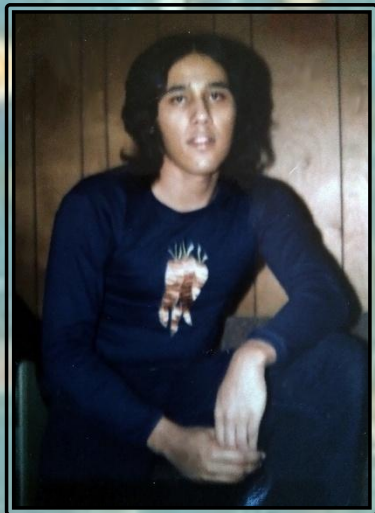


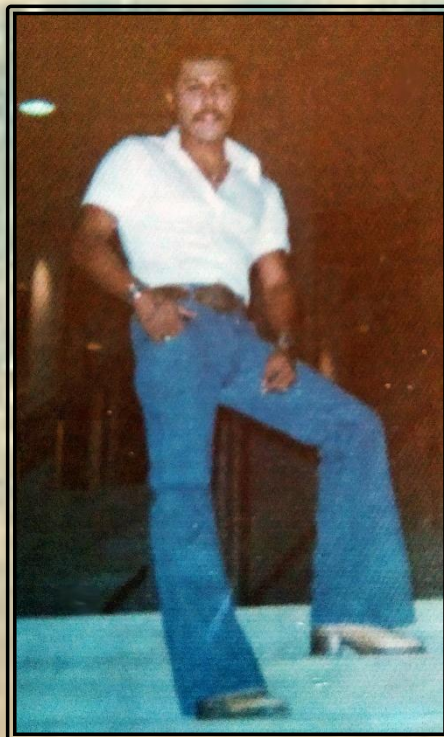
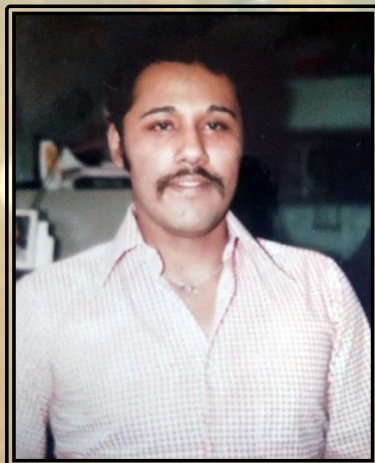
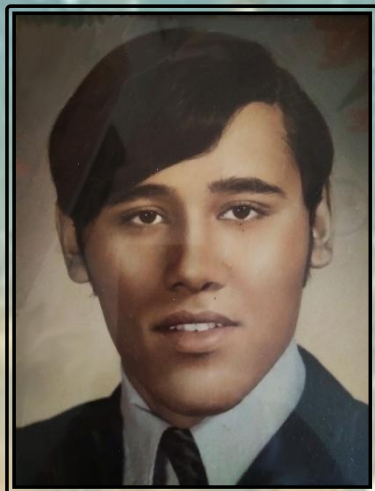


Sun makes the day new... tiny green plants emerge from earth. Birds are singing the sky into place, there is nowhere else I want to be but here. I lean into the rhythm of your heart to see where it takes us. We gallop into a warm southern wind... I link my legs to yours and we ride together toward the ancient encampment of our relatives. Where have you been... They ask?... and what had taken you so long!

That night after eating, singing, and dancing, we sit together under the stars

We know ourselves to be part of the mystery. It is unspeakable, it is everlasting, it is for keeps!

Love Gideon Mendoza



In Loving Memory Larry Marcel Mesteth

June 9, 1951
Hot Springs, South Dakota

June 12, 2025
Pierre, South Dakota

FUNERAL SERVICE:

11:00 a.m., Monday June 23, 2025
Church of God
LaPlant, South Dakota

OFFICIATING:

Eva Gilbert

CASKET BEARERS:

Torrin Johnson, Phillip Gullickson,
Trudell Hill, Maurice LeBeau,
Danny Marshall, and Sinte Numpa Gilbert

HONORARY CASKET BEARER:

Lifetime Friend: Michael Laundereaux

MUSIC:

All Musicians Welcome

BURIAL AT A LATER DATE:

St. Paul's Episcopal Cemetery
LaPlant, South Dakota



Ph. (605) 964-3614
Gettysburg, South Dakota
www.familyfuneralhome.net

Larry Mesteth, born June 5, 1951, in Hot Springs, South Dakota, to Henry Louis Mesteth and Zerilda Gilbert, passed peacefully after living a vibrant and expressive life. He was a beloved brother to Isaac, Stanley, and Lou Brown. As a child, Larry spent his early years near the river, where his grandparents, Gramps and Grams Gilbert, lovingly raised him.

He attended the Cheyenne Boarding School before continuing his education at Eagle Butte Boarding School, where he completed both grade school and high school. Larry was well-known for his signature style, charm, and confidence. He made bold fashion statements, setting trends with his custom-made clothes, and he was especially admired for his dance moves and vibrant spirit.

After high school, Larry briefly pursued accounting in college, then ventured out to live in California and other major cities such as New York and Minneapolis. Though he explored life in many places, he eventually returned to South Dakota, where his heart remained.

While he never married, Larry shared a meaningful relationship with Diane Benoist, and together they had a cherished son, Jamie. Larry loved being a father and took great pride in spoiling his son. Later in life, he welcomed Diandra into his heart as well and embraced her as his own. He deeply valued family and took joy in every moment shared with his loved ones.

He was the proud grandfather of five beautiful grandchildren: Torrin, Tiana, Trudell, Hailey, and Kaykay, all of whom he loved dearly. He is also survived by his loving sister, Eva Gilbert, who remained a constant source of support and love throughout his life.

A true artist at heart, Larry was renowned for his exceptional beadwork. His handcrafted pieces—including medallions, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, nameplates, CRST Fair and Rodeo crowns, and even full regalia—were in high demand across the reservation and beyond. He once beaded an entire costume and proudly danced in it at the powwow. His creative talent and attention to detail made every piece a work of art and cultural pride.

Larry graduated from Black Hills Beauty College and worked various roles including bartender at the local bowling alley, then at Marlene's Place, and eventually settled into a long career in the school dining room. His warmth, humor, and work ethic left lasting impressions on all who knew him.

He was preceded in death by his father, Henry Louis Mesteth; his mother, Zerilda Gilbert; and his siblings Isaac LeBeau, Stanley LeBeau, and Lou Brown.

Before his passing, Larry left us with his own words: "Hey Family and Friends! If you're reading this, I've left for the 'Happy Hunting Grounds.' No more pain, no more suffering—I'm free now! Don't feel sorry for me, because I did it MY WAY. I smoked, I drank, I partied, and I was HAPPY. When COPD caught up to me, it was my fault—and I owned that. I toughed it out and even made it to my 74th birthday, which I never wanted. I hated getting old! You all knew me—I wanted to stay young and pretty and bring joy and laughter to the world. Didn't we have a good time, guys? Thank you for being with me through thick and thin, Michael. I was so thankful to have had you all in my life. See you all later, on the other side—'Bug Heads!'"

Larry's legacy will live on through his art, his stories, and the laughter he brought into every room. May he rest in peace, forever dancing among the stars.

