



In Loving Memory of Daryl

Born to C. John & Violet Anderson
 August 25, 1959 ~ Watford City, North Dakota
Married the Love of His life ~ Betsy Anderson
 June 11, 2004 ~ Ellsworth Wisconsin
Called Home to His Heavenly Father
 May 26, 2024 ~ Bismarck, North Dakota

Funeral Service

Saturday, June 01, 2024 ~ 11:00 AM
 Banks Lutheran Church
 Watford City, North Dakota

Officiating

Sherri Heser

Music

"In The Garden"
 "Amazing Grace" ~ Congregational
 "How Great Thou Art" " Old Rugged Cross"

Accompanist

Trish Skogland

Vocalist

Kayla Trotter

Guitarist

Garrett Gudmunsen

Pallbearers

| | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| Tanner Krukenberg | Steven Morin |
| Andy Johnson | Winton Wold |
| Rex Korslien | Wade Wold |

Ushers

CJ Thorne Blake Wold

Final Resting Place

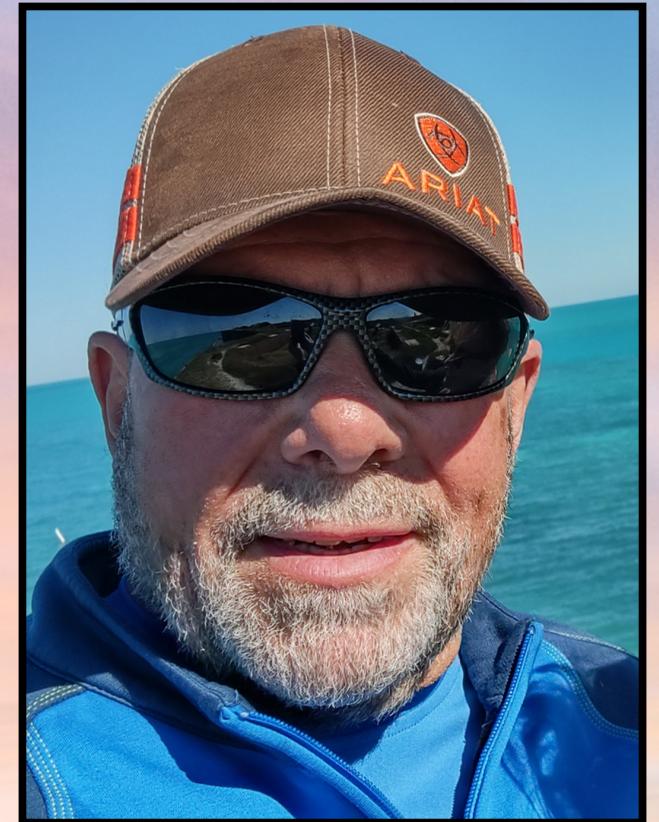
Banks Lutheran Cemetery
 Watford City, North Dakota

Arrangements By

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home ~ Watford City, ND

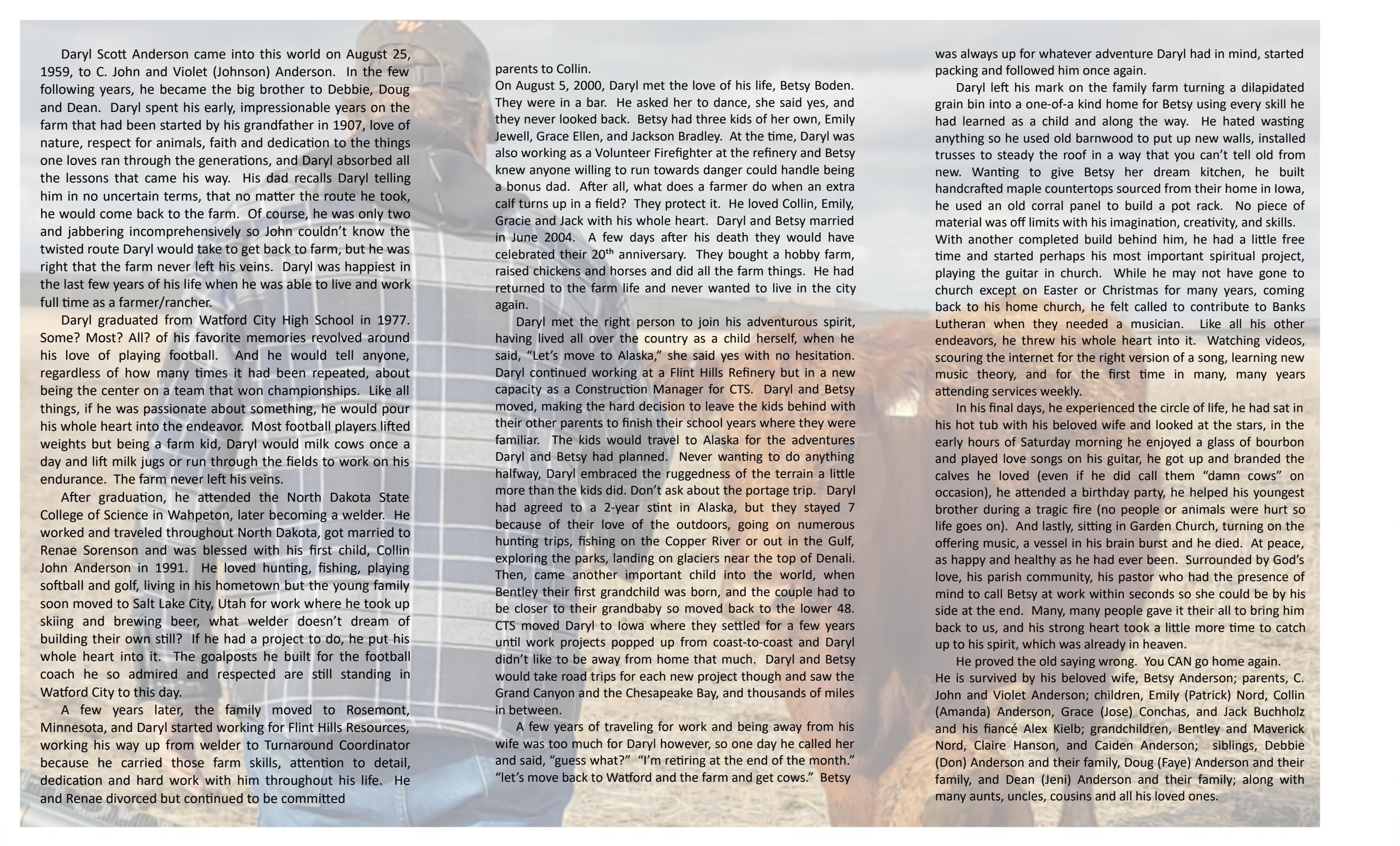
In Loving

MEMORY



Daryl Anderson

August 25, 1959 - May 26, 2024



Daryl Scott Anderson came into this world on August 25, 1959, to C. John and Violet (Johnson) Anderson. In the few following years, he became the big brother to Debbie, Doug and Dean. Daryl spent his early, impressionable years on the farm that had been started by his grandfather in 1907, love of nature, respect for animals, faith and dedication to the things one loves ran through the generations, and Daryl absorbed all the lessons that came his way. His dad recalls Daryl telling him in no uncertain terms, that no matter the route he took, he would come back to the farm. Of course, he was only two and jabbering incomprehensively so John couldn't know the twisted route Daryl would take to get back to farm, but he was right that the farm never left his veins. Daryl was happiest in the last few years of his life when he was able to live and work full time as a farmer/rancher.

Daryl graduated from Watford City High School in 1977. Some? Most? All? of his favorite memories revolved around his love of playing football. And he would tell anyone, regardless of how many times it had been repeated, about being the center on a team that won championships. Like all things, if he was passionate about something, he would pour his whole heart into the endeavor. Most football players lifted weights but being a farm kid, Daryl would milk cows once a day and lift milk jugs or run through the fields to work on his endurance. The farm never left his veins.

After graduation, he attended the North Dakota State College of Science in Wahpeton, later becoming a welder. He worked and traveled throughout North Dakota, got married to Renae Sorenson and was blessed with his first child, Collin John Anderson in 1991. He loved hunting, fishing, playing softball and golf, living in his hometown but the young family soon moved to Salt Lake City, Utah for work where he took up skiing and brewing beer, what welder doesn't dream of building their own still? If he had a project to do, he put his whole heart into it. The goalposts he built for the football coach he so admired and respected are still standing in Watford City to this day.

A few years later, the family moved to Rosemont, Minnesota, and Daryl started working for Flint Hills Resources, working his way up from welder to Turnaround Coordinator because he carried those farm skills, attention to detail, dedication and hard work with him throughout his life. He and Renae divorced but continued to be committed

parents to Collin.

On August 5, 2000, Daryl met the love of his life, Betsy Boden. They were in a bar. He asked her to dance, she said yes, and they never looked back. Betsy had three kids of her own, Emily Jewell, Grace Ellen, and Jackson Bradley. At the time, Daryl was also working as a Volunteer Firefighter at the refinery and Betsy knew anyone willing to run towards danger could handle being a bonus dad. After all, what does a farmer do when an extra calf turns up in a field? They protect it. He loved Collin, Emily, Gracie and Jack with his whole heart. Daryl and Betsy married in June 2004. A few days after his death they would have celebrated their 20th anniversary. They bought a hobby farm, raised chickens and horses and did all the farm things. He had returned to the farm life and never wanted to live in the city again.

Daryl met the right person to join his adventurous spirit, having lived all over the country as a child herself, when he said, "Let's move to Alaska," she said yes with no hesitation. Daryl continued working at a Flint Hills Refinery but in a new capacity as a Construction Manager for CTS. Daryl and Betsy moved, making the hard decision to leave the kids behind with their other parents to finish their school years where they were familiar. The kids would travel to Alaska for the adventures Daryl and Betsy had planned. Never wanting to do anything halfway, Daryl embraced the ruggedness of the terrain a little more than the kids did. Don't ask about the portage trip. Daryl had agreed to a 2-year stint in Alaska, but they stayed 7 because of their love of the outdoors, going on numerous hunting trips, fishing on the Copper River or out in the Gulf, exploring the parks, landing on glaciers near the top of Denali. Then, came another important child into the world, when Bentley their first grandchild was born, and the couple had to be closer to their grandbaby so moved back to the lower 48. CTS moved Daryl to Iowa where they settled for a few years until work projects popped up from coast-to-coast and Daryl didn't like to be away from home that much. Daryl and Betsy would take road trips for each new project though and saw the Grand Canyon and the Chesapeake Bay, and thousands of miles in between.

A few years of traveling for work and being away from his wife was too much for Daryl however, so one day he called her and said, "guess what?" "I'm retiring at the end of the month." "let's move back to Watford and the farm and get cows." Betsy

was always up for whatever adventure Daryl had in mind, started packing and followed him once again.

Daryl left his mark on the family farm turning a dilapidated grain bin into a one-of-a kind home for Betsy using every skill he had learned as a child and along the way. He hated wasting anything so he used old barnwood to put up new walls, installed trusses to steady the roof in a way that you can't tell old from new. Wanting to give Betsy her dream kitchen, he built handcrafted maple countertops sourced from their home in Iowa, he used an old corral panel to build a pot rack. No piece of material was off limits with his imagination, creativity, and skills. With another completed build behind him, he had a little free time and started perhaps his most important spiritual project, playing the guitar in church. While he may not have gone to church except on Easter or Christmas for many years, coming back to his home church, he felt called to contribute to Banks Lutheran when they needed a musician. Like all his other endeavors, he threw his whole heart into it. Watching videos, scouring the internet for the right version of a song, learning new music theory, and for the first time in many, many years attending services weekly.

In his final days, he experienced the circle of life, he had sat in his hot tub with his beloved wife and looked at the stars, in the early hours of Saturday morning he enjoyed a glass of bourbon and played love songs on his guitar, he got up and branded the calves he loved (even if he did call them "damn cows" on occasion), he attended a birthday party, he helped his youngest brother during a tragic fire (no people or animals were hurt so life goes on). And lastly, sitting in Garden Church, turning on the offering music, a vessel in his brain burst and he died. At peace, as happy and healthy as he had ever been. Surrounded by God's love, his parish community, his pastor who had the presence of mind to call Betsy at work within seconds so she could be by his side at the end. Many, many people gave it their all to bring him back to us, and his strong heart took a little more time to catch up to his spirit, which was already in heaven.

He proved the old saying wrong. You CAN go home again. He is survived by his beloved wife, Betsy Anderson; parents, C. John and Violet Anderson; children, Emily (Patrick) Nord, Collin (Amanda) Anderson, Grace (Jose) Conchas, and Jack Buchholz and his fiancé Alex Kielb; grandchildren, Bentley and Maverick Nord, Claire Hanson, and Caiden Anderson; siblings, Debbie (Don) Anderson and their family, Doug (Faye) Anderson and their family, and Dean (Jeni) Anderson and their family; along with many aunts, uncles, cousins and all his loved ones.