



Darlene Anna Niemeyer was born on September 15, 1935, in Struble, Iowa, the daughter of Theresa Harms. At a young age, she and her mother moved to Raymond, and she graduated from Raymond High School in 1953. On April 30, 1954, Darlene was married to August Niemeyer. They lived and farmed in Kerkhoven and Gluek prior to moving to the Raymond community in 1962. Darlene

worked hard as a homemaker as well as helping out driving tractor and doing farm chores. Later she worked at the White Drug Cafeteria, Red Owl Bakery and Perkins Bakery in Willmar. She was an active member of St. John's Lutheran Church. She enjoyed cooking, baking, mowing the lawn, playing cards and coffee time with family and friends.

Darlene, a beloved mother, grandmother and cherished friend, accepted her "change of address" as she came to rest eternally in Heaven with her Lord and Savior on September 9, at the age of 88.

She is survived by her two daughters, Wanita Koepke of Sioux Falls, SD., and Lois (and Brian) Johnson of Raymond; and one granddaughter, Angie Koepke of Sioux Falls, SD., besides other relatives and friends.

She was preceded in death by her mother, Theresa in 1996; a brother, Kenneth in 2015 and her husband, August in 2014.

Celebrating the Life of



Darlene Niemeyer

1935 - 2024

In Loving Memory Of

Darlene A. Niemeyer

September 15, 1935
Struble, Iowa

September 9, 2024
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Celebration of Life Service

Wednesday, September 18, 2024 - 2:00 p.m.

St. John's Lutheran Church
Raymond, Minnesota

Officiating

Rev. Andres Albertsen

Music

Organist: Deena Steen

Vocalist: Chris Schueler

Active Casketbearers

Jim Schueler Eric Schueler

Donald Schueler Ronald Schueler

Chris Schueler Dean Schueler Jeff Johnson

Interment

Fairview Cemetery
Raymond, Minnesota

Death is nothing at all.

I have only slipped away into the next room.

I am I, and you are you.

Whatever we were to each other, that we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name,

Speak to me in the easy way which you always used.

Put no difference in your tone,

wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed

at the little jokes we enjoyed together.

Pray, smile, think of me, pray for me.

Let my name be ever the household word

that it always was, let it be spoken without effect,

without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was; there is unbroken continuity.

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am waiting for you, for an interval,

somewhere very near, just round the corner.

All is well.

—Henry Scott Holland

Peterson Brothers Funeral Home

"Celebrating A Life Remembered"