

**Paul B. Pederson Jr. was born July 31, 1954, in Williston, ND. He was the sixth of eight children born to Paul and Helen (Peterson) Pederson of Grenora, ND. Paul enjoyed playing basketball in his high school years and later softball. He loved being on the farm and working his cows. Paul found a home at the elevators in Grenora and Zahl, working for Horizon Resources for the last 13 years.**

**Paul loved the outdoors and living at Blacktail. He spent many days riding horses, hunting, fishing and playing golf. Paul loved spending time with his grandkids at the cabin. When Haiden was 3, he got Grandpa hooked on playing Angry Birds. Keslyn loved to drive him around in the golf cart.**

**Paul was preceded in death by his father, Paul B. Pederson Sr. and 2 brothers, Alan and Daniel Pederson.**

**Paul is survived by his wife of 22 years, Gail; his mother Helen Pederson of Williston; his step-daughter Leslie (Gary) Raivo and his grandchildren Haiden and Keslyn of Billings, MT; his brother Richard (Beverly) Pederson of Zahl; 4 sisters, Shirley Raivo of Williston, Sharon (Herbert) Bendixson of Zahl, Sandra (Dennis) Peterson of Grenora, and Darcia (Steve) Larsen of Culbertson, MT; his sister-in-law Candy Pederson of Carmichael, CA and numerous nieces and nephews.**



*In Loving Memory Of*

**Paul B. Pederson Jr.**

**July 31, 1954 - February 20, 2018**

*In Loving Memory*  
**Paul B. Pederson, Jr.**

**Born to Paul Sr. & Helen Pederson**  
July 31, 1954 ~ Williston, North Dakota

**Returned to His Heavenly Father**  
February 20, 2018 ~ Blacktail, North Dakota

**Funeral Service**

10:00 am, Tuesday, February 27, 2018

St. Olaf Lutheran Church  
Grenora, North Dakota

**Officiating**

Pastor Ross Reinhiller  
Pastor Wayne Van Kauwenbergh

**Music**

Nanette Sample ~ Vocalist  
Wanda Rasmussen ~ Accompanist

**Honorary Pallbearers**

Daniel Paul Pederson  
Brandon McCade Pederson

When I come to the end of the day  
And the sun has set for me  
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.

Why cry for a  
*soul set free?*

Miss me a little, but not too long  
And not with your head bowed low.

Remember the love we once shared-  
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take  
And each must go alone.

It's all a part of the Maker's plan,  
A step on the road to **HOME.**

When you are lonely and sick at heart  
Go to the friends we know, & bury your sorrows  
In doing good deeds-

*Miss me,* but let me go.

**Arrangements By**

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home of Williston, ND