



Helen is preceded in death by her husband, Lyle; her son, Ronald; a daughter, Marilyn; her parents, Elsie (Peterson) and Harvey Sr; her brothers, Kenneth, Harvey, and Ormond; her sisters, Marcella Bergstressor, Doris Cron, Janice LaCoe, and Anna May.

Helen is survived by her children, Rick Enget of Minot, ND, Maralys Kulstad (Matthew) of Powers Lake, ND, Mary Skalicky (Donny) of Minot, ND, Marlene Woodard (Blaine) of Minot, ND, Marsha Hysjulien (Jason) of Lignite, ND, Roger Enget (Maidie) of New Rockford, ND and Beth Rolfe (Kris) of Palermo, ND; her sisters, Velma Smith, WA, and Ruthann Hatch, UT; and many other nieces and nephews; numerous grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.



In Loving Memory Of

Helen Leona Enget

Born to Harvey & Elsie Haxton

December 29, 1939 ~ Kenmare, North Dakota

Returned to Her Heavenly Father

December 14, 2024 ~ Powers Lake, North Dakota

Funeral Services

11:00 AM on Saturday, December 21, 2024

Bethel Baptist Church ~ Powers Lake, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor Chuck Kranz

Pallbearers

Jason Ulledahl

Toby Hysjulien

Skye Kulstad

Eian Kulstad

Tristan Kulstad

Jared Getzlaff

Special Music

"Jealous of the Angels" ~ Donna Taggart

"Special Music" ~ Jason Hysjulien

"I'll Fly Away" ~ Congregational

"Never Alone" ~ Lady A

Accompanist

Sue Kranz

Final Resting Place

Bethel Baptist Cemetery

Powers Lake, North Dakota

Arrangements By

Springan Stevenson Funeral Home

Stanley, North Dakota

IN LOVING Memory *Helen Enget*

December 29, 1939 - December 14, 2024



*Mother, you were just a girl, so many years ago.
You had your loves and had your dreams, you watched us come and go.
You watched us make the same mistakes, that you had made before,
But that just made you hold us tight, and love us all the more.
We haven't always thought about the things that you have seen.
To us you've just been 'Mother', no thought of who you've been.
But we remember now in love, your life from start to end,
And we're just glad we knew you, as Mother, and as Friend.*

Helen Leona Haxton was born December 29, 1939. She was the eighth in line of ten children born to Harvey and Elsie (Peterson) Haxton. She grew up on a small farm near Flaxton, ND and attended school there. Helen married the love of her life, Lyle Orville Enget, on January 4, 1959, in a double wedding ceremony along with her brother Ormond Haxton and Jean Broughton. Lyle and Helen were married for 47 years before he passed away in spring of 2006.

Sometime after the wedding, all four of them got together and opened the "COUNTRY BOY" restaurant located between Flaxton and Bowbells along highway 5 & 52. They were so busy baking and cooking and waiting on customers that Lyle and Helen decided to move a trailer in behind the restaurant so they could devote time to the restaurant. Elsie Haxton, Helen's mother, helped take care of the eldest child of Lyle and Helen while also doing all the baking for the restaurant.

Helen moved around with her husband, Lyle, while he worked in the oilfields. There were many nights when she had to pack up the kids with blankets and pillows as she drove out in the middle of nowhere to pick him up after he got off his tower on the rig to bring him home.

They lived awhile in Woburn, ND, in a trailer, along with the three oldest children. Two who were attending school, and one was still at home before purchasing a house in Flaxton, ND. They moved the house to the Orville Enget farmstead where Orville Enget and Harvey Haxton helped get the house set up. The basement cement was poured, and a root cellar was added in the basement to store the many root vegetables that Helen would eventually produce on the farm. The house was heated with a chunk coal stove. Helen would get up early every morning to take the clinkers and ashes out of the stove and get it lit again to take the chill out of the house before her husband and children got out of bed. Always having breakfast and a lunch made for her husband before he went to work. It was a pleasant memory to wake up to the smell of coffee, bacon and eggs, or sausage and eggs, sometimes, pancakes every morning as she got her husband off to work. She would then turn her attention to her children who were snuggled under many blankets upstairs because there was no heat.

None of the children looked forward to getting out of bed on that cold floor so there was no procrastination getting downstairs to get ready for school! All of her children carried their clothes downstairs to dress by the heat register that Helen had lovingly provided earlier that morning.

During the summer months, Helen could be found in the garden with her children, planting and pulling weeds, and working the many vegetables she would produce for her growing family. Lyle, her husband worked in the oilfield often coming home late at night, while Orville Enget, her father-in-law, took care of the farm producing milk, eggs, cream, and meat for the family. This brought many good memories of bottle feeding the calves and watching grandpa milk the cows.

Eventually, grandpa got too sick to continue working on the farm and the farm was turned over to Lyle and Helen to care for in addition to Lyle working in the oilfield. Because Lyle was working long hours and had little time available to put crops in and take care of the animals, Helen took on this task. She delegated the responsibility of taking care of the animals to her older children who helped milk the cows every morning and evening and helped raise the cattle, pork, and chicken used for food. Helen was actively involved in processing the meat that was brought to the home. Nothing was wasted. When the domestic or wild animals were brought home, Helen and her children worked hard at helping to process it. She spent many hours canning beef and chicken to put on the shelves in the basement pantry for a quick meal when necessary. Helen made her own butter, and her family had the pleasure of eating real whipped cream on the delicious pies and desserts she lovingly made them. Helen rendered her own lard that was used to make her delicious pies. She also canned and froze the delicious vegetables that her huge garden produced.

As summer ended, the younger children helped in the garden while the older children worked in the field. Lyle taught his older children how to run the tractors and equipment. Helen would be found driving the pickup truck out to the hay fields with her older daughters to get the hay hauled home.

She was very creative and eventually found a way to load 75 bales on the pickup if the hay was light enough for her and her oldest daughter to throw the bales up on the load. Afterward, she began the long task of canning and freezing the vegetables from the garden. She took pleasure in discovering new plant varieties and planting them to see if she could get them to grow. Colored corn was one of the new seeds she planted. She loved drying the corn out to pop later in the winter to eat as we watched a movie.

On stormy nights when the electricity went out, Helen would take out the card table and the family would spend the night playing cards with the old fuel oil lamp. She would make hot chocolate and provide treats for the family evening. The kids would stay downstairs and sleep wherever a place was found to sleep because the house only had draft heat and there was no heat at all upstairs.

Throughout the years, Helen continued to build her skills as an excellent cook. She had days marked out of the week in which she performed different tasks around the house such as Mondays were cleaning and wash day. The whole day was washing clothes in her little Hoover washing machine. The kids' job was to hang the wash on the clothesline outside. She always made sure that her family's clothes smelled so fresh from hanging on the line. Saturday was baking day and the whole house would smell so delicious with the smell of baking bread and cookies, bars, and pies.

The family may have been poor financially, but Helen made up for it with all the love she poured out sacrificing herself for her family. Helen eventually took on a new role as a caregiver for her dear mother-in-law, Gladys Enget, after her husband passed away. Helen spent a considerable amount of time walking back and forth between houses so that she wore a path to the back door of Gladys's house checking on her, bringing her food, and sharing a cup of coffee with her every day. Gladys was never left to fend for herself.

Helen also loved her grandchildren. She often had them stay at her residence and included them in many family gatherings and outings. Because of all the love she poured into her family, a huge void will have to be filled now that she's gone, but never to be forgotten.