

THE WEATHERED OLD BARN

A stranger came by the other day with an offer that set me to thinking He wanted to buy the old barn. I told him right off he was crazy. He was a city type. You could tell by his clothes, his car, his hands, and the way he talked. He said he was driving by and saw that beautiful barn and wanted to know if it was for sale. I told him he had a funny idea of beauty.



Sure, it was a handsome building in its day. But then, there's been a lot of winters pass with their snow and ice and howling wind. The summer sun's beat down on that old barn till all the paint's gone, and the wood has turned silver gray. Now the old building leans a good deal, looking kind of tired. Yet, that fellow called it beautiful.

That set me to thinking. I walked out to the field and just stood there, gazing at that old barn. The stranger said he planned to use the lumber to line the walls of his den in a new country home he's building. He said you couldn't get paint that beautiful. Only years of standing in the weather, bearing the storms and scorching sun, only that can produce beautiful barn wood.

It came to me then. We're a lot like that, you and I. Only it's on the inside that the beauty grows with us. Sure we turn silver gray, too... and lean a bit more than we did when we were young and full of sap. But the Good Lord knows what He's doing and as the years pass He's busy using the hard wealth of our lives, the dry spells and the stormy seasons, to do a job of beautifying our souls that nothing else can produce. And to thinking how often folks holler because they want life easy!

They took the old barn down today and hauled it away to beautify a rich man's house. And I reckon someday you and I'll

be hauled to Heaven to take on whatever chores the Good Lord has for us on the Great Sky Ranch. And I suspect we'll be more beautiful then for the seasons we've been through here... and just maybe even add a bit of beauty to our Father's house.



In Loving Memory Of Alice J. Sathre

Born to Jens & Marie Ness

December 11, 1921

Cleary Township, Burke County, North Dakota

Returned to Her Heavenly Father

October 27, 2021 ~ Tioga, North Dakota

Funeral Service

Saturday, November 6th, 2021 ~ 11:00 AM

Zion Lutheran Church ~ Tioga, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor Richard Carr

Music

"How Great Thou Art" ~ "Softly & Tenderly"

"In The Garden" & "Just A Closer Walk With Thee"

Mary Ellen Roloff ~ Accompanist

Pallbearers

Dennis Sathre Randy Sathre

Bob Odegaard Brodie Odegaard

Jayne Odegaard Kasey Odegaard

Final Resting Place

Scandia Lutheran Cemetery

North of McGregor, North Dakota

Arrangements By

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home ~ Tioga, ND



In Loving Memory Of

Alice Julia Sathre

December 11, 1921 - October 27, 2021





Alice Julia (Ness) Sathre, born on her mother's homestead in Cleary Township, Burke County Dec 11, 1921 peacefully passed away Oct 27 at the age of 99 at home with her daughter in Tioga. Always Nature's caretaker, she prided herself in the park atmosphere of flower gardens and trees she and Karsten created on the Sathre

homestead with whom she worked side by side in crop, hay, and cattle production during 69 years of marriage. In 1986 they were designated Burke County Soil Conservation farm of the year.

Community was another important piece of Alice's life. She was a 4-H leader for more than 30 years earning a Friend of 4-H award for her dedication. She was president of Town & Country Square Dance in Powers Lake for several years and together with Karsten attended dances across the state and region over a span of three decades. A founding member of the Powers Lake Senior Citizens, she served on the board of directors including president. Active in the North Dakota Farmers Union, she attended several state conventions and was instrumental in the youth education program at the county level. Her time and talents reached many other corners of the region via Scandia Lutheran, Sons of Norway, Burke County Council on Aging, and local schools.

Bread and caramel rolls fresh from the oven were staples in her kitchen. Each Christmas making lefse and Scandinavian pastries became a family event, passing tradition on to each generation. She taught herself to sew on a treadle sewing machine and passed that skill on to her children and countless 4-Hers. An 8th grade graduate of Powers Lake, she also became a talented writer even winning a national poetry award for a tribute to Karsten's life. Besides all the flowers she diligently nurtured, there was always a large vegetable garden and potato patch to plant, care for and harvest each year.



The dawn of each day often found Alice with coffee cup in hand surveying the farmyard, removing an unwanted weed, and appreciating the joy, beauty, and tranquility of their corner of the world.

Farming and community were key elements of her life, but she and Karsten valued time with family and friends. Card parties with neighbors were common during winter months. She became a formidable opponent at pool and billiards at the senior center. Many summer evenings were spent fishing at area lakes and rivers and each year was highlighted by a camping trip to western states introducing their children to national parks and historic landmarks. An unforgettable vacation was to Norway to visit relatives and family birthplaces. Remnants of these travels were often preserved in rock and driftwood collections incorporated into flower gardens at home.

Daughter of Norwegian immigrants, Jens Ness and Marie Olson, she and Karsten married May 11, 1941 at Trinity Lutheran in Plentywood, Mt and raised 5 children on the farm: Dennis (Sandy), Eatonton, Ga; Roger (Vivian), Saddlebrooke, Az; Sandra, Minneapolis, Mn; Susan (Robert) Odegaard, Tioga, ND; and Randall (Karla), Wausau, Wi. Proud to call her Grandma are 11 grandchildren and 18 great grandchildren. Prior to marriage she worked at local farms even preparing meals in a cook car for threshing crews during harvest, Lakeview Hotel in Powers Lake, and as a nanny for a dentist in Hood River, Oregon (1938-41).

She was preceded in death by her parents, siblings (Carl, Olga, Elmer, Melvin, Clarence), husband (2010) and a son, Roger (2021).



Tomorrow

When tomorrow starts without me,
please try to understand,
That Jesus came and called my name
and took me by the hand.
And when I walked through
heaven's gates, I felt so much at home.
When God looked down and smiled at me,
from His golden throne.
He said, "This is eternity
and all I've promised you.
Today your life on earth is past
and here it starts anew.
I promise no tomorrows,
but today will always last,
And since each day's the same,
there's no longing for the past.
You have been faithful,
so trusting and true,
Though there were times you did
some things you knew
you shouldn't do.
But you have been forgiven,
and now at last you're free,
So won't you take my hand
and share My life with me?"
So when tomorrow starts without me,
don't think we're far apart,
For every time you think of me,
I'm right here in your heart.