



Norman Schick at the age of 80 years old, died at the Linton Hospital November 19, 2021, with his wife by his side, after a year and a half long battle with cancer and the after-effects of covid.

Norman was born November 9, 1941 to Ella and William Schick. He grew up on a farm near Artas SD. He attended country school until eighth grade and then worked for

area farmers.

On October 21, 1960 he married Carol Goehring. They moved to her family farm near Herreid SD. They raised 5 children, Dale, Jeffery, Susan, Russell and Sheila. Norman was a devoted father always making time to play with the kids. Norman and Carol worked together as partners on the farm for 61 years.

Norman enjoyed all the farm work from the cattle to farming. His favorite time of year was harvest, because operating the combine was something he truly loved. As a rule he was the only one who drove the combine. Most days you would find Carol in the combine with him in the buddy seat. They did everything together.

He was always "fixing" things from the time he was a young man. Norman worked on other people's vehicles in his younger years and as he worked on the farm over the years he constantly tweaked farm equipment or whatever he could to make it better. Everything was done to perfection.

When he wasn't busy on the farm, he had many things that brought him happiness. Norman was active in the church as an Elder and Sunday school teacher for many years at the Herreid First Reformed Church. He also served on the Herreid Elevator board for several years. When he was younger he entered many tractor pull competitions winning several trophies. On occasion he would play the accordion along with Dale on the guitar just for fun. He mostly enjoyed spending time at home with his wife and family especially the grandchildren. In the more recent years Norman and Carol spent lots of time cruising around in the John Deere Gator, checking crops and the cattle. He just celebrated his 80th birthday with his family.

Norman is survived by his wife Carol; children, Dale Schick (Nina) of Herreid SD, Jeffery Schick (Peggy) of Mina SD, Susan Nelson (Edward) of Harrisburg SD, Russell Schick (Kristin) of Hazelton ND, Sheila Bertch (Brandon) of Carson ND; Grandchildren Corey Schick (Becky), Dominic Schick, Courtney Schick, Jessica Schick, Samantha Miller

(Matthew), Devin Nelson (Heather Trameer), Summer Schick, Emma Schick, Brady Schick, Trevor Schick, Autumn Bertch (Ben Ahlbrecht), Bayle Bertch, Brayden Bertch; Great grandchildren, Riley Schick, Jade Schick, Owen Schick, Maci Miller and Grant Miller. Brothers, Elmer Schick (Donna) of Herreid SD, Floyd Schick of Eureka SD, Elden Schick (Lyla) of Selby SD; Sisters, Gloria Theesen of



In Loving Memory:



Norman Schick

November 9, 1941 ~ November 19, 2021



IN LOVING MEMORY OF:

Norman Schick

80 Years ~ 0 Months ~ 10 Days

BORN:

*November 9, 1941
Artas, South Dakota*

PASSED AWAY:

*November 19, 2021
Linton, North Dakota*

FUNERAL SERVICE:

10:30 am, Wednesday, November 24, 2021

*First Reformed Church
Herreid, South Dakota*

CLERGY:

Rev. Cody Schwichtenberg

SPECIAL MUSIC:

Angie Schwichtenberg

CONGREGATIONAL HYMNS:

*“What A Friend We Have In Jesus”
“Till We Meet Again”*

CASKETBEARERS:

*Corey Schick ~ Dominic Schick ~ Courtney Schick
Devin Nelson ~ Samantha Miller ~ Brady Schick
Bayle Bertch*

HONORARY CASKETBEARERS:

*All of Norman’s Grandchildren and
Great Grandchildren*

BURIAL:

*First Congregational Cemetery
Herreid, South Dakota*

Arrangements Entrusted to Kesling Funeral Home.

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 is 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.*

Miss Me - But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free!
Miss me a little - but not for long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me, but let me go.
For this journey that we all must take
And each must go alone;
It’s all a part of the Master’s plan
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart
Go to the friends we know,
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.*