

Stanley Junior Copenhaver died June 19, 2023, at Golden Acres Manor. He was 97.

Stanley was born Sept. 1, 1925, to Stanley, Sr. and Elsie (Kerber) Copenhaver at Carrington, North Dakota. He was Christened April 17, 1927. He attended grade school at Estabrook Consolidated and graduated from Carrington High School in 1943. While in high school, he participated in football, basketball and FFA. He lived and farmed his whole life on the family farm until 2021 when he moved into Golden Acres Manor. He married Genevieve Huss on Oct. 24, 1956, in Carrington.

He loved the farm life, raising cows, horses and sheep. For many years, he would use horses to drive the cattle home from the pastures in the fall, riding well into his 70s. Stanley first started with driving horses and ended with driving four-wheel drive tractors, Stan drove tractor until he was 90. He was still driving the four-wheeler around the farm when he went into the home at 95.

He served as President of the Estabrook School Board. He was also a member of the Foster County Wool Growers, ND Stockman's Association and Foster County Rodeo Club.

Stanley is survived by his children: Pat, Carrington; David (Joan), Carrington; Jane (Graham) Oakland, Reynolds, N.D.; Mary Jo Tardif, Jamestown, N.D.; and Steve (Pam), Sykeston, N.D. He is survived by 15 grandchildren, 9 great-grandchildren, sister-in-law Lillian Aljets of Oregon, and sister-in-law Evie Copenhaver, Lakewood, CA.

He was preceded in death by his wife Genevieve, a daughter Anne, sons-in-law Tom Newhouse and Ed Tardif, brother Cyrus and grandchildren Luke and Tess Copenhaver.



Celebrating

THE LIFE OF



Stanley Junior Copenhaver

SEPTEMBER 1, 1925 – JUNE 19, 2023



Celebrating The Life Of
Stanley Junior Copenhaver

September 1, 1925 – Carrington, ND

June 19, 2023 – Carrington, ND

VISITATION

Monday, June 26, 2023

3:00PM - 6:00PM

Evans Funeral Home, Carrington, ND

PRAYER SERVICE

Monday, June 26, 2023

6:00PM

Evans Funeral Home, Carrington, ND

FUNERAL SERVICE

Tuesday, June 27, 2023

Service ~ 10:30AM

Federated Church UCC/UMC, Carrington, ND

OFFICIATING

Pastor Rick Loewen

SPECIAL MUSIC

Clara Edwardson ~ Organist

Amazing Grace

On Eagle's Wings

Old Dakota Dream ~ Chuck Suchy

PALLBEARERS

Nick Tardif ~ Lucas Copenhaver ~ Thomas Oakland

Zach Oakland ~ Jake Copenhaver ~ Lee Copenhaver ~ Briggs Caudle

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

All of Stanley's Great-Grandchildren

BURIAL

Carrington Cemetery

Carrington, ND

Arrangements by

Evans Funeral Home – Carrington & New Rockford, ND

www.EvansFuneralHomeND.com

And on the 8th day, God looked down on his planned paradise and said, "I need a caretaker." So God made a farmer.

God said, "I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, milk cows, work all day in the fields, milk cows again, eat supper and then go to town and stay past midnight at a meeting of the school board." So God made a farmer.

"I need somebody with arms strong enough to rustle a calf and yet gentle enough to deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery, come home hungry, have to wait lunch until his wife's done feeding visiting ladies and tell the ladies to be sure and come back real soon -- and mean it." So God made a farmer.

God said, "I need somebody willing to sit up all night with a newborn colt. And watch it die. Then dry his eyes and say, 'Maybe next year.' I need somebody who can shape an ax handle from a persimmon sprout, shoe a horse with a hunk of car tire, who can make harness out of hay-wire, feed sacks and shoe scraps. And who, planting time and harvest season, will finish his forty-hour week by Tuesday noon, then, pain'n from 'tractor back,' put in another seventy-two hours." So God made a farmer.

God had to have somebody willing to ride the ruts at double speed to get the hay in ahead of the rain clouds and yet stop in mid-field and race to help when he sees the first smoke from a neighbor's place. So God made a farmer.

God said, "I need somebody strong enough to clear trees and heave bails, yet gentle enough to tame lambs and wean pigs and tend the pink-combed pullets, who will stop his mower for an hour to splint the broken leg of a meadow lark. It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight and not cut corners. Somebody to seed, weed, feed, breed and rake and disc and plow and plant and tie the fleece and strain the milk and replenish the self-feeder and finish a hard week's work with a five-mile drive to church.

"Somebody who'd bale a family together with the soft strong bonds of sharing, who would laugh and then sigh, and then reply, with smiling eyes, when his son says he wants to spend his life 'doing what dad does.'" So God made a farmer.