

Galloping Free

*As you gallop towards me,
I can see you were mean't to be free.
Your legs moved as fast as your spirit,
You, my love, galloped faster to the finish line.
Your race was your whole life,
Gone so fast, faster than a dream.
I now must close my eyes, To see you gallop again.
I can hear your gallop, Now closer than ever to me.
Your hoof beats, Now sounding to my heart beat.
Your spirit at last free, No boundaries for miles to see.
You are now galloping on gold,
In the presence of those who can keep up with you.
You're God's angel now,
And that was always mean't to be.
As I turn to watch you gallop past me,
I wonder will you ever return to me.
And then I hear the most beautiful sound,
The sound that tells me your happy and free.*

Catherine Kijowski



Vicki Fay Ostert left this world at her winter home in San Tan Valley, AZ on February 13, 2021 in the loving care of her husband, Rik Ostert, her son, Culley Ostert, and her sisters, Judy and Mary Fay. Her sister, Francie Millett, cared for Vicki just prior to her passing. Vicki was diagnosed with advanced lung cancer in the Fall of 2020.

Vicki was born to Acey and Ellen Fay on November 8, 1955. She joined her four older sisters, Vonnie, Francie, Judy and Mary, on the family farm north of Williston taking her place as "Daughter #5." She spent her early days exercising her free and independent spirit in the fields and hills surrounding the farm and in and alongside the Little Muddy Creek which flows through it.

Vicki was a tomboy through and through! She gave her mother many moments of fright and left her family with memories and stories of her antics and daredevil behavior. Some might say she nearly succeeded in fulfilling her father's wish for a boy!

Vicki lived in her swimsuit year long. In the winter months she put a parka over it and added cowboy boots to her ensemble. She was an accomplished horsewoman and rode daily on the farm through her adult days. She also enjoyed many hours at the family cabin on Blacktail Dam swimming, fishing, and waterskiing with her sisters and cousins.

Vicki's early education began at Twin Lakes School just a quarter of a mile from the farm. She attended church and Sunday School at Faith Lutheran Church. Vicki was in grade school when the family moved into Williston. She continued her education there graduating from Williston High School and UND-Williston in banking and business. She put these skills to work as she partnered with her husband, Rik, running their business, Western Windows and Siding, and during her employment with Hardy Salt.

Vicki and Rik were married in Williston on June 7, 1975. The birth of their son, Culley, on August 7, 1978 completed their family.

Vicki is preceded in death by her mother and father, her eldest sister, Vonnie Sather, and her brothers-in-law, Donovan Nelson, Ray Millett, and Myron "Mike" Sather. She is survived by her husband, Rik Ostert of the family farm and San Tan Valley, AZ, son, Culley Ostert and his wife, Stacey (Pankowski) of Eugene, OR, sisters, Francie Millett of Woodbury, MN, Judy Fay (Phil Campbell) of Helena, MT, Mary Fay of Bend, OR, sister-in-law, Dianna (ChuChi) Bassett of Las Vegas, NV and grandchildren, Channing and Esme of Eugene, OR whose blonde, curly hair, blue eyes, and bound-ing spirits carry Vicki's love and legacy.

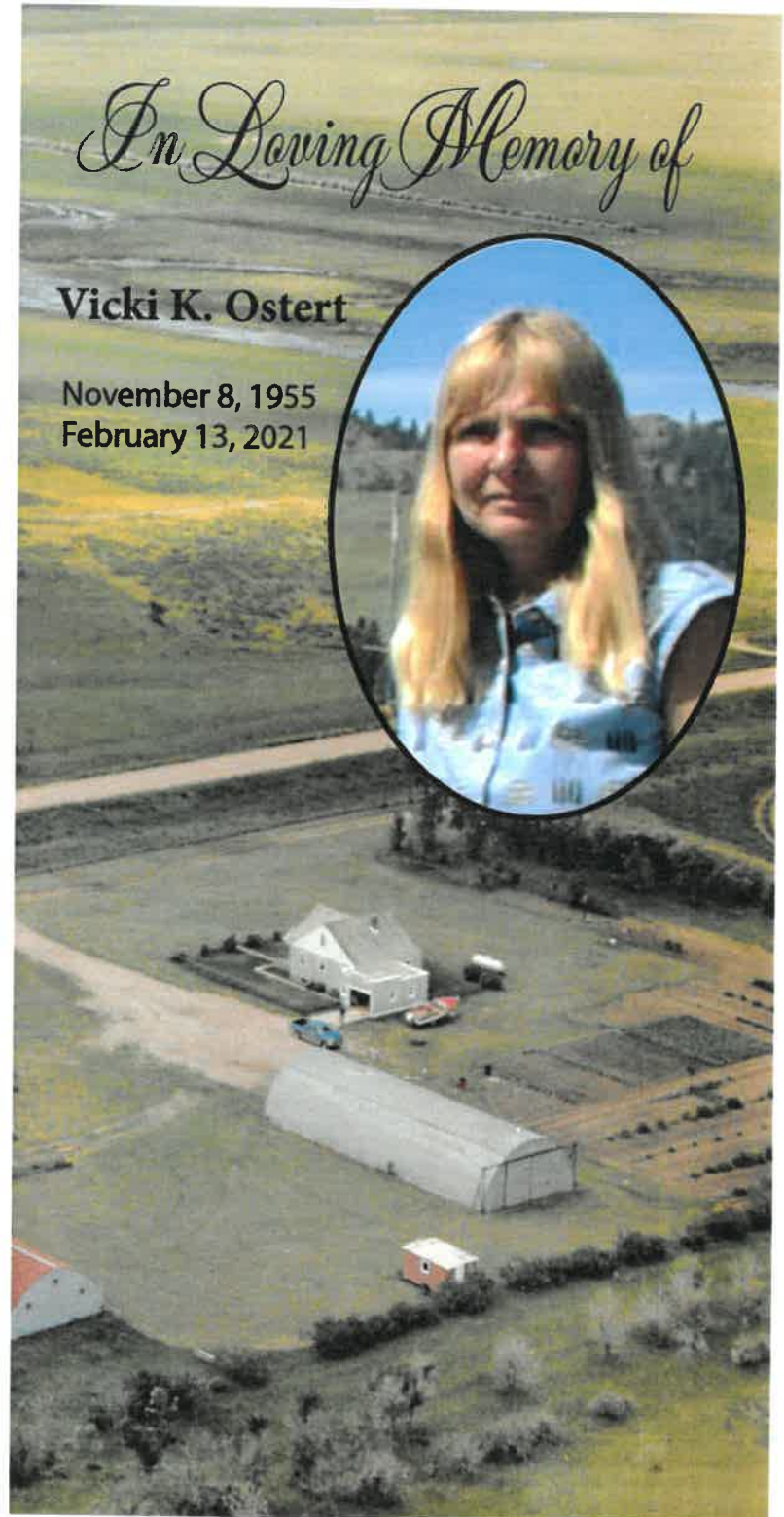
Vicki will also be missed and remembered by her nieces and nephews, Mark Sather (Lisa) of Helena, MT, Michelle Glennon (Richard) of Missoula, MT, Craig Nelson (Jackie) of Helena, MT, Scott Millett (Stacey) of Wood-bury, MN, Nicole Sather (Jim Abrahamson) of Hamilton, MT, Tara Haugen (Kris) of Duluth, MN, Brett Simpson of Richland, WA, Tara Fink (John) of Austin, TX and their families.

The family recently celebrated a reunion on Flathead Lake, MT and are cherishing memories made with Vicki in their midst.

In Loving Memory of

Vicki K. Ostert

November 8, 1955
February 13, 2021





In Loving
M E M O R Y

Vicki Kayleen Ostert

Born to Acey & Ellen Fay

November 8, 1955

Williston, North Dakota

Called Home to Her Heavenly Father

February 13, 2021

San Tan Valley, Arizona

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Saturday, May 29, 2021 at 11:00 AM

Gloria Dei Lutheran Church

Williston, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor David Maxfield

Music

"Wild Horses" ~ Rolling Stones

"Somewhere Over The Rainbow"

Israel Kamakawi'ole

"I Can Only Imagine" ~ MercyMe

Arrangements By

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home

Williston, North Dakota

Keep Your Fork

There was a young woman who had been diagnosed with a terminal illness and had been given three months to live. So as she was getting her things 'in order,' she contacted Her Pastor and had him come to her house to discuss certain aspects of her final wishes. She told him which songs she wanted sung at the service, what scriptures she would like read, and what outfit she wanted to be buried in. Everything was in order and the Pastor was preparing to leave when the young woman suddenly remembered something very important to her. 'Wait, there's one more thing,' she said excitedly. 'What's that?' came the Pastor's reply? 'This is very important,' the young woman continued. 'I want to be buried with a fork in my right hand.' The Pastor stood looking at the young woman, not knowing quite what to say. "That surprises you, doesn't it?" the woman asked. 'Well, to be honest, I'm puzzled by the request,' said the Pastor. The young woman explained. 'My grandmother once told me this story, and from there on out, I have always done so. I have always tried to pass along its message to those I love and those who are in need of encouragement.

The woman explained. "In all my years of attending church socials and potluck dinners, I always remember that when the dishes of the main courses were being cleared, someone would inevitably lean over and say, 'Keep your fork.' It was my favorite part because I knew that something better was coming...like velvety chocolate cake or deep-dish apple pie. Something wonderful, and with substance! So, I just want people to see me there in that casket with a fork in my hand and I want them to wonder 'What's with the fork?' Then I want you to tell them: 'Keep your fork. The best is yet to come.' The

Pastor's eyes welled up with tears of joy as he hugged the young woman good-bye. He knew this would be one of the last times he would see her before her death. But he also knew that the young woman had a better grasp of Heaven than he did. She had a better grasp of what Heaven would be like than many people twice her age, with twice as much experience and knowledge. She KNEW that something better was coming.

At the funeral people were walking by the young woman's casket and they saw the pretty dress she was wearing and the fork placed in her right hand. Over and over, the Pastor heard the question, 'What's with the fork?' And over and over he smiled. During his message, the Pastor told the people of the conversation he had with the young woman shortly before she died. He also told them about the fork and about what it symbolized to her. The Pastor told the people how he could not stop thinking about the fork and told them that they probably would not be able to stop thinking about it either. He was right. So the next time you reach down for your fork, let it remind you ever so gently, that the best is yet to come. Friends are a very rare jewel, indeed. They make you smile and encourage you to succeed. They lend an ear, they share a word of praise, and they always want to open their hearts to us. Cherish the time you have, and the memories you share...being friends with someone is not an opportunity but a sweet responsibility.