Herbert Donald Maston was born February 15, 1923 on the family farm at Banks, North Dakota to Roy and Marie (Johnston) Maston. He grew up on the family farm, graduated from Watford City High School and attended NDSU for 1 year before returning to the farm, making it his permanent home.

He married Delores Pederson on August 8th, 1950. They raised their family and continued to farm until Herb’s health forced him to retire and move to the Good Shepherd home in 2004. Herb was a busy member of the Good Shepherd community, always ready to go on an outing, help another resident with a push down the hall, visiting and joking with staff and discussing his favorite topic..politics.

He is survived by his wife, Delores of Watford City, ND; his children, Donna Maston of Bismarck, ND, Diane Maston Ehrlich and Curtis Steinhause, Devils Lake, ND, Carol and Brooks Kummer, Watford City, ND and Don and Judy Maston, Watford City, ND; grandchildren, Shonna and Mark Auld, Seattle, WA, Cody Kummer and his daughter, Regan, Bismarck, ND, Albert Falcon, Bismarck, ND, Andrea and Jason Gressman and their children, Cale, Kylin, and Creide Olathe, CO, Fallon Maston, Watford City, ND; brothers-in-law, Ed Heide, Seattle, WA, Robert (Ardis) Pederson Watford City, ND; sister-in-law, Jennie Maston, Cutbank, MT; and several other nephews and nieces.

Herb was preceded in death by his parents; and infant son, Roy B. Maston; sisters, Florence and Melba; and brothers, Sidney and Gordon.
Saddle Dreams

I’ve seen the Badlands as the sun sprinkles it’s first light.
I’ve laid awake and listened quietly to the coyotes welcome the night.

I’ve seen the grass so lush and green that it seemed to reach the sky,
I’ve seen the hills so brown and dry and parched that it made grown men cry.

I’ve seen wheat fields that waved to the wind and could feed a thousand faces,
I’ve seen the years the crops wouldn’t grow and I yearned for different places.

I’ve thrown my rope at a bull and sometime hoped that I would miss,
I’ve had my old brown save me from a wreck and paid him with a kiss.

I’ve had horses that could run and stop and turn on a dime,
I’ve had horses that on my best day I couldn’t start to ride.

I’ve had dogs that would mind my voice and hold the cows from the brush,
I’ve had dogs that run for the head, and barked at the moon, and taught me to cuss.

I’ve had prairie chickens fly up under my horse and left me in a heap.
I’ve had pictures of these wondrous things as I drifted off to sleep.

I’ve had a family that I loved so much and I couldn’t tell them so,
I guess maybe it’s cause I’m a cowboy, but I hope they will always know.

I’ve had friends that went before me that I thought I’d never see again,
I’ve had to leave some behind, who couldn’t be with me at the end.

I’ve been good and I’ve been bad and sometimes I’d just hang and rattle.
But, Lord, if You decide to send me to heaven, I’d ‘preciate it,
You’d send me my saddle.