



Luella Kern

September 4, 1916 - February 27, 2007

Luella Kern, age 90 of Bertha, MN, passed away at the Tri County Hospital in Wadena on February 27, 2007. Funeral services were held at 2:00 PM on Saturday, March 3, 2007 at the United Methodist Church in Hewitt, MN with the Reverend Robert Lowe presiding. Arrangements were with the Domian-Anderson Funeral Home in Bertha. Luella Kern was born on September 4, 1916 at the home of her parents, Harry A. and Rosa A. (Lowry) Young, in Stowe Prairie Township, Todd County, MN. She graduated from Hewitt High School in 1934. On May 6, 1937, Luella was united in marriage with Marion J. Kern at the Hewitt United Methodist Church Parsonage. Together they operated a farm in Otter Tail County from 1941 until 1944 and then in Bartlett Township, Todd County, from 1944 until 1954. They then lived on a farm in Stowe Prairie Township from 1954 until 1983 when they moved into Bertha. Having lived her lifetime in the area, she was a member of the United Methodist Church in Hewitt, Bartlett Township unit of the Farm Bureau, Wadena Square Dance Club, Hewitt Senior Citizens and the Bartlett Pairs Card Club. She was also a leader at the Golden Gate 4H Club. She enjoyed crocheting, quilting, sewing for herself and her family and playing cards. Luella was preceded in death by her husband, Marion, on September 4, 1987; her parents Harry and Rosa Young; brother Charles Young and sister Edna Russell. She is survived by her daughters MaryLu Iona (Lyndon McClure) of Deer Creek, MN and LoAnn Rose (Charles Ashbaugh) of St. Louis Park, MN; 5 grandchildren, 9 great-grandchildren and 1 great-great-grandchild. Honorary

pallbearers were Robin McClure, Shari McClure, Lisa (Ashbaugh) Stange, Jesse Wiirre, Alyssa McClure, Natasha Everett, Matthew Kilber-Frederiksen, Nathan Stange and Tyler McClure, Jr. Pallbearers were Wayne McClure, Steven Ashbaugh, Brian Ashbaugh, Darrel Stange, Tyler McClure and Derek McClure. Burial was in the Wadena Cemetery in Wadena, MN

Tribute Wall



“ *Mary Lou and LoAnn, I just read this and I am so sorry. You guys were always very good friends. I really respected your Mother a lot. She taught me a lot. If you are ever in Kansas, please stop by and see us.*

In God's Hands, Jani

Jani Heins (Piepkorn) - February 27, 2007 at 12:00 AM

“ Here are just a few of the many memories I have of my grandma:

I will always remember my grandma's kind eyes, and quiet chuckles. I will never forget her Christmas cookies and her renowned caramel popcorn. Every Christmas to come, I will remember all the Christmas pasts when she would give me a card with money, or some inexpensive toy that never seemed to work, or a sweater, or a pair of gloves. One Christmas in particular touched me deeply when she gave us all quilts or afghans. She made them herself... She loved to quilt and knit. She would always be making a quilt or afghan. She was always active in her life. I admired that about her and hope to do the same as I get older. I will never forget the warm cinnamon rolls she would bake for breakfast. I will remember my visits to the countryside and the farm she once lived on. As a child, I would always draw her pictures of things with crayons. I don't think the things I drew made sense to her, but she would always proudly display these works of art on her refrigerator.

One winter (possibly on Thanksgiving) my brother, sister, and I spent hours in her back yard trying to make the largest snowball in the world! We managed to build a snowball that was taller than us! We pushed that thing around until we could no longer move it! Someone took a picture of us and our accomplishment. Grandma placed that photo in her clock one summer when it was so hot that she could barely stand it. She said looking at the photo made her feel a little cooler. I think that photo remained in her clock for the rest of her years... I can't be certain though. That clock... It was a big clock that sat on a shelf. It was old and made of wood. You could always hear it ticking and it chimed every hour. It was loud. Every time it chimed, it would wind up before the chords were struck and after the last chord was struck, the sound would fade. rrrrRRR-dong-dong-dongggggg! If it was 3 o'clock, it would dong 3 times. If it was 12 o'clock, then 12 times. I have no idea how I slept through that when I stayed at her place. That clock made huge noise for how small it was.

I will always store these memories in my heart.

Norman & Linda Winton - February 27, 2007 at 12:00 AM

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“*My mother and Aunt Lu were close friends all their lives, quite close in age. Her children, MaryLu and LoAnn, were my playmates when we visited Grandma and Grandpa in Hewitt. Aunt Lu and Uncle Marion were dearly loved and there are many happy memories of them both and visiting them on their farms. Both were wonderful people, devoted parents, and will be missed. Love, from Carolyn and family*

Carolyn and Bobby Farrar - February 27, 2007 at 12:00 AM