

Phylis Leanora Gotfredson

Phylis was born December 9, 1923, at Belle Fourche to Philip and Helen (Masters) Vallery. She was raised on the homeplace in Fruitdale and attended the Hillside school. She graduated high school in Belle Fourche.

During World War II, she worked in Washington, DC, in the Pentagon and later in the Navy Yard in Seattle, WA.

She married Elvie Gotfredson on August 10, 1947. The couple eventually made their home on a ranch east of Newell.

Phylis was an avid reader and an accomplished china painter. She was active in the local china painting club. She cooked for many branding and shearing crews. She enjoyed crocheting, knitting, and sewing. She also enjoyed gardening. Phylis had a special talent for raising bum lambs.

Phylis L. Gotfredson, 91, Belle Fourche, died Saturday, April 18, 2015, at her home in Belle Fourche.

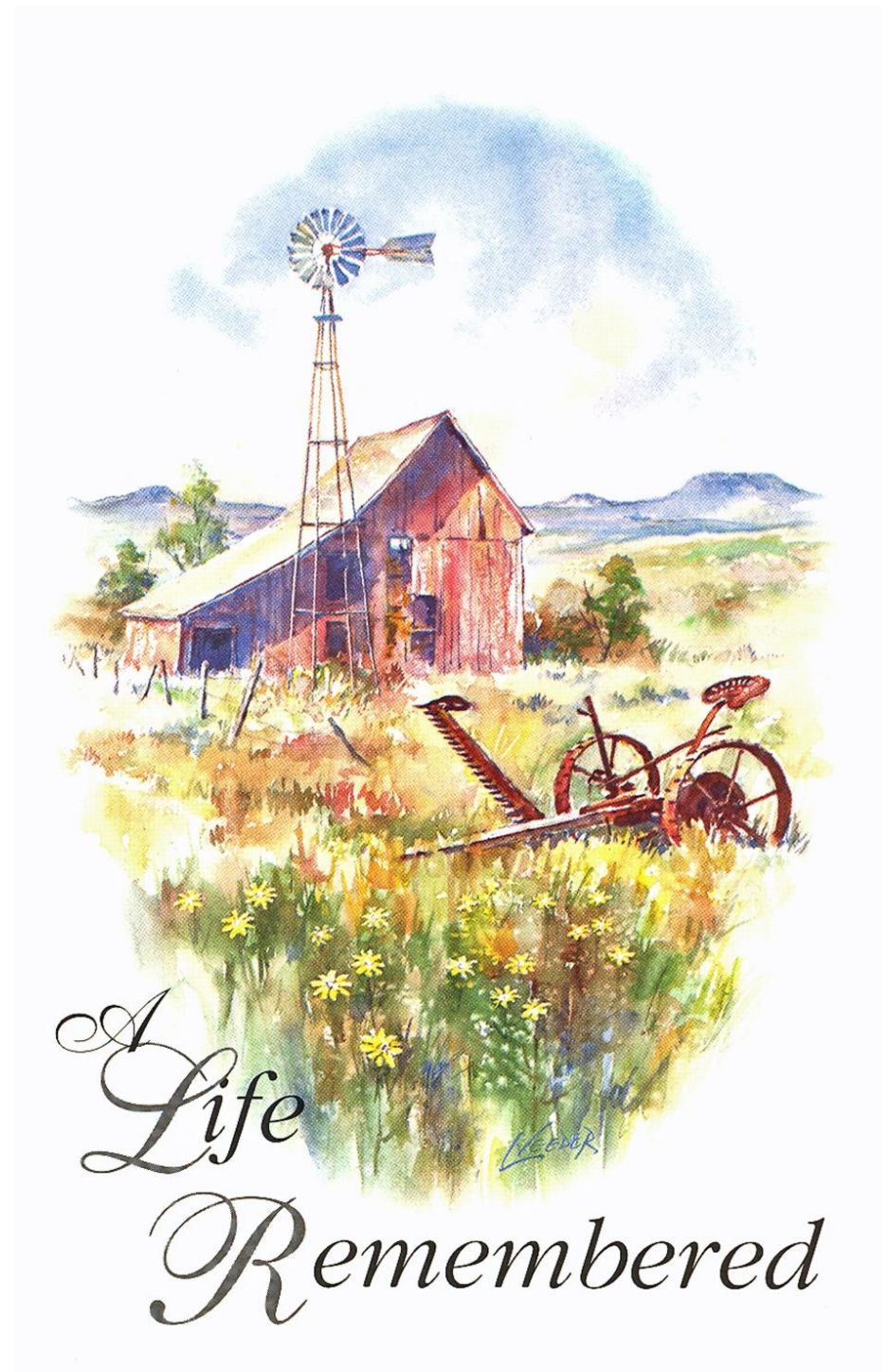
She is survived by her sons, Gary (Deb) and Bruce (Wava); grandson, Chris; and granddaughter, Kayla (Adam) Wiechmannn.

She was preceded in death by her parents; her husband; and brothers, Don, Thornton, and Verlon.

A memorial has been established to Hospice of the Northern Hills.

Condolences may be sent to the family at www.kinkadefunerals.com.

*The family invites you to join them for fellowship and lunch at the
Sturgis Vets Club following the committal service.
We thank you for your presence and condolences.*





In Loving Memory Of

Phyllis Leanora Gotfredson

Born

December 9, 1923
Belle Fourche, South Dakota

Died

April 18, 2015
Belle Fourche, South Dakota

Funeral Service

Wednesday, April 22, 2015, at 2:00 p.m.
Kinkade Funeral Chapel

Officiant

Pastor Harold Delbridge

Accompanist

Butch Samuelson

Soloist

Danny Chapman

Musical Selections

"The Old Rugged Cross"
"Precious Lord, Take My Hand"

Pallbearers

Scott Crowser ~ Faye Mutchler ~ Chris Gotfredson
Adam Wiechmann ~ Keith Gaaskjolen ~ Bradley Bauer

Interment

Black Hills National Cemetery

Miss Me - But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room
Why cry for a soul set free.*

*Miss me a little - but not for long
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the Love that we once shared
Miss Me - But let Me Go.*

*For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone
It's all a part of the Master's plan
And a step on the road to home.*

*When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds
Miss Me - But Let Me Go*