

## David Theodore Kressin,

*A beloved husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, & friend -*

David was born on January 29, 1933, in rural Mooreton, North Dakota to Theodore and Lillian (Hafner) Kressin, David led a life marked by dedication, love, and service.

David's journey through life began in childhood, moving to Wahpeton, ND during his fifth-grade year, where he ultimately graduated from Wahpeton High School in 1951. He was drafted into the United States Army, serving honorably from 1951 to 1953. He was stationed in Chicago, IL.

January 18, 1958, David married the love of his life, Kathleen Schmidt, at Our Lady of Victory Church in Fergus Falls, Minnesota. Together they built a life that exemplified partnership and devotion. David took great pride in his work as a farmer. After high school, he began farming alongside his sister, Ronnie, and eventually purchased the family farm in 1956. He worked tirelessly on the land until his retirement in 1994, continuing to lend his expertise and support to his sons for years thereafter.

David cherished his family deeply. He is survived by his children, Joe Kressin, Peggy (Kevin) Pratt, Tim (Carol) Kressin, Rick (Cindy) Kressin, and Becky Cossette, as well as fourteen grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren; and special friend Marilyn Eichorn. His enduring legacy lives on through them. He is also remembered by his sister, Veronica "Ronnie" Goughnour.

David had a passion for life that extended beyond his agricultural endeavors. He found joy in spending time with his family at Ottertail Lake, where many fond memories were made. He enjoyed playing cards weekly and had a great love for golf, activities that brought him closer to his family and friends.

David is preceded in death by his beloved wife, Kathy, his brother, Allan Kressin; and son-in-law, Kirk Cossette. Their memories remain embedded in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

David Kressin's life story is one of resilience, love, and commitment to family. He will be sincerely missed by all who were fortunate enough to know him.



*Celebrating* THE *Life* OF



**David T. Kressin**

1933 - 2024

# DAVID T. KRESSIN



## Born

January 29, 1933 | Rural Mooreton, North Dakota

## Passed Away

September 18, 2024 | Breckenridge, Minnesota

## Mass of Christian Burial

11:00 AM | Monday, September 23, 2024  
St. Mary's Catholic Church | Breckenridge, Minnesota

### Officiant

Fr. Leo Moenkedick

### Lector

Kim Muller

### Organist

Pat Keaveny

### Cantor

Mary Conzemius

## Presentation of Gifts

Mya Muller | Luke Muller | Conor Kressin

## Mass Servers

Allie Kressin | Aubri Dauer | Brinley Summerville

## Congregational Hymns

"City of God" | "On Eagles Wings" | "Shepherd Me O God"  
"I am the Bread of Life" | "Song of Farewell" | "Sing to the Mountains"

## Pallbearers

Tony Kressin | Sam Phillips | Zach Pratt | Andy Cossette  
Steve Kressin | Justin Pratt | Max Cossette | Jack Kressin

## Military Honors

Minnesota National Guard Honor Guard  
VFW Post 612 Color Guard

## Interment

St. James Catholic Cemetery | Main, Minnesota

*...And on the eighth day, God looked down on his planned paradise and said, "I need a caretaker."*

*So God made a farmer.*

*God said, "I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, milk cows, work all day in the fields, milk cows again, eat supper, then go to town and stay past midnight at a meeting of the school board."*

*So God made a farmer.*

*God said, "I need somebody willing to sit up all night with a newborn colt and watch it die, and dry his eyes and say, 'Maybe next year.' I need somebody who can shape an ax handle from a persimmon sprout, shoe a horse with a hunk of car tire, who can make harness out of haywire, feed sacks, and shoe scraps. Who planting time and harvest season will finish his 40-hour week by Tuesday noon and then, painin' from tractor back, put in another 72 hours."*

*So God made a farmer.*

*God said, "I need somebody strong enough to clear trees and heave bales, yet gentle enough to wean lambs and wean pigs and tend the pink-combed pullets, who will stop his mower for an hour to splint the broken leg of a meadow lark."*

*So God made a farmer.*

*It had to be somebody who'd plow deep and straight and not cut corners. Somebody to seed, weed, feed, breed, and brake, and disk, and plow, and plant, and tie the fleece and strain the milk. Somebody who'd bale a family together with the soft, strong bonds of sharing. Who would laugh, and then sigh, and then reply with smiling eyes, when his son says that he wants to spend his life doing what dad does.*

*So God made a farmer.*

