

Remembering

The Farmer's Creed

I believe a person's greatest possession
is their dignity and that no
calling bestows this more abundantly than farming.

I believe hard work and honest sweat are the
building blocks of a person's character.

I believe that farming, despite its hardships
and disappointments, is the
most honest and honorable way a person
can spend their days on this earth.

I believe farming provides education for
life and that no other occupation
teaches so much about birth, growth and
maturity in such a variety of ways.

I believe many of the best things in life are free:
the splendor of a sunrise; the rapture of wide-open spaces;
the exhilarating sight of your
land greening each spring.

I believe true happiness comes from
watching your crops ripen in the field
and your family grow tall in the sun.

I believe my life will be measured ultimately
by what I have done for my fellow man.

I believe in farming because it makes all this possible.

— Author Unknown



Pierre and Barbara Charpentier
Amanda Starosta Kim Askin
306-882-4224
shanidarfuneralservices.com



Allan "Andy" Lawrence Anderson

February 6, 1935 – August 22, 2020

Allan leaves to cherish his memory his children Janice (Kevin) McCarthy, David, Robert (Cheryl), Larry (Lori), Garry (Michelle), Terry (Niki), Vern (Michelle) and Lorna (Brad) McDonald, 32 grandchildren, 17 great-grandchildren as well as a large loving extended family Sherrie (Ted) Morin, Darryl (Debbie) McCarthy, Pat (Susan) McCarthy and Allan McCarthy and their families.

He was predeceased by his father David in 1947 and mother Josephine (née Neumeier) Anderson in 1979, wife Anne (née Storoschuk) in 1973, infant daughter, brother Sidney in 1971 and wife Jean (née Bacon) McCarthy in 2000.



Celebration of Life

Saturday, August 29, 2020 – 1:00 p.m.
Dodsland Druid Cemetery
Dodsland, Saskatchewan

Officiant

Reverend Father Daniel Yasinski

Lector

Sherrie Morin

Words of Remembrance

Brad Murphy

Music Tribute

"A Love Without End, Amen" – George Strait
"I Wish Grandpas Never Died" – Riley Green
"When I Get Where I'm Going" – Brad Paisley
"Livin' On Love" – Alan Jackson

Urn Bearer

Garry Wight

Honourary Bearers

All Who Shared in Andy's Life

Committal of Cremated Remains

Dodsland Druid Cemetery
Dodsland, Saskatchewan

Memorials

Kerrobert & District Health Centre
P.O. Box 320 – Kerrobert, SK – S0L 1R0

Allan Lawrence Anderson was born in Dodsland, SK in the late winter of 1935 to parents Dave and Josephine and became brother to Sidney. Being born in the middle of the greatest depression our modern history records was something that shaped Andy from a young age. He learned values the hard way, through reality. Nobody had much but family and friends and faith, in both God, and that farming would turn around to be the life that they had hoped for when they settled. The first homestead was 3 miles south of Millerdale on the NE of Section 13. Near the RM border to the south. He attended school in that district until one day in Grade 8 the life of a farm boy was not to be contained, so he slipped out an open window never to return.

The next working years allowed him to help on the family farm with his brother Sid as they had lost their father already in 1947. He worked a job on the railroad, was a hired hand to several other homesteads in the area and enjoyed life as much he had time for. He became a well know and dependable member of a small farming community that could be counted on for a hard an honest day's work. The family changed homesteads numerous times over the years based on conditions around the farm, his father's illness, eventually setting up permanent residence at the current yard. He worked as a trucker for quite a period of time hauling livestock into Saskatoon for the area as well as putting in time as caretaker at the Dodsland Rink. But we all

know him as a farmer, the lifestyle and the sense of community drew Andy into it and he never left.

Always a people person looking to socialize, he developed a passion for sports. During this time, he played baseball and fastball and did lots of curling with his brother Sid. This allowed his need for socialization to be filled. He never lost that passion throughout his whole lifetime. My Dad recalls those days of ball games and dances. Andy always had an old tin suitcase filled with beer on ice ready for the day and later in the evening after the dance was over. He was their equalizer in those days plain and simple. The "visitors" to the area dances would come looking for trouble for one reason or another and Andy was always ready. He would enjoy the evening of fun and laughter and watch the evenings events until it got out of hand and was affecting his fun, then it came out. Loud and proud could do way more than just drink and laugh. Sometimes he tried to teach a couple lessons in one evening, but the night always carried on and he went back to laughing and joking. Dad said he rarely danced inside, but outside he was quite proficient and was simple "one tough son of a bitch".

In the early 1960's, life would change things up for him, he found a local store clerk named Anne Storochuck that he took quite a fancy to. In April 1964 they were married and he began a new chapter in his life. They lived a full farm life together; Anne was a good hand in the yard looking after the

livestock and garden, while Andy tended crops on the field. During the 10 years to follow they filled their home with the crew here today. They became true members of the local area community and farm families surrounding them. Tragedy struck the family in 1973 as he lost Anne and an infant daughter due to complications of childbirth. Their youngest Lorna survived to complete the family you see today.

It's the next chapter that truly defines who this man was and why we consider him to be a legend. I have no way to comprehend what it would be like to come home to 7 young children and have to lay that out in hopes they will somehow someday understand exactly what "life isn't fair, get over it" really means. His strength of character and the immense pride and love he felt for his kids drove him through times I can't fathom to understand. He plowed forward with the help from the community organizing his crew so that they all had jobs and roles in the house and chores outside and got to a point over the next year where there was some normality. And you know what the driving force behind that was? Not just the 7 mouths at home to feed and organize, while running a farm, not just those things that's too easy there was something else. He had worked himself to a point where he could go and see Ab and Elaine Neumeier and be able to tell them that he was ready. For what? Lorna, you see, they had lovingly fostered her since birth while Andy learned to manage the chaos. So many families have been broken

after such a tragedy, parted out because from the outside it seems impossible to manage that load. I can only imagine what came out of his mouth when that was mentioned. I cry every time I imagine the amount of strength, determination and unbridled love and commitment towards his children that he always had inside, having to do what he did during those years. It powered him through what should have been a period of mourning and gave him the light and laughter he needed inside to get to the doorstep that day in front of Elaine to say "I can handle her now" she replied "good, cause if she stays any longer we won't be able to give her up"...and now there were 8.

It was during the next 5-6 years that the 9 of them grew together and learned the hard love and values that Andy could teach them without even knowing. Hard work, respect, support, values and reward. Tough love and laughter, while managing teenagers on a small farm budget and yet no one went without. The kids all blossomed in character and truly became adults much earlier in life than most. Sports once again became a focus and toll that was easy for him to use because he loved it so much. Then, in the spring of 1979 God offered a reward. Jean came to live with the crew and changed the dynamic of the household once again.

This period is the Andy we should all fill our memory banks with. Hockey, Ball, Graduations, Weddings, and

grandchildren. Andy amassed friendships throughout all of small-town Saskatchewan through all these events over the next 20 years. He coached and umpired ball, and believe me there wasn't a happier pair of umpires around 5 o'clock on a sports day than Andy and Gord!! Just hope that you didn't have them for the early game the next day! He coached hockey but enjoyed far more being on the other side of the ice, being able to instruct the referees on their lack of ability or appearance, the whole-time giggling to himself and laughing out loud. Jim Duncan suffered the most from his encouragement but knew the source well, he was simply Andy Anderson, everyone who knew him understood that. His jokes, OMG the jokes. I have no idea how anyone, for that many years, could come up with the things he did. Regardless of crowd, age, gender, or race there was always one ready to be told, or shown. I was recently sent a video of grandpas never miss gopher gun. I can't put it to words, sorry Brad, but the thing about his jokes was this...they were jokes, and that's it, never meant to harm or hurt, but just jokes. Our world has lost two many Andy's and doesn't understand the need to create laughter, jokes will always be at someone's expense, or they are not very funny! Right? Loud and proud...no filter.

Jean and Andy officially married in 1994, and had only 5 years before Jean's cancer showed up in 1999 which led to her subsequent passing a year later which took yet another chunk from Andy's massive heart. He adjusted back to life,

never alone, his flock had multiplied greatly and Grampa was always in high demand at sporting events and for visits to Alberta for more of the same, and to catch up with the kids. Summer at the lake with the constant company, swimming with the kids, hours on the boat, eventually wearing out the old Johnston motor. This became his normality and he never slowed with socializing or wanting to sit down and bullshit over a cold drink. He attended literally hundreds of auction sales over the years with travelling partner Garry. Mostly just for the lunch and the visit, but a few treasures were found for sure. Andy and his health battles over the last few years showed us how age can get to us all. He had far surpassed his belief in the "Live Fast, Love Hard and Die young" mantra that he had shared years before. It wasn't that long ago he was in Saskatoon and we thought maybe time had run its course, but he bounced back and enjoyed the warmth of a few more snuggles of fresh grandbabies before he entered the Kerrobert Health Center earlier this month. He knew that his journey was ending but stayed the course as he has always done and was Andy right till the end; wanting my Tara to plunk down on his knee right in the clinic so he could talk to her...

On August 22, 2020, the live feed from Andy ended. We have but a mere 85 years of life to look back on and learn and remember, here's some thoughts...

There are many seats in many hockey rinks around the area that I will look towards in years to come, forgetful that Andy won't be there, his smile, a wink and "Go gettem Murphy", always brought a smile to my face. That's the one I'll hold onto and use to bridge the gap to others. Share your memories at gatherings so that the little ones get to learn but a portion of what he taught you.

"It's never so bad that it can't get worse" may seem to others as a very morbid and negative thought, seemingly coming from someone with a very poor attitude. Coming from Andy there are far from correct. If you think about all the bad that he went through in his life, the farming depression and anxiety, the loss of loved ones, the financial burdens, OMG how did he live to be 85? Being always ready to be knocked down by life lead him to find the answer. Being on a seemingly close first name basis with our Lord Jesus Christ may have played a part, maybe, but I think Here's how....

It was because of all of you. The love and energy that this crew shares with each other has carried this man for many years, as it carries us all. That glint and smile that you saw in his eyes when he grabbed you and bounced you on his knee and tickled you, or the same light when he came for the first visit to see your new addition, whether that was a kid or a car, or a diploma it really didn't matter that light in his eyes

was always yours. He quit living for himself in the 60's! You brought him to 2020.

He brought you all up to have faith, even if it was that trip to church on Sunday morning the day after the best dance ever, which was marginally better than picking rocks! He showed you there was always help if you needed it and where to go to find it. We are all different people and have our fights and differences, and that's part of life. But family was taught to you by your father, for more reason than just having the same last name. Remember that.

I hope all here take home today a version of the novel called Andy Anderson and add to it over the years to come. Your window to do that may seem very cloudy and hazy right now, but time and memories will wipe that window clear and allow you to see what I mean.

-Written with love by Brad Murphy