



Memorial Service

11:00 a.m. Saturday, January 3, 2026

United Methodist Church

Gillette, Wyoming

Officiant

Rev. Cory Young

Musician

Claudia Urlaub

Soloist

Marilyn Gilman

Songs

"I'll Fly Away"

"Hymn of Promise"

"Be Strong in the Lord"

The family invites you to a time of fellowship and luncheon provided by the Church after the service.



Please scan this QR code to share a loving memory or tribute.



RITA MASHAK | TARA AANONSON
TARA COWGER
FUNERAL SERVICE-MONUMENTS-
ADVANCE PLANNING-CREMATION-
LENDING LIBRARY, LEARNING TO SAY
GOODBYE; CHILDREN'S TOUR.

This is the day the Lord has made, be glad and rejoice in it.

Psalm 118:24

Marjorie Jean (Kuck) Tarno passed away at the age of 81 on December 29, 2025.

TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON AND A TIME FOR EVERY PURPOSE UNDER HEAVEN.

A TIME TO BE BORN: Marjorie Jean Kuck was born November 11, 1944, in Jamestown, North Dakota to Rudolph and Martha (Schlaht) Kuck joining sister Arlyss. Marge grew up in a farming community near Medina, North Dakota. In 1947, Clara "Tudy" (Schlaht) Dockter came to live with them as Tudy's mom had died two days after she was born, dying in her mother's arms. She lived with them until her dad got remarried.

While growing up, Marge was a majorette, baton twirling, played in the band, sang many solos and duets in the school choir, she enjoyed cheerleading and was the dairy princess for Stutsman County. She graduated from high school in 1963. After Graduation, she went to work at JC Penney Co. and S&L Dept. Store.

A TIME TO LOVE: On December 11, 1964, Marge married Arthur Tarno at the Methodist EUB Church in Medina. Grateful for sharing her heartfelt love and life are her three children. Marge is also loved by many who fondly think of her as their adopted mother and grandmother.

A TIME TO PLANT: Art and Marge moved from Windsor, North Dakota in 1969 to Gillette and have resided here since. No matter where they lived, her belief was to "grow where you are planted" and that's exactly what she did. She was always involved in her church, serving on many committees and awarded First United Methodist Church's Quiet Disciple Award and was also the Rocky Mountain Conference's same recipient. One of her most memorable trips was to the Holy land and on to Egypt.

Her love of gardening gave her and Art a time in Gillette's annual garden walk three different times. She often said she had heaven on earth in her garden.

A TIME TO GATHER STONES: In 2025, Marge was diagnosed with incurable Stage 4 cancer. Her deep abiding faith and love and devotion to her family gave her the determination and positive attitude that inspired all who knew her. Marge is survived by her wonderful loving husband Art and their three children. Rodney (Suzzan), of Avondale, Arizona, Ricky (Kathrine Ross), of Gillette, Wyoming, and Rochelle (Brad) Christensen of Gillette, Wyoming. She is also survived by her seven grandsons, Collin, Austin, Blake, Dahilton, Trey, Kolton and Chad as well as her six great grandchildren, Alexxis, Ashilynn, Aidyn, Veda, CJ, and Paisley. She is also survived by her sister Arlyss (Quentin) Mertz and cousin Clara "Tudy" (Schlaht) Dockter, all of North Dakota, and several nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents.

A TIME TO LAUGH, EMBRACE AND MOURN: A memorial service of time, peace and celebration of a life well lived will be held at First United Methodist Church on Saturday, January 3, 2025, with Rev. Cory Young officiating.

A TIME TO GIVE: A memorial has been established to the First United Methodist Church and condolences may be sent to the family in care of Gillette Memorial Chapel, 210 W. 5th St., Gillette, Wyoming 82716 and at www.gillettmemorialchapel.com

In Loving Memory

Marjorie Jean Tarno



NOVEMBER 11, 1944

DECEMBER 29, 2025





Your Mother,
is always with you.

She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street, she's the smell of certain foods you remember, flowers you pick, the fragrance of life itself.

She's the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well, she's your breath in the air on a cold winter's day.

She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the colors of a rainbow, she is Christmas morning.

Your mother lives inside your laughter. She's the place you came from, your first home, and she's the map you follow with every step you take.

She's your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy, but nothing on earth can separate you.

Not time, not space...
not even death.

