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WATCH WEEKDAYS AT 9:00PM



Start children off on the way they should go, and even when they are old, they will not turn from it. Proverbs 22:6

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Editors' Motes



"You must read to your children and you must hug your children and you must love your children. Your success as a family, our success as a society, depends not on what happens in the White House, but on what happens inside your house."

—Barbara Bush

Without even knowing it, I've been living my life by this advice for years. I am not a hugger (just ask Marci!) but when it comes to my four kids, I can't get enough hugs. Time goes so fast; I want to soak up every moment with them. They are the reason I've made career changes over the years, allowing me to be home more and to make it to their activities, whether it's a school play, a basketball game, or an honor society ceremony. In the blink of an eye, this part of our lives will be over.

Being a mom isn't easy, and no mom is perfect. But rather than judging others,

let's band together as moms and celebrate each other. There are plenty of stories of moms in this issue who are worth celebrating: Amber (Schatz) Danks introduces us to a mom who is running for a purpose, our cover girl Randi Heisler shares her story of fighting for her son, and Nicole Thom-Arens explains how one mom balances her military career and motherhood. These moms are amazing.

I have a sign in my kitchen that reads, "Good moms have sticky floors, dirty ovens, and happy kids." It is a good reminder to relax when my socks stick to the floor because someone spilled syrup and didn't clean it up. My house may be a disaster, but my kids are happy. So give yourself a break. You're doing great, moms, no matter how dirty your oven is!



Motherhood must be a superpower. Countless women have told me that becoming a mom stirred up a feeling they had previously never experienced; a kind of love that makes a woman unstoppable. As I watch my friends raise their kids, work full-time jobs, take care of their homes, volunteer, plan vacations, and survive birthday party sleepovers—I'm convinced: they possess a force the rest of us can't fully comprehend.

Our cover girl bears witness to the importance of this superpower. Randi Heisler wouldn't stop until she got answers about what was wrong with her son. And then she tapped into her strength as a mom to help other families who share a journey similar to hers.

Every superhero has her kryptonite. For moms, it's guilt. Dr. Rhonda Schafer-McLean helps you find ways to give yourself a break.

A mother's superpower shows up in multiple ways throughout our lives. Jody and I reflect on how our own moms have influenced our lives, and we share those thoughts with you this month. How about your mom? And how has your motherhood superpower impacted your kids?

Moms, may the love for your children make you unstoppable, and may you always know that your "kryptonite" doesn't stand a chance when you know how much you are truly loved and appreciated for everything you have done for your families.

The mission of Inspired Woman is to celebrate, encourage, empower, educate, and entertain women.

CIRCLE OF LIFE SIMPLE GIFTS

Article and Photos by Jody Kerzman





There's just something about a baby. They can instantly light up a room and bring a smile to someone's face. Just ask the residents at the Baptist Home Health Care Center in Bismarck.

"They're just precious. I think every nursing home should have babies come visit. They make you forget about yourself, and we gravitate toward them. Everyone loves babies," says Delila Mayer. Delila is a resident at the Baptist home, but she is also a mom and a grandma.

"They're just so refreshing. These babies just make you happy," says Delila.

"I love to see them interact and the joy they bring and the interaction they have with each other. It's very heartwarming. We love it when they come to visit us," says Sandy Fisher, a Baptist Home resident who raised four sons of her own.

This visit in mid-April was the second visit for moms Miquela and Zena and their little girls, eight-monthold Elowen and two-year-old Trena.

"The first time I was here was for the baby shower they threw for us," recalls Miquela Butz. "They gave us so many much-needed things like outfits and diapers and other awesome necessities. We also got to spend time with the residents. They got to hold the babies and just spend time together. It was so much fun."

Every January, FirstChoice Clinic is the recipient of the Area's Largest Baby Shower, where businesses, organizations, churches, and individuals in Bismarck, Fargo, and Devils Lake donate items to FirstChoice moms. This year, the residents at the Baptist Home wanted to get involved.

"They took up an offering and bought some baby items. I collected items from them and talked with them a little about FirstChoice Clinic," explains Shelle Aberle, FirstChoice development director. "But me standing up there just talking isn't very dynamic. I thought it would be great to have some of our clients bring their

babies so the residents could see first hand what their gift helped with last year and see these little ones wearing some of the things they donated."

The idea went over better than Shelle ever dreamed it would.

"Young moms talked about how they got to FirstChoice Clinic and how their gifts blessed them. They know they have been blessed by the community, and they understand what it's like to be alone. Not that all the residents there are alone, but a nursing home can be a lonely place. The moms saw this as a chance to give back. They mingled and talked with residents. I just saw such a joy in the room," recalls Shelle. "One of the residents commented, 'We never get to see babies.""

"It just makes my heart so happy when Trena makes anyone smile," says Zena Zuther, mom to two-year-old Trena. "Seeing how happy the residents are is so great. The residents always light up when a new baby comes in. And the babies love it, of course—what baby doesn't love being the center of attention?"

"It was really fun," says Miquela. "In fact, we had so much fun we decided to plan a baby bash, birthday party type thing. We'll have activities the residents and the babies can do together. It's going to be a great time."

"It's great when the residents can be involved in outreach like this," says Merle Hoots, Baptist Home Chaplain. "We like it when our residents can give to a mission and actually see the results of their gifts."

For Delila, it's a little extra special. She wrote a book about her son's death, and all the proceeds go to the FirstChoice Clinic.

"It's an organization that is near and dear to my heart," she says.

"It's neat to see the generations come together, and to see how you can touch someone's heart just by reaching out," adds Shelle. "This is now a project our clients are leading, it is not a FirstChoice project. I am so proud of these girls."

FirstChoice Clinic provides free and confidential services including pregnancy testing, limited OB ultrasound, pregnancy option information, prenatal and parenting education classes, and more. Learn more at firstchoiceclinic com





(LEFT TO RIGHT) Miquela and Elowen Butz, Sandy Fisher, Delila Mayer, Zena and Trena Zuther



Breastfeeding Moms

by Tracie Bettenhausen | Photography: Photos by Jacy

(ABOVE)
BriAnna Wanner,
North Dakota
Breastfeeding
Coalition
executive
director, stands
outside the
breastfeeding
suite at the
Bismarck airport

Alicia Gourd says we could all do more to support moms.

"There is a lot of pressure on women today," Alicia says. "Women are busy. We work, raise our children, doing what we can to be our best in all areas."

As a mother of two—three-year-old Wažupiwi and 20-month-old Tinpsila—Alicia has a support system of her husband, family, and friends. But she found personal experiences helped her build her confidence around advocating for moms—experiences like natural birth with both daughters, the journey of breastfeeding—including

its struggles—becoming a doula, and learning the midwifery model of care, which includes monitoring the physical, psychological, and social well-being of the mother throughout the childbearing cycle.

The North Dakota Breastfeeding Coalition has been around for 15 years, but officially became a non-profit in 2016. It includes those working on breastfeeding promotion and support efforts across the state. Members represent organizations such as health care systems, WIC, local public health agencies, universities, doulas, and mothers across the state.







BriAnna Wanner, North Dakota Breastfeeding Coalition executive director, says there are many challenges for breastfeeding mothers to be successful.

"In public spaces, it's hard to find a clean space outside of a bathroom to use if the mother would like some privacy," BriAnna says. "And frankly, many times bathrooms are not clean and cozy places to breastfeed. Many women go to the bathroom out of having no other options."

The coalition's most recent initiative to support moms who are breastfeeding is the installation of breastfeeding suites across the state.

"Through a grant from the North Dakota Department of Health, we were able to purchase a suite for airports across the state and to place in the Fargodome," she says.

The suites are roomy, with two benches inside and graphics on the walls displaying educational material for moms. They are well ventilated and have electrical plugs for pumping machines and to charge cell phones.

"The doors lock and also are able

to track how many moms are using the suites," BriAnna says. "We haven't dug into the data yet, but airport staff tell us they are seeing mothers going into the suites frequently."

Airports were a first focus for the breastfeeding suites because of the way flights are often scheduled in North Dakota's airports.

"When people leave North Dakota and get to another state, layovers are often short enough that it's impossible to pump at their next location," BriAnna says. "We want to make life easier for moms, and this was a good place to start."

In addition to providing a clean, quiet place for mothers to pump and breastfeed, the suites offer another benefit.

"A lot of people don't think about the mother who may be traveling by herself with an infant and one or two other children," BriAnna says. "If the infant needs to breastfeed, it's tough to keep the other children near. They love to run and play. So, if the mom can get into the suite with all her children, she doesn't have to worry about them running off."

(MIDDLE) Alicia Gourd with daughters Wažupiwi and Tinspila

WHAT'S NEXT FOR THE NORTH DAKOTA BREASTFEEDING COALITION?

The coalition is working to bring a milk depot to North Dakota.

"The hospitals are engaged in this, and it's an exciting venture," BriAnna says. "Women who produce extra milk will be able to donate their milk to the milk depot—located at a hospital. The hospital will ship the milk out to be pasteurized, and then be sent to neonatal intensive care units for premature babies who couldn't get breast milk otherwise."

The coalition has raised money through Giving Hearts Day to make the milk depot a reality. The money would help pay for hospital grade freezers to store the milk.





Alicia Gourd has used breastfeeding suites.

"I had traveled to the East coast with the my family, and on the way back, I had to take a flight separate from my husband and kids," she says. "When I got back to Bismarck ahead of the rest of my family by a couple of hours, I needed to pump and was so thankful for the breastfeeding suite. I pumped, and by the time my family landed, I was able to feed my child, and we stayed on our schedule."

The North Dakota Breastfeeding Coalition was also instrumental in helping get breastfeeding rooms set up in the zoos in Bismarck, Minot, Wahpeton, and Fargo, and BriAnna says on average, those rooms are used a dozen times a day during summer hours.

BriAnna has always been passionate about nutrition—the significance and the impact on the life cycle.

"Making sure babies have the best nutrition available is so important to our future," she says. "Children who are breastfed tend to become healthy adults. Our society has not done a good job in supporting women to make it possible for them to breastfeed as long as they'd like. I think the steps we're taking will help alleviate some of the pressure women are facing."

Alicia says the confidence she built through the birth of her daughters and the education she received through the midwifery model of care means she has been a strong advocate for her own breastfeeding needs at work and in public.

"I want other women to feel supported and empowered like I feel, and so I make it a point to encourage women when I see them breastfeeding in public," Alicia says. "When you see a mom out with her kids, offer support. Tell her she's doing a good job, offer to sit and hold her baby while she's eating, support mothers who are co-workers by advocating for them. "W"



Tracie Bettenhausen is a senior staff writer/editor at Basin Electric. She has generously opened her home to two once-foster, now-adopted kitties, Basil and Sweet Pea.

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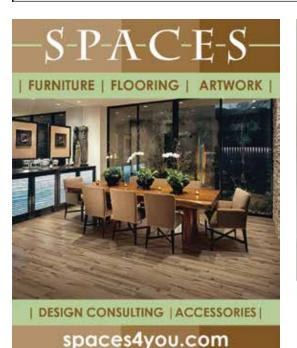




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ALYSSA TSCHIDA

A project in her digital literacy class at Horizon Middle School has made Alyssa Tschida much more aware of the struggles many of her fellow students are facing. The assignment helped her get a great seat for the upcoming Tiqirlily concert too.

Alyssa designed a concert ticket as part of an assignment in her digital literacy class. Her teacher, Jason Wright, asked students to work on promotional videos, digital posters, hand-made posters, or tickets for the concert. More than half the class designed and submitted tickets. A committee chose Alyssa's as their favorite.

"I worked on it for about a week, mostly in class, but a little at home," says Alyssa. "I just liked the vertical picture because I thought it worked well with the shape of the tickets. Then I put the words around it so you could still see their faces. I like the way it turned out."

Alyssa's name is on each ticket, four of which will go to Alyssa and her family to attend the concert. The concert is a fundraiser for the Bismarck Public School's Students in Transition program, which serves homeless and at-risk children. Jason says designing the tickets was a great way to teach marketing and sales, as well as the importance of giving back.

The Tigirlily concert will be Sunday, May 6 at 6 p.m. at the Horizon Middle School gym. Tickets can be purchased at the door or in advance at all Bismarck schools and at www.bpsfoundation.com/events/tigirlily



ASHLEY DELABARRE

Ashley DelaBarre grew up behind a sewing machine.

"My grandma and mom taught me to sew when I was six years old. By high school I was making quilts. I loved sewing the pieces together, but the problem came when it was time to quilt the layers together."

But when Ashley got to use someone else's long arm quilting machine, she was hooked. She bought her first quilting machine in college and starting finishing quilts for other people. In 2003, while still in college, she started her business, Sew Addicted Quilting. Fifteen years later, business is booming.

"Most of my clients make their quilt tops and then have me quilt the designs into the quilt and do the finishing. This is my full-time job. I do three or four quilts a week, and my schedule is booked out a couple of months."

Ashley has taken classes from nationally-known teachers, and says she enjoys finding new designs and techniques. She has won national awards for her quilts and has clients from as far away as lowa, Seattle, and California. Now, she's teaching the next generation of quilters.

"I love teaching my daughters to quilt. I think quilting is becoming something more young people are interested in. I seem to have more and more clients who are in their 30s, which is fun."

Check out Ashley's work on her Facebook and Instagram pages; search Sew Addicted Quilting. You can contact her there or at 701-202-9084 for quilting projects.



BEVERLY UNRATH AND KRISTEN HEID

Beverly Unrath and Kristen Heid love kids and appreciate teachers. So when choosing their service project as part of the Women's Leadership Program, the two immediately knew they wanted to do something to help kids and teachers.

"We know a lot of teachers spend their own money on classroom supplies. We thought we could raise money to help them pay for those supplies," explains Beverly. "When we looked at the schools in Bismarck and Mandan, Jeannette Myhre really stood out to us. It has the highest economic need of all schools in the state, with 70 percent of the students there receiving free or reduced lunch."

As they did more research, the women realized their project could be more specific.

"The school has a sensory room, but it is busy all day and just doesn't have the capacity to meet the needs of all the students. The principal suggested we raise money to get sensory tools in every classroom, so kids could get their sensory needs met without having to leave the classroom."

The women started the Jeannette Myhre Sensory Toolbox Drive and have set a goal of raising \$500 for each classroom, for a total of \$8,000 for the school to spend on sensory items. They've set a deadline of May 8.

"These kids deserve the tools necessary to optimize their learning experience. We can do this with the help of our community," says Kristen.

If you'd like to donate, you can contribute online on their You Caring page or through their Facebook fundraiser—search Jeannette Myhre Sensory Toolbox Drive on both sites. Checks can also be made payable to "Jeannette Myhre Sensory Toolbox Drive" and mailed to the school. They've created an Amazon wish list too—you can purchase an item from the list and have it sent directly to the school.

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MOM VS. THE DENTIST

Article and Photos by Carrie Bentley

Mom is no longer the ultimate authority in our house. As a new mom, I used logic to convince my kids to do what I wanted them to do. This usually resulted in long circular arguments about things like why we need to wear pants in stores. Now as a more experienced mom, I have begun using the old standby, "Because I said so!" This worked for a while, but my three-year-old saw right through it. He, as it turns out, can also respond with "so," and it makes no sense to him that Mom's "so" counts more than his.

Recently, he started playing Mom's word against Dad's. I would tell him to get ready for bed, and he would claim that Dad said he could stay up all night and play cars if he wanted. Dad would tell him to eat his vitamins, and he would declare that Mom said he is too healthy already. But he soon found out that Mom and Dad are a united front, and we can just ask each other what has been decreed. One win for the parents.

Then my son realized something that tipped the scales in his favor. The dentist doesn't live in our house, but we still listen to what he says. We often brush our teeth—because the dentist said so. Soon, our little boy was responding to us with, "The dentist said I didn't have to

do that." Time to eat dinner? The dentist said he could keep playing. Time to put away the iPad? The dentist said he could have more screen time. Time to put away the Easter candy? The dentist said he could eat all the candy he wants.

One day I heard a big splash when he was in the bathtub, followed by some other commotion. It turns out the dentist told him he should pull the cat into the full bathtub with him to play.

The cat actually likes being in the tub. He often jumps in on his own, because he loves his boy, and he loves water. But if he gets pushed or pulled into the tub, his tail gets wet. The cat hates having a wet tail, so he jumps out and spins in circles until his tail is sufficiently dry, which makes a cat-height ring of wetness around the entire bathroom. The wet cat chasing his wet tail with water flying everywhere is really fun to watch—if you are three years old.

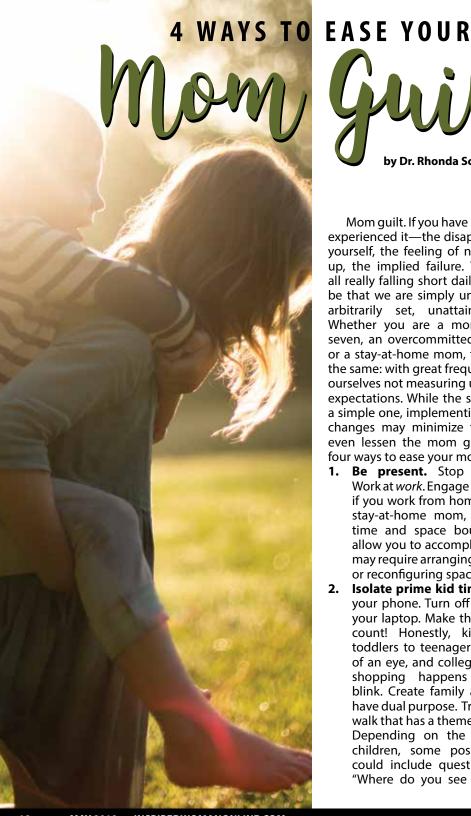
And it's no problem. The dentist said that Mom would really love to clean up the mess. \mathcal{W}



Carrie Bentley grew up in Bismarck, graduated from the University of Jamestown, and is a stay-at-home mom. She enjoys reading, spending time outdoors, and quiet evenings after the kids go to bed. Carrie lives with her husband and three sons in Bottineau.







by Dr. Rhonda Schafer-McLean

Mom guilt. If you have kids, you have experienced it—the disappointment in yourself, the feeling of not measuring up, the implied failure. Yuck! Are we all really falling short daily? Or could it be that we are simply unable to meet arbitrarily set, unattainable goals? Whether you are a mom of one or seven, an overcommitted professional or a stay-at-home mom, the issues are the same: with great frequency, we find ourselves not measuring up to our own expectations. While the solution is not a simple one, implementing a few easy changes may minimize the pain and even lessen the mom guilt. Here are four ways to ease your mom guilt:

- **1. Be present.** Stop multitasking. Work at work. Engage at home. Even if you work from home, or you're a stay-at-home mom, set cosistent time and space boundaries that allow you to accomplish tasks. This may require arranging for child care or reconfiguring space. Be creative.
- Isolate prime kid time. Put down your phone. Turn off the TV. Close your laptop. Make these moments count! Honestly, kids go from toddlers to teenagers in the blink of an eye, and college dorm room shopping happens in another blink. Create family activities that have dual purpose. Try a 30-minute walk that has a theme, for example. Depending on the age of your children, some possible themes could include questions such as, "Where do you see a rectangle?"

to "Do you think you are a Democrat or a Republican?" You could also Google and explore facts about Italy together while preparing personal pizzas on wheat tortillas, or practice early math skills while playing a modified game of Yahtzee. The options are endless—just ask Pinterest!

- 3. Give yourself a break. Literally. Schedule date night weekly and don't default. This is an exceptional opportunity for you, your spouse, and your children to intrinsically apply appropriate value to the primary relationship in your home. If you are a single parent, consider regular meetings with a mentor or spiritual guide to check your path and refuel your soul. Plan a girls' weekend once or twice annually. It doesn't need to be extravagant, it just needs to allow for you to exhale and reenergize. Get on a plane or volunteer with a few friends to help out a great cause. Anything tempered with friendship and saturated with laughter is perfect!
- 4. Establish rewarding routines. Stretch or read something inspirational for the first and last 10 minutes of your day. Troubles with bedtime or an early rising bed-headed toddler? Incorporate them into your routine with kid stretches alongside your own or carefully chosen, inspiring kid literature. ("Good Night Stories for Rebel Girls," "I Love You More," and so many more.) Encountering a few limitations? Purposeful breathing or an inspirational quote app may be just the fix. Remember, both physical activity and meditation are medically proven to enhance endorphin production. And who among us couldn't use a little bit more of the "happy hormones?"

Remember, we are more likely to be measured by the composite of our efforts than any of our isolated mishaps. Setbacks will continue to occur, but can be overcome with thoughtful persistence. And don't forget, dads can be frequent sufferers of mom guilt too. *W*



Dr. Rhonda Schafer-McLean is an OBGYN at the UND Center for Family Medicine. A Wilton native, Dr. Schafer-McLean completed her OB/GYN residency at the University of Colorado in Denver and has been practicina in Bismarck since 2009.







ACTIVE MOMS:

A FAMILY LEGACY OF SELF-CARE

By Melanie Carvell | Submitted photo

Heidi's daughter, doing yoga at home in her jammies

Sticking with an exercise routine can be a struggle, but for mothers with young children, it can feel just about impossible. It's hard to find time to sweat when many days you can't even take a shower undisturbed! Taking time to look after our well-being is paramount for health as moms (and dads, too). We need to be able to keep our energy flowing and our stress levels manageable to power our many important roles. Equally important is the example we are modeling for our children. They won't necessarily always listen to us, but our children never fail to imitate us. Children possess powerful observation skills, and the best way to raise children with healthy habits is to model those habits ourselves.

physical Focus on activity something that is fun and makes you feel good, rather than a chore you need to do to lose weight. Researchers at Duke University found that children whose parents modeled healthy behaviors such as regular physical activity and healthy nutrition were six times more likely to be active themselves.

Can't get to the gym? Keep in mind that physical activity doesn't need to structured exercise to "count." Everyday activities, family traditions, and hobbies passed down through generations can be incredibly rewarding and fun. Fishing, hunting, birdwatching, after dinner walks, nature hikes, horseback riding, kite flying, gardening, bowling, camping under the stars—the list is endless! My mother sure didn't go to a gym, but if you wanted to have a conversation with her you would have to follow her around—from the kitchen to the garden, the laundry room to the clothesline, to volunteering at church or the nursing home. Being my dad's gardening buddy was a memorable way to spend active time together while learning about the value of growing our own food.

Here are some tips for fitting activity into your family routine:

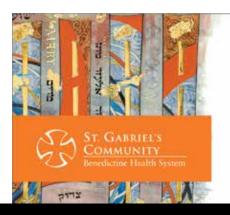
- Get your workout in early in the morning while children are sleeping or sneak away from work for a noon hour sweat session to recharge your energy. Quick workouts at home can also pack a big punch. One of my favorites is Dr. Jordan Metzl's 10-minute strength workout. Each exercise (no equipment needed) is done for one minute. Laced together it is a great full body workout in 10 minutes that the whole family can join in on. Learn more at drjordanmetzl.com.
- Get active at the playground.

- While the kids are playing, the parents can too! Join in being creative with tricep dips, pushups, lunges, step-ups, and monkey bar pull-ups.
- Get active while the kids are at lessons or sports practice. Drop your children off at piano lessons or hockey practice, then lace up your sneakers and get some activity while they are busy. Better yet, grab another sports mom and go walking together.
- Watching a favorite TV program? Come up with a variety of exercises to do during the commercials. Or check out Cosmic Kids Yoga (www. cosmickids.com). My friend Heidi and her three little ones—ranging in age from two to seven—all join in to de-stress and reset.

Being an active parent is a wonderful way to stay strong and centered, and most important, demonstrate healthy choices that will prepare your children to make better decisions as they grow and have their own children. Taking good care of your own health is not selfish; it is one of the most powerful and valuable habits that you can share. What habits are you passing on? Make your legacy one that keeps generations moving toward good health and happiness. W



Melanie Carvell lives in Bismarck with her husband, Charles, and her dog, Case. She is an author, health and wellness speaker, and grandmother of six. She loves sharing her fitness enthusiasm with others and hopes to see you in one of her cycling classes soon.



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MOM ON THE R

RUN

by Amber (Schatz) Danks Submitted Photos

While many moms can feel like they're constantly running around, Ariann Doe takes that feeling to another level. The 34-year-old mother is gearing up for running season this spring, summer, and fall. Along with living and working on her family dairy farm in southwestern North Dakota and raising her seven-year-old son, Ariann manages to squeeze multiple fun runs into her routine.

"A lot of times I might get up and milk the cows, go run a race, and then have to be back for chores later that afternoon," says Ariann.

Her dedication to running takes time, money, energy, and planning. She drove from New England to Bismarck the morning of April 7 to participate in her first ever 10K. She's come a long way from when she started a few years ago.

"I never planned on becoming a



runner, but the year I turned 30, that plan changed. I guess reaching the milestone birthday made me want to get back into shape. I started doing workouts at home along with sessions on the treadmill. During this time, I had friends and relatives participating in 5Ks and mud runs. So, I guess I got caught up in the '5K Craze.' I wanted to prove something to myself so I signed up for my first 5K mud run, and it snowballed from there," she explains.

Since then, Ariann has participated in more than two dozen 5Ks and four half-marathons. She has raced all across the state, from the Fargo Marathon to the Bull Moose Mud Run in Medora. This is the first year she has kept a running journal and is averaging a little over 60 miles a month so far. She has a goal of running 640 miles this year.

"When I am running, I try to clear my mind. This is one of the reasons I enjoy running. No matter what I have on my mind, it tends to disappear while I am running. So, it serves as a type of therapy. Now, don't get me wrong, it isn't always sunshine and rainbows! I usually have to fight with myself to keep going. I think, 'just one more mile' or '10 more minutes.' Also, I might be thinking, 'please knee, don't give out on me now!' But the feeling I have after completing a run is great. Yes, I may be completely winded, wiped out, and sweating, but I have a great sense of accomplishment. Even to this day, I can't believe I can run as far as I can. I know that I am not the fastest runner out there, but I am not competing with anyone but myself."

If there was a competition Ariann should win, it's most creative costume. She has become known for putting the "fun" in fun run.

"I did decide I wanted a different headband for each race, so that's where it started. That led to me making a few t-shirts and tank tops for certain runs, and eventually I went to full on costumes if it was suitable for the race," Ariann says. "For Medieval Rush I have come to be known as the 'Dragon Lady.' We had a full family of 'Incredibles' at the Super Hero fun run. Most recently I donned a full pilgrim costume at a local Turkey Trot and won a pumpkin pie for best costume. My most involved costume was this past Christmas when I was the Grinch. While this was the most elaborate costume, it was also the most difficult to run in."

Difficulty doesn't seem to stop Ariann. And there's a reason for that.

"My mom has inspired me in many ways. One of the first things my mom has instilled in me is to work hard. Life gets hard, but you don't give up. She is a true survivor. She battled colon cancer for years—and won. Throughout her whole diagnosis and treatment, she always kept a positive attitude. I am very lucky to be able to have her in my life, not only for her constant support and encouragement, but also as a constant reminder to not take life for granted."

Ariann is hoping to pass along those lessons to her own son, who will often cheer her on as she runs.

"My hope is that my son feels the same way about me as I do about my mom. I try to teach him to try your best and work hard. He has watched me set goals and stay dedicated in order to reach those goals. I hope he can be dedicated to his goals no matter what they are. He has also completed a few 5Ks himself alongside his dad and me. He is getting ready to run the 5K in Fargo this May. I don't know if he will be a 'runner,' but as long as he wants to participate in 5Ks, I will support him."



Amber (Schatz) Danks spent nearly 12 years as a news reporter, producer, and anchor. She is currently tackling her toughest and most rewarding assignment yet: being a stav-at-home mom to her baby airl.









You may see Ariann running this spring, summer, and fall. She plans to run a half marathon in Fargo, the Medieval Rush in New Salem, and the Bull Moose Mud Run in Medora. She's also looking into a couple more fun runs and half marathons in South Dakota—one in Spearfish Canyon and another at Mt. Rushmore. Her first ever 10K was the Race to Zero in Bismarck. To watch Ariann cross the finish line and hear her explain what it was like running in the cold, visit inspiredwomanonline.com.

Rando Heisler

A MOTHER'S INTUITION

by Jody Kerzman | Photography: Photos by Jacy



As a young mom in nursing school, Randi Heisler suddenly realized she didn't want to be a nurse.

"I hated nursing school, but it was important for me to finish school."

And so she did, never expecting she would actually use the things she learned in nursing school. But when her son Aspen was born, Randi's nursing skills kicked in. So did her mother's intuition. Randi had a feeling something wasn't right with Aspen. She knew it in her gut.

"I knew something was off, but I wasn't sure what it was," recalls Randi.

The Rugby, North Dakota mom sought medical advice and took her son to regular physical therapy appointments, but one doctor's visit after another left her with more questions than answers. Aspen's trips to the doctor also left her with mom guilt and a prescription to treat postpartum depression.

"I never filled that prescription. I knew I didn't have postpartum depression. I knew there was something wrong with my son," Randi says. "I remember after one visit, my husband, Levi, said, 'There's nothing wrong with him. You need to be happy with this. He's fine.' But I still wasn't convinced. I wanted a second opinion. The next day I made an appointment with a new doctor in Minot."

THE RIGHT CALL

On the day of the appointment, the doctor's office called to cancel. A short time later, they called again, this time to see if she'd like to take an appointment with another doctor.

"I said, 'Sure.' What did I have to lose? We were already in town, so we might as well see this doctor," says Randi.

Randi immediately connected with the new physician, Dr. Melissa Messerly.

"She asked me what was going on, and I explained how Aspen wasn't walking, but he was just one. I told her he had constant diarrhea and was sweating a lot. I remember telling her I thought something was off, but at the same time saying, 'I'm probably just overreacting."

But Dr. Messerly didn't think so. She had some colleagues come in and examine

Aspen, and they all came to the conclusion that something was indeed very wrong with the little boy.

"She told me he probably either had heart failure or liver failure, which was probably due to cancer or some other type of tumor. She wanted us to take an ambulance to Fargo immediately."

Randi convinced the doctors to let her drive Aspen to Fargo, stopping in Rugby to pack a bag and pick up her husband.

FRIGHTENING ANSWERS

Doctors in Fargo had some answers, but Randi still had questions. Doctors believed Aspen had some sort of a storage disorder, like diabetes or Huntington's disease. A scan also revealed a tumor on his spine. They believed it was neuroblastoma, a type of cancer that forms in certain types of nerve tissue, often from one of the adrenal glands. It can also develop in the neck, chest, abdomen, or, in Aspen's case, the spine.

Aspen was referred to the University of Minnesota. Doctors said Aspen's blood pressure was so high that, had he not been diagnosed that day in Minot, he wouldn't have lived another 24 hours.

"His blood pressure was off-the-charts high. Once he was stabilized, we went to Minnesota. He had surgery immediately."

It was the first of numerous surgeries Aspen would have.

"The tumor just kept growing back," recalls Randi. "It was in his spine, behind his heart. I remember before one of the surgeries, they made us tell him goodbye. I panicked and thought we shouldn't have done that surgery."

Randi relied on her intuition through it all. When doctors in Minnesota said Aspen's tumor was inoperable, Randi knew in her gut they were wrong. So she took Aspen, who was two at the time, to New York for a second opinion. That trip led her back to Minnesota, and a surgeon who operated on the tumor.

In addition to the surgeries, Aspen also underwent chemotherapy. He also tested positive for the genetic disorder, mucopolysaccharidoses (MPS). Years later, they would discover he didn't have MPS

afterall; the tests were false positives.

MOM KNOWS BEST

Today, Aspen is a healthy nine year old. But he still wears a back brace, and his spine has significant damage. He goes to Minnesota every three to six months for check ups and moved into the "survivorship clinic" last June.

"He still has a tumor in his spine," says Randi. "But it hasn't done anything for five years, so we're just keeping an eye on it. To operate on it now would be scary. Originally, we thought he would need surgery by age six, but it is not progressing, so we're waiting. We hope to wait until his spine is full-grown before he has another surgery."

Randi has a feeling the next surgery is still years away. Afterall, Aspen has defied the odds since the very beginning. Doctors never expected him to walk after all his surgeries.

"He walked just before he turned four years old," she says proudly. "He used a walker before that. I took him to physical therapy, even though his surgeons didn't think it would work. But it did work. Aspen now not only walks, he runs."

Still, he can't play contact sports, which is hard for a boy growing up in a house with two hockey-playing brothers. Determined to be on the ice like his brothers, Aspen learned how to skate so he could join the Bismarck Bobcats mascot, Scratch, during the Brave the Shave Bobcats night in March.

BRAVE & SUPPORTIVE

That's just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to the Heisler family's involvement with Brave the Shave. Their journey began in September 2010, just months after Aspen's diagnosis. Randi was asked to shave her head.

"It was right after Aspen's diagnosis, and people told me I couldn't do it so soon. But I did it. I was part of the 46 Mommas for St. Baldricks. It was important to have 46 moms shave their heads, because everyday, 46 kids are diagnosed with cancer," says Randi. "I was on the 'Stand up to Cancer' TV show.

GG

"I remember before one of the surgeries, they made us tell him goodbye. I panicked and thought we shouldn't have done that surgery." —Randi Heisler





We taped it in Los Angeles. Being there was the best opportunity I was ever given, because it connected me with so many people I wouldn't have known otherwise, including a surgeon who eventually operated on Aspen."

In September 2016, Randi once again shaved her head. This time, it was part of a Criss Angel performance to raise money for St. Baldrick's and for childhood cancer research. That fundraiser raised over \$1 million to fund research and to help families fighting cancer.

Now, Randi is the development director for Brave the Shave, a move that she says just felt right.

"It is natural, because I've been a part of the efforts. I've shaved my head, I've lobbied in DC for cancer research funding," Randi says. "But at the end of the day, it's about the kids. I want to help the kids."

Aspen wants to help too. Earlier this year, he designed his own bath bombs and worked with a woman to make and sell 5,000 bath bombs to raise money for Brave the Shave.

"I wanted to do something fun to raise money for Brave the Shave, and who doesn't love a bath bomb?" explains Aspen. "I made three different scents. One is for my fellow friends from Brave the Shave and called 'Brave Warrior'. The second is called 'Aspen' and smells outdoorsy and like an Aspen tree. And the third is 'Johnny Angel,' which to me smells like the Luxor theatre where I watched my mom shave her head on stage at the Criss Angel show. It is named Johnny for his son who is still fighting."

BRAVE BEYOND AN EVENT

Randi's passion for Brave the Shave stems back to those first days and years of Aspen's battle.

"When Aspen was diagnosed, we didn't know anyone in North Dakota who had a child with cancer. We met people in Minnesota, but there was no one local to connect with. I remember telling a doctor in Minnesota that if a family came in he should give them my contact information. Throw HIPAA rules out the window. I



(BELOW) Randi preparing to shave her head with the 46 Mommas



The Brave the Shave event held in Bismarck on April 14 raised more than \$450,000.

wanted to help these families. I remember getting messages on Facebook from moms who were in the same boat I was in. We connected."

Now, it is Brave the Shave's vision to connect even more families. The first step, was making Brave the Shave a 501(c)(3) organization. Brave the Shave began as Basin Electric Power Cooperative event. It was an annual fundraiser to support childhood cancer research through the St. Baldrick's Foundation. The event grew so much, the Brave the Shave board saw the need to create Brave the Shave as its own organization, to not only fund research, but also help local families who were struggling financially, because of a child's cancer diagnosis.

"Brave the Shave is now more than just an event where people shave their heads for cancer research. It's about support for families. We've paid mortgages, saved people's homes. At Christmas, families can receive \$1,000 for bills. We provide money for funeral expenses, no questions asked," she explains. "But it's about more than just the money. The main thing is connecting families. That's so important."

They're connecting them by building a community, and holding events across the state and beyond.

"Our goal is to make Brave the Shave statewide. A lot of the events have been in Bismarck, but now Minot and Dickinson have their own events. There is a motorcycle ride planned for Benedict, and UND and NDSU are getting involved. There are 11 other events scheduled right now," says Randi. "It's going to grow beyond just shaving heads."

The Brave the Shave board has submitted a grant for funding to start a bereavement group, because Randi says the support needed for those parents is totally different than what parents need when their child is battling cancer. Always aiming for the sky, she says that group may not even be specific to cancer. She'd like to reach as many parents in need as possible. Because, in her gut, she knows there's a need. And if there's one thing Randi knows, it's to trust her gut. A mother's intuition is almost never wrong.

Learn more about Brave the Shave at bravetheshave.net.



(ABOVE) Aspen during a hospital stay at the University of Minnesota



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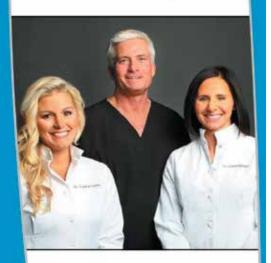
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I dropped my kids off at daycare one day it was closed.

And because I teach my children honesty, I must admit: twice. I've done this twice. To be clear, I found other arrangements.

I did not abandon them on the sidewalk.

Katie Ryan-Anderson

I dropped my son off at preschool in full pajama mode, because we thought it was pajama day. It wasn't. He still brings it up.

Wendy Anderson-Bero

On our first day at Disney, my husband decides to let our daughter Veda, who had just turned four, go down the water slide by herself!

A lady ended up carrying her down the stairs and was looking for us because Veda had fallen and hit her head on the cement steps! All of our Disney pictures now have Veda with a giant goose egg on her face!

Heather Hintz

My mother had to put our family cat down. I guess my son overheard us talking about it, but we never went into detail. My son was a kindergartner at the time, and I got a call from the teacher half way through the day. The teacher said my son had decided to tell everyone, "Grandma held the cat down until it died." I had to explain that 'holding down' probably meant that he heard us talk about putting it down. I was half expecting a call from PETA after that.

When my daughter was around four, she had a bit of a cough and was complaining about feeling sick. I didn't think it seemed too bad, so I ignored it and gave her some cough medicine. After three weeks of symptoms and constant whining, I decided to take her to the doctor, convinced I'd walk out of there feeling like a sucker. Nope. Not the case. Double ear infection and pneumonia. Mom fail. She's 16 now, a tough hockey girl, and I still get burned because I don't always believe her.



From Mom's Kitchen

Article and Photos by Pam Vukelic

What is your comfort food? What did you want your mom to make for you when you came home from college for a weekend?

These are great questions to use as conversation starters! Since I've been away from home this past month, I've had the opportunity to query lots of folks from many different states. There are a few things comfort foods have in common.

Inexpensive foods are the norm think dough and creamed anything on toast. Many comfort foods are regional. Some are ethnic. Easy preparation is typical.

Hands down, the most popular dish is mac and cheese. This is not regional, I went to my friend, Katie, a wonderful cook who wouldn't resort to the box version, for her recipe. She said mac and cheese brings back memories of her mama and her grandma. She shared her recipe with us and also suggested the leftovers—not that there are likely to be any-make a great breakfast when warmed up and topped with salsa.

Regional foods include some interesting items—like brown bread in a can—something totally new to me. Friends from Maine and Missouri both mentioned it. In Maine, a typical Saturday evening supper consists of B & M Brown Bread, sliced, heated, then topped with hotdogs and beans. Piccalilli, a vegetable relish, is the standard condiment. Another regional item is Frito pie. Texans eat it with cornbread.

Lots of people eat cornbread, including daughter-in-law Mollie from Kentucky, whose dad made it for them. The leftovers were crumbled up and eaten with milk for breakfast, like cereal. An Illinois friend told







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about measuring flour for cornbread from her grandma's bin using a tea cup, handle missing, of course. Because the cup was a bit large, you had to be sure your thumb was inserted into the cup to get the proper measurement.

Our kids mentioned tater tot hotdish, I think because their Grandma Irene often served it when we were at her house for supper. Of all the people I interviewed for this article no one outside of North Dakota had heard of tater tot hotdish.

Midwesterners are the people most likely to name ethnic dishes. It will not surprise you that knoephla soup, fleischkuechle, and cheese buttons came up. Schnitta might be a bit more of a surprise; lefse would not. Nor would ravioli in marinara sauce if you're an Italian from Boston or tamales if you're a Mexican from Texas. Many of these items are family projects and consequently evoke fond memories.

My friend Frances says the best tamales are made with meat from pigs' heads. Prior to all the TSA regulations we now have, she boarded a plane in California with three pigs' heads in a garbage bag—no problem—to take home to her mom.

Potato dishes are also popular. My cousin Jeanne talked about potato soup with Polish potato dumplings our Aunt Proxie made. Mashed potatoes and potato cakes came up; some people said "anything potato." Chicken and dumplings are popular, too, as is chicken and rice, according to son-in-law Shaun.

Friend Karen says her kids ask for "Good Goop," which is essentially lasagna in a bowl, using small pasta instead. You know how popular "bowls" are these days. Some restaurants specialize in them. I

think Karen and her kids were ahead of their time!

It was uncommon for someone to mention dessert, but there was an occasional comment about apple pie, red velvet cake, and ice cream. My husband, Jim, would say his go-to comfort food is baked rice, a dish his mother continued to make for him decades after we were married.

I wonder what our grandchildren will say when they are able to respond to the question, "What is your comfort food?" We are likely to have an impact on that! "W"



Pam Vukelic is an online FACS (Family and Consumer Science) instructor for the Missouri River Educational Cooperative. For Pam, any kind of soup is comfort food, especially if it is a creamy type.

KATIE'S MAC AND CHEESE

- 2 cups elbow macaroni, cooked to al dente stage
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- salt & pepper to taste
- 1/8 to 1/4 teaspoon cayenne
- 1½ cup milk
- 1-8 ounce block sharp cheddar, shredded
- ½ cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon melted butter

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. In large pan, melt butter then stir in flour to make roux. Add seasonings. When bubbly, add milk, stir until thickened then add cheese. Place macaroni into pot and stir well to coat with sauce. Pour into lightly greased baking dish, top with buttered crumbs, and bake about 45 minutes, until heated through.

Jody with mom, JoAnn, and older sister, Jenn



Jody's mom, JoAnn Shea

THANKS, MOM

by Jody Kerzman

I've been writing since I was seven years old-my first "project" was cleverly titled "Jody's Journal." The weekly newsletter, typed very slowly on my mom's super-cool typewriter, included all the highlights of my family's life. I sold copies of the Journal for 25-cents apiece, and while I never could talk my older sister into forking over a quarter for her very own copy, my grandmothers were faithful subscribers and probably even bought more than one copy. More than 30 years later, I realize I never thanked them for reading my literary masterpieces and for making me believe I was a brilliant writer. I never thanked my mom either, who never once complained about all the paper I wasted or all the correction fluid I used (I think I made mistakes on purpose because correcting them on the typewriter was so much fun!)

I think of my mom's patience every day when I clean up scraps of paper my children leave throughout the house. That keeps me from freaking out on them, despite the fact that I am constantly cleaning up their messes.

As a mother of four creative kids, I spend a lot of time cleaning up the messes brought on by a burst of creativity. I find myself thinking about my own childhood, and my own mother, as I clean. How did she not lose her mind cleaning up our messes? My little brother used to raid the kitchen cupboards for things to use on his farm: mini marshmallows became hay bales, cans of soup/peaches/ vegetables were grain bins (once the labels were peeled off). Mom never yelled. When the marshmallow hay bales dried up, she quietly cleaned them up and threw them away. One by one, she took back the grain bins, and upon discovering what was inside the cans, made us something delicious to eat.

youngest daughter goes anywhere without a pen and paper. She leaves papers scattered throughout the house and even asked for a typewriter for Christmas. I get annoyed by the constant paper mess, and sometimes I yell at her. And then I realize, it is just paper. My mom never yelled at me for my paper messes. Her patience with my habit of using up all the paper and typewriter ink was nothing short of amazing. In fact, I think her patience and encouragement likely shaped my career: I've been able to make a living as a writer in multiple fields of work my entire adult life.

So, thanks Mom. Thanks for being patient, supportive, for believing in me, and for always picking up my scraps of paper. W

"You can take the girl off the farm, but you can't take the farm out of the girl."

I grew up on a farm 16 miles away from town where my friends lived. In the summer months, I envied their carefree existence: days spent at the pool or the lake. Granted, I got to enjoy time at the lake occasionally, but most summer days I was a typical farm kid—feeding calves and helping with other chores.

Mom raised chickens and turkeys, so a few times each summer, we were always up before the sun—and the flies—for a day of butchering. I helped Mom with gardening, canning, and baking. And just when I thought chores were done, the milk house or a grain bin needed a new coat of paint. (I would wonder, "Didn't I paint that one last summer?")

I couldn't wait to be "off the farm" and free from all those chores. Then I could go to the lake and have fun anytime!

My interpretation of "you can't take the farm out of the girl" was that no matter what I became or where I lived, I would still have a fondness for the country way of life—the animals, delicious homegrown food, and the smell of a freshly-mowed hayfield.

And boy, do I. In fact—now I miss it. But "the farm" is still part of this girl for much deeper reasons.

My mom showed me the value of hard work and seeing a job through—even when it's something I don't like. (I hated butchering chickens and cleaning out the chicken coop. Yuck.) I also learned we all have a responsibility to show up and do our part. And if you're late, expect to deal with flies.

Mom trained me to be efficient and wise with my time. She got me up early every morning to do chores in the summer. I learned the sooner I get started on something, the sooner I can have the fun I'm looking forward to.

She taught me to give people more than they expect. My mom raised an incredible garden, and she still does. My garden "specialty" on the farm was corn, and I sold it to neighbors and friends from church; a dozen ears for \$1. Mom said I should always add a couple extra ears with each dozen in case there might be a bad one in the bunch. I still find ways to practice this in my life.



Marci taking a break from running the swather



Marci's mom, Mary Ann Narum

ALWAYS YOUR FARM GIRL

by Marci Narum

lalso value what Mom taught me about hospitality and caring for people. I learned my kitchen skills from her, and my favorite is baking. She taught me to bake or cook for others in times of grief or celebration. It's how she tells people she loves them. A meal at the farm—whether it's my husband, Jim, and me or the entire Narum family—is a huge testimony of love. If you stop at the farm, you can always count on a cup of coffee and her cookies (or pie, cake, homemade bread, or lefse).

Yes, you can take the girl off the farm—but her Mom can make sure the farm is part of the girl forever. I never imagined saying this, but thanks, Mom, for waking me up to butcher chickens. TW

CHERIE WOODCOCK:

Animal Grandma

by Paula Redmann | Photos by Tom Redmann

Every now and then, Cherie Woodcock has a bad day, which can happen when you give out parking tickets for a living. She says she gets yelled at. A lot.

Cherie has a remedy for bad days. She leaves her job in Bismarck and drives north to Baldwin, turns past the post office, and then into Cher Wood, to her animals. It's her sanctuary; the place where she and Ed have lived for 20 years and the place and life she loves.

"I can just lie down in the middle of the barnyard, in the sun and in the dirt, and the animals come out and surround me. My bad day goes away," says Cherie.

Oh, and not just a few animals. Let's just say there are many. Quite a few. One could say, several.

There are sheep, cattle, horses, chickens, alpacas, dogs, donkeys, cats, and birds.

GG

"Our days start early, just after 5 a.m., and they can go late. We get home from work and do inside animal chores and outside animal chores, and we eat supper around 8 p.m."

——Cherie Woodcock

Some are purchased. Some wander in. Many are rescued. Most are named. All are known, cared for, appreciated, loved. The animals know Cherie, and she knows them.

"Of course they know me. I'm their mama," says Cherie.

The two two-week old lambs gallop across the barnyard.

"That's because I have their bottles," says Cherie.

One lamb's mother died despite the Woodcocks' gallant efforts. The other lamb's mother rejected her baby. Cherie bottle feeds them three times a day.

The barn is filled with fur, fleece, hide, and happiness. While Cherie feeds the two lambs, Sven the cat stretches waaaaay up just to touch Cherie. Siam, the Siamese cat, pleads for attention while perched on a post. There are 16 cats in all; 12 in the barn and four with health issues indoors. All are neutered or spayed, minus the orange tabby, who wandered into Cher Wood with head wounds and some roughed up teeth.

"He'll get neutered as soon as he's well enough. He's got enough to deal with right now."

A mama knows these things.

There are 72 sheep, all told, and 11 alpacas. The alpacas, with their soulful eyes and perked up ears, want to get close to Cherie. There's Homer, Cinnamon, Midas, and Patches to name a few; all part of the barn family. The alpacas earn their keep by supplying fleece, which is shipped to Cherie's friend in Kindred, North Dakota, to be made into yarn. Cherie knits and crochets scarves, mittens, and hats with the yarn and sells them. She can pick up

the yarn and tell you which alpaca it came from, like a mother knows which child's artwork is on the fridge.

Taking up a great deal of real estate in the barn is Snoopy, a large, gentle Scottish Highland bull. Snoopy retired from Dakota Zoo and is on assisted living at Cher Wood. The donkeys, three-legged Rudy and four-legged Hershey, are instinctive guardians. Cherie has seen them protect the sheep from coyotes that pass by their 80 acres. Several of the barn animals have experienced stardom, providing very important supporting roles in Christmas manger scenes.

Cherie's love for the animals is real, and so is her practical view of them as a source of food and livelihood. Chickens provide eggs. Cattle provide beef, and some sheep go to the sale barn. And then there's Cherie's 15-year-old business, Farmer Tillie's Homemade Dog Treats. She's got treats to bake and orders to fill. She sells the treats through Pride of Dakota and at area street fairs. Doesn't she ever relax?

"Well, if I watch a movie, I'm on the exercise bike or crocheting. That's kind of relaxing."

Hobie and Daisy, both Newfoundland dogs, greet visitors. Hobie is blind, and feels better when he hears Ed's voice. Dexter, the Scottish terrier, wants Cherie's attention. Baby, the cockatiel, is quite vocal about being put back into her cage.

"Our days start early, just after 5 a.m., and they can go late. We get home from work and do inside animal chores and outside animal chores, and we eat supper around 8 p.m.," says Cherie, with a smile.

One gets the distinct impression the chores, although real and time consuming, don't really faze Cherie. She and Ed share six children and seven grandchildren.

"I'm known as 'Animal Grandma,' and I like that."

Life at Cher Wood is good for Cherie, and it's good for the animals, too. \mathcal{W}



Paula Redmann is the Community Relations Manager for Bismarck Parks and Recreation District. She married her high school sweetheart, Tom. They have two arown sons. Alex and Max.















BECAUSE GUYS INSPIRE TOO!



While the Friday night lights stay off for a few more months, college football coaches have been ardently recruiting players for the 2018 season. NDSU Bison head coach Chris Klieman leads a defending NCAA Division I championship team. But that's not his focus, nor will it be when the season begins. He concentrates solely on the players he's considering for the Bison team—their performance, statistics, and attitudes. And even when Chris sees what he's looking for in a player, he might ask the young man to do something unexpected: call Mom.

"I have a special relationship with my mom. I always laugh because I'm 50 years old, but I'm still her baby." — Chris Klieman

"When I go to a school, I visit with the head coach, the guidance counselor, the principal, all that leg work. But without question, if somebody doesn't respect their parents, they aren't going to be a fit here. If they aren't respectful to their mom, it isn't going to work. I couldn't put up with it; all of our coaches couldn't handle it. It would be a deal-breaker, without question."

The answer to why Chris is uncompromising on this: 78-year-old Mary Kay Klieman.

"I have a special relationship with my mom. I always laugh because I'm 50 years old, but I'm still her baby," Chris says proudly.

Chris is the youngest of three children. He has a sister, Sarah, and a brother, Scott. His parents, Mary Kay and Bob—married 57 years—still live in Waterloo, lowa, where they raised their family. His mom was a preschool teacher for 28 years.

"It was wonderful. I loved every minute of it," Mary Kay says, remembering her time as a teacher. "My hours were the same as my kids, and my vacations were the same as my kids.' It just worked out very nicely.

"Bob was a high school football coach and biology teacher, so Chris just grew up in a teacher-oriented family," Mary Kay shares. "Both Scott and Chris played football. They grew up with their dad teaching and coaching."

When Bob left teaching, he took a job selling sporting goods.

"He got to all my events, but he was on the road a lot, Monday through Friday. Between my mother and my grandma—her mom—boy, we spent a ton of time together. I've had phenomenal relationships with my grandma and my mother because I was around those two."

"In fact," Mary Kay adds, "when Chris was in college, Mother owned a duplex and he lived in the other half for a while and helped her, doing all the errands. He mowed the lawn when he wasn't involved in football."

Chris says his parents attend most Bison football games. And since Chris joined the Bison coaching team, Mary Kay and Bob have been to every national championship game the Bison have played in Frisco, Texas.

"I'll tell you, I remember the very first game in the national championship, and it was his first endeavor. I was a nervous wreck," Mary Kay recalls. "Half the time, I had to walk behind the stands, I was so nervous. But I've gotten calmer. I know he'll be fine whichever way it goes."

Mary Kay says she is proud to see her son at the top of his career.

"To have him called up and stand with that trophy, all his boys around him, and we're taking pictures; we've cried many tears of complete happiness and joy.

"And he can feel good about himself because of the way he accomplished it, never being mean or hurtful to anybody."

A consistent rule in the Klieman family was the golden rule; it has been a lifelong guiding principle for Chris.

"Treat people right. Treat people the way you want to be treated. Treat people with respect," Chris says.

"I always taught them, 'You have to remember everybody's a human being and has feelings, and you treat people the way you want to be treated," Mary Kay recalls.

That golden rule will be in mind as Chris begins training each Bison recruit before the lights are turned on again for the season.

"He's leaving his home, and mom and dad have to feel comfortable—especially mom has to feel comfortable that I'm going to take care of their son as I would my own," Chris shares.

"It's been so gratifying to me that he's done so very well, and I'm just so proud of the way he's done it," Mary Kay adds. "He does it with humility and wanting to be a part of those boys' lives; giving them something they can always remember—and doing it with goodness." "W"



The Klieman family celebrates after the NDSU Bison win the NCAA Division I Championship in 2014, Chris Klieman's first year as head coach.





The Klieman family at Game Day in Fargo



Chris and his mom enjoying a Twins game in Fort Myers, Florida



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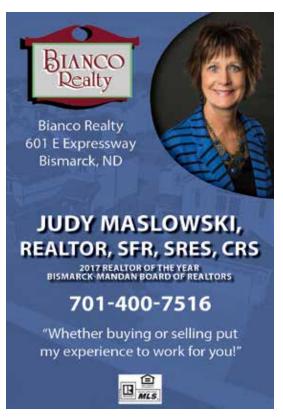


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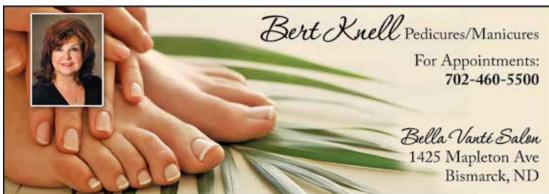
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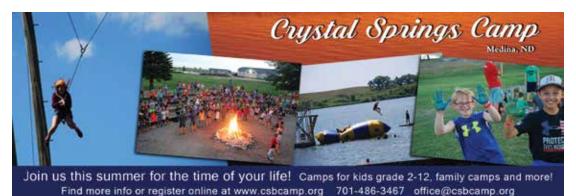
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Margaret Ingerslew:

(LEFT TO RIGHT)

Margaret and Andersen

Margaret and her family

Margaret and family after she returned home







When Margaret Ingerslew started her B-52 career in 2011, she was a new mom to Andersen, and that made her an anomaly in the bomber community. The advice she had received as a young married female officer was to delay having children until she was out of the Air Force or in a nonflying position, so she and husband Seth agreed to wait a few years before starting their family. But life didn't go according to plan.

"We moved when Andersen was about two weeks old, and I started the formal training unit for the B-52, and I showed up, and I was the girl who had a kid. They didn't know my name. They didn't know anything except I was the girl who had a kid," Margaret recalls.

She had done the one thing she had been advised not to do, but Margaret knew herself and her abilities and excelled in the program just as she had in flight school. In 2012, the young family moved to Minot Air Force Base, where Margaret continued her career as a Weapon Systems Officer (WSO pronounced "wizzo"). Four months after arriving, Margaret was deployed to Guam. Four weeks later, she found out she was pregnant with her second child, Madeline.

"After we got moved to Minot, and I was going to deploy, I had said, 'I just want to get my name in the squadron, I want to get a deployment under my belt, I want to kind of get established before I'm taken out of the jet,' and that was our

plan. We joke that we just can't say things out loud," Margaret remembers.

For decades women weren't allowed to fly in bombers because they simply weren't allowed in combat situations, so when Margaret became pregnant, the Air Force didn't have a plan to keep her from falling behind her peers.

"I honestly thought about getting out of the military, because of my experience with Madeline. I could tell my career definitely took a hit for it. When your primary job is to drop weapons from an airplane, and you can't physically fly due to pregnancy being a medical condition, you're out of the jet for ultimately a year," Margaret explains. "You're out of your job—your profession—for a year. The way you are promoted and do well as a flyer in the Air Force is by flying. It's like I went to work for a year, but it didn't look like I was working. I basically did two years of flying in one deployment to bring me back up to where my peer group was."

She stresses that she asked for this arrangement. Once she decided to stay in the Air Force, she was determined to compete with her peers, a reality with which many mothers in professional fields can relate.

"I love my children, and I love my job, so I never want to say no when there's a fun flight or a fun mission or an experience that I can go on. You don't want to say no, but you have other commitments," Margaret explains while

BALANCING A MILITARY CAREER AND MOTHERHOOD

by Nicole Thom-Arens | Submitted Photos







(LEFT TO RIGHT)

Margaret and Madeline

Margaret and her family with B-1

Margaret with Andersen

discussing the balance of being a mom and a professional. "You're always getting pulled in one way, and you don't know always when to give more here or take more there, and so it's just a constant internal battle."

The Air Force, though, is beginning to develop a better plan for women who, like Margaret, don't want to wait to become mothers.

"They have a sabbatical that you can apply for. You could take up to three years off and be a stay-at-home mom if that's what you want to do, and then you come back to active duty after those three years are up and it simply pauses wherever you left off," Margaret explains.

This would have been an option for Margaret when she and Seth welcomed their third child, Scarlet, in 2016—something Margaret said Andersen and Madeline foresaw.

"It was like their lives were not

complete. They just needed a little sister named 'Sugar Plum' forever. Andersen loves to tell that story. He's like, 'Well, I knew what our family needed," Margaret recalls. "We might not have planned it exactly this way, but this is exactly what it's supposed to be."

Margaret decided not to pause her career. She enjoyed a traditional maternity leave and went back to work. In 2017, she was promoted to major and was one of two WSOs selected for Striker Vista, a program designed to increase the breadth of knowledge within the bomber community. The family recently settled in Rapid City, South Dakota, where Margaret is currently a B-1 WSO. W



Nicole Thom-Arens is a writer and an assistant professor of communication arts at Minot State University where she teaches journalism and communication theory courses and advises the student newspaper the Red & Green.



For more information visit bismarckcancercenter.com

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2	June 1-3	Rug Rat Softball Tournament
EVENTS	June 2	Tractor Trek
E	June 2	Carz-n-Cures
<u>۳</u>	June 9	Volkowitsch Golf Open
~	June 10	Bismarck Bloody Mary Fest
Ā	June 16	Harleywood Night Motorcyle Run
CALENDAR OF	June 20	BCC Night at the Bismarck Larks
Ħ	June 25	Survivor Picnic
Ú	July 4	Mandan Road Race





THINKING OUTSIDE THE MOTHER'S DAY GIFTING BOX

Article and Photos by Michelle Farnsworth





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Ya wanna know what's trending? To avoid the trend! Buck the system, and literally color outside the lines.

Let me tell you a little story: in the early days of my marriage and motherhood, my husband, honey-pie, sweetie Richard, would consistently order me flowers. I love flowers. I always want fresh flowers around my home. To this day I purchase flowers for myself. But I made the mistake of remarking to him, "Maybe get me something different next time?"

Done.

Finished.

Richard became the Seinfeld Soup Guy: "NO MORE FLOWERS FOR YOU."

Oopsie.

But even then, I was trying to get loved ones to be more creative in their gift giving endeavors. Not to follow the masses; I guess it's the Gemini in me. Well then, you're thinking, what's the perfect Mother's Day gift idea, Ms. Smartie Pants?

Hold onto your noggins, cuz you're going to love what I have in mind.

My top ideas involve combining activities with supporting local, small businesses. Your recipients will be surprised, small businesses will get a boost, and YOU are crowned, "BEST GIFT GIVER!"

Here are my top three picks:

- Bismarck Downtown Artist 1. Cooperative (BDAC) Adult **Classes.** I have personally attended many of these classes, and they are just a great way to spend an evening. Classes are taught by professional New classes artists. been scheduled, from clay to painting to metal sculpting, and watercolor—there's sure to be something you and your mamma, auntie, cousin, or sister would enjoy. Classes can be found at www.bismarckdac. com.
- 2. Paint Your Pet Class at Blue Sky Bismarck. If you know me, you know my Boston Terrier, Frankie, is my best pal. (He was lovingly adopted from Furry Friends Rockin' Rescue, which is another gift idea—adopt a pet!) I recently took a class from Nicole Gagner, a local artist. Nicole sketches out a rough draft of

your pet from your provided photograph, and when you attend the class, your canvas is ready for you to paint. It's like paint-by-numbers for adults! In addition to that class, Blue Sky Bismarck hosts an entirely different set of classes than its upstairs neighbor, BDAC. Visit their Facebook page at facebook.com/blueskybismarck to see a list of classes.

Stella's on Main in Bismarck. took a pillow making class that was relaxing, fun, and super easy to do. Basically, owner D'arcie Weekes-Malsam does all the work for you. You show up, choose your stencil, and dab on some paint! Ta-dah! There are also paint-your-own wall clocks, wooden trays, and succulent bar classes to attend. Go to stellasnd.com or their Facebook page: facebook. com/stellasnorthdakota for all the information you need to register.

So get creative, explore your community, learn a new hobby, and grab your loved one for an adventure they'll always treasure and never forget. \mathcal{W}



Michelle Farnsworth is a local writer and owner of her own Younique Makeup and Skincare business. Two humans, one fur baby, and her husband, Richard, occupy her free time.



LITTLE LINKS: A BIG IDEA

by Stephanie Fong | Submitted Photos





(BOTTOM)
Kathy Olin holds
Emma, one of
the children who
regularly attends
Little Links with
her family

When some people recognize a need in their community, they talk about it. Kathy Olin saw a need in Dickinson and took action.

During the peak of the most recent oil boom in western North Dakota, Kathy's husband, Scott, was hiring drivers from across the country to fill numerous job openings at his company, Dickinson Ready Mix. The drivers were often men who brought their families with them to North Dakota as they pursued employment.

"They loved it here, but the families were isolated," Kathy explains. "At that time, seven or eight years ago, if you wanted to meet someone, where did you go?"

Families from out of state often found themselves with no support system nearby. There was a pressing need for the community to connect new families with resources, local information, and social interaction. Kathy heard about a community-funded, school-facilitated preschool and playgroup in North Carolina. It offered play and learning for kids, as well as social connections for parents.

"I thought, 'We need something like

this!"

A staff member of Dickinson KIDS program and a preschool teacher herself, Kathy bounced the idea off her co-workers and other early childhood development organizations in town. Eventually a group of volunteers came together, and they began to tackle the logistics: find a place to meet, find furniture and materials, and figure out a way to fund the program long-term to pay for rent and other expenses.

Their original meeting space was donated by Dickinson Ready Mix, furnishings were offered by the school district and the hospital, and other items were loaned by the KIDS Program. Local donations helped buy rugs to cover the concrete floor and purchase other supplies.

The group of organizers coined the name "Little Links," a reference to the connections being made, as well as the desire to strengthen any weak links in community services or family support.

Staffed by volunteers and funded by donations, Little Links free community playgroup formed nearly five years ago and now serves up to 200 families annually.





Little Links2810 I-94 Business Loop East Suite B, Dickinson, ND

Monday, Thursday, and Friday Mornings Free to anyone! Geared to families with children ages 0-5

Check for schedule notes on Facebook: facebook.com/dickinsonlittlelinks Contact: littlelinks1@gmail.com

Megan Farnsworth and her family quickly experienced the benefits of the Little Links program. The family moved to Dickinson from a small town in Utah.

"Little Links has been a huge blessing to me and my littles for making new friends and getting to be part of the community. We have made lots of friends that we may not have met if not for Little Links."

Now, Megan serves as president of the Little Links board to help ensure it continues to grow and flourish. Little Links board members and other volunteers open the Little Links space to families three mornings per week, bringing in community members to present information or speak on topics of interest once a month.

Extra activities are added in the summer months, such as "Park Walk Wednesdays," where kids and families get to explore a different Dickinson park each week. Low-cost field trips are also offered to places such as the Bismarck Zoo, Medora, and Papa's Pumpkin Patch.

"Some weeks we have two or three families, and other weeks we have 40 people here at one time," says Kathy.

Parents sign a membership

contract acknowledging the rules and expectations, including the need to help keep the space clean.

"Little Links is a one-of-a-kind thing: we're not governed by any other agency," Kathy explains. "Dickinson is a unique community, with unique problems, but also unique possibilities."

Board members and other volunteers have faithfully raised money for Little Links throughout its five year history, holding rummage sales, car washes, and serving concessions at various community events. Little Links is now a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization, better positioning itself to grow and expand in the future.

Little Links has been a labor of love, for the sake of the kids and families who participate, as well as for the community—happy and connected families are more likely to stay and make Dickinson their home, something everyone involved can be proud of. W



Stephanie Fong lives and works in Dickinson and is the proud mom to two wonderful "littles" of her own. She enjoys playing with her kids outside, going to concerts with her husband, and taking in local events with family and friends.







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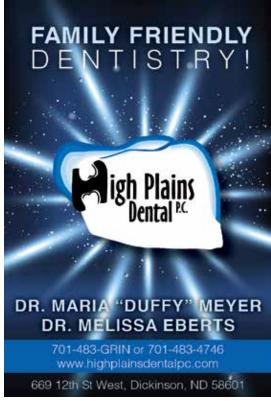
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COMMUNITY CONTRIBUTOR



KRISTI'S HEART HUGS Submitted Photos







(LEFT TO RIGHT) Emmeric Elmer with his giraffe

Kristi with support group members Trena Zuther, Isabella Westman, Mason Stotz, Jaymeson Dutchuk, and Gray Petersen.

Kristi Lafrenz

Lafrenz was with Kristi born a congenital heart defect called Tetralogy of Fallot with pulmonary atresia. She had her first open heart surgery when she was just one week old. She had two more while in school and her last surgery in 2008. Now, this 43-year-old wife and mother is doing what she can to help others affected by congenital heart defects through Kristi's Heart Hugs. Kristi says living with a broken heart has been challenging, but it has also given her permission to test her limits rather than fear them, something she's working hard to help others with congenital heart defects do too. She shares more about her work and about Kristi's Heart Hugs.

TELL US A LITTLE HISTORY OF KRISTI'S HEART HUGS.

After my last valve replacement surgery in 2008, I realized there was very little support for children and their families who are affected by congenital heart defects in the Bismarck-Mandan area. As an adult, I experienced firsthand what emotional and financial hardships these defects have on these children and their families. When I was in kindergarten, my teacher and my classmates sent me a life-size stuffed white bear. More than 30 years later, I still have that bear. When looking at that bear one night, I decided I needed to find a way to make sure every child could receive their own bear to hug at night when they were scared, just like I had so many nights before. After some thought, I created a Facebook support group called Kristi's Heart Hugs. I linked it to the tagline, "congenital heart defects." Within days, three families had requested to be members of my support group. While looking for a stuffed animal to send to these children, I found a small stuffed giraffe. Not only was this giraffe soft and adorable, it had a long neck; which allowed two things: first, it was small enough for their little hands to wrap their fingers around it to hold onto, and second, it had a long chest area which allowed me the space to handstitch their badge of courage, much like the one I wear on my chest. With each giraffe that I send, the parents receive a small heart journal so they can keep track of their child's meds, surgeries, procedures, and every day experiences.

I started a support group which meets the second Tuesday of each month at the Sanford Children's Castle Clinic in Bismarck. By having this support group, not only do I want to provide some comfort to these children, I want to let the families know that we (CHD kids) will be okay and there is someone there for them. I want parents to know that a heart defect shouldn't stop their child from having a normal life.

HOW ARE YOU DIFFERENT FROM OTHER ORGANIZATIONS LIKE YOURS?

The mission and purpose of Kristi's Heart Hugs is: to provide personal communication, encouragement, and assistance for children with congenital heart defects and their families. A common misconception for people with a heart defect is that once you have had a repair done, your illness is over and you go back to your normal life. However, that is not the case. I often hear people say, "Oh, you had surgery? I thought you were fixed." Having a heart defect is a lifelong condition, and we have to follow up with a pediatric cardiologist for the rest of our lives.

My desire is to help every child I come in contact with, knowing that their heart defect cannot stop them from dreaming and reaching for every goal they have.

HOW CAN PEOPLE DONATE OR GET INVOLVED?

Kristi's Heart Hugs is now a 501(c) (3), and as an official nonprofit organization, I am able to accept



donations, and I am able to assist families financially to help them with travel, hotel, and meals when they go to Minneapolis or Rochester for surgeries and appointments. If people would like to donate, they can do so by sending the donation to Kristi's Heart Hugs, PO Box 7322, Bismarck, ND 58507-7322. You can donate via our website, kristishearthugs.org. If people would like to volunteer at our support group meetings, they can contact me via email: khhugs@gmail.com. 70



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Betty's mother, Crystal (Sletmoen) Lindstrom

WHAT I ASKED MOTHER

by Betty Mills | Submitted Photos

My mother was orphaned at the age of 12 when both of her parents died within two months of each other of tuberculosis—the killer disease of two generations ago. She didn't talk about it much, but I remember her description of her mother's funeral when the minister proclaimed that the devil lurked for orphan children, so it was up to the parishioners to protect these children from the evil one.

As a result, people frequently

hauled out garish and frightening pictures of hell to show my mother her potential fate if she was not a good girl.

Perhaps that is why she altered the childhood prayer I said each night at bedtime—that old familiar, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep..." But instead of saying next, "If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take," we prayed, "His love stay with me all the night and

wake me in the morning bright."

She also believed that nobody, especially school children, should start their day without a hot breakfast. I thought of her when a friend who taught kindergarten in one of Bismarck's poorer neighborhoods kept meal tickets in her desk for the children who arrived without breakfast or the possibility of lunch.

There were rules at our house—many of which I think originated in mother's sudden descent into a poverty stricken, homeless life until she became a school teacher and eventually married my father. We arrived at meals on time, made our beds before we launched into any other activities, hung up all clothes, took off overshoes in the back hall, and did our chores without complaint.

We took for granted the alwaysfilled cookie jar, the frosted cinnamon rolls every Thursday, the special food for Sundays and holidays; a clean house, clean clothes, clean language, and a bedtime story every night until we got old enough to read our own.

She made my clothes, patched my overalls, taught me to weed and love the flowers she planted everywhere, to identify the birds, which nested in our trees, and sent me off to college with a wardrobe which did not betray my farm girl origins. Only late in her life did she tell me that she had one dress when she was in high school, which she washed every night and ironed in the morning to wear to school.

There is of course, a long list of

questions I should have asked my mother, and it's too late now. Over the years I met most of the aunts and uncles on whose davenports I think she slept during her homeless years, but she never talked about her father, an immigrant from Norway and a rural mail carrier at the time of his death. What was he like? Who paid for her to take the normal school course in East Grand Forks her senior year in high school, which qualified her to teach in rural grade schools? Where did she stay, and how did she get there?

I have occasionally complained that growing up on a ranch near a small western North Dakota town in the Dirty Thirties meant there was a lot missing in my life—a library, cultural events, trips to a big city, and exposure to a world I might someday wish to join. But I would not trade it for my lucky childhood with a loving, thoughtful, interesting mother who wrote poetry when she could spare a moment.

And I think of her when I read of the homeless children in Bismarck. On whose davenport can they sleep? How do they get the education they need? If they wanted to iron their one outfit, where would they plug in the iron?

Where is their hot breakfast? W



Betty Mills graduated with honors from Mary College in 1967 with a degree in social work. Her career has included motherhood and leadership; Betty served on many local boards and councils.





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