

A Psalm of David

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He makes me lie down in green pastures.

He leads me beside still waters.

He restores my soul.

He leads me in paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil,

for you are with me;

your rod and your staff,

They comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

My cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
Forever.

In Loving Memory



Carol Ann Kempke Black

April 29, 1942 - March 14, 2026

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She was a proud Kansan who loved Jayhawk basketball and sunflowers. Like those sunflowers, she turned toward what was good and bright while staying deeply rooted in her Lutheran faith.

She gave so much to others, volunteering at Immanuel Lutheran Elementary to help children learn to read and spending 50 years in P.E.O. International, supporting the education of women. She was loyal, giving, and deeply committed to her community.

She leaves behind five grandchildren who were so blessed to be loved by her, as well as her sister and brother-in-law, and five nephews who knew her as a fun and caring aunt. If you needed her, she was there. She showed up, and she truly cared. She had a saying: instead of "take care," she would say, "keep care." She wanted us to hold onto our care, to not lose it in this busy world. That is the lesson she leaves us with:

Keep Care.

Care for each other.

Care for the small moments.

Care for family, tradition, and kindness.

That's how she lived. We will miss her deeply, but we carry her with us. In our homes, our holidays, and the way we care for one another. Mom, thank you for everything. We will keep care.

Carol was a florist, bringing joy through simple flowers. She was an elementary school librarian who loved stories and the power of words. She was also a homemaker in the truest sense, creating a place where everyone felt safe, welcomed, and loved.

Her kitchen was the heart of our home. Through meals like chicken and noodles, fried chicken, chili, banana nut bread, homemade donuts, and countless Christmas cookies and candies, she showed her love in the most meaningful way. She made every holiday feel special, something to celebrate and remember.



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