



Of all the  
Rights of Women,  
the **Greatest**  
is to be  
a *Mother*



*In Loving Memory*  
CELEBRATING A LIFE

*Beverly Darlyne Hillestad*

**Born to Walter & Elva Woodbeck**

February 6, 1943  
Noonan, North Dakota

**Returned to Her Heavenly Father**

May 24, 2018  
Bismarck, North Dakota

**Memorial Services**

6:00 PM ~ Tuesday, May 29, 2018  
Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home Chapel  
Watford City, North Dakota

**Officiating**

Pastor Bob Lawson

**Music**

"Choices" ~ "On the Wings of a Dove"  
"Go Rest High on that Mountain"  
"Candle in the Wind" ~ "Amazing Grace"  
"Dancing in the Sky"

**Honorary Urn Bearers**

All of Bev's Family & Friends

**Arrangements By**

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home  
Watford City, North Dakota

*Hope Strength*



*In Loving Memory Of*

*Beverly Darlyne Hillestad*



*February 6, 1943 - May 24, 2018*

Beverly Darilyne Hillestad, 75, of Watford City, North Dakota passed away, surrounded by her loving family, **May 24, 2018** at Sanford Medical Center of Bismarck, ND.

Bev (Woodbeck) Hillestad was born in Noonan, ND on **February 6, 1943** to Walter Woodbeck and Elva Boen-Woodbeck. She was baptized Lutheran in faith and had a love for her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Bev moved to the family farm west of Coteau in 1945. She started school (1st grade) at Clayton Country School in 1949 until 1955, and then attended Coteau school from 1955-1958 and spent her freshman and sophomore years in Bowbells from 1958-1960.

Bev and Henry Hillestad were married in Kenmare in 1961 and started their family. They raised their 5 children while moving from Kenmare to Fairbanks, Alaska to Lignite, ND to Cut Bank, MT and finally "settled" in Watford City in 1980. This is where she spent the rest of her life nurturing her family and enjoying her life-long friends and activities. Bev also accomplished earning her GED. She was the center of the family who organized and planned all reunions and events, and most specially the yearly "Family Picnic". She was dearly loved and will be greatly missed by all.

She enjoyed quilting, crafting, baking, gardening, bird-watching, nature sight-seeing, bowling, darts and horseshoes. She was a very loving and devoted wife, mother, grandmother and great grandmother. Bev had a love for people in which she carried on after death by being an organ donor.

Bev is preceded in death by her parents, Walter and Elva and by her brothers; Darrel, Gary and Arvey.

Left to cherish her loving memory is her husband, Henry James Hillestad of Watford City, ND; sons, Paul (Cara), Gene, Timothy (Lori) and Bryan (Vicki); daughter, Cynthia Thomas (Ray); brothers Jim Woodbeck and Rick Woodbeck; grandchildren, Levi, Nichole, Billy, Andrea, Tanner, Amber, Kayla, Tess, Elizabeth, Kaden and Sophia; great grandchildren, Nikalya, Jayden, Axel, and Grace; and numerous nieces and nephews.



## To Remember Me

The day will come when my body will lie upon a white sheet neatly tucked under four corners of a mattress located in a hospital busily occupied with the living and the dying. At a certain moment a doctor will determine that my brain has ceased to function and that, for all intentions and purposes, my life has stopped.

When that happens, do not attempt to instill artificial life into my body by the use of a machine. And don't call this my death bed. Let it be called the Bed of Life, and let my body be taken from it to help others lead fuller lives.

Give my sight to the man who has never seen a sunrise, a baby's face or love in the eyes of a woman. Give my heart to a person whose own heart has caused nothing but endless days of pain. Give my blood to the teen-ager who was pulled from the wreckage of his car, so that he might live to see his grandchildren play. Give my kidneys to one who depends on a machine to exist from week to week. Take my bones, every muscle, every fiber and nerve in my body and find a way to make a crippled child walk.

Explore every corner of my brain. Take my cells, if necessary, and let them grow so that, someday, a speechless boy will shout at the crack of a bat and a deaf girl will hear the sound of rain against her window.

Burn what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the winds to help the flowers grow.

If you must bury something, let it be my faults, my weaknesses and all prejudice against my fellow man.

Give my sins to the devil. Give my soul to God.

If, by chance, you wish to remember me, do it with a kind deed or word to someone who needs you. If you do all I have asked, I will live forever.