







Irene Caroline Freed (Gravos) was born in Williston, ND on October 19th, 1944, to Harold and Lillian Gravos. She was raised on the family farm 10 miles south of Arnegard. She was the first of six children including siblings Judy, Ralph, Duane, Lynn and Harlan.



Right out of high school Irene would meet Richard Freed; they united in marriage and went on to have 6 children of their own, Collette, Richard (Scott), Alan, Stacy, Aaron and Corey Freed. Irene was later blessed with several grandchildren and greatgrandchildren.

Irene loved being a grandmother and found great pride in it, her

grandchildren adored her just the same.

Throughout the years Irene would would work at the Opportunity Foundation with the mentally challenged



and she would also cook for several years at the Heritage Center. She and Richie ran the Texaco Station in Watford City and had a trucking company. She loved cooking, as well as gardening, canning/pickling veggies and making hard candies throughout the holiday season.

Irene loved to fish and enjoyed spending time with her friends. She had many friends, but one she held very dearly, Mrs. Bonnie Clark.



There was rarely a dull moment with Irene around, she would bring lots of laughs. She had a great sense of humor which held true until her passing.

Irene is preceded in death by her parents Harold and Lillian Gravos; brothers, Ralph, Duane and Harlan

Gravos; daughter, Stacy Freed; son, Richard (Scott) Freed; and grandsons, Kolby and Logan Freed.

Irene is survived by her daughter, Collette Bailey and her children, Natashia Larsen & Nicholas Bailey; son, Alan Freed (Kristy) and his children, Scott & Zach Freed; son, Aaron Freed and his children, Nathan & Zarin Freed; son, Corey Freed; sister, Judy Opsta; brother, Lynn Gravos, along with several great-grandchildren.



Don't think of her as gone away her JOURNEY'S JUST BEGUN,
life holds so many facets this earth is only one.

Just think of her as resting from the sorrows and the tears in a place of AND COMFORT where there are no days and years.

Think how she must be wishing that we could know today how nothing but our sadness can really pass away.

And think of her as living

In the 

Cearts of those she touched

For nothing loved is ever lost 
And she was loved so much.

- Ellen Brenneman