## Obituary

Irene Berven, daughter of Martin and Zola (Sarsfield) was born at Chicago, Illinois on March 7, 1932. She was a graduate of the Radcliffe High School.

Norma was united in marriage with Arnold Berven on April 21, 1951 at the Bergen Lutheran Church, Roland, Iowa. This union was blessed with one daughter, Faith.

Norma was a bookkeeper at the Garden City and Radcliffe Elevators. She was a member of the Zion Lutheran Church, Radcliffe.

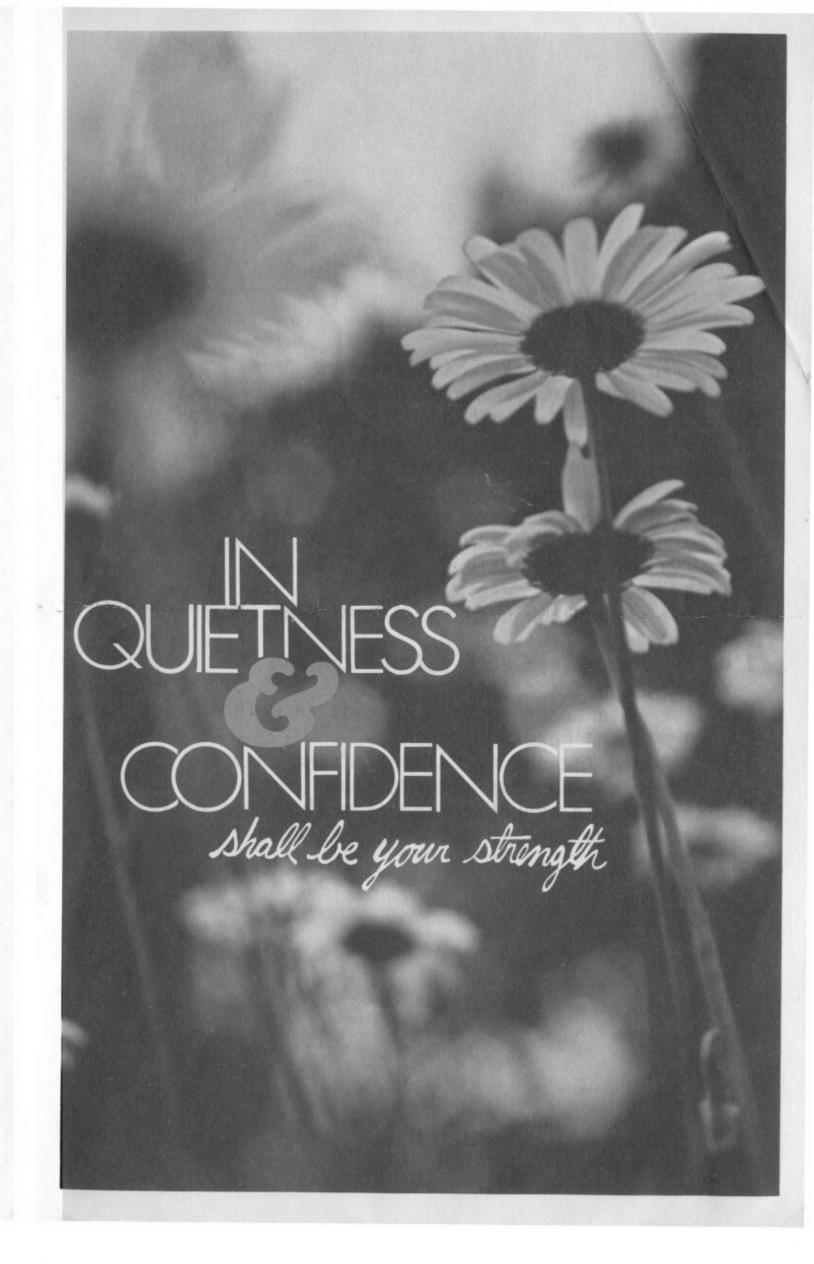
She passed away on Friday, August 8, 1980 at the Mary Greeley hospital in Ames having reached the age of 48 years - 5 months - 1 day.

She is survived by her daughter, Faith ( Mrs. Joseph) Kinney of Des Moines, her mother, Zola Musland of Garden City, one sister, Jeanette Klemme of Hubbard, and one brother Charles Musland of Indianola, Iowa.

She was preceded in death by her father Martin Musland, and her husband Arnold.

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No. A-4423



## In Memory Of

Irene Berven

Born - March 7, 1932

Died - August 8, 1980

Age - 48 Years

## Funeral Services Held At

Zion Lutheran Church Radcliffe, Iowa

Monday, August 11, 1980 10:30 A. M.

Clergy

Rev. Oliver E. Johnson

Organist

Francis Nelson

Soloist

Keith Dubberke

Casket Bearers

Hugh Cox Ronald Klemme Garu Nelson

Pavid Nelson Joseph Kinney Wesley Meyer

Interment

Garden City Cemetery

Arrangements By

Boeke Funeral Home Radcliffe, Iowa

1 Fellowship will be held at church following services at the cemetery. )

I dreamed many dreams that never came true, I've seen them vanish at dawn.

But I've realized enough of my dreams, thank God, To make me want to dream on.

I've prayed many prayers, when no answer came Tho I've waited patient, long,

But answers have come to enough of my prayers, To make me keep praying on.

I've trusted many a friend, that failed And left me to weep alone,

But I've found enough of my friends true blue, To keep me trusting on.

I've sown many seed that fell by the way For the birds to feed upon,

But I've held enough golden sheaves in my hand To make me keep sowing on.

I've drained the cup of disappointment in pain And gone many days without song

But I've sipped enough nectar from the roses of life, To make me want to live on.