

Lawrence Eugene Decker was born May 16, 1934 in Belfield, the son of Frank and Helen (Huschka) Decker. He grew up and attended country school, until moving with his family to Dickinson. When he was 15 years old, Lawrence was offered a job by Ed King to work at King's Grocery. This began Lawrence's 47 year career in the grocery industry. Kings Grocery later became Dan's Super Valu where Lawrence became the manager of the south location. On October 11, 1955 Lawrence married Adeline Berger. The couple was blessed with three children, Kayle, Jolyn and James. Lawrence was skilled at horseshoes, competing in leagues and tournaments over the years. He was an avid Twins fan and enjoyed bird hunting in the fall. Lawrence and Adeline enjoyed gardening and spending time fishing at their place at Lake Sakakawea. They also enjoyed getting together with friends to play pinochle or attend dances with old time music. Lawrence never missed a chance to socialize, visit or even share a joke with his friends. The nurses were always shocked that Lawrence was never on any medications. He would tell them, "It's because I like a little Peppermint Schnapps in my coffee." Peppermint Schnapps and Whisky Dews may have been his secret to having only spent three days in the hospital in his 89 years. Lawrence is survived by his wife of 68 years, Adeline; sons, Kayle (Julie) Decker of Sioux Falls, SD; Jim (Bethany) Decker of Dickinson; daughter, Jolyn (James) Kadrmas of Dickinson; grandchildren, Jennifer, Trevor, Channing, Bethany, Joshua, Kasey, Taylor, Riley, Colin, Mya, and Grant; great-grandchildren, Kaleb, Karter, Kalia, Yosiah, Aviella, and Evelyn. Siblings: Leonard (Luella) Decker, CA; Clem (Eileen) Decker, Bismarck; Sally (Gilbert) Lorenz, Bismarck; Eileen (Art) Gatzke, New England, ND; Vince (Karen) Decker, MN; MaryAnn Reiss, Dickinson; He was preceded in death by his parents; in laws, Leo and Helen (Obritschkewitsch) Berger; sister Eleanor Kadrmas; brothers-in-law Tony Reiss, Eugene Kadrmas, John Wosepka, and Melvin Berger; sister-in-law Rita Berger and nephew Kent Wosepka.

THE STATION By Robert J. Hastings

TUCKED AWAY in our subconscious minds is an idyllic vision. We see ourselves on a long, long trip that spans the continent. We're traveling by passenger train, and out the windows we drink in the passing scene of cars on nearby highways, of children waving at a crossing, of cattle grazing on a distant hillside, of smoke pouring from a power plant, of row upon row of corn and wheat, of flat-lands and valleys, of mountains and rolling hillsides, of city skylines and village halls, of biting winter and blazing summer and cavorting spring and docile fall.

Yet uppermost in our minds is the final destination. On a certain day at a certain hour we will pull into the station. There will be bands playing and flags waving. And once we get there, so many wonderful dreams will come true. The pieces of our lives will fit together like a completed jigsaw puzzle. How restlessly we pace the aisles, damming the minutes for loitering- waiting, waiting for the station.

When we get to the station that will be it!" we cry. "When I'm 18, that will be it! When I buy a new Mercedes Benz, that will be it! When I put the last kid through college, that will be it! When I have paid off the mortgage, that will be it! When I get a promotion, that will be it! When I reach the age of retirement, that will be it! I shall live happily ever after!"

However, sooner or later we must realize there is no one station, no one place to arrive at once and for all. The true joy of life is the trip. The station is only a dream. It constantly outdistances us.

It isn't the burdens of today that drive men mad. Rather, it is regret over yesterday or fear of tomorrow. Regret and fear are twin thieves who would rob us of today. So, stop pacing the aisles and counting the miles. Instead, climb more mountains, eat more ice cream, go barefoot more often, swim more rivers, watch more sunsets, laugh more and cry less. Life must be lived as we go along. The station will come soon enough.

Lawrence Decker

May 16, 1934 - October 17, 2023



Lawrence Decker

FUNERAL MASS

Monday, October 23, 2023 10:00 am
St. Joseph's Catholic Church
Dickinson, North Dakota

ROSARY & VIGIL

Sunday, October 22, 2023 2:00 pm
Stevenson Funeral Home
Dickinson, North Dakota
Deacon Al Schwindt

CELEBRATING

Father Chris Kadrmas

MUSICIANS

Sandy Tibor
Special Music- Bethany Lee

READER

Mya Decker

PALLBEARERS

All of Lawrence's Grandchildren

INTERMENT

St. Joseph's Cemetery
Dickinson, North Dakota

ARRANGEMENTS BY

Stevenson Funeral Home
Dickinson, North Dakota

*Lunch will be served in The Pine Room
following the committal service.*

Everyone is welcome.

