

Doris Leone Mickelson was born October 12, 1922, the 3rd of 12 children born to Roy and Edith (Clayton) Chord in a dugout near McCurdy Springs. She grew up at the ranch south of White Owl, attended rural school, graduated from Whitewood High School, and attended 2 years at Black Hills Teacher's College. After which, she taught for one year in Whitewood. Later in life, amidst teaching school, raising kids, and helping run the ranch, Doris completed her bachelor's degree in education.

On August 8, 1943, Doris married Lee Mickelson at the White Owl Church. The morning before the wedding, she butchered and fried 21 chickens for the wedding dinner. During church, the church was so packed that she had to sit on the groom's lap, and they were married after the service. Grasshoppers were so thick that year, that they are holes in her

wedding gown walking from the back to the front of the church. She and Lee enjoyed riding horses, though legend has it, he gave away his first horse to show that he loved her more. He worked for "Pop" Chord and Joe Brown while she taught at the Lone Pine School. She rode a horse to the school most days with her much younger brother, Paul, on back. One day, the horse startled, and Paul landed in a cactus heap. They moved to the ranch they bought at Enning where they raised seven children.

After losing their infant daughter, Verna, they committed their lives to Jesus. If the church was having a service, then the family would be there. A devotional was read at every breakfast, and later in life, she would read the Bible 1 to 3 hours a day. She overcame adversity as a teenager with a strong faith in God. She loved to help others overcome their adversity by praying and sharing scriptures with them. Doris was committed to pray sometimes for over an hour for every family member, missionaries, churches, pastors, and leaders of our country every day. She was tenacious and strong in life and tried to attend all important events in her children's lives. She was an encourager and exhorter and #1 cheerleader in our lives.

Doris had a passion for teaching and taught in rural Meade County over 20 years. She was an avid gardener and especially loved her flower beds. Her sweetheart picked her bouquets of wildflowers every summer, on his way in from the hayfields. At one time, she raised over 300 chickens for eggs and meat. Their farm was centered around horses, dairy,

and beef cattle. She taught Sunday School at the White Owl Church for many years. After retirement, she found satisfaction in helping people find wellness with Melaleuca products.

Grateful for having shared her life are her children: Darrel & Connie Mickelson, Linda & Jim Peterson, Darwin Mickelson, Sam Mickelson, Anne & Jimmy Alexander, Rose and Doug Heffern, Martha and Dennis Hall, special daughter-in-law Margie, 27 grandchildren, and 36 great grandchildren. Also surviving her are siblings: Zoe, Iris, Richard, Ruth, Ilowee, and Paul (Paolo) and many nieces and nephews.

She went home to glory on June 20, 2014. Her husband, Lee Mickelson, infant daughter, Verna, special daughter-inlaw Della Rae, her parents, her brothers: Don, Wayne, Everett, Vernon, and an infant boy preceded her.

Memorials have been established to the Sunshine Bible Academy and White Owl Church.



In Loving Memory Of



Doris Leone Mickelson

1922 ~ 2014



Dorís Leone Míckelson

Born

October 12, 1922 White Owl, South Dakota

Died

June 20, 2014 Hot Springs, South Dakota

Funeral Service

Friday, June 27, 2014, at 10:00 a.m. Central Meade County Community Center Union Center, South Dakota

Officiating

Rev. David Grotzke

Accompanist Sylvia Rhoden

Musical Selections

"Wonderful Peace"
"My Faith Has Found A Resting Place"

Pallbearers

All Grandchildren

Honorary Pallbearers

Wayne Mickelson ~ John Rhoden Clayton Chord ~ Vernon Chord ~ Don Chord, Jr.

Interment

White Owl Cemetery

The family invites you to join them for fellowship and lunch at the Community Center following the committal service. We thank you for your presence and condolences.



Thank you, Lord, for a feisty Mama, Who taught me to try, and try again. To think and consider and persevere, Accept a challenge i may not win.

She was kind and gentle with those less blessed
Sharing her wisdom and strength.
Encouraging me to expand my world,
Pushing to nearly impossible lengths.

Her mind always thirsty, exploring for hours, Delighting in knowledge and well-written words, But able to stop and appreciate flowers, Soak in the sunsets, whistle with birds.

Her energy exhausted those half her age, Victorious survivor of a pain-filled story, She embraced the challenges of life here on earth, Loving and brave, She's moved on,

To Glory!