



David James Klindt, 4 months

Nov. 13, 1993 - March 15, 1994

Harlan - David James Klindt, lovingly known as D.J. or Chubby Cheeks, was born Nov. 13, 1993 at 2:20 p.m. at Bishop Bergan Mercy Hospital in Omaha, NE. He weighed 8 pounds, 2 ounces and was 21 inches long. He was the son of Dallas and Kendra Gaes Klindt of Harlan. He was named after his two grandfathers.

He was baptized Jan. 8, 1994 at Trinity Lutheran Church in Avoca. He died March 15, 1994 at Myrtue Memorial Hospital, at age 4 months and 2 days. He was a happy baby. He loved music, especially "Toyland" and "Jesus Loves Me", as his Mommy sang to him as she would rock-a-bye him and cuddle him. Every morning his Mom and Dad would go to his room and say "Good morning bright eyes", and he would give them a big smile and kick his feet in the air.

He loved to watch T.V.; soap op-

eras with his Mommy and football with his Daddy, especially the Dallas Cowboys. He loved to be around people, and was generous with his smiles.

He is survived by his parents, Dallas and Kendra Klindt of Harlan, his grandparents James and Shirley Gaes of Storm Lake, and David and Jeanie Klindt of Avoca, his aunts and uncles, Scott and Michelle Gaes of Sioux City, Val and Rod Green of Bellevue, NE and Alan and Kim Maassen of Avoca, three cousins, Carl and Kale Maassen and Karli Green and his very close friend, Kay Randolph of Harlan. He is also survived by a host of other relatives.

Funeral services were held March 18, 1994 at Trinity Lutheran Church in Avoca with Pastor Stan Nielsen, Pastor Keith Sievers and Lay Assistant Wayne Paulsen officiating. Burial was in the Graceland cemetery in Avoca with casket bearers Scott Gaes, Alan Maassen and Rod Green. Knutson Funeral Home in charge of arrangements.

D.J.

Written by his daddy
3-17-94

I had so many dreams
of taking your hand
and walking through the fields
and along the streams.

Showing you around the farm
taking you with me to town,
going to farm sales, watching
football, or just clowning around.

In a few short years
you would get on a big yellow bus.

Oh D.J., our darling little boy,
you meant so much to us.

But, I guess God knew
you were so full of love
that He needed you
with him in heaven above.