



Laura was born on September 3, 1920 at home in Moody County. She grew up on a farm northwest of Colman and attended Allen School. When she was 11 she moved into Colman to finish school and graduated from Colman High School in 1938. After high school she kept books for the city of Colman. She married Kenneth Croon on February 24, 1940 in Chester, SD. The couple made their home on a farm southeast of Colman. They moved into Colman in 1977. Laura

worked as the lunchroom manager for the Colman schools for 33 years, making over 3 million dinner rolls for the school lunches. She retired in 1991. She and Ken moved to Dell Rapids in 2002. Ken passed away on November 4, 2008. Laura remained independent and lived on her own until this past year when her daughter moved in to help care for her.

She was a 50+ year member of the Colman Lutheran Church and a member of the Lutheran Church of Dell Rapids. She was an avid crossword player.

Laura was preceded in death by her husband, Ken; her parents, Fred and Anna (Kroger) Thiele; her siblings, Frank, Leo, Lloyd, Mahlon Thiele and Gladys Heinricy.

She is survived by her daughter, Ardis Croon of Dell Rapids; her son, Gary (Linda) Croon of Dell Rapids; her granddaughters, Cheri Croon, Amy (Jim) Stegge and Nicole (Mike) Peyton; her great-grandchildren, Dayne, Ty and Kyndall Peyton; her sister, Wilma Beck and sisters-in-law, Lila Thiele, Jeanine Thiele, Helen Thiele, Rosie Croon, Jean Pedersen and her many nieces and nephews.

*In Memory of*

## **Laura M. Croon**

Born - September 3, 1920 ~ Died - May 6, 2019

### *Funeral Service*

Lutheran Church of Dell Rapids

Dell Rapids, South Dakota

Thursday, May 9, 2019 ~ 1:00 p.m.

### *Clergy*

Pastor Eldon Thurow

### *Music*

Organist - Rachel Pierson

Soloist - Amy Stegge

### *Casketbearers*

Lonnie Croon

Dick Heinricy

Rodney Beck

Brad Relf

Jim Relf

Randy Beck

### *Interment*

Colman Cemetery

Colman, South Dakota

*Funeral Arrangements by Kahler Funeral Home  
Dell Rapids, South Dakota*

*God saw her getting tired  
and a cure was not to be  
So He put His arms around her  
and whispered,  
“Come to Me”*

*With tearful eyes  
we watched her suffer, and  
saw her slowly fade away.  
Although we loved her dearly,  
we could not make her stay.  
A golden heart stopped beating,  
hard working hands put to rest,  
God broke our hearts  
to prove to us  
He only take the best.*