

Robert Alan Sandstedt

BORN

April 28, 1932
Omaha, Nebraska

PASSED AWAY

December 3, 2012
Highmore, South Dakota

MEMORIAL SERVICE

10:00 a.m., Wednesday
December 12, 2012
Luze Funeral Home
Highmore, South Dakota

MINISTER

Rev. Canon David Hussey

HONORARY URNBEARERS

Members of The Northwest
Miniature Bottle Club



MUSICIAN

Katherine Porter

MUSIC SELECTIONS

"The Old Rugged Cross"
"Amazing Grace"

INURNMENT

Morningside Cemetery
Ree Heights, South Dakota



*Please join the family for
lunch and fellowship
following the burial at the
American Legion in
Ree Heights.*

Arrangements Entrusted To



Highmore, South Dakota
www.familyfuneralhome.net

IN LOVING
Memory



Robert A. Sandstedt

**April 28, 1932
December 3, 2012**

Robert A. Sandstedt, 80, of Highmore, passed away Monday, December 3, 2012 as a result of post-polio syndrome and related complications, at the Highmore Healthcare Center, Highmore, SD.

Robert (Bob) Alan Sandstedt was born on April 28, 1932, in Omaha, NE to Carl L. and Anne (Straub) Sandstedt. At the age of 17 he contracted polio. Bob graduated from Watertown High School in 1951. He attended South Dakota School of Mines in Rapid City and the University of South Dakota in Vermillion. He met Darlene Semmler at the University. They were married at St. Andrews Episcopal Church in Aberdeen, Washington on December 22, 1959. He became active in the church and served on the vestry. While in Aberdeen, Washington, he also became active in the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the police reserves.

Bob worked as a design draftsman for several paper-machine manufacturing companies in the Pacific Northwest, (they manufactured machines for pulp and paper industries world-wide). In 1963, Bob and Darlene moved to Oregon where they purchased some tree-covered property. In 1968 Bob began working for the city of Portland as a design engineer/draftsman for the Department of Streets and Structures.

After retiring in 1987 he turned his entire attentions to the property and to being a full-time timber farmer. This was a labor of love. He spent many hours working with the trees. Each spring he planted seedlings...up to 1000 a year, until later when he had to reduce the number to 300 to 400. During this time he became involved in the 'Small Woodland Owners' group and the local community-action land-use planning committee. He also resumed his interest in the church and served on the vestry and a term as senior warden.

In 2008, Bob and Darlene moved to Highmore, South Dakota. Throughout the years Bob took an avid interest in following the stock market, reading the daily newspaper, attending blue-grass festivals, and collecting miniature liquor bottles, beer steins, and leather covered wine bottles. He enjoyed visiting with friends and relatives and occasional trips to the casinos. Bob had a tender spot in his heart for all the pets he ever owned.

He is survived by and will be remembered and greatly missed by his wife, Darlene of Highmore; step-sister, Coral (Joe) Bonneman of Brookings; sisters-in-law: Jan Semmler of Ree Heights and Catherine (Earl) Siefken of Pierre; nephews: Chris Sandstedt of Rapid City and Matthew (Jennifer) Semmler of Ree Heights; nieces: Lee (Ron) Dawson of Des Moines, IA, Linda (Jack) Antolic of Milwaukie, OR, April (Ryan) Lovrien of Sioux Falls, Wendy Semmler of Pierre and Wanda Semmler of Pierre; grandnephews: Cory Dawson and Thomas Semmler; grandnieces: Jennifer Peacher, Kelly Antolic, Emily Semmler and Reagan and Kinsey Lovrien; a host of cousins and friends...and his two beloved cats "Shadow" and "Tigger".

He was preceded in death by his father: Carl Sandstedt; his mother: Anne (Straub-Sandstedt) Coffey; his step-father: Frank Coffey; brother and sister-in-law, Charles and Jean Sandstedt; brothers-in-law: Newton Semmler and Lester Semmler; and grandnephew, James Sandstedt.



Trees by Joyce Kilmer

*I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts its branches up to pray...
...Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.*

