

Lorraine Magdalena (Heinle) Miller entered into the presence of her Savior on December 20, 2024. She was a devoted wife, a dedicated mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. Lorraine was the daughter of Philip and Lena (Heinle) Heinle and was born on July 30, 1934. Her father passed away when she was only seven years old, leaving her mom, her two brothers (Wilbert and Paul Heinle) and herself to care for the family farm located southwest of Hebron. Lorraine was eight years old when an Evangelist came to The First Baptist Church of Hebron, ND for special meetings. It was during one of these services that she accepted the Lord as her Savior. Several weeks later, she was baptized along with her two brothers and several cousins. She remembered her brother Wilbert, holding her hand after she was baptized, showing her in his quiet way that he was proud of her. Lorraine met Karl Jacob Miller at a wedding shower. They were married December 27, 1953 at the Baptist Church in Hebron. This union was blessed with three children—Leona (Johnny) Flemmer of Golden Valley, ND, Lee (Jeanne) Miller of Glen Ullin, ND and Lyle (Lisa) Miller of Newton, KS; 6 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren. She was privileged with being able to live most of her life on a farm and relished the peaceful, quiet lifestyle. After she married Karl, they moved to the Miller homestead south of Glen Ullin where she continued to live even after Karl passed away. At the time, she moved into a trailer house on the property and lived there until she made the big decision to move to Hebron, to be closer to church and friends. She missed having her own garden and the quiet of the country but knew it was time to make the change. After a couple years, circumstances had her move to a basic care center in Hazen, ND. In September 2024, she moved to Knife River Care Center. We want to thank the Senior Suites and the Knife River Care Center for caring for Lorraine during these years. Lorraine loved to garden, sew and

quilt. She was very good at looking at new clothing styles in the department stores, going home and replicating those garments for her family. As a self-taught seamstress, she did her research and would plan how to construct new garments for her family. Her specialty was making western-style shirts and ties noted for cowboys for her husband. Later, she sewed special dresses for her granddaughters every Christmas and Easter, and even made the wedding dress for one of her daughter in laws. Lorraine's hands were rarely idle. If she wasn't sewing, then she would be quilting or crocheting. Each of her grandchildren received a hand-made quilt for graduation. She enjoyed appliqueing quilt blocks, embroidering them and turning them into beautiful, impeccably made quilts. Lorraine's greatest joy was her garden. Every morning was spent looking at each plant and plucking weeds from around the tender shoots. She had a large garden plot beside the trailer where she would plant row after row of potatoes, carrots, onions, and cabbage. She found great satisfaction in watching the vegetables grow and sharing the bounty with family and friends. Every year she would have endless five-gallon buckets of carrots, potatoes, and onions which she carefully tally and record in her diary to compare with past years. Lorraine was a member of The First Baptist Church of Hebron, ND where she was an active member all of her life until she moved to Hazen. She enjoyed going to the Ladies Camp retreat at Crystal Springs Baptist Camp and looked forward to attending the yearly Baptist Men's Singfest. After she became a widow, she joined the Women's Missionary Guild and enjoyed sewing flannel baby-jackets and baby blankets that were sent to a missionary hospital in Africa, even up to the last several years of her life. She was preceded in death by her parents, both brothers, and her husband.

Lorraine Miller

July 30, 1934 - December 20, 2024





Lorraine Miller

VISITATION

Thursday, December 26, 2024
5:00 pm - 7:00 pm CT
Stevenson Funeral Home
Hebron, North Dakota

ARRANGEMENTS BY

Stevenson Funeral Home
Hebron, North Dakota



*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 to rest,
God broke our hearts to prove to us
He only takes the best.*