

In Loving Memory Of Bernice Shannon

Born to Ella (Hagen) and Kenneth Thomas
February 20, 1945
Williston, North Dakota

Peacefully Returned to God's Arms
October 27, 2023
Mandan, North Dakota

Funeral Services
Saturday, November 4, 2023 at 1:00 pm
Fairview Alliance Church
Fairview, Montana
Fellowship & Refreshments to Follow

Officiating
Pastor Sam Samuelson

Casketbearers
Trevor Niles Kirk Johnson
Lloyd Thompson Randy Thompson
Nathan Sivertson Cal Faiman

Ushers
Eddy Shannon Travis Kummer

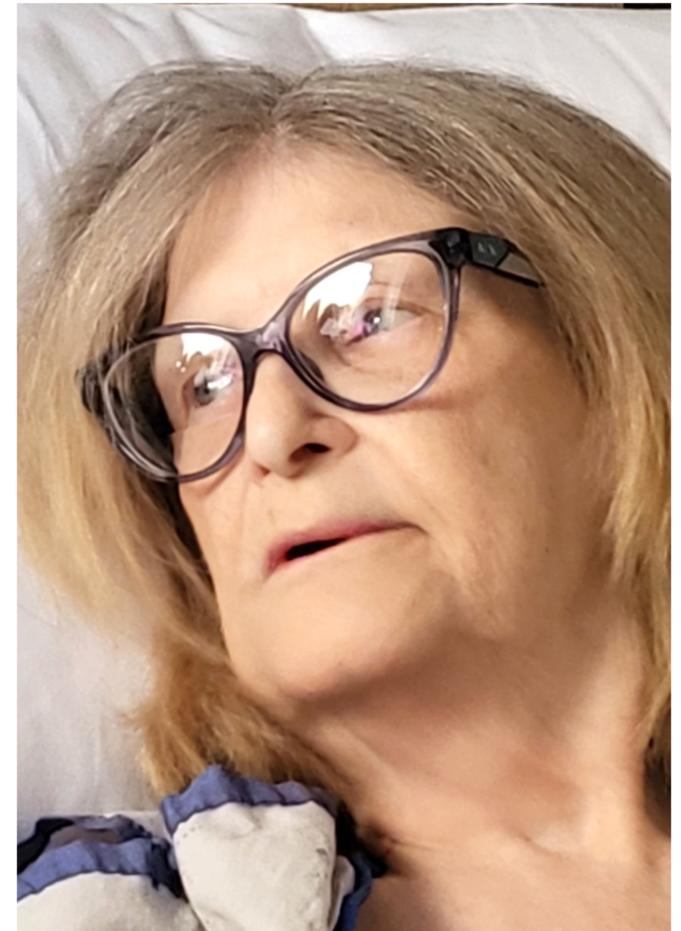
Music
"Old Rugged Cross"
Heidi & Eddy Shannon
"Scars in Heaven"
Casting Crowns

Final Resting Place
Lone Butte Cemetery
Richland County, Montana

Arrangements By
Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home
Sidney, Montana

In Loving Memory Of Bernice Shannon

February 20, 1945 - October 27, 2023



Bernice Lorraine Shannon, "Teta," was born on February 20, 1945 to Kenneth and Ella Thomas in Williston, North Dakota. She was one of six daughters. She was raised on the family farm northeast of Watford City, North Dakota and attended Rocky Glenn School.

Teta married Dick Moore in 1961, and they had three sons and a daughter.

In 1989, Teta married the love of her life, David Henry Shannon. She often referred to him as Henry the VIII. He was her King and he treated her like a queen. He adored her. Life in their kingdom was full of fishing, playing bingo, going to yard sales, an occasional trip to the casino, and self-sacrifice.

She loved to sew and do crafts, and made gifts for everyone. Her heart was made of gold and she always put her family and others before herself.

She leaves behind her husband, Dave; sons Tim, Jeff (Karyn), and Monte; daughter Monta (Russell Biddle); sisters Jackie (Kevin Sullivan), Frances Falkenhagen, and Jeanie Thorgramson; grandchildren Dustin (Nikki), Dylan (Laken), Chad (Devan), Shayla, Derrick, Jeremy, Kourtney, Trevor (Abbey), Ashley, Jessi, and 19 great-grandchildren. Also surviving her is a large number of extended family, whom she loved.

She was preceded in death by her parents Kenneth and Ella; infant son Dickey Lee Moore, Jr.; and two sisters, Loretta Thompson and Joan Sivertson.

Letter from Heaven

To my dearest family, some things I'd like to say. But first of all, to let you know that I arrived okay. I'm writing this from heaven. Here I dwell with God above. Here, there's no more tears of sadness; Here is just eternal love. Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight. Remember that I am with you every morning, noon and night.

That day I had to leave you when my life on earth was through, God picked me up and hugged me and He said, "I welcome you. It's good to have you back again, you were missed while you were gone. As for your dearest family, They'll be here later on. I need you here badly, you're part of my plan. There's so much that we have to do, to help our mortal man."

God gave me a list of things that he wished for me to do. And foremost on the list, was to watch and care for you. And when you lie in bed at night the day's chores put to flight. God and I are closest to youin the middle of the night.

When you think of my life on earth, and all those loving years. Because you are only human, they are bound to bring you tears. But do not be afraid to cry: it does relieve the pain. Remember there would be no flowers, unless there was some rain.

I wish that I could tell you all that God has planned. If I were to tell you, you wouldn't understand. But one thing is for certain, though my life on earth is o'er. I'm closer to you now, than I ever was before. There are many rocky roads ahead of you and many hills to climb; But together we can do it by taking one day at a time.

It was always my philosophy and I'd like it for you too; That as you give unto the world, the world will give to you. If you can help somebody who's in sorrow and pain; Then you can say to God at night..... "My day was not in vain."

And now I am contented.... that my life was worthwhile. Knowing as I passed along the way I made somebody smile. So if you meet somebody who is sad and feeling low; Just lend a hand to pick him up, as on your way you go.

When you're walking down the street and you've got me on your mind; I'm walking in your footsteps only half a step behind. And when it's time for you to go....from that body to be free. Remember you're not going.... you're coming here to me.