

In Loving Memory of
Tina (Katharina) Nikkel, née Neufeld



September 20, 1929 – April 4, 2021

“The Lord is my shepherd...”

A Service of Worship & Remembrance

Prelude & Viewing

Welcome ~ Rev. Peter Harms

Call to Worship & Opening Prayer ~ Rev. Peter Harms

Obituary ~ Anne Nikkel & John Nikkel

I'll Fly Away ~ Led by Anne Nikkel

It is Well With my Soul ~ Led by Maria Nikkel

Psalm 23 ~ Pastor Lee Hiebert

Meditation ~ Pastor Lee Hiebert

Family Viewing

Committal & Closing Prayer ~ Pastor Lee Hiebert

Postlude

Tina (Katharina) Nikkel

Born on September 20, 1929

Passed Away on April 4, 2021

**Service at Heritage Cemetery
11:00am on April 8, 2021**

Officiating

**Rev. Peter Harms
Pastor Lee Hiebert**

Accordionist

Rudy Nikkel

Pallbearers

Maria Nikkel	Emily Nikkel
James Nikkel	Julie Anna Goerzen
Laryssa Goerzen	Nicholas Grey

I'LL FLY AWAY

Written in 1929 - by Albert E. Brumle while picking cotton.

1. Some glad morning when this life is o'er,
I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

Chorus

I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

2. When the shadows of this life have gone,
I'll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

Chorus

3. Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away;
To a land where joy shall never end,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Chorus

It is well, with my soul,
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet,
 though trials should come,
Let this blessed assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

Chorus

3. And Lord haste the day when my faith shall be sight
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll
The trumpet shall sound and the Lord shall descend
Even so it is well with my soul!

Chorus

Miss Me-But Let Me Go

by Christina Rossetti

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little—but not too long
And not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me—but let me go.

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.

When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds.
Miss Me-But Let me Go!

Obituary

Katharina Neufeld was born September 20th, 1929 to Jacob and Anna (Ens) Neufeld in Schonhorst, South Russia. The third of five children that grew to adulthood, she is survived by her two youngest brothers John (Evangeline) and Henry Neufeld.

She died Tina Nikkel at age 91 on Easter, April 4th, 2021, at Bethesda Personal Care Home, Steinbach, Manitoba, mourned by Jacob P. Nikkel, her husband of 62 years, 4 children, their spouses, and 6 grandchildren.

Mom's biggest surprise might be that she lived to be 91 years old! Her early years were tumultuous, growing up during Stalin's reign in drought-stricken Russia. They fled Russia in 1943 during the war and lived as refugees in Germany with untold hardships that included the repatriation of her father and eldest brother to Siberia at the end of the war. In 1948, with the kind sponsorship of the Peter Letkeman family, the remaining family were permitted to come to Canada.

After two years of prescribed work on farms in an isolated community north of Winnipeg, mom and family settled in Steinbach. Here she was baptized and joined the Steinbach Mennonite Church, met and married Jacob Nikkel and together they raised 4 children on a mixed farm near Landmark.

Mom was a loving, energetic, creative person, who defined the word "Maker". Alongside dad she milked cows, baled hay, raised and slaughtered chickens and pigs while simultaneously managing an acre garden and feeding her family (plus relatives and anyone else who dropped by), FOUR MEALS each day, and made it look easy! She could turn her hand to nearly anything, and taught us the importance of beauty. Through embroidery, sewing clothes and curtains, cutting and curling hair, baking paska, lemon buns and sponge cakes, planting flowers, making covered hangers, she brought an aesthetic to each task.

Despite mom's frequent struggle with depression, she was a model of resilience, continuing to care for those she loved with scratch-made food. She continued to care for others despite the stroke she suffered in 2012, intuiting those who were near death in Bethesda Place and rolling in with her wheelchair to sit vigil.

We are grateful to the staff at Bethesda Place who cared for her and to the friends who visited and brought her comfort.