



8 Thessalonians 4:13-14

Brothers and sisters,
we do not want you to be
uninformed about those
who sleep in death,
so that you do not grieve
like the rest of mankind,
who have no hope.
For we believe that
Jesus died and rose again,
and so we believe that God
will bring with Jesus those
who have fallen asleep in him.

Stella Henrietta was born on December 9, 1918 in Ryder, North Dakota to Olaf and Hilda (Lidblom) Troite. She went to a country school through the 8th grade.

Stella married John Belik on October 21, 1944 and they made their home on the farm west of Ross, ND and they raised two children. John passed away July 1, 1979. Stella moved to Stanley in the fall of that year.

She enjoyed visiting with people and having coffee with her friends, especially with Rita. Stella volunteered at the Mountrail Bethel Home for 12 years, fixing hair for the residents and received a Certificate of Volunteer Appreciation for all her hard work. She enjoyed making quilts, crocheting, crafts and listening to music. Stella loved to dance and put puzzles together and go for walks.

Stella would later move into an apartment at Centennial Crt for a number of years before entering the nursing home last December.

Stella was known to all as a very special lady.

She was preceded in death by her parents; husband, John; brothers, Arnold Troite and Leslie "Bud" Troite; sisters, Emma Shotswell, Olga Erickson, Clarinda Erickson and Selma Folden.

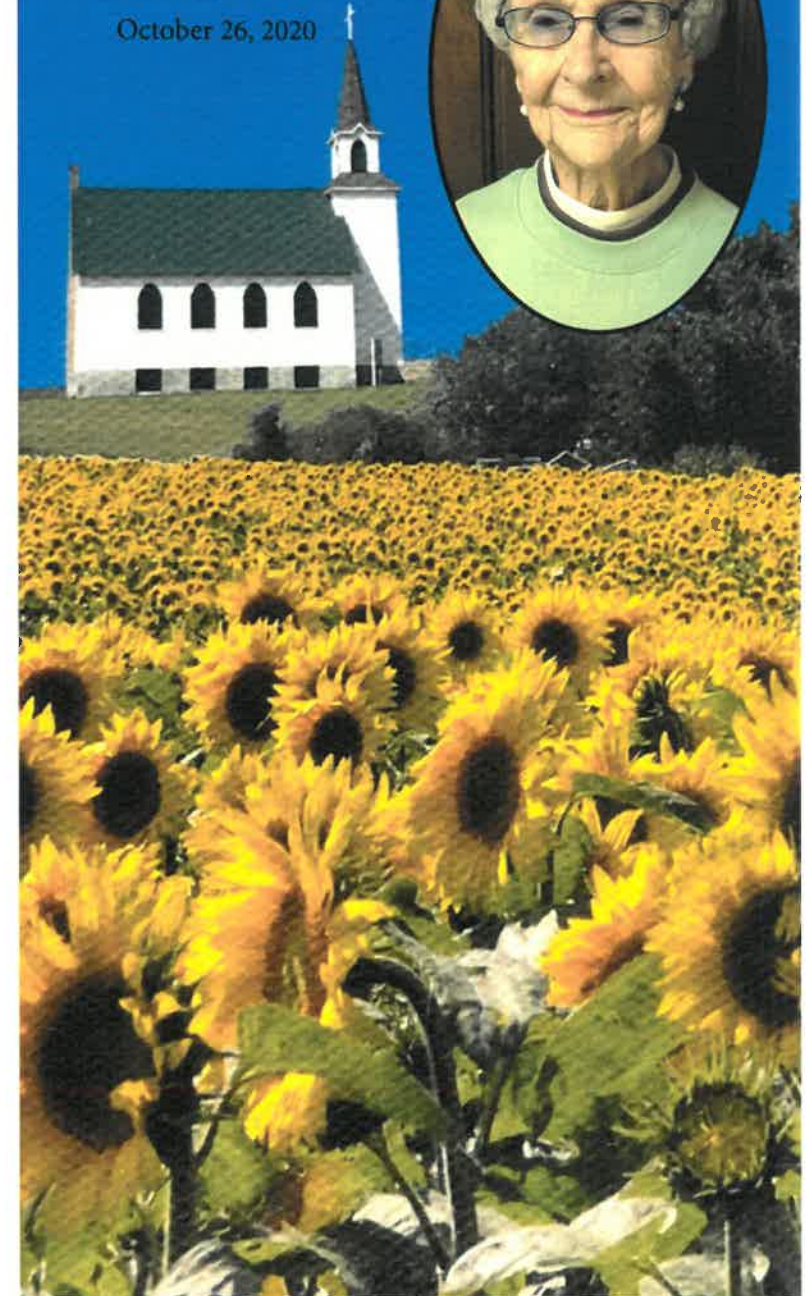
Stella is survived by her son, Daryl (Bette) Belik of Tioga, ND; her daughter, LaVonne Kujawa of Toledo, OH; 4 grandchildren, Shannon Belik of Sawyer, Kristy Sandbeck of East Grand Forks, MN, Michelle Shrewsberry of OH and Jennifer Wright of VA; 6 great-grandchildren, Jayden and Jaren Sandbeck, Beau Belik, Zack Shrewsberry, Kayla Lathrop, Brady Morrill and a number of nieces, nephews and cousins.

In Loving Memory Of

Stella H. Belik

December 9, 1918

October 26, 2020



In Loving Memory Stella Henrietta Belik

Born to Olaf & Hilda Troite

December 9, 1918
Ryder, North Dakota

Returned to Her Heavenly Father

October 26, 2020
Stanley, North Dakota

Visitation

Monday, November 2, 2020
1:00 PM to 5:00 PM
Springan Stevenson Funeral Home Chapel
Stanley, North Dakota

Graveside Service

Tuesday, November 3, 2020, 1:00 PM
Fairview Cemetery
Stanley, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor Carter Hill

Pallbearers

Stella's Grandchildren
Shannon Belik Kristy Sandbeck
Michelle Shrewsberry Jennifer Wright

Honorary Pallbearers

All of Stella's Family & Friends

Arrangements By

Springan Stevenson Funeral Home
Stanley, North Dakota

You lived your later life thinking
that no one cared.

You thought you were all alone,
your heart feeling tattered.

I am here to tell you that you were wrong.
'Cause you see-Mom-to me you mattered.

I loved you when you were angry and mean.

I loved you when you were kind as could be.

I loved you not just because I had to.

I loved you because you mattered to me.

Never will your face again I see.

I hurt not because I am supposed to;

I hurt because you mattered to me.

I have to live on each day without you.

It doesn't get easier as it is supposed to be.

I feel the loss of you to my very soul

Because you see - Mom - you mattered to me.

Your touch, your smile, your funny wit.

The times it was just you and me.

I will miss you, Mom, with all my heart

'Cause you still matter to me!

I'll miss you Mom,

Your daughter, LaVonne

Mom has always hated her crippled hands and
wanted them covered but I said no,
let the people see where you've been and what
you've done with your hands.

Your hands, though wrinkled, shriveled,
bent over and weak have been tools you've used
all your life to reach out
and grab and embrace life...

They put food in our mouth and clothes on our
backs and you folded them in prayer. They
pulled on our boots and tied our shoes.

They have held your children
and grandchildren.

They have washed your face,
combed your hair and bathed your body.

And to this day when not much of
anything else works real well
your hands still hold you up, lay you down
and continue to fold in prayer.

Your hands are the mark of where you've been
and the ruggedness of your life.

But more importantly it will be these hands
that God will reach out and take when he leads
you home. And with your hands He will lift
you to his side and there you will use those
hands to touch the face of God.

I will never look at my hands the same again
as I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel
his hands upon my face.