

## Debra Renge Bach

She was born on May 21, 1952 in Fergus Falls, MN to Richard and Elaine Hawes. She graduated from Tintah High School and went on to study Home Economics at North Dakota State University. While there, she met the love of her life by happenstance when a family friend brought Gary Bach to a gathering at the house she shared with friends. She always described it as "love at first sight". After a whirlwind romance they were married on August 25, 1973. Shortly after marrying they moved to West Fargo, later purchasing a home in Moorhead, MN where they welcomed their first child Bradan in 1975. They then moved to Longmont, CO where their second child was born, Amber in 1977 before finally settling and making their home in Wyndmere, ND.

Deb's life was defined by her passions for family, education and animals. She took immense pride and joy in creating a home and life with Gary, their children and later their grandchildren. Whether she was playing with her grandchildren at the lake or at the farm, one of her greatest joys in life was spending time with them. She adored introducing them to her passions, travelling with them, and talking about their future plans. They could always rely on her to give them her opinion whether they liked to hear it or not, but also to always get a huge hug, an "I love you" and Grandma's cinnamon rolls. Once her children left home, she took a position as a paraeducator at Wyndmere High School where she worked for over a decade. Being a lifelong learner herself, she found immense purpose in supporting her students in achieving their educational goals.

Almost all of Deb's adventures included her family & friends, horses and dogs. These adventures gave her and Gary a tremendous community of friends she loved as family. They spent many years travelling the upper Midwest, Montana, Wyoming and Arizona to travel with their horses and friends. Deb was happiest on top of her horse riding the buttes of Western North Dakota. After Gary's retirement, they spent several years RVing to avoid dreary North Dakota winters by riding horseback in the sunny Arizona desert. Although she had a passion for all animals, when she wasn't with her horses she could often be found adventuring with her dogs. One of her greatest joys was showing her and Gary's English Setter, Mason to his show championship at the age of 68.

She was a voracious reader and lover of historical fiction. She was often teased by her family for all of her "useless knowledge" that they all secretly counted on. She was to everyone what she viewed as her most important job, being a mom. For many, her legacy will be how she so openly welcomed everyone with an open-heart, both human and animal.

Debra is survived by her husband Gary, son Bradan (Amy) Bach of Fargo, ND, daughter Amber Bach-Gorman (Phil) West Fargo, beloved grandchildren; Casper, Danielle, and Colby. She is preceded in death by her parents Richard and Elaine Hawes.

In an effort to continue her legacy and passion for children and animals in lieu of flowers her family requests memorials be made to the English Setter Association of America (ESAA) and the NDSU Bison Strides therapeutic riding program. ESAA memorials may be made payable to ESAA with *Deb Bach Memorial Fund* in the notes section and mailed to Lynda Chase, 1108 Evans Rd, Aiken, SC 29803. Memorials to NDSU Bison Strides can be mailed to 4524 10<sup>th</sup> St W, West Fargo, ND 58078 and made payable to Amber Bach-Gorman where a donation will be made in Deb's honor.

## In Loving M E M O R Y



Debra Renge Bach  
1952 - 2023

In Loving Memory of  
*Debra R. Bach*



*Born*

May 21, 1952  
Fergus Falls, Minnesota

*Passed Away*

June 28, 2023  
Fargo, North Dakota

*Age*

71 Years 1 Month 7 Days

*Funeral Service*

11:30 AM  
Wednesday, July 5, 2023  
Vertin-Munson Funeral Home  
Wahpeton, North Dakota

*Officiant*

Jeanne Putnam

*Music*

“The Place Where I Worship” by Phil Jore  
“On Eagles Wings” by Josh Gorbin  
“How Great Thou Art” by Phil Jore

Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am not there, I do not sleep  
I am a *thousand winds*  
that blow,  
I am the diamond glint on snow.  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you wake in the morning hush;  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circling flight.  
I am the *soft starlight* at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry.  
I am not there, I did not die.  
- Anonymous

