Larry Gene Ransom was born December 11, 1932, to Leonard and Elsie (Quiram) Ransom, on the family farm near Wessington. He was baptized on October 6, 1940 at the Wolsey Presbyterian Church. He attended Sand Creek Country School until the 8th grade. He later earned his GED.

On February 27, 1954, Larry married Jackie Kirby. He later joined the United States Army, where he was stationed in Alaska and served as a truck driver and driver education to other military personnel. He was honorably discharged in 1962.

On August 7, 1968, Larry was in a farming accident which took part of his arm. He continued to farm most all of his life in rural Wessington. Larry also worked at Armour's Company in the winters.

His missing arm always served as a conversation starter. He would tease inquisitive children about how he lost it with made up stories.

Larry enjoyed spending time with his family, especially taking his grandchildren fishing. He also enjoyed bowling.

He was preceded in death by his parents; two sons, Jude in infancy and David; three brothers, Laverne, Jimmy and Jerry; and one son-in-law, John Rich.

Grateful for having shared in his life are his children, Kim Knutson of Huron, Vaughn Ransom of Wessington Springs, Paulette (Twigg) Wehrmann of Huron and Connie Rich of Huron; fourteen grandchildren; twenty-six great-grandchildren; and eighteen great-grandchildren.

Mass Of Christian Burial

Friday, October 6, 2023 — 10:30 AM Holy Trinity Catholic Parish Huron, South Dakota

Celebrant

Rev. Larry Regynski

Music

Tammie Musil — Pianist
Ann Blondheim — Cantor
-Congregational Hymns Amazing Grace
Where Charity And Love Prevails
For The Fruit Of This Creation
On Eagle's Wings

Casket Bearers

Eric Locker Bryan Raaen
Josh Locker Tanner Dorris
Austin Dorris Zeplin Ransom
Benjamin Walton Remington Walton

Interment

St. Martins Catholic Cemetery Huron, South Dakota Do not stand at my grave and weep;

I am not there. I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain. When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush Of quiet birds in circled flight. I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry;

I am not there.

I did not die.



1360 Dakota Avenue South Huron, South Dakota 57350 605-352-4234 www.kuhlerfuneralhome.com

