

that he decided to give the government a better place than it had helped him to buy. Then he showed the agent the handicap of his hernia, under which he labored. "I am not taking legal action against you, just hire a man to do your work and have an operation, and we will carry you", said the agent. He could not see his way clear to do this, but sold out.

After he left the farm, he picked up odd jobs wherever he could. Much of the time he had to be treated during the night so he could work during the day. For a time he worked for the Creamery. He couldn't afford to drive his car, so he walked to work. His hernia developed to a stage where it would cut off his blood circulation. At times he would have to wait for it to return so he could proceed. One cold day on his way home he had to stop and lean against a tree for the circulation to return. He was so weary that he fell asleep leaning against the tree. His wife worried because he didn't return.

He finally had to submit to an operation. It turned out to be two operations. The second one being the hardest he ever had. He hovered between life and death for a few weeks. Then he had a rather speedy recovery. Through all this his wife stood by his side very faithfully and helped all she could. The two formed a team for hard devoted labor.

He found work with Rube Minion, operating his motor grader on construction work. He enjoyed this work and became very efficient in it but disliked moving about and being away from home. When Mt. Lake township bought a motor grade, he put in a low bid in order to get work at home. He put himself into the work with all that was in him.

In the spring of 1950, his brother Frank heard him say he wished he had a grader of his own. Out of this remark the Klaassen Brothers partnership was born. He put all he had into this venture. Winter work was especially hard. The morning of his last day, he made the statement, "I wish I wouldn't have to move snow this winter".

Although no children were born to this union, they took an unfortunate boy into their home for a time and into their hearts for life. Lawrence Peterson and his wife, Anna, are with Helen today.

Most people knew Pete as a cheerful jolly man. He had a unique sense of humor. How could he keep going against such terrific odds? It was with prayer, God's help and a great determination.

In 1947 they had the privilege of celebrating their Silver Wedding in the presence of many relatives and friends. The Lord permitted them to spend almost 33 years together.

He leaves to mourn his sudden departure, his bereaved wife, Helen, the adopted children Lawrence and Anna Peterson, with 3 children, three brothers, three sisters, four brothers-in-law, four sisters-in-law, three aunts, two uncles, nephews and nieces, father-in-law and mother-in-law and a host of friends. His parents and two sisters have preceded him in death.