

WEST-VIBORG MAN PASSES AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS

PETERSON, Carley

September 22, 1897
Trail County, North Dakota
May 16, 1938
Sioux Falls

Viborg Enterprise
June 9, 1938

Carley Peterson was born September 22, 1897 in Trail county, North Dakota, which is near Nielsville, Minnesota. He was baptized in the Lutheran faith, and in that faith remained faithful until his death.

In the fall of 1928 Carley came to South Dakota and was employed at several homes, the one of which was the Markus Johnson home.

He was united in marriage to Marthine Johnson on June 28, 1933, and since then have made their home on the Markus Johnson farm.

Carley had been apparently in good health until May 13 when he was stricken with a hemorrhage. He immediately consulted a physician at this time it seemed only a minor ailment, but on the following morning he consulted a specialist and upon his advice went to Sioux Valley hospital for treatment. Here all possible medical aid was given. He suffered no pain and his condition seemed improved until Monday afternoon when complications set in. At about 6:30 when the sky which had been cloudy all day lowered into gathering darkness Carley answered his summons and sank peacefully into his eternal sleep, May 16, 1938 at the age of 40 years, 7 months, 24 days.

We cannot say and will not say
That he is dead; he is just away.
With a cheery smile, and a wave
of his hand,

He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair

It needs must be, since he lingers there.

Think of him still as the same,
we say

He is not dead, he is just away.

During his life the Lutheran church was always dear to his heart. He always took an active part and showed great interest in all the manifold activities of the church. He never grew weary in well doing and spared neither time nor talent in furthering the Lord's cause in all church activities. Carley proved to be a great leader among the young folks, especially in Luther league work.

He found much enjoyment in singing, and he especially appreciated sacred music. He was talented intellectually and had spent much time studying and meditating upon the works and lives of noted men. He loved his country and was deeply devoted to furthering the cause of good local, state and national government.

Carley was a man of rare tact and judgment, and a most valuable and esteemed friend. He possessed the characteristics so essential to true friendship. True, loyal, hopeful, cheerful and courageous are all attributes that could be applied to Carley. God had given him a cheerful disposition which enabled him to scatter sunshine all along life's way.

The high esteem in which he was held was clearly evidenced by the many floral and memorial tributes given in his memory. The amount of \$57.00 was given to missions and charities of the Lutheran church.

He was the personification of kindness, yet in his kindness, so firm and true. He had endeared himself to his fellowmen in such a way as to command the respect of all who came in contact with him.

During his short stay here he made many friends as was evidenced when the host of friends met to pay their last tribute and respect to him. He enjoyed meeting old friends and making new acquaintances. He made frequent trips to visit in his old home community near Nielsville. The words of the philosopher may well be used, "were every one for whom he did a kind deed or spoke a kind word to bring blossoms to his grave, he would sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers."

At the Johnson home, where so often before they had gathered with joy, sorrowing relatives and friends that Carley had made during his brief stay, gathered on May 20 to show their last measure of love and devotion to their honored friend. A mixed quartette sang a norwegian hymn "O Skal Vi Komme Der." Rev. Levorson very fittingly read the 23 Psalm. "The

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CARLEY PETERSON OBITUARY
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Lord is my Sherherd I shall not want." Following the short service at the home the long procession mournfully wended its way across the gentle rolling hills to the Bang Lutheran church, where in spite of nearly impossible roads a large number of friends and neighbors had gathered.

Here in a hushed room made sweet by the beautiful floral offerings a simple service was held. The choir sang "Softly the Daylight Faded" and the male quartette of which Carley was once a vital part, sang "Rock of Ages," a favorite song of the departed one. Rev. Levorson and Rev. Smeby each spoke many words of comfort and cheer. The audience sang "I Know of a Sleep in Jesus Name" and "Behold a Host arrayed in White." These two hymns were especially dear to Carley.

Then the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the old and the young, all in deep sorrow and with mournful tread, filed by for one last glimpse of their friend who had in so short a time done so much lasting good.

With close friends, Oscar Carter, John Pederson, Oscar Wek, Wilbur Odland, George Brodland and Gunder Solberg, acting as pallbearers, Carley started his last earthly journey. Interment was made at the Carlson cemetery in the Dakota soil which he had learned to love.

Though Carley shall not pass this way again, his memory will long be cherished by many. Blessed may that memory be!

And now three weeks have passed away

Since we bade dear "Carley" goodbye;

Oh, how we miss you, day by day,

As the lonely moments fly.

Rut we know you're watching, waiting

On that bright and golden shore,
Where there are no tears, no sorrow,

And where partings are no more.

—Contributed.

The following poem was written in memory of Carley Peterson.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND

A flower so fine and rare, beloved

I saw in a precious vase

Plucked from the fields, now far removed

From its nurtured familiar place.

I wondered how hands could so willingly pluck,

A flower to put in a vase

When Nature had meant it to grow and bloom

In its sheltered and nurtured place!

Then, over me came a sudden thought,

The truth, I saw with a start!

Out of millions of flowers that grew in the fields,

Only one pleased the Master of Art.

Millions of flowers may bloom by the road,

Their blossoms will fade and die, But only the choicest are plucked

by the Lord

To bloom in his home on high!

And just as the Master of Art, in his skill

Plucks the finest of blooms for his plays—

So, the Master of All for

home up above,

Picks the choicest to bloom in His vase.

—Edith Lund.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to our many friends for the kindness shown us during the illness and death of my beloved husband. To Rev. Levorson and Rev. Smeby for comforting words, to the choir and quartette for the beautiful songs, to the pianist, the Ladies Aid and Luther League and all others who contributed both with floral and memorial offerings as well as with other favors during my dark hour of sorrow.

—Mrs. Carley Peterson.