

A green and yellow Oliver tractor is parked in a snowy field. The tractor has "OLIVER" and "35" written on it. The background shows a white fence and snow-covered trees.

Last Harvest

The land is hushed,
The work is done,
The meadow turns to gold.

A weathered wheel,
A wooden rake,
A farmer's tale unfolds.

There was a time
When rake and wheel
Served well this fertile land.

When leather rein,
And wooden yoke,
Responded to his hand.

But like the fields,
He took his rest
From years of toil and tare.

A wheel and rake

His epitaph:

A farmer once lived here.

(Nancy J. Bond)

APPRECIATION

The family wishes to express their gratitude for your kindness evidenced in thought and deed,
and for your attendance at the funeral service.

SCHULER-LEFEBVRE FUNERAL CHAPEL - Humboldt, Saskatchewan

"Dedicated to those we serve."

In Loving Memory Of
Alex Szasz



March 25, 1934 ~ March 22, 2019
84 Years

CELEBRATION OF LIFE:

Wednesday, March 27, 2019 - 1:00 p.m.

Aspen Manor, Bethany Pioneer Village, Middle Lake, Saskatchewan

INTERMENT:

Humboldt Public Cemetery, Humboldt, Saskatchewan

Memorial Donations:

Bethany Pioneer Village P.O. Box 8
Middle Lake, Saskatchewan S0K 2X0

Alex received his wings and brand-new legs on March 22, 2019. He was born to Julius and Mary (nee Lepsenyi) Szasz on March 25, 1934. Alex grew up on the family farm just east of St. Benedict, attended school in town and farmed with his Dad and on his own. Although Alex's limited mobility eventually meant the end of his farming days, he continued to live on the farm and his cropping focus changed from the fields to his garden. As his mobility continued to decline, he moved to Bethany Pioneer Village in Middle Lake and that became his new home. Alex was an avid reader and spent many hours with his nose in books of all kinds, his favorites being any pertaining to history or tractors. Having a keen interest in politics and what was happening in the world, he often had his radio on and tuned to a news channel. Alex always enjoyed a good cup of coffee, especially at coffee row where the men gathered for their regular (and sometimes colorful) story telling. And he never passed up Hungarian food, especially the sweet stuff! His sharp mind and quick wit were often the source of stories, teasing and laughter with his caregivers. His Bethany family will truly miss him.

