

Duane Irvin Kurtz

Jug was born on Valentine's Day, February 14, 1931, to a third-generation pioneer farming family, Irvin and Hannah (Erickson) Kurtz. He was the 5th of six children. Jug attended local Galchutt schools and graduated from Wahpeton High School. Growing up on the farm, he dearly loved the life of a rural farmer and lived each day like it was a new adventure! He took over the farmland, the family farm near Galchutt, when his father retired in 1962. He was a member of Galchutt Lutheran Church and loved, loved the social life therein. He was a frequent a "regular" attendee at the community elevator Galchutt group, discussing crops and land issues. Jug loved all sports and played baseball until his 30's. He played basketball in high school and watched all sports. Jug enjoyed many years of snowmobiling, ice fishing, hunting, watching the cows and the crops grow. Besides the farm life, Jug enjoyed socializing, telling many amazing tales of old and new, exploring curiosities of all the things living, current, and past. He enjoyed the company of many people near and far. He loved singing in the fields, oysters, a good steak, flowers, and his herd of cows.

Jug is survived by one sister, Phyllis (Sam) Palmer, Las Cruces, NM, nieces, Jerilyn (Rolf) Friemond, Germany, Kristen (John) Whitehead, Bellingham, WA, Judy Adams and Trina Ortiz, nephews, Loren (Friederike Backhaus) Lang, Germany and Scott (Jeneanne) Qualy, Denver, CO., and numerous extended family members abroad.

Jug is preceded in death by his parents, Irvin and Hannah Kurtz, two brothers, Darrel and Howard Kurtz, two sisters, Delores Lang and Virginia Crain, and also numerous uncles, aunts, and dear friends from the surrounding Richland County community.

He will be greatly missed but never forgotten, as this soil was him. A special thank you to his farm friends and dear helpers who sustained him for his final years, final day, and final minutes. A special thank you and appreciation to Doug Johnson, Jake Brewer, and Jeff Steger for their endless assistance in Duane's life.

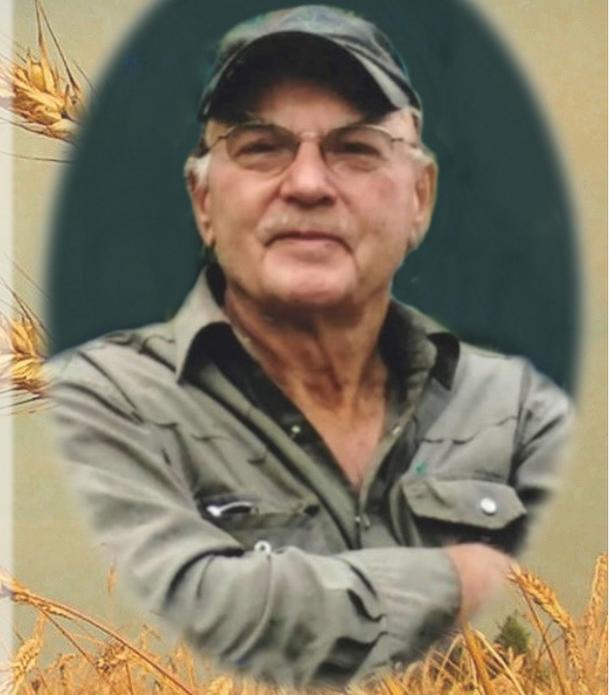
Memorials are preferred to the Galchutt Lutheran Cemetery Fund.

My Farm

My farm to me is not just land where bare unpainted buildings stand—

To me, my farm is nothing less than all created loveliness. My farm is not where I must soil my hands in endless dreary toil. But where, through seed and swelling pod I've learned to walk, and talk with God. My farm, to me, is not a place outmoded by the modern race, for here, I think, I just see less of evil, greed, and selfishness. My farm's a haven—here dwells rest, Security and happiness—Whate'er befalls the world outside. Here faith and hope and love abide. And so my farm is not just land where bare unpainted buildings stand — To me, my farm is nothing less than all God's hoarded loveliness.

Celebrating
THE *Life* OF



Duane Irvin Kurtz
1931 - 2025
"Jug"



Duane “Jug” Kurtz



Born

February 14, 1931 | Galchutt, North Dakota

Passed Away

May 31, 2025 | The Galchutt Farm, North Dakota

Age

94 Years | 3 Months | 17 Days

Funeral Service

11:00 AM | Wednesday, June 11, 2025
Galchutt Lutheran Church | Galchutt, North Dakota

Officiant

Pastor Janell Hansen

Organist

Kendra Dockter

Soloist

Loren Lang | “The Lord’s Prayer”

Congregational Hymns

“How Great Thou Art” | “On Eagles Wings” | “Amazing Grace”

Honorary Pallbearers

Kristen Whitehead | Loren Lang

Pallbearers

Jeff Steger | Doug Johnson | Jake Brewer
Josh Kinneberg | John Whitehead | Craig Syvertsen

Interment

St. John’s Lutheran Cemetery | Rural Galchutt, North Dakota

The family would like to invite you to a light lunch after the burial.

I am not there

Do not stand at my grave and weep,

I am not there, I do not sleep

I am in a thousand winds that blow,

I am the softly falling snow.

I am the gentle showers of rain,

I am the fields of ripening grain.

I am in the morning hush,

I am in the graceful rush of birds in circling flight.

I am the star shine of the night.

I am in the flowers that bloom, I am in a quiet room,

I am the birds that sing, I am in each lovely thing.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,

I am not there. I did not die.

Mary Frye