



The Compassionate Friends

Minneapolis Chapter

Supporting Family After a Child Dies

8701 36th Ave N
New Hope, MN 55427

MEETING SCHEDULE

OFFERING HYBRID MONTHLY MEETINGS

ATTEND IN-PERSON OR VIA ZOOM

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

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

Via Zoom: To Register, use the link emailed a few days prior to each meeting.

Bereaved Siblings Hybrid Meeting

A bereaved sibling facilitates the group. Siblings (14+) meet at the same time and place (in-person & Zoom) as our Chapter meeting, but break into their own group for support & conversation.

Monday, February 19

“Grief Portrayed in Film & Television— Snippets & Lessons”

HYBRID (In-person & Zoom) MEETING

We will share grief and loss learnings from movies and television. Films can temporarily distract us from our grief, show us that we are not alone, offer perspectives on our complex emotions, and provide us with messages of hope.

Monday, March 18

“How to Maintain a Relationship with Your Lost Loved One”

HYBRID (In-person & Zoom) MEETING

Losing a child, grandchild or sibling can be a heartbreaking experience. We often feel like we have lost the future we had envisioned with them. This session aims to discuss how it can be helpful to maintain a relationship with our loved ones even after they have passed away. It offers some ideas that may help to fill the void created by their loss.

Monday, April 15

“Opening Up to Deep Fierce Grief”

HYBRID (In-person & Zoom) MEETING

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.

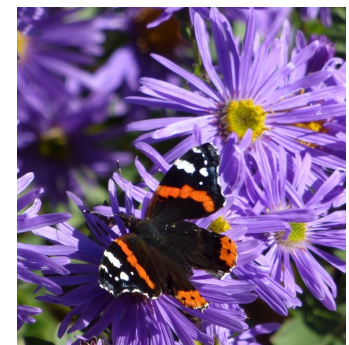
When a child dies, at any age, the family suffers intense pain and may feel hopeless and isolated. **The Mission** of The Compassionate Friends is to provide highly personal comfort, hope, and support to every family experiencing the death of a son or daughter, a brother or sister, or a grandchild, and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



Inside This Issue:

Chapter and National Contact Info	2
TCF National Conference, New Orleans	2
Prescription for a Heartache	3
Leader's Corner—Throwing Stones	3
Seasons of Grief	4
A Valentine's Day Wish	5
Remembrance Dates: Febr-Mar-April	5-6
Grandparents	7

TCF's Vision...

*That everyone who
needs us will find us
and everyone who finds
us will be helped.*

MINNEAPOLIS CHAPTER INFO**TELEPHONE:** (612) 444-1301**EMAIL:** tcf.mpls@gmail.com**Minneapolis Chapter Leader**
Monica Colberg**Treasurer**
John Jordan**Newsletter Editor & Co-Leader**
Gloria Jordan
tcf.mpls.editor@gmail.com**Database Coordinators**
Terri & Tom Lindfors**Webmaster**
Lisa Gross Crees**Facebook Page Administrator**
Lisa Gross Crees**Hospitality Coordinator**
*Jan Kocur Thanks for joining the team!***Donor Appreciation**
Pat Reller**Lending Library**
David Benson**Special Events Co-coordinators**
Vickie Hackel & Monica Colberg**Sibling Loss Facilitator**
Maggie Bauer**Steering Committee Meetings**
Held quarterly to plan events and Chapter direction. Next meeting: January 12.**TCF NATIONAL OFFICE**

Toll Free: 1-877-969-0010

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

Cathy Seehuetter: (612) 991-9954

Email: seehuettercathy@yahoo.comThose who have **SUFFERED**
UNDERSTAND SUFFERING

and therefore

*extend their hand.*

-Patti Smith

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

RESOURCES**Chapter Locator Tool** available on TCF National Website
[Locate Chapter Here](#) www.compassionatefriends.org**Minneapolis Chapter Website:**
tcfmpls.org**MPLS Chapter Is On Facebook:**Join our Minneapolis Chapter's private Facebook community online:
[TCF Mpls](#)Or log onto Facebook and search:
TCF Mplswww.facebook.com/groups/TCFMpls**National Organization Website:**
www.compassionatefriends.orgThere are several options under
"Resources" and "Find Support"

- **Online Grief-Related Webinar Series**
- **Online Support Communities**
- **National Magazine, *We Need Not Walk Alone*®**
- **Facebook Closed (Private) Groups**

TCF/USA National Facebook Page
www.facebook.com/TCFUSA*Save the Date!***TCF 47th National Conference**
New Orleans, LA – July 12-14, 2024

Every summer, bereaved parents, grandparents, and siblings come together at TCF's annual National Conference and find a community of people who truly understand and who get it.

Conference offerings include over 100 workshops covering a multitude of topics, keynote speakers, sharing sessions, musical performances and more. This opportunity for connection and education provides valuable support whether you're grieving a recent loss or are a long-time griever.

Make plans to set aside the July 12-14 weekend to spend time focused on your loved one, sharing memories and stories. Join others who find this a helpful, heart-warming experience.

Registration details, Hotel location, discounted rates with room block info will be announced in the next month. compassionatefriends.org**Tomorrow Will Be Better**

When my son died, I felt like there would be no tomorrow. I didn't want a tomorrow. I wanted yesterday with its promise of joy and perfection. I wanted my son to be alive. But he was gone.

Now, when life gets me down, I remember the joys of yesterday, think of all that I was given, take measure of all that still needs to be done, and I promise myself tomorrow will be better because I will work very hard to make it better.

My grandmother often told me, "If you think you can, you're right. If you think you can't, you're right. What do you think?" As a child I thought this was strange. As an adult, I know it to be true.

Tomorrow will be better. Tomorrow I will, once again, tell my mind to stop the negative thoughts.

And my mind will do exactly that, as I command my ship of grief.

Annette Mennen Baldwin, TCF Katy, TX
Forever remembering my son, Todd Mennen

A Day

A laugh a day keeps the heart pumping.

A tear a day keeps the mind clear.

A smile a day gives joy to others.

A hug a day gives the hopeless hope.

A thought a day brings loved ones near.

A memory a day brings you closer to me.

Laughs, tears, smiles, hugs
stitched with thoughts and memories...

They're all in my days without you.

Pam Burden
TCF, Augusta, GA

Prescription for a Heartache

While browsing through clip art, I was looking for something suitable for this February edition of our newsletter. Could anything accurately depict the heartache we all feel—especially in this season of valentines exchanged, with pretty roses and decadent chocolates?

What caught my eye was the endless variety of illustrations of hearts pierced with an arrow, presumably from that adorable, chubby, love icon, Cupid. Several years ago, on the 14th of December, an arrow pierced my heart creating a gaping, raw chasm. What remedy could possibly exist to ease the agony of that unbearable pain?



Rx—Infusions of love and support
from understanding, brave friends

Rx—Hugs and hope generously given
by new-found compassionate friends

Rx—Permission from a therapist to cry
and feel

Rx—Unending strength and patience
offered by my loving husband

All the above are not a cure-all, but each remedy goes a long way towards filling a prescription for mending a broken, grieving heart. Slowly but surely, this heart is healing.

Gloria Jordan
TCF Minneapolis, MN



Leader's Corner

Throwing Stones

Eighteen months after joining the group I took a tentative step into TCF Minneapolis Compassionate Friends leadership.

The chapter leader had begun to ask and then beg people to join the Steering Committee. Nobody stepped forward. The meetings became awkward. I was too timid to stand in front of a group but I could be in the background supporting the effort.

I asked someone in the leadership circle for the date of the next steering committee meeting. I assumed we would meet at the church.

Wrong. It was in the burbs somewhere. This was before MapQuest was at my fingertips. I consulted a folding paper map and was given specific directions.

I am not a great navigator and I was pretty fragile. Life was hard on multiple levels. Driving frightened me. I took wrong turns and arrived late.

The address was a long rectangular building perched on a graded hill in a slightly spooky semi-industrial area. The front door was locked with no light over it. There was no doorbell.

I walked around the building as dusk settled in and found a window with a light on. I could not reach the window. I called out politely, "Hello!"

"Hello!!" No response. Maybe I should leave, acutely embarrassed at being so late. I teetered back and forth whether to go or stay.

Some inner will kicked in. After investing time and gas finding the place I was not leaving. I looked for resources at hand. River rock surrounded the building. I selected a small one and bounced it at the window. No response. A second rock bounced on the window.

I hurled the third rock at the window. A head bobbed up. We communicated by hand signals through the glass. I walked back to the front door that was now held open for me.

Three months later Mary Weiss, Carol Hawk and I formed a triad of leadership for the Minneapolis chapter. I was in awe of those two confident women. I wanted to be like them. Tragically, within weeks Mary was diagnosed with Stage 4 cancer. Linda Hayen stepped up as newsletter editor to reform the triad. Carol Hawk chaired the chapter and I fell in as co-chair/treasurer in July, 2006. Seventeen years later, I remain in TCF leadership. Risking a broken window, the rewards from those rocks thrown were life-altering.

I found solace, friendships, and confidence to walk through overwhelming sadness from child loss to rebuild my life. I reclaimed joy, created legacy for my son and helped others on their grief journeys.

In our TCF chapter we create evenings for intentional grieving which I share with my family and so many others. A step into a TCF leadership circle is definitely worth the time.

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

Seasons of Grief

It is winter today. There is no sun, not even a flash of light to focus on. The air has become murky as if it has solidified, losing its clarity. Ice covers everything, smothering any life that might have been.

Staring out my window, I compare the bite of winter to my grief: the coldness, the shadows, and my reluctance to breathe in any more discomfort. Grief, like winter, appears uninvited and unwelcome. We abhor the pain and wonder why we must endure the distress, while all along we feel the imminent arrival.

Winter compels the earth to rest. Everything stops struggling, stops performing, and sleeps. Abruptly, nature's need to "do" is gone and "being" is all that is necessary. All that was living before appears lifeless. The leaves disappear from the trees, flowers no longer grace our gardens, and the grass is entombed by snow. But what is going on beneath that which we see? Are the flowers really gone, or are they only changing...becoming new, becoming different?

I ponder how much further I dare go with this. Can I contend that grief, like winter, is a gift? Can I talk about the metamorphosis of grief, and contemplate gratitude for its presence? I do not know, but that is where my thoughts are leading me.

Grief necessitates a sabbatical from living. We stop struggling, stop performing, and freeze. Our compulsion to "do" dissolves, and "being" is all that is possible. Our life as we knew it disappears, dreams are shattered, and our hearts are ripped from us in the blink of an eye. We are gone, lost in our grief. But what is transpiring in our heart? Is everything gone, or is it only changing...becoming new, becoming different?

Grief is harsher than winter. The tasks of daily living are amplified, and what was once soft and blurred becomes sharp and ragged. While winter invariably ends and I remember that spring will arrive, grief makes no such promise. I must wait without assurance. There are moments when winter is beautiful: a blanket of fresh snow on Christmas morning or the surprise of a warm breeze in February. There are nights when winter is hard and ugly, when temperatures plummet and the howl of the wind threatens our sanity. Grief is the same. A special memory comes into my heart and grief becomes bittersweet...beautiful. Then, a letter addressed to my son arrives in the mail, and I am back to the harsh reality that he is gone.

My grief transformed me. It tore out everything within me and said There! It is GONE! What are you going to do? You have NOTHING LEFT TO HANG ON TO! You must begin again. You must change. And change is what I did. As winter alters the earth, my grief changed me. It gave me a period of time to step back from living and just be, a space in my existence to feel only that which I needed to feel. It was a time for reflection, reprioritizing, and searching. Without it, I would remain as empty as a garden that never rests.

"But it was painful, horrifying, and devastating," you say. "How can you be thankful for such a thing?"

Grief, like winter, freezes our world. Both appear painful, horrifying, and devastating, but it is our preparation for, reaction to, and perception of, that creates our discomfort. It is our need to label that which appraises discomfort as bad. If we

deny that death is possible for those we love, we will be stunned and terrified by its occurrence. If we react to the first blizzard of winter with panic and fear, we will be too afraid to honor its power. If we perceive a fatal ice storm as an act of God, we will shake our fist at Him and spend more time than we have asking why.

And if we distinguish death as the end of a loved one's existence, we will be eternally saddened by their absence. The path to spring, to the end of winter, requires only our patience and perseverance. The path to healing requires that and more: it requires that we learn to think differently.

We are a society that fears death. We consider it an end to life, love, and all that came before. Those who die either cease to be, or they exist in a place that is unavailable to us. It is not surprising that fear is present. However, if we alter our beliefs, we can then change our preparation for, reaction to, and perception of death. If we come to know that death is a change in form and not an end, we will not eliminate the winters of our grieving, but we will lessen our suffering.

When my son died in 1996, I had no other option but to change my thinking. I could not live another day presuming he no longer existed. By saying to myself often, I am changing my perception of death, I announced to the universe and my higher self that I intended to change what I believed. I placed my intent, reached for it, and settled for nothing less.

I began searching for and finding information to support my new perception. I read books about life after death, mediumship, after death communication, spirituality, and reincarnation. I perused websites, joined email lists, and joined chats where these topics were addressed. I found like-minded friends who understood what I was feeling. I observed mediumship activities on television, at seminars, and on the Internet. I began to support my new belief system with knowledge.

I invited experiences by talking to my son Jason and asking him to come to me in a dream or to give me a sign of his presence. I meditated and made myself more aware of that which isn't seen or touched. I opened up a doorway of possibility and welcomed all that came from love to enter.

Finally, I accepted what happened and expressed gratitude. When the lights went off and then on again for no apparent reason, I was quick to say "thank you." If I was only thanking the power company, it didn't matter. No one knew. The more I accepted as real, the more I experienced. We hear often that "seeing is believing," but this is about "believing is seeing."

My journey has been both desolate and inspiring. There have been moments when I thought the cold and darkness would never end, and moments when tears of joy washed away the pain, and light permeated my being. I invite you to walk the path of grief a little differently: to nurture winter's bleakness and look deep into its purpose. And just as we must think differently to see winter's grace, we must think differently to see the gift of grief. It is there, buried beneath a frozen crust that protects and restores while the winter of our soul...ensues.

Sandy Goodman, TCF Wind River, WY

Sandy is author of *Love Never Dies: A Mother's Journey from Loss to Love*.
Article reprinted from griefwatch.com

Our Children Remembered...on Their Birthdays

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



February

CHILD	MEMBER
Kimberly	Donna W.
J. D.	Cathy Bailly
Elyse Mary Stern	Robin Stern
Michael Stephen Kronick	Micki Herman Kay
Charlotte	Jon & Angie Downing
Max Williams	Marion Williams
Brandon	Melanie Lawrence-Smith
Brandon	Maya Lawrence
Christopher Bormann	Susan Bormann
Claire Richards	Gail Manning & David Richards
Benjamin	Todd & Debbie Huberty
Troy Perron	Gin Johnson
Noah Tweed	Dennis & Sandee Tweed
Kevin Williams	Shirley Williams
Kevin Williams	Kim & Ken Williams
Amanda	Dave & Deb Nordgaard
Lori Jensen	Christine Jensen
Harriet	Stephen & Fiona Burgdorf
Chris	Maggie Bauer
Christopher	Mary & Bruce Bauer
Aiden	Mary Sullivan
Scott	Mary Blumb
Paul Just	Kelly Barrett
Paul Just	Sarah Barrett

March

CHILD	MEMBER
David Nelson	Jill Harrison
Zachary	Darcie Rummel
Adam	Kathryn & Waters
Harry Richards	Winnie Visco
Aaron Carlton	Kristi Strom
Lori Spurgeon	Kristi Kling
Emma	Jeronimo Garza
John Michael Morgan	Jane Morgan
David	Gabrielle Robbins
David	Christiane Robbins
Robby Andrew Wallenberg Bragg	Linda Wallenberg
Michael	Laura Bottenfield
Caleb	Paul & Perla Morley
Alexander	Susan & Ed Herrmann
Murdoch	Nicole Crust
Murdoch	Cory Crust

April

CHILD	MEMBER
Samantha	Julie & John Bangsund
Chad Goodspeed	Betty Udseth
Ashley	Randy Segal & Michon Jenkin
Peter	Eric Strommen
Michael	Jean Shilinski
Matthew (Matt)	Stephen & Carol Hawk
Stefanie	Jayne Darling
Aaron Ginsberg	Leonora Ginsberg
Cristian	Sara & John Schmidt
Kirk	Ben Folen
Kirk Folen	Susan Folen
Abe	David Benson
Mark Frain	Donna Frain
Mark Frain	Michael & Terri Frain

A Valentine's Day Wish

How I wish I could bring our children back to us for Valentine's Day—24 hours we could spend telling our children of our love.

But, alas, we are doomed to spend another Valentine's Day without our beloved children. Others who have not lost a child tend to take for granted these special days. A card that says "I love you, Mom and Dad" should be carefully folded and saved in a special place. All too many parents consider these cards to be renewable commodities. There's no need to save this one—"we'll always get another one next year."

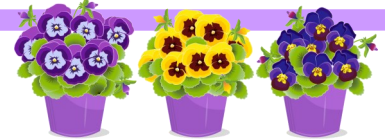
For many of us, next year came and there was no card. Tears of sadness replaced tears of joy on this special day. But for many of us the memories remain of those Valentine's Days gone by. Because our child's love remains with us, our child will never truly be gone.

This year on Valentine's Day, let us shed tears of joy that we were given even a short time with our child—for this, no matter how short, can never be taken from us.

Wayne Loder
TCF Lakes Area, MI



Birthdays
 Birthdays are recognized at our monthly meetings. During your child/sibling/grandchild's birthday month, you're invited to bring a photo or memorabilia to display on our Birthday Table. You may sign up to bring their favorite snack or treat to celebrate. If attending via Zoom, we invite you to share a photo during introductions.



Our Beloved Children...in Our Hearts Always

especially during the Remembrance Month of their death.

February

CHILD	MEMBER
James	Samantha & Michael Wallad
Tommy	Sheryl Hutton
Alex	Sandra Reem
David Nelson	Jill Harrison
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
Jeremy Klein	Chris Klein
Matthew	Mary Curtis
Allisa Feldman	Harley & Elayne Feldman
Ashley Beard	sibling Emily Beard
Ashley Beard	Tim & Wendy Beard
Eleyse Kirabo	Mary Jo & Winston Peterson
Ben	Karen & Gary Hansen
Ben Hansen	sibling Taylor Gotta
Scott	Mary Blumb
Christopher	Judi Callas
Sadie Hanson	Dani Hanson
Persephonee	Chris & Ameer Banks

March

CHILD	MEMBER
Abigail Grace	Tom & Christina Monroe
Missy	Mary Feigh
Missy	sibling Tasha Feigh
Juli Elisabeth	sibling Melissa Myers and Michael Crees
Juli Elisabeth	Lisa & Steve Crees
Juliette	Nancy Kilhan
Campbell	Jenner Johnson
Lori Spurgeon	sibling Kristi Kling
Corey	Nancy & John Poland
Jory Day-Monroe	sibling Seaira Garcia
Jory Day-Monroe	grandchild Mary Klingelhoets
Steffanie	Kevin & Sue Quick
Steffanie Quick	grandchild Jan Quick
Steffanie Quick	sibling Matthew Quick
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	sibling Cole Lindfors
Kendra	Tom & Terri Lindfors
Ryan	Renee Torbenson
Matthew	Sue Reid & Mark Schmidt
Kyle	Lynda Kubousek
Cole Linnell	Jean Thurmer
Brenden	Tammy Sperr
Shayde Erin Rudenick	Steve Rudenick
Ben Rueben	Melissa Fischer

March (continued)

CHILD	MEMBER
Mikey	Colleen Gillespie
Melissa Roeser	Marilyn & Steve Dahlmeier
Nicole Jean Gallery	Janna Gallery
Kimberly	Donna W.
Grayson Jett	Brian & Jennifer Jett
Lauren	Dawn & Peter Duwenhoegger
Michael Stephen Kronick	Micki Herman Kay
Ross Alvin Joseph Stenerson	Barbara Stenerson
Barrett Ugland	Renee Forst
Gregory Sather	Nancy Sather
Gregory Sather	sibling Eric, and Joelle & Paul Valentini
Scott	sibling Cori Plehal
Scott	Harriet Lodermeier
Shay	sibling Benjamin, Kira, Andrew McSherry
Shay	Meagan McSherry
Daniel Hirschberger	sibling Anna & Todd Lundblad
Daniel Hirschberger	Linda Schaeffer
Jordan	Leslie Holt
John Michael Morgan	sibling Jane Morgan
Elyse Mary Stern	Robin Stern

April

CHILD	MEMBER
Zachary	Connie Theis
Abe	David Benson
John Pecnik	sibling Jeanne Klein
Jesi	Pat & Sue Harding
Rachel Merchant	Deb Merchant
Noah Tweed	Dennis & Sandee Tweed
Sara Louise	Clarice Sulzbach
Jenna Rietmulder	Jay & Holli Rietmulder
Paul Just	Kelly Barrett
Paul Just	sibling Sarah 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
Khari Dixon	Arineith Imani
Vincent	Jeff Lewis
Amanda	Dave & Deb Nordgaard
Sarah	Jane Ramerth & Marc Friedman
Cynthia	Liz Keller
Anne	Carol Just
Tracy Greenwood	sibling Tanya Broten
Conner Box-Lindholm	Stacey Lindholm
Tony	Tina Mehok
Regal	sibling Georgia Blues
Regal	Marty Bragg
Dominic	Aaron Cepeda
Hallie	Todd & Kathy Brown
Alexis	sibling Brandon Jensen
Alexis Whitney	Sandie Jensen
Corey	sibling Tasha Feigh
Corey	Mary Feigh

Grandparents

In our involvement in the grief over the death of our child, we fail to realize that grandparents also grieve. Although not in the same way or to the same extent we do, they do grieve. Their grief is two-sided, one for the child who is dear to them and the other for their own child who is suffering.

Just as the parent does, the grandparent loses their future. One of the joys of grandparenthood is the knowledge that through grandchildren they achieve immortality. It is expected that their name will be carried on through them. At the death of their grandchild, that branch of their family tree is cut off. What should have been will not be. In cases of an only child, there will be no future generation. Just as for the parents, the family of the grandparent will never be complete again. At family gatherings, for them too, is the empty place for the child no longer there.

Feelings of guilt can be strong for grandparents. Survival guilt is the strongest. It is never expected that a grandparent will live longer than the grandchild. Grandparents usually feel that they have lived a long and full life. The dead child was denied that. "Why not me?" is a phrase most have uttered. The fact that they are still alive while a young child or young adult is dead is difficult for many to bear.

Grandparents feel anger just as parents do. They can be angry with God for taking the child, or even for not taking them. They can be angry with the doctors or nurses, feeling that they didn't do enough for the child. They can be angry with the person they feel is responsible for the child's death.

Sometimes the death of a grandchild brings back memories of their own child who had died many years in the past. This can be a painful revival of the grief they felt was over or that they had buried. This is a fairly common experience for grandparents since the deaths of children occurred more often before the days of advanced medical technology.

In addition to the grief over the death of their grandchild, there is the sadness and pain at seeing their own child in such torment. Seeing one's child in pain and not being able to ease that pain is extremely difficult for grandparents, and leaves them with feelings of helplessness and frustration.

Many try to take over necessary tasks such as cooking or caring for surviving siblings. The chores may seem so mundane to grandparents that they do not perceive themselves as being helpful to their suffering child. If grandparents are sick or incapacitated and cannot be of help to their child, they may feel guilty. In today's mobile society, many times grandparents must travel great distances to be with their child. If that travel is not possible, this can also be a source of guilt.

Many times, grandparents feel that by not showing their grief they are providing physical and emotional strength for their child. This is a mistake. Suppressing their grief can be as damaging for grandparents as it is for parents. This can lead to unresolved grief and create problems for the grandparents. In addition, this may be seen by the bereaved parent as a lack of concern.

Bereaved parents must consider the needs of the grandparents and at the same time be open and honest with them about their own needs. We must let them know how they can help us, but at the same time we must be aware that they, too, need help. Mutual sharing of feelings between bereaved parents and grandparents can be helpful to both in the recovery process. The sharing of not only painful feelings, but happy memories of the child with grandparents can be helpful for both, and it can also create a deeper relationship in the family.

Margaret Garner
National Newsletter, TCF Metrowest, MA

Siblings, You Are Welcome Here

The Minneapolis Chapter welcomes bereaved siblings to monthly meetings, where you will have a separate small group for sharing and support in a private space. Meetings are held In-person and via Zoom on the 3rd Monday of each month.

Sibling loss is unique, and those of us navigating the loss of someone we planned to spend a long lifetime alongside understand the heaviness and complex nature of this grief. Your fellow bereaved siblings are here for you. You need not walk alone.

Finding Hope

I found hope after meeting others
going through the same nightmare,
dealing with the loss of their sibling.

They gave me strength and courage to
ALLOW MYSELF TO BE VULNERABLE,
to accept that I

*did not need to go through
this journey alone.*

I found hope when I realized

I could help someone else

simply by sharing

what has worked for me.

As well, I found hope by hearing

what has worked for others.

Keith Singer, Lori's brother

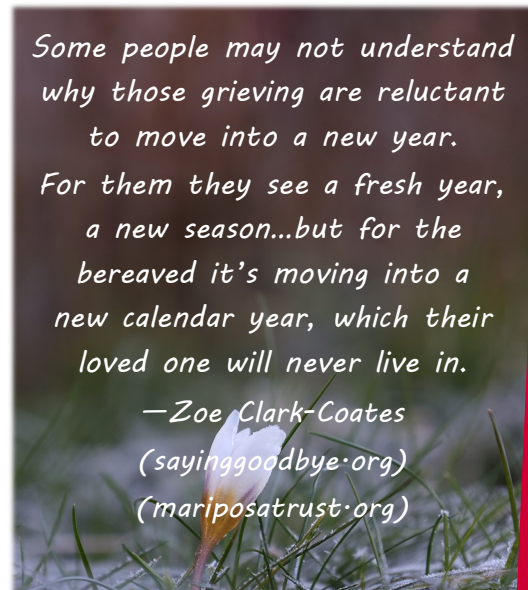
*Some people may not understand
why those grieving are reluctant
to move into a new year.*

*For them they see a fresh year,
a new season...but for the
bereaved it's moving into a
new calendar year, which their
loved one will never live in.*

—Zoe Clark-Coates

(sayinggoodbye.org)

(mariposatrust.org)





The Compassionate Friends

Minneapolis Chapter
Supporting Family After a Child Dies

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

HELP SUPPORT

the Minneapolis Chapter of The Compassionate Friends.
We operate solely with voluntary donations. While there are no dues or subscription fees, your donations support our Chapter's efforts. Funds are used for meeting supplies, rent, newsletter printing/postage, outreach, and more. Gifts in any amount are appreciated.
Thank you for your consideration!

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

The Compassionate Friends, 8701 36th Ave N, New Hope MN 55427
Please make check payable to *The Compassionate Friends Minneapolis*.

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Name _____

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City, State, Zip _____

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Child's Name _____

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