

Carl Aaland, age 96, of Carrington, ND, died Sunday, March 18, 2018, at Golden Acres Manor, Carrington.

Carl Johan Aaland was born on August 27, 1921, in New Rockford, ND, the son of Knut and Jennie (Hjelseth) Aaland. He attended country school until the 8th grade. Carl started farming after the 8th grade on the family farm until July 15, 1942, when he was drafted into the US Army. Due to wounds he sustained on July 26, 1944, he was medically discharged May 10, 1945. He was awarded the Purple Heart, Normandy Company, EAME ribbon with 1 Bronze Star for his bravery and service.

Carl met the love of his life Delores while visiting her brother in Colorado Springs Camp Carson. He was united in marriage to Delores Luttschwager on January 3, 1945, while home on furlough in the Pastors home in Sheyenne, ND. Together they had 2 children Kaylyn and Jennifer. They farmed for 14 years in the Barlow area before he took a job as a school custodian for three and half years. He then worked at Lutheran Home of the Good Shepherd in New Rockford, ND, for 43 years, all the while farming the family land.

Carl was a member of the VFW, American legion and the DAV's (Disabled American Veterans). Carl was involded with the Steam Threshers for many years. He was also a member of Federated Church, Carrington.

He is survived by his wife of 73 years Delores, Carrington; his daughter Jennifer Arnold; six grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren, 2 great-great-grandchildren and 1 great-great-grandchild on the way; one sister Genevieve Klein, Fargo.

Carl was preceded in death by his parents Knut and Jennie; his daughter Kaylyn Schremser, and three brothers, Norman, Arnold and John.

In Loving Memory of



Carl Aaland

August 27, 1921 - March 18, 2018

At The End Of The Road

There'll be light in the sky,
From the palace on high,
When I come to the end of the road...
Sweet relief from all care will be waiting me there,
When I come to the end of the road...

Every long weary mile I'll recount with a smile,
When I come to the end of the road...
And the foes that beset, God will make me forget,
When I come to the end of the road....

Just a gate open wide and friend by my side,
When I come to the end of the road...
That is all that I ask as a crown for my task,
When I come to the end of the road....

When the long day is ended,
The journey is o'er,
I shall enter that blessed abode...
For the Savior I love will be waiting for me
When I come to the end of the road.

Lyrics and music by Rev. A.H. Ackley



If I Should Be The First To Go

If I should be the first to go, and you remain a while,
Before you, too, must walk alone down life's
last lonely mile, I would not have you weep or
grieve for happiness that's flown, Lest tears bedim that
misty vale down which my feet have gone.
If I should be the first to go, beyond life's mystic pale,
Just think of me as one who goes to blaze a brighter
trail Across that unknown wilderness,
that on some future day. Your feet may find a
smoother path along that self-same way. If I should be
the first to go, I shall walk slowly, Dear,
For some day you will follow me across death's dark
frontier. I'll mark each turn along the road that you
may walk the same; I'll often pause to hear your voice
if you shall call my name. If I should be the first to go,
beyond all earthly care, I'll try and linger near the gate
until you enter there. Then, hand in hand, with all life's
hard battles fought and won, Together we shall find
what lies beyond the setting sun.

-author unknown