



## Heartland Mensa Region 7



RVC Greg Kontz

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### July 2014 RVC Column

Hi Guys—

We had our RG in Dickinson last weekend. We're wrapping things up now—pretty much a done deal. We had 18 attendees, 8 presenters, 2 tour guides. The presentations were interesting and well done, the food was great, the tours were very well received, and, of course there was no shortage of Mensa conversation. Speaking as a committee of one, it was a great experience, but I'm glad that it's over. Setting one up is not rocket science, but it is a time sucker—big time. Once it got started, there was some very much appreciated help from fellow Mensans at the event, and from Susan, my very supportive wife. I also had a lot of help from the Convention and Visitors Bureau—they supplied a banner, name badges, set up the oilfield tour, and gave us packets of really nice brochures and maps. We had 17 people on the oilfield tour—a packed passenger van that was donated by a local car dealer, and a couple other vehicles. We ended at a 600-person man camp with a tour and lunch.

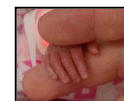
We had old renters moving out and new renters moving in the same weekend, so there was that also. Plus there's Boston coming up in a couple weeks—gotta get ready for that. Plus this, plus that—welcome to life. Speaking of which, there was one thing that was really in the back of Susan's and my minds:

My daughter gave birth May 23 to a beautiful baby girl. They named her Chloe. She was a "micro preemie"—born at 22 weeks and a weight of 1 lb., 3 oz. We were told the night before that the chances of her surviving were 5>10%. The time of viability was 24 weeks—not 22. She went into labor a few hours after that. At 1:00 am, we were all sitting outside of the delivery room, anticipating the worst, when the chaplain came out and stated "Your baby was born alive at 12:59 am and breathing on her own—she was 1 lb., 3 oz.". We were stunned. Then, 10 minutes later, she brought out pictures from the delivery room, and we all lost it. 10 minutes after that, we were looking at her in the NICU. You can read about 1000 miracles, you can hear about 100 of them—ya only gotta see one. It was an experience that I have a lot of trouble describing. I can tell you this: everyone in that room was changed that day, and the changes were long term. St Alexius in Bismarck has been around since 1888, and there have been almost 90,000 births there. They're known for their excellent NICU unit. Chloe is the youngest "micro preemie" they've ever had. They have had smaller, though.



It's now been 25 days since Chloe was born. She was moved to Children's Hospital in Minneapolis about 10 days ago. It's been a real roller coaster ride. There have been 3 or 4 times that we didn't know if she would make it through the night. But, so far, she's still fighting, and she's still here. And her odds get better every day she keeps fighting. Every day that I go to bed with her still here is a good day—no matter what else happened.

Susan and I appreciated very much the prayers and good thoughts we've gotten. For those of you so inclined, she's on [caringbridge.org](http://caringbridge.org) —search for "chloesarmy".



See ya in Boston—

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