

As I sit here, letting my mind wander, remembering days gone by and knowing my days are numbered, don't pity me for I lived a full life. My body may hurt and may be fading day by day, but I still see the body of life...the young growing their wings, the young adults teaching their young ones and, at the same time, listening and learning from their elders. The elders, like me, trying to have them all believe we're the know-it-all grownups and can fix anything, but our loved ones see through it all and we're not fooling any of them. They see I will be leaving. It's just a matter of time, even though I'm gonna fight it to the end. I fought, I danced, I laughed and I cried, I ran with the best and the worst, I worked until my hands bled, and I slept for days on end. I tried to give my children a life that I did not have and make it easier than when I lived at their age. Hopefully I did, but when the time comes, I also know it's gonna be one of the hardest times they will ever face because I've been through it but, remember, it's gonna be the hardest I will face only because I will not be with my children and grandchildren, my brothers, sisters, friends, and all others. Some will take it harder than others but it's just me in this body that isn't here. Me the true me, will be around you. You will know when you drop a cig, spill a beer or the door flies open. Just remember I grabbed the cig and beer out of your hand. You didn't drop it or leave the door open, I opened it and in many other ways, I will let you know I'm still here. When your time comes, I will be the first to welcome you. So when you hear the fridge open up, know I may be hungry or I might be doing this just to freak you out. My body won't be returning, but I will.

Just know that I love you. I don't say that very often unless I mean it. Anyway now I'm getting bored and I said most of what I have to say, so live like each and every day is your last, I know I am.

Oh, one last thing. Cry if you must. There is no shame in crying but do it for you and I will cry for me. But...I will also be laughing, smiling, and dancing. Because, although I'll be leaving this place, I will be going to be with others that I love and miss. I know you will get over it...not completely and it will always be with you and I will be feeling the same, but life goes on. Maybe...just maybe...once in a while, say a prayer for me and all other loved ones I will be with. It doesn't have to be a long prayer, maybe just a, "I pray for you in a good way". That's all. Set something out for me to eat and drink now and then. I know I didn't tell all my stories but the ones I did tell, and the ones you have to tell to my grandchildren, they'll like to hear them while you're telling them stories of me. I will be there listening too.

Life does go on and so must you. One day you will understand. So now I say goodbye. Don't let this hurt stay with you for very long. Until we meet again.....take care of yourself.

Holmes Funeral Home
Valentine, Nebraska



In Loving Memory Of
'Perkins'

In Celebration Of The Life Of

Harold C. Standing Bear

Services

Ben Looking White Memorial Hall in Norris, SD

Wake: Thursday, January 31, 2019

Funeral: 10am Friday, February 1, 2019

Prayers by The Rev. Dr. Lauren R. Stanley

Pastor Randy Ellendorf & Senior Catechist Erroll Geboe

Pallbearers

Victor Young	William White Bull, Sr.
Donald Dunham	Joshua Standing Bear
Joseph Standing Bear	Charles Black Crow
Jordan Wooden Knife	William Rahn
Michael Bettelyoun	

Honorary Bearers

William Cash ~ Rusty Pate ~ Rita Engle Family
Cheryl White Buffalo ~ Chubby White Mouse Family
Terrance Thompson Family ~ Linda Marshall Family
John & Kris Wooden Knife Family ~ Steve Leader Charge
Rodney Black Bear Family ~ Patience Clairmont Family
Tracey Eisenbraun Family ~ Erick Eisenbraun Family
Aaron Huber Family ~ Chris Huber Family ~ Lisa Searby
Rebecca Wilcox Family ~ Connie & Rick Prue
Bud Knox Family ~ Stanley Krogman ~ Dennis Youngman
Grandma Darlene Amiotte ~ All Family & Friends

Interment

St. Paul Episcopal Cemetery
Norris, South Dakota

Harold 'Perkins' Standing Bear

—beloved husband, father, grandfather—

Harold loved his family, late wife Edna Wooden Knife, daughter Cassie Standing Bear, stepson Travis Wooden Knife, daughter-in-law Mandy Wooden Knife and late infant daughter Kateri Standing Bear; and ALL of his grandbabies: Precious, Jude, Kaiyen, Brooklyn, Brayden & Baby Will and Kenzie & Haysten.

In his early years, he loved working construction, driving 18 wheelers and hauling whatever needed to be hauled, from grain, gravel and construction equipment, to get the job done. He also drove the school bus for White River School District. He loved listening to good old country music, painting, carving and watching his Dallas Cowboys play on Sunday.

