

IN LOVING MEMORY

# Douglas Harold Ward



**BORN**

December 1, 1956  
Burley, Idaho

**DIED**

August 13, 2024  
Almo, Idaho



## FUNERAL SERVICE

11:00 a.m. Monday, August 19, 2024

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints  
Almo Ward, Almo, Idaho

### CONDUCTING

Bishop LaVell Erickson

### ORDER OF SERVICE

Family Prayer.....	Samuel Hurst
Organist.....	Sarah Jane Ward
Music Director.....	Janis Durfee
Opening Hymn.....	<i>In the Garden</i>
Invocation.....	Robert Briggs
Life Sketch.....	Nikki Francis
Musical Selection.....	<i>Summer Ranges</i>
	Performed by Dave Stone, John Boyer, Nancy Ady
Reading of Poem.....	Becky Hurst
Remarks.....	Casey Knudsen, Blake Wickel, Meg Wickel
Musical Selection.....	<i>Hymn Medley</i>
	Sung by Branden Severe & Juliann Loughmiller
Remarks.....	Steve Durfee, Jed Boden Rod Jones, Walter Durfee
Reading of Poem.....	Base Ward
Closing Remarks.....	Bishop LaVell Erickson
Closing Hymn #165.....	<i>Abide with Me; 'Tis Eventide</i>
Benediction.....	Shad Francis

### INTERMENT

Sunny Cedar Rest Cemetery  
Almo, Idaho

Dedicatory Prayer..... Ross Hurst

### MINISTERING

Almo Ward



### CASKET BEARERS

Sam Hurst, Shad Francis, Jack Francis, Jed Boden  
Blake Wickel, Base Ward, Casey Knudsen

### HONORARY BEARERS

Olen Ward, Bill Wickel, Goldie Teeter, Dan Neddo, Jay Marden  
Robert Minniear, Edward Minniear, Mark Minniear



Funeral Directors

RASMUSSEN-WILSON FUNERAL HOME

www.rasmussenwilson.com

1350 East 16th Street ~ Burley, Idaho



### Sunset

God knows,  
This life has been good and  
I've done things my own way.  
Hard work, endurance and true grit,  
This way of life has been my pay.

And now, when I look upon my friends  
My heart is filled with pride,  
This 'ole horse is good beneath me  
As across this Earth we ride.

We move on up the land  
Pushing these cattle all the day,  
The horses swallow ground  
Same as life can slip away.

We've raised our children well  
This ranch life suits their needs,  
As they work and ride beside us  
In the country they feel free.

As I look beyond the dogs,  
The cattle and the kids,  
On past the trees and sage  
Just up on top that ridge.

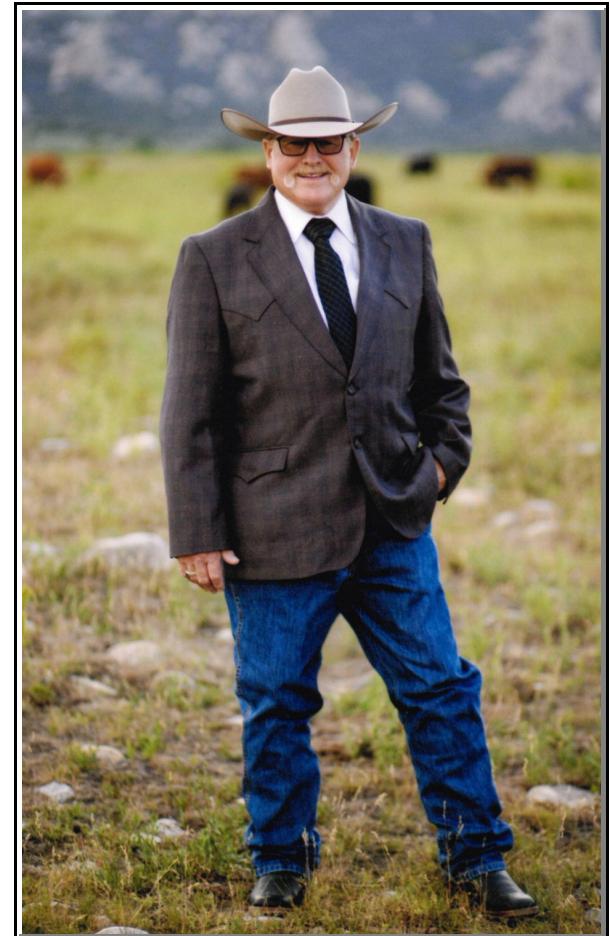
Just there, on the horizon  
I see a quiet place;  
The sunset will light my way  
And my dog can slow his pace.

I think I'll stop and sit  
Let the sunlight warm my face,  
Loosen up my cinch a bit  
Then my horse can rest and graze.

The kids can take over now  
And move 'em on their own;  
The day's been good, but it's been long  
Now I'm ready to go home.

By Annie Blackburn, September 2004

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*Douglas Harold Ward*

1956 - 2024