



*Safely Home*

*I am home in Heaven, dear ones;  
Oh, so happy and so bright!  
There is perfect joy and beauty  
In this everlasting light.*

*All the pain and grief is over,  
Every restless tossing passed;  
I am now at peace forever,  
Safely home in Heaven at last.*

*Did you wonder I so calmly  
Trode the valley of the shade?  
Oh! but Jesus' love illumined  
Every dark and fearful glade.*

*And He came Himself to meet me  
In that way so hard to tread;  
And with Jesus' arm to lean on,  
Could I have one doubt or dread?*

*Then you must not grieve so sorely,  
For I love you dearly still:  
Try to look beyond earth's shadows,  
Pray to trust our Father's Will.*

*There is work still waiting for you,  
So you must not idly stand;  
Do it now, while life remaineth—  
You shall rest in Jesus' land.*

*When that work is all completed,  
He will gently call you Home;  
Oh, the rapture of that meeting,  
Oh, the joy to see you come!*

*In Memory Of*

**Sarah Phyllis Petersen**

*In Loving Memory*  
**CELEBRATING A LIFE**

**Date Of Birth**  
October 5, 1921

**Date of Death**  
October 25, 2017

**Funeral Services**  
Peoples Congregational Church  
Sidney, Montana

**Officiating**  
Pastor Neil Lindorff

**Music**  
Doris Norby

**Casketbearers - Her Grandchildren**  
Brandon Petersen Carrie Faulhaber Robbie Petersen  
Ryan Petersen Tara Petersen Sarah Tjelde  
Misty Mitchell Kristen Petersen

**Honorary Casketbearers**  
Her Angel Avenue Family

**Ushers**  
George Swenson Bill Forrester

**Final Resting Place**  
Richland Memorial Park Cemetery  
Sidney, MT

*Lunch will be served in the fellowship hall  
following the graveside services*

**Arrangements By**  
Fulkerson- Stevenson Funeral Home, Sidney MT



**Sarah Phyllis Petersen**

October 5, 1921 ~ October 25, 2017

*My Mother kept a garden, a garden of the heart-  
She planted all the good things that gave my life its start.  
She turned me to the sunshine, encouraged me to dream-  
Fostering and nurturing the seeds of self-esteem.  
And when the winds and rain came, she protected me enough-  
But not too much because she knew I'd need to  
stand up strong and tough.  
Her constant good example always taught me right from wrong-  
Markers for my pathway that will last a life-time long.  
I am my Mother's garden.  
I am her legacy-  
And I hope today she feels the love reflected back from me.*

*Author Unknown*

Sarah Phyllis (Parsons) Petersen was born on October 5th, 1921, at Mona, Montana where her parents homesteaded in the early 1900's. She was named after her grandmother, Sarah Banks, and was the fourth of five children born to Edna Mae (Banks) and Oscar H. Parsons. Her siblings were Thelma Barber, Joy Coffman, Catherine Jamieson, and Lloyd Parsons. The year my mother was born, Grandpa had a bumper crop but was hailed out. They said that the only good crop that year were the babies!

Her childhood was filled with beautiful memories of growing up on the plains of Eastern Montana. She often told about what it was like to live during the drought and Depression of the thirties. She would say that they were "so poor but never even knew it!" Their riches came from strong family bonds and a great appreciation for what they had.

Phyllis attended Mona grade school and often rode her horse to school. She skipped two grades and therefore was ready to start high school at the age 12. She boarded with her sister, Catherine, in Cora and Fred Anderson's basement. It was during this time that she met my Dad, Robert "Pete" Petersen. They were true high school sweethearts, graduating together with the class of 1938. During high school, she worked at the local Princess Theater and after graduation she was hired by local attorney C.T. Sanders as a legal stenographer. She took dictation by shorthand, a skill she was very proud to have accomplished.

On February 8th, 1942, Pete and Phyllis were married at the Peoples Congregational Church. They were blessed with 64 years of marriage. They were active in their church and loved their church family. Phyllis was a member of Mayflower Circle and taught Sunday school and bible school. She enjoyed Wednesday afternoons with the sewing ladies making quilts. Phyllis loved the Lord and was baptized by her son Robert. Our home was filled with joy and laughter. She instilled in us a love of God and taught us how to pray.

Phyllis liked music and played her organ often. Pete and Phyllis would dance in the living room to the big band sounds of Lawrence Welk. She knew many songs and all the verses.

She was truly a wonderful homemaker keeping a beautiful home and preparing delicious meals. She kept busy attending her children's and grandchildren's activities. Several times a year she and Dad traveled to Billings and Salem to see them. She volunteered for the American Cancer Society for 25 years.

Phyllis died at the Sidney Health Center Extended Care Facility on October 25, 2017.

Phyllis is survived by her children: Robert (Lynda) Petersen, Richard Petersen, and Patti (Paul) Tjelde; her grandchildren: Brandon (Stefanie) Petersen, Robbie (Archna) Petersen, Misty (Ryan) Mitchell, Kristen Petersen, Ryan (Hillary) Petersen, Tara (Nathan) Petersen, Carrie (Jim) Faulhaber, and Sarah (Miles) Tjelde; her great grandchildren and many nieces and nephews

Phyllis was preceded in death by her husband, Pete, her parents, and her siblings.

Phyllis was also blessed to be survived by her Angel Avenue family, both residents and staff. There are too many to mention by name but they filled her final years with love and dignity. You are truly angels and your kindness and compassion are incomparable.

So now we must say goodbye for a while. I will miss all the times we shared, the laughter and tears. It is a comfort to know she is home with so many that she loved. God bless her beautiful heart forever.

She always asked me, "What would I do without you?" Well Mom – Now what will I do without you? I love you, Patti

He will give his angels guard over you, and guide you in all your ways. Psalm 91:11

### *Journey*

*I'm going on a journey,  
Don't need to pack a thing,  
Don't coordinate the colors,  
Or tie up anything.*

*Don't have to buy a ticket,  
Or pick a certain date.  
I know that I'll be ready,  
On time-and not be late.*

*I hear the whistle blowing,  
Or I may not hear a thing.  
It's truly a mystic journey  
When my soul takes wing.*

*It's a solitary journey,  
Can't take a friend along.  
The time has passed too swiftly,  
This life is just a song.*

*By Francis B. Kelly*

