

Harry Edward Ensminger, 91, of McPherson, KS, passed away peacefully on Sunday, November 17, 2024, surrounded by family at McPherson Hospital.

He was born June 29, 1933, at his parents' home near Conway, KS. He was the only child born to Alvin E. and Beulah I. (Sackett) Ensminger. He attended the local schools and graduated from McPherson High School in 1952. Harry also attended McPherson College before eventually serving in the Kansas Army National Guard from 1955 to 1957.

Harry spent his entire working career as a roofing contractor and owned and operated his own business, Harry Ensminger Roofing Company.

On February 2, 1971, Harry was united in marriage to Maureen Ann (Wiens) Brown in Inman, KS.

Survivors include his loving wife, Maureen of the home; daughters, Darla (Billy) Schoen of McPherson, KS and Sheri (Rhon) Manor of Orange, VA; son, Christian Ensminger of McPherson, KS; step-son, Lance (Linda) Brown of McPherson, KS; sister-in-law, Donna Wiens of El Cajon, CA; 14 grandchildren; 43 great-grandchildren; one great-great-grandchild; and many friends.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a brother-in-law, Larry Wiens.

*Celebrating*  
A LIFE



**A Celebration of Life**  
**Stockham Family Funeral Home**  
**McPherson, Kansas**

**Thursday, November 21, 2024, 5 pm to 7 pm**



**Video Tribute**

**"The Last Farewell" by Roger Whittaker**  
**"While My Guitar Gently Weeps" by The Beatles**  
**"Sultans of Swing" by Dire Straits**  
**"Remember Him That Way" by Luke Combs**  
**"Here Comes the Sun" by The Beatles**

**Memorial Donations**

Memorial donations are suggested to Disability Supports Care Fund or Meals on Wheels in care of Stockham Family Funeral Home, 205 North Chestnut, McPherson, KS 67460.

**Appreciation**

Harry's family wishes to express their sincere appreciation for your prayers and kindness, evidenced in thought and deed, and your presence at this service.



Stockham Family Funeral Home



***A Celebration of Life***  
***Harry E. Ensminger***  
***June 29, 1933 - November 17, 2024***



*A Celebration of Life*  
*Harry Edward Ensminger*



For Papa Harry,

In life, very often we find ourselves drawn to beauty – and very often, it is those things we individually select and proclaim as beautiful that end up being a reflection of the hidden beauty within us. For Harry, who began his long journey and relationship with fishing at the age of ten, there's no doubt there was something in the act of casting a lure into a smooth surface of water to wait for a tug at the end of the line that struck him as beautiful – just as there is no doubt that the peaceful nature of water he chose to surround himself with throughout his life *reflected* the innate beauty of the man he was. The reflection of who Harry was could be seen through his many unique interests, his soft spoken words of wisdom, the sound of his laugh and perhaps most of all, the depth of his relationships.

Harry was a man devoted to that which he loved – most of all, his family. He was a man who worked with his hands, breathed integrity with an exhale and cracked jokes with sidelong glances and the light in his eyes. He was a man who listened intently and waited patiently – especially for those he bound himself to with the deepest currents of his love. It was ever present in the simple, day to day and unyielding to the very end. He gave his full attention to what was in front of him, from the simple enjoyment of listening to song after song for hours at a time, to picking up the phone to answer the voice wanting to hear his own on the other end of the line.

He was ever considerate and would wait for his son, Chris, to call so he could walk down the street to bring him a diet coke, or the secure warmth of his presence – but always, a hug. He was a man who let people hold onto him so they would know he would never let them go. He *held* onto his sons and daughters long after they were past the age of adolescence, listened to them and waited for them to come home, whether or not they lived down the street or thousands of miles away. And in the early hours of the morning before for the sun came up, he waited for his wife, Maureen, to join him at the table or in the garden – sometimes impatiently, but only because his days could neither begin nor end without her by his side. He waited for her until the very end and he waits for her still. The rare bond they shared throughout their many years together not only resembled the steady pulse of *life* – it whispered the very meaning of it. It was something that cannot be measured in days or years, perhaps not even the breath between seconds that molded them together.

Honor  
*Loving Memory*

Harry lived a full life – his love of God was expressed through his actions. Who he was, what he valued and how deeply he loved and cared – all of it could be seen and *felt* with the sound of his voice and the warmth of his presence. His all encompassing kindness, his integrity, his ready smile and contagious laughter, his love of animals and all the beauty of nature, the way little kids were attracted to him – it was all there, loud and clear. He shared the things he loved with those he cherished, whether it be fishing, music, western movies or the different breeds of dogs that graced his lap over the years.

But it's so much more than that. Just as there are no words to describe the depth and beauty of water or the way the sun sparkles and catches on its multifaceted surface, there are no words to describe all that Harry was, nor the fine intricacies of what he meant to those who hold onto him still. There are no words to describe the space he filled in our hearts, nor the ache we now feel from his absence. But words were never necessary to know that Harry would always be there at the end of the line— waiting for the tug of our voice so we can know he will never let us go. In life and in death, the warmth of his love is as steady as the calm waters he was forever drawn to.

Love,  
Merric