

*Helen* passed away in Milwaukee, WI, where she resided since 2013.

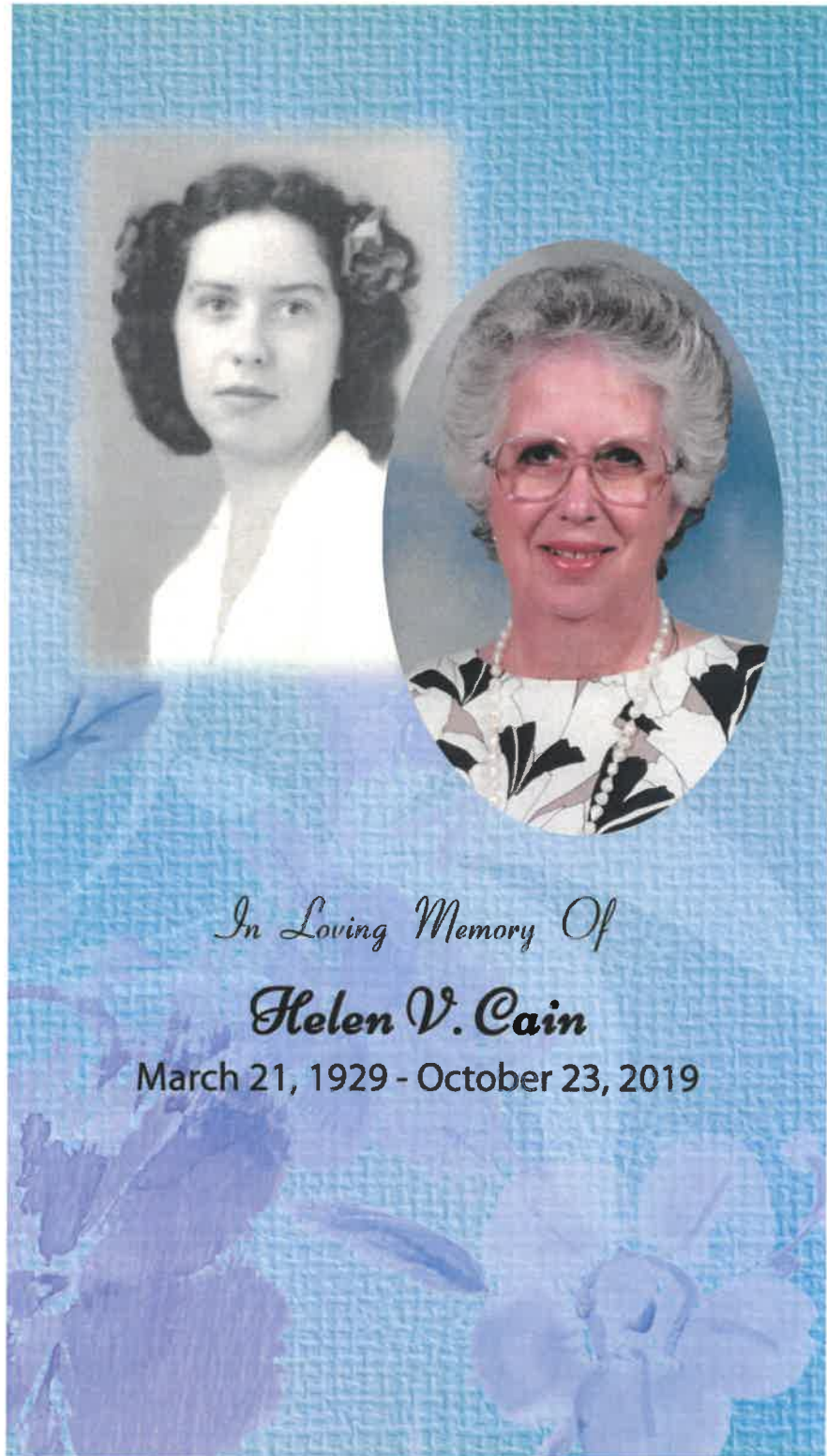
Helen was born in Milwaukee, WI on March 21, 1929 to Roland and Verna Boehles. She was the second oldest of six children and grew up in Milwaukee.

She resided in the Milwaukee area until her marriage to Charles Cain on June 11, 1948. At that time she moved to Charlie's farm in Wildrose, ND. They moved to San Diego, CA for a short time before relocating to Germantown, WI. They retired in Gillett, WI, living there until Charlie's death. She then moved to Williston, ND to be near Cynthia for the next 30 years until moving back to Milwaukee, WI.

Helen enjoyed reading, sewing, cooking, music, dancing and most recently making beaded necklaces.

Survivors include her children, Cynthia (Jerry) Tillman, Michael (Kathleen) Cain, and Melissa Cain; her sister, Susan Beckner; grandchildren, Pat Knox, Greg Knox, Adam Wilson, Lehry (Cindy) Cain Jr. and Rachel Wigman; great granddaughter, Taylor (Kirklin) Thomas; great-great grandchildren, Jaxson Knox and Everlyn Thomas and numerous nieces and nephews.

Helen was preceded in death by Charles in 1982; siblings, Jim Boehles, John Boehles, Diane Baur and Georgine Novotny; stepson, Lehry Cain and infant grandson, Donald Knox.



**In Loving Memory Of**  
*Helen Verna Cain*



**Date & Place of Birth**  
March 21, 1929  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

**Date & Place of Passing**  
October 23, 2019  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

**Prayer Services**

Wednesday, October 30, 2019 at 12 pm  
Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home Chapel  
Williston, North Dakota

**Officiating**

Rick Clemes

**Music**

"On Eagles Wings" & "Amazing Grace"

**Pallbearers**

Helen's Family & Friends

**Final Resting Place**

Wildrose Cemetery ~ Wildrose, North Dakota

**Arrangements By**

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home, Williston, N.D.

Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am not there, I do not sleep  
I am a *thousand winds*  
that blow,  
I am the diamond glint on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you wake in the morning hush;  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circling flight.  
I am the *soft starlight* at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry.  
I am not there, I did not die.

- Anonymous