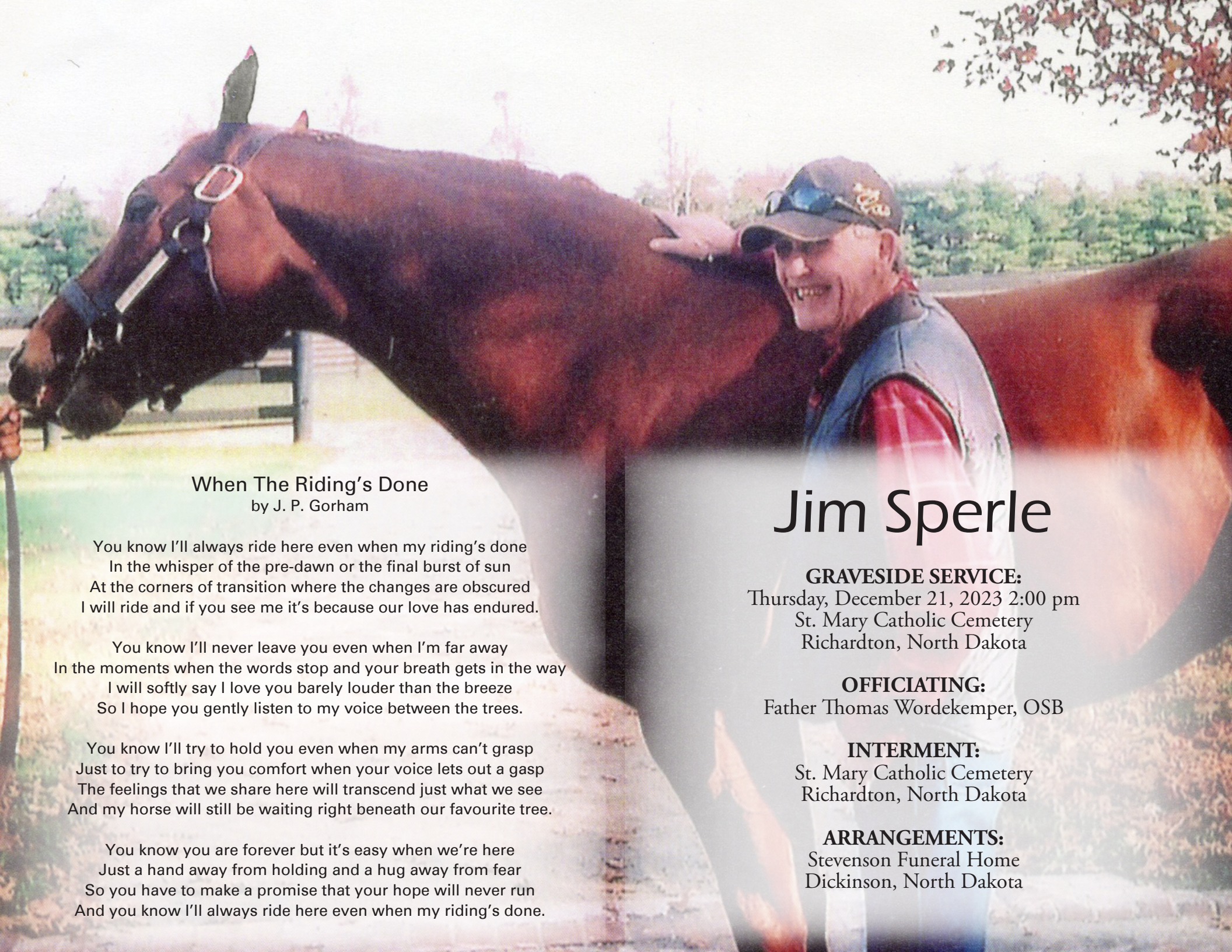


James Michael Sperle was born on September 23, 1945 in Richardton to Michael and Freda (Harmel) Sperle. He grew up and attended school in Richardton. He graduated from Hettinger High School in 1963. Jim moved with his family to various places in Montana, Wyoming, North Dakota, and South Dakota. Jim attended college in Wahpeton before moving to Seattle to work for Boeing. Jim later moved to Denver to care for his father. Jim then moved to Arizona, where he worked as a groom for race horses. He also opened up a cleaning service. At all of his stops, Jim spent time at the nearest horse racing track, where he developed a passion for working with horses. He continued this work for the rest of his life. Jim and his sister, Aletha, were both honored with racehorses named after them. Jim was a true adventurer, seeking fame and fortune at many stops along the way, from California to India. He lived life to the fullest and enjoyed hanging out and visiting with friends. He was a loyal friend who will be missed by many. Jim is survived by his brother, Scott Anderson of Rock Springs, WY; cousins, Kelly (Kim) Dressler, Kent (Mona) Dressler, Linda (Don) Staudinger, Debbie Dressler, and numerous other family members, friends, and horse racing buddies. He is preceded in death by his parents; his sister, Aletha; and his cousin, Russell Dressler.

James "Jim" Sperle

September 23, 1945 - December 13, 2023





When The Riding's Done

by J. P. Gorham

You know I'll always ride here even when my riding's done
In the whisper of the pre-dawn or the final burst of sun
At the corners of transition where the changes are obscured
I will ride and if you see me it's because our love has endured.

You know I'll never leave you even when I'm far away
In the moments when the words stop and your breath gets in the way
I will softly say I love you barely louder than the breeze
So I hope you gently listen to my voice between the trees.

You know I'll try to hold you even when my arms can't grasp
Just to try to bring you comfort when your voice lets out a gasp
The feelings that we share here will transcend just what we see
And my horse will still be waiting right beneath our favourite tree.

You know you are forever but it's easy when we're here
Just a hand away from holding and a hug away from fear
So you have to make a promise that your hope will never run
And you know I'll always ride here even when my riding's done.

Jim Sperle

GRAVESIDE SERVICE:

Thursday, December 21, 2023 2:00 pm
St. Mary Catholic Cemetery
Richardton, North Dakota

OFFICIATING:

Father Thomas Wordekemper, OSB

INTERMENT:

St. Mary Catholic Cemetery
Richardton, North Dakota

ARRANGEMENTS:

Stevenson Funeral Home
Dickinson, North Dakota