



IN LOVING MEMORY

Myrna Paavola

OCTOBER 27, 1937 ~ JULY 22, 2021

IN LOVING MEMORY

Myrna Luella Paavola

Born

October 27, 1937
Deer Creek Township, Minnesota

Died

July 22, 2021
Hutchinson, Minnesota

Service

Trinity Lutheran Church
New York Mills, Minnesota
Thursday, July 29, 2021 at 11:00 a.m.

Clergy

Pastor Kirk Douglas

Survived By

Myrna is survived by her sons: Paul (Joanie) Salo; Daniel (Kimberly) Salo; and David (Laurie) Salo; 5 grandchildren: Amanda, Kayla, Eli, Erin and Emma; sister: Avis Leistico; niece-in-law: Cheryl Asmund; many other relatives and a host of friends.

Laid to Rest

Woodland Cemetery
New York Mills, Minnesota



Myrna Luella Asmund was born on October 27, 1937 to Eli and Esther (Kauppi) Asmund at home in Deer Creek Township. Myrna graduated from the New York Mills High School with the class of 1955.

On June 24, 1961 Myrna was united in marriage to Erwin Thomas Salo at Trinity Lutheran Church in New York Mills. Their marriage was blessed with three children: Paul, Daniel and David. Together they made their home near New York Mills. Myrna was employed with the Farmers & Merchants Bank in New York Mills from 1957-2003. Erwin passed away on September 21, 1996.

Myrna was united in marriage to Erwin Brynold Paavola on July 30, 2005 at Trinity Lutheran Church in New York Mills. They made their home in New York Mills until his death on July 26, 2017.

Myrna enjoyed traveling, spending time with family and friends, attending sporting events, plays and concerts. She enjoyed playing games with family, including knock-down, drag-out games of Uno.

On July 22, 2021 Myrna passed away at Harmony River Retirement Community in Hutchinson, Minnesota at 83 years of age. She will be dearly missed by her family and friends. Preceding Myrna in death are her parents; husband: Erwin Salo; husband: Erwin Paavola; siblings: Eunice (Ernie) Rantala; brother-in-law Ernie Rantala; Wally Asmund; and Marvin Asmund; nephews: Jay Asmund; John Asmund; Jerry Asmund; and Ron Rantala; brother-in-law, Waldo Leistico.

*God saw she was getting tired
And a cure was not to be,
So He put his arms around her
And whispered "Come with Me."
With tearful eyes we watched her suffer,
And saw her 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,
He only takes the best.*