

Bruce Allen Reinarts Celebration of Life

June 11, 2024 ▪ 11:00 AM

*Parkway Funeral Service ▪ 2330 Tyler Pkwy
Bismarck, North Dakota*

PHOTO TAKEN BY KREW REINARTS
AT THE FARM



Welcome and Opening Prayer

Psalm 148

Praise the Lord from the heavens,
praise him in the heights;
Praise him all you his angels,
praise him, all you his hosts.
Praise him sun and moon;
praise him, all you shining stars.
Praise him, you highest heavens,
and you waters above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord,
for he has commanded
and they were created;
He established them forever and ever;
he gave them a duty which
shall not pass away.
Praise the Lord from the earth,
you sea monsters and all depths;
Fire and hail, snow and mist,
storm winds that fulfill his word;
You mountains and all you hills,
you fruit trees and all you cedars;
You wild beasts and all tame animals,
you creeping things and you winged fowl.
Let the kings of the earth and all peoples,
the princes and all the judges of the earth,
Young men, too, and maidens,
old men and boys,
Praise the name of the Lord,
for his name alone is exalted;
His majesty is above earth and heaven,
and he has lifted up the horn of his people.

Reflection

Family and Friends Sharing

Concluding Prayers

Final Blessing and Dismissal

Presiding Rev. Gary Ternes

Following the Celebration of Life, the family invites you to join them for lunch and fellowship in the Community Room of Parkway Funeral Service.

*Eastgate & Parkway Funeral Service
Bismarck, North Dakota*

Bruce Allen Reinarts was born January 4, 1951 to Robert and Dorothy (Stack) Reinarts in Minot where he grew up and graduated from Minot High in 1969. After high school, he attended Minot State University and earned his bachelor's degree in business.

In 1973, he moved to Bismarck and started his employment with the North Dakota Department of Transportation as a land appraiser. He worked for the state for over 23 years until he was offered an opportunity where his passion for the outdoors and work merged. In 1996 he began working for Ducks Unlimited where his love for hunting, fishing, and land were all part of his everyday work. In 2013 he retired and that is when life really began and everyday was a "Saturday."

Through mutual friends on a set-up date, Bruce began his relationship with Darlene Ternes. The two were married in Minot on June 21, 1975. Together, they resided in Bismarck where they started their careers and family.

Bruce was a quiet man until you really got him talking and he could then BS with the best of them. His love for the outdoors was evident in everything that he did, and that started with the family farm as a young child. He spent countless hours fishing on Lake Sakakawea and hunting around Garrison with his brother, Dave and sons, Brian and Brent. He was the designated captain of the pontoon and navigated the Missouri River with a Crown in hand. He was the best papa and baby whisperer. He loved to travel, especially to Mexico with close friends and family where he bellied right up to the swim up bar(s) and enjoyed walking the beaches with Darlene. The Fourth of July is the Reinarts' Christmas. He loved everything about the red, white, and blue. Living on the river was a dream of Bruces where many late night deck conversation took place and memories were cherished. Bruce will be greatly missed but his legacy and love for nature and his farm will be carried on through his family.

Bruce is survived by his wife, Darlene; son, Brian (Tiffany) West Fargo, and their children, Keaira and Krew; son, Brent (Angie) West Fargo, and their children, Owen, Norah, and Quinn; daughter, Sarah (Carlyle) Scott Bismarck, and their children, Truitt and Taves; siblings, David (Deb), Paula Potter, Peggy (Mark) Tollefson; and many nieces, nephews and extended family.

He was preceded in death by his parents; sister, Julie Reinarts; and brother-in-law, Rick Visina.



CELEBRATING A LIFE
Bruce Allen Reinarts

JANUARY 4, 1951

JUNE 5, 2024

*God saw he was getting tired
And a cure was not to be,
So He put His arms around him
And whispered, "Come with me."
In tears we watched him suffer
And saw him fade away.
Although we loved him dearly
We could not make him stay.
A heart of gold stopped beating.
Hard working hands now rest.
God shares the pain
Of our broken hearts,
Our lives he richly blessed.*



PINK SKIES FROM THE BRUCE REINARTS' FARM