Laurene Nelsen was born May 21, 1910 at a homestead in McKenzie County, the daughter of Otto and Lillie (Sorenson) Nelsen. She was raised on a farm and educated in a rural school setting.

On July 10, 1930, she was united in marriage to Glen Lowe at Wolf Point, MT. The couple made their first home south of the Lowe Homestead, 4 miles west of Williston, before moving to Poplar, MT for a short time. From 1939 until 1952, they farmed in Round Prairie Township, Williams County. In 1953, they moved to their home in Williston. Glen preceded her in death in 1996. Laurene continued to live in Williston and later entered the Bethel Lutheran Nursing Home in 2007, where she has been a resident since.

Laurene died at the Bethel Lutheran Home on Saturday, May 3, 2008.

Laurene was a member of Faith United Methodist Church. She enjoyed sewing, playing whist, bingo and gardening.

She is survived by one daughter, Janice Anderson and one daughter-in-law, Mrs. Leland (Cleo) Lowe both of Williston, nine grandchildren, Dennis Lake, DiAnn (Karl) Merk, Sheila (Joe) Hughes, Ken (Kathy) Lake, Cheryl (Tim) Harris, Calvin (Cruz) Nelson, Curtis (Leslie) Nelson, Kip (Laura) Lowe and Shannon (Rita) Lowe, 29 great-grandchildren and 11 great-great grandchildren, two sister-in-laws, Mary Nelsen and Verna Nelsen both of Williston, along with her favorite dog “Peaches”. She was preceded in death by her parents, husband, a daughter, LaVonne Nelson, a son, Leland Lowe, a granddaughter, Kimberly (Lowe) Lawrence, a great-grandson, Evan Harris, four brothers, Fred, Frank, Harry and Harold.

Memorials are suggested to Faith United Methodist Church or the charity of choice.
Mom, some 90 plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. She didn’t move, just sat with her head down staring at her hands. When I sat down beside her she didn’t acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat I wondered if she was OK. Finally, not really wanting to disturb her but wanting to check on her at the same time, I asked her if she was OK. She raised her head and looked at me and smiled. “Yes, I’m fine, thank you for asking,” she said in a clear voice strong.

“I didn’t mean to disturb you, mom, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK,” I explained to her.

“Have you ever looked at your hands,” she asked. “I mean really looked at your hands?” I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point she was making.

Mom smiled and related this story:

“Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years. These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab and embrace life.

“They braced and caught my fall when as a toddler I crashed upon the floor. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots. They held my husband and wiped my tears.

“They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my children. Decorated with my wedding band, they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special. They wrote my letters to him and trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse.

“They have held my children and grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great great-grandchildren, consoled neighbors, and shook in fists of anger when I didn’t understand. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw. And to this day when not much of anything else of me works real well these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer.

“These hands are the mark of where I’ve been and the ruggedness of life. But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ.”

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my mom’s hands and led her home. When my hands are hurt or sore or when I stroke the face of my children and husband I think of mom. I know she has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God. I too, want to touch the face of God and feel His hands upon my face.