

Roger L. Carriere // May 1, 1950 – December 10, 2023

Roger was born on May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1950, to Camille and Frances Carrier. He was raised on the family farm south of Walhalla, ND. As the oldest of 7 children, Roger had a lot of responsibilities. From driving great-grandpa's old truck slowly down Darling Hill at 6 years old, to looking after farm chores before school, he was working from an early age. He maintained that strong work ethic throughout his life.

There was plenty of fun, too. Too many stories to share here, but this is a memory from Roger that we found in a journal of his:

March 27, 2020

"Yesterday I was outside and watching 3 youngin's arranging a rope to be hooked to a bicycle and wagon. The bicycle guy was the puller of the wagon. There were three of them so I supposed one had to walk and he did as they left.

Anyway, I was sent back into memory when Dad came home from town. I suppose I was about nine. He asked me to go to the car and get some tools from the back. It was a blue 1956 Ford station wagon. As I opened the door I noticed a bicycle laying down. Oh boy, smiles and happy. It was a used green and beige bike. I didn't need any help getting it out and it wasn't long before my siblings were out there to help. We all tried and tried to ride that bike, but we were having trouble getting going and balancing. Susan was too small, Kevin was too young and so were the twins, Kent and Karen. Somebody had a good idea and the foot stool from the house was brought to the top of the hill on the lane coming into the yard. We could stand on the stool and throw our leg over, give a push and get going down the hill. I could balance going down but had to push the bike back up the hill. It was a nice summer evening and one time as I started out down the hill, my sister Karen was trying to get out of my way and I couldn't steer very good. Then she fell down. Only in her diaper and a tee shirt. I ran over her and I crashed I think. I don't remember for sure if I tipped over or not but I do remember her being Ok and to this day I can still see her. Poor girl. She did live another 23 years from then. She passed away very young – too young. Sorry Karen, see you some day. Love Roger."

After high school, Roger attended UND briefly, he went down south for custom combining, he worked for a local family on Metelmann farms, and, in the early 1970's, he followed the call of the oil field to Williston, North Dakota.

Roger loved Williston. His Uncle Rene and Aunt Marlene and cousins were there and two of his brothers joined him in Williston and started their families. He made many friends when he moved there, and he adopted his "cowboy" persona, embracing the "Wild West" influence of western North Dakota. To the end of his days, he always felt that Williston was home, and he missed it dearly.

He was united in marriage to Jean Lindvig on June 11, 1977. They raised their 3 children at 411 17<sup>th</sup> Street West. He worked hard to provide for their family and she worked hard to support him and raise the kids when he had to be away "chasing" pipelines.

Their marriage lasted 27 years, and while there were ups and downs, they stayed good friends, with love and affection between them in these later years. They delighted in watching their children grow and start families of their own, sharing the news of their grandchildren, and keeping up with each other.

Roger enjoyed farming with his father-in-law, Lyall Lindvig, and brothers-in-law Curt & Jack at the North Place in McKenzie County. He loved fishing with his good buddy Eddie Falcon, who I'm sure greeted him

last Sunday with a hearty “Hey, Le Beau!”. A favorite place of his to fish was the Old Pumphouse at the confluence of the Yellowstone & Missouri Rivers. He also enjoyed hunting deer, elk and pheasant.

Another story from Roger’s journal:

March 6, 2020

“I went out of the apartment this morning and noticed one of the tenants had a turkey foot hanging from his mirror. Reminded me of the time years ago when Shelby was a pup. I was coming back from work one evening from the north and there was a pheasant laying along the road. I stopped and backed up, thinking this dead bird would be a good exercise for Shelby.

On my way home, I went to the gas station at Simonson’s which I did every night and got fuel. When I came out to my truck, that Rooster pheasant was standing on the seat looking out the window! Not even pheasant season. Turns out it wasn’t dead, only wounded. Went home and told Jean and the kids about the pheasant in the truck. Found some twine and tied a leg on the bird and buried the rooster in a pile of leaves. Jean brought Shelby out to play and after she said “hi” to me, she noticed a smell. It was the smell of her instinct. She tracked the smell of the pheasant under the leaves. We ate the pheasant at some time – but the important thing is that Shelby was the best hunting dog we had. Such a hard working dog and so lovable for the rest of the house. Jean, Susanne, Doug and Margot. With me she was all work. We loved each other and she knew what to do without a command. I miss her.”

Roger worked on pipelines all around the mid-western US, spending time working in North Dakota, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, California and even Alaska. He came home from these jobs with new stories, new friends, new foods, and new music. He enjoyed the adventure, although it was hard on him to be away from home. He was a sought-after welder, known for his work ethic, safety consciousness and precision. He cared about the quality of his work, and it showed in his strive for perfection.

Roger retired to Walhalla, where he was married to childhood friend Hope Johnston for 10 years. He started a lawn care business to keep himself busy. He was a hard worker and prided himself on his attention to detail. If he was driving or riding around town, he was still proud of some of his projects years later.

His retirement buddy was his rat terrier, Archie. They were best friends; Archie helped him work in the garage, they rode around in the truck together, he cooked Archie chicken and veggies for his meals, and they had all sorts of fun and silly and sweet routines. Archie’s passing was very emotional for him, and we like to think that Archie is snuggled back into his spot on Roger’s lap.

Roger was a sharp pool player as well, and played in a league until his health prevented him from doing so. He kept a pool table in his home and encourage his grandkids to learn how to shoot pool. He wished he could be downstairs teaching them himself.

However, just a few weeks ago, a couple of his school buddies came to visit on Thanksgiving. With the help of about 50ft of oxygen tubing strung together, he was able to reach the basement and shoot a couple of games with his friends and his grandkids. He was thrilled and believes that a higher power gave him the energy for a game of pool that day.

Roger was a prankster, from a family of pranksters.

From rearranging his sister's kitchen cupboards, to putting his cousin's hot rod's axle up on blocks in long grass to render it immobile, leaving a salamander in his lunch cooler for his kids to find, or moving one neighbor's holiday decorations to another neighbor's yard, he was always up to something with a twinkle in his eye. He loved recounting people's reactions to his "clever" ideas.

Once, when two of his nephews retaliated by putting stink bait in his jacket pocket, they learned that he enjoyed being on the receiving end of a good prank, too.

Lastly, Roger adored his children and four Grandchildren. Jackson, Ivan, Nola & Beya brought him so much joy in the last 12 years of his life. He still liked to recount the story of getting the phone call that Jackson, his first Grandchild had been born. He could recall where he was, what he was wearing, and the words that were spoken to him.

He enjoyed calling and "talking" on the phone to his grandkids. When they were young, he got such a kick out of asking them questions and hearing their gibberish replies over the phone and pretending that they were having a conversation. He was proud of them, of their intelligence and kindness and silliness.

Roger expressed to his daughter Margot that he wished he could be younger again and have everyone else stay the same age as they were now. We think that he wanted to feel young and full of energy to enjoy this stage of his family, his growing grandkids and adult children. We like to believe that based on Roger's faith and belief in the afterlife that his prayer was answered. He's watching over all of us, guiding his children and protecting his grandkids.

We know that Roger wasn't ready to leave, and we certainly were not ready to say goodbye, but we find peace knowing that he is breathing free with his Lord.

Ok, Roger, time to go see that man about a horse.