

Grandpa -

Grandpa was a quiet man,
But his silence could speak volumes.
The warmth of his gaze said, "I love you."
The strength of his hugs said "I will keep you safe."
The gentleness of his hands said "You're precious to me."
In the years to come, I may not remember
Many of the words my grandpa spoke.
But the memories of what he conveyed
Without speaking a word will stay in my heart.

Uncle,

To the sweetest Uncle we could ever hope for....
Not once can we recall passing you without a friendly
greeting and a warm smile from you. Thank you for shar-
ing without fail the gold that was in your heart! Your
strength and humility dear Uncle, is truly something we
will look up to for the rest of our days! ("Love each other
as I have loved you." You really did learn from the best!)
Standing by helplessly as we watched you suffer broke our
hearts and even when it feels like our tears will never stop,
the time was so precious and we will cherish your last days
with you as a gift from the Lord himself!
If only you could share a peek. . .of what you can see in
your new home with Jesus and all the angels! I'm pretty
sure your greeting every last one of them as you pass 'em—
as Jesus is giving you a tour of his kingdom! And we know
how happy they are to see you too! They were all expecting
you!!

Until we meet again . . We will always miss you!


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Clark, South Dakota
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"I'M FREE"

Don't grieve for me for now I'm free,
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard him call,
I turned my back and left it all.

I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work or play.
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I've found that peace at the close of day.

If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy—
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Ah yes, these things I too will miss.

Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish for you the sunshine of tomorrow
My life's been full, I've savored much,
Good friends, good times, my loved one's touch.

Perhaps my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief
Lift up your heart and share with me
God wanted me now, he set me free.

Dad

To be heard, without saying a word,
To be hugged when I'm feeling blue
To be understood, when I'm confused,

So rare was a Dad like you.

Your loving smile, and gentle laugh,
Made all the difference in my day.

Your endless wisdom, and timeless advice
Always helped me find my way.

In you there was no equal.

You were in a class all your own.

And because of all the love you gave me,

I'll never be alone.

It's an honor to have spent those years with you,
To have shared stories and dreams.

I'll always think of you smiling
No matter how tough life seems.

You're so special beyond compare,

Your heart so kind and true,

I wish that everyone on earth,

Could have had a dad like you!

Love you and take care of us from Heaven.

His favorite song:

1.

Christus der Herr in Garten ging,
Sein bittres Leiden da anfang,
Daß ihm sein Haupt von Blutschweiß naß,
Es trauert Laub und grünes Gras.

2.

Da kamen die falschen Juden gegangen,
Sie taten den Herrn in Garten fangen,
Sie taten ihn geißeln und krönen,
Sein heiliges Haupt auch sehr verhöhnen.

In loving memory . . .

Michael R. Waldner was born on May 17, 1956, to Pr. John and Sarah Waldner at Riverside Colony, where he lived until he moved to Hillcrest. He was baptized into the faith and married Matilda Wollman, daughter of Pr. Jacob and Margaret Wollman from Huron Colony. Together they had six children. He served the colony as dairy man and later plumber which he gave his all for about 25 years, about two years before the Lord called him home.

He passed away peacefully in his home with his loved ones by his side at the age of 67. He will be greatly missed by his family -

Wife: Tillie Waldner

Children: Margaret (Glen), Claremont

Joni, Alanna, Kaylee, Ava, Jenna, Daniel, Joshua

Michelle (Stanley), Wisconsin

Marissa (Lucas), Pleasant Valley

Talia, Micaiah, Macy, Adam, Destiny

Jordan (Jessica), Hillcrest

Lily, Daisy, Max, Alex

Mavis (Josiah), Orland

Jesse, Matthew, Colin

Lennie, Wisconsin



*This world is not my home
I'm just a-passing through
My treasures are laid up
Somewhere beyond the blue*

*The angels beckon me
From heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home
In this world anymore*