

Read at Art Andreassen's Funeral Service from Pastor Walter

The Lord has taken another of my brothers home. I heard about Arthur Andreassen's home going early Tuesday morning. The remainder of that day and many times since, my mind has been busy recalling times gone by that included Art. Let me here tell you about a few of them.

Before I do that let me say this to Carolyn. My wife who keeps me up on the happenings up there through e-mails and Facebook read to me what you said about your father-in-law and how you saw him. I could not have described him better. You knew him as I knew him.

My first recollection of Art was on the softball field. I can still see him behind the plate as Barney Holden wind-milled that ball to him. I was on the opposing team at the time and most of those pitches went right by me into Art's glove. That was 60 years ago.

On a much more serious note I am going to tell you of the most meaningful hours I spent at the church. After a Sunday morning service Art asked me if I would like to go for a walk through the woods that afternoon. That afternoon I will never forget. His words of encouragement and support was just what God knew I would need to go through one of the most difficult times as a pastor.

Rather than giving the details of Art's life of service to our Lord Jesus Christ I will just quote a verse that describes his life. At an early age, "He turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God and wait for His Son from heaven." Whether as a deacon, Sunday School teacher, caring minister, or cutting wood, he was serving God, he did it humbly and faithfully, not to gain God's favor nor the applause of man, but out of love for "Him who first loved us and gave Himself for us." To our God be all the glory. I knew Art well, he would have wanted it that way.