



*In loving memory of*  
**Henry H. Friesen**  
 Hague, Saskatchewan

Born – February 20, 1916,  
 Beaver Flat, SK.  
 Died – February 24, 2007,  
 Rosthern Hospital  
 at age 91

Funeral Service  
 Thursday, March 1, 2007  
 2:00 PM

Neuanlage Grace Mennonite Church

**Funeral Service**

Prelude	Organist: Nancy Dyck Pianist : Joyce Unger.
Welcome and prayer	Pastor Henry Janzen
Congregational song	It is Well With My Soul
Scripture Reading	Pastor Allan Hays
Obituary	Bill Friesen (brother)
Congregational song	Take Thou My Hand, O Father
Family Tribute	Family
Special Music	Bill and Christina Wiebe
Meditation	Pastor Henry Janzen
Congregational song	My God and I
Closing and Announcements	
Closing Prayer	

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Pallbearers – grandchildren  
 Interment – Chortitz Cemetery (7 miles west)  
 Arrangements – Funk's Funeral Home, Rosthern

Following the service, those who prefer not to go to the cemetery may start with lunch. The family will be happy to visit with guests when they get back from the cemetery.

**Just Waiting For Jesus!**

Henry Friesen finished the days allotted to him by our Lord, on February 24, 2007. He was born February 20, 1916 to Henry W. and Maria (Spenst) Friesen at their homestead at Beaver Flat, SK., a little farming community between Main Centre and Stewart Valley, southeast of the Saskatchewan Landing. Henry was their firstborn, and later had seven siblings, John, George, Jessie, Helena, Aaron, Bill, and Jean.

Since his mother needed him in the house, Henry learned to knead bread and knit socks. His Dad needed him outside too, so he learned to feed and herd cattle and to fix things in the farmyard machine shop.

He preferred machines and motors to animals, but learned to ride horses. Twice he was thrown, breaking a different leg each time. During one of these enforced bedrest periods he read the Bible through and trusted Christ as his Saviour.

Henry grew up working hard. He was away from home, working, when the draft officers came looking for him. They waited all day, then left just before he got back.

Henry had a year of Bible school in 1937, the first year Swift Current Bible School opened.

When he was nearly 30 he went to visit relatives in B.C. Elizabeth Kroeker was also visiting relatives; they met in the home of mutual contacts the last night. They promised to write. Both left the next day but on separate trains.

They managed to convey thoughts and emotions, and wedding plans in these letters. In October 1947 Henry took a train north to Hague, and Elizabeth's family and extended family in Chortitz, seven miles west of Hague.

A missionary conference was going on with a Mr. Schellenberg, but their wedding was worked into a free afternoon on October 17. They stayed for the conference closing, then were off to meet Henry's parents and to move to B.C.

The newlyweds bought a bit of property, and looked forward to a prosperous life. But Elizabeth was soon pregnant, and suffered asthma from the humidity and fog. The doctor told them, "if you want this baby to live you better get back where you came from!"

Elizabeth's parents gave them permission to move into their empty house in Chortitz. They arrived in April with everything covered in snow.

Henry took farmhand jobs until they could build their own home. Their last one was a pre-fab built in Hague.

Early on they lived at Beaver Flat, back to Chortitz, and

to Rosthern, then near Laird, where he worked for Henry Speiser, back to Chortitz, and then to Hague. Here he got a job at George Doell's garage where he was happy being a mechanic.

Later he bought the dray business in Hague, which included deliveries from the railway station, garbage collecting and unloading lumber and coal from train boxcars. Sometimes the children had to help to meet the deadline.

Elizabeth often drew her dream home on the back of calendar pages. They had bought and renovated several times, but in 1977 they built their dreamhouse. Henry was commuting to his job at Rosthern's tire shop.

Henry retired in the early eighties. The family was grown and scattered. As Elizabeth's fragile health failed more and more she called Ruth, in Ontario, who prayerfully considered the situation and moved back to be a help to her parents as long as they needed her. It was a relief to see Ruth take charge of Elizabeth's care, as Henry felt overwhelmed by it all.

His wife died November 11, 1997, after much suffering. He was pleased when he and Ruth could take a trip to B.C. to visit relatives. The change of focus to healthy living was refreshing. He could go for long walks, putter in his workshop, and just come when called for meals.

Aside from medication to prevent more kidney stone attacks, and age-onset diabetes, and achy and sometimes weak knees that caused him to fall more often in his later years, Henry enjoyed ninety-one good years of health and enjoyment of life.

For his 88<sup>th</sup> birthday Ruth took him to an alpaca farm. He enjoyed that so much, he got a repeat visit for his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday. Ruth arranged it, and there he was given a bag with 8 lbs of raw alpaca fibre. Henry spent most of this past year working with that fibre to cleanse it with many washings, to card it, and to spin it into yarn and to knit himself the warmest socks he'd ever had. His spinning wheels and alpaca socks were his pride and joy, and he was happy to show them off to any visitors that came.

He took pride in his purple potatoes in the garden too, and saw to the weeding, and harvesting as well.

Another side hobby/income venture was the making of cross necklaces from horseshoe nails. Ruth helped him order supplies, and prepare neat packages, and to find stores in the city



that would take them on consignment.

December 17, 2006 Henry's left vocal chord was paralyzed, which led to the discovery of a lung tumor mid-January. He began to fail fast, and when in pain would say, "I'm just waiting for Jesus!" On February 24<sup>th</sup> Jesus took Henry home with Him, where there is no more pain.

Henry will be greatly missed by his buddy, Jona Janzen, who often came over and invited him to come along to an auction sale, to go garage-saling, or to just go to the city for Kentucky Fried Chicken and a brouse at Value Village.

He is survived by 5 children, 6 grandchildren, and 4 great-grandchildren. Daughter Ruth, at his home in Hague; son Ernie (Penny) from Winnipeg, granddaughter Beth (Rev. Corey Anderson) with their son Micah, of Rimbey, AB, and grandson Trevor (Joanne Downey) with their son Deacon from Aldergrove, BC; son Tom from Saskatoon and granddaughters, Darlene from Saskatoon, and Sharon from Calgary, AB; daughter Elsie from Hope, BC, granddaughter Jalise (Byron) Peters Robillard with great grandchildren Calvin and Elise from Coquitlam, BC, and grandson Jasel Peters from Penticton, BC; and daughter Erma, from Elmira, ON; as well as many nieces and nephews.

A brother, Bill (Eunice) from Toronto, ON, and sisters - Jessie Switzer, Abbotsford, BC, Helena Martens (Henry), Abbotsford, BC, and Jean, Etobicoke, ON, and sister-in-law Margaret in Huntsville, ON.

Henry was predeceased by his wife Elisabeth in 1997, parents, Henry W. and Maria (Spent) Friesen, and brothers - John, George, and Aaron.

### Take Thou My Hand, O Father

Take Thou my hand, O Father, and lead Thou me,  
Until I end my journey, and heaven see.

Alone I would not wander one single day;  
Be Thou my true companion and with me stay.

Lord, make my heart responsive, and stir my soul,  
Until through all the darkness, I reach my goal.  
Then take my hand, O Father, and lead Thou me  
Until I end my journey, and heaven see.

### It is Well With My Soul

When peace like a river attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll,  
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,  
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

*It is well (it is well) with my soul (with my soul)*  
*It is well, it is well with my soul.*

And, Lord, haste the day when  
The faith will be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,  
The trump shall resound, and the  
Lord shall descend! Even so -  
It is well with my soul!

*Words: Hortio G. Spafford Music: Philip P. Bliss*

### My God and I

My God and I go in the field together,  
We walk and talk as good friends should and do;  
We clasp our hands, our voices ring with laughter -  
My God and I walk thru the meadow's hue.  
We clasp our hands, our voices ring with laughter -  
My God and I walk thru the meadow's hue.

He tells me of the years that went before me,  
When heav'nly plans were made for me to be,  
When all was but a dream of dim conception -  
To come to life, earth's verdant glory see;  
When all was but a dream of dim conception -  
To come to life, earth's verdant glory see;

My God and I will go for aye together,  
We'll walk and talk and jest as good friends do;  
This earth will pass, and with it common trifles -  
But God and I will go on unendingly;  
This earth will pass, and with it common trifles -  
But God and I will go on unendingly;



**Husband**

**Dad**

**Grospa**

**Great-Grospa**

*In Loving Memory of*

**Henry H. Friesen**

(February 20, 1916 – February 24, 2007)



**Gentle**

**Creative**

**Frugal**

**Resourceful**

**Practical**

**Hard-working**

**Hopeful**