



## ***In Loving Memory Of Marlin Brown***

**Born to George & Clara Brown**

June 9, 1943

Watford City, North Dakota

**Returned to His Heavenly Father**

April 22, 2023

Watford City, North Dakota

### **Funeral Service**

*Friday, April 28, 2023 at 11:00 am*

*Clear Creek Lutheran Church*

*Keene, North Dakota*

### **Officiating**

Pastor Peder Stenslie

Rob Favorite

### **Music**

Beyond the Sunset ~ Hymn

Shall We Gather at the River ~ Hymn

Friends like us ~ Randy Travis & Beth N Chapman

### **Pallbearers**

Caleb Timmons

Roger Rink

Corey Brown

Wacey Brown

Cody Brown

Craig Keison

### **Ushers**

Robert Omlid

Gary Skarda

### **Final Resting Place**

Silent City Cemetery

Keene, North Dakota

### **Arrangements By**

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home

Watford City, North Dakota

*In Loving*  
M E M O R Y



***Marlin Brown***

June 9, 1943 - April 22, 2023





Marlin Brown was born on June 9, 1943 to George and Clara (Sivertson) Brown in Watford City, North Dakota. He grew up on the farm in Keene, ND and spent his school years at Sand Stone School in the country. He worked for a lot of farmers early on in his life. Then he spent one year in the mountains in Libby, Montana, cutting trees and became a log roller on the river. He came back to North Dakota making it his permanent home and working in the Oil Field for 43 years.

Marlin was an outdoor person. He belonged to the Wagon Train Club and always went on the trail rides down in the Badlands and the open prairie. He enjoyed riding in the rodeos in the summer and he did that for 5 years. Hunting was always also very important to Marlin. Deer season was always very special.

For almost 10 years, Marlin, Daryl Sivertson, and Jimmy ran the Cherry Creek Outfitters for Elk hunters in Western North Dakota. They had a lot of fun with easterners while camping down on the Missouri River for 2 or 3 weeks at a time. In Marlin's later years he did a lot of fishing. He would catch a good amount of pike or catfish and he would deliver them to anyone who wanted them for supper.



Marlin and his grandkids spent many days on the Little Missouri River. He enjoyed cooking, and it was something he did everyday. There were even a few disputes on who was going to operate the stove that day. Marlin also enjoyed haying in the hot summer days. He never wasted a day, he was always busy and on days that he found himself idle he would call the girls (Kennidy or Cassidy) up to do something on the farm. Before Marlin would let the girls begin their jobs, he would tell them that they had to play a few games of pinochle. There were many hours and games spent at the kitchen table



Marlin passed away on April 22, 2023, at the McKenzie Count Health in Watford City, ND .

We will miss him so much.

Marlin is survived by his wife, Patsy Brown; children, James Jay Brown (Special Friend Tawna) of Keene, ND, and Dixie (Corey) Brown of Keene ND; sisters, Carole Berwald of Watford City, ND, Loretta Akovenko of Whitefish, MT, and Betty Terry of Hillsboro, ND; brothers, Calvin (Sharon) Brown of Watford City, ND, Burton (Lorna) Brown of Keene, ND, and Gerald Brown of Keene, ND; granddaughters, Randee Brown (Special Friend Jeff Ham), Cassidy (Roger) Rink, and Kennidy Chapin; grandsons, Wacey (Julia) Brown, and Cody Brown; and one great grandson, Jasper.

Marlin is preceded in death by parents; brothers, Vernon and Myron; grandson, Colter Brown; son-in-law, Vincent Chapin.

For this one farmer the worries are over,  
lie down and rest your head,  
Your time has been and struggles enough,  
put the tractor in the shed.  
Years were not easy, many downright hard,  
but your faith in God transcended.  
Put away your tools and sleep in peace.  
The fences have all been mended.  
You raised a fine family, work the land well  
and always followed the Son.  
Hang up your shovel inside of the barn,  
your work here on earth is done.  
A faith few posses  
led your journey through life,  
often a jagged and stony way.  
The sun is setting, the cattle are all bedded,  
and here now is the end of your day.  
Your love of God's soil  
has passed on to your kin;  
the stories flow like fine wine.  
Wash off your work boots in the puddle  
left by blessed rain one final time.  
You always believed that the good Lord  
would provide and He always had somehow.  
Take off your gloves and put them down,  
no more sweat and worry for you now.  
Your labor is done,  
your home now is heaven,  
no more must you wait.  
Your legacy lives on,  
your love of the land,  
and we will close the gate.