

## REMEMBERING THE LIFE OF....

Harold Akason, 88, West Fargo, ND died on Wednesday, April 11, 2018 at Sanford Health on Broadway, Fargo, ND.

Harold Melvin Akason was born June 17, 1929 in Fargo, ND to Alfred and Esther (Brown) Akason. He grew up in the Mapleton, ND area and attended school there. Harold married Donna Pressnall on Sept. 26, 1945 in Fargo. They made their home near Mapleton where he worked for Andrews Farm for 60 years. In 2008, they moved to West Fargo.

Harold was a family man. In earlier years, he enjoyed his boys' sporting events. He also enjoyed antiques, volunteering at Bonanzaville, WMSTR at Rollag, and gardening. For many years, he spent summers working as a mechanic with his son Steve's stock cars.

He is survived by four sons, Larry (Mary) of Fargo, Steve (Becky) of West Fargo, James (Melanie) of Pine Island, MN and David (Tammy) of West Fargo; 11 grandchildren, Jill (Steve) Swanson, Nicole (Pete) Erickson, Shevy (Erika), Skyler (Jen), Stormy, Stevie, Shayden, Amanda (Bradley) Van Kilsdonk, Cody, Trevor and Tristan; 13 great grandchildren; one great great grandchild; sister, Faye (Ben) Stich; sister-in-law, Joan Akason; and brother-in-law, Gerald Hanson.

Harold was preceded in death by his parents; wife Donna in 2014; two brothers, Russell and Raymond; three sisters, Yvonne Macdaniels, Geraldine Hanson and Lillie Ann (Junior) Hagemeister.



## IN LOVING MEMORY



CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF  
**HAROLD AKASON**



**FUNERAL MASS**

West Funeral Home Chapel  
West Fargo, North Dakota  
Tuesday, April 17, 2018 - 11 a.m.

**OFFICIANT**

Pastor Peter Erickson

**MUSIC**

Pastor Peter Erickson

Olivia Erickson

"Going Home" & "In The Garden"

Hymn: "What A Friend We Have In Jesus"

"Children Of The Heavenly Father"

**PALLBEARERS**

All of Harold's Grandchildren

**INTERMENT**

Sunset Memorial Gardens      Fargo, ND

**FINAL HARVEST**

HE WAS BOUND TO THE  
LAND FROM THE DAY OF  
HIS BIRTH HIS ROOTS  
ANCHORED DEEP IN THE  
FERTILE EARTH  
NURTURED, SUSTAINED,  
BY THE SOIL HE GREW  
AND HIS LIFE, LIKE  
FURROWS, RAN  
STRAIGHT AND TRUE.



IN FAITH, EACH SPRING, HE PLANTED THE SEEDS  
IN HOPE, TO REAP HIS FAMILY'S NEEDS  
WITH PATIENCE, HE WAITED FOR THE HARVEST TO  
COME TO GATHER THE FRUITS OF HIS LABOR HOME.

EVER TURNING SEASONS, THE YEARS SPED PAST  
TILL THE FINAL HARVEST CAME AT LAST  
THEN CLAIMED ANEW BY BELOVED SOD  
HE WAS GATHERED HOME TO BE WITH GOD.

- BARBARA W. WEBER

*The family wishes to express their appreciation for your kindness and support during this difficult time. Please join them for fellowship immediately following the service.*

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