



*Trudy Dry*

*May 30, 1923 - September 2, 2022*

Celebrating the Life and Resurrection of

**TRUDY DRY**

May 30, 1923 – September 2, 2022

*Broussard's Chapel: Beaumont, Texas*

**Thursday, September 8, 2022**

**10:00 a.m.**

*Officiating Clergy*

*Reverend Tara R. Thompson*

Call to Worship

Matthew 5:4

Invocation

Old Testament Reading

Lamentations 3:19-26

Words of Remembrance

Randy Dry  
Julie Odle

Special Music

Stand by Me

SKYLER GREY

Words of Remembrance

Diane Aldridge  
Ron Dry

New Testament Reading

Revelation 21:1-5

Homily

Pastoral Prayer & The Lord's Prayer

**Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.**

Benediction

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*The family of Trudy Dry thanks each of you for your presence today as remember Trudy's completed life on earth and celebrate her joyful entry into presence of our Lord Jesus Christ.*



**Trudy Dry**, 99, of Beaumont, died Friday, September 2, 2022, at Harbor Hospice, Beaumont.

Trudy was born in May of 1923 to parents Elizabeth and Lewis, and raised in the small mining town of Trojan, South Dakota. She enjoyed roaming the Black Hills of South Dakota along with her brother Robert, and sister Thelma Marjorie, both who preceded her in death.

She graduated from Lead High School at age 18, married her high school sweetheart, Carlton (Cottie) Dry in 1942 and worked as a secretary until the beginning of WWII. They lived in Casper after the war years and began to raise their family of 5 children: Diane, Ronald, Randle, Gary, and Nancy. After 21 years in Casper, the family relocated to Beaumont, Texas when Cottie was transferred to the Mobil Refinery. She was preceded in death by her beloved husband in the late 1970s, after which she stood strong and proudly raised her family of 5 children, 9 grandchildren, and eventually helped raise 10 great-grandchildren.

Trudy always took great pride in being a good wife, mother, grandmother, great grandmother, and friend. Her greatest goal in life was to be here for her family, whenever they needed her. Her greatest joy in life was to watch her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren play.

She loved birthdays and holidays, baking her traditional Pasties for big family gatherings, small teddy bears, dolls, country music, playing the old-fashioned slot machines, a big piece of pie, and a good cup of coffee, along with a million other things that made her happy.

Her family would like her to be remembered as someone who always put everyone else's needs before her own, wished for only the best for her loved ones and her friends, welcomed strangers to her table, and truly was the grandest of mothers.













## OUR LIFE TOGETHER

My husband was a quiet man.  
He never laughed aloud or chattered.  
He'd drink his beer and read a book,  
Or talked of things that mattered.

He grew up in the mountains.  
That's where he and I first met.  
He lived in Lead, a mining town,  
A place I'll not forget.

His sense of loyalty was strong.  
He'd give his Mom his pay.  
College for him was just a dream,  
He had to store away.

The dates we had, were early rides  
to fish in mountain streams,  
Or, sitting on some hillside,  
We would talk of future dreams.

He managed the Homestake Theater,  
Until World War II began.  
He enlisted and he left me,  
This was all part of God's plan.

I followed him to Illinois,  
There, I became his bride.  
Such sad and happy years they were.  
Not always by his side.

Our first born was a baby girl,  
Our beautiful Diane.  
It was hard for him to leave us,  
But we were at war with Japan.

Two more years of separation,  
Such a waste is war and strife,  
But God was god and sent him home.  
And we could start our life.

Before war's end, I'd been with him  
For two weeks and a day.  
When he came home, my news for him was,  
"Ron was on the way."

As two more year went swiftly by,  
Dear Randy joined our life,  
And soon our house was way too small  
For three kids, a man and wife.



Such joy to move into a house  
With everything bran new.  
Such love we shared throughout the years.  
Again, our family grew.

Dear Gary, and our Christmas babe  
Sweet Nancy joined our lives.  
Our family was a lively bunch.  
I was the happiest of wives.

Dad lost most of his family  
Within a few short years.  
So strong he was and full of pride  
He'd not show his grief or tears.

Our home was almost paid for--  
Two boys in college now,  
When Mobil closed the Casper plant.  
To a new fate, we must bow.

The upset was a big one.  
Way down South, we had to come.  
We landed down in Beaumont--  
Not a happy move for everyone.

We all missed home, the snow, the hills,  
The things we did enjoy.  
Dad missed most his trout streams,  
He'd loved since just a boy.

But, life goes on, we made new friends.  
More years brought joys and sorrows.  
Together we were storing strength,  
To face those bad tomorrows.

In Casper, we had reached the peak  
Of happiness, it seemed.  
Now, upsets touched our family.  
More then we'd ever dreamed.

I cannot say that all was bad,  
For that would be untrue,  
But death took Bob and then my Mom.  
Our skies no more were blue.

Our downhill side of life began.  
Our lives were just not right,  
And then the blow that struck us all--  
Dad's sickness came to light.

So quickly, and so quietly,  
He left this life and family  
No more to face the cares on earth.  
His soul was set free.















## SINCE HE IS GONE

It's been so long since he left me,  
The days drag by like years.  
Such empty hours, such lonely nights.  
The many, many tears

Each morning, I wake early.  
The long day looms ahead.  
Somehow I fill the hours  
Till I face my empty bed

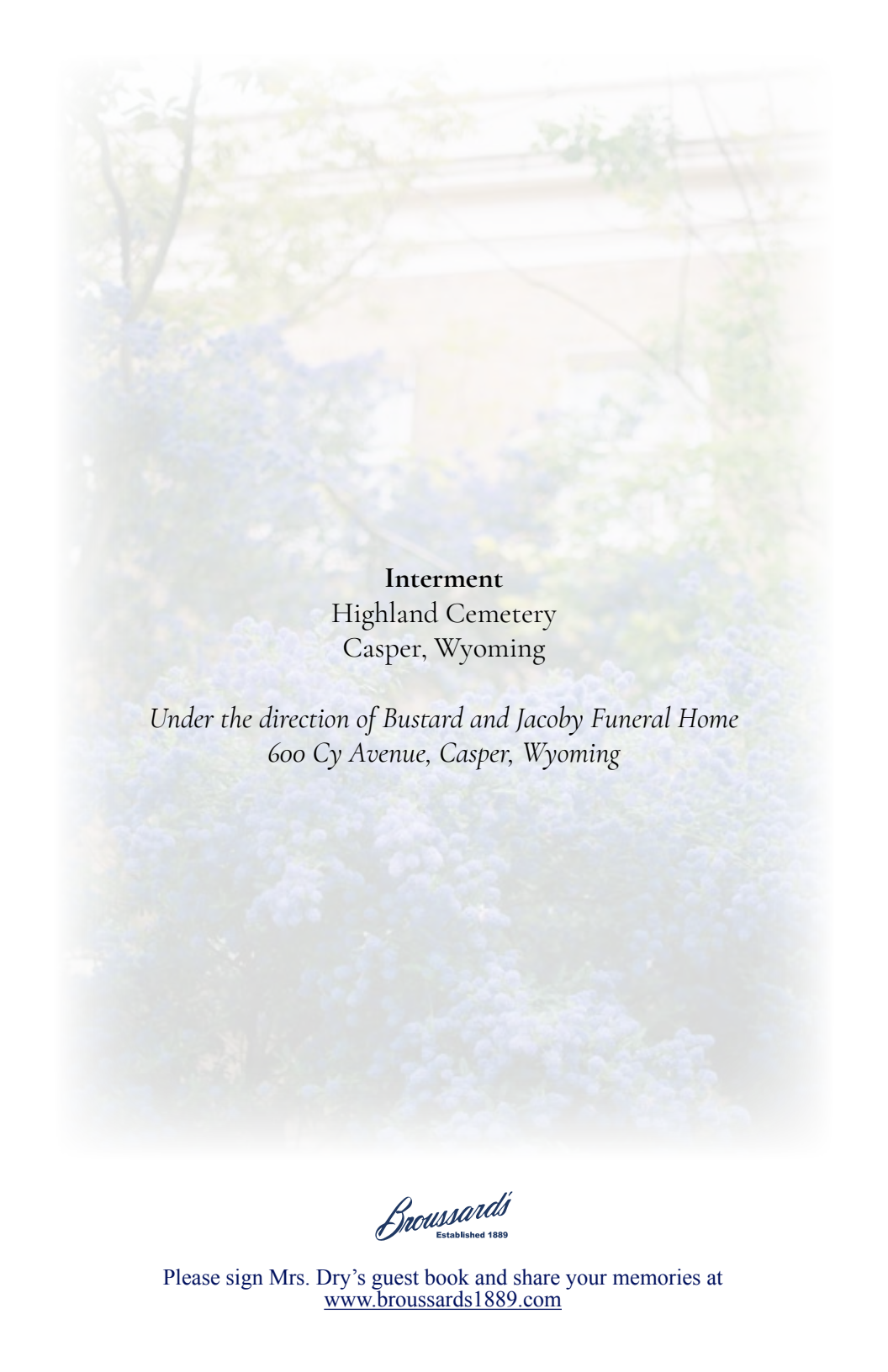
At night, regrets of things I've done,  
Or things I should have done,  
Nag and burn inside of me,  
Till rest from them, there's none.

The memories of his tender love,  
His goodnight kiss, his gentle touch.  
Oh God, your wrath is truly is truly great,  
To have lost him, is too much.

As time goes on, I pray for peace.  
This life right now is hell.  
The useless way I fill my time--  
No purpose, no joys to tell.

The once happy days are over,  
And I must start anew,  
But without him here beside me,  
I don't care what I do.

They say that time will heal all hurts.  
I hope what they say is true.  
For, if not, dear God, end my life here on earth.  
Take my body and soul there with you.



**Interment**  
Highland Cemetery  
Casper, Wyoming

*Under the direction of Bustard and Jacoby Funeral Home  
600 Cy Avenue, Casper, Wyoming*

*Broussards*  
Established 1889

Please sign Mrs. Dry's guest book and share your memories at  
[www.broussards1889.com](http://www.broussards1889.com)