



This Hand

*This hand belongs to a girl growing up on a farm in North Dakota.
This hand belongs to a girl that milked hundreds of cows.
This hand belongs to a girl that shoved towels in the house cracks during the dust bowl.
This hand belongs to a girl that married the most persistent boy at the barn dance.
This hand belongs to a woman that watched her husband leave for war.
This hand belongs to a woman that had to be strong enough for herself and her son.
This hand belongs to a woman working at the wool mill making blankets for the soldiers.
This hand belongs to a woman praying every day that God would bring her sailor home.
This hand belongs to a woman that sent war stamps home because she could go without.
This hand belongs to a woman that buried her husband much too early.
This hand belongs to a woman that was now both mother and father.
This hand belongs to a woman that beheaded rattlesnakes with one swipe.
This hand belongs to a grandma that guided me across the street.
This hand belongs to a grandma that always had room on her lap for one more.
This hand belongs to a grandma that taught me how to sew.
This hand belongs to a grandma that always let me sleep with her and told me stories.
This hand belongs to a grandma that taught me songs no one really understood but us.
This hand belongs to a grandma that, without fail, always gave \$2 in a birthday card.
This hand belongs to a grandma that loved unconditionally.
This hand belongs to a grandma that gave sound advice.
(and if they didn't like it, hell with 'em)
This hand belongs to a grandma that still questioned why I lived so far away.
This hand loved by so many.
This hand.*

In Loving Memory



Anna Marie Coyle

May 8, 1920 - November 13, 2018



Anna M. Coyle, 98, of Bismarck, passed away on November 13, 2018.

As sure as the sun will rise, so would Anna Marie Coyle for Ninety-eight years, 6 months, and 6 days. Growing up we heard Mom talk about the dust bowl, horseback riding, falling off the house, Christmases of yesteryear, and making enough wine for a 3-day party over the holidays.

Mom had a childhood much like other kids her age. She had daily chores, gardening, and helped to bury bottles of alcohol in the walls of the basement during prohibition. When the federal agents came. Mom always said, "If they would have seen how much we had down there, we would still be in jail!"

It was a dance in Selfridge where she met Robert Coyle. According to Mom, Bob was 'cocky and a show-off'. He often boasted to mom's brother that he would marry her someday. Bob was right, Mom and Dad were married on February 10th, 1941 and the journey of their family of 10 began. Robert Jr. was born before Dad left for World War II.

In Illinois, Mom worked at the wool mill endless hours to provide for herself and Bobby until Dad returned home. When Dad finally returned home from the war, his scars were invisible, but the effects were real. Dad died two days after he turned 51 from heart disease and left behind a very young Coyle family.

The hardest chapter of Mom's life started at age 47. She was left with eight children, of which five were still at home, a farm, and very little income. Mom's motto was, "You make it work because you have to." Mom made a way of life for the rest of us on the farm until the early 1970's. In those years, Mom had many roles; both parents, a ranch hand, Watkins representative, and a land assessor.

Mom loved to sit in her car and listen to the rain. It was her place of solace, deep thought, prayers, and tears. Her responsibilities melted away for a short time in that car.

The church has always been a major part of Mom's life. She would talk of very hard times when they were so poor that she did not have money to put in the collection plate. Mom would make a soft fist pretending she had money in her hand, put her fist all the way down into the collection plate, grab some of the other money quickly, then drop it back into the plate so that it looked and sounded like she was putting money into it.

There are many words to describe Mom, but the one that comes to mind first is tough. She was tough, witty, funny and intelligent. Mom loved her kids more than anything. She was selfless. Mom pulled us through a lot: mumps, German measles, concussions, poison ivy, horrible sun-burns, and broken hearts. It seemed as though most of us took a turn running away from home. Mom was always right there following us in the Oldsmobile to give us a ride back home when we decided we had had enough.

In the late hours of night, she would sit by the window and sew. People would comment on how beautiful her little girls were as we were always dressed up for church. I particularly remember the dress she made me for my 8th birthday. I saw her sewing late in to the night even though I am sure she was exhausted from the day.

In her house, the grand kids were a plenty! Sometimes she would have eight at a time spending the night. She would entertain them with crazy songs that she told us were to be sung in German and Russian, but no one has yet to confirm that.

Mom was always happy and ready to go somewhere, anywhere. During the last hours of her life, she asked me what time I was going to pick her up for the airport. I asked her where we were going. She said we were going on vacation.

I left that night saying, "Goodnight Mom, I love you." She replied, "I love you too, honey. Judene, Don't walk so fast." I said OK. At approximately 9:20 pm on November 13th the amazing Anna Marie Coyle had stepped onto higher ground.

Anna will be deeply missed by her daughters, Judene (Kurt) Maxon of Bismarck, ND, Rose Mann of Bismarck, ND, Sandy (Butch) Hepper of Anchorage, AK; son, George (Vicky) Coyle of Belle Fourche, SD; daughters-in-law, Lillian Coyle of Breien, ND and Connie Coyle of Sacramento, CA; son-in-law, Herbert Saunders of Milwaukee, WI; 22 Grandchildren; 32 Great-Grandchildren; and 8 Great-Great-Grandchildren.

She is preceded in death by her husband, Robert Coyle Sr.; daughters, Beverly Warner and Debbie Saunders; sons, Robert F. Coyle Jr. and William Coyle; grandsons, Mitchell Coyle and Casey Hepper; sisters, Mary Schaeftbauer, Katie Heid, Margaret Sneath, and Francis Barrett; brothers, Leo Wingerter, Conrad Wingerter, Pete Wingerter, Tony Wingerter, and Joseph Wingerter.

Following the burial the family invites you for lunch and fellowship at the Selfridge High School Cafeteria.

In Loving Memory Of

Anna M. Coyle

May 8, 1920 — November 13, 2018

Parish Rosary/Vigil

Monday, November 19, 2018; 7:00 p.m.

Presider

Weigel Funeral Home

Vigil Musician

Deacon Randy Frohlich

Funeral Liturgy

Gloria Wanner

Tuesday, November 20, 2018; 11:30 a.m.

Celebrant

Msgr. Chad Gion

Musician

Gloria Wanner

Prelude

"Mary, Did You Know"

Opening Song

"Amazing Grace"

Liturgy of the Word

Old Testament Reading

Isaiah 25:6a, 7-9

Lector

Jordyn Varland

Responsorial Psalm

Psalm 27

"The Lord is my light and my salvation"

New Testament Reading

Romans 5:5-11

Lector

Ashley Schmidt

Gospel Reading

John 6:51-58

Homily

Liturgy of the Eucharist

Preparation of Gifts Song

"Prayer of St. Francis"

Presentation of Gifts: Grandchildren ~ Great-Grandchildren ~ Great-Great-Grandchildren

Consecration of Eucharist

Communion Song

"Ave Maria"

Final Commendation

"Song of Farewell"

Closing Song

"On Eagle's Wing"

Casket Bearers

Travis Coyle ~ Justin Coyle ~ Bryce Peak

Chuch Varland ~ Jess Hepper ~ Michael Olson ~ Alex Coyle

Honorary Casket Bearers

Brian Coyle ~ Wyatt Hepper ~ Sheldon Olson ~ Toby Coyle ~ Josh Coyle

Interment

St. Philomena Catholic Church

Selfridge, North Dakota

SERVICES PROVIDED BY WEIGEL FUNERAL & CREMATION SERVICE

Tom Weigel • Larry Urbanec • Shawn Harrington

309 4th Avenue NW, Mandan, North Dakota 58554 • Phone: (701) 663-5351

Go to www.WeigelFuneral.com to sign the online guestbook.