



LIEPERT - Mr. Fred Henry Liepert; beloved husband of Mrs. Helen Liepert of Yorkton and formerly of Saltcoats passed away on Monday, May 15, 1995 at the Plains Health Centre in Regina. He was 74 years of age.

Mr. Liepert was born June 9, 1920 at Leader, Saskatchewan; he was the son of Gustave and Emma Liepert. Fred moved with his parents to the Stornoway district where he spent his early childhood and attended school. At the age of twelve he with his parents moved to a farm north of Saltcoats and Fred completed his education at the Tupper School.

After completing his education Fred worked for various farmers in the surrounding area before moving to Winnipeg for a number of years. Fred served his country, enlisting in the Royal Canadian Army serving for four years. He worked for the Marathon Paper Company before returning to Saltcoats where he was united in marriage on July 24, 1947 to Helen Hudak.

To this union where blessed with three children.

In 1948 the couple commenced farming in the Saltcoats and they continued resided on the farm until 1973 where they moved to Yorkton to live.

Fred loved the outdoors, the world of nature and farm. He liked to work, especially with others and often helping others. A strong willed individual he held his opinions strongly and expected others to do the same. A kind and helpful neighbour he could be counted on if even the need arose.

Mr. Liepert was predeceased by his parents, Gustave and Emma; two brothers, Julius and Edward; he leaves to mourn his passing and cherish his life; his loving wife, Helen; his mother-in-law, Elizabeth Hudak; two sons, Ron and his wife, Linda and their children, Kylee and Cody of Edmonton; Dave and his wife, Wendy and their children, Joe, Dan and Toni of Saltcoats; a daughter, Judy Toth and her husband, Lynn and their children, Dallas, Landon and Andrea of Millet, Alberta; three brothers, Bill of Coquitlam, B. C.; Ben of Saltcoats; Albert (Shirley) of Yorkton; seven sisters, Tina of Nipawin; Hilda of Winnipeg, Manitoba; Elsie of Kelowna, British Columbia; Olga of Reston, Manitoba; Clara (Sandy) of Calgary, Alberta; Alma (Joe) of Saltcoats; Rita (Dave) of Calgary, Alberta; a sister-in-law, Pauline; numerous nieces and nephews and a host of dear friends.

A funeral service of remembrance was held Saturday, May 20, 1995 from Christie-Hill Funeral Chapel with Rev. Walter Farquharson presiding. The organist, Shani Apland accompanied the congregation in the singing of the hymns, *Let There Be Peace On Earth*, and *For The Fruit Of All Creations*. Words of comfort were spoken by Ed Sek, a family friend and neighbour.

Fred's urn was carried by his granddaughter, Kylee and his cremated remains where placed in the family plot in the Saltcoats Town Cemetery.

Funeral arrangements were entrusted to the Christie-Hill Funeral Chapel.

Eulogy delivered by Ed Sek at the services for Fred Liepert May 20, 1995

I would like to say a few words about why I consider myself lucky to have known Fred and to have had the privilege of calling him a friend. What I am about to say, I am sure each of you will also have experienced, with only personal details differing.

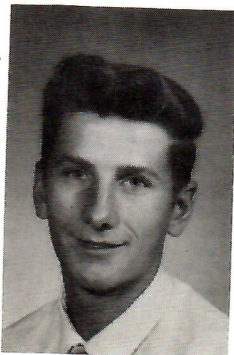
Friendship means many things but we all will agree that having close friends is one of the greatest pleasures life offers. I would like to speak of some of the pleasures that Fred's friendship brought.

First, companionship. As far back as I can remember, our family visited Fred's family and while we kids played, our mother's gardened and talked, Fred and my dad farmed and farmed and farmed. Their friendship was deep and lifelong.

I moved away, worked, traveled and when I returned almost 20 years ago, Fred and Helen no longer farmed but their friendship with my parents continued. Only now, I was included. They visited often and now we farmed and farmed and farmed. We took long leisurely drives, thoroughly inspecting every cattle herd, every grain field, hayfield and farmyard, even the condition of the roads. Relaxing, comfortable times in pleasant company.

Then there is generosity. Fred's middle initial must have been G. because who could not call him generous? After my father could no longer help me on the fields, Fred and Helen would always visit in the spring and Fred would never leave without offering me help to put my crops in. And I think he enjoyed seeing the results of a good days work almost as much as I appreciated having him do it.

Sometimes I think he wanted the work to be perfect. I remember one day Fred was cultivating and I was seeding canola. By supertime Fred was finished and I had quit, sore and tired after handmixing canola seed and fertilizer and pail loading the drill. Fred asked me whether I had ever noticed that one side of the cultivator worked deeper than the other. Yes, I said and his immediate response was "let's adjust it." Out came the jacks and tools and we adjusted and then we tested it. Still not quite right. Back to the jacks and tools. More testing. More adjusting. After about an hour Fred was satisfied we couldn't do any better and I didn't want to see another cultivator.



Edward Sek N.N. Eddie
A friendly, charming sort of boy,
Whose marks always bring him joy.
I Bequeath my ability to tell Denis to be quiet.
Imagine Eddie being a loudmouth.
F.P. Watching T.V.
Ambition University.

If we had to be away from the farm for awhile - no problem. Fred and Helen drove out to the farm, morning and night to tend to the cows, the chickens, the pets and the house. And while he was at the farm, he'd always find something to repair or improve.

As generous as he was with his time and labour, he was equally so with his possessions. If I needed a certain wrench, he'd go out to his well stocked and organized garage and hand me one. "You need a sump pump - take one, I have three." I sometimes wonder if he knew where all his stuff was.

Conversations with Fred were always lively and interesting. He loved to reminisce about his army days. He took a keen interest in all aspects of farming and in daily life about him. Fred was not what I would call a diplomatic man - he had his opinions on almost everything. Did any of you ever "DISCUSS" politics, or Governments or politicians with Fred? Did any of you ever convince him of your point of view - if it happened to differ from his?

Fred's number one priority in life was his family. With Helen always at his side, he criss-crossed Western Canada visiting the various members of his family. With loads of veggies or fruit going one way, furniture, trees or whatever going the other, he kept in regular contact. He spoke of these visits with children, grandchildren or other family with warmth, humor and at times concern.

After family, I believe Fred's next love was the land, working with it, seeing the bounty it offered if properly managed. He lovingly kept an orchard ever since he left the farm and everyone in our two families spent countless hours looking at the flowering trees, the setting fruit, the growing fruit, the ripening fruit. Every visit to our place started with an orchard examination, then a garden tour followed by a field inspection. On a trip to Los Angeles with Helen to visit family, he followed a "scenic" route as drawn up by a family member. When they arrived in L.A. Fred was asked how he enjoyed the trip. "What a boring trip," he said, "All we saw were mountains and lakes and trees. I want to see wheat fields."

All his life he was obsessed with meteorology. He had to know what the weather would be, but never believed what he heard. He was tied to the land and its challenges to the end.

I learned a lot from Fred. A little about making a living, a little about enjoying living, and a little about the meaning of living. Some part of him will live with me for all my days. He was a good man and in his own way he enriched our lives by sharing his with us.

Thank You



LIEPERT - *Helen Liepert of the Lakeside Manor Care Home and formerly of Yorkton passed away peacefully on July 14, 1998 at the age of 71 years.*

Helen was born on June 17, 1927 in Balsa, Hungary the daughter of John and Elizabeth Hudak. She immigrated to Canada in 1929 with her parents and one brother and they settled in the Saltcoats area where they began farming.

On July 24, 1947, Helen was united in marriage with Fred Liepert. The couple farmed in the Saltcoats area until 1973 when they sold the farm and moved into Yorkton.

Helen will be remembered as a very community minded person. She loved to socialize and was a member of the Graham Guild while living on the farm and was active in the Yorkton Senior Citizens Group. Friends will also remember that she never missed a Tuesday afternoon card game if she was here and that she also enjoyed her part in the Senior's "Kitchen Band."

Helen was predeceased by her husband, Fred; her parents, John and Elizabeth Hudak; a sister, Yolanda; and a brother, Andy.

She leaves to mourn her passing and to cherish her memory her son, Ron and his wife Linda of Edmonton, Alberta and their children, Kylee and Cody; her daughter, Judy and her husband Lynn Toth of Millet, Alberta and their children, Dallas, Andrea, and Landon; her son, Dave and his wife Wendy of Saltcoats and their children, Joe, Dan and Toni. She is also survived by a brother, John and his wife Minnie of Camrose, Alberta; a sister, Jenny Fiedosiewich of Saskatoon; as well as numerous other relatives and good friends.

Funeral services were held Saturday, July 18, 1998 from the Saltcoats United Church with Reverend Walter Farquharson presiding. The organist, Lorne Neal accompanied the church choir and congregation in the singing of the hymns "Abide With Me", "Amazing Grace" and "Though I May Speak." The church choir sang "Great Is Thy Faithfulness" in recession.

Cremation committal followed in the Saltcoats Town Cemetery with Ed Sek, Ivan Toth, Brent Nabozniak, Stewart Torrie, Earl Upshall and Sidney Mogor acting as Honourary Pallbearers. The urnbearers were Helen's granddaughters, Toni Liepert, Kylee Liepert, and Andrea Toth.

Funeral arrangements were entrusted to Christie-Hill Funeral Chapel & Crematorium, Yorkton.

A few words about Mom from the kids

Unselfish, ultimate caregiver & caring mom

Growing up it was always Mom who attended one of our ball games or concerts. She always made sure we got to attend the Graham school picnic. Dad didn't like those sort of things so he simply didn't go.

Raising a family on the farm wasn't easy. There was little money & lots of hard work. Mom always ensured Santa Claus made a stop at our house.

As most women of her generation she was responsible for catering to Dad's needs. Rarely, if ever, did she put herself or her needs first.

Again like many of this generation we did what Dad wanted to do and we didn't do what dad didn't want to do.

The adjustment to life after Dad's death three years ago was difficult for mom. As kids we couldn't understand why she didn't take this new found opportunity to travel and enjoy the things she never had the chance to do earlier on in life.

It wasn't for a year or two later that we discovered what the problem was. For 48 years she catered to Dad. The kids had left home and there simply was no one to cater to. Her purpose in life was gone.

It was finally good to see mom happy again just before last Christmas. She was a Canada wide winner of a 36 inch TV and a couple thousand dollars thru the local cable company.

It wasn't the money, certainly wasn't the TV, she already had two, but finally feeling like she was somebody important.

She was wine and dined, interviewed on TV and had her picture in the paper.

We had high hopes that her life had turned around.

Two months later we were informed that she had terminal cancer and had 3 or 4 months to live.

People have remarked to me over the past several months that they couldn't believe how well mom was taking the news of her impending death.

Again her rational was simple. "I won't have to suffer a long debilitating disease like so many others I know."