

I died today, Sunday, March 9, 2025, and I find it a bit unsettling to be dead. I think I will adjust to this in no time, and time is not likely to be an issue. I have lived a long and interesting life, and will dearly miss my family and our everchanging world. I have asked others to do this obit, but they all said 'no hurry, you have lots of time', so here I am stuck with the job.

I was born on a Tuesday morning at 2 am, on September 3, 1929, to Robert and Mathilda Weitzel at the Saint Cloud Hospital – a child of the great depression. I received my elementary education at Saint Anthony Catholic School, we were taught by Benedictine Sisters, ladies who had dedicated their lives to God, and teaching little urchins like me – and they were good at it! Following elementary school, I attended one year at St. Cloud Cathedral and then transferred to St. Cloud Tech, graduating in 1947. I loved sports and played varsity football, basketball, and track, and was president of the letterman's club. I look back with pride on our 1946 football team that played a perfect season – unbeaten, untied and unscored upon. A record that lasts some 70 years later. I then enrolled at St. Cloud State University, graduating in 1951, participating in football and track, making all conference running back honors. I walked out of college with my degree and thought – what the hell am I going to do now? I began working at Montgomery Ward, selling tires for one year. Then with the Korean War coming into the picture, I enlisted in the Navy in January of 1952.

I spent the first four months of Navy life going to school in Newport, Rhode Island. I graduated from Officer's Candidate School, flew home and married my best friend and lifelong companion, Delores Sirois. We had a glorious 7-day honeymoon and said goodbye, as I crossed the Pacific Ocean and boarded the LST859 (Landing Ship Tank), which set sail the next day for Korea. I spent the next 18 months aboard the LST making trips from Japan to Korea. It was a long cruise for a newly married sailor.

I returned from Korea in early 1954 and was assigned to Gunnery Officers Ordnance School in Washington, DC. My 'new wife' Delores and I spent two months in Washington, DC, then another sea assignment on the USS Shasta, AE6 and a bomb carrier. I was the special weapons officer and carried a top-secret clearance. I was at sea with the USS Shasta for the next 18 months, including a 9-month tour in the Mediterranean Sea with the 6th Fleet. After completing that tour, I returned to the US where I was honorably discharged in the summer of 1955.

Following my discharge, Delores and I returned to St. Cloud, where I spent one year with Federated Mutual Insurance Company. After that first year, I was offered a sales position with Banker Systems Inc. and moved my family to Wahpeton. I traveled extensively for the next 30 years as a salesman and sales manager, retiring in the summer of 1985.

I look back and think of how fortunate we were to have chosen Wahpeton as our place to live and raise our family of four girls. We enjoyed all that Wahpeton had to offer. So many good friends, a great school system for our kids, the park, zoo, golf course, and close proximity to super hunting land on the Dave and Wanda Muehler farm near Hankinson, and we were only an hour drive to our lake home on beautiful West Battle Lake.

Mine was a long life, and I truly enjoyed my time on this planet. My final wish is that you live your life well and take care of our world - Bill



William “Bill” Weitzel

1929 - 2025



Celebrating the Life of

William "Bill" Weitzel



Born

September 3, 1929 | St. Cloud, Minnesota

Passed Away

March 9, 2025 | Breckenridge, Minnesota

Age

95 Years | 6 Months | 6 Days

Mass of Christian Burial

10:30 AM | Thursday, March 13, 2025
St. John's Catholic Church | Wahpeton, North Dakota

Officiant

Fr. Greg Haman

Organist

Pat Keaveny

Cantor

Carmen Paquin

Congregational Hymns

"My Eyes Have Seen The Glory" | "On Eagles Wings"
"How Great Thou Art" | "Let There Be Peace On Earth" | "Anchors Aweigh"

Honorary Pallbearers

Bill's Great-Grandchildren

Pallbearers

Megan Miller | Matthew Schmidt | Korinn Bourassa | Stephanie Wells
Nicole Senkler | Madison Hicks | John Nyquist | John R. Nyquist

Interment At A Later Date

Calvary Cemetery | Wahpeton, North Dakota

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you 'grave for me:
Here he lies where he long'd to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

- Robert Louis Stevenson



Father Time

When you hear - hey Bill - your looking fine
It means you're in company with father time.

Your voice is no longer loud and clear
More likely it's too damn hard to hear.

Your hair thins out, your eyes go dim
But you're not too bad for the shape you're in.

Your friends can't hear or remember your name
But you know in your heart their love's the same.

Yes, growing old is almost a crime
But it sure beats a meeting with father time.

Old & Cold

Now that I'm eighty and truly old,
I seem to exist with perpetual cold.

Blankets cover my bony knees
Delaying a bit my perpetual freeze.

There's no escape from this dammed shiver

Brandy helps but it harms my liver.

Should I migrate south to a warmer clime
Or hang up north and whimper and whine.

Opening Day

The October dawn is dark and dreary
Our hands are cold, our eyes are weary

We stare into the morning sky

Sounds of wings hiss softly by

Our deeks swing to the morning breeze

Hints of autumn early freeze

Mark to the east Bud softly cries

Flocks of bills comin fast and high

Their wings are set, their screaming sound

We'll take them their next time around

Here they come, we're down and ready

Guns on safe, our eyes hold steady

Take em now I hear Bud shout

We both rise up and pick one out

Our shots ring out both loud and clear

Two birds splash down and land quite near

Not too bad for two old coots

We might be old, we still can shoot.

The suns up now, the sky is clear

Hell, if it was noon we'd have a beer

Poems written by Bill