



In Loving Memory Of
Raymond W. Sampson
June 4, 1922 † April 21, 2013

I have no greater joy than this, to hear
of my children walking in the truth.
III John 1:4

Ray Sampson
June 4, 1922 – April 21, 2013

How does one capture the essence of a life in a few short paragraphs? How does one distill 90 years of life into sentences on a page? How can one describe in words a man who meant so many different things to so many different people?

Ray was an imperfect man, seeking to know a perfect God. He was a man of faith: faith that God would provide, faith that God has a plan that he was a part of, faith that God could take his imperfections and make something beautiful.

Ray had faith in people. He saw the good in everyone and the chance for a brand new friend around every corner.

He loved nature. The beauty of the view from atop a mountain, the sound of an elk bugle, the peace of gliding through the woods on his bike or cross-country skis, the joy of finding a perfect rock, huckleberry, track, or firewood tree that's been waiting to be discovered.

He was a man who loved adventure. He loved hunting, fishing, flying, climbing on a ladder, and pretty much anything that would count as something he maybe shouldn't do.

Ray loved community. He was a charter member of the Sons of Norway in Libby, and one of the joys of his life was getting to meet his relatives in Norway. He helped to begin the Bull Lake Fire Dept. and was one of the first on the volunteer ambulance crew. He was a charter member and elder of Three Lakes Church and loved each one there as family. He regularly ate at the Troy Senior Center and attended community events.

He loved his country. He worked for the Seattle Fire Dept. for 26 years and was a radioman on a B-24 Bomber for the Navy in WWII. The brotherhood he felt for the men he served with in these two areas lasted a lifetime. He helped to build Farragut Naval Station and was a sawyer for a CCC logging camp in Worley, ID. He prayed regularly for our leaders.