

There was a woman who had been diagnosed with a terminal illness and was given only three months to live. As she began getting her things "in order," she called her pastor and asked him to come to her house to discuss certain aspects of her final wishes. She told him which songs she wanted sung at the service, what scriptures she wanted read, and what dress she wanted to be buried in. She also requested to be buried with her favorite Bible in her left hand. Everything was in order and as the pastor was preparing to leave, the woman suddenly remembered one final request that was very important to her.

"Please Pastor, just one more thing," she said excitedly.

"Sure, what is it?" the pastor replied.

"This is very important to me," the woman continued. "I want to be buried holding a fork in my right hand."

The pastor gazed at the woman with a loss for words.

"That surprises you, doesn't it?" the woman asked.

The pastor replied, "Well, to be quite honest, I'm puzzled by the request."

The woman explained. "You see, Pastor, in all my years of attending church socials and potluck dinners, I remember that when the dishes were being cleared away after the main course, someone would inevitably lean over to me and say, 'Keep your Fork.' It was my favorite part because I knew that something better was coming, like velvety chocolate cake or deep dish apple pie...something wonderful and with substance to end the great meal." The pastor listened intently, and a smile came upon his face. The woman continued, "So I just want people to see me there in the casket with a fork in my hand, and I want them to wonder... 'What's with the fork?' Then I want you to tell them: "Keep your fork.....the best is yet to come."

The pastor's eyes welled up with tears of joy as he hugged the woman goodbye. He knew that this would be one of the last times that he would see her before her death, but he also knew that the woman had a better grasp of Heaven than he did. She KNEW and trusted that the best was yet to come.

At the funeral, everyone that walked by the woman's casket saw her wearing a beautiful dress with her favorite Bible held in her left hand and a fork held in her right hand. Over and over the pastor heard people ask the question, "Why is she holding a fork?" and his smile began to get larger and brighter each time. During his message, the pastor told the people about the conversation that he had with the woman shortly before she died. He explained the fork and what it symbolized to her. The pastor told everyone how he could not stop thinking about the fork and how he hoped that they would not be able to stop thinking about it either.

That fork and the meaning of it to the woman had quite the impact on everyone, and they are still sharing the story with people they meet. Now it has been shared with you.....so the next time you reach for your fork, let it remind you, oh so gently, that the best is yet to come.

-- author unknown



CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Monday, November 18, 2024 ~ 3:00 p.m.
Presbyterian Church
Langdon, ND

CLERGY

Pastor Sue Mackey

USHERS

Lorne Field Ken Forest

CONGREGATIONAL MUSIC

Accompanist ~ Evelyn Klein
“Amazing Grace” “How Great Thou Art”

SPECIAL MUSIC

Soloist~ Sydney Crockett
“One Day at a Time” “The Old Rugged Cross”

READERS

Amanda Vigness Danielle Eckert

CASKET BEARERS

Della’s Children

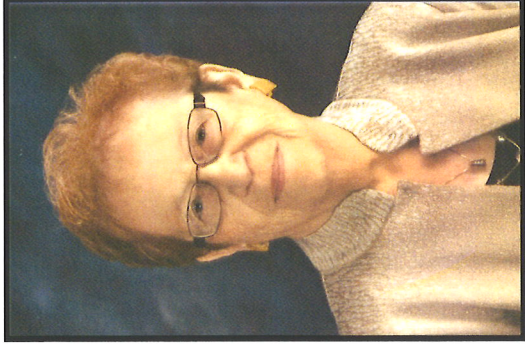
HONORARY BEARERS

Della’s Grandchildren

INTERMENT

Lebanon Cemetery ~ Langdon, ND

Brooks Funeral Home ~ Langdon, ND



Della was born April 27, 1923, in Harvey Township, Cavalier County, the daughter of Andrew and Effie (Smith) Murie. Della was the last surviving member of the Andrew Murie family. She attended rural grade and graduated from Langdon High School in 1942. She worked at the Langdon Extension Agent Office and spent a year in Portland, Oregon, returning to Langdon in 1944.

Della and Floyd Crockett were married August 2, 1944. They lived and farmed north of Langdon and in 1953, built their home on 12th Avenue in Langdon. Della was a member of the Presbyterian Church. She enjoyed bowling, curling, playing bridge, and attending all the sports her children and grandchildren were involved in. Floyd passed away February 10, 2007.

Della is survived by her children: Dennis (Sandy) of Langdon, Rick (Carolyn) of Langdon, Lawrence (Susan Fay) of Langdon, Edie (Dave) West of Boise, ID, Jeff (Catherine) of Salinas, CA, Robert (Carla) of Minot, and Tom (Barb) of Langdon; 22 grandchildren; 45 great-grandchildren; 12 great-grandchildren; and special friend Betty Koehn. She was preceded in death by her parents, husband Floyd, brother Bud (Ila) Murie, sister Myrtle (Arnold) Boomgarden, infant brother Orville Murie, and grandson Andrew Crockett.

Della passed away November 13, 2024, at Maple Manor Care Center in Langdon at the age of 101.