Day

*The yard covered in winter's white,
Clear blue sky above
Trees cast long shadows
Prairie grasses stand above the snow.*

*The afternoon sun shines brightly,
Reflecting off the snow*

*A blue-eyed black dog sits in the sun,
Basking in the warm rays.*

*The dried grasses sway to and fro,
In a gentle winter breeze
Small birds sing on a nearby branch,
On a sunny winter day.*

*Phantom footprints in the snow
Children's laughter in the yard
Sounds fading to a whisper,
Ghostly memories of long ago.*

Becoming a Sage Grief Traveler

After surviving a journey of grief, the journeyer becomes a sage grief traveler, who is now able to offer advice, wisdom, and share a compass with others facing their own unexpected grief journey. They come to know what all grief survivors know, that grief is a powerful, common and universal feeling, but it is survivable.

Our Beloved Children...in Our Hearts Always

especially during the Remembrance Month of their death.



February

CHILD	MEMBER
Kelly Ann	Theresa Nichols
Tommy	Sheryl Hutton
Sarah Tilman	Cathie Tilman
Zachariah Paul Benjamin Muonio	Michael & Anita Muonio
Mitch (Sibling)	Rachel Shapiro
Ben Freidson (Sibling)	Debe Fefferman
Benjamin Freidson (Sibling)	Jenne Freidson
Brandon	Melanie Lawrence-Smith
Brandon (Sibling)	Maya Lawrence
Michael Gebhard	Allan & Evelyn Gebhard
Alice	Suzanna Bess & Carrie Johnson
Jeremy Klein (Brother)	Jeanne Klein
Jeremy Klein	Chris Klein
Matthew	Mary Curtis
Allisa Feldman	Harley & Elayne Feldman
Elsey Kirabo	Mary Jo & Winston Peterson
Ben	Karen & Gary Hansen
Ben Hansen (Sibling)	Taylor Gotta
Christopher	Judi Callas
Sadie Hanson	Dani Hanson
Alex	Chuck & Trudi Campbell
Christopher	Lynnette Orkin
Persephonee	Chris & Ameer Banks
Thomas Scott	Dianne & Bill Jeffery

March

CHILD	MEMBER
Abigail Grace	Tom & Christina Monroe
Missy	Mary Feigh
Missy (Sibling)	Tasha Feigh
Juli Elisabeth (Sibling)	Melissa, and Michael Crees
Juli Elisabeth	Lisa & Steve Crees
Juliette	Nancy Kilhan
Campbell	Jenner Johnson
Sullivan	Holly Holmes
Jory Day-Monroe (Grandchild)	Mary Klingelhoets
Jory Day-Monroe (Sibling)	Seaira Garcia
John Alden	Mary & John Alden
Keith Rosenwinkel	Wanda VonHoltum
Jaden Dallas Dalton	Karren Gray
Michelle Franta (Sibling)	Jeff & Melia Liedman
Michelle Marie Franta	Lynn & Stan Liedman
Ben Alden	Mary & John Alden
Kendra	Tom & Terri Lindfors
Kendra (Sibling)	Cole Lindfors
Matthew	Sue Reid & Mark Schmidt
Kyle	Lynda Kubousek
Brenden	Tammy Sperr
Shayde Erin Rudenick	Steve Rudenick
Melissa Roeser	Marilyn & Steve Dahlmeier
Lauren	Nancy Riesgraf
Nicole Jean Gallery	Janna Gallery
Paul	Pilar & Steve Hoenack
Kimberly	Donna W.
Grayson Jett	Brian & Jennifer Jett

March (Cont'd)

CHILD	MEMBER
Lauren	Dawn & Peter Duwenhoegger
Ross Alvin Joseph Stenerson	Barbara Stenerson
Barrett Ugland	Renee Forst
Gregory Sather (Sibling)	Eric Sather
Gregory Sather (Sibling)	Joelle & Paul Valentini
Gregory Sather	Nancy Sather
Brianna Hager (Grandchild)	Marge & Paul Modell
Lawrence (Son in law)	Fern & Dave Sanders
Scott (Sibling)	Cori Plehal
Scott	Harriet Lodermeier
Daniel Hirschberger (Sibling)	Anna & Todd Lundblad
Daniel Hirschberger	Linda Schaeffer
Jordan	Leslie Holt
John Michael Morgan (Sibling)	Jane Morgan
Mandy	Don & Connie Lundholm
Elyse Mary Stern	Robin Stern

April

CHILD	MEMBER
Zachary	Connie Theis
John Pecnik (Sibling)	Jeanne Klein
Spencer Johnson	Ann Perry
Jesi	Pat & Sue Harding
Noah Tweed	Dennis & Sandee Tweed
Michael Habte	Debra Hudson
Jenna Rietmulder	Jay & Holli Rietmulder
Paul Just (Sibling)	Sarah Barrett
Paul Just	Kelly Barrett
Molly	Pat, Charlie & Tyler Brown
Michael James Lewis	Joanne Lewis
Joseph Daniel Muonio	Michael & Anita Muonio
Calob	Jessica Bartram
Kevin Williams	Shirley Williams
Kevin Williams (Sibling)	Kim & Ken Williams
Vincent	Jeff Lewis
Amanda	Dave & Deb Nordgaard
Sarah	Jane Ramerth & Marc Friedman
Cynthia	Liz Keller
Javi	Renee & Ricardo Moron
Tony	Tina Mehok
Dominic	Aaron Cepeda
Hallie	Todd & Kathy Brown
Corey	Mary Feigh



A Grandparent's Lament

My seven-year-old grandchild was killed in a tragic accident. We had such wonderful times together. He was the shining light of my life and now he is gone. I feel sorry for my daughter and son-in-law, but they have lots of support from caring friends. No one seems to understand my agony. Grandparents mourn too!

How true. The grandparent-grandchild relationship is very special. With quality time they provide the biggest laps, make few demands, and give many gifts. It has often been said that parents aren't supposed to bury their children. But neither are grandparents supposed to bury their grandchildren. When a child dies, both parents and grandparents have lost a part of their future—one of the most horrific blows that human beings can endure.

There is a double assault of grieving for a grandchild while witnessing the suffering of your daughter and son-in-law. Your grief work may be different. Memories and attachments are not the same. Each of you has been rocked in individual paths to the very depths of your being in the attempt to patch together pieces of your shattered lives. You must find a way to express what you are feeling or this suffering will stay inside you and fester. Seek out those with whom you can share your heartbreak. Pour out these emotions of grief and if necessary, repeat them time and again. Perhaps keep a journal for your eyes alone to flood out your sorrow. But most of all, talk. Talk to your friends, family, neighbors, clergy, support group or a professional counselor. How sorely you need their expressions of help, warmth, and understanding.

The death of your grandchild may also result in an even closer relationship with your daughter, son-in-law, and the rest of your family. Recall the unforgettable memories of the past as you search for a meaningful future. Even in your overwhelming despair you will realize that part of that child's life will live with you forever.

Rabbi Earl A. Grollman

From "Journeys," a Newsletter of the Hospice Foundation of America www.hospicefoundation.org

Please Don't Discount Sibling Grief

I have come to think of sibling grief as "discounted grief." Why? Because siblings appear to be an emotional bargain in most people's eyes. People worry so much about the bereaved parents that they invest very little attention in the grieving sibling.

My personal "favorite" line said to siblings is, "You be sure and take care of your parents." I wanted to know who was supposed to take care of me, I knew I couldn't.

The grief of siblings may differ from that of a parent, but it ought not to be discounted. People need to realize that while it is obviously painful for parents to have lost a child, it is also painful for the sibling, who has not only lost a sister or brother, but an irreplaceable friend.

While dealing with this double loss, he or she must confront yet another factor: The loss of a brother or sister is frequently the surviving sibling's first experience with the death of any young person. Young people feel they will live forever. A strong dose of mortality in the form of a sibling death is very hard to take.

The feelings of sibling are also often discounted when decisions are being made on things ranging from a funeral plan to flower selections. Parents need to listen to surviving siblings who usually know a lot about the tastes and preferences of the deceased.

Drawing on the knowledge that surviving siblings have about supposedly trivial things, such as favorite clothes or music, can serve two purposes when planning funeral or memorial services. First, their input helps ensure that the deceased receives the type of service he or she would have liked. Second, their inclusion in the planning lets them know they are still an important part of the family.

I realize that people are unaware that they are discounting sibling grief. But then, that's why I'm writing this, so people will know.

Jane Machado
TCF Tulare, CA

It's Music That Bonds the Soul

*The room you once lived in doesn't look the same.
The people, who used to call you, never mention your name.
The car you used to drive, they may not make any more.
All the things you once treasured are boxed behind closed doors.
The clothes you set the trends by, are surely out of date.
The people you owed money to have wiped away the slate.
Things have changed and changed, again since you went away.
But some things remained the same each and every day.
Like this aching in my heart...a scar that just won't heal.
Or the way a special song can change the way you feel.*

*Brother, you must know that the music bonds us and will always keep us close.
Because secretly, I know deep in my heart, it's the music you miss the most.*

*So, let the world keep on turning and time can take its toll.
For as long as the music keeps playing, you'll be alive and dancing in my soul.*

Stacie Gilliam Oklahoma City, OK





The Compassionate Friends

Minneapolis Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

c/o St. Joseph Parish Community
8701 36th Ave N
New Hope MN 55427

The Minneapolis Chapter of The Compassionate Friends operates solely with voluntary donations. While there are no dues or subscription fees, donations to help support our Chapter's efforts are much appreciated. Funds are used for meeting supplies, rent, newsletter printing/postage, and more. Gifts in any amount are appreciated. Please consider a \$10 annual donation if you are receiving a printed, mailed newsletter.

Thank you for your consideration!

Complete and return this form along with your donation to a chapter monthly meeting or mail to our treasurer:

John Jordan, 11905 53rd Ave N, Plymouth, MN 55442

Please make check payable to *The Compassionate Friends Minneapolis*.

Please Print

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Child's Name _____

Birth Date _____

Death Date _____

NO LONGER INTERESTED?

Do you wish to remain on our mailing list and receive our quarterly newsletter?

- Perhaps you aren't able to attend monthly meetings, but wish to continue to be informed of our chapter news and events.
- ♦ Perhaps you find comfort in reading the articles and stories included in the newsletter.

IF THE RENEWAL DATE ON YOUR MAILING LABEL IS HIGHLIGHTED, to remain on our mailing list, DO ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

Attend an occasional meeting or event, (be sure to sign in)

OR

Email our Database Manager at tcf.mpls@gmail.com

OR

Complete and return the coupon found to the left.