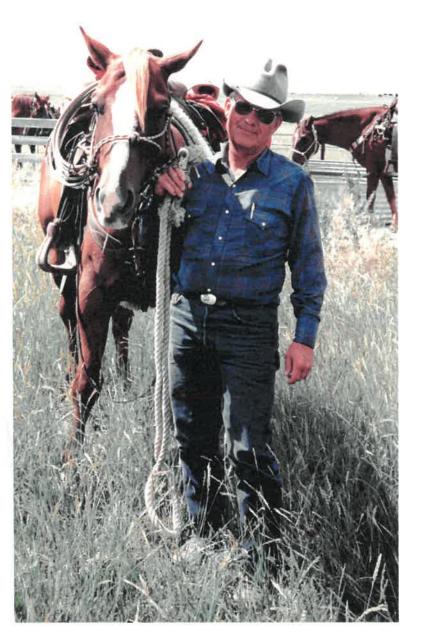
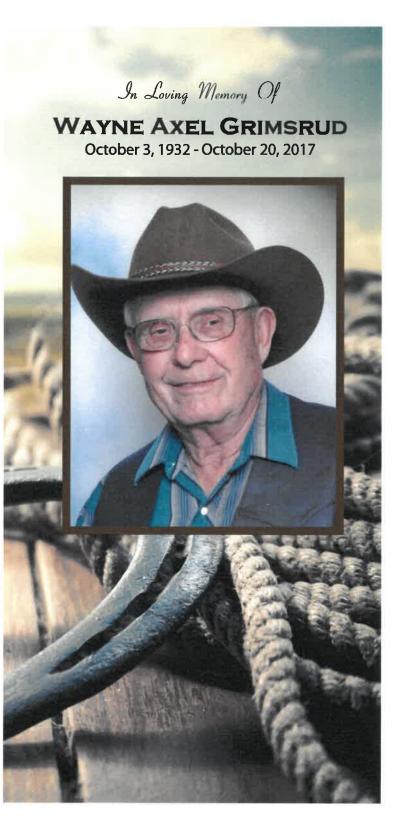
"DON'T LET THE DOUBTS OF OTHERS RING LOUDER THAN GOD'S PROMISES THAT HE WHISPERS."







Wayne Axel Grimsrud was born October 3rd, 1932 in Wolfpoint, MT to Axel and Ruby "Bilyeu" Grimsrud. He was raised north of Wolf Point, MT and attended school at the Wide Awake School, where he and his brothers and sister had lots of fun riding their horses to school and getting into lots of mischief on the way. Wayne was the third of four children with two older brothers, Larry Grimsrud, Don Grimsrud, and younger sister Joann Martens. Wayne married Suzanne Randall of Wolf Point on June 17th, 1956. They lived in Oswego until 1964, then moved to a ranch south of Bainville, MT where they lived and ranched for 17 years.

Wayne was always happiest when he was on the back of his favorite horse "Bud" working cattle, his grandchildren always got a kick out of listening to his tall tales of wild and hair raising adventures that he had growing up and on the ranch. His grandchildren never knew what mischievous words of wisdom he might impart, but his favorite was "Show 'em who's boss." Wayne was always in high demand at brandings as he was known to have a heel loop that none could escape, and his greatgranddaughter Danica has inherited his skill with a rope. In 1981 Wayne and Suzanne purchased a farm and moved to Culbertson. Wayne especially enjoyed spending time with his family camping and fishing at Fort Peck and Lake Sakakawea for walleye and salmon.

On June 8th, 1996, Wayne married Judy Murray Friede and became a father to her son Cam. There are so many fond memories we all have of Wayne, especially time spent on the Foss Cattle drive, camping, boating and fishing. Always ready to meet family at the lake, there were few weekends spent at home. To stay busy, Wayne would fight all kinds of weather to assure ranchers had hay for their livestock. He often joked that the only problem with retirement is you never get a day off. When not in the truck, you would find Wayne in his shop welding, fabricating or fixing whatever was in need of repair. As the aroma of pancakes, bacon and coffee would drift through the house, he was

quick to remind you that "you're burning daylight" if you had any thoughts of sleeping in.

He was a master of the BBQ and ready to lend a hand in the kitchen, family gatherings were often held at the house. From start to clean up, Wayne could be found in the kitchen. He was a great host to all who came and no one ever left hungry.

Always a gentlemen, Wayne was strong in his faith, he was a quiet, private man who was always ready to lend a hand to anyone in need. He was a teacher, often teaching by example, not words. Confident he could teach Cam a lesson on chewing tobacco; he gave Cam (and the dog) their first chew of Beach Nut when Cam was 9. Sadly, not all lessons work. Cam still chews, however Wayne quit.

Wayne loved old time country music as well as Southern Gospel. Many nights were spent with family and friends listening to music and playing pinochle. Wayne's passing has left a huge sadness and void in all of our lives. He will be greatly missed. We take comfort in knowing he has been reunited with family and loved ones who made the journey before him knowing that we will see him again, all in God's time.

Wayne is survived by his wife Judy Grimsrud and son, Cam Friede (Erica and children, Macie and Buckley) daughter Kate (Ken) Knels; their children Rusty (Sarah) Knels and son Axel Wayne; Rachel (Matt) Hoppman, Danica and Maverick; Jenna (Joe) Stoffers and daughter Evelyn; Jay (Laurie) Grimsrud, Jacie and Cole, Beintlea and Grayson; Zane (Vickie) Grimsrud, Cora and Christian; Sally (Joe) Hill; Tom (Renee) Grimsrud, Jordan and Hanna; brother Larry (Sharon) Grimsrud; sister Joann Martens; and numerous nieces and nephews.

Wayne was preceded in death by his parents
Axel and Ruby Grimsrud, Wife Suzanne Grimsrud,
brother Don Grimsrud, and nephews Trace
Grimsrud and Chris Grimsrud.



ONE MORE DAY

EVEN WITH OUR PROGRESS SOME THINGS STAY THE SAME CATTLE STILL NEED BRANDIN THERE ARE HORSES YET TO TAME COWBOYS WILL ALWAYS RIDE THEY'LL HEAD, HEEL AND HAZE MAKING LASTING MEMORIES THESE ARE THEIR "GOOD OLE DAYS" AS THE LONESOME SUN IS SETTING ON OUR LAST SKY OF BLUE WE'LL THINK BACK ON GOOD TIMES AND FRIENDS WHO HELPED MAKE DREAMS COME TRUE. THE ONLY FAVOR | WOULD ASK BEFORE I'M CALLED AWAY IS LET ME BE A COWBOY AGAIN FOR ONE MORE DAY.

