

To Those Whom I Love & Those Who Love Me

When I am gone, release me, let me go.
I have so many things to see and do,
You mustn't tie yourself to me with too many tears,
But be thankful we had so many good years.

I gave you my love, and you can only guess
How much you've given me in happiness.
I thank you for the love that you have shown,
But now it is time I traveled on alone.

So grieve for me a while, if grieve you must,
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.
It is only for a while that we must part,
So treasure the memories within your heart.

I won't be far away for life goes on.
And if you need me, call and I will come.

Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near.
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear,
All my love around you soft and clear.

And then, when you come this way alone,
I'll greet you with a smile and a 'Welcome Home'.



Celebrating the Life of Edward Anderson



June 26, 1959
May 5, 2025

REMEMBERING ED

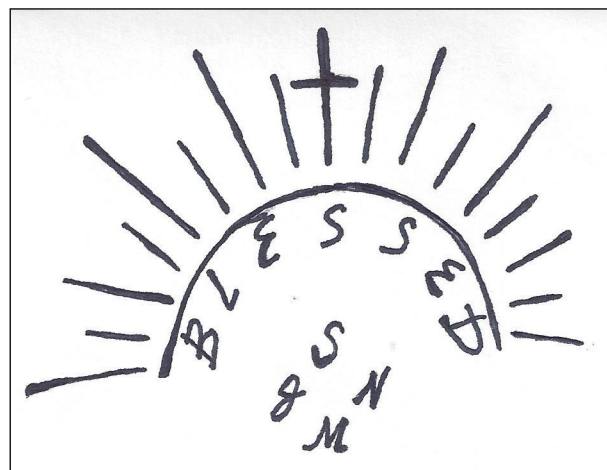
After a four year battle with cancer, Ed Anderson got bored, picked up his marbles and went home to hang out with God and family members who made the trip before him. Ed was born June 26, 1959 in a town at a time and with people around him that made his life look an awful lot like a Norman Rockwell painting. There were fishing poles, bicycles and early morning rides to West Damn for trout fishing. A stop by the coffee cup café on the way back home to listen to the coffee clutch elders built character and story telling abilities that would serve a lifetime. Drop off the poles and the fish and you were off again, indeed for most of the day, with a quick stop at somebody's house for peanut butter and sugar sandwiches and a glass of koolaid around noon. And it could be darn near anybody's house because every kid in that town reaped the benefit of having several sets of watchful eyes looking over them. Summer nights was kick the can, sleepovers and a movie and 10 cent dried out popcorn from the vending machine at the Harney theater. Fall brought back that awful forced learning experience, but also the anticipated wait for deer hunting, ice skating on West Damn or the beaver ponds up the tracks, sledding on pageant or four-mile hill and lots of hot chocolate.

After high school Ed headed to college, spending his first two years hunting ducks, pheasants, rabbits and ice fishing at SDSU and his last two years at Black Hills State actually studying accounting. He worked in the financial services industry for a few years and in 1985, met his future wife at the Captains Table. In 1987, Ed dutifully followed his future wife to Pierre, married her in 1988 and set to raising two totally awesome, if somewhat lippy, daughters. Ed worked for a number of organizations over the years, spending most of those years as general manager at South Dakota Rural Electric Association. Ed and Shelly loved raising their girls on the river, and after 35 years of constant practice toward building their fishing skills, they could proudly attest to being marginally better than when they started.

While it was a great place to raise children and make a living, there was a constant 35 year tug on Ed's heartstrings to return to the hills and they made that move in 2022, built a retirement home and pulled up chairs on the deck overlooking an elk and deer filled meadow. And then cancer showed up with his bag of tricks and challenged Ed to a dual. Because he swore he would, no matter what the outcome, Ed declared victory on May 5, 2025.

Ed is survived by his mother Lois, his loving, rock star wife, Shelly, daughters Jordyn (Jayson) Herra of Summerset, SD with grandson Myles, Nicole (Michael) Gardner of Rapid City and soon to arrive granddaughter, sister Jackie (Roland) of Custer and their children Eric of Rapid City and Aaryn (Morgan) of Margaretaville, NY.

Chamberlain McColly's Funeral Home



A while back, my daughters came to me and said they wanted to support me in my cancer fight by having "Anderson" tattooed on their forearms in my handwriting. It blew me away, but then again, that's who they are. After thinking about it for awhile I decided to use the opportunity to let everyone know how I was feeling in my cancer battle, despite the many challenges and setbacks. So I sketched out this tattoo and the three of us got our tattoos together.

Throughout my cancer journey, I was truly blessed. Treatments aren't a lot of fun, but they could have been much worse. At times it seemed like the bad news just wouldn't stop, but Shelly refused to let me give up, finding hope and faith every step of the way. And there just isn't a lot of joy in cancer wards, but there is hope. You see it in peoples eyes, you overhear it in the conversations of encouragement and you can feel the collective strength of those around you locked in the same fight against a common enemy. In the midst of it all, you are blessed.

It's important for you to know how much of a blessing you are to the people all around you. At times the evidence of that blessing shines like a bright light, when you're helping someone through a tough time. Less evident, but just as important, are the many times just knowing you are there, present and available, makes someone's day just a little better than it would have been otherwise.

You do that for people every day.

Thank you