

Donna Otto, age 97, of Carrington, formerly of Grace City passed away peacefully on Wednesday, June 19, 2019, at CHI St. Alexius Health in Carrington, ND.

Donna June Otto was born on June 13, 1922, in Bowdon, ND, to Murhl Burt and Lucille Burt (Seibel). Lucille was remarried to Lee Frederick; Donna considered Lee as her father and had a wonderful father-daughter bond with Lee throughout the rest of his life.

On September 21, 1941, Donna was united in marriage to Russell D. Otto in Bowdon, ND. From this union, they were blessed with three children; Kent, Terry, and Kathy. Russell and Donna made their home on a beautiful farmstead near Grace City, Donna stayed busy for many years preparing meals for the threshing crews. In 1963, she was hired as a rural mail carrier in Grace City, Buchanan, and Jamestown. She retired in 1985, after many years of service. In 1991, Russell and Donna celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary, with an open house at the Grace City School. Russell and Donna lived on the farm from 1941- 2000 and Donna continued to live there even after Russell passed away in 2000.

Donna loved all the family holidays and celebrations, especially Christmas. She enjoyed teaching her family how to play Dominos and card games. Family was everything to Donna and she showed that by attending all her children's, grandchildren's, and great-grandchildren's academic and sporting events. She was so very proud of them all.

In 2003, Donna moved into Carrington and continued to stay busy with her hobbies. Donna was an avid reader and she enjoyed many hobbies, which included Pinochle, Ceramics, crossword puzzles, Sudukos, and Bingo. Her favorite place to go was the Senior Center to play Pinochle and be with her friends. She loved going to Pinochle tournaments and Saturday Pinochle.

She was a proud member of the Grace City Methodist Church, Rural Mail Carriers Association, United Methodist Women's Group of Grace City, attended the Federated Church in Carrington, she served on the Grace City School Board, and PTA. Donna was also a member of the Democratic Women's Association and was a Delegate to the North Dakota Democratic Convention.

Donna is survived by her son, Terry (Mary) Otto, Carrington; daughter, Kathy (Marc) Halvorson, West Fargo, ND; grandchildren, Sarah Otto (Jamie Rude), Pekin, ND, Rachael Otto (Susan Faus), Minneapolis, MN, Eric (Missy) Halvorson, West Fargo, ND, Emily (Jed) Dronen, Fargo, ND, Jason (Kelly) Otto, Grace City, ND; great-grandchildren, Alex Otto, Rylee Halvorson, Ellie Halvorson, Callie Halvorson, Hayley Dronen, Evan Dronen, Tara Otto, Jake Otto, Cody Otto; special niece, Barb (Erwin) Sanchez and family, Barstow, CA; and a special nephew, Jim (Erin) Burt, Gulf Shores, AL.

Donna is preceded in death by her parents; husband Russell; son Kent; brother Lyle Burt; and grandson Brian Rembolt.

Donna June Otto



Mom,

*Your life was a Blessing
Your memory a Treasure...
You are loved beyond Words
And missed beyond Measure.*

June 13, 1922 - June 19, 2019

In Loving Memory of
Donna June Otto

June 13, 1922 - Bowdon, ND
June 19, 2019 - Carrington, ND

VISITATION

Sunday, June 23, 2019 ~ 5:00PM-7:00PM
Evans Funeral Home, Carrington, ND

FUNERAL SERVICE

Monday, June 24, 2019 ~ Private Service
Evans Funeral Home, Carrington, ND

OFFICIATING

Pastor Susan Fandrich

SPECIAL MUSIC

Soloist ~ Darwin Solberg
Organist ~ Clara Edwardson

Congregational Hymns ~ On Eagles Wings & The Old Rugged Cross

CASKET BEARERS

Sarah Otto Rachael Otto
Eric Halvorson Emily Dronen
Jason Otto

HONORARY CASKET BEARERS

Alex Otto Rylee Halvorson Ellie Halvorson
Callie Halvorson Evan Dronen Hayley Dronen
Tara Otto Jake Otto Cody Otto

BURIAL

Grace City Cemetery
Grace City, ND

Arrangements by

Evans Funeral Home – Carrington & New Rockford, ND

www.EvansFuneralHomeND.com



*God saw her getting tired
and cure was not to be.
So He put His arms around her
and whispered “Come to Me.”*

*With tearful eyes we watched
her suffer, and saw her slowly fade away.
Although we loved her dearly,
we could not make her stay.
A golden heart stopped beating,
hard working hands to rest,
God broke our hearts to prove to us,
He only takes the best.*

Love you Mom!



My Grandma

My grandma's hands could heal my hurt
Or cool my fevered brow.
Her care and not a learned degree,
Experience taught her how.
I always knew that I was loved
By deeds, a hug or smile.
She proved it in so many ways...
Twas special grandma style.
Sometimes she was my playmate
Oft' times my mentor too.
I learned to take life as it came;
That's helped me, my life through.
Then I grew up and she grew old,
Yet our loves had no end,
For I was blessed long as she lived,
Cause Grandma was my friend.
by Gladys Cooper Cole



Tomorrow Never Comes

If I knew it would be the last time, That I'd see you fall asleep,
I would tuck you in more tightly, And pray the Lord your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time, That I'd see you walk out the door,
I would give you a hug and kiss, And call you back for just one more.

If I knew it would be the last time, I'd hear your voice lifted up in
praise, I would tape each word and action, And play them back
throughout my days.

If I knew it would be the last time, I would spare an extra minute or
two, To stop and say "I love you," instead of assuming you know I
do.

So just in case tomorrow never comes, And today is all I get,
I'd like to say how much I love you, And I hope we never will forget.

Tomorrow is not promised to anyone, Young or old alike,
And today may be the last chance, You get to hold your loved one
tight.

So if you're waiting for tomorrow, Why not do it today?
For if tomorrow never comes, You'll surely regret the day
That you didn't take that extra time, For a smile, a hug, or a kiss,
And you were too busy to grant someone, What turned out to be their
one last wish.

So hold your loved ones close today, And whisper in their ear,
Tell them you love them very much, and You'll always hold them
dear.

Take time to say "I'm sorry," "Please forgive me," "Thank you" or
"It's OK." And if tomorrow never comes, You'll have no regrets about
today.

By Norma Cornett Marek