



Dolores D. Southard

August 23, 1933 - May 2, 2018

Dolores Dorothy Southard, 84, of Little Falls, passed away Wednesday morning May 2, 2018 at the St. Otto's Care Center in Little Falls. She had been a resident there for 18 months.

Born in Rainy River, Ontario, Canada on August 23, 1933, she was the daughter of Patrick Doyle and Julia Doyle.

Dolores was an excellent mother who always put her children first while also playing the role of father with her three children, and one practically adopted daughter Cheryl Walker.

Dolores enjoyed playing guitar in her younger years and in her later years doing crosswords, playing board games, and watching her favorite tv shows like Cheers and Three's Company. She also loved gardening and kept up a great strawberry patch in her backyard. Dolores was a huge animal lover and had many fur babies over the years.

She is survived by three daughters, Debbie Prevost, Denise Leiper, and Inez Southard; brother, Glen Doyle and his wife Carol Doyle; two sisters, Marilee Doyle and Judy Doyle; and six grandchildren, Mathew Prevost, Joshua Prevost and his wife Ann Prevost, Monique Southard, Zachary Kretsch, and Shane Engen, along with 2 great-grand children.

Along with her parents she was predeceased by one brother Daniel Doyle.

Visitation will be held Friday, May 4th at 1:30 pm at St. Otto's Care Center with a funeral service at 2:00 pm and a burial following. Dolores will be laid to rest at the Randall cemetery located in Randall, MN.

Cemetery Details

Randall Cemetery

22806 Dove Road
Randall, MN 56475

Previous Events

Visitation

MAY 4. 1:30 PM - 2:00 PM (CT)

St. Otto's Care Center Chapel
920 4th St SE
Little Falls, MN 56345

Service

MAY 4. 2:00 PM (CT)

St. Otto's Care Center Chapel
920 4th St SE
Little Falls, MN 56345

Tribute Wall



“ *Dolores D. Southard*

January 21, 2023 at 11:59 AM

JG

“ I remember nights in the cabin in the pine grove when we lived in Clinton, Maine; the two of us lying in the bunks listening to thunder and hoping neither would have to make a visit to "the bank" in the middle of the night.

There was a time when I was so young that I still pronounced Dolores "Waah-waah" and Mom made her bring me along to her friend's house, where they shared a cigarette. As soon as we got home I told Mom, "Waah-waah (insert repeated gestures of hand to mouth) puh puh puh!" She was in a world of faeces that day!

When Dolores had just started her first job, there was a snowstorm that dropped at least three feet by morning. Mom tried to convince her that the restaurant would be closed, but Dolores would have none of it. She wasn't going to be fired for not showing up, no sirree! The snowplow got stuck at the top of the street, so Dolores set out to shovel her way up the hill. I remember that all I could see was her head and shoulders and the shovel slinging snow in all directions. After she got to the ploughed area she walked over a mile to work, only to find the place locked tight as a drum so she had to turn around and drag herself back home again.

I remember Dolores' bizarre theory of intercourse, her belief (or pseudo-belief) that her cat Skipper was the reincarnation of Henry Cregnole, her excellent baked beans and potato salad, and her laugh ... oh, that laugh. I remember my big sister, Dolores. I remember.

Judie

Judie Gebera - May 04, 2018 at 11:16 PM

JB

“ *I am so sorry to hear of your mother's passing, Inez!!! My thoughts & prayers are with you & your family!!!! We had lots of chats at Magee's Store when you lived in Randall!! Rest In Peace Dolores!!!*



Jeri Betts - May 03, 2018 at 07:57 PM