

Gone Hunting

Remember all the smiles and not the tears,
For all the hunts throughout the years.
Don't dwell on the things left unsaid,
Cherish the memories we had instead.

Like the crisp morning and dusky nights,
A trophy buck with our sights.
Deer camp with friends and family,
These moments meant so much to me.

When peace from nature all around,
Was shattered by a sudden sound.
I always hoped your aim was true,
And smiled with pride for all of you.

So don't cry for me because life is done,
Stalking the fields has just begun.
Come fall may smiles adorn your face,
Knowing I've gone hunting...
In a better place.



ALAN HENRY SIMS

Born to Mary and Ford Sims

October 18, 1948 ~ Williston, North Dakota

Passed Away

January 27, 2025 ~ Watford City, North Dakota

Funeral Services

Wednesday February 5, 2025 at 2:00 pm

Trinity Lutheran Church ~ Alexander, North Dakota

Luncheon to Follow

Military Honors

Carl E Rogen Post 29 ~ Watford City, ND

Navy Funeral Honors Team

Officiating

Pastor Kevin Beard

Casketbearers

Scott Crighton Cy Crighton

Emmett Johnson Tyler Herriot

Kelly Herriot Kole James

Ushers

Eli Alan Lonski Owen Lonski

Eulogist

Mark Hamilton Gary Ramage

Music

"Amazing Grace"

"How Great Thou Art"

"I Was There to Hear Your Borneing Cry"


"O, Beulah Land"

Julie Aamondt ~ Musician

Arrangements By

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home

Watford City, North Dakota



**IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ALAN HENRY SIMS
OCTOBER 18, 1948 -
JANUARY 27, 2025**

A portrait of Alan Henry Sims, a middle-aged man with glasses, wearing a striped shirt over a dark t-shirt. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background is a blurred indoor setting.



Alan was born on October 18, 1948, to Ford and Mary (Henry) Sims in Williston, ND where he lived until the summer after first grade when the family moved to the Sims farm south of Alexander. On that dairy farm Alan learned to work hard (he thought the worst part about milking in the morning was going to school smelling like a cow) and have fun as he formed an extraordinary bond with his siblings who he cherished all his days.

After graduating From Alexander Public School in 1966, Alan headed back to Williston and literally wore his fingerprints off working in the Salt plant before going to Minot State University on a football Scholarship. Alan diligently attended football practice but admitted he neglected to go to class and "was asked not to return to the university." Alan then went to work at the Dave Crighton ranch where he became good friends with David Lee, Ronny, and apparently Lynn. Lynn stayed in Sidney during the week for high school but on the weekends, Dave would assign tasks that got them all working together.

From the Crighton ranch Alan went into the Navy and became a Sea Bee (construction battalion) and served on both the East and West Coast and in the Caribbean Islands where they built air strips, water towers and hospitals. A little more than three years into his four-year enlistment, Alan's dad was severely injured on the farm. Ford's friends wrote letters to Military Affairs and got Alan discharged to go home and help on the dairy. Alan and Lynn had exchanged letters throughout his time in the service and on Mother's Day 1971 he proposed. They were married August 13 that year and moved to Fargo so Alan could attend NDSU. He became a lifelong Bison fan, but soon decided school wasn't for him and headed back to the Crighton ranch to work for Lynn's Grandma Mamie by day and play pinochle by night.

Alan and Lynn moved to Winnett, MT and worked for three years on the Wayne Bratten ranch. Alan became good friends with the other four ranch hands and shared great Winnett stories for the rest of his life. In 1975 Ford sent Alan a letter alerting him that the boom was on and he had better come home and make some money in the oil field. They moved back to the Sims farm that summer. Alan first went to work on a Brown and Root pipeline crew. Next, he hired on at the Kerr-McGee gas plant and even though an explosion burnt him badly in the first few months, and he hated shift work, he stayed there 11 years.

In 1982 they adopted Asa Odus and he became the center of Alan's attention. Alan delighted in taking Asa shooting bows and guns, choring, working in the shop, working cattle, and gathering milk cows on the farm. Alan's mountain man phase had the family in buckskins with flint locks from hunting camp to Fort Union Rendezvous. When Asa got older, they moved onto football, basketball and GOLF! Alan was proud of the man Asa grew to be and the life he built for his family in Idaho.

In 1987 the gas plant shut down, but Alan continued to help on the farm and dabble in hogs, mules, horses and buffalo. Against Lynn's better judgment, but under the influence of John Heggen, Ray Powell, Jim Jacobson and Ed Rettig on the golf course, he also bought a bar/cafe in Alexander. To shorten Lynn's commute to the bar, they moved to a house in Alexander. Alan also took a job at Heggen Equipment putting machinery together and working in the machine shop. This led to Alan setting up a valve repair shop in their garage which he ran until he retired and began prairie dog hunting full time.

Alan was a competitor and enjoyed beating anybody at anything: foot racing, fist fighting, football, golf, team roping, softball, wally ball, racquetball, pinochle, cribbage...

Alan loved all things guns and hunting. Some highlights include hunting with Mark Hamilton in Alaska, Dave Rod in the Charles Russell, Ed and Bob Retting and Wally in western Montana, Ned Hermanson and Tony Tomal after rock chucks, David Lee and Ronny in the badlands and especially speed goat (antelope) chasing and prairie dog hunting with Lynn, nieces, nephews and the rest of the family.

Alan was proud of his military service and was commander of American Legion Post 94 in Alexander. He made sure

there was a good Memorial Day program and American flags placed at veterans' graves.

He was a generous spirit, giving his time and talent to help others succeed; from hauling kids to ball tournaments and robotics competitions to making sure people were educated in the use of their guns and bows. Alan was also appreciative of any favor done for him and often followed up with a handwritten thank you note and maybe even an antler handle knife he made. He also made knives for all nieces and nephews for baby gifts. Alan added so much to our lives; humor, fun, mischievousness and conversation (argument). He wasn't much for rules and lived his life as he chose. His doctors and wife can attest that when he made a decision, it was typically final.

Alan took the time to truly love and enjoy his friends and family. He especially adored his grandchildren Johann and Eowynn and loved having them live next door before they moved to Idaho. Even after babysitting all day, he encouraged them to run back across the yard for one more visit any time.

Above all else, Alan was a devoted and selfless husband. He cared for Lynn with a fierceness and protectiveness only an avid hunter could provide. In their 53 years of marriage, Alan set the bar high and was an example for all of us in how to love and be loved. He didn't wait to tell us how he felt- every phone call ended with "love ya."

Alan is preceded in death by his parents, Ford and Mary Sims, sister Lynn Louise Sims, nephews Nathan and Nichalos Sims, mother and father-in-law Dave and Marjorie Crighton, brother-in-law Ron Herriot.

Alan is survived by his wife Lynn Sims, son Asa (Sabrina) Sims, grandchildren Johann and Eowynn, brothers Wally (Carol) Sims and Andy Sims; and sisters Becky (Tony) Tomal, Iris Stover (Rod) and many nieces and nephews.

