

Michelle had a smile that would light up a room and laughter that was contagious. She had cheeks that would turn a rosy red when embarrassed, excited, or nervous (which she wished she could control). Michelle had a playful, friendly, fun and loving spirit that touches anyone who met her. She loved spending time with family and friends. You wouldn't find Michelle without a camera, she loved photography. She enjoyed traveling, mashed potatoes, music, staying connected on Facebook and enjoying life.



Michelle is the second oldest of four siblings. Michelle graduated from Princeton High School as an honor roll student, wearing that title proudly. Her passion in loving people inspired her to further her education. She had completed her first year at St Cloud Tech College, where she was studying psychology. Her dream was to help those who were lost and suffering.

Wednesday June 2, 2010, with the morning sun shining on what would have been a beautiful summer day, a 911 call for a car accident was placed. Michelle was traveling north bound on 185th Ave, when she failed to stop for a stop sign. A 3/4 Ton pick-up pulling a trailer with tack equipment traveling west bound on Co Rd 4 entered the same intersection. The driver of the pick-up didn't see Michelle until she was right in front of him. The driver said he didn't have time to react and struck Michelle in the passenger side of her car. Even though Michelle was wearing her seat belt, she sustained such head trauma that she died immediately. The ironic part of Michelle's story is, how much she loved her car. She was so proud of her license and purchasing her car. She spent a lot of time in that green Mercury Sable. She was constantly traveling to and from friends, work, home and school.

Not a day goes by that we don't miss Michelle's bubbly personality, her text's, phone calls, her car pulling up in our drive way, and her coming in the door saying "guess what happened today." Our home will never be the same. We miss the smell of burning hair in the straightener, the laundry running for a pair of pants and a shirt, the hidden snacks. We think about telling her to have a good day, be careful the roads are nasty, or call me when you get there.

There is a Michelle size hole in everyone who was blessed to know her. When you lose a child, there is a part of your heart that goes with them. God blessed us with Michelle and we will live out her memory until that day we are reunited.

When our pastor's wife gave us the brochure for Smile Again Ministries we were scared, cautious and not sure if anything would help with the pain we were experiencing. We set up our visit for the week after Christmas thinking at least it would give us something to get through the holiday's (thinking we were going to get away after). When we pulled up to Whitetail Lodge we felt this will be nice and peaceful.

Through their stories of losing their daughter Mickey, and patiently listening and counseling, Pat and Judy Misener gave us tools to help us sort through and push through our grief. We left Smile Again feeling a weight had been lifted off our shoulders. When you connect with another couple or family that is experiencing the same loss of a child you know that what you are feeling, doing, thinking and living are normal. We are very thankful and feel blessed to have spent time with them. Thank you and we love you Pat and Judy.