

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
Brett Trygve Torgersen

Born: July 21, 1992
Died: February 25, 1993

**WHEN GOD CALLS
LITTLE CHILDREN**

*When God calls little children
to dwell with him above,
We mortals always question
the wisdom of His love,
For no heartache compares
to the death of one small child,
Who always seem to make
this world seem wonderful and mild.
Perhaps God tires calling
the aged to his fold
So He picks a rosebud
before it can grow old.
God knows how much we need them
and so He takes but few
to make the land of Heaven
more beautiful to view.
Believing this is difficult,
but somehow we must try,
the saddest word that man
can know will always be "Goodbye".*

VIGIL OF PRAYER

*Monday, March 1, 1993
7:30 p.m.*

*St. Antoninus Catholic Church
Pierceland, Saskatchewan*

MASS OF CHRISTIAN BURIAL

*Tuesday, March 2, 1993
2:00 p.m.*

*Pierceland Community Hall
Pierceland, Saskatchewan*

OFFICIATING CLERGY

*Fr. John Zunti
Fr. Tony Schmidt*

INTERMENT

Pierceland Community Cemetery

PALLBEARERS

*Bert Zunti
Terry Zunti*

*Murray Warrington
Darcy Niedermaier*

HONORARY BEARERS

*Steven Torgersen
Leonard Gelowitz
Sean Zunti*

*Blaine Harder
Darren Chotowetz
Victor Gonie*

As well as all relatives and friends

The Twenty-Third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Please turn on your car headlights
while driving in the funeral procession



FIRE SOUTH OF PIERCELAND CLAIMS LIFE OF 8 MONTH OLD BABY

On February 25th a house fire at the farm home of Gordon and Tara Torgersen, ten miles south of Pierceland, claimed the life of their 8 month old son, Brett. The fire began about 7:30 in the morning after Gordon had left for work. Woke up by the alarm, Tara was overcome by smoke and fire & unable to save their son. Suffering from frozen toes, cuts and burns, Tara was admitted to the Cold Lake Hospital. Dwayne Dahlseide, Len Niedermaier and Peggy Cockell who were on their way to work noticed the blaze and went to the scene to check it out. The Pierceland Volunteer Fire Department was called and others in the area were called to help. The fire consumed the home & with only ashes to sift through, the cause of the fire has yet to be established. The Pierceland R.C.M.P. & the Fire Commissioner from North Battleford are continuing their investigation.

Another fire, earlier this month at the home of Marc and Diane Bureau, made it necessary for their family to arrange for temporary accommodation in town. A chimney fire was the cause of fire and smoke damage to their home east of Pierceland. The Bureau family were able to rescue most of their belongings and with carpenters already at work repairing, hopefully, their family will soon return home.

Also taking place, the evening prior to the Torgersen fire, were two other chimney fires. Luckily, these two fires left no damage to either home.

Occurrences like the above, make us aware that we are all at one time or another, vulnerable. And when they end in tragedy like the Torgersen fire, it affects the whole community, leaving us in shock to share their grief.

REST IN PEACE

Everything seemed the way it should,
I'm trying to forget, if only I could.

The bus came late and then the driver said,
The house had burnt with Brett still in bed.

Everyone cried at the loss of the boy,
He was just seven months, just barely a toy.

Tara was blown from the window above,
The flames filled the house like a hand in
a glove.

She tried to go back to save the small baby,
She couldn't get up, his life was a maybe.

When the bad news came through, everyone
broke down,
We could no longer hide it with a heart
breaking frown.

The town took the loss of young Brett very
bad,
But no one as bad as the baby's own dad.

The house had burned down with no one to
blame,
The babe was inside, trapped in by the
flames.

This story is shocking, but believe me it's
true.
It's just like the song when they paint the
town blue.

Baby Brett, I wrote this poem for you,
Rest peaceful and safe up there in the blue,
Your memory fills our minds and hearts too.
Baby Brett, don't you worry, we'll never
forget you.

By Taralie Smith

John Gilbert Lokken

August 21, 1923 – July 12, 1999

John Gilbert Lokken was born on August 21, 1923 at Hagensborg, B.C., in the Bella Coola valley, the valley of the Thunderbird, according to west coast First Nations belief. John was the youngest of six children. His parents were Ole Lokken and Inga Sylvester Lokken, Norwegian immigrants who had stopped to live for a few years in northern Minnesota before coming to the valley as part of a utopian Lutheran Free Church settlement group. Ole had also been a Klondike Gold Rush adventurer.

The Lokken family lived on a small farm and John's father was a partner in a sawmill operation. Dad had stories of a far away place quite different from our prairie home - of the salmon in the river at spawning time, of the bountiful fruit trees, of the wildlife (grizzly bears included) which lived on the mountain, of the colourful people who settled there, of the Governor General, Lord Tweedsmuir, coming to visit the place where Alexander Mackenzie reached the Pacific first, by land, across Canada. The community of Bella Coola received mail and supplies by boat. John did not see a train until he was nineteen.

John's first spoken language was Norwegian. He learned English when he started school and had lessons from his mother in written Norwegian on Sunday afternoons. He was a good student and rode a bicycle twelve miles a day in order to receive a high school education.

From an early age, John felt a call to become a pastor. In 1942, he enrolled at UBC in Vancouver in pre-theology. In the fall of 1943, John embarked on a journey (he said he felt like Abraham) to an unknown place, Saskatoon, to try to enroll in a Lutheran seminary that he had heard was there. He arrived unannounced in town, introduced himself to the president, and enrolled as the first Lutheran Free Church student. In the summers, he worked as a student pastor and farm laborer. To counter teasing from his employers about his lack of knowledge concerning prairie farming, he would produce his captain's papers, earned while working on a west coast fish patrol boat.

The months of May and June 1948 were busy and exciting for John. On May 21, he graduated from Seminary. On May 22, he finally married his fiancée of 2 ½ years, Borgny Sylte. Dad said that seminary students were not encouraged to have serious girlfriends before they graduated but were somehow supposed to be married before they were ordained. On June 7, he was ordained in Willmar, Minnesota. By the end of the month of June, John and Borgny were living in their first home, a country parsonage beside Bethlehem Lutheran Church near Hawarden.

John served parishes at Hawarden and Elbow, Saskatchewan (1948-1951), Weldon, Saskatchewan (1951-1955), Edmonton, Alberta (1955-1960), Lethbridge, Alberta (1960-1965), Brooks, Alberta (1965-1972), and Outlook, Saskatchewan (1972-1985). Borgny lovingly and competently devoted herself to being his partner in ministry in every parish. John served in three different synods during his career: the Lutheran Free Church (1948-1951), the Evangelical Lutheran Church (1951-1967), and the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Canada (1967-1985). During his ministry, he had a keen interest in education. He served more than ten years on the Board of Regents of the Seminary in Saskatoon and on the Board of Education of the ELCC.

John was innately a very musical person. As a boy, he learned to play an old trombone someone found in an attic, as well as the harmonica and the guitar. He also made his own violin. Throughout his life, he could pick out a tune on almost any instrument he tried, after only a few minutes. He enjoyed putting instrumental ensembles together, both at church, especially in Brooks, and at home (although we, as children, did not always enter into these ventures with equal enthusiasm!) He and our mother passed to us the wonderful gift and tradition of music by giving us musical training and encouragement.

Dad had many talents and interests - reading history, fixing just about anything (he always had a drawer full of old watches on which he was working), boat building, camping, carpentry, writing poetry, playing his keyboard, film developing and gardening. He was very good at organizing people and events. Perhaps this led to the fact that in five out of six of his parishes, he served, officially or unofficially, more than one congregation. He began with six congregations and preaching places in his first call, and ended with five congregations in his last call. The fruits of his organizational talent also ranged from organizing new Home Mission congregations to connecting the alarm clock to the stereo so that, for a time, we awoke at 7:00 in the mornings to the strains of "A Mighty Fortress" from Dad's favorite album, Great Lutheran

Hymns. Another morning bright idea was having us do calisthenics, according to the 5BX program, in the living room at 7:30!

Five children at times tested Dad's patience, but he usually endured with good grace the lessons they were eager to teach him. John himself was a very correct and proper man, but learned to accept a variety of hairstyles, fashions, and tastes in music. He also put up with interminable debates over obscure philosophical, political, and, especially, theological topics. He was kept humble by his children's running count of revisited sermon illustrations, and their gratuitous critiques of both sermon length and content.

Perhaps John's greatest characteristic was his interest in people (he rarely forgot names) and his love for his family. Dad's love and caring for our mother, Borgny, was evident and constant. It was obvious that Mom was Dad's best friend and the love of his life. We are deeply grateful to our parents for the wonderful example of a long, loving relationship they provided for us. John made sure his family became well acquainted with Bible stories, the catechism, Lutheran theology, and hymns. Each of us has memories of Dad trying to protect us, and to help smooth our way in life. In the seventies and eighties, it seemed as if Dad was always using his old trailer, the bottom of a once-beautiful tent trailer, to assist us in some moving project. He would show up with vitamin pills to distribute to us so we would remain healthy while we went to university. Later, he performed home maintenance and repairs of all sorts.

Fourteen years ago, John survived a heart attack and a quadruple bypass operation. It was necessary for him to retire from active ministry after 37 years without a break. John and Borgny moved to the first home they ever owned, a lovely winterized cabin at Blackstrap Lake, and later to a home in Saskatoon. For several years, John was able to tend to his garden and trees, enjoy his grandchildren, travel, and to enjoy life as a parishioner. A few years ago, he was diagnosed as having a serious lung disease called pulmonary fibrosis which made it increasingly difficult for him to breathe. The last days of his life, he was in great distress as he struggled for breath, but a few hours before his death, his breathing became easier. He died peacefully in his sleep, as he had wished, during the early hours of July 12, 1999.

John was a gracious, serious, and sensitive gentleman who also had a very dry Norwegian wit. He even cracked a few wry one-liners in the last few days of his life in the hospital, when he was struggling mightily and working so hard to breathe. The last part of his life was a time of deep personal growth as he had to face a great deal of discomfort. There were times when he felt depressed, but he had to rest in the fact (as he had so often preached to others in his life) that God gives us faith even when our feelings are such that we question His plans for us. Dad knew throughout his whole life that he was a finite human being with faults, who had been saved by the grace of God through Jesus' death and resurrection. He often remarked that we are only pilgrims on the earth and that our real home is in heaven.

John is survived by his loving wife of 51 years, Borgny, and five children and their families: Naomi Parker (David) , Erik and Ingrid, Edmonton; Philip Lokken (Laura), Slave Lake, AB; Timothy Lokken, Saskatoon; James Lokken (JoAnn), Nils, Olaf, Torbjorn, and Knut, Saskatoon; and Paul Lokken (Paula), Annelise and Martine, Gainesville, Florida. He is also survived by his brother and sister-in law, Julius and Kaye Lokken, and sister, Cora Jacobsen, Coquitlam, BC; sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law, Irene Lokken, Tofield, AB; Tryphena and John Weinberger, and Phyllis and Ted Jacobson, Saskatoon; many nieces, nephews and other family and friends. He was predeceased by his parents, Ole and Inga Lokken; two sisters, Theresse Oppen and Sylvia Halverson; brother, Oscar Lokken; parents-in-law Peter and Lydia Sylte; brothers-in-law, Anton Anholt, Albert Oppen, Howard Halverson and Tor Jacobsen; nephews, Glenn and Lorne Lokken, and niece, Leona Oppen.

Today we say thank you to God for the memories of our husband, father, grandfather, brother, uncle, friend, and pastor. We express sincere thanks to you for the love and support to our family during John's ministry, retirement, illness and death. May God be with all of us as we say goodbye to this "sheep of God's own fold, this lamb of His flock, and this sinner of His own redeeming". We rest in the fact that John is "in the arms of God's mercy, in the blessed rest of everlasting peace and in the glorious company of saints in light" (LBW).

John Gilbert Lokken

August 21, 1923 – July 12, 1999

On July 12, 1999, Pastor John Gilbert Lokken of Saskatoon died peacefully at St. Paul's Hospital after a courageous battle with pulmonary fibrosis. John is survived by his loving wife of 51 years, Borgny, and five children and their families: Naomi Parker (David), Erik and Ingrid, Edmonton; Philip Lokken (Laura), Slave Lake, AB; Timothy Lokken, Saskatoon; James Lokken (JoAnn), Nils, Olaf, Torbjorn, and Knut, Saskatoon; and Paul Lokken (Paula), Annelise and Martine, Gainesville, FL. He is also survived by his brother and sister-in-law, Julius and Kaye Lokken, and sister, Cora Jacobsen, Coquitlam, BC; sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law, Irene Lokken, Tofield, AB; Tryphena and John Weinberger, Phyllis and Ted Jacobson, Saskatoon; many nieces, nephews and other family and friends. He was predeceased by his parents, Ole and Inga Lokken; two sisters, Theresse Oppen and Sylvia Halverson; brother, Oscar Lokken; parents-in-law, Peter and Lydia Sylte; brothers-in-law, Anton Anholt, Albert Oppen, Howard Halverson and Tor Jacobsen; nephews, Glenn and Lorne Lokken; and niece, Leona Oppen. John was born on August 21, 1923, at Hagensborg, BC, in the Bella Coola Valley. He attended the Universities of British Columbia and Saskatchewan and Luther Theological Seminary in Saskatoon. He was ordained in 1948 and served parishes at Hawarden, Elbow, and Weldon, SK; Edmonton, Lethbridge, and Brooks, AB; and Outlook, SK, before retiring to Blackstrap Lake and Saskatoon in 1985. John will be remembered as a faithful pastor and devoted husband, father, and grandfather. Memorial donations may be made to Lutheran Theological Seminary, Canadian Lutheran World Relief, or the Lung Association.

All are invited to the committal service at Hillcrest Memorial Gardens immediately following the funeral, and to a time of fellowship and lunch in the church gymnasium. Those wishing to remain at the church during the committal are invited to proceed downstairs to the gymnasium for coffee. There is an elevator available for use. Please contact an usher for directions.

Borgny and the family sincerely thank their relatives and friends who have shown their love and support in so many caring and considerate ways.

Special thanks to Bishop Allan Grundahl, Pastor George Hind, Pastor Boyd Molder, Pastor Arild Borch, Zion Lutheran staff and congregation, all of the participants in the service, Saskatoon Funeral Home; and to Vi Stalwick, Karen Hopkins and all others who arranged the refreshments.

To God be the Glory