



Ralph Heern

September 4, 1917 - January 7, 2008

Ralph Clyde Heern, age 90, passed-away on January 7, 2008, at Fair Oaks Lodge in Wadena, Minnesota. He was born to Albert and Esther (Robinson) Heern on September 4, 1917 in Windom. Ralph was united in marriage with Birdie Luella Skaro on June 22, 1946 in Wadena. He worked for the Wadena County Highway Department and was a member of the community for 69 years. He had a passion for John Deere tractors, gardening, fishing and was talented in building useable objects from recycled items. He was preceded in death by his parents; son Darwin; brother Martin and infant brother Harold; He is survived by his wife of 61 years; son Douglas of Wadena; daughters Wanda (Gregg) Marquardt of Duluth, and Donna (Duane) Trana of Wadena; grandchildren Julie (Jason) Brink, Tracy Trana, Michael (Sue) Marquardt, Denise Ozdemir, and Paula (Milo) Swenson; and great grandchildren Josh and Jordan Brink, and Owen Swenson. Pallbearers were Jim Waldahl, Morris Priebe, Michael Marquardt, Milo Swenson, Jason Brink, and Rick Schwartz. Funeral services were held at 11:00AM, Friday, January 11, 2008, at the First Congregational, United Church of Christ in Wadena, with Pastor Orville Sauter officiating. Interment was at West Lyons Cemetery in Nimrod.

Tribute Wall

JW

“ *Donna and family,
You are in our thoughts and prayers. We were so sorry to hear about the loss of your father. I know you have many cherished memories that will help you through this time.
We will not be able to be at the funeral but we will be thinking of you.
Jim and Laureen*

Jim and Laureen Wilde - January 07, 2008 at 12:00 AM

PS

“ *Sorry Gramps! I tried to copy your poem for everyone to read but it got messed up in the transfer! I love you and miss you so very much.*

Paula Swenson - January 07, 2008 at 12:00 AM

PS

“ Remembering You

*You've told us a lifetime of stories
Over the past 90 years
Some made us laugh
And today we'll shed tears*

*You drove a Model T Ford
It was the car of your dreams
You were 20-years-old
A car know-it-all, it seems*

*You also loved John Deere's
You had one parked in the yard
It didn't suit you quite right-
And you didn't think it would be hard*

*Took a steering wheel from a truck
And a nice cushy seat
Added a few extra steps
Now your tractor couldn't be beat*

*Johnny's weren't the only things
You had dismantled or fixed
Your first air conditioner was made
From spare car parts that were mixed*

*You married Birdie in June of 1946
You called her your "better half"
And said she had a great pair of legs
Which always made her laugh*

*The twins came along the following year
Such a surprise, but you were so proud
You got in your car
And flashed two fingers to the crowd*

*Next came two sons
The family kept growing some more
The years slowly changed
But not the overalls that you wore*

*In each tattered pocket
Was a tool that you used
A tape measure, knife, a pliers and wrench
Here with you now, battered and bruised*

*They've seen projects of all sorts
They were our toys when we were small
When you went to live at Fair Oaks
You took apart the bed and the clock on the wall!*

*Also in those pockets
Of the overalls that you wore
Were tucked away safely
Pictures of family and things that you adored*

*An eager young man standing
In front of the car of your dreams
Pictures of your grandchildren
Posing mostly in your corn, it seems*

*And oh, your corn, the summer of '96
You drove around measuring the rest
So you could proudly declare
At 10 feet, that yours was the best!*

*With these memories just shared
And our hearts filled with love
We will carry on our lives
And please watch us from above*

*We leave you with words
He quoted more than once in his day*

*And knowing my grandpa
He wouldn't want it any other way?*

*From Teddy Roosevelt:
?You have come a long way, but you will go further and further.?*

*And from Wilbur Payne:
?So long and take care.?*

*For My Grandpa
September 4, 1917 ? January 7, 2008
Paula Swenson
January 9, 2008*

Paula Swenson - January 07, 2008 at 12:00 AM

DO

“ I read this for my Gramps at his funeral service.....

"Gone from My Sight"

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.

I will miss him so much.... may we all live to be surrounded by such a loving family.

Denise Ozdemir - January 07, 2008 at 12:00 AM