



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

*Wilbur Dean
"Swede"
Anderson*

WHO WAS BORN
September 30, 1931
Jasper, Minnesota

AND CALLED TO HIS ETERNAL HOME

June 7, 2023

Ortonville, Minnesota

FUNERAL SERVICE

Friday, June 16, 2023 - 1:00 p.m.

First English Lutheran Church

Ortonville, Minnesota

OFFICIANT

Reverend Daryl Thul

MUSICIANS

Lisa Berdan, Organist

Jim Foster, Vocalist

URN BEARERS

Grandchildren:

Nathan Foster | Jesse Anderson

Adrienne Foster | Allison Foster | Lee Anderson

MILITARY HONORS

Minnesota Army National Guard

34th Red Bull Infantry Division

C Battery 1-151 Field Artillery

INURNMENT

Thursday, June 22, 2023 - 1:00 p.m.

Minnesota Veteran's Cemetery

Preston, Minnesota

APPRECIATION

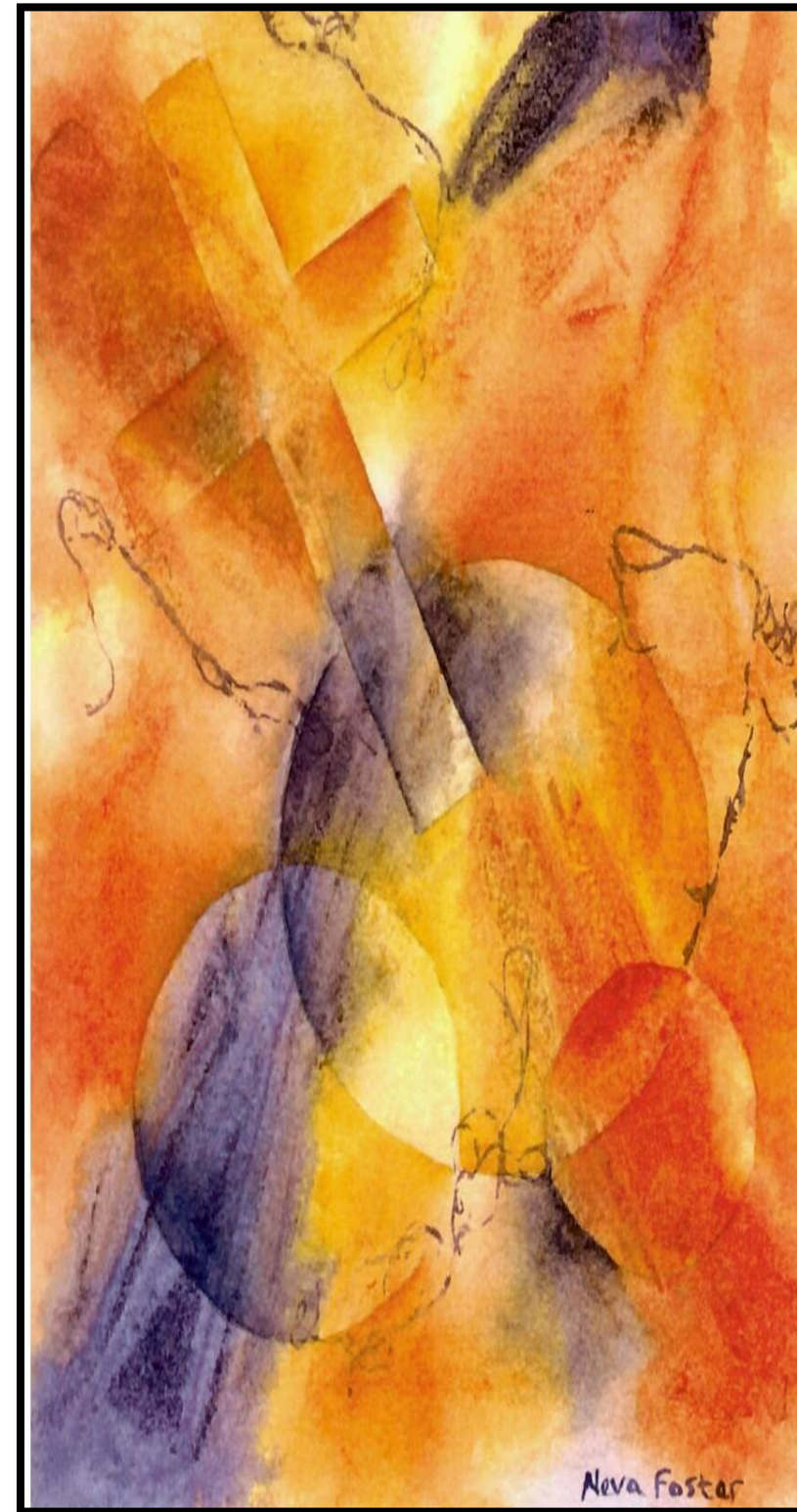
Swede's family is grateful for your attendance at this service. Your expressions of kindness and love are deeply appreciated. Following the service, please join the family for a time of food and fellowship in the church dining room.

Mundwiler and Larson Funeral Home - Ortonville, Minnesota



EDUCATION:

*A teacher affects
Eternity;
he can never
influence
tell where his
stops.*





Wilbur Dean Anderson was born on September 30, 1931, in Jasper, MN. He was the son of Walter and Ann (Benson) Anderson. Swede grew up in Jasper. He was baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran faith at American Lutheran Church in Jasper. He graduated from Jasper High School with the Class of 1949.

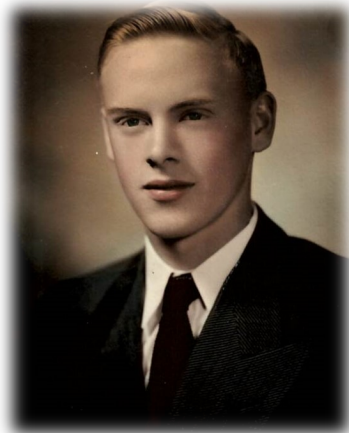
Swede served in the United States Navy, enlisting on November 9, 1951. He served in Korea and was awarded the National Defense Service Medal, United Nations Service Medal, and Korean Service Medal (one star). He was honorably discharged on November 4, 1955.

While home on military break Swede was united in marriage with Janet Remme on December 19, 1953, at Palisades Lutheran Church in Garretson, SD. Following his discharge Swede attended Mankato State University. He later finished his Master's degree in Greeley, CO. Swede taught school in Waseca, MN, then settled in Rochester, MN. He taught eighth grade geography at Kellogg Jr. High School for 32 years.

Swede loved to fish and hunt. He enjoyed creating and making fishing lures and rods out of random items, for example, he used windshield wiper blades to make ice fishing poles. He joyfully said, "Made by Swede and guaranteed!" He was a kind and honest man and shared these important values with his grandchildren. When things were difficult, his advice was, "You can do anything for a short amount of time." He loved watching and cheering for his children's and grandchildren's sporting events. He was a faithful member of Bethel Lutheran Church in Rochester and volunteered many hours.

Swede and Janet moved to Ortonville, MN, in 2020, and made their home at Fairway View Neighborhoods.

Left to cherish his memory are his wife, Janet of Ortonville, MN; three children: Neva (Jim) Foster of Ortonville, MN; Nile (Deb) Anderson of Rochester, MN; and Collin (Linda) Anderson of Hastings, MN; five grandchildren; ten great-grandchildren; and one great-great-grandson. He was preceded in death by his parents: Walter and Ann; three sisters: Carol, Phyllis, and Marfaye; and one brother, Wayne "Huck".



*Leisure Life of a Fisherman
By Swede Anderson*

It happened one day, and need I say?
Maybe you'll think it's crazy and maybe a little hazy.

I was fishing on Split Rock Creek when up poked a fish to take a peek. I rubbed my eyes but couldn't see whether it was real or was it me?

He was a cute little creature with big black eyes, I could just see his head so I couldn't judge his size. The fish dived under and came up by my cork, and the fins on his back were as sharp as a fork.

His scales were gray and his tail was black, the skin on his belly was as white as my back. He was real shiny – like a crystal ball - eyes, scales, tail and all.

He must have had friends because I could see lots of splashes, the circles cleared away like tears on your lashes. He'd flip his tail and strut his stuff, then he'd bend his back and his fins would ruff.

His teeth were white and his gills were red, his eyes were almost as big as his head. The sun was high and he stopped his run, it was almost too hot to have any fun.

He winked his eye and nodded his head then he said it was time for bed. You could see him swim with the use of his tail and he used his fins for an artificial sail.

I could see him swim for quite a while, but he swam so slow it seemed like a mile. My cork was still because I hadn't had a bite, but I thought if I'd wait, I knew I might.

I sat and waited and ate my lunch, and as I thought, I got a hunch.

I know it was time for the fish to spawn so I rested myself on the green grass lawn. I dozed off then, much by mistake and awoke in time before my pole did break.

I had gotten a bite to my surprise, he was very fat and enormous in size. He pulled and tugged and so did I – he fought so hard I thought he'd die.

The water ruffled and the mud stirred up, much like the cream in a coffee cup. I struggled, and then I started to sweat until the shirt on my back was wet. He played out, and so did I; I was almost too tired to blink an eye.

The line seemed to weaken, and it broke in two – with a flip of his tail away he flew. I know it fantasy, but it's a lot of fun, to tell my tales to old and young!

