

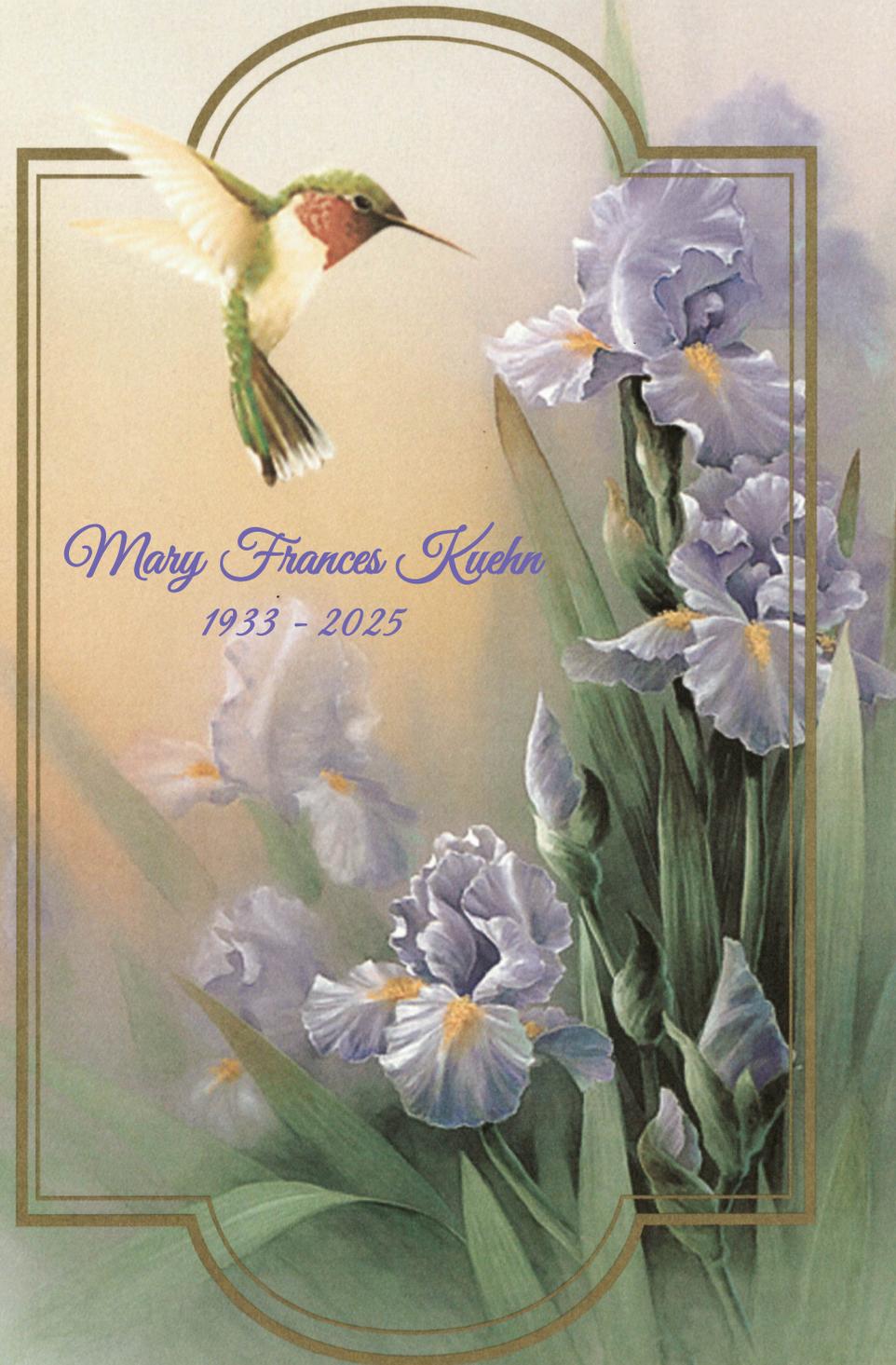
Mary Kuehn

Mary Frances Simonitch was born on October 5, 1933, to Carl and Ann (Geister) Simonitch, in Breckenridge, MN. She completed elementary school at St. John's Catholic School and graduated from Wahpeton High School in 1951. She attended St. Cloud School of Nursing and worked as an RN for St Francis Medical Center, Breckenridge Clinic, and Wahpeton MeritCare. On June 9, 1956, Mary married Ken Kuehn. They made their home in Wahpeton until retirement in 2000. They then moved to Pickerel Lake, MN, and wintered in Mesa, AZ.

She is preceded in death by her parents; husband, Ken Kuehn; brother, Jack Simonitch, and sister-in-law, Darlene; sister, Norma Kuehn and brother-in-law, James Kuehn; brother-in-law, Bruce Kuehn.

Mary is survived by her children: Vicki (Rick) Kielb of Wahpeton, ND; Kaye (Mark) Roeder of Bismarck, ND; Kyle Kuehn of Bismarck, ND; Dave (Allyson) Kuehn of Underwood, MN; Linda (Steve) White of Hermiston, OR; Marla (Jeff) Hagler of Cando, ND; and Maria Saville of West Fargo, ND; sister-in-law, Jean Kuehn of Parker, Colorado; 17 grandchildren, 19 great-grandchildren and many nieces and nephews who love her dearly.

In lieu of flowers, contributions can be made to St. John's Catholic School, Wahpeton, ND; Our Lady of Victory Catholic School, Fergus Falls, MN; or CHI Health at Home, Breckenridge, MN.





Mary Frances Kuehn



Born

October 5, 1933 | Breckenridge, Minnesota

Passed Away

July 31, 2025 | Wahpeton, North Dakota

Age

91 Years | 9 Months | 26 Days

Mass Of Christian Burial

11:00 AM | Thursday, August 7, 2025
St. John's Catholic Church | Wahpeton, North Dakota

Officiant

Fr. Greg Haman

Music

Organist | Pat Keaveny
Cantor | Karen Kreller

Congregational Hymns

"Here I Am Lord" | "Loving And Forgiving" | "I Am The Bread Of Life"
"Song Of Farewell" | "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee"

Urn Bearers

Mary's Children

Interment

Calvary Cemetery | Wahpeton, North Dakota

Trusting God

The little birds trust *God*,
For they go singing from northern woods
Where autumn winds have blown,
With *joyous faith* their unmarked pathway winging
To summer lands of song, afar, unknown.

Let us go singing, then, and not go crying:
Since we are sure our times are in *His hand*,
Why should we weep, and fear, and call it dying?
IT'S MERELY FLYING TO A SUMMER LAND.

