

Born in Otterville, there Arthur stayed,
On the same familiar ground his whole
life was made. Never more than three
miles from where he was born, He
watched the seasons come and go, from
dusk until morn.

At ten years old, he had hogs of his own,
And by nineteen, the farm was fully his
home. He raised cattle and hogs, and he
knew what it meant To care for his
animals, wherever the day went.

He had strong, big hands, shaped by
work, Hands that knew every task and
never would shirk. Hands that could
labor from morning till night, And reach
out to help when someone needed them
right.

“There will never be any more land,” he
would say, And he treasured the place
where he spent every day. He loved his
dogs and the animals too, And took pride
in the work that he knew how to do.

He wore his country and service with
pride, Serving three years with the Guard
by his side. He graduated in '49, his class
the last Before their school was lost to the
past.

He treasured those classmates, their
gatherings and years, Their dinners, their
stories, their laughter and cheers. As the
last of that class, he carried them near,
Remembering friends who had shared
those years.

His faith was not something he simply
professed; He lived it by serving and
giving his best. At First Baptist Church,
he faithfully stood, As deacon and
trustee, doing what he could.

A Sunday school teacher, a neighbor, a
friend, He was there when a helping hand
was needed to lend. He gave without
asking what he might receive, And helped
others simply because he believed.

He loved Martha, his first love, his bride,
And their years together were precious
and brief. He loved to tell how they first
came to meet— He took her from dancing
and chose her as his own, Though he
didn't even know her name.

Then came the hardest chapter, when
Martha was gone, And Arthur was left
to carry life on. With Susan and David
still needing his care, He raised them
himself, through the years they were
there.

There was a farm to tend and a family
to raise, Long days of work and
difficult days. But he did what a father
will always try to do— He kept moving
forward and saw his children through.

Then Betty became his companion and
wife, And for fifty-two years they
shared their life. Their family grew,
their home filled with love, With
children and grandchildren gathered
around them.

Now Arthur has finished his work on
this earth, And the life that he lived
tells us what it was worth. A farmer, a
servant, a husband and dad, A friend
to the many he knew he had.

The livestock he tended, the church
that he served, The family he loved
and the friends he preserved— All tell
the story of a life well spent, Of a man
who gave more than he ever kept.

His family will carry his lessons along
— His faith, his kindness, his steady,
quiet strength. And though his hands
are now resting from work, The work
of his life remains in those he loved.

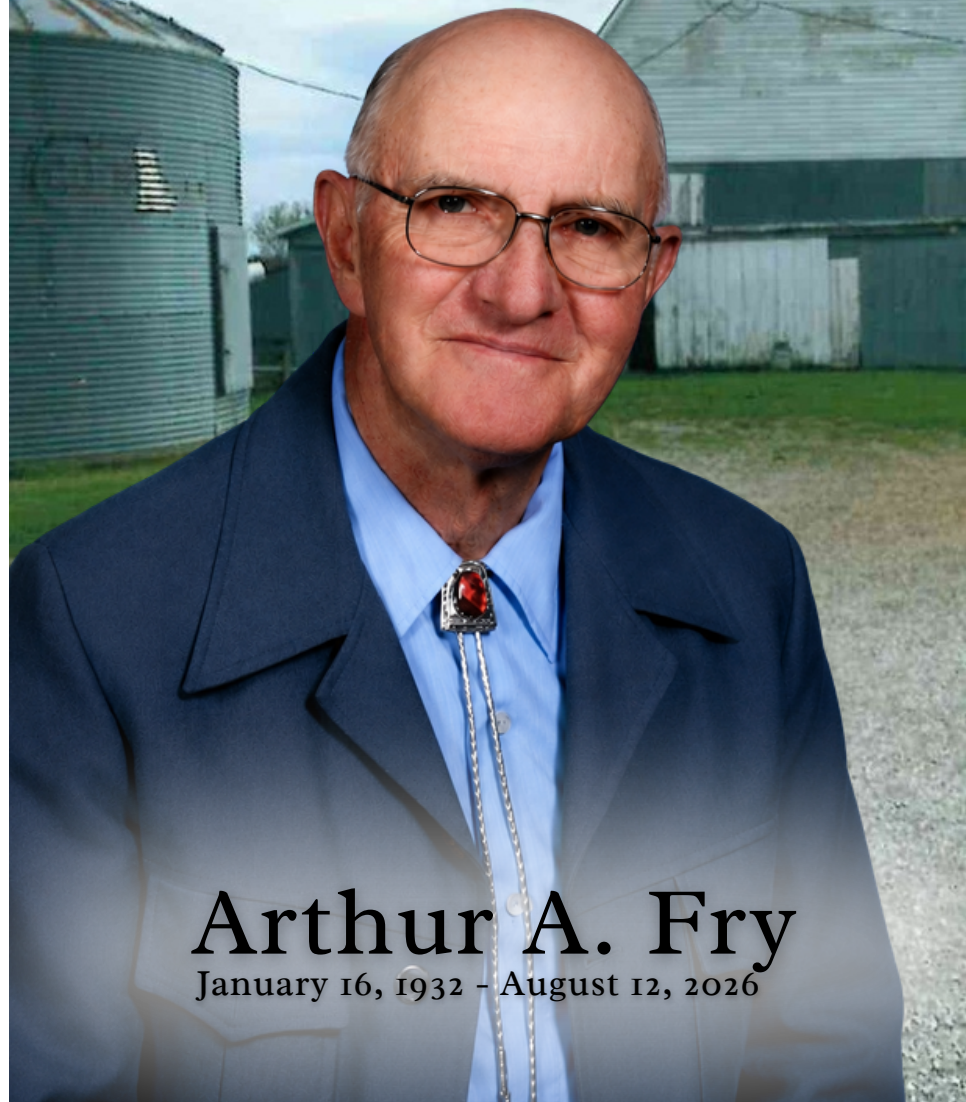
And somewhere beyond these familiar
roads, Where the work is finished and
every burden unloads, He has found
the peace that his faith helped him
know, And the welcome of heaven as
he enters home.

For Arthur's life was rooted in a place,
In family, in faith, in hard work and
grace. He left his mark not through
riches or fame, But through the lives
that were better because Arthur came.

And though Otterville will feel
different without him, And his chair
may be empty when family gathers in,
The man who spent ninety-four years
giving his best Will live on in the hearts
who loved him most.

Remembering

the life of



Arthur Allen Fry, 94, of Otterville, MO, passed away Wednesday, August 12, 2026.

He was born on January 16, 1932, in Otterville, to the late Vincil and Willa (Witcig) Fry. He was the first born of three children. He was preceded in death by his two siblings, Mary Fry Ellison and J.D. Fry. He never lived more than three miles from his birthplace.

Arthur graduated from Otterville High School in 1949. His class was the last to graduate from that school before it burned down. Arthur was the last surviving member of the Class of 1949. He enjoyed many class reunions and dinner gatherings with his classmates and always talked fondly of them.

Arthur proudly served in the National Guard for three years, 1951-1954. He started farming his land in 1949 but had hogs from the age of ten. He was very proud of his land and was a lifelong farmer. He always said, "there will never be any more land." He loved his dogs and animals.

Arthur was a long-time member of the First Baptist Church of Otterville, where he served as a deacon, trustee and Sunday school teacher. He took pride in always helping at the church and helping church members, families, and friends, in whatever their needs might be. He was a kind, unselfish man, always there to lend a hand to the other person.

On April 6, 1958, Arthur married the love of his life, Martha Knernschild, at the St. Paul Lutheran Church in Lohman, MO. He loved to tell the story of how he took her off the dance floor and took her home but didn't even know her name.

They were blessed with almost ten short years of marriage together, farming their beloved land. Martha passed away on January 5, 1968.

From their union, they were blessed with two children, Susan Sleeper (Jr), of Sedalia, and David Fry (Kathy), of Otterville.

On May 1, 1971, Arthur married Betty Bolton Williams at the LaMonte United Methodist Church, welcoming her four children, Debra Weule (Don), Stanley Williams, Barbara Williams and Janice Huffman (Daryl).

Arthur and Betty were married for 52 years. Betty preceded Arthur in death on November 2, 2023.

Arthur is also survived by his four granddaughters, Christine Wirths (Chad), Jennifer Pearson (George), Maddison Boeck (Dylan), and Errika Lewis (Xavier); eight great-grandchildren; five step grandchildren; and three step great-grandchildren.

In Loving Memory
Arthur Fry

Funeral Service

2:00 p.m. Monday, August 17, 2026

First Baptist Church
Otterville, Missouri

Officiating

Rev. Russ Slocum
Rev. Randy Marcum

MUSIC

"How Great Thou Art"

"One Day at a Time"

Margaret Walje and Charlotte Lewis

"Amazing Grace"

Elaina and Marina Wirths

Pallbearers

Glenn Homan	Sam Homan
Matthew Holem	Paul Zumsteg
Ronnie Ellison	Lawrence Knernschild

Honorary Pallbearers

Jerry Sanders and Rick Holem

Interment

I.O.O.F. Cemetery