

In Loving Memory of
Cleo D. Schroeder
July 5, 1941 ~ April 19, 2024

Vigil/Rosary Service

Tuesday, April 23, 2024 ▪ 7:00 PM
Parkway Funeral Service ▪ 2330 Tyler Parkway
Bismarck, North Dakota

Mass of Christian Burial

Wednesday, April 24, 2024 ▪ 9:30 AM
Corpus Christi Catholic Church ▪ 1919 N 2nd St.
Bismarck, North Dakota

Interment

Wednesday, April 24, 2024 ▪ 12:00 PM
North Dakota Veterans Cemetery
Mandan, North Dakota

Liturgy of the Word

Old Testament Isaiah 41:10, 13
Responsorial Psalm 23

“The Lord is my Shepherd there is Nothing I shall want.”

New Testament St. Paul to the Romans 14:7-9, 10b-12
Gospel John 12:12-26

Music

Prelude *“Peace is Flowing Like a River”*
“Hail Mary, Gentle Woman”
Opening *“Be Not Afraid”*
Offertory *“On Eagle’s Wings”*
Communion *“Abba Father”*
Special Song *“Old Rugged Cross”*
Final Commendation *“Song of Farewell”*
Closing Song *“Battle Hymn of Republic/ America the Beautiful”*

Celebrant Msgr. Patrick Schumacher

Assisting Deacon Bob Wingenbach

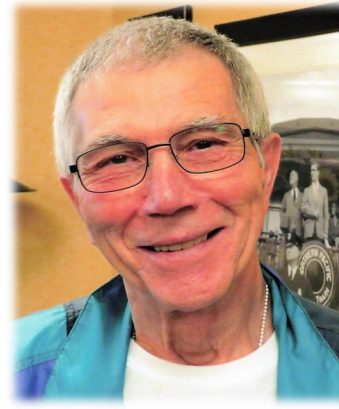
Vigil/Rosary Presider Sr. Ivo Schoch

Musicians Sebastian Haboczki and Colleen Reinhardt

Readers Scott Wild and Jody Sommer

Pall Bearers Jody Sommer, Ricky Sommer, Scott Wild, Jerrid Soupir,
Skylar Soupir and Garret Soupir.

Following Mass, the family invites you to join them for lunch and fellowship
the Parish Hall.



Cleo Schroeder, 82, of Mandan, ND passed away peacefully on Friday April 19, 2024.

Cleo was born on July 5, 1941 in Dunn County, ND to Frank and Melitta (Bauer) Schroeder. He graduated from Dodge Public High School in Dodge, ND in 1959. Following high school, Cleo entered the Army where he was stationed in Glenhausen, Germany. Driving trucks and being trained to operate tanks was his main responsibility. After proudly serving his country Cleo returned to ND where he resided in Bismarck with his life partner (Royanne Neff) until she passed away in 1999.

In Cleo’s early twenties he started as a custodian of the US postal service and was quickly offered a position as a U.S. postal employee in which he had multiple tasks that were instrumental in the delivery of mail to US and foreign citizens. He took great pride in his job and was recognized for his work ethic, dependability, and kind heart. At 72 years of age Cleo handled his last envelope and proudly retired as the most senior employee of the Bismarck location.

Cleo had a keen eye for furniture and spent countless hours restoring furniture. He also loved to travel and took multiple trips to Florida in which he enjoyed time with close friends and relatives. In a family gathering you could always find Cleo engaged in conversation, enjoying every minute and making sure to visit with everyone. He was quick to build a network of friends through his positive attitude, kind heart and sincere personality.

He had a very special spot in his heart for his younger sister Kathy and husband Jim. He always looked forward to seeing them, and enjoyed spending multiple hours visiting on the patio of Edgewood Vista.

He is survived by his sister, Kathy (Jim) Tobolt-Bismarck; brother-in-law, Jerald (June) Sommer - Bismarck; nephews and nieces, Jody (Michelle) Sommer - Mandan, Ricky Sommer - Oregon, Shonda (Scott) Wild - Bismarck, Tami (Jerrid) Soupir - Mandan and Franky Schroeder - Germany.

He was preceded in death by his parents; life partner Royanne Neff; brother, George Schroeder and sister, Inez Sommer.

In lieu of flowers, memorials may be sent to a charity of choice or one of these two charities that were close to Cleo’s heart.

North Dakota Veteran’s Cemetery Foundation 4606 highway
1806 Mandan, ND 58554-9943.

The Dream Center P.O. Box 1996 Bismarck, ND 58502.

That Ragged Old Flag!

Written by Johnny Cash

*I walked through a county courthouse square.
On a park bench an old man was sitting there.
I said, "Your old Court House is kinda run down."
He said, "No, it will do for our little town."
I said, "Your old flag Pole is leaning a little bit.
And that's a ragged old Flag you've got hanging on it."
He said, "Have a seat," and I sat down
"Is the first time that you've been to our little town?"
"Well," he said, "I don't like to brag,
But we're kinda proud of that ragged old Flag.*

*You see, we got a little hole in the Flag there,
When Washington took it across the Delaware.
And it got powder burns, the night Francis Scott Key,
Sat watching it, writing 'Oh, Say, Can You See.'*

*And it got a bad rip at New Orleans,
When Packingham and Jackson took it to the scene
And, it almost fell at the Alamo beside the Texas Flag
But she waved on through
She got cut with a sword at Chancellville,
And she got cut again at Shilo Hill
There was Robert E. Lee, Bouregard and Bragg
The South wind blew hard on that Old Ragged Flag
On Flanders Field in World War One
She got a big hole from a Bertha Gun
She turned BLOOD RED World War Two,
And she hung limp and low a time or two.
She was in Korea and Vietnam
She went from our ships upon the briny foam.
Now they've about quit waving her back here at home
In our good land she's been abused,
She's been burned, dishonored, denied, and refused
And the Government for which she stands
Is scandalized through out the land.*

*She's getting threadbare and she's wearing thin,
But, she's in good shape for the shape she's in,
Because she's been through the fire before,
I believe she can take a whole lot more.
So we raise her up every morning, and we
Take her down every night,
We don't let her touch the ground,
and we fold her up right.*

*On second thought, I DO LIKE TO BRAG,
BECAUSE I'M MIGHTY PROUD OF THAT RAGGED OLD FLAG!*