

**The Family of
Arlene DeNoyer-Bear Shield**

Brother:

Charles 'Chuckie' DeNoyer, Sr.

3 Children:

Marie Bear Shield

Rebecca Stoneman

Wayne Bear Shield, Jr.

11 Grandchildren

30 Great Grandchildren

Her many hunka children she helped raise

Preceded By:

Parents:

Daniel DeNoyer, Sr. & Marie (Leroy) DeNoyer

4 Brothers:

Daniel C. Denoyer, Jr. ~ Everette DeNoyer

Steve DeNoyer, Sr. ~ Robert DeNoyer



In Loving Memory Of

Arlene

1942 ~ 2017

In Celebration Of The Life Of
Arlene Joyce DeNoyer Bear Shield

WAOKIYA WAST'E WIN

March 3, 1942 ~ July 17, 2017

Wake Services

Community Hall in Okreek, SD
Wednesday - July 19, 2017 @ 7:00 PM
Thursday - July 20, 2017 @ 7:00 PM

Funeral Service

Friday - July 21, 2017 @ 10:00 AM
Community Hall in Okreek, SD
Officiant: Rev. Annie Henninger
Traditional Prayers: Roy Stone, Sr. & Waycee His Holy Horse

Pallbearers

Wayne Bear Shield, III	Chet Stoneman
Ed Bear Shield	Hunter Brave
Donnie DeNoyer	Charlie DeNoyer
Sam DeNoyer	Ramone Good Buffalo
Steve DeNoyer, Jr.	Phillip DeNoyer

Honorary Bearers

All Relatives and Friends

Interment

Calvary Episcopal Cemetery
Okreek, South Dakota

A wild rose in a field of daisies. Rare and breathtaking to the eye. The petals are soft and gentle, while the stem protects itself with its strength and thorns. Growing and flourishing with each passing year.

As the years pass, the wild rose gathers the sun's rays and sweet breeze of the Prairie. The soft breeze carries the seeds from the rose, creating a field of unique and stunning roses.

From one wild rose, came a Prairie of wild flowers. The daisies look on in wonder. No longer alone is the rare wild rose.

Season pass, years fly, and the rose's petals begin to fall. Where it once was strong and gentle, the wild rose slowly begins to fade.

With each petal that falls the rose becomes more soft and fragile. The daisies now look to the once seedlings of the rose for guidance.

With one gentle breeze the rose sends out her love to all the flowers of the prairie. I kiss so sweet and light as the butterfly's wings. The last petal falls.

Leaving the daisies and young wild roses to the gentle breeze and sun's warm rays. On the prairie breeze, the last petal flies to the heavens.

Remember the rare beauty of the wild rose. With her love and guidance over the years, all the flowers flourished.

Written by Misty Herberg