

## Louie Owen III

was born in Dickinson, ND on October 27, 1963, son of Louie and Mary (Monroe) Hurt. He was raised in Killdeer and graduated from Killdeer High School in 1982. Louie enlisted with the US Navy in 1986 and served for six years. Following his honorable discharge, he returned to the Killdeer area where he began his work in the oilfield and over the road trucking. In 2015, Louie made the move to Idaho where he began working as a plumber and continued to reside until his passing. He was very proud of his country and was patriotic to the core. Louie enjoyed camping, fishing and anything outdoors. He was also a skilled wood worker. Louie is survived by his parents, Louis Jr. and Mary Hurt; sister, Patty (Jon) Tebelius of Bowdon, ND; numerous aunts and uncles. He was preceded in death by his grandparents, Robert and Clara Monroe, Louis and Gladys Hurt; infant brother, Robert James; uncles, Dale Hurt, Marvin Schmidt, Francis Karel; cousins, Dan Karel and David Warner Jr.

In Loving Memory

# Louis Hurt

October 27, 1963 - June 27, 2022





# Louie Hurt

## LITURGY OF THE WORD:

Thursday, July 14, 2022 11:00 am

Stevenson Funeral Home  
Killdeer, North Dakota

## OFFICIATING:

Father Joseph Evinger

## MUSIC:

Kevin Candrian

## PALLBEARERS:

Mike Schmidt	Pat Schmidt
Bob Hurt	Dale Hurt
Joe Schettler	Paul Schettler
Harlan Doll	Shane Dolezal

## MILITARY HONORS:

Ezra Barrows Post #46

## INTERMENT:

Oakdale Cemetery  
Killdeer, North Dakota

## ARRANGEMENTS BY:

Stevenson Funeral Home  
Killdeer, North Dakota

*Lunch will be served at the Buckskin Bar  
following the graveside service.*

*Everyone is welcome.*

Death is nothing at all,  
I have only slipped away into the next room.  
I am I, and you are you.  
Whatever we were to each other,  
That we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name,  
Speak to me in the easy way  
which you always used.

Put no difference in your tone,  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed  
At the little jokes we enjoyed together.

Pray, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word  
that it always was,

Let it be spoken without effect,  
Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was;  
There is unbroken continuity.

Why should I be out of mind,  
Because I am out of sight?

I am waiting for you, for an interval,  
Somewhere very near,  
just round the corner

All is well.

-Henry Scott Holland