

## Ada Marie Shanholtzer

Ada Marie Shanholtzer was born November 1, 1938, at Onida, SD. Ada worked for the government for many years, rising to the upper ranks in government service. She made many life-long friends along the way.

Ada was an avid gardener and bird watcher. She was known for her beautiful and meticulous gardens and home. She will be fondly remembered by her family for making her famous German chocolate cake and brownies, along with her delicious pies at the holidays.

Ada will always be remembered as a strong woman who made her choices and stood by them. Her family was her greatest source of pride and they will miss her.

Ada passed away October 23, 2016, surrounded by her children.

She is survived by her three children and their spouses: daughter, Linda and Patrick of Mystic, CT, and their children, Michael, Devin, and Courtney and families; son, George and Carol and their daughter, Katie and family; and son, Shawn and Terri and their children, Charlie, Heather, and Tristan and families. Ada is also survived by her mother, Laura Hackworth of Sturgis; and eight sisters.

She was preceded in death by sister, Kay Smith.

Condolences may be sent to the family at [www.kinkadefunerals.com](http://www.kinkadefunerals.com).



*The family would like to invite you to join them for fellowship and lunch following the service at the Sturgis Vet's Club. We thank you for your presence and condolences.*

## *In Loving Memory Of*



***Ada Marie Shanholtzer***

***1938 ~ 2016***



*In Loving Memory Of*

*Ada Marie Shanholtzer*

*Born*

November 1, 1938  
Onida, South Dakota

*Died*

October 23, 2016  
Rapid City, South Dakota

*Memorial Service*

Thursday, October 27, 2016 at 10:00 a.m.  
Kinkade Funeral Chapel  
Sturgis, South Dakota

*Officiating*

Pastor Harold Delbridge

*Musical Selections*

“I’ll Fly Away”  
“How Great Thou Art”

*Private Family Inurnment*

Black Hills National Cemetery  
Sturgis, South Dakota

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails  
to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of  
beauty and strength. I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a  
speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each  
other.

Then someone at my side says: “There, she is gone!”

“Gone where?”

Gone from my sight. That is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and  
spar as she was when she left my side and she is just as able to bear her  
load of living freight to her destined port.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when  
someone at my side says: “There, she is gone!” there are other eyes  
watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout:  
“Here she comes!”

And that is dying.

Henry Van Dyke