

Lead Me Home

I have seen my last tomorrow,
I'm holding my last breath,
Goodbye, sweet world of sorrow,
My new life, begins with death.
I am standing on the mountain,
I can hear the angels songs,
I am reaching over Jordon
Take my hand, Lord lead me home.

All my burdens, are behind me,
I have prayed, my final pray,
Don't you cry, over my body
'Cause that ain't me, lying there.
No, I am standing on the mountain,
I can hear the angels songs,
I am reaching over Jordon,
Take my hand, Lord lead me home.

I am standing (Lord, I am standing) on the mountain
(on the mountain),

I can hear (I can hear the angel's songs) the angels' songs,
I am reaching over Jordon, (over Jordon)
Take my hand, Lord lead me home.
Take my hand, Lord lead me home

Jamey Johnson



In Loving Memory
CELEBRATING A LIFE

Dustin M. Hovland

Date & Place of Birth

August 6, 1988 ~ Williston, North Dakota

Returned to His Heavenly Father

May 21, 2017 ~ McHenry, North Dakota

Funeral Service

11 o'clock, Tuesday, May 30, 2017

First Lutheran Church
Watford City, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor Mark Honstein

Music

Garrett Gudmunsen ~ Vocalist
Caroline Schwartz ~ Accompanist

Pallbearers

Aaron Hovland	Brandon Hovland
Matthew Hovland	Marc Ceynar
Darin Hoyt	Leon Hoyt
Wyatt Hoyt	Laine Hoyt

Honorary Pallbearers

Dustin's niece, nephews and cousins

Final Resting Place

Schafer Cemetery ~ Watford City, North Dakota

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home of Watford City, ND
has been entrusted with arrangements



In Loving Memory Of

Dustin Michael Hovland

August 6, 1988 - May 21, 2017





Dustin Hovland was born to Vonnie Johnsrud and Orrin Hovland on August 6, 1988 in Williston, ND. He grew up in Watford City and graduated in 2006.

He worked for various jobs in and around Watford City before moving to McHenry to work for his uncles in construction. At the time of his death he was doing welding in the McHenry/Binford area. He was a big help to his Grandpa Hoyt in the Butcher Shop.

Dustin was an excellent welder and created many items for family and friends. Dustin's passion for sure was hunting and fishing and he loved taking his cousins bird hunting, sitting in the hunting blind waiting for the "thirty pointer", or sitting in the ice house all day waiting for a bite. He was looking forward to being able to take his nephews out hunting as well. He loved to make wild game in his crock-pot and smoker. Dustin loved getting in a "squabble" about politics or the New England Patriots. Dustin loved playing pinochle with his Grandpa Hoyt. He was currently working on a derby car for this summer.

Dustin is survived by his mother, Vonnie Johnsrud and her husband Jim of Watford City; brothers, Blaine (Jennifer) and their children Beau, Casey and Anna Joy of Watford City; Christopher (Rebecca) and their children Luke, Liam and new nephew/niece to arrive in September; sister, Cambree Hovland of Watford City. Grandparents, LuVerne and Darlene Hoyt of McHenry and Joyce Hovland of Watford City; Uncles, Darin Hoyt (Kathy) and their children Levi, Brody and Kade of McHenry, Leon Hoyt and his children Wyatt and Laine of McHenry, Warren (Laurie) Hovland and their children Aaron and Brandon of Watford City; Aunt Deb Hovland and her children Matthew of Bismarck and Allison of Minneapolis. He is also survived by his extended family, Jim's boys, Ryan (Barbara) and their daughter Abigail of Bismarck; Rory (Jennifer) and their children Jacob, James, and Chloe of Fargo; and Garrett of Fargo. Dustin is preceded in death by his father Orrin Hovland, his grandfather Raymond Hovland and his uncle Owen Hovland.

In Dustin's short life, he made many friends. He loved hanging out with friends, and was known for his sense of humor and his quick come backs for everything. If you were his friend, he gave you his all. He was a kind hearted young man and will be missed by all who knew him, and especially his dog Lady.



I'd like the memory of me
To be a happy one,
I'd like to leave
an afterglow of
smiles
when life is done.
I'd like to leave an echo
Whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times and laughing times
And bright & sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve,
To dry before the sun
Of *happy memories*
that I leave behind
When life is done.